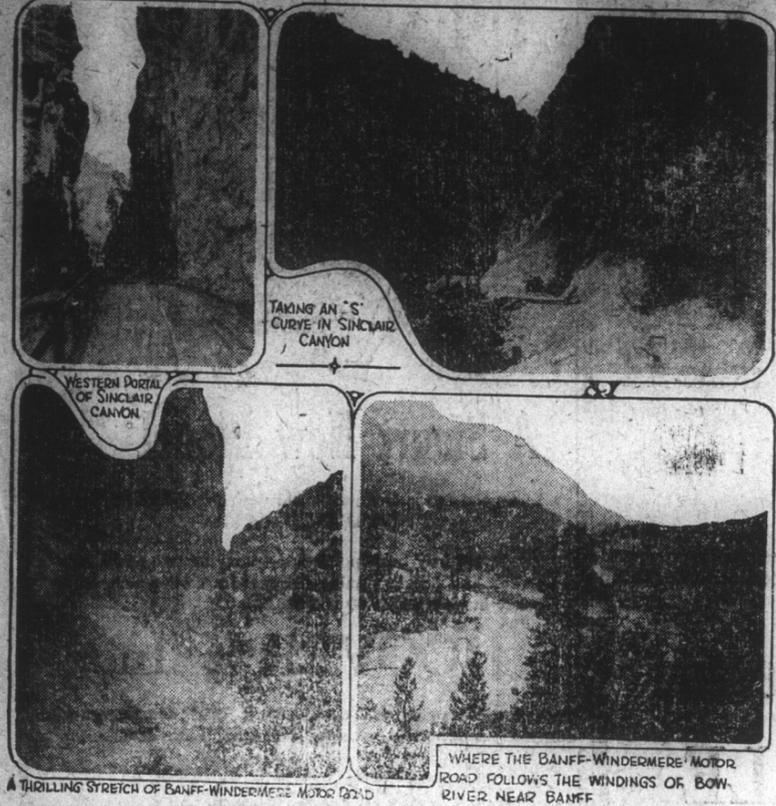


COAST TO COAST AUTO TOURS NOW INCLUDE CANADIAN ROCKIES



An event of great moment in the history of automobilism took place on June 30th, when the Banff-Windermere Motor Highway in the Canadian Rockies was officially opened. This is the last link of a 6,000 mile system of motor roads that form the "Grand Circle Tour," following which the motor tourist may visit ten national parks in Canada and the United States. This new road is 93 miles long and extends from Banff, Alberta, to Sinclair Hot Springs in the Lake Windermere District of British Columbia, crossing the Great Divide in Vermilion Pass at an altitude of 5,600 feet. The roadbed is of screened gravel and 16 feet wide. Despite the heights to which it climbs, the grades are remarkably low, the average being 3 per cent with a maximum 4 1/2 feet of 9 per cent. The cost was \$7,700 per mile. Scenery along this new highway is superb, much of the way it leads through virgin forest with vistas of snow-capped peaks revealed through openings and on the curves. The road begins 27 1/2 miles east of Banff and from Banff to Lake Windermere in the Columbia Valley is 104 miles more. It is possible to motor this distance in one day, but the wise motorist will not hurry, rather he will drive slowly and make in side trips and enjoy the views by the way. Thirty-five miles west of Banff, a detour runs to Lake Louise, the loveliest of the many lovely lakes in the Canadian Rockies. From there another nine miles of excellent roadway leads to Moraine Lake in the Valley of the Ten Peaks, where a new bungalow camp invites to stay. Returning to the main road, one climbs up the pass under Storm Mountain where there is a new attractive rest house, then past Marble Canyon to Vermilion River Camp, a beautiful drive through the Kootenay Valley is followed by the solemn grandeur of Sinclair Canyon at the road's west end. Another bungalow camp is found at Sinclair Hot Springs, where several days may be spent profitably. Lake Windermere Camp near Invermere, is a very popular resort and the center for visiting many natural wonders. After passing through the Columbia Valley, tourists find excellent free motor camps in almost every town strung along the motorway in both Canada and the States. It is anticipated that at least 15,000 cars will pass over this road during 1923 and that 75 per cent of them will be from the States. This highway will induce many Canadians to motor down through the Pacific Coast states and the cross-the-border travel is bound to result in a better understanding between the two countries as well as mutual financial profit.

THE MESSAGE

By AGNES G. BROGAN

(© 1923, Western Newspaper Union.) MISS ELEANOR sat, her soft blue eyes wide in wonder, her slim hands trembling as she lifted from the florist's box the marvel of her gift. It was long since flowers had come to Miss Eleanor; long since she had read the name written of the man who sent them.

It was marvelous how James Winters had traveled the way to worldly success. Eleanor subscribed for the city paper where he made his home and had followed his career, that she might have possible news of him. There was no notice of betrothal or marriage to grieve her, so she held to the fallacy of her faith. But there came word of his prominence in the profession of law and, later, the unbelievable achievement—James Winters became Mill City's mayor.

Last night Miss Eleanor had been unable to sleep; turning on her pillow in the moonlight which whitened the bedroom furnishings, she had gone over again the news the Mill City paper brought. The respected mayor was gravely ill; bulletins were issued every hour and the latest given was serious, indeed.

Nell was very cheery at breakfast; Connie joked and laughed with her sister as usual; Aunt Eleanor sat removed in thought from them both. Afternoon came to her feverishly—no paper until evening. Then, with the balm of twilight, had come a messenger's knock, a florist's box from Mill City. The name was on the cover—"To Miss Eleanor Meredith, Lyndenville." The package, marked "Fragile, Flowers," she had been mailed that morning. She was glad that Nell and Connie were not there to see her bewildered joy. Unfastened, they lay before her—roses, red, and white, and pink. A card lay among the roses—"From James Winters to Nell."

Miss Eleanor gasped. Nell had been his little love name for her. She lifted the flowers reverently to her faded lips—red roses still, for love that had not died through an unexplainable silence.

Tears dropped on the flowers, tears of a chastened joy. She knew, some way, that James Winters was dead. Knew that the bulletins read by a sorrowing people now announced that fact. The roses told her so—his last message; that all had been well between them. So he belonged to her; so her faith found its reward.

Miss Eleanor looked out to where the twilight was replaced with silvery light, and knew, too, that she would be lonely no more. For her golden memories could never be empty memories.

Nell came, singing, to turn on the lights and found her aunt. For the first time Miss Eleanor, bending over her flowers, told the story of her love; told of its fulfillment in the late roses.

The Mill City paper came in the evening's mail. It was Connie, hurrying home from the post office, who handed out the family allowance. Miss Eleanor knew before she opened the sheet: "James Winters, Mayor of Mill City, Dead." The article mentioned the fact of his bachelorhood. "I think," said Miss Eleanor, "that he is nearer the tonight than he has been through all the years."

Nell took the flowers and placed them in a choice blue vase. Tears were in her own bright eyes as she bent to kiss her aunt's cheeks. "I hope," said Nell, "that I shall love grandly like that." She caught up her cape and went running through the garden; still on, down the road. The 8:40 was chugging into the station. A young man sprang from the car and looked eagerly about. Nell went to meet him. They clasped hands.

"I found my way promptly, you see," said the young man, "but, dear, I must hurry back to the city. You have read, no doubt, of my uncle's death—James Winters of Mill City?"

Nell slipped her arm through his as they walked along the road. "Yes," she replied. "I read the notice, Jim—and I learned a life secret. My dear little aunt has been in love with your uncle all her life. I am afraid that he forgot. But always she has awaited a message from him; waited in happy confidence. Today your beautiful flowers came when I was out. She read her name—which is also mine—on the cover, and on the inclosed card was a name which I have not repeated to her. She supposed that the box was addressed to her and so—so I found her with the roses pressed against her face—a transfused face in the belief that her wish had come true—her lover of the past had not forgotten. His last thought—had it not been of her? Dear, I allowed her to think so; and I would not have her undecieved. I want to think that your uncle would have sent such a message if he had been able. I want to think that her faith must have its way. I had intended to tell her tonight about my meeting with you at Elsie's home during my visit to Mill City, of our love which came so quickly, so truly. But in her happiness now, may we not put aside for a time our announcement until at least her flowers are another beautiful memory, to add to her past? You will go back tonight, Jim, but one day I shall send for you, then we will tell her of our meeting—then she will welcome you for 'his' sake as well as for your own."

The young man's head bowed over the girl's; he held her close. "We can afford to share a little joy," he agreed and added, boyishly—"I bought every rose they had in the store to announce to you my coming. Nell—the white thread, the pink."

THE ISLE OF RETRIBUTION

EDISON MARSHALL ILLUSTRATED BY E.W. SATTERFIELD © LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY, 1923

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Bess Gilbert, Ned Cornet and the latter's fiancée, Lenore Hardenworth, are shipwrecked. They take refuge on an island where they find a man named Doomsdorf, who promptly makes the three his prisoners. He tells them that the only other inhabitant of the island is his Indian wife.

The prisoners are allowed to build a cabin for themselves. Lenore is not inclined to labor so she flatters Doomsdorf and allows her to remain with the squaw while he drives Bess and Ned until they fall unconscious.

Bess and Ned are given different trapping routes. Together they plan an escape from the island and, through Lenore's treachery, Doomsdorf hears of their arrangements. He follows them out on the ice and forces them back toward his cabin.

They walked almost in silence. Ned in front, then Bess, their captor bringing up the rear; a strange death march over those frozen seas. The file trudged on. Ned led the way unguided. The hours passed. The dim shadow of the shore traps strengthened. And another twilight was laying its first shadows on the snow as they stepped upon the snowy beach.

It was at this point that Bess suddenly experienced an inexplicable quickening of her pulse, an untraced but breathless excitement that was wholly apart from the fact that she was nearing the cabin of her destiny. The air itself seemed curiously hushed, electric, as if a great storm were gathering; the moment was poignant with a breathless suspense. She could not have told why.

A moment later Ned turned to her, ostensibly to help her up the steep slope of the beach. She saw with amazement that his face was stark white and that his eyes glowed like live coals. Yet no message was conveyed to Doomsdorf, tramping behind. It was only her own closeness to him, her love that brought her soul to his, that told her of some far-reaching and terrific crisis that was at hand at last.

"Walk exactly in my steps!" he whispered under his breath. It was only the faintest wisp of sound, no louder than his own breathing; yet Bess caught every word. She did not have to be told that there was infinite urgency behind the command. Her nerves seemed to leap and twitch; yet outwardly there was no visible sign that a message had been passed between them.

Ned was leading up toward the shore crags, into a little pass between the rocks that was the natural egress from the beach on to the hills behind. He walked easily, one step after another in regular cadence; only his glowing eyes could have told that this instant had, by light or circumstance beyond Bess' ken, become the most crucial in his life. And it was a strange and ironic thing that the knowledge he relied on now, the faculty that might turn defeat into victory, was not some finesse gained in his years of civilized living, no cultural growth from some great university far to the south, but merely one of the basic tricks of a humble trade.

Doomsdorf had told him, once, that a good trapper must learn to mark his sets. Any square yard of territory must be so identified, in the mind's eye, that the trapper can return, days later, walk straight to it and know its every detail. Ned Cornet had learned his trade. He was a trapper, and he knew this snowy pass as an artist knows his canvas. He stepped boldly through.

Bess walked just behind, stepping exactly in his tracks. Her heart raced. It was not merely because the full truth was hidden from her that she walked straight and unafraid. She would always follow bravely where Ned led. Now both of them had passed through the little, narrow gap between lofty, snow-

from drawing the pistol that he wore at his belt and turning it against him. It was the last war; and now it had become merely a question of which would break first. They lay together in the snow, utterly silent, motionless, for all human eyes could see, their faces white with agony, every muscle exerting its full, terrific pressure. Ever Doomsdorf's finger closed more tightly at Ned's throat; ever Ned's right hand drew slowly at the pistol at Doomsdorf's belt.

Neither the gun nor the strangling fingers would be needed in a moment more. The strain itself would soon shatter and destroy their mortal hearts. The night seemed to be falling before Ned's eyes; his familiar, snowy world was dark with the nearing shadow of death. But the pistol was free of the holster now, and he was trying to turn it in his hand.

It took all the strength of his remaining consciousness to exert a last, vital ounce of pressure. Then there was a curious low sound, muffled and dull as sounds heard in a dream. And dreams passed over him, like waves over water, as he relaxed at last, breathing in great sobs, in the reddened drifts.

Bess, emerging into consciousness, crawled slowly toward him. He felt the blessing of her nearing presence ever in his half-sleep. But Doomsdorf, their late master, lay, curiously inert, his foot still held by the cruel jaws of iron. A great beast-of-prey had fallen in the trap; and the killer-god had sped a bullet, ranging upward and shattering his wild heart.

All this was just a page in Hell Island's history. She had had one dynasty a thousand thousand years before ever Doomsdorf made his first tracks in her spotless snow; and all that had been done and endured was that had been done and endured in the ripples that beat upon her shores. With a new spring she came into her own again. Spring brought the Intrepid, spattering through the new passages between the fogs; and the old island kings returned to rule before ever the hands of the little craft had faded and vanished in the haze.

The Intrepid had taken cargo other than the usual bales of furs. The sounds of human voices were no more to be heard in the silence, and the wolf was no longer startled, and wonder at his heart, by the sight of a tall living form on the game trails. The traps were moss-covered and left, and the wind might rage the night through at the cabin window, and no one would hear and no one would be afraid.

The savage powers of the wild held undisputed sway once more, not again to be set at naught by these self-knowing mortals with a law unto themselves. Henceforth all law was that of the wild, never to be questioned or disobeyed.

Even the squaw had gone on the Intrepid to join her people in a distant tribe. But there is no need to follow her, or the three that had taken ship with her. On the headlong journey south to spread the word of their rescue, of their halting at the first port to send word and to learn that the occupant of the sea-locked lifeboat had been rescued from Tzar Island months before, of Godfrey Cornet's glory at the sight of his son's face and the knowledge of the choice he had made, of the light and shadow of their life trails in the cities of men, there is nothing that need be further scrutinized. To Hell Island they were forgotten. The windy snow fields knew them no more.

Yet for all they were bitterly cruel, the wilds had been kind, too. They had shown the gold from the dross. They had revealed to Ned the way of happiness—and it led him straight into Bess' arms. There he could rest at the end of his day's toil, there he found not only love and life, but the sustenance of his spirit, the soul of strength by which he might stand erect and face the light.

Thus they had found a safe harbor where the Arctic wind might never chill them; a hearth where such terror as dwelt in the dark outside could not come in.

THE END



DOOMSDORF HAD STEPPED SQUARELY INTO THE GREAT BEAR TRAP.

SPENT FORTUNE IN SEARCH

"I spent \$1,800 in 7 years treating with physicians, some spent a week costing me \$10 a visit, only to find that nothing could be done for me, that I had cancer or cancer of the stomach, suffered awful pain in my stomach, after taking a few doses of Mery's Wonderful Remedy these all disappeared and for 3 years am feeling fine." It is a simple, harmless preparation that removes the catarrhal mucus from the intestinal tract and affords the inflammation which causes proctitis, hemorrhoids, liver and intestinal ailments, indigestion, and appendicitis. One dose will convince or money refunded. Gibson Drug Store and druggists everywhere.

TELL YOUR NEIGHBOR

What this splendid medicine has done for you. Just as surely as Original Vinol has helped you, just as surely is it your duty to tell your neighbor the good news. This delicious Cod Liver and Iron Tonic contains Wild Cherry, Citrate of Iron, Cascara, Cod Liver Extract (without the nasty oil), Peptonates of Iron and Manganese, Beef Extract and Glycerophosphates of Lime and Soda. A splendid medicine for those who are weak, rundown, and suffering from lowered vitality. Original Vinol will help you back to Health and Strength; just as it has helped millions of others to enjoy life.

READ THIS—"I was weak and all rundown—no strength, languid, and no ambition, so I could hardly keep up and around. Original Vinol built me up and strengthened my whole system after other medicines had failed to help me." Mrs. W. J. Dawson, Cleveland, Ohio. AND THIS—"Mr. John H. Wilson, Ruston, La., says: "I am a working man, and got all rundown, so I could not eat, sleep or work. Original Vinol built me up and strengthened my whole system after other medicines had failed to help me."

Don't be Discouraged Let Original Vinol Help Make You Strong We Believe in Original Vinol—That's Why We Guarantee It Make No Mistake. Insist on Original Vinol Look for this Sign Sold and Guaranteed Only by Gibson Drug Store Engraved Wedding Invitations. And announcements. The Times-Tribune represents one of the best engravers in America.

TODAY'S EVENTS.

Wednesday, Sept. 26, 1923. Centenary of the birth of William Henry Milburn, the blind chaplain of the United States Senate. Today is Argonne Day—the anniversary of the "jumpoff" in the great Argonne offensive by the American Army. Paris, Tennessee, today begins a two-day celebration in honor of the hundred anniversary of its settlement. Results of a prolonged nation-wide investigation of the co-operative farm marketing problem will be presented at today's session of the American Bankers' Association convention at Atlantic City. The New York State Democratic Committee meets in New York City today to adopt a platform and decide on the question of fusion on a candidate for associate judge of the court of appeals. Co-operative marketing of feeder cattle direct from growers in Colorado to feeders in Iowa, with a view to eliminating all stockyard commissions, yardage and feeding charges, will be undertaken at a sale to be held today at Atlantic, Ia. The Du Pont Company Subscribes \$10,000 to the Boll Weevil Campaign. Manufacturers Record is advised by Mr. Chas. K. Weston, manager of the Publicity Bureau of the Du Pont Company, that the matter of a subscription to the Boll Weevil Campaign of the American Cotton Association, after consideration by several of the executives, has been favorably acted upon and an appropriation of \$10,000 for the year has been authorized, check for which will be forwarded to the Cotton Association. Probably no one company in America is more deeply interested in the success of the cotton growing industry than the Du Pont Company, which is a very large consumer of cotton and the manufacturer of many articles out of cotton. Following the recent subscription by the United States Steel Corporation of \$25,000 a year for three years to the Boll Weevil Campaign of the American Cotton Association the action of the Du Pont Company shows how the great business interests of the country are regarding the supremely important question of saving the cotton from the destruction of the boll weevil.

Salesmanship. The Boss—"Did you do as I told you and put up the sign outside, 'Two threes \$50, one three free?'" The New Salesman—"Sure, and I've had pretty fair luck. I haven't sold any of the \$25 ones yet, but I've managed to give all the free ones away."—American Legion Weekly.

What time is it by that clock? Fido: "I can't say, I am only a watch dog!"—Circus from The Forum Journal, September, 1920.

Land Deeds and Mortgage Trust Deeds, 5 cents each, at Times and Tribune Office.

There's patience and purity in good baking. MILK MAID BREAD CONCORD BAKERY YOUR STAFF O' LIFE

SULPHUR SOOTHES UGLY, ITCHING SKIN The First Application Makes Skin Cool and Comfortable

If you are suffering from eczema or some other torturing, embarrassing skin trouble you may quickly be rid of it by using Mentho-Sulphur, declares a noted skin specialist. This sulphur preparation, because of its germ-destroying properties, seldom fails to quickly subdue itching, even of very chronic nature. The first application makes the skin cool and comfortable. Rash and blotches are healed right up. Rowles Mentho-Sulphur is applied like any pleasant cold cream and is perfectly harmless. You can obtain a small jar from any good druggist.

2 IN 1 Shoe Polishes American Fastest Selling SHOE BALL BARN POLISH

STORIES OF AMERICAN NOTITIES

Chicago, Sept. 25.—The University of Chicago has come into possession of the oldest specimen of a highly developed plant ever discovered in America, or the rest of the world, according to Dr. Adolph C. Noe, professor of paleobotany. The plant, which has been preserved for centuries in all its minuteness, was found in a so-called coal ball in a mine near Harrisburg, Illinois. Coal balls are round lumps of limestone which form in a coal seam and usually prevent plants from carbonization. While all the vegetable matter about the ball becomes shapeless black coal, the forms of life within the coal ball are perfectly preserved. Our whole knowledge of the ancient plants which grew millions of years ago is derived, Dr. Noe says, from these lumps found in coal mines.

Tons of Tons Hold Ton Family Reunion

CHICAGO.—Nearly 100 years ago a boatload of Hollanders landed at Chicago. The voyage, on the steamboat Boston, started from Havre and continued up the Great Lakes from Buffalo in another boat, was one of hazard and glory. John Ton and Agnes Van Ger Syde plighted their troth during the voyage and became the first settlers of the enormous Ton family, which held their twenty-eighth reunion at Thornton forest preserve the other day. John and Agnes bought a large tract of what is now Rosedale, on One Hundred Third street. They decided it was a good locality, according to their daughter, the family historian, Mrs. F. W. Jansen, who still resides at the old homestead, 316 West One Hundred Third street. They wrote glowing reports to John's brothers and sisters in Holland, and seven of them came over to try their luck in the thriving village of Chicago. The nine original Tons who settled in Chicago had an average of ten children each. There were approximately 700 Tons at the Chicago reunion. Sixty-six Tons live in Los Angeles. They also held a reunion. According

to the by-laws of the Ton family, which was incorporated in 1911, fifty or more settling elsewhere than Chicago are entitled to hold a reunion. Twenty-two Tons in Holland sent greetings by mail. They are the only Tons there, according to Mrs. Jansen. To remain in good standing all members must report births, deaths and marriages to the historian. Only one misunderstanding has occurred in the family since John and Agnes bought the land around Roseland. That was when two of the family went into politics. It was like this, according to reports: Alderman Guy Madderom decided to run again in the Ninth ward, which is Rosedale, the last city election. His family descended from Tryntje Ton. He got the support of many Tons. Then Albert Ton decided to run. Other Tons supported him. Both were defeated, but two or three aren't on speaking terms yet. The family traveling farthest to attend were Mrs. C. Ton of New Orleans and her son, Burroughs, seventeen, and daughter, Coraella, nine. They drove to Chicago. They are of the family of C. J. Ton, who started the reunions.

No Need for Further Call. Little Katherine was visiting her aunt in the country and one morning while she and her cousin were dressing, chanticleer crowed long and loud near the window. Katherine rushed to the window and shouted, "Never mind us, Mr. Rooster! We're up."

Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION 6 BELLANS Hot water Sure Relief BELLANS FOR INDIGESTION 25 CENTS