FLOWER OF THE NORTH

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

THE STORY THUS FAR THE STORY THUS PAR

Philip Whittemore, working partner of a company controlling the fish supply of numerous lakes under a provisional license stren by the Canadian Government, finds himself opposed by an unknown enemy and sends for Gresson, an artist friend, to come and help him out. The one clue they have to the mystery is a letter addressed to Lord Fitzhugh Lee, Gregson begins to rave about a local beauty and draws a sketch of her, Whittemore recognizes Elicen Brokaw, a former sweetheart, daugster of his partner, and presumably thousands of miles away, but doesn't mention the fact to Gregson. In stead he leaves the cabin and climis the hill where he meets a bulf-breed and a white girl, He falls in love with the girl Jeanne. Hrokaw and his daughter arrive, Elicen value, tries her spells on Philip, Jeanne and Pierre are estacked by a group of men, one of whom, at least arrived on the ship with Brokaw, Philip rushes to the rescue and promises Pierre to save Jeanne.

CHAPTER IX-(Continued)

FOR a space he was overwhelmed by the discovery. Everything that had happened-the scene upon the rock when he first met Jeanne, the arrival of the ship, the moment's tableau on the pier when Jeanne and Eileen stood face to face-rushed upon him now as he gazed down into the staring eves at his feet. What did it all mean? Why had Lord Fitzhugh's name been sufficient to drag the half-breed back from the brink of unconsciousness? What significance was there in this strange combination of circumstances that persisted in drawing Pierre and Jeanne into the plot that threatened himself? Had there been truth after all in those last words that he impressed upon the fainting senses of Pierre Couchee's message to Gregson?

He waited to answer none of the questions that leaped through his brain. Tomorrow some one would find Pierre, or Pierre would crawl down into Churchill. And then there would be the dead man to account for. He shuddered as he returned his revolver into his hoister and braced his limbs. It was an unpleasant task, but he knew that it must be done-to save Pierre. He lifted the body clear of the rocks, and bending under its weight carried it to the edge of the cliff. Far below sounded the wash of the sea. He shoved his burden over the edge, and listened. After a moment there came a dull splash.

Then he hastened on, as Pierre had guided him.

CHAPTER X

Soon Philip slackened his pace and looked anxiously shead of him. From where he stood the cliff sloped down to a white strip of beach that reached out into the night as far as he could see, hemmed close in by the black gloom of the forest. Halfway down the slope the moonlight was cut by a dark streak, and he found this to be the second break. He had no difficulty in descending. Its sides were smooth, as though worn by water. At the bottom white, dry sand slipped under his feet. He made his way between the walls, and darkness shut him in. The trail grew rougher Near the shore he stumbled blindly among huge rocks and piles of crumb ling slate, wondering why Jeanne and

ripple in the water set out in the direction of Churchill. Jeanne's captors had a considerable start of him, but he felt confident of his ability to overtake them shortly if Pierre had spoken with truth when he said that they would head for the Churchill River. He had observed the caution with which Pierre's assailants had at proached the cliff, and he was sure that they would doubt that caution in their return, especially as their attach had been interrupted at the last moment. For this reason he paddled without great haste, keeping well with, without great haste, keeping well will, and him will expect the cause of the precipious shore, with his ears and eyes keenly alive to discover a sign of those wing were and early in the concealment of the precipious shore, with his ears and eyes keenly alive to discover a sign of those wing were and at least three nagainst him, for he gother in succession by the silvent production of the precipious shore cook where Pierre and

were alread of him.

Opposite the rock where Pierre and Jeanne were to have met him he stopped and stood up in the cance. The wind had dispelled the smoke shadow. Between him and the distant ship lay an unclouded sea. Two-thirds of the clistance to the vessel he made of the smoke of the distance to the vessel he made of the smoke with the smooth undulations of the smoke with the smooth undulations of the smoke with the smooth undulations of the stant with the smooth undulations of the stant the man whom he as though he had a bigger fight be had an stood up in the cance. At the signal from unstream he one hope was to remain undiscovered and to rescue her at the last moment when she was taken ashore by cance cut swiftly toward him. He had one taken into account, heard the quick dip of paddles, and the He has not taken into account, heard the quick dip of paddles, and the He has not taken into account, heard the quick dip of paddles, and the work had one taken into account, heard the quick dip of paddles, and the work had one taken into account, heard the quick dip of paddles, and the He had not rescue her at the last moment when she was taken ashore by drew lack the hammer of Pierre's rife, against her side. For a few minutes and cleared a little space through the champel was unobstructed. Three with the work and we say unattened the vessel had onstructed his view, and unstrapped Pierre's rife. There was a short pause and the two dash out into the stream, and he would not rescue her at the last moment when she was taken ashore by drew lack the wind her will two one hope was to remain undiscovered and to rescue her at the last moment when she was taken ashore by drew lack the will two one hope was to remain undiscovered and to rescue her at the last moment when she was taken ashore by drew lack the will two one hope was to remain undiscovered and to rescue her at the last moment when she was taken ashore by drew lack the will the work and to rescue her at the last moment when she was taken ashore by drew carne. Th Owas a cartridge in the chamber. He jug straight for the river, and as the possess Jeanne. This was his first channel, A quarter of an hour brought made sure that the magazine was cance was now partly broadside to him thought. It was followed by others, both the pursuers and the pursued into lutions."

half an hour, if he desired, he could pyecticke the other canoe. And what then? There were three to one, if it came to a fight-and how could be rescue Jeanne without a fight? His blood was pounding eagerly, almost with pleasure at the promise of what wifs shead of him, and he laughed softly to himself as he thought of the

The ship loomed nearer: the canne vanished benind it. A brief stop, a dozen words of explanation, and Philip knew that he could secure assistance from the vessel. After all, would that not be the wisest course for him to pursue? For a moment he hesitated. and paddled more slowly. If others toined with him in the rescue of Jeanne what excuse could be offer for not bringing her back to Churchill! What would happen if he returned with her? Why had Pierre roused himself from something that was alnost death to entreat him to take to Fort o' God?

him again that Jeanne and Pierre they would think that he was making of his hopes. Even if he succeeded in one in the cance that had waited at might be the key to the mysterious plot that promised to crush out the

He found reasons for this belief, exertions and draw nearer to them above. Why had Lord Fitzhugh's name had without being observed.

plot that promised to crush out the was in the deep fringe of shadow himself and Jeanne would almost im-tife of the enterprise he had founded along the shore he could redouble his mediately be under fire from those they entered the main stream Philip

He dropped back again behind the such a startling effect upon Pierre? . No sooner had he reached the shell screen of reeds. The canoe drew upon those ahead. No sound rose could—he grabbed the bear's stubby Why was one of his assailants a man tering gloom than he bent to his nearer. A moment more and it was above the steady dip of paddles, and



A moment more and the canne was almost abreast of him, and his heart pounded like a swiftly beating hammer

the moonlight at the edge of the water did he see that it was equipped as flower the distance between him and the steril was a builging pack, with a ride straighed across it.

Two or three smaller carbou-skin bags ky in the center of the cance. In the bow was a chick nest of bears, kin, and he knew that this was for Jeanne.

Cartlously Philip launched himself, and with slient sweeps of the padde that made scarcely the sound of a ripple in the water set out in the direction of Churchill. Jeanne's captors had a considerable start of him, but the felt confident of his ability to overtake them shortly if Pietre had.

might have taken a smoother road borne Eileen Brokaw and her father than the found himself abreast of the when he saw Jeanne in the stern. So I turn the stern to him that She was leaning back as though until the found himself abreast of the when he saw Jeanne in the stern. might have taken a smoother road, borne Eileen Brokaw and her father fairly bissed through the water. Not pounded like a swiftly beating hammer light was a little better, he made out the canoe which Pierre had drawn finto the shadows.

Not until he had dragged it into the moonlight at the edge of the water did he see that it was equipped.

So I turned to Laura, which say death, which fell thickly over the oh. And again she went off into gales.

So I turned to Laura, which say death in the star for he saw deathe in the stern. So I turned to Laura, what is a find the second the saw deathe in the saw d

all light but the shimmer of the stars. No longer could Philip see those ahead of him, but he guided himself by occasional voices and the dip of At the thought of Fort o' God a he could easily make out the figures rapid as lightning, that restrained his narrowed and the forest walls gave new strength leaped into his arms in her, but not distinctly enough to eagerness. The night-glow was treached in deeper shelter, he drew perilously and body, urging him on to cope with make sure of their number. He shov- crous to shoot by. What if he should near with the hope of overhearing the situation single-handed. If he ed out holdly into the moonlight, and, miss, or hit Jeanne-or in the sudden what was said, but he caught only an rescued Jeanne alone, and went on instead of following in his former commotion and destruction of his occasional word or two. He listened with her as he had premised Pierre, course, he turned at a sharp angle in shots the canoe should be overturned? in value for Jeanne's voice. Once he many things that were puzzling him the direction of the shore. If the A single error, the slightest mishap to heard her name spoken, and it was would be explained. It occurred to others saw him, which was probable, himself, would mean the annihilation followed by a low laugh from some

> After a time there fell a silence the speed of the two canoes increased. looking down into the pool, the scene Suddenly, from far up the river, there suddenly became comical. The Giant came a voice, faintly at first, but grow, certainly looked funny hanging to the ing steadily louder, singing one of the forts to get away that he was just as bear, and the hear made guch scared efforts to get away that he was just as the Giant. Peggy giggled, "Don't be afraid," shouted Billy to the while Billy laughed out loud. The Giant, "It's only Lonesome Bear." "Don't be afraid, Lonesome Bear." "The same safe way to get that gold?" "Don't be afraid, Lonesome Bear." "The same safe way to get that gold?" "Too risky." declared the Giant. "It's only Lonesome Bear." "Gold hunting is always risky," said price Bonnie Biue Bell, "but there is a safe way to find a fortune." "What is it?" asked the Giant to the Scalery of the surprise of all, the bear also yelped their movement described a protest. "Well, tell him to get me out of here" "but I'll tell you a story and if you are

heard this same laughing voice.

pany cance floated down out of the gloom. It passed so near that Philip could see the picturesque figure in the stern, paddling and singing. In the bow kneeled an Indian working in stolc silence. Between them, in the body of the canoe, sat two men whom he knew at a glance were white men-The strangers and their craft slipped

by with the quickness of a shadow. (CONTINUED TOMORROW)

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

AUNT JANET'S BEAU By Augusta Lewis

rom her seat near the window. Maidie only laughed and answered:

Maybe, with the surprise Aunt Janet's could about my real estate business. planning."

We both clamored around her and week during the season to carry you tried to learn what the surprise was, through the year?" he asked. "I don't know exactly." I confessed.

"Never mind—what is your estimated the room rather sulkily. It was then Larga told me of Aunt Janet's beau—Edge Saunders, who called on her every Thursday, escorted her to meetings on Tuesday, walked home with her from thurch on Sunday, and literally sarries her around with him the rest of the week with a most dominant air of processing.

"This state of affairs," said Larga, "has been going on for almost seven years and yet Ed has never asked Aunt Janet, but Larga's version tame to marry him, and the family are getting rather impatient."

I knew there were many wild speculations as to the reason for Ed's attitude floward Aunt Janet, but Laura's version came nearer being right than any.

"Ed was too sure of Aunt Janet."

"Ed was too sure of Aunt Janet."

"I don't know exactly," I confessed.

"Never mind—what is your estimated them. I want Janet to meetings of acceled."

"I guess you're right," I agreed. "I'm and extend an interest of the considered the cost as an item of expense rather than as an invest-ment of extending the plant of extending the pl But as she refused to tell us we left "I don't know exactly." I confessed. "Never mind—what is your estimated percentage of cancellations?"

Pierre had come this way when they fresh from the London ship that had paddle and the light birchwood bark almost abreast of him, and his heart to take him out of the masterful air he

I could control my curiosity no longer, o I turned to Laura.

the main stream, which lay in black DREAMLAND ADVENTURES -- By Daddy gloom between forest walls that cut out "THE GIANT HUNTS GOLD"

(While the Giant of the Woods, Peggy, Billy and Prince Bonnie Blue Bell are hunting gold in the caverns of the mountains, the Giant falls into an underground lake. A bear that has been sleeping in the caverns falls in with him.)

CHAPTER V

Rescued by an Old Friend THE Glant was in a bad plight when A the bear came tumbling into the pool beside him. The beast thrashed wildly in a scared frenzy and its big claws threatened to rip the Giant to pieces. To keep out of the way of the claws the Giant did the only thing he

To Billy, Peggy and Bonnie Blue Bell,

"Tell Lonesome Bear I'm much obliged for saving me"

in toward the shore. Philip followed in the surprise of all, the bear also yeiped a protest.

"You wouldn't laugh if you woke up from an all-winter's nap, to be thumped on the head, thrown into a lake and ship the head thrown into a lake and the head, thrown into a lake and the head thrown into a lake and thrown into a lake and the head thrown into a lake and thrown into "It's Lonesome Bear," shricked Peggy so weary he couldn't swim another nie Blue Bell tells his story,)

stroke. Lonesome Bear had tumbled into the pool just in time to save him from drowning. Lonesome Bear towed the Giant into

a hole in the rocky wall and both dis-appeared. They were gone so long that Peggy and Billy began to get a bit nervous. But after a while there came a scrambling noise from the tunnel where Lonesome Bear had been askeep and the bear dragged the Giant out on the shelf. "Tell Lonesoms Bear I'm much obliged to him for saving me, even if he did almost scare me to death," said the Giant. Then, tired as he was, he turned his attention to the gold in the roof of the cavern, "How are we going

"You might climb the walls," suggested Prince Bonnie Biue Bell.
"And break my neck; no, thank
you." said the Giant.

"Or fly," suggested Prince Bonnie Blue Bell.

SECRETARY-EXECUTIVE-Young man

pleasing personality, analytical, progressive, tactful, accustomed large responsibilities, fourteen years' experience, largely executive; new connection necessary, desires connect organization capable providing limitiess future; setting 35000; willing start \$2500; excellent references. Can you tell me appreciate

Can you tell me approximately what such an ad, set with a little white space, would cost? Thank you. W. H. T.

Business Career of Peter Flint

A Story of Salesmanship by Harold Whitehead

Mr. Whitchead will answer your business, wearing, friend Peter," he smiled as he questions on buging, selling, advertising and pointed to my footwear, which I have give all the facts. Your correct name and full address must be given to all inquiries.

Those which are accomponent mist be ignored. Answers to technical questions will be assured by mall. Other questions will be assured by mall. Other questions will be assured in this column. The most interesting problems of inquirers will be more to begin with, but they are cheapstory of Peter Flint.

The same comment applies to your other queries.

Any publisher will accept hand-written matter, but prefers typewritten. Use one side of the paper, and for preference to my previous remark. "Ye-es, I always that my business answers helped you. The Evening Public Ledger is always more to begin with, but they are cheapstory of Peter Flint.

O YOU suppose he'll ask her to-night, Maidle?" piped up Laura of wishes but doings, so I'll go back to After lunch Bruno Duke went with me

"How many lots must you sell every

"Why, I go personally and collect; that's easy." "Of course, friend Peter, but couldn't you get them to mail it in and thus let

when I think it's necessary.

"Very proper, but you know, friend

Peter, that advertising to be valuable
must be consistent. It doesn't jerk, it "But it costs so much." I explained.

"Newspapers charge such a fearful rate "Those are good-looking shoes you are

EVERYDAY STUFF The Quarryman

The quarryman I've never met. I here and now confess it. It really doesn't matter-yet I know his work and bless it. For though we walk the narrow

Or wabble on the wide walk, Sermons in stones we know he hath-

We trace them on the sidewalk

The quarryman is doubtless rough But still a useful neighbor. He's got to be of hardy stuff To do such heavy labor, He may have dollars put away. I'm glad if he has got 'em. At fortune he may pick-but, say!

He's solid at rock bottom! The quarryman does work clean

And useful to the nation. le does not dream of emptye, but He gives it a foundation. And sure as after light comes dark And sooth may follow jesting. He's working now on stone to mark

One's final place of resting.

GRIF ALEXANDER

icms of inquirers will be worst into the story of Peter Flint.

CCXCVIII

Here I am in Farmdale again. Sometimes or other it looks good to me. I almost wish—but this is not a story of wishes but doings, so I'll go back to the story of wishes but doings and story of wishes but doings the story of wishes but doings again. Something the story of wishes but doings the story of wishes but doings again. Something the story of wishe

magazines and markably cheap."
"Yes, but they're no good to me."
"But they're cheap! Don't judge advertising by the actual cost, but by what return you get from it. Isn't it better to spend \$100 for a newspaper adver-tisement and get \$200 back than to spend \$5 somewhere else and get nothing

TODAY'S BUSINESS EPIGRAM "Just as good" articles are never

idvertised. What does this mean to YOU?

Business Questions Answered

so much more about my line of salesmanship in ceneral
Will you kindly mail me the name of a good school in salesmanship (not a correspondence school and also if there is a consistency school and also if there is a construction its pupils in the art of window dressing. Any books on either subject flut are authoritative will be appreciated. I naturally mean names or titles of say looks, etc.
Thank you for the bein and inspiration you have given me in the past, but also for the help and inspiration you are bound to extend in the future. the pand inspiration you are bound to estend in the future.

The Y. M. C. A. has good courses in salesmanship, as also do several of the business educational institutions conducting every course.

It matters little which you take, so long as the instructor is an experienced teacher and has actually sold goods successfully.

You will receive by mail a list of good books on salesmanship and window trimming. I believe the Dry Goods Economist, 239 West Thirty-ninth street. New York, conducts window-trimming classes—if not it can tell you who does. Am glad Peter is helping you. Hope he'll be a good friend to you and your friends. Tell them about him.

Would you kindly improve upon this jetter, as I do not seem to be a seem of the part of the part of the seem of the part of the par

It is impossible to answer your questions, for it would depend on the kind of short stories you write. Look over the various magazines till you find those which publish matter of a similar nature to yours. Then write to the editors. If you don't know where they are published, ask your newsdealers.

MOVING PICTURE FUNNIES



Cut out the picture on all four des. Then carefully fold dotted

Copyright, 1918, by Public Ledger Co.

By Hayward

His mind worked rapidly. Within SOMEBODY'S STENOGRAPHER—Not That She's Worried Or Anything.



I WORK MY HEAD OFF WITH L

IF HE THINKS I'M GOING TO PLAY UNDERSTUDY TO SOME SIX FOOT FALSE ALARM HE'S MISTOOK! DID YOU EVER SEE SUCH A SIGHT! WEARS "SENSIBLE SHOES" AND CANTON FLANNEL NIGHTIES AND HATES PERFUME! IT'S A WONDER SHE 600 WOULDA'T PULL THE TOMB DOOR CLOSED AFTER HER!



JOINT WHEN MARY'S LITTLE LAMB WILL TURN OUT TO BE A ROARIN' LION THAT'S ALL' MY DISPOSITION'S LABELLED FRAGILE" FROM NOW ON! NOT THAT I'M WORRIED -

NOT THAT I'M WORRIED OR MOTHING ONLY THE TIME WILL COME ROUND THIS

be it good one.

I have read your installments of "Peter Fint" with much interest.
I have a friend a young lade, who has always been interested in geography and travel since she first began school. She has written me requenting that I advise her as it some employment that would be both suitable and enjoyable for one of her likes, distilise and ambitions. And although I have thought over the matter. I have decided to ask your very excellent advice.
The other core will you clease give me some decay the find of amployment a girl should need the laber of the state of the laber of the laber of the laber of the laber of the state of the laber of the lab

Would you kindly improve upon this letter, as I do not seem to get results to my replies to not seem to get results to my replies to take the constant of the

rooms to receive a personal interview.

Your letter of application is quita fair. You do not, however, say in whatline of work or for whom and why you are now seeking a position. Also I would leave out entirely the sainry. If the ads you answer ask for salary desired, merely state that with their permission you leave the salary question to them, or that you would be willing to work for a week so that they could judge what you are worth to them. Instead of using that more or less hackneyed sentence, "Hope to receive an interview," instead say, "When may I be favored with an interview?" Kill the "I am,"

"I am."
With these changes your letter should be a good one.