

### NOVEMBER JOE The Detective of the Woods.

*Continued.*  
CHAPTER II.  
The Crime at Big Tree Portage.

I HAVE sometimes wondered whether he was not irked at the prospect of my proffered companionship and whether he did not at first intend to shake me off by obvious and primitive methods. I had my work, and more than my work, cut out for me in keeping up with November, who, al-

though he was carrying a pack while I was unloaded, traveled through the woods at an astonishing pace. He moved from the thicket, bending a little forward. However thick the underbrush and the trees, he never once halted or even wavered, but passed onward with pattering check nor pause. Meanwhile, I blundered in his tracks until at last, when we came out on the bank of a strong and swiftly flowing river, I was fairly done and felt that had the journey continued much longer I must have been forced to give in.

November threw down his pack and signed to me to remain beside it, while he walked off downstream, only to reappear with a canoe.

The rustic of the water as it tumbled against our stern and the wind in the birches and junipers on the banks soon lulled me. I was only awakened by the canoe touching the bank at Big Tree.

Big Tree portage is a recognized camping place situated between the great main-lumber camp of Briston and Harpur and the settlement of St. Amiel, and it lies about equidistant from both. A small shelter of boughs stood beneath the spreading branches of a large fir; the ground all about was strewn with pine and debris. On a bare space in front of the shelter, beside the charred logs of a campfire, a patch of blue caught my eye. This, as my sight grew accustomed to the light, resolved itself into the shape of a huge man. He lay upon his face, and the wind fluttered the blue blouse which he was wearing. It came upon me with a shock that I was looking at the body of Henry Lyon, the murdered man.

November, standing up in the canoe, a wood picture in his buckskin shirt and jeans, surveyed the scene in silence, then pushed off again and paddled up and down, starting at the bank after a bit he put in and waded ashore. In obedience to a sign I stayed in the canoe, from which I watched the movements of my companion. First he went to the body and examined it with minute care, next he disappeared within the shelter, came out and stood for a minute staring toward the river, finally he called to me to come ashore.

I had seen November turn the body over, and as I came up I was aware of a great ginger bearded face, horribly pale, confronting the sky. It was easy to see how the man had died, for the bullet had torn a hole at the base of the neck. The ground beside him was torn up as if by some small sharp instrument.

The idea occurred to me that I would try my hand at detection. I went into the shelter. There I found a blanket, two freshly fayed bearskins and a pack which lay open. I came out again and carefully examined the ground in all directions. Suddenly looking up, I saw November Joe watching me with a kind of grim and covert amusement.

"What are you looking for?" said he. "The tracks of the murderer."

"He didn't make none."

I pointed out the spot where the ground was torn.

"The lumberman that found him—spiked boots," said November. "How do you know he was not the murderer?"

"He didn't get here till Lyon had been dead for hours. Compare his tracks with Lyon's—much fresher. No, Mr. Sport, that cock won't fight. Lyon reached here in the afternoon of the day before yesterday. He'd been visiting his traps upstream. He hadn't been here more'n a few minutes and was lighting his pipe in the shelter when he hears a voice hail him. He comes out and sees a man in a canoe shoved into the bank. That man shot him dead and cleared off—without leaving a trace."

"How can you be sure of all this?"

"Because I found a pipe of tobacco not rightly lit, but just charred on top, beside Lyon's body, and a newly used match in this shack. The man that killed him come downstream and surprised him."

"How can you tell he came downstream?"

"Because, if he'd come upstream Lyon would 'a' seen him from the shack," said November with admirable patience.

"You say the shot was fired from a canoe?"

"The river's too wide to shoot across, and, anyway, there's the mark of where the canoe rested again the bank. No, this is the work of a right smart woodsman, and he's not left me one clew as to who he is. But I'm not through with him, mister. Such men as he needs catching—let's boll the kettle."

We laid the dead man inside the shack, and sat down beside a fire which we built among the stones on the bank of the river. Here November made tea in true woods fashion, drawing all the strength and bitterness from the leaves by boiling them. I was wondering what he would do next, for it appeared that our chance of catching the murderer was infinitesimal, since he had left no clew save the mark on the bank where his canoe had rested among the reeds while he fired his deadly bullet. I put my thoughts into words.

"You're right," said November. "When a chap who's used to the woods life takes to crime, he's harder to lay hands on than a lynx in a silder patch."

"Why did not the murderer sink Lyon's body in the water? It would have been well hidden there."

"He couldn't trust her; the current's sharp and would put the dead man ashore as like as not," he replied. "And if he'd intended to carry it down to his canoe, he'd have left tracks. And more'n that, Lyon might 'a' laid in that clearing till he was a skeleton, but for the chance of that lumberjack happening along. There's one fact you haven't given much weight to. This shooting was premeditated. The murderer knew that Lyon would camp here. The chances are a hundred to one against their having met by accident. The chap that killed him followed him downstream. Now, suppose I can find Lyon's last camp, I may learn something more. It can't be very far off, for he had a tidy sized pack to carry, besides those green skins, which loaded him a bit. And, anyway, it's my only chance."

So we set out upon our walk. November soon picked up Lyon's trail, leading from Big Tree portage to a

disused tote road, which again led us due west between the aisles of the forest. From midday on through the whole of the afternoon we traveled until Joe found the deserted camp.

The very first thing my eye lit upon caused me to cry out in excitement, for side by side were two beds of balsam branches that had evidently been placed under the shelter of the same tent cover. November, then, was right, Lyon had camped with some one on the night before he died.

I called out to him. His quiet patience and an attitude as if rather detached from events fell away from him like a cloak, and with almost unanny swiftness he was making his examination of the camp. But I was destined to disappointment, for, as far as I could see, Joe discovered neither clew nor anything unusual.

To begin with, he took up and sifted through the layers of balsam boughs which had composed the beds, but apparently made no find. From them he turned quickly to kneel down to examine the charred logs one by one. After that he followed a well marked trail that led away from the lake to a small marsh in the farther part of



"Why did not the murderer sink Lyon's body in the water?"

which masts of dead timber were standing in great profusion. Nearer at hand a number of stumps showed where the campers had chopped the wood for their fire.

After looking closely at these stumps November went swiftly back to the camp and spent the next ten minutes in following the tracks which led in all directions. Then once more he came back to the fire and methodically lifted off one charred stick after another. At the time I could not imagine why he did this, but when I understood it the reason was simple and obvious as was that of his every action when once it was explained.

Before men leave camp they seem instinctively to throw such trifles as they do not require or wish to carry on with them in the fire, which is generally expiring, for a first axiom of the true camper in the woods is never to leave his fire alight behind him in case of a chance ember starting a forest conflagration.

In this case November had taken off nearly every bit of wood before I heard him utter a smothered exclamation as he held up a piece of stick.

I took it into my own hands and looked it over. It was charred, but I saw that one end had been split and the other end sharpened.

"What in the world is it?" I asked, puzzled.

November smiled. "Just evidence," he answered.

I was glad he had at last found something to go upon, for, so far, the camp had appeared to produce paradoxically little that was suggestive. Nevertheless, I did not see how this little bit of spruce, crudely fashioned and split as it was, would lead me very far.

November spent another few minutes in looking everything over a second time, then he took up his ax and split a couple of logs and lit the fire. Over it he hung his inevitable kettle and boiled up the leaves of our morning brew with a liberal handful of fresh yarrow.

"I can see that two men slept under one tent cover, that they cut the wood for their fire in that marsh we visited and that they were here for a day, perhaps two."

"One was here for three days, the other one night," corrected November. "How can you tell that?"

November pointed to the ground at the far side of the fire.

"To begin with, No. 1 had his camp pitched over there," said he; then, seeing my look of perplexity, he added pitifully: "We've a westerly wind these last two days, but before that the wind was east, and he camped the first night with his back to it. And in the

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### The Politico-Diplomatic Importance of the Papacy.

Men of learning, lovers of peace, have long been seeking to create an institution which would be superior to the sovereign States, not so much in political power or authority as in the realm of justice and right. If two quarrelling individuals, we have been told time and time again, must be content to lay their cause before a court whose judgment they are bound to accept, two Nations, two States, should also find it possible to submit their controversies to some tribunal. We have long been familiar with such arguments and with efforts directed towards creating an institution which would embody the wishes of those earnestly seeking after relief from the evil they strive to overcome; such wishes have been expressed long before the World War. Whether we designate the institution aimed at an International Court, an International Court of Arbitration, a Court of Nations or a League of Nations' Court is of no consequence; the important consideration is the basic idea, and all friends of peace are of one mind concerning that.

What is now being attempted, what now looms up like a Fata Morgana deceivingly near at hand, has been realized centuries ago: the nations of occidental Europe had such an institution in the Middle Ages in the Papacy. And if at present a really effective international court is being spoken of as the loftiest and most beneficent social institution, then these same characterizations apply with equal force to the labors of the papacy in the interest of peace and the well-being of the nations.

The time from Leo III., who on Christmas day in the year 800 crowned Charlemagne Emperor, down to the end of the reign of Boniface VIII. (1303) is the epoch of the greatest influence of the Church on the political life of the nations. Again and again, during that period, emperors and kings laid their quarrels at the feet of the Pope and accepted his judgment as arbiter; and innumerable cases are recorded of their coming to Rome for a settlement of controversies regarding the investiture of prelates and rulers, in matters of property, regarding the Crusades, in cases of insubordination of spiritual rulers, in the granting of fiefs, when questions of supremacy were involved, and in many other instances, not to mention those concerning the validity of marriages, etc. One may form whatever judgment of the papacy one will; the epoch from 800 to 1303 marks a period of history during which the Church put into practice what is now being attempted.

A Supreme Judge of the type represented by the Popes of those ages, who set bounds to the ambitions and caprices even of kings and emperors, would likewise be the safest guardian of the liberty of nations. Freedom, liberty—frequently the watchwords of those who seek to overthrow public order—are precious, priceless gifts, and must be safeguarded at all costs. But liberty is not license, or freedom from all restraint. Order is a child of liberty, and its helpmate is wise restraint. Such restraint must never be tyranny, whether it be the tyranny of the autocrat ruling by force, or that of the Jacobin mob.

History teaches us that occidental Europe enjoyed an unparalleled measure of liberty, while in the East-Roman Empire and later in Russia arbitrary absolutism reigned. The chief reason for this difference in development lies in the fact that the West had the Pope, and the East did not. The logic of this contention rests on the fact proven by history that when emperors, kings and presidents have a superior an recognize him as such, they cannot possibly become such tyrants as were the Cesaro-Papists, rulers in whom both spiritual and temporal power are united.

The Church has, in the past, shown herself a strong and prudent mother of all the peoples who have shared in her maternal blessings; States and Nations have been her children as well as individuals. And she would, if she were permitted, exercise the same wholesome influence again over the powerful ones of the earth in behalf of all the people. The elder Archbishop Spalding once very properly reminded an opponent of the Papacy (Miscellanies, vol. I, p. 56): He "should have borne in mind that, but for the efforts of the Popes and for the power they acquired in temporal matters by the free consent of the European nations, Europe would, in all probability, never have risen from barbarism nor progressed in civilization. That power was almost always put in requisition to check tyranny and to succor the oppressed. The voice of Rome liberated the captive, struck off the chains of the serf, cheered the oppressed, and struck terror into the hearts of tyrants. Protestants have admitted all this."

Whatever international power, authority or tribunal may be established to protect the interest of all the peoples of the world, its functions would have to be the counterpart of those exercised by the Papacy in the past. Will the new power be able to act as wisely and as efficiently as Rome did?

new camp one than the other. The thing serious that I suppose I haven't noticed. "There might mentioned," he "What are the thick set and v been a good v out having gon he owns a blu wood chaps c that he killed before the mu mind and the kind o' chap. As November in his quiet, lov him in amazem "But how car that?" I said it's wonderful! "I'll tell you when I've got get him. One o' a chap who kn of the job lies Amiel, where I We walked b and from there to St. Amiel, evening. About the settlement set up our car on. I had n place, and I f one of scatter side the river, and one of t have ever seen "You can be said November the larger of "Of course "By letting me as your g to St. Amiel gear we've ru "All right," ment we ente I will not scribe by whi talk November of desolate lit surrounding o cal police ha to close the t for the time Lyon's death his native pla Little by lit five men wer ment. Two o Gurd, were b an extended other absen Lyon's father professional lastly, Henry gone up river ing on the pr men had all i more, and al except Lyon went on foot. Next, by t talk slid rou wafe. They years and ha the belle of been no sm hand. Of th and Fitz Gu and the for been on good The younger and only hi him straight.

"Thou shalt NO soon put n do you Joe "Do you k "All of th "How abo had term v November was approa ce passed m "Hello, Bu come back. "Right up "Fitz com "No; you Did you wa "Yes, but moose?" "Nary one "So long." "That set he speaks r does, it was Lyon." "Why not "Didn't yo seen any m the man th moose quite Miller and Miller." "You're s "Stark ce Miller's ab as camped by six incl heard the and Lyon Yet the m with him talked to b His clear "Higham above Ly "He'll mak "Unless I country." I "He won as good as as done nothing to how new much something in a w..."