

# Vanished Men

By GEORGE MARSH

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## INSTALLMENT SIX

THE STORY SO FAR: Bound for the Chibougamau gold country, six men lost their lives on the Nottaway river. Red Malone, Garrett Finlay, brother of one of the six, and Blaise, half-breed guide, arrive at Nottaway posing as surveyors.

When Blaise had finished Finlay looked hard at Malone across the fire. "How does that strike you?" he asked. "So far as I'm concerned," said Red, driving a fist like stone into his cupped hand. "I'd like to get this white-haired beauty, now. Set a trap for him and finish him right here. It's got to be sometime, why not tonight?"

Finlay shook his head. "Not yet, Red! You forget it's Isadore we're after. I want to talk to Waswanipi Indians first who must have met Bob and, later, seen his smashed canoe. We're leaving now for the head of the lake."

"I guess you're right, boss. We want that evidence first." "What's your idea, Blaise?" asked Garry.

Brassard drew deeply on his pipe before he answered: "At fishin' camp at head of de lake is dat Montagnais treaty chief dey call Pierre Wabistan, de Injun on Matagami tell us about. Dose faller here tonight say he have moch trouble at de spring trade wid Tete-Blanche. We have talk wid him."

"That's our man, Red!" cried Garry. "Did you ask these Indians about the men lost on the Waswanipi River, Blaise?"

"Ah-hah! Dey say Pierre Wabistan have story to tell about dat." "They knew nothing, themselves?"

"No, dey say talk wid Pierre." "You bet we will! All right, let's go! We'll leave a nice fire for Tete-Blanche to warm his hands on." Through the night the rhythmic "churn-swish, churn-swish," of three maple blades drove the Peterboro up the lake. At last, when the eastern hills were rimmed with fire the canoe headed inshore and the tired crew cooked a meal and slept. Far in the distance, like battleships at anchor, the islands off the mouth of the Waswanipi hung above the windless mirror, reflecting the green ridges of the shores.

## CHAPTER VI

Camped on the islands the Montagnais who, in winter, hunted the hinterlands, lived through the short summer on their gill-nets and sturgeon spears.

"Where did they say Pierre Wabistan is camped, Blaise?" asked Garry, on the following afternoon, as the Peterboro approached the maze of islands.

"On islan' wid big boulder." As the canoe passed the fishing camps where lines of ripples thrusting from points of shore marked the wood floats of gill-nets set for pike, dore and whitefish, it was hailed by men sprawled in the warm sun in front of caribou-skin tepees.

An oldish Indian with the eyes and hooked beak of an eagle waited. "He say," interpreted Blaise, "if we wait here until de 'Moon when de Bird fly affair de Moul't we see strange 't'ing. More he will not say now."

"August," said Finlay. "We will wait." He rose and gripped Wabistan's bony hand. "You hate Isadore and Tete-Blanche?"

The eyes of the Indian glittered with a look as feral as a wolverine's. His face worked with his wrath. "Tete-Blanche and Wabistan are like wolf and carcajou! Some day de wolf will feel de carcajou's claw!"

"Good!" thought Garry. "We need him. But what can it be Isadore doesn't want seen by white men?"

That night the water around the islands seemed alive with giant glowworms as the torches of the Montagnais flared and faded while their canoes patrolled the bars where the sturgeon lay. To add to the food supply the Peterboro joined the birch-barks.

Five of the great fish lay in the canoe when their last torch sputtered and died. Finlay was easing the boat toward camp while Red and Blaise smoked when, from the shadows, the wraith of a canoe moved across their bows and a torch held by a short, crouching figure, burst into flame. In the stern paddled a man with white hair. Finlay struck a match, lit Wabistan's pipe, then his own and, after an interval of puffing, asked: "What killed the white man you say died?"

Wabistan's narrowed eyes focused on a distant island. In his face was no trace of humor as he said: "Ver' strange bug keel dem."

Finlay caught Red's surprised look as the Indian continued. "Eet fly more quick dan duck-hawk and it sting more deep dan otjwok, de deer-fly." The old man's gaze hung to the island. The faces of his sons were glazed with awe.

"And it starts to fly with a loud noise," added Finlay, gazing straight before him. "Yes, as the ice splits wid cold." "You saw the white men who died last summer?" Fearing to break the spell, Finlay still avoided Wabistan's eyes.

"Two bodies I saw below de Fryin' Pan on de Waswanipi." "The yegg before that there were

Finlay receives an anonymous letter suggesting that the six men were not drowned as reported. Suspicion prevails that Isadore, rich fur man, has made a gold strike and aims to keep prospectors out of the country at any cost. The three

four who died. Did you see them?" "No."

"Those you saw last year were young?" "Too young to die!" "They were shot?"

"Dey were shot—den broken by rocks w'en dey pass t'ru whitewater."

Finlay sucked in a deep breath with a pain that searched his heart. Reading the face of his friend, Blaise addressed Wabistan in Cree on the chance that the old man might answer the bold question more frankly in his native tongue. "Why does this Tete-Blanche shoot white men from their canoe?"

Wabistan's face reflected no surprise. "Tete-Blanche tells the people white men who hunt gold shall come to this country," he replied in Montagnais. "It is the Indian's country and the Indian's gold."

"Why does he say that?" "Becau e he fears that the white men will go away and tell what they see."

Blaise interpreted the startling reply. "Ask him if it's gold on the sandbars of the river Isadore wishes to hide from the white man," suggested Garry.

"I have never seen gold," demurred the old man. "Garry ask Red's incredulous eyes. "Then ask him, Blaise, what it is

men start out on the Nottaway, despite warnings. They escape an ambush prepared for them and continue toward the Hudson's Bay post. Finlay and Malone visit Isadore. They later learn that Isadore's men will soon attempt to kill them.

"A little man held the torch in the bow?" "Yes, a small man."

"It was Tetu, his shadow, who obeys him like a dog—even to killing those he hates." Wabistan kicked at a pebble with his moccasins, then he lifted a face seamed with the hate that glowed in his eyes. "Iste! Tete-Blanche is hunting you," he said in Montagnais, "and he comes here to find Kinebik, the wabeno, who is my enemy."

"He is a conjuror, this Kinebik?" The old Indian laughed. "Kinebik, the Serpent, is a false shaman. Tete-Blanche uses him to put fear into the hearts of the foolish ones who listen to his medicine. He tells my people he talks with spirits."

Blaise interpreted Wabistan's remarks to his friends. "But Wabistan is treaty-chief and the Montagnais will not listen to Kinebik," demurred Finlay.

Wabistan turned to Finlay and his breath hissed through his teeth. "There are many who will listen! There is trouble among my people!"

"Where is this wabeno, Kinebik, now?" asked Blaise in Cree. "He hides somewhere in the islands from my sons."

"You are hunting him?" "Eh—eh! Yes!" The old Indian glared savagely into Brassard's square face. "This Tete-Blanche will ruin the Montagnais! He gives them whiskey to steal their fur. He has come to the head of the lake to find you. He is Isadore's neshiwed, his killer."

Brassard's slits of eyes glittered. His moment had come. "Tete-Blanche will not return to Isadore!" He seized Wabistan's bony hand. "He is your enemy! He is our enemy! We are brothers! You and your sons will lead us to the grave of the white men who you say were shot on the river last year. Then we will hunt Tete-Blanche and Kinebik. When we find them Wabistan will again be happy."

With growing wonder, Finlay and Malone watched Blaise draw his knife. Facing the chief he stiffened, raised the knife and touched the steel hilt to his forehead. Straight as a spruce, his burning eyes on Brassard's solemn face, Wabistan drew his own knife and repeated the ceremony. Then the hands of the two joined over their crossed knife blades in consummation of the Montagnais oath of brotherhood in a common cause.

Blaise rapidly interpreted his talk with Wabistan and the two white men took the oath with the old chief and his sons.

The following day a Peterboro and two birch barks entered the mouth of the Waswanipi River. In their rear, on either shore, traveled a son of the chief to watch for following canoes and a possible ambush. Three days of poling, tracking and carrying around rapids brought them to the roaring mile of falls, chutes and boiling reaches climaxing in the Fryin' Pan, the white chaos which gave the rapids its name. After a search in the birch scrub of the high shore Wabistan raised his hand. "It is here," he called, "the grave!"

Red glanced at Finlay's bitter face. "It will be hard, Garry, to see him now. You'd better leave it to Blaise and me."

"You can't identify him! They'll want to know, back home, that I saw him. I've got to see the evidence that he was shot."

Red nodded and Finlay joined Blaise and Wabistan beside a heap of small boulders. "The carcajou let dem sleep," said the Indian. "De rock too heavy to move!"

While they removed the boulders protecting the shallow grave, Finlay was tortured with memories of the younger brother who had come so far to die. The year previous he had received a letter from Bob that he had decided to join the Chibougamau gold rush, with a partner, the following summer. That was all. Bob had left North Bay and the family had had a post card from Nottaway announcing that he had decided to take the Waswanipi Trail. That had been the last of Bob Finlay. The ruthless North had swallowed him. No word of his fate had reached the waiting father and mother at North Bay until there had come the anonymous letter Garry carried in his wallet, with its sinister final sentence: "I don't believe these six men were drowned."

The man who had written that letter had guessed only too well. Following this it had taken weeks of wire-pulling for Finlay to obtain from his superiors the Nottaway assignment for himself and Malone. But in the end the letter from the unknown writer had brought it about and they had received their orders.

Shortly Malone stood beside the man whose brooding eyes were on the rock-scarred rapids below him. "Garry!"

"Yes."

"They shot them. The change in him—it's going to be hard for you, Garry."

"I've got to see him!"

"(TO BE CONTINUED)"

CHAPTER VII

At daylight Finlay was at Wabistan's skin tepee. The bedlam of his yelping dogs brought the treaty-chief from his blanket.

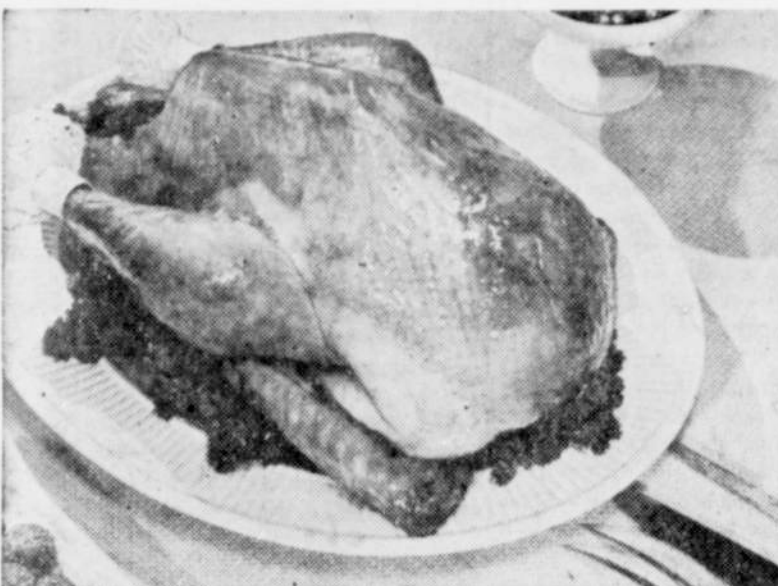
"Tete-Blanche is here!" announced Blaise. "Somewhere in the islands!"

"He has followed you? How do you know?"

"Last night we saw him when a torch flared in a canoe."

# Household News

by Lynn Chambers



LET THE GOBBLER STRUT ITS STUFF!  
(See Recipes Below)

## THANKSGIVING

This holiday is ours! As you bustle about and plan this year's Thanksgiving dinner, remember this is the day we give our thanks for the bounteous harvest of the year, for the peace and the prosperity, singularly ours. Remember, too, and cherish the foresight of the Pilgrims who had the courage to start carving out this land of ours!

Ver, this holiday is ours, so let it be filled with the spirit of the day and wholehearted thanks.

Some foods are synonymous with Thanksgiving without which the day wouldn't be complete, but don't get into a rut about having the same dinner every year, vary the trimmings a bit and fascinate the family.

Thin wisps of croutons will intrigue if you serve them in the oyster stew.

**\*Oyster Stew.** (Serves 6 to 8)  
1 pint oysters  
4 tablespoons butter  
1 quart milk  
Salt and pepper

Put cleaned oysters, oyster liquor strained, butter and seasonings in a saucepan and simmer gently until oysters curl at the edges. Heat the milk, add to the oysters and serve at once.

Has the family become a trifle weary of your old stuffing? Then try this savory new one with yummy sausage flavoring which is right at home with either turkey, goose, duck or chicken. The sausage stuffing will do a proud job of lamb:

**\*Sausage Stuffing.** (Makes 6 cups)  
4 cups soft bread crumbs  
1/2 cup butter  
3 tablespoons chopped onion  
1/2 teaspoon salt  
Pepper  
1/2 teaspoon sage or thyme  
1/2 cup chopped celery  
2 cups sausage in the bulk

Melt butter, add onion and cook until it becomes yellow. Add bread crumbs mixed with seasonings. Mix in chopped celery and sausage. Cook 2 minutes, stirring constantly.

**\*Turkey.** Small birds are allowed 25 to 30 minutes per pound for baking, large birds, 22 to 25 minutes per pound. Your oven should be set at 325 to 350 degrees.

**\*Sweet Potato Puff.** (Serves 10 to 12)  
4 cups mashed sweet potato  
2 tablespoons fat  
1 egg

To clean the turkey, singe it first, then remove the pin feathers with tweezers. Scrub the outside with water. The inside should be wiped with a damp cloth. If there is any foreign odor, a half teaspoon of baking soda may be added to the water with which the turkey is scrubbed.

Allow 1 pound of turkey to each person. Allow 1 cup of stuffing to each pound of turkey. When stuffing, be sure to put some in the neck for this will give the bird a good full shape. Fasten the skin from the neck to the back. Stuff the cavity but do not pack since dressing swells.

For good roasting and easier carving trim the bird, by inserting a long needle through breast, through rib at the base of the thigh. Draw the cord through and bring the string across by pulling the cord through the openings formed by folding the wings triangularly onto the back. Tie the cords.

Insert the needle through the drumstick joints, bring the cord around the tail, through the backbone, and tie securely. Remove cord before serving.

## THIS WEEK'S MENU

- \*Oyster Stew
- \*Roast Turkey
- \*Sausage Stuffing
- \*Cranberry Orange Relish
- \*Sweet Potato Puff
- \*Brussels Sprouts
- \*Hot Rolls
- Celery Curls
- Pickled Beets
- \*Pumpkin or Mincemeat Tarts
- Hot Coffee
- \*Recipe Given

Salt and pepper  
1/2 cup milk or 1/4 cup evaporated milk and 1/4 cup water

Add the melted fat, seasonings and milk to the potatoes. Beat the egg separately, add yolk first and fold in white to the potato. Place in a buttered casserole dish, set in a pan containing hot water and bake 15 to 20 minutes at 375 degrees until light and puffy. Marshmallows may be placed on top of casserole during last 7 minutes of baking time.

With all the soft food of the meal, you'll want something crispy and tart as a relish.

**\*Cranberry-Orange Relish.** (Serves 12)  
2 cups cranberries, cleaned, washed  
2 oranges, whole  
1 cup sugar

Grind all the fruit together by putting through a coarse food grinder. Mix the ground fruit with sugar and let stand about an hour before serving.

**\*Brussels Sprouts.** Brussels sprouts lend a bright touch of green when served plain with butter or crumbled, cooked chestnuts. Pick the dead leaves off the sprouts, then soak them in cold salted water for 1/2 hour. Wash and put in boiling water and let cook until just tender about 15 to 17 minutes. Drain, reheat, and serve after seasoning.

**\*Magic Yeast Rolls.**  
3 cups bread flour  
1 teaspoon salt  
1/2 cup butter  
3 eggs  
1 teaspoon vanilla  
1/2 cup sugar (rolled in later)  
1 tablespoon sugar  
1 cup chopped nuts  
1/2 cup milk  
1/4 cup hot water  
2 packages granular yeast

Sift flour. Add to 1 1/2 cups of flour the salt and shortening. Combine as for pie crust. Combine milk and hot water. When luke-warm, add yeast and 1 tablespoon sugar. Combine with first mixture; beat until smooth. Cover and let stand 20 minutes. Add eggs, vanilla and the rest of the flour. Stir until it becomes a smooth, sticky dough, but stiff. Tie dough into a clean cloth (wring out in cold water first). Drop in a pail of cool water. In an hour the dough will rise to the top. Remove and turn on a platter and cut into pieces the size of an egg. Roll in sugar and nut mixture. Twist into figure eights. Shape and turn onto a greased pan. Let stand 5 minutes and bake 10 minutes at 425 degrees F.

Remember how mother used to make her pumpkin pie and tarts the day before and how good they always tasted after they stood in the cool pantry overnight? Why not try it this time? It'll save you a great deal of fuss on the big day itself besides giving the tarts a chance to mellow and ripen for extra good flavor.

**\*Pumpkin Filling.** (Makes 1 large pie or 10 to 12 tarts)  
1 1/2 cups prepared pumpkin  
1/2 cup brown sugar  
1 teaspoon cinnamon  
1/2 teaspoon ginger  
1 teaspoon salt  
2 eggs  
1 1/2 cups milk

For fresh pumpkin, steam or bake until soft, and put through a sieve. Add remaining ingredients in order given. Turn into crust lined pie tin or tart pans and bake first in a very hot (450 degrees) oven, then reduce temperature to 325 degrees and bake 25 minutes.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

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Experience and Thought  
Experience is the child of Thought, and Thought is the child of Action. We can not learn men from books.—Disraeli.

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