

"Ellen Gets Her Man"

By L. P. HOLMES

FIFTH INSTALLMENT

SYNOPSIS: Ellen Mackay, on her way from school at Winnepeg, to join her father at Fort Edson, misses the boat by which she was to travel. Hearing that another boat is 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 McClatchney, 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.

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 traveled thru 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, finer 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 thru 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 thru 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, 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 to 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.

She never thought that her utter change in spirit might be noted by Trooper Whitlow. But he 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 spirals 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 pressed northward towards Mink Lake, and the trooper and Moosac paddled from before dawn until long after dark. Their camp 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 thru 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 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 to 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 orbs 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 whiskey—she's John Benham's wiskee," he stutered finally. Ellen, who had been leaning forward, tense and breathless, sagged back, shaking 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 there 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.

"Is 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 visibly. 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 was 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 Deter-

oux she's meet us then, an' she's head for dat Yellowknife River."

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 the 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. The sweet, strong odor of raw alcohol cut thru 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, 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 employee 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 chase like this which he was prepared to gamble on.

"He knew the weakness of the Indians. He traded his whiskey to them, for 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 devils of 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 always work in its 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 credit on the books. Then it will be up to him and yourself to see that these starving tribes you have visited are carried thru 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 WEEK)

Allegany Days at Stamp Exhibit

Tuesday and Wednesday have been set aside as Allegany county days at the American Philatelic Society's 55th annual International stamp exhibition to be held in Hotel Statler, Buffalo, August 12-16. All Allegany county residents who may be interested in the hobby of stamp collecting, are cordially invited by the society's president, Rollin E. Flower, Kenmore, N. Y., to attend the convention and see this great exhibit. There is no admission charge.

Chip steaks, a newcomer in frozen meats, are sold in some parts of the United States in two sizes suitable for plate lunch steaks or for sandwich fillers.

ASK The Scientist

If you have a question for the scientists, mail it to the New York Press Association, The Castle, Syracuse, N. Y. The Science Board of Syracuse University's Radio Workshop will answer in those columns each week those questions considered most timely and interesting.

Question 1.—Will the distance from the ground to the limb of a tree lengthen as a tree grows or will it remain the same?

Answer.—It remains the same. For example, there is a very interesting tree passed by many thousands of tourists on Route 20 near Waterloo. It is the famous Scythe Tree. A man left for the Civil War and said he would leave a scythe hanging in the tree until he returned. He never returned, but the scythe is still hanging in that tree and at the same distance from the ground as he left it.

If you drive a nail into a tree at a given distance or height above the ground, it will be there ten years from now or later. But don't drive any nails into trees!

A tree grows in three ways or directions: at the terminal shoot, that is at the tip of the tree, it grows in diameter; and the roots grow into the ground.—Prof. Nelson Brown, forester.

Question 2.—Does a glass bottle which has been boiled a few times become more like pyrex in resistance to extreme changes from cold to hot?

Answer.—The opposite is true. Heating of common glass and cooling it several times results in making it, if anything, slightly more brittle so that it will not withstand changes in temperature. You cannot change common glass into pyrex unless you change the composition of it. Dr. Albert L. Eldor, chemist.

Question 3.—How can you explain the use of peach twigs to locate the proper place to dig a well in order to be sure of finding water?

Answer.—Peach twigs, hazel twigs, elder twigs, maple twigs, and even barbed wire have been used in attempts to find water, minerals and other materials in the earth's surface. The U. S. Geological Survey published a paper years ago that examined the whole question of the use of such divining instruments from very early times.

The Survey found that such devices are of no value in determining where water or minerals will be found. Any one of those twigs or the wire will work equally well so far as any scientist knows at the present time.—Dr. Sidman Poole, geographer.

Question 4.—Are the Negroes in this country like their ancestors, the African negroes, or have they become a new and different race?

Answer.—Many of us feel that the ancestors of the white man were the same 25,000 to 50,000 years ago when they arose as man, as we are now. We believe there has been very little change. The same opinion applies to the Negroes of Africa who were the ancestral stock of our Negroes here.

However, our present Negroes are for the most part descended from stock which has been in this country a little over 300 years. They have been co-mingling with the white people, the Indians, and others also most of the association has been with the former.

As a result of this intermingling, we have produced a new race of people, the American Negro. They are not like their African ancestors nor their white ancestors and will not be down thru the ages. They will continue as a distinct type of people.

From hybrids such as the mulatto in whom the white man and Negro are crossed, we expect the ancestral types to appear again. In other words, we expect mulatto families to produce some white and some Negro children. Ordinarily, they do not, however, for the mulatto families would have to average approximately 64 children in order to have a fair chance of including one black or one white child.

The few children produced by each mulatto family as a rule will be racially right in the middle between the Negro and the white. This will go on generation after generation so that we have continuance of a mixed race which we may call the American Negro.—Dr. Ernest Reed, geneticist.

Question 5.—Why does ice often form not on the top of the water but below?

Answer.—This question seems to refer to what is called ground ice or

Church Services

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST

Walter L. Greene, Pastor

On account of the ordination services at Alfred Station there will be no services at Andover or Independence this week, and the congregation are invited to attend the Friday evening Sabbath morning and afternoon sessions at Alfred Station.

The Ladies Aid will serve supper at the parish house next Saturday evening. The public invited.

BAPTIST

Rev. Leona E. Sisson, Pastor

Thursday evening, 7:30, Prayer meeting at the church. The topic for discussion will be "The Successful Church." All are urged to come and receive the benefits of the weekly prayer service.

Friday evening, 7:30, Class in Christian Living for boys and girls in third grade and below meet at the home of Mrs. Mildred Nye on Barney street. Young people meet at the church. Our lesson this week is on "Being Trusted." Are you faithful? Can you be trusted? Do not miss this service. A surprise awaits you.

Sunday morning worship service at 10:30. The question for consideration: "Is God Still Able to Save?" Attend this service for the strengthening of your faith.

Sunday School follows at 11:45. After that wonderful Sunday school picnic at John Dodge's on Tuesday with over a hundred present, our attendance at Sunday School should increase. Come to Sunday School and learn how we may know God better!

Christian Endeavor Sunday evening at 6:30. Doris Baker will be the leader and our topic is "Managing My Talents."

Sunday evening service at 7:30. The pastor will begin a series of sermons on Jonah. Do not miss them.

Monday morning at 9 o'clock our second annual Vacation School will convene in the Presbyterian church. After a worship service led by Rev. Miss Champlin, the different departments will go to the respective churches where the program for each age group will be conducted. Great things are in store for all who attend each day for two weeks from 9 to 11:30. Urge all to be present on time first morning. Further announcement elsewhere.

Monday evening at 8 o'clock the regular monthly meeting of the Storehouse Tithers' League will meet at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Matison. All Tithers urged to attend.

Anchor ice, a fairly common phenomenon in such regions as the St. Lawrence where upon a very sharp drop in temperature during the winter months, accompanied by very quiet air, the temperature of the bottom of the river frequently falls below that of the moving water.

As a result of this low temperature at the bottom of the river, ice crystallizes on the river bed, sometimes to a depth of two or three feet. When a sharp thaw commences it frequently lifts pretty good sized boulders toward the surface.—Dr. Poole.

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PRESBYTERIAN

Rev. Lucian H. Karns, Pastor

Morning worship at 11:30. Service "The Tribute to a Taunt." The annual Harvest Home festival will be held on the lawn of the church on Thursday, August 15th at noon. The program is yet to be arranged.

The Daily Vacation Bible School will be held in Andover for two weeks beginning August 12th. Plans are being laid for the transportation of out-of-town children to the classes. Anyone who wishes to volunteer the use of a car in this effort will be greatly appreciated.

CHRISTIAN AND MISSIONARY ALLIANCE

Rev. H. E. Wilson, Pastor

We would like to have you visit the Sunday School at 9:45 a. m. and enjoy the fellowship in honest study.

In the morning service at 11 a. m. the message will be brought by a guest speaker whom you have had the privilege to hear before, the Rev. "Bob" Shannon of Wellsville, not only a soldier in the Salvation Army, but also and more so a soldier in the army of Christ. Come and bring your friends.

The message of the evangelistic hour at 7:30 p. m., will also find Rev. Shannon as the guest speaker. There will be special music and a rousing old-fashioned song service.

Friday evening is young people's night and we do trust that many will rally to the colors and learn more for their own aid and benefit as we study two great missionary men and their lives, William Carey, the cobbler who went to India and David Livingstone the great adventurer and missionary to the Dark Continent of Africa. Plan now to attend at 7:30 p. m.

Thursday evening is prayer meeting night. The meeting which turns the power for the rest of the week. Come and join us in praise and prayer.

Coming! The fourth annual Missionary Convention, bringing to us Mrs. R. D. Stull of the jungles of Peru; Miss E. F. Keller of the Belgium Congo, from whence went Miss Eva Shepard of the Baptist church and the Rev. Harry D. Stoddard, Dist. Supt. of the Northeastern District. Dates, Sept. 29 to Oct. 2. Plan now to attend.

We count it our privilege to serve you.

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REPORT OF ABANDONED CONSUMER-DEPOSITS
A report of abandoned consumer deposits as of June 30, 1940, held by this company has been filed with the Public Service Commission and a duplicate thereof with the Commission of Taxation and Finance. A copy thereof is on file and open to public inspection at each of the offices of the company where applications for its services may be made.

Such reported abandoned consumer deposits with interest thereon are due and payable and will be paid on demand or proof of ownership for right to receive payment.

Pursuant to Section 18-c of the Transportation Corporations Law of the State of New York, all deposits held by the company which have been abandoned for a period of five years or more will be paid, with interest thereon, to the Commissioner of Taxation and Finance.

Dated: August 6, 1940
NIAGARA, LOCKPORT AND ONTARIO POWER CO.
Cooking Teacher: "Now, students, describe a gumdrop."
Pupil (a movie fan): "A marshmallow in technicolor."

Con

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Davis Hill

(Mrs. Floyd Slocum, Re)
Aug. 7.—Meta Jean, Mrs. Virginia Hoagland were guests of Mrs. Leona Slocum day.

The Sunday school picnic of the Baptist church of Andover was at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Dodge, Tuesday afternoon. About 100 were present. Supper was served followed by cream and cake and a picnic was reported.

Althea Hoagland visited her grandmother, Mrs. Alta H. Hoagland, the home of Rev. Champlin, over, Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Swain Hill were guests of son of Swain Hill were guests of parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Slocum.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Slocum and Lois Dodge were at Victor Hoagland's, evening.

Althea and Meta Jean were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Dickinson in Wellsville, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Barney and sons and Lloyd L. Wellsville were Sunday guests of Mrs. Slocum.

Mrs. John Dodge was the family of Fred Brody.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence and family and Fred Haugland the Majin family, Saturday, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence and Mrs. Mable Halsey, Wellsville, Saturday evening. Emma Lou and Rebekah, daughter of Wellsville were the Hoagland sisters Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Glenn and family of Richburg at Orville Green's Monday. Onna Lee Green returned them for a visit.

Ford Green of Wellsville at Orville Green's. John Dodge was in Sunday evening to take to Dr. Taylor's for medicine.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence and son Clifford of Hart and Maynard Hauber, Gaines, Pa., were Sunday guests of Mrs. Slocum.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold daughter visited her and Mrs. Young at Alfred. Fred Slocum attended at the home of his Laura Holbert at Alfred.

Whitesville

(Mrs. Ella Mills) Aug. 6.—Miss Louise assisted in the telephone while the operator, Miss passed the week at C.

Rev. and Mrs. F. Cleveland, Ohio spent Monday with friends their way to New York.

Rev. and Mrs. J. Towanda, Pa., were with Mrs. Miss Probacore, Herriek, who is pastor of the Universalist held morning services and baptized two infants.

Rev. H. E. Blish is visiting again this week the second and last of summer school. Mrs. daughter Mary and her sister Beale who have been for some time at Herli and will visit Ithaca this week.

Mrs. H. M. Bassett New York City the tending the World's W. D. Dexter, who was trip to New York week has returned.

The Whitesville auxiliary, as well as citizens attended the made in Elkland, Pa. evening.

About a dozen women attended the Women's Club meeting held Wednesday.

Mrs. Carrie Terw here with her brother until his death reached her home in Troup well party was given evening.

Mrs. Anna Robbins visiting her daughter Ohio the past two weeks Monday.

B. H. Robbins who past two weeks is