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"SALADA" GREEN TEA

The LAND OF FORGOTTEN MEN

by Edison Marshall

BEGIN HERE TODAY.
Peter Newhall, Augusta, Ga., flees to Alaska, after being told by Ivan Ishmin, Russian violinist, he had drowned Paul Sarichef, Ishmin's secretary. He joins Big Chris Larson in response to a distress signal at sea, giving Larson his sea jacket. Their launch hits rocks. Larson's body is buried as Newhall's. Peter, rescued, finds injuries have completely changed his appearance.

Dorothy and Ishmin go to Alaska, to return Peter to the grave. A storm strands them at the head of a gully on a hunting trip. Dorothy finds her greatest happiness in rescuing him.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

She knew now why, even from the first hour, the grim adventure on this shore had been thrilling to her. She knew why she had befriended Pete against Ivan, why his companionship had been so dear and his protection so comforting; and she understood why her whole world had passed into darkness when she had seen him fall. The first caribou hunt, on her first day in the hills, had given her what had hitherto been an almost-forgotten joy; and every day since that joy had increased. Even from the first hour he had called to her, and she had answered. Evidently this love—and it could be nothing else but love—had been predestined, a thing of the instincts that all the barriers of caste and circumstance could not restrain. But it must never, never be. Only tragedy lay that way, and she had enough of tragedy. She looked at the matter calmly; and she knew her only possible course.

The barrier between her and the guide was wholly impassable; and it must be forgotten like a vain dream. He was an exile in the North; she was of cities. He was of the storm and the windy shore, the desolation and the solitude; and she was of warmth and laughter and beauty. He was of another plane and caste, and never the two could meet. Besides, she had gone too far with Ivan to turn away from him. She had given him her promise.

She knew her course. In a few more days she and the man who loved her would launch their boat and row away; and Pete would be left on the desolate shore. They would never cross trails again. Slowly these strange, rapturous memories that already seemed like dreams instead of the living events of the hours just gone would pale and die, just as many of the memories of Peter had paled and died; his rugged, homely, yet ever-familiar face would fade in her remembrance; and the drama in the wilderness would be dimmed by the mist of the past. She would take up her old gayeties, and she would live for Ivan. In time the poignant pain would pass away, and she would find the normal contentment of marriage.

As soon as the Russian returned she would remove all danger by putting herself forever out of Pete's reach. Thus she would defeat her wilful heart, cheat the enigmatic destiny that had jested with her so long, and

perhaps find a humble share of human happiness.

CHAPTER XVI.

IVAN SUCCEEDS.

Just before noon of the following day Pete—who was resting beside the camp fire—made out a moving speck on the distant, inland hills; and close scrutiny proved it to be Ivan, returning from his quest. In half an hour he would be at camp and Dorothy in his arms.

Pete understood perfectly the full significance of this return. It marked, indeed, the turning point in his own great adventure; his personal watch of the girl would be over, and a few hours thereafter she would sail away. The one joy that was left him was to carry the good news to Dorothy and to watch the dear, remembered kindling of her luminous eyes. He made his way quietly to her tent.

"Mr. Ishmin is returning," he told her simply, still in the character of Pete the guide. "He's in plain sight already."

The girl's lips parted, but her face did not at once flush with pleasure. Yet her expression showed instant, unmistakable relief. It was all that was needed to convince Pete that the girl had found her happiness; and he was persuaded that her tenderness yesterday, after she had brought him home, was merely an instinctive reaction—an echo of her almost-forgotten love for Peter Newhall—of which her conscious self made no interpretation.

The girl looked breathlessly into Pete's haggard face. Fortunately he did not guess the full truth: that her genuine relief was not at having her lover come again, but only because it permitted her to escape from her own doubts and fears.

She left the camp and trudged up the hill to meet Ivan. He waved to her, a motion brimming with vitality and spirit; and he was graceful as a caribou as he hastened to join her. Evidently the hard trip had left him unscathed. He was slightly more brown, perhaps, not quite so well groomed if for no other reason than he had left his shaving kit in camp, but there was no visible trace of fatigue in his dark, handsome face; no change in his easy, graceful carriage.

He held the girl close, and she felt the steel of his muscles. There was a world of reassurance here. When she returned to her native city, Ivan at her side, when all the witchery of this savage land had paled into dreams, she had every chance to find a full share of happiness in these strong arms.

"Was the trip a success?" she asked, radiant from his kiss.

"Do you think I'd come back if it weren't? I had the best kind of luck. I didn't even get close to the Pacific shore. A few miles this side I ran into a squaw, laying out a trap line. I got her to go back to her cabin on the coast and get a load of supplies for us, and bring it over as fast as she can—hard bread and canned goods and things we can use on the trip."

(To be continued.)

She may get here tonight—she's certain to make it in by tomorrow morning. Then we can take the dory and start out—back to God's country."

"You started back as soon as you'd made arrangements with her?"

"Yes. There was no use to go on. She could bring all the grub she could spare without my help. Besides—I couldn't bear to be away from you any longer."

"They walked arm-in-arm down to the camp, and Pavlof glowed at his aster's greeting. 'You've been comfortable' he asked the girl.

"Perfectly. Pete has taken the best possible care of me."

"I'm glad to hear it. We'll add something fancy to his cheque when we pay him off." He followed Dorothy into her tent, and after she had told him of Pete's accident, he caught her yielding hands. "Dear, I've come back successful, and now I've got something to ask. It's the biggest thing in the world, but it's for your happiness as well as mine."

The girl tried to meet his vivid, magnetic eyes. By a supreme effort she shut from her mind the whisper of fear and the last lingering doubt, and opened her heart to his pleading.

"I don't think I can refuse you anything now," she told him.

The slanting eyes glowed like great jewels in the eye sockets of a heathen idol. "Well, he's starting to-morrow," he went on. "You and I and the two natives—Pete, I understand, is going to stay here and winter on the mainland. Dear, we have a long, difficult trip before us. We will be tied up at various places on account of bad weather, we will have to fight storms and rough seas—it will be cold, tough, severe experience the best we can do. Besides that, it's really dangerous."

"But why think of the danger? There isn't any other course open."

"That's just it—there isn't any other course. We can't stay here much longer; winter is likely to break any day. We can't wait any longer for the Warrior to return. But I've got a special reason for pointing out the dangers—dangers that only a fool would deny. It's wholly possible, Dorothy, that the trip will actually put an end to us. There will be constant danger of sudden storms—of being wrecked and lost on the reefs. It's a perilous trip, at best."

"It's best, on a trip like that, that I should be able to look after you and be responsible for you in a much greater degree than I have on this trip. But the main thing is—that if we are to go down to our deaths in the next few days, we want to find the greatest possible happiness first. I know a way that we can be sure of at least a few hours of perfect happiness—that death can never cheat us out of."

"Be merry," she quoted quietly, "for tomorrow you may die!"

"That is the philosophy—the only possible philosophy. Not only to be merry, but to take all that life offers—and not let foolish conventionalities or propriety stand in the way. Dorothy, we love each other. We belong to each other. And there is no reason on earth why we should be kept apart any more."

"Pavlof is a native priest, as you already know. The marriages he performs are legal in all this end of the world. A marriage performed with a license is not procurable stands forever just the same, and all the legal end of it could be straightened up when we get to Seward. As for conventionalities—it is much more conventional to take that trip as my wife, even taking into consideration the character of the wedding service and everything else, than to go unaccompanied with three men. Ordinarily I would prefer to be married in old St. Paul's, as we have often talked of—with the flowers, and the music, and the beauty, and all that goes with it—yet you won't feel any lack of solemnity. The sea behind you and the winter clouds above, and those gray cliffs in front will thrill you as much as any vaulted ceiling of a cathedral. The sky and the sea and the hills—all the essentials—and the cross over Peter's grave!"

His face was stark white. Evidently the idea of this marriage in the wilderness had fired Ivan's imagination. It appeared to some primitive part of him that she had never fully understood, and to which she could not reach.

(To be continued.)

Scions of Sitting Bull

Prepare for Scout Work

Rierre, S.D.—Descendants of Sitting Bull, Hump, Gall and other chiefs of the Sioux in the Dakotas are again preparing to do scout work, but not along the lines of their ancestors nor for the same purpose, but through the organization of a Boy Scout troop among the lads at the Government Indian School, located at this city.

The work will be under the supervision of the Kiwanis Club of Rierre, which is financing the Boy Scout movement for the current year. The troop will be organized within a few days and a Scout leader will be appointed.



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The Sun

The sun had been sending its rays down on bathers, pastures, cattle and babbling brooks and was very tired and hot and not in such a nice mood, for a large cloud had passed in front of him, cutting off his rays and making him very angry indeed. So, when 5 o'clock came, he was looking forward to a nice cool meal, and as he sank, leaving the sky a beautiful red, he was thinking only of getting home.

As he went he met the moon on his way to lighten the sky so that ships on the sea would not go to destruction, and so that fairies and elves would not get confused and hang into each other while doing their midnight dances. They passed the time of day and went on. Soon he met the moon's helpers, the stars, all tripping along gaily in their silver shoes. He passed the time of day with them, also, and went on. Then he met the dew, its freshness made him very cool indeed, but Mr. Sun only bowed. He and the dew were not very good friends, for he dried up the dew and made it very warm and uncomfortable. He met the breezes and wished them good evening and passed on.

When he got home he ate his supper and then he sat on his front porch and talked. Soon he went to bed, for Mr. Sun had to be up at six o'clock in the morning, unless Mr. Rain sent him word that he was on duty and that his services would not be required.

Now you know the history of the sun; at least that is what I make of it.

Paris Speed Standards

Twenty-five miles an hour has been fixed as a sort of arbitrary "dangerous" automobile speed in downtown Paris. There is no legal limit for the driver of a car is responsible for his acts at all speeds.

The police, nevertheless, have decided that a common traffic standard must be used so traffic officers can exercise control.

This limit is to be enforced only where there are cross streets. On the avenue a car may go as fast as traffic conditions and safety permit.

Misard's Lintment kills warts.

"What is the strongest water power?" "Women's tears."

British Cruisers Sent to Quell Samoa Natives

Unrest Grows After Royal Commission Clears Local Administration of Autocratic Rule of Mandate

European Boycott Urged 300 in Purple Uniforms and Carrying Big Sticks Patrol Streets in Protest

Wellington, New Zealand. — The New Zealand Cabinet as a precautionary measure, has decided to dispatch the cruisers Dunedin and Dismal to the mandated territory of Samoa, where dissatisfaction is prevalent among a section of the native population.

Unrest was continued for some time in Samoa, where a citizens' committee, formed in 1926, charged the local administration with autocratic action. A royal commission of inquiry recently absolved this official.

Premier Coates, in announcing the dispatch of the cruisers, said that the administration had advised the government a serious position had arisen and that any action taken by the official police will be regarded as a signal for general retaliation by the Mau, or League of Samoa Police, an unconstitutional body opposing Europeans.

Apia, British Samoa.—Wearing purple uniforms and carrying big sticks, 300 native Samoans have been patrolling Apia's streets to prevent Samoans from purchasing goods in the stores of Europeans.

The patrolmen are the police of the Mau (League of Samoa), which has declared a six-month boycott of European stores, hoping thereby to make it impossible for the stores to pay taxes to the government. There being no taxes, reason the natives, no revenues will be available for conducting the government.

The natives have long protested against liquor prohibition and have demanded greater native representation in the government.

The Mau police, though an unconstitutional body, have continued their activities for weeks. The government police and the Mau police pass each other with contemptuous glances, but without indication of a clash.

It is feared, however, that trouble may come from the situation, for the Mau action is a gesture of defiance of the government, which recently deported three Europeans because of their activities with the league.

Even in olden times it was customary to anoint the head with oil, but not by ceremony of crawling under the car.

An anxious father got wind of the rumour that his son was leading a rather convivial life at college. But the son strenuously denied the charge in letters to his father. Still unsatisfied, the father made an unexpected visit to his son's lodging-place, and, giving the bell a pull, was met by a grim-faced landlady. "Does Mr. James Smith live here?" asked the father. "He does," replied the landlady; "bring him in."



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HUTS 1,000 YEARS OLD STILL EXIST ON THAMES

Remains of Ancient Dwellings Similar to Those of Charcoal Burners

London.—Remains of huts at least 1,000 years old still exist at East Tilbury, on the foreshore of the Thames. These huts, circular in shape, vary in diameter from eleven and one-half to twenty feet.

Consisting of three rings of pointed stakes, each one and one-half to two inches in diameter, which formed a framework for wattles, the "skeletons" are preserved in the mud just as they were made.

These huts were provided with plank floors and burnt roof tiles as floor coverings. Yorkshire charcoal burners still build circular huts formed of stakes and covered with turf. Bark peelers in the Lake district still are building an even more highly developed construction, using similar materials. Without doubt, the construction has been handed down through countless generations from primitive times.

From the time of Chaucer comes the rhyme "teapot hall, all roof, no wall," which actually describes these early homes.

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MONDAY, Frank W. with his "TUESDAY A division son resolut members against. In ister had down the must be cr this occasi division was largest ma was on a p Corporation to 15, only Voting resolution second; J. and T. Leg J. A. Pin having been was closed ing theref state his from the duc of Gov the House Feeling Privileges have taken standpoint enquiry, an likely to be mior Fergigilature the oral leader the investi Commission Mr. Justice Division of been resue sion. The prepared, a run into a connection stray ballo before the one judge bench was other a LI WEDNES

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