

## Around The Bend

A Short Story

By LOUIS RAYBOLD

Two men huddled over a tiny fire on the wooded banks of a wild and desolate river. Each was thin almost to emaciation, each was clothed in garments so patched and mended it was a wonder they still held together, and each was unkempt with a beard of many weeks' growth.

"Let's turn back tomorrow!" pleaded Justin, younger by ten years than his companion. "If we go on, we're dead men."

"Not if we hit the Bighole river," retorted Anderson. "Then it's a straight paddle to the post."

"If we hit the Bighole!" mocked Justin. "Your eternal 'ifs' make me sick. I want to get home. Home!" He stared out into the gloom of the falling twilight with sunken, home-sick eyes.

Anderson threw more wood on the fire. "I've a hunch," he said gently, "that tomorrow—"

But Justin turned on him savagely. "It's your everlasting hunches that have landed us in this mess. If you hadn't had a hunch about this trip to begin with, Joan Stewart would never have made marrying me contingent on my going with you. Yes, that's what it amounted to. With her father an explorer, it comes natural to her to think other men would like the life. And Joan wanted me to prove that, in spite of my confounded money, I could do something worth-while. But I'm through!" He rose and stalked away into the forest.

Anderson continued to smoke by the fire. His thoughts were busy.

Justin, poor lad, had been home-sick almost from the beginning but had, until tonight, kept gamely on the job without a whimper. Anderson would have been ready enough to shelve his own desire to keep going had they not come much too far not to proceed. A retracing of their journey with winter close at hand and provisions woefully scant meant certain death.

Somehow he must instill into Justin the will to advance. And because love for Joan was responsible for his yearning to return, Anderson had to use that love as a scourge to drive him ahead.

"See here, old man," he began the next morning, "you can take my word for it that we'll never live to see home on what stuff we've got and the few miserable little trout and fish-hawks we can catch if we turn back. And, supposing even the impossible, do you think Joan would love you any better for quitting right at the moment when success is at hand?"

"Success?" questioned Justin.

"If we go on and accomplish what we set out to do, you'll be a sort of hero in her eyes. You laugh at my hunches, but I have a queer feeling inside of me that by tomorrow night something big will have happened. We'll have brought down a caribou or spotted the Bighole."

"What it would mean," exclaimed Justin, "to see that confounded river! Nothing more wonderful could happen! All right. Let's push on."

The two men had already been travelling for eighteen months with equipment and provisions planned for less than a year. The previous winter had closed in early, and, instead of reaching their goal and getting out to civilization, they had been forced to spend it in a soulful Red Dog Indian village, paying for slabs of Jerked caribou with some of their precious tobacco.

Anderson sometimes worried for fear this girl that Justin loved might have given him up for lost or dead. Yet he reflected reasonably that explorers' daughters must be used to delays and weeks of waiting without news.

All the morning they followed a narrow, winding stream which brought them to a small lake and series of tedious portages. At noon Justin climbed hopefully to a tiny knoll only to return with downcast countenance and the report that nothing was to be seen but the same old network of weedy lakes with which they were already too familiar.

Was it possible they had followed some wrong stream far back in the beginning? Were the Indian tales of the location of the upper Bighole river unreliable? In either case, the word "finis" might as well be written then and there to their trip—and almost sure to their lives as well.

Late that afternoon they had pulled into camp and were unloading duffle when Justin grabbed Anderson's arm with thin, eager fingers. "Smoke!" he fairly shouted. "Indians! They'll know about the river and let us have some meat!"

Sure enough, above the stunted tree tops on the next point a thin column of smoke spiralled into the air.

Too impatient to repack their stuff, they leaped into the canoe and pushed off.

Around the bend they did indeed find an encampment. But not of Indians. Anderson was puzzled. The balloon silk tents and Peterborough canoes belonged to no trapper's outfit, yet what would white men be doing entering the wilderness at this end at this time of year?

Suddenly a slim figure came to the doorway of one of the tents, then flung both arms wildly into the air, and dashed pell mell to the river's edge.

Justin laid his paddle across the bow in front of him with a trembling hand. "I must be dreaming," he murmured. "I must be dreaming, because that is Joan Stewart!"

An hour later Joan was still explaining exultantly. "When you didn't get through before winter, I figured you'd push on again in the spring but I knew you must be getting mighty low on provisions. I sent a wire to Dad in Pekin—he was due out of the Gobi desert—took some money my grandfather left me, hired one of Dad's old Canadian guides and his brother, and planned to work in from this end, feeling sure I would meet you. You see," she said, "I sort of owed it to Justin. He went for my sake—something foolish I said—and if anything had ever happened to him—" she winked a tear drop away. "We left the Bighole yesterday."

Justin turned to Anderson. "You sure had a hunch!" he said.

Anderson grinned. "It turned out bigger than I had any right to expect!"

## Slat's Diary

Friday—well ma went to a bridge party today and Ant Emmy was loaded up with newralgy so I and pa went to the resturant for are supper. We dident think so very high of the servus we got at the resturant becuz when they give us are coffy why they dident serve no sawsers and we had a Hard time a drinking the coffy with out no sawsers.



Saturday — Ma sent me to the drug store for sum medicine for Ant Emmys newralgy and pa give me twenty 5 cts. to get sum medicine for the dog who all so is sick. I made the druggist mark both Packages very plain becuz I woodent have nothing happen to that Dog for nothing.

Sunday—Jane give a select tea party tonite up at her house becuz she had Co. witch she wanted to honor sum way and I had the Co. out in the libry and finely I thot meby I mite try and kiss her meby and she slaps me three times and finely she blacked my eye and I am almost sure she did not want me to kiss ner or uthewise why wood she do that away.

Munday—The teacher ast are class why was the days longer in the summer than the nites is and Jake sed that when it cooled off the nites contract becuz cold contracts and heat Xpands. I think Jake will be pritty good in kemistry meby.

Tuesday—we had Co. for supper tonite and when I put my Napkin in my neck ma pinched my leg and when I spilt supe on my cote she grinds my toe with her ft. Sumtimes I wisht I was a Bride groom so nobuddy woodent pay no a tension to me.

Wensday—Elsys ma says she has got to be vascinated nex week and

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### COLDS MOST COSTLY OF ALL ILLNESSES

In this age of putting values upon everything the ordinary common cold has not escaped. Officials of the Department of Health have issued a statement declaring the ordinary common garden winter cold is one of the most formidable enemies of the public health. Colds take more dollars and cents out of the workers' pockets in one year than any other sickness. They are responsible for a greater loss of time from school and work than any other simple cause.

A cold does not stop at stealing one day's work. It often takes a far greater toll of time, money, future health and usefulness. A common cold, neglected, can prepare the way for other and more serious diseases such as pneumonia, bronchitis, heart disease, etc.

Few people are immune to colds. It is the commonest and most widespread of the communicable diseases. Despite the great advance in medical knowledge, there has been no general agreement as to the nature of the infectious agent which carries the cold from one person to another, but the research body of the John Hopkins University have been engaged in a five year study of this universal malady and part of their summing up reads:

The common cold comes from contact with a person infected with the specific germ that causes cold and not from chemical changes in the body."

### LEAD-FREE PAINT TO PROTECT CHILDREN

Lead poisoning as a result of chewing paint from toys, cradles and wood-work is now regarded as a more frequent occurrence among children than formerly, and all children's hospitals, realizing the extent of the dangers from this source, are coming to use a lead-free paint on their beds, toys, furnishings and interior decorations.

Children are very susceptible to lead, it was stated, and have a higher fatality rate than adults. Frequently, it was said, small amounts of lead which may cause only chronic lead poisoning in an older person, may be sufficient to cause acute poisoning, leading to death, in an infant.

The most common sources of lead poisoning in children are paint on various objects within the reach of a child and lead pipes which are used to convey drinking water. Various manufacturing companies, however, are now beginning to make paints for indoor purposes which are lead-free and lead is being replaced in pipes by other metals.

Lead poisoning in infants is not so often heard of because the condition is frequently unrecognized by physicians. The poisoning creates certain disturbances which are common to various diseases which occur during infancy.

Acute lead poisoning in children is very painful, one of the symptoms being severe cramps in the stomach. The poisoned child becomes intensely irritable and has convulsions and tremors. Chronic lead poisoning leads to a gradual deterioration of numerous parts of the body. The nervous system in general is affected and the result may be nervousness, insomnia and neuritis. The kidneys and blood vessels are also affected. In general, lead poisoning is apt to lead to chronic invalidism.

Children who have been exposed to lead should have a diet rich in calcium and vitamins. Fruits are very desirable and sunshine aids greatly.

now she says she is in a pickle becuz she dussent no where to get vascinated on acct. of the stiles change so rapid here of lately.

Thirsday—well I am looking forward to Thanxgiving day and I feel sorry for little bits of kids witch are to yung to go to skool to have hollowdays frum. Each & evry hollowday is a non disgized bleseng and etc. in this land of the brave & the home of the free.

### W. I. ADVISORY BOARD MEETS AT CAPITAL

The Provincial Advisory Board of Women's Institutes held a two-day session in Fredericton, when a varied and extensive program of business was dealt with. The revision of the Institute handbook, the program for the annual convention, the outline of work for the short course to be held at Sussex and articles to be exhibited at the 1931 exhibition were the outstanding matters under consideration.

In the absence of the president, Mrs. Herbert Read, of Sackville, Mrs. H. A. Dunham, of Petitcodiac, presided. Other members present were Honorary president, Mrs. J. N. Harvey, of Fredericton; provincial secretary, Mrs. Harley S. Jones, of Apohaqui; provincial directors, Mrs. Ashley George, of Sackville, Mrs. Charles Comben, of Woodstock, Mrs. Fred T. Fenwick, of Millstream; federal representative, Mrs. R. J. Hooper, Saint John; provincial superintendent, Miss A. E. Weldon, and assistant superintendent, Miss Clara LeBlanc.

### ESSAY ON PANTS

Pants are made for men and not women. Women are made for men and not for pants. When a man pants for a woman and a woman pants for a man, that makes a pair of pants. Pants are like molasses, they are thinner in hot weather and thicker in cold. There has been much discussion as to whether pants is singular or plural. It seems to us that when men wear pants it is plural, and when they don't wear them it is singular, if you want to make pants last, make the coat first.—Exchange.

### BAIRDSVILLE

Dec. 2—Mr. and Mrs. Claude Knapp were callers at Wm. Hannah's on Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred L. Cassidy and son, James, motored to Fredericton on Wednesday on business, returning the same day.

Miss Hazel Lameroux and niece, Ressa Flewelling, of Easton, are spending their Thanksgiving holidays with the former's father, J. W. Lameroux.

Miss Florence Hannah is spending some time at Claude Knapp's Andover.

Miss Bertha Colpitts called at the homes of Burns Watson and Wm. Hannah on Friday afternoon.

Mrs. J. W. Lameroux and Miss Hazel Lameroux were callers at C. A. Baird's on Friday afternoon.

Miss Gladys Kennedy is spending some time with Miss Helen Baird.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Howlett and son, Harrison, were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Beecher Duncan, of Presque Isle, on Thursday.

Frank A. Baird returned from Woodstock on Wednesday.

Miss Anna Howlett is spending her Thanksgiving with her parents here.

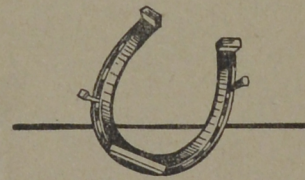
Miss Clarice Hannah is confined to the house with a cut foot. A number of people from here attended the talkies at Fort Fairfield Saturday. The picture was entitled "Tom Sawyer."

Edgar Burnett was a Sunday guest in this place.

H. F. Tompkins, of Andover, was a business caller in Bairdsville one day last week.

A few from here attended the evangelistic meetings held at River de Chute on Sunday.

Jack Howlett and Warren Overlock were callers at the home of J. W. Howlett recently.



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## Hints for Homebodies

By JESSIE ALLEN BROWN

Changes are made in the fuel of the family car for winter driving. A different grade of oil is used, anti-freeze is put in, and the type of gasoline used is usually changed to one that will "pick up" quicker. How about the fuel of your own engine? Do you look after it carefully, or do you use any kind of fuel and oil that you happen to get?

The human engine needs proper care, just as much as the car engine does. I will venture to say that it seldom gets as intelligent care as is given to that of the car. In order to have a good spark, we must have vitamins. Now, in the summer, most of us need not worry about getting them, for if we are eating the fresh fruits and vegetables which are so bountifully supplied us we cannot escape getting them. When winter comes it is a different matter. We may eat until we are satisfied, and think we are being well fed, and still miss out on many essentials.

### Eat Greens and Milk

It is a great mistake to be forever worrying about what you are going to eat. There are people who are always stewing and fussing about their food until they make their own life and the lives of those who have to listen to them miserable. There is a very safe and easy rule to follow about your meals. Eat what you like and then eat leafy vegetables and milk. That is not hard to do is it?

It used to be thought that milk was for children only. Now it is recognized that adults need milk each day. Are you using a pint for each adult and a quart for each child every day? If you are not you are not doing right by your family. It is not necessary to drink the milk, it does you just as much good if you eat it in puddings, soups, or in other food.

### Leafy Vegetables

Sometimes I hear people say that it is so hard to get leafy vegetables unless you live in a large place. It is possible to buy lettuce in most places the year round. It used to be considered a luxury, now it is one of the necessities. When you use lettuce, don't serve one stinky leaf, but cut in slices or wedges, so that you get a good solid piece of it. Enough to do you some good.

If you cannot buy lettuce you are sure to be able to get cabbage. Use it day in and day out, raw or cooked, but preferably cooked, all winter long. Serve cabbage salad as an extra vegetable for dinner. There are so many ways of varying cabbage salad that you can have a different kind most every day.

If you like sauerkraut, you are among the fortunate. It is very good for you, and if you cannot get it any other way, you can always buy it in cans. Canned spinach is another good food. Very little is lost in the canning and they are practically as good as fresh vegetables. So there is no need to say that you cannot get leafy vegetables!

### Insulate Your Body

Is your body insulated, or do you do that just to your house? How do

you insulate your body? Insulate it with a layer of fat. Fat is a very good insulator. The animals put on extra fat to keep them warm for the winter. People who live in cold countries, like the Eskimos, have layers of fat under the skin to keep them warm. If you are inclined to be thin, put on an extra few pounds to keep you warm in the cold weather. Fat is your anti-freeze. You hear people say that they simply cannot gain. They can if they really want to, and go at it the right way. Pounds can be put on, or taken off at will. Will is the right word, as it takes a lot of will-power to do it.

### Cabbage Salad

Chop cabbage finely. Add a little onion. Add a spoonful of any kind of pepper pickle to your salad dressing before mixing with the cabbage. If you are serving the salad in individual portions, pack each helping in a cup and turn out. Garnish the top with a little green parsley, celery leaf, or a bit of lettuce.

### Scotch Cakes or Short Bread

1 cup butter  
4 cups pastry flour  
½ cup sugar  
Cream butter well and add sugar.

Either granulated or brown sugar may be used. There is a slight difference in flavour, and each has its followers. Cream until it is a very fine texture and cream in color. Add sifted flour and mix thoroughly. Do not add all the flour at once. Turn on floured board and knead until smooth, working in as much flour as possible. Mold into the desired shape. Prick with a fork and bake in a slow oven. The baking is the trickiest part of making short bread. The best plan is to turn your baking pan upside down and bake on the bottom of it. Cover the pan with two sheets of heavy paper. Bake slowly until a delicate brown.

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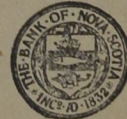
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