

Some people still use bulk tea—They think it cheaper—it isn't—for they are paying for dust and duffing and for wasting flavor—They have not discovered "SALADA"—dust-free, fresh, full-flavored—sealed in metal.

# "SALADA" TEA

## The LAND OF FORGOTTEN MEN by Edison Marshall

### BEGIN HERE TODAY

Peter Newhall, Augusta, Ga., flew to Alaska, after being told by Ivan Ishmin, Russian violinist, he had drowned Paul Sanchez, Ishmin's secretary, following a quarrel. Ishmin and Peter's wife, Dorothy, had urged him to flee. He joins Big Chris Larson in response to a distress signal at sea, forcing his sea jacket upon him. Their launch hits rocks. Larson's body is buried as Newhall's. Peter, rescued, finds injuries have completely changed his appearance.

Ishmin and Dorothy go to Alaska to return Peter's body to Georgia. They do not recognize Peter, who is chosen head guide. They carry their ship to sea, standing at the grave. Ishmin urges Dorothy to marry him but she would first ask the spirits of her husband whom she believes dead. They hold a seance with one of the guides as medium. She receives the message: "Change name," and believes it means to marry Ishmin. Ishmin goes for supplies. Dorothy learns Peter is an exile.

### CHAPTER XIII.—(Cont'd.)

It was the same with her, too. If she had to do it over again she would not have away her birthright for a mess of pottage. She had had all possible opportunities for happiness, but together she and Peter had wasted them; and no matter what she tried to make herself believe, no matter what contentment she would ultimately and in Ivan's arms, they could never come again. Tears flooded her eyes.

She dropped down further on to her bunk. The fire in the camp stove burned down to coals. She saw Peter knock out the ashes from his pipe—rightly, so as not to disturb her—and for an instant he stood, perfectly motionless, at her threshold. A faint, pale glow through the air draft in the front of the stove showed him dimly, and something in the cast of the homely face, the half-obscured, dim, sober curl of his lips, suggested a tenderness that she had never, even in their most exalted moments, seen in the face of the magnificent man and genius to who today she had given her promise. She had seen ardor, truly, longing and desire that he had never found in its savage intensity; but she had never found real tenderness, innate instinctive chivalry.

"Good night, Pete," she told him simply.

"Good night, Mrs. Newhall." His answer came soft and moving from the darkened threshold. "Sleep good."

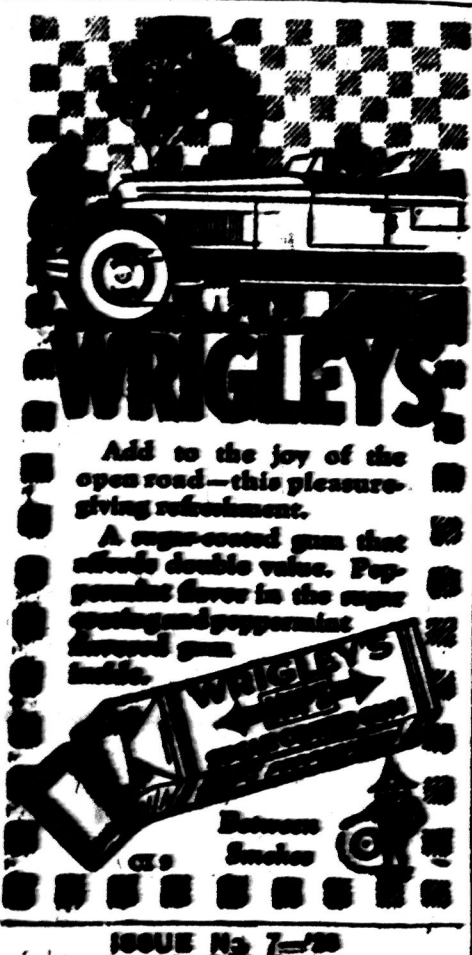
He meant that she need not be afraid of the dark. Though he himself stayed in the dugout, this humble man would be on guard through the long, empty hours.

### CHAPTER XIV.

#### PETER INJURED.

This camp was home, but in Dorothy's mind it was a very empty and desolate place when both Ivan and Pete were absent.

So when Pete started to his hunting on the afternoon of the second day Dorothy expressed a wish to accompany him. The man's delight knew no bounds; and soon they were tramping side by side over the tundra.



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strange, small sound that the wind scattered into the vastness.

The elemental powers had been in ambush, just as Pete had said; and he had fallen into their trap. When he was halfway across, the fragile crust broke beneath his weight, and he dropped through as when the trap is sprung on the galloway.

### CHAPTER XV.

#### DOROTHY DISTURBED.

To Dorothy were left the hills and the sky, the steep crags and the alder thickets, many-colored by the whims of the frost. That strange mood of utter loneliness that she remembered from many a tragic dream settled upon her, weighing her down, seemingly about to kill her with its burden upon her heart, and with it a sense of absolute futility and helplessness.

There was no special sense of terror, because the loneliness was itself terror in its last degree, and it pervaded all her being. She was all alone, lost as in a dream.

She stood a solitary figure in an uninhabited waste; the empty barrens stretching down to the barren sea; the hills, gray with dying herbage, rolling on and losing themselves at last behind the curtains of the cloudy gray, forbidding crags piled up in endless grim heaps about her. It was a lonely, utterly cheerless vista of dead sky and dead world, and the blast of the wind was too unvarying and monotonous to destroy the effect of silence.

She was scarcely conscious of her own life as she stared down at the



The fragile crust broke beneath his

yawning hole in the snow crust through which Pete had fallen. Her thoughts were those of half-delirium—abstract terror, queer erratic fancies, that were darkened and shadowed with a sudden secret knowledge of the great meaning of life. She had known something—the last dream, the dearest blessing in all the uncertain trails of life—but it had departed, and now she was exposed to the punishment of Destiny. Of course Pete was dead. Such chances were of fearful depth. The dull red coloring faded slowly in her face, and she swayed as if about to drop down.

Yet she must not lose consciousness. It was part of the grim code of this grim land to fight to the last breath; such was part of the obligation of all living things. Pete himself had made that plain. She began to climb down the hill, stumbling, sliding in the loose earth, fighting through the alder thickets. Her delicate skin was scratched and torn; her hands bled from grasping the sharp rocks. Soon she reached the brink of the chasm.

One glance showed it to be more than sixty feet in depth—at the point she stood it first—and a small stream flowed between great boulders at the bottom. Here the banks were covered with a heavy, impassable growth of alders. She followed down the brink a short distance, then began to work her way down into the gully itself.

Half-sliding, half-running, in imminent danger of breaking her bones on the rocks at the bottom, she began her way to the stream bed, then fought on up toward the place where Pete had fallen. The banks were too sheer to find foothold, so she walked in the stream, the icy water splashing over her as she slipped and stumbled on the slippery stones. Soon she vanished into a cavern formed by the snow-bank completely bridging the gully. The shadows slowly gathered, the farther she went under the roof of snow until finally she groped her way in a curious, wan twilight that was like the grayness of a dream.

The gapping rent in the snowy roof above showed her where Pete had fallen. She made out a long shadow among the boulders of the creek bed, and at once she knelt in the shallow water at his side.

(To be continued.)

Minard's Liniment relieves pain.

Among the groups of women studied during an investigation, undertaken by the Industrial Fatigue Research Board, one of the finest had been born and brought up in one of Glasgow's worst slum areas.



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## The Kindness of Understanding

A great many people claim affection for the cat. A very few understand it, says Margaret F. Bussing, in The Cat Review. To one who really loves an animal an article on humane treatment is unnecessary, for real love for anything includes understanding. How can an intelligent woman allow a child to dress a cat in doll's clothes, to force it to walk on its hind legs, or to hug it to suffocation? A little child will do such things with no thought of the torture inflicted on the sensitive animal, and the cat is probably the most sensitive creature on earth. It is the business of grown people to correct children for thoughtless actions, in a gentle, kindly way.

Surely any reader of The Cat Review knows how more than useless it is to punish a cat. If you are not kind enough to shudder at the thought of inflicting pain on a creature wholly at your mercy, then, for your own sake, please remember that the cat probably knows nothing about what the punishment is for, and that if you strike it, or deliberately hurt it in any way, you are simply ruining it as a pet or for show purposes.

I have recently heard of people, otherwise kind, who forget to have fresh, clean, cool water where the cat can always find it. I wonder how those humans will feel if their supply of drinking water depended on some one and that one forgot to furnish it?

When correcting a cat, speak in a low, firm tone. Please do not shriek at it! Stroke pussy's head gently and do not hold her against her wishes. How would you like to be lifted high in the air and held there by a giant against whom your struggles were in vain? Would not you, perhaps, scratch just a little?

The cat will repay your kindness with affection and sweetness.—The Cat Review.

### Sweet and Low

Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the western sea, Low, low, breathe and blow, Wind of the western sea! Over the rolling waters go, Come from the dropping moon, and blow, Blow him again to me: While my little one, while my pretty one sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Father will come to thee soon; Rest, rest, on mother's breast, Father will come to thee soon; Father will come to his babe in the nest, Silver sails all out of the west Under the silver moon: Sleep, my little one, sleep my pretty one, sleep.

—Alfred Tennyson.

### Under-the-Table Manners

It's very hard to be polite. If you're a cat. When other folks are up at table eating all that they are able, You are down upon the mat If you're a cat.

You're expected just to sit If you're a cat. Not to let them know you're there By scratching at the chair, Or a light, respectful pat If you're a cat.

You are not to make a fuss If you're a cat. Tho' there's fish upon the plate You're expected just to wait, Wait politely on the mat If you're a cat.

### A Bilingual Ireland

London Truth (Ind. Lib.): Nationalism uncontrolled by reason is, like most fangs, no better than sounding brass and tinkling cymbals, and reason boggles at the idea of trying to change a nation's language. . . . To teach a helpless Irish child at school a language which will never be spoken or understood outside of Ireland nor in Ireland itself north of the Free State frontier, and a language at the same time without a literature—why this is nothing better than cruelty to children.

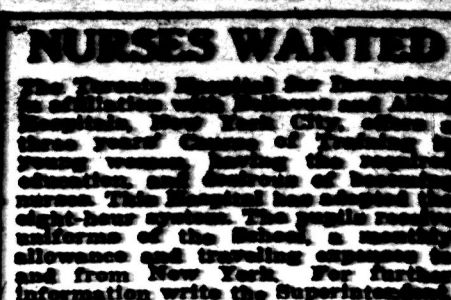


### NEW AND SMART.

Exceedingly smart is the modish dress shown here, consisting of a tunic blouse and a separate slip. The loose sleeves are finished with shaped bands, the removable belt is fastened at the front with a buckle, and the tie-strings are attached at the shoulders. No. 1721 is in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust. Size 38 requires 4 1/2 yards 40-inch printed material, and 1 1/2 yards 40-inch plain. Price 20c the pattern.

### HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred); wrap it carefully for each number and address your order to Pattern Dept., Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.



**NURSES WANTED**

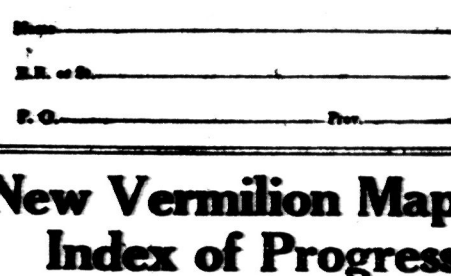
The Toronto Hospital for Diseases of the Skin, Syphilis, and Venereal Diseases, 100 College Street, Toronto, Ont., has openings for several nurses. The position is a permanent one, and the salary is \$100 per month. For full particulars apply to the Superintendent.



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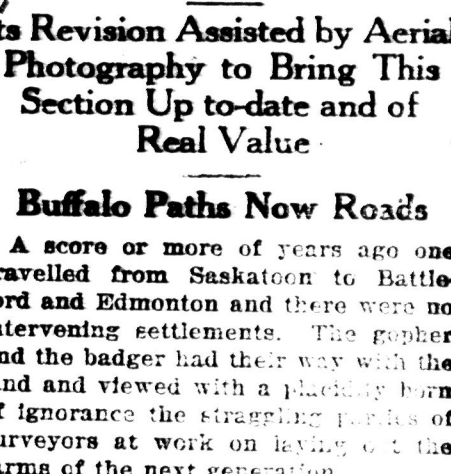
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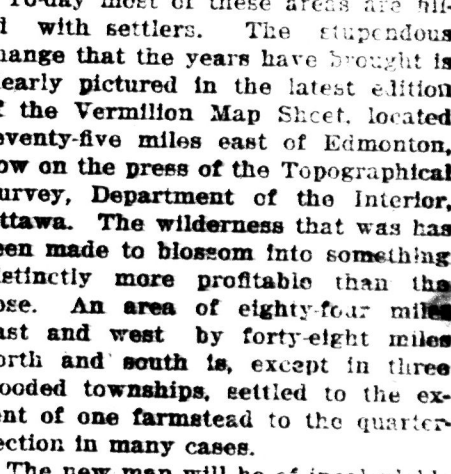
**New Vermilion Map Index of Progress**

Its Revision Assisted by Aerial Photography to Bring This Section Up-to-date and of Real Value.



**Buffalo Paths Now Roads**

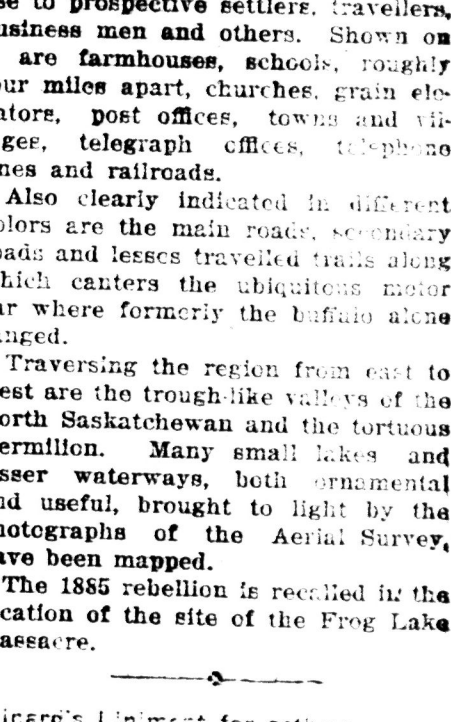
A score or more of years ago one travelled from Saskatoon to Battleford and Edmonton and there were no intervening settlements. The pioneer and the badger had their way with the land and viewed with a placid born of ignorance the straggling paths of surveyors at work on laying out the farms of the next generation.



**Research Tabled**

Canadian Commission of Work on the Continent

Ottawa.—Following recent announcement to spend the winter of 1928-29 in the National Bureau of Research, the following list of the investigations is being conducted. While so its emphasis, it speaks national problems present the subject:



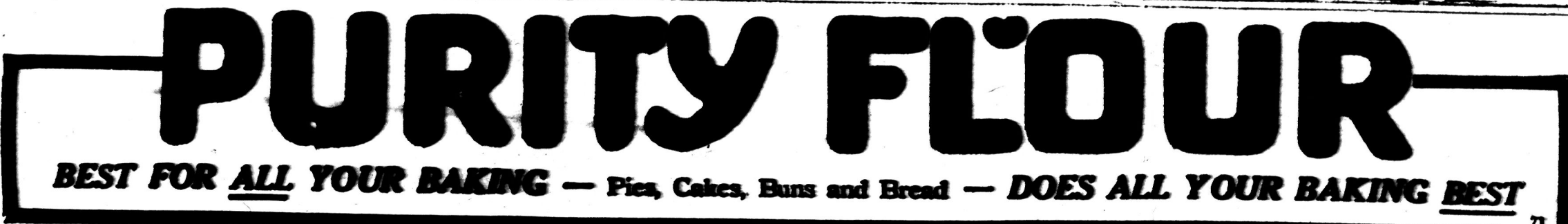
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