

**Nyal's Remedies**

**Rexall Remedies**

# ONTARIO PHARMACY

**Eastman Kodaks**

**Eastman Kodak Supplies**

## NEAL OF THE NAVY

(Continued from page 3.)

"Yes," he ordered, with a sign that spelled fury, "back there. This woman belongs to me."  
"Senorita," said Hernandez suavely, bearing her to a place of comparative security, "let us be noncombatants for once. Get others working for you, is my motto. As for us, why—safety first."  
Inez shivered. She dragged Hernandez toward an opening between the trees.  
"Look, look," she cried, her face rigid with terror, "its horrible, horrible, horrible."  
A short time later, by the side of Hernandez, she stumbled blindly through the jungle—in the midst of a howling, panting mob of half-naked warriors. The warriors were the victors. And they bore with them the spoils—two women, still alive, a small squad of torn and battered sailors, and a few silent figures—silent forever.  
"What are they going to do?" wailed Inez.  
Hernandez shrugged his shoulders. "Its out of my hands," he said, "but I've got to see it through. I've got to know what happens. I've got to be there—or else they'll get me too. We'll be lucky to escape. But we'll escape, you and I, never fear. I've arranged for it. I've arranged for safety first."

### CHAPTER LVIII.

#### The Feast.

Because Annette Hington and her foster mother had ever lived in the vicinity of New York—because they had always been within the newspaper zone—because they had enjoyed the advantage of telephone, and motor car, and motion picture—because of all the luxury and civilization surrounding them, they never once supposed that man-eating savages still existed.

restrained him, keeping his finger on his lips.  
"Me," signed Hernandez, "follow me. Do what I do."  
For one instant he looked about him, getting his bearings. Then he started on. For many minutes the party skirted the edge of the jungle, never once showing itself, and moving always as if to the grave itself. At length Hernandez once more halted—this time on the edge of a grove of palms. Holding his cannibal crew back, Hernandez beckoned to the chief to advance alone. The chief obeyed. With the swiftness of two savages, Hernandez and the chief darted behind the trunks of two separate trees. Hernandez pointed toward the beach.  
"White meat, you old gourmand," whispered Hernandez, "white meat. And very tender."  
Down on the beach, busying themselves about their self-appointed tasks, were Annette and her foster mother. There were several members of the

fruit steamer's crew—all white. There was Inez Castro—also white—but an outcast, sitting, brooding by herself. Hernandez counted the men.  
"We need four to one, at least," he said to himself. Then he nodded to the chief and held up the fingers of both hands several times. The chief understood. He was a warrior. He knew that much safety lay in numbers. He beckoned to two of his men and gave them orders. They crept back, silently through the trail.  
Hernandez and the chief wriggled back into the undergrowth and then sat down to wait.  
Annette's party suddenly made up its mind to decamp. The discovery of the skull upon the beach was a disturbing fact.  
"When Neal comes—" said Annette.  
"Right," said a sailor, "we'll put it up to him."  
He glanced casually toward the grove of palms, this sailor. Then with an oath he sprang to his feet.  
"Boys," he cried aloud, feeling for a weapon, "we're in for it. Women in the shed. Look, here they come."  
The other sailors, with the swiftness of seamen in a sudden squall, were upon their feet, each with a weapon in his hand. They forced the women into the hut and formed a circle, guarding it. And then broke the storm.  
With the yell of a thousand demons, the black man-eaters were upon them. One warrior seized Inez in his grasp, and with a cry of triumph darted with

struggling with her captors, Annette stumbled on blindly through the jungle. Behind her she heard the muttered oaths of the male members of her party. Just once she heard a whisper.  
"Don't tell the women—for God's sake don't tell the women. They'll be knowing, soon enough."  
At that moment there was a distant shout that grew stronger and stronger. The cannibal crew answered it—it rolled back and forth. Then in the near distance Annette heard the breaking of bodies through the undergrowth and a fresh crowd of savages appeared, yelling like mad. This new crowd seized Annette and swung her to their shoulders, and with her, ran through the undergrowth like deer.  
And then—they dashed into the clearing. They darted across the open space, still with Annette in their clutches—and laid her down before the Brute—who still sat on his crude dais, staring, always staring into space.  
Annette struggled to her feet and looked wildly about her. Her foot touched something and she started back—looked down.

The object was a skull.  
Annette shrieked in terror—she tried to hide her face but could not. She saw the fire—she looked into the eyes of her fellow captives. Upon their foreheads sweat stood out in beads—cold sweat, the sweat of fear.  
She asked a question of them with her eyes, but they turned their heads away.

Then, understanding at last, Annette

swooned—slumped into a heap at the feet of the Brute.  
The Brute staring, always staring, rose to his feet. He stooped down. But before he could touch the girl, the chief intervened. The chief himself lifted her, and held her where the god man could look upon her. He mouthed and smacked his lips.  
And the Brute, recognizing Annette, nodded his head and smiled with that vacant smile of his.  
"Eye-yah," yelled the multitude of savages, "the god is hungry—he will eat."  
"All—all will eat," cried the chief in triumph. "This white girl first."  
He made another sign, and a dozen savages broke away and came back with huge logs, which they swung into the dying fire, sending its sparks high into the air. They seized one of the long poles, and tied Annette to it—tied her with green, strong vines.  
They waited for a moment to let the fire gain headway.  
They clustered round her, danced about her—touched her.  
Down on the beach, two merry men leaped out of a lifeboat and drew her well upon the shore.  
"The gang—" began the mate. Then he stopped. With a wild yell he darted up the beach, Neal by his side.  
"What's happened," stammered Neal, "where are—".  
He said no more. By this time they were standing on the blackened embers of a scattered fire—by the rude hut shattered and broken—and by two or three red splashes that stained the white sand and soaked it.  
Neal, his face gone white with terror, clutched the mate by the arm. "Blood," he gasped, "blood. Whose blood? You tell me that."  
Then the two men—only two—still side by side, sped on toward the jungle. The footprints led that way. At the grove of palms they stopped. They glanced about uncertainly.

"Here," cried Neal, darting forward, "a bit of Annette's dress. Come on."  
It was easy now, following this trail. But ever and anon Neal glanced at his comrade.  
"Whose blood?" he demanded, "tell me that."  
And the two men—only two—went on.  
At last, guided now by shouts and cries of triumph, they reached the clearing and peered across it.  
"My God," cried Neal aloud, "look—look!"  
Two savages—two at first and then a dozen—had seized the long pole and had begun to swing it out across the fire. Upon it, limp, unconscious, tightly bound, lay the form of Annette.  
Neal was across the clearing like a bound.  
Like a maniac, Neal charged into the group of warriors who held one end of the long pole and stripped them from it. With the same fearful energy he charged into the gang at the other end and knocked them down. Then, bestriding the prostrate form of Annette—and he knew not whether she was alive or dead—he squared himself and howled defiance.  
"Come on," he cried, "the whole bunch of you. Come on."  
Over in a hut, crouched and cowering, was Inez Castro—watching with eyes wide with fear.  
"Hernandez," she shrieked, "Hernandez—here."  
Hernandez crept toward her. "You are right, Senorita," he said, his breath coming and going, his heart beating like a trip hammer with excitement. "you are right. It is not in our hands. Now is our good time. Let us get away."  
"Horrible," cried Inez.  
"Therefore—away," went on Hernandez leading her by the hand, "away from here—and to our fortune, Lost Isle."  
"Horrible," repeated Inez, holding her hand across her face.  
"Ah," said Hernandez, now dragging her with him, a bit roughly, "but they are all accounted for—except the boat. And the boat is on the sands. Come—you come with me."  
Almost lifting her from the ground, he darted with her across the open space, unnoted by any of the savage crew and safely reached the jungle trail. Reaching it, he put his hand upon his lips.

"Careful," he said, "we know not whom we may meet. Careful. Come. We're safe."  
Back before the fire, two men fought, back to back. One was Neal—and one the mate. They fought like tigers—for a moment, but not more. Twenty to one the man-eaters hurled themselves upon two white men and bore them, senseless, to the ground.  
The Brute meanwhile, was gazing wildly all about him—looking for his master and looking in vain. Suddenly, he of all men, saw the exit of Hernandez—saw him steal away. At first he may have been impelled to follow—but he started off. But a close ob-

server might have noted an expression of relief cross his countenance, for he sank back once more upon his seat and watched the fight.

He even laughed—to him it seemed like a new game. A fight was child's play to the Brute. But when the unconscious forms of Neal and the mate were borne away, he seemed alarmed. He started once more to his feet.

"Eye-yah," cried the chief to his followers, "the white god hungers. On with the feast."

Once more the bearers seized Annette—still lashed firmly to the pole. Then for the first time the Brute realized that something was wrong—that here was horror.

He darted into the midst of the warriors and swung his arms.

"No—no," he cried.  
But the mere word of a god could never stop them now. They were hungry—they had fought for spoils and the spoils were theirs. They shouldered him aside, and went on.

They didn't get far. The Brute was fresh—he had been resting. With one fell swoop he once more charged upon them, and tore them—broke them with his hands, broke their backs across his knees—cracked their skulls with a single blow. He swept them all before him, carrying the fight across the clearing. He seized one of the long poles and mowed them down like grain.

He was more than one man—he was ten. But he was only ten—no more.

Meantime, Neal's captors, determined on a little private vengeance, had trussed him up, or tried to. But that tough young man, having partially revived, permitted his captors—there were but two—to go just so far. Then he came to life, and applied the gentle art of jiu jitsu to each of them in turn. It was effective—and bone breaking.

Then Neal saw—and his heart leaped. Annette for the moment was deserted. The fight was centered on the Brute. Neal sprang to Annette, and with deft fingers loosed her bonds. He lifted her gently to his shoulder and started off.

He was too late. For the fight with the Brute was over. For one instant the Brute had left open a vulnerable point—his defense had failed. With a mighty swing of a mighty war club, one of his antagonists dealt him a swinging, deadly blow upon the head. The Brute fell like a log.

Then somebody saw Neal and Annette.

Like a tidal wave, the whole crowd surged back to their fair victim.

Neal, surrounded, dropped Annette to the ground and held his hands high in air.

"God help us—help us," he cried in desperate need.

At that moment there was a ringing volley of rifle shots. A dozen savages fell dead. The rest turned to face another foe—a new kind. Out of the bushes sprang a squad of marines from the Missouri. They had landed in response to Neal's wireless. They had struck the trail. They had arrived—just in the nick of time.

"Pick your man," cried Neal, "fire—ah."

With a wild shout the savage crew turned and fled—fled in vain, each pursued by a man in uniform, each outnumbered by one man.

And when the squad had finished, there was no village—and no villagers.

Neal saluted the officer in charge, and apologized. "Wasn't my business to give orders, sir," he smiled, "but if you'd been in my place..."

The officer saluted in his turn. "Don't worry, son," he said, "you'll be in my place if you keep on fighting like that—you'll keep going up—and up."

Neal revived Annette—no very difficult task, for Annette Hington had inherited from some source remarkable strength and endurance and wonderful nerve. He found his mother still insensible, but suffering only from the shock.

"It's a good thing," Annette whispered to him, "that she didn't see it all."  
Neal clenched his hands. "It's a bad thing any of us saw it," he exclaimed, "somebody's got to pay for this—somebody's got to pay."

With Annette clinging to him he strode over to a group of seamen who clustered about an object on the ground. The lieutenant was bending over the Brute.

"He still lives," said the lieutenant. "He may pull through—but that's not saying much."

Annette knelt down by the figure of the Brute. "He must live," she murmured, "he's saved my life—not once but many times."

In a small boat out at sea—a boat set with an improvised rail, Hernandez and Inez Castro glided over the surface of a placid ocean.

### BAPTIST CHURCH

"On—to Lost Isle," cried Hernandez in glee.  
Inez stared, motionless, expressionless, into space.  
"Horrible," she moaned dully, "horrible. Oh, God!"  
(TO BE CONTINUED)

Topics for next Sunday, 11 a. m. "Peace." 7:30 p. m. "Men and God." An invitation is extended to all to attend the service.  
D. E. Baker, pastor.

# Bigger-Better

## Soft Drinks of all Kinds

-Hot or Cold-  
Light Lunches  
At The former  
**Moore Buffett**

### SAFETY

### SERVICE

"Safety first" was the motto and practice of this bank long before those words became the slogan of the large transportation companies.

Service to the public is not a theory, but a daily practice with us.

Put your money where safety is the first consideration and avail yourself of our service.

## ONTARIO NATIONAL BANK

Safety Deposit Boxes

Savings Accounts

**\$55.30 to Los Angeles And Return**

JANUARY 28

via OREGON SHORT LINE— (Union Pacific System) and SALT LAKE ROUTE, for

ANNUAL MID-WINTER EXCURSION

Proportionately low rates returning via San Francisco and Portland with choice of steamer or rail, Los Angeles to San Francisco, and low special side trips, Los Angeles to Sanding and return via rail or steamer to those desiring to visit the Panama California Exposition, which will continue open during 1916, augmented with many exhibits from the San Francisco Exposition.

The Salt Lake Route will operate special train service out of Salt Lake January 29th, in connection with excursions from Idaho, Oregon and Wyoming of the 28th, including Pullman Standard sleepers, Observation Cars and Dinners.

**MAKE EARLY RESERVATION** through local O. N. L. Agents or write, D. E. Burley, Gen. Pass. Agent Salt Lake City.

**WHEATON THEATRE**  
**Jan 14 WEISER Jan 14**  
WILL PRESENT CHAS. RANN KENNEDY'S GREAT PLAY  
**THE SERVANT IN THE HOUSE**  
(This is not a moving picture show.)  
What the Press and Critics say—  
"The most beautiful play of all ages."  
—Chicago Daily News.  
"A work of art that is true enough and simple enough to touch the heart of the world."  
—Chicago Tribune  
"The most wonderful play in the English language."  
—Harper's Magazine.  
"The surprise of the theatrical year."  
—New York Telegram  
"It has come to stay ten weeks—it ought to stay a year."  
—Chicago Journal.  
**ONE NIGHT ONLY**  
Make Reservation for Seats at Once on sale at  
**CUTTING DRUG STORE**  
Admission, 50—75—\$1.00—\$1.50.