

Ellen gets Her Man



SYNOPSIS: Ellen Mackay, on her way from school at Winnipeg, to join her father at Fort Edson, misses the boat by which she was to travel. Hearing that another boat was to start north in the morning, Ellen goes to the owner, John Benham, and begs him to give her a passage. To her surprise he flatly refuses.

Angry and puzzled, Ellen tells Pat McClatchey, a kindly old storekeeper of her difficulty, and Pat with the help of one of Benham's crew, succeeds in getting Ellen on board as a stowaway.

When the vessel is well under way Ellen emerges from her hiding place and faces John Benham, who now cannot help taking her with him.

During the voyage Ellen begins to be strongly attracted by John. But when she reaches Fort Edson she finds her father broken, ill and disgraced, and learns that his troubles are due to one man—John Benham.

Instantly Ellen resolves that she will fight for her father. She will reinstate him with the Hudson Bay Company, his employers, and will show up John Benham for what he really is.

From Bernard Deteroux, an employee of the company, who professes friendship for her father, Ellen hears that Benham supplies whiskey to the Indians. She sets out on a long and tedious journey to obtain proof of this, returns thinking she has got it, and gives information to the authorities.

Seventh Installment
Ellen rose to her feet also. "That need not worry you Trooper Whitlow," she stated quietly. "I had already made up my mind to return immediately. I will be ready to leave in an hour."

Angus Mackay began to object. "But you are weary, lass. You—" "I am not nearly as weary as I was," broke in Ellen with a queer smile. "In an hour, trooper."

There was a vast difference in the trip back to Mink Lake for Ellen. Coming, out she had travelled through a drab, lowering world, in which not one iota of worthiness existed. She had heard nothing, seen less. Her spirits had plumbed the depths and remained there. It seemed there was no brightness, no beauty, no truth in all the universe.

Now, however, it was different. The sheen of sunlight water, the whispering incense of the forest, the gay laughter of the birds, all were responded to in kind by a thrilling, inner consciousness.

Ellen made no further attempt to blind herself to the reason for this change. She knew, and found warm joy in the finding. Ellen Mackay was honest with herself.

John Benham was not a half-breed! This knowledge rang through her mind like the chiming of some brilliant tongued bell. Over and over the words rhymed, and she clung to them as to something precious and indissoluble.

There was a reason for this and that reason, too, Ellen admitted to herself. She loved John Benham. She loved him through the ages it seemed.

From the first time he had bent those clear, flawless eyes upon her he had taken her heart though she had not realized it until he had turned away from her in the Indian camp and crashed the damning whiskey bottle against a tree.

Then she had known, and the knowledge had exacted a bitterness of thought and feeling that had borne down upon her with a crushing and resisting weight.

It mattered not, now, that she was responsible for the information that had set this cold, brusque man in the bow of the canoe on Benham's trail. If he were guilty, then she would battle side by side with him and do what she could to brighten whatever exactness the law might impose. If he could, by some divine aid, prove his innocence, then she must also be there beside him and ask forgiveness for her part in his accusation.

had noted it, and knew that it dated from that moment when he had told of John Benham's parents. There were times, now, as he sensed the burbling spirits of the girl, when just the shadow of a grim smile flickered across his eyes.

In the stern of the canoe, stoic and still of feature, old Moosac looked at her with steady, undying, dog-like adoration.

For two days they passed northward towards Mink Lake, and the trooper and Moosac paddled from before dawn until long after dark. Their camps were swiftly and frugally prepared. The policeman and the old Indian ate quickly, and sought their blankets to combat the weariness of their ceaseless paddling. So it was that Ellen had long hours to herself through the day and beside the tiny fire at night in which to think.

There were times when these thoughts frightened her, and where, at the start of the trip, she had been consumed with eagerness, now her heart would fail her and she dreaded the moment when she must again face John Benham and steel herself to the scorn and reproach his glance would hold.

And then on the morning of the third day, there came an interruption in their steady progress.

At a sharp turn of the river



"Where did you get this whiskey?" snapped the trooper.

they met four heavily-loaded York boats, manned by a motley crew of half-breeds and Yellowknife Indians. Trooper Whitlow studied the boats and cargoes keenly and suddenly, just as the last boat was about to pass them he signalled Moosac, and whirled the canoe about in pursuit.

At first the boat crews bent to their oars frantically, but when they saw the swift ease with which the feather-like canoe overhauled them, they ceased rowing and crouched back, sullen and angry.

Whitlow guided the canoe to the rear boat and stepped aboard with hardly a look at the crew he flung back the tarpaulin covering the cargo to disclose several small oaken kegs and numerous cases of bottles. Catching up one of the bottles, he smashed it across the gunwale of the boat and sniffed the shattered remnant he held in his hand. Then he turned on the crew sternly.

"Where did you get this whiskey?" he demanded, his voice harsh and uncompromising.

Ellen crouched in her canoe, her eyes wide, her heart thundering in her breast. Moosac's beady eyes were gleaming in ferocious joy.

"Hurry up," snapped the trooper again. "Where did you get this whiskey?"

The crew squirmed in their seats and bent a common gaze upon a surly-looking 'breed member. This individual cleared his throat several times before his spirit broke under the boring scrutiny of the policeman.

"Dat wiskee—she's John Benham's wiskee," he stuttered finally.

Ellen, who had been leaning forward, tense and breathless, sagged back, shaken and heart-sick. Something seemed to have snapped within her. She knew now that all along she had been

hoping against hope, that John Benham was innocent. But here was proof irrefutable.

Then she straightened again. Whitlow was speaking, and his words brought precious comfort. "I think you are lying," snapped the Trooper.

Then old Moosac stirred. "I know for sure that he lies," stated the old Indian calmly in his mother tongue. "That man is Deteroux's man. I have seen them often together. Yes—he lies."

"What's that?" Whitlow turned on Moosac sharply. "Speak English. I don't understand you." "He says—he says that man is Bernard Deteroux's man," interpreted Ellen, scarcely able to speak for the sudden tumult which broke within her.

"It that true?" growled Whitlow, whirling back on the 'breed. "Tell me the truth or you'll answer to the law, Speak up."

The 'breed paled vicably. But his sullen features grew obstinate. Whitlow stepped closer to him, his fingers working. Speak up," he growled. "Answer me or I'll mishandle you."

Plainly the 'breed was torn between two fears—one of his master, should he speak, the other of this cold-eyed member of a force that even the most ignorant savage in the north knew infallible and all-powerful.

It was the fact that one threat

was present while the other was absent which decided him. He gave a grudging nod. "Oui-oui, M'sieu. I am Deteroux's man."

"Ah!" Whitlow straightened and found time to flash a triumphant glance at Ellen. Then he turned back on the 'breed again.

"Where are you taking this whiskey?" "Down to dat Great Slave Lake," muttered the 'breed. "M'sieu Deteroux, she's meet us then, an' she's head for dat Yellowknife Reviar."

Whitlow nodded. "Land this boat on the beach and have the rest follow suit," he commanded crisply.

Guttural orders followed, and the York boats beached side by side. With deft sureness, Whitlow examined the cargoes. Only one boat contained whiskey. The other three were loaded with baled furs. Whitlow nodded as though some unspoken conjecture had found substantiation. He pointed at the whiskey.

"In the river with it," he commanded. "Every drop."

The now thoroughly frightened and subdued 'breed went to work with a will. The bottles were smashed across the gunwale, and the heads of the kegs were pounded in with a hatchet and their contents poured into the racing green water. He sweet strong odour of raw alcohol cut through the air.

when the last drop of the stuff was gone, and the headless kegs dancing down stream, Whitlow turned to Ellen. His face was glowing with the vindication of a friend.

"You see where your evidence points now, Miss Mackay?" Ellen nodded soberly, but her eyes were brilliant. "You can't guess how happy it makes me," she answered.

Whitlow grinned broadly. "I

can guess better than you think. There—there, don't blush so. But you owe John Benham a real apology."

Ellen's gaze was unwavering. "I intend to give it—fully."

Fine. I knew Benham was clean stuff. But Deteroux, he'll answer and answer plenty. I promise you. He's been playing a deep game. Under the guise of a Hudson Bay employe he has been robbing the men who trusted him.

"Thinking of it now, it was simple enough. His job was to come and go. He had legitimate access to every lake and river in the Dominion, and no one would question his cargoes except on a long chance like this which was prepared to gamble on.

"He knew the weakness of the Indians. He traded his whiskey to them for their furs. Their choicest furs. The poorest of the lot he left them to get what they could from your father at Fort Edson.

"And—and I have heard of your father's dilemma. This evidence will no doubt give him complete exoneration. I'll see that my version of it gets to Hudson Bay Headquarters."

"You are very kind," murmured Ellen. "It—it means so much to father."

"I know," nodded Whitlow. "But Deteroux—the filthy swine! What a rotten game he's been playing. And he knew the poor Indians would not dare breathe a word of this nefarious trade, in fear of what the law might do to them. The reputation of my organization does not work always as it should. Miss Mackay. Well, this much is settled."

He was thoughtful for a moment. Then he turned with sparkling eyes.

"I'm going to send this shipment of furs directly to Fort Edson. Your father can grade them and put down a blanket of credit on the books. Then it will be up to him and yourself to see that these starving tribes you have visited are carried through the coming winter with food and proper supplies. These supplies can be charged out against the fur credit.

"And no doubt there are other tribes that Deteroux has not been able to reach yet. When he fails to show up they will come slinking in to the fort with their furs. They won't dare wait too long. What do you think of the scheme?"

Continued Next Issue

OLD INHABITANTS

Stranger: "Have you lived in Bingville long?"

Native: "Have I lived here long? Why, mister, you wouldn't believe it but I lived here when there wasn't a single gas station in town."

POO WEAK

Earwig: "I hear your wife is ill; is she dangerously so?"

Dillpick: "Oh no. She is too weak to be dangerous."

SILLY

Sadie: "Jerry and I are engaged."

Susie: "You don't mean it?"

Sally: "Of course not, but the illy fellow thinks I do."

A hopeful candidate in a Boston suburb called on an amateur gardener who was engaged in a futile search for his garden tools.

"If your neighbors in this constituency return me—" he began.

"It will be the first thing they've ever returned in their lives," said the amateur gardener.

Columbus County strawberry growers are hauling pine straw from 10 to 15 miles to mulch their fields.

Brazilian Soprano Returns to Air In Broadcast of "La Traviata"

By BIDU SAYAO

Just why all are so concerned over the redemption of a fallen woman, and pass by the one who remains virtuous, must forever be a mystery. It all seems a little unfair, but there it is—we cheer and weep over the triumphs and defeats of the fallen one; we look with dull eye on the woman who keeps all the approved moral rules. To us, the sentiments of the reformed courtesan seem to be so much deeper and finer than those of the honest girl, her beauty more soulful, her new-found ideals far loftier, even her voice sweeter with true emotion.

Of course, many operas are written on that theme. In one of them, "Manon," I made my Metropolitan Opera debut just three weeks ago and I am delighted with the way both audience and New York critics received my efforts. Now I am to be Violetta, of the perennial Verdi favorite, "La Traviata," in the Metropolitan performance to be broadcast next Saturday afternoon, under the sponsorship of the Radio Corporation of America, by the National Broadcasting Company.

Known to many as "Camille," its English title, "La Traviata" is the old, old story of a woman redeemed by love. Violetta is not really bad; neither is she weak as Manon is weak. Circumstances—the death of her parents and the company she keeps—have led her into the frivolous life of the Paris demimonde, surrounded by clever but shallow ne'er-do-wells. Because she knows no other life, she is all quite pleasant.

Our story opens in a gay crowd making merry at the home of Violetta who finds in dance and song "the medicine that cures all my ills." Alfred Germont, introduced by a mutual friend, quickly shatters this attitude with his declaration of honest love "Life is enjoyment," she contends, but he replies that that is true

only when one does not know love. "Well," answers Violetta, "know then that I despise it."

But she is strangely troubled by the "wild tumult" that Alfred has aroused in her heart, and, fearful of the new ecstasy, she resolves to have none of love. "Leaving care always behind—" she sings "ever thus may I be found."

In three months, however, she has completely surrendered to love and lives in idyllic seclusion with Alfred just outside Paris. She reads an invitation to join her old friends in a

gay masquerade. "They will look," she says, "in vain." Alfred, unfortunately, has found out that Violetta has been selling her property to maintain the home and, like every man, conceives his honor to be besmirched. He hurries to raise money.

Now comes Alfred to beg Violetta to leave his son lest his daughter's fiancé, scandalized by the alliance, renounce her. "I cannot part from so much happiness!" cries Violetta, but he argues that her

past will eventually ruin Alfred's life and finally she agrees to sacrifice her love. Alone again, she writes a letter of farewell.

Alfred, returning, finds her shaken, but she declares that it is for joy that she quivers. She runs into the garden, choking with emotion, and cries, "I'm always near thee, Alfred! Love me as I love thee!"

He soon reads her letter and, chancing upon the invitation, immediately jumps to the conclusion that she has tired of him and has gone back to her old life. He brushes aside his father's entreaties to return home and follows Violetta to Paris.

The masquerade, with its singing and dancing and gambling people, opens the second act. Into this crowd comes Alfred, bent on revenge. He gambles and wins, and says that he who is unfortunate in love is lucky, at least, at cards. Violetta, with her protector, the elderly Baron Douphol enters. Alfred orders her to leave with him, but she refuses and pleads that she is bound by honor. To Douphol? Violetta, struggling to maintain her composure, looks away and answers, "Yes."

Beside himself with jealousy, Alfred calls upon all to witness the vindication of his honor. He repays Violetta's love by flinging his gold at her feet. She faints at the insult, and Alfred's father, anxious for his son's welfare, leads him away.

In the last act, Violetta, wasted by tuberculosis, awaiting death. Alfred's father has written to say that now his son knows all and that he will soon return to beg forgiveness. "Too late!" she muses bitterly.

Soon he goes come and Violetta, her will to live restored by his vows of love and reconciliation with his father, feels herself strong again. "I live!" she cries, "I return to life!" And then falls back dead.



BIDU SAYAO

OUR PUZZLE CORNER

ANNA GRAMM IS LOOKING FOR A JOB. REARRANGE THE LETTERS ON THE BOARD FOR HER TO READ CORRECTLY.

EMPLOYMENT OFFICE

OPENINGS: KEEP ROBE O.K., YALE'S LADS, NICE ARM, HE SANG REPORT, ACT HERE, EVEN GROSS.

CAN YOU MAKE AN ENDLESS CHAIN BY OPENING ONLY FOUR OF THE LINKS?

PIANIST: FERNANDA WOOD...

CAN YOU GET 10 WORDS OUT OF THE WORD SNOWSTORM?

FIND TEN "M" OBJECTS...

YOUR HEALTH COMES FIRST!!!

IF YOU SIT IN THE POSITION ILLUSTRATED HERE YOU WILL APPEAR GRACEFUL AND PROTECT YOUR BODY AGAINST SLUCHING AND DISTORTION!!!

SOME CHILDREN DEVELOP ASTHMA THROUGH THEIR SENSITIVITY TO PROTEINS CONTAINED IN THE HAIR OF VARIOUS DOMESTIC ANIMALS!!!

FRESH AIR WILL PREVENT CONSUMPTION WHICH IS MERELY LUNG STARVATION....

SCRUBBING THE FACE WITH SOAP AND WATER, MORNING AND NIGHT, IS AN EXCELLENT WAY TO DISCOURAGE PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS. A COLD WATER RINSE, FOLLOWING THE SCRUBBING WILL CLOSE THE PORES AND AID THE SKIN!!!