

THE SKY LINE OF SPRUCE

by Edison Marshall
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PART ONE.

The Awakening.

CHAPTER I.
Groping in the Dark.

THE convict gang had a pleasant place to work today. Their road building had taken them some miles from the scattered outskirts of Walla Walla, among fields green with growing barley.

The convicts themselves were in a genial mood, easily moved to wide grin, and with a single exception they looked much like any other road gang. Curiously enough, whenever the warden's thought dwelt upon the inmates of his prison, there was always one wind-tanned, vivid face, one brawny, towering form that seemed to demand individual consideration. The man who was listed on the records as Ben Kinney was distinctly an individual.

"That's the queerest case we ever had here at Walla Walla," Sprigley told his fellow guard, as they watched the man's pick swing in the air. "Sometimes I wonder whether he ought to be here or not. Look at that face—he hasn't any more of a criminal face than I have."

The other guard, Howard, scanned his companion's face with mock care. "Now let me tell you how they happened to catch him. Maybe you heard—he and Dago Frank were in the act of breaking into the Western-Danish Bank. They were caught in the act of jimmying a window, and all at once Kinney straightened up as if something had hit him and let the jimmy fall with a thump on the pavement. He put his hands to his head, like a man with a headache. And the next instant a cop came running from the mouth of the alley."

"Kinney was heated, but he didn't even pull his gun. Now let me tell you another queer thing. You know, the chief has started a system here to keep track of all the prisoners. He has them all fill out a card. Well, when this man Kinney turned in his card, he had written 'Ben' on it, but the rest was absolutely blank."

"Mr. Mitchell thought at first that the man couldn't write. It turned out, though, that he can write—an intelligent hand, and spell good too. Then Mitchell decided he was just sulking, but I'm confident I know the answer. The reason he didn't fill out that card was because he couldn't remember."

"He couldn't remember where or when he was born, or who were his folks, or where he had come from, or how he had spent his life. Amnesia—that's what the doctors call it—amnesia following some sort of a mental trouble. In the end you'll see that I'm right."

There had been quite a northern migration lately, these late spring days. The last of the waterfowl had

passed by now, but the northern migration was not yet done. Ben thought about them as birds of passage, and the thought amused him. And at the sight of a small, stooped figure advancing toward him up the railroad right-of-way he paused, leaning on his pick.

"Because Ben had paused, for the first time in an hour, his two guards looked up to see what had attracted his attention. They saw what seemed to them a white-haired old wanderer of sixty years or more; but at first they were wholly at a loss to explain Ben's fascinated look of growing interest.

As he paused to scrutinize the convict guard neither insolence nor fear, one of which was certainly to be expected, became manifest in his face. Both guards were held and amazed by the apparent fact that at the first scrutiny of the man's outline, his carriage and his droll, wrinkled face, the prisoner Kinney was moved and stirred as if confronted by the risen dead.

The old man himself halted, returning Kinney's stare. Kinney's mind seemed to be reaching, groping for some astonishing truth that eluded him.

The old man ran, in great strides, toward him. "Aren't you Ben Darby?" he demanded.

The convict answered him as from a great distance, his voice cold and calm, and with an infinite stateliness. "Of course," he said. "Of course I'm Darby."

For the moment that chance meeting thrilled all the spectators with the sense of monumental drama. The convicts stared; Howard, the second guard, started abnormally, rather gullibly, when the old man whirled toward him.

"What are you doing with Ben Darby in a convict gang?" the old man demanded.

"What am I doing?" Howard's astonishment gave way to righteous indignation. "I'm guarding convicts, that's what I'm doing."

The old man had turned his eyes again to the tall, trembling figure of Ben. "Ben, Ben!" he said, evidently struggling with deep emotion. "What are you doing here?"

"Five years for burglary," he answered simply. "Guilty, too—I don't know anything more. And I can't remember—who you are."

"You don't know me?" Some of Ben's own bewilderment seemed to pass to him. "You know Ezra Melville."

Sprigley stepped quickly to Melville's side. "He's suffering loss of memory," he explained swiftly. "This is the first time he ever recalled his own name."

Melville gazed at him in incredulous

astonishment, then turned to Sprigley. "I talk to you about this case?" he asked quietly. "If not to you, who can I talk to? There are a few points that might help to clear up—"

Many and important were the developments which arose from their conference. Melville's northward journey was postponed for some days, and within a week this same white-haired, lean old man was pleading his case to the governor of the state of Washington. It came about, from the same cause, that a noted alienist, Forest, of Seattle, visited Ben Darby in his cell; and finally that the prisoner himself was taken to the capital at Olympia.

The brief inquisition that followed, changing the entire current of Ben Darby's life, occurred in the private office of McNamara, the governor. The alienist from Seattle conducted the examination.

"You don't remember this man?" Forest asked him quietly, indicating Ezra Melville.

Again Ben's eyes studied the droll, gray-faced, with the vaguest kind of memory. I know I've seen him before—often. I can't tell anything else."

"He's a good friend of your family. I should say he was a very good friend, to take the trouble and time he has in your behalf."

Ben nodded. The explanation was beyond him.

Forest leaned forward. "You remember the Saskatchewan River?"

Ben straightened, but the dim images in his mind were not clear enough for him to answer in the affirmative. "I'm afraid not."

Melville leaned forward in his chair. Ask him if he remembers winning the cause race at Lodge Pole—or the time he shot the Athabaska Rapids."

Forest turned brightly to him, but slowly shook his head. "I can't remember ever hearing of them before."

"For the moment that chance meeting," he thought, "they must have been interesting experiences. Now what do these mean to you?—Thundarby—MacLean's College?—Edith Darby—MacLean's College?—"

Abner Darby! It was curious what a flood of tenderness swept through Ben as, whispering, he repeated the name. Since his own was Darby, Abner Darby was, in all probability, his father; but his reasoning intelligence, rather than his memory, told him so.

The name of Edith Darby couched up in his mind a childhood playmate—a girl with towzled yellow curls and chubby, mischievous little hands. . . . But these dim memory-pictures went no further; there were no later visions of Edith as a young woman, blossoming with virgin beauty. The third name of the three, MacLean's College, called up no memories whatever.

"They'll strengthen in time, I'm sure," Forest told him. "Put them out of your mind for now. Let it be blank." The alienist again leaned toward him, his eyes searching. There ensued an instant's pause, possessing a certain quality of suspense. Then Forest spoke quickly, sharply. "Wolf Darby!"

In response a curious tremor passed over Ben's frame, giving in some degree the effect of a violent start. "Wolf Darby," he repeated hesitantly. "Why do you call me that?"

"The very fact that you know the name refers to you, not some one else, shows that that blunted memory of yours has begun to function in some degree. Now think. What do you know about 'Wolf Darby'?"

Ben tried in vain to find an answer. A whole world of memories lingered just beyond the reach of his groping mind; but always it eluded him. Forest suddenly spoke to old Ezra Melville, and the latter put a small cardboard box into his hands.

"I want you to see what I have here," Forest told Ben. "They were your own possessions once—you sent them yourself to Abner Darby, your late father—and I want you to see if you remember them."

Evidently this was the climax in the examination. Forest opened the box, taking therefrom a roll of white cotton. This he slowly unrolled, revealing two small ribboned ornaments of gold or bronze.

Ben's starting eyes fastened on them. No doubt he recognized them. "The Victoria Cross, of course," he said slowly, brokenly. "I won it, didn't I—the day—that day at Ypres—the day my men were trapped?"

His words faltered then. The wheels of his memory, starting into motion, were still more. Again the great darkness dropped over him. Yet to Forest the experiment was an unqualified success.

"There's no doubt of it!" he exclaimed. He turned to McNamara, the governor. "His brain is just as sound as yours or mine. With the right environment, the right treatment, he'd be on the straight road to recovery."

(Continued Tomorrow)

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

Some people seem to take delight in giving other people fright.

It wasn't really Bobby Coon's fault that Uncle Billy Possum got in trouble, dreadful trouble, yet had it not been for Bobby Coon Uncle Billy probably would not have had that dreadful experience. All through life you'll find that things often work out that way. Others suffer because of us, or we suffer because of others, and no one really is to blame.

It happened this way: The hunting season had opened—that season which is so dreadful for many of the little people of the Green Forest and the Green Meadows. Bobby Coon was one of those for whom this was a dreadful season. You see, there were certain men and boys who delighted in hunting Bobby Coon. They hunted him at night, for they knew that that was when Bobby was most likely to be abroad. They hunted him with dogs. Had it not been for the dogs Bobby would not have been afraid of the hunters, for they never would have been able to find him.

It happened that one night several men and a dog entered the Green Forest to hunt for Bobby Coon. The dog knew just what was expected of him. He was expected to find Bobby's tracks with his wonderful nose and follow Bobby until he would be obliged to take to a tree. Then that dog would bark at the foot of the tree for the hunters to come.

So as soon as they were in the Green Forest that dog began to run swiftly this way and that way, with his nose to the ground, hoping to find the trail of Bobby Coon. Now, it happened that Bobby Coon had not been in that part of the Green Forest that night and the dog hunted for a long time without getting so much as a whiff of Bobby Coon's scent. He was getting rather discouraged, when unexpectedly he almost ran into Uncle Billy Possum, who was out hunting for his dinner.

Now, Uncle Billy isn't very much of



He knew that dog couldn't climb.

almost at his heels as he started up that tree and he promptly began to bark excitedly. He knew it wasn't a Coon, but that didn't make any difference. It was some one who could climb a tree and he wanted his master to know about it. So he barked and barked and barked.

Uncle Billy wasn't afraid. He didn't like that barking, but he wasn't afraid. He knew that dog couldn't climb. He was more angry than afraid. You see, he was hungry and he wanted to be hunting for food, and not sitting up in a tree.

But presently Uncle Billy heard shouts and the sound of heavy feet hurrying in that direction. Then he was afraid. Pretty soon those hunters had gathered at the foot of the tree and began to talk in great excitement. Uncle Billy crouched and tried to make himself as small as possible where the branches were thick. He thought if he could keep out of sight those hunters would go away. But they didn't. Instead one of them began to climb that tree.

Then Uncle Billy knew he was in dreadful trouble. (Copyright, 1922, by T. W. Burgess.)

CLEARED OF THEFT AT WALLACEBURG

Police Commission Probe Exonerates Chief McIntosh of Implication in Recent Robberies.

Special to The Advertiser.
Wallaceburg, Dec. 17.—Due to the recent grave accusations regarding Chief of Police McIntosh, which intimated that he was implicated in the recent burglaries, a thorough investigation was ordered by the council.

The chairman of the police commission, in an interview Saturday evening, stated that the matter had been carefully probed, and the council was fully satisfied that there was not one particle of truth in the allegations against the chief, and further, that since the investigation was ordered and started, not one person has come forward with any facts.

A most important witness, at whose house the chief is supposed to have visited on the night in question in company with the robbers, emphatically denies this to be the case. It is also rumored that Arntfield, one of the accused, has asserted that the chief was not with them.

John Poole, the son of A. Poole, R. R. No. 1, yesterday stole a check for \$157, the property of Earl Williams, on the same route, where he was staying. He brought the check into town and, having forged Irwin's name, cashed it at the bank and left town. A telegram has been received by the chief of police, stating that on information furnished the Detroit police Poole had been arrested and turned over to the Windsor police.

CHRISTMAS "CHEER" SEIZED BY OFFICERS

Police Confiscate \$5,000 Shipment of "Real Stuff" At Chatham Depot.

Special to The Advertiser.
Chatham, Dec. 17.—A shipment of booze, valued considerably over \$5,000, said to be Christmas "cheer," consigned to fictitious persons in Chatham and Stoney Point, was seized in the Grand Trunk railway yards late Saturday night by Inspector Mathew Side and Provincial Detective Finlay Love.

The car is said to have contained 600 bottles of very choice champagne and 500 bottles of the very best of Scotch whiskey. "It was the real stuff," stated a railway employee, who assisted in moving the cargo into an express car for transshipment to Toronto.

The officers are inclined to believe that the whiskey was addressed to a local man. The cases of whiskey bore a fictitious name, not one common to this city, and were labeled "hardware." The champagne was addressed to a fictitious name at Stoney Point, and it is believed that it was purchased for a bootlegging ring and was intended for business during the festive season in the Border Cities and Detroit.

WOMAN IN WINDSOR DIES AS SHE KNEELS IN PRAYER

Special to The Advertiser.
Windsor, Dec. 17.—Kneeling as though in prayer, the dead body of Mrs. Lucy Montgomery, 50 years old, a respected colored resident of this city, was found by neighbors, when they called at her home at 413 McDougall street this evening. She had evidently been dead for some time.

Coroner Craswell, who was notified by the police, decided death was due to natural causes.

REICHSTAG ADJOURNS.

Berlin, Dec. 17.—The Reichstag adjourned Saturday until the middle of January for its holiday recess.

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If your dealer cannot supply you write our nearest office.

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Canadian Westinghouse Company, Limited
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District Office: Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Calgary, Vancouver, Edmonton, Fort William, Oshawa, Halifax.

"Join Our Home Lovers' Club and Pay After the First of Next Year"

A BARGAIN FESTIVAL FOR GIFT SEEKERS!

A Great Six-Day Sale of Lamps

For this week we are going to sell every lamp now in stock at money-saving prices. What an opportunity sale this is going to be for those who want to give something for Christmas that is a real present! Choose from the largest assortment of lamps in Western Ontario.

\$5.00 SENDS ONE HOME
Pay the Balance in Small Payments Next Year!

Don't Miss This One!

Genuine Slip Seat Dinners

Choice of turned or golden, upholstered in genuine No. 1 Spanish leather.

\$35

Easy Terms

This Big, Massive BUFFET, for

\$45

Easy Terms.

This Wonderful Special ON SALE To-Morrow Morning at 9 o'clock

7-Piece Fumed Oak Living-Room Suite

ON SALE FOR

\$42.50

Here is an opportunity that you should not let slip away. Think of it! Two chairs, two rockers, upholstered in brown imitation leather with comfortable spring seats; library table, taborette and book ends, all for the ridiculous price of \$42.50.

\$5 Puts This Suite in Your Home

BE HERE WHEN THE DOORS OPEN.

All Reed Chairs Marked To Go!

For the balance of this week we are offering our entire stock of Reed Chairs at prices that seem almost unbelievable.

And this sale coming now, just before Christmas, should see the entire stock sold out during the next two days, and just to make this sale all the more sensational we offer you our dignified home lovers' club terms of

\$2.00

Sends Any Chair To Your Home

Pay the balance in small weekly payments next year.

BRING THE CHILDREN TO OUR TOYTOWN.

Thousands of toys to gladden the hearts of the little ones. Doll Carriages, Dolls, Children's Tea Sets of two chairs and table, Automobiles, Games, etc. Bring the children in and let them revel in the wonderful exhibit of toys.

Fumed Oak Tables

If you want a sturdy table that is rich looking and practical get one of these solid quarter-cut oak tables with magazine racks. Tomorrow while they're going at such a low price.

For ONLY \$22

Ontario Furniture Co., Ltd.

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THE PROPER WAY TO TREAT PILES

Valuable advice and information for the treatment of every form of Piles is enclosed with each box of PAZO OINTMENT.

The remedy is guaranteed.

The price of PAZO OINTMENT is 60c and you can get it at any drug store. The advice and information goes with it.

Gift Slippers

The Mistake-Proof Remembrance That Suggests Happiness and Comfort

An Unusually Large Choice at Our Usual Low Prices.

THESE \$2.00 ALLIGATOR SLIPPERS are a gift any man or boy would enjoy—useful the whole year around. Brown or black alligator-grained leather, leather soles and heels. Men's, \$2.00; Boys' (1 to 5), \$1.90; Youths' (11 to 13), \$1.75. Also made with fleece lining.

Cosy Slippers for men and boys, \$1.00 up.

BROWN KID ROMEO'S AT \$2.75—Just give him a pair and see how eagerly he will want to slip into them each evening. Same dependable quality in black at \$2.75. Six other makes in this popular style, at \$2.75, \$3.50 to \$5.00. Boys', in brown kid (sizes 1 to 5), \$2.50; Youths' (11 to 13), \$2.25.

MOTHER ALWAYS LIKES JULIETS; \$2 is our price for this popular Slipper. We have it specially made and know that the qualities are right—nice, fine felts, flexible soles, fur-trimmed and a big range of colors to choose from.

RUBBER-HEELED BOUDOIRS, \$1.50—Colors of most every hue, best wearing chrome soles. With spring heels, \$1.25.

Cosy Felt Slippers from \$1.00 up.

Children's Slippers from 75c.

We Will Gladly Change Any Purchase After Christmas.

ROWLAND HILL

RELIABLE FOOTWEAR

189 Dundas St. W. 429 Hamilton Road.

SALAD

By BERTHA E. SHAPLEIGH
Of Columbia University.

THIS salad is to be arranged individually, and for each service the following ingredients will be needed:

2 heart leaves of lettuce.
6 white grapes, seeded.
1 cup celery, cut into small pieces.
1 apple, pared, and cut into thin slices.
1 green pepper, parboiled, and cut into strips.
1 tomato, cut into eighths.
2 tablespoons oil.
1 teaspoon vinegar.
1/4 teaspoon sugar.
1/4 teaspoon pepper.

Mix white grapes, apple and celery, pepper. Pour over the fruits, separately, and serve in lettuce leaves. Pass mayonnaise. An attractive arrangement is to put the grapes, celery and apple mixture into one lettuce leaf, the tomatoes in a second, and peppers in the third. Arrange these on plate, having the stems of the leaves toward centre. In this centre, place a spoonful of mayonnaise.

TORONTO FINANCIER, CASIMIR GZOWSKI, DIES

Toronto, Dec. 18.—The death of Casimir Stanislaw Gzowski occurred today at his residence here. At one time president of the Toronto Stock Exchange, he was one of the most widely known of this city's financiers, and he was identified with brokerage, shipping, mining and financial interests.

His multitude of business activities, however, never occupied the entire measure of his attention, and he gave generously of his means and services to many works of philanthropy.

Born in Toronto in 1847, he was the son of the late Colonel Sir. Casimir S. Gzowski, K. C. M. G., who held the honored position of A. D. C. to Her Majesty Queen Victoria.

OF RED SATIN.
Red satin, of a particularly vivid shade, is made into the smartest of frocks for a debutante, and trimmed with bands of black monkey fur. The lines are long and unbroken.