## The McLean News

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## Fun for the Whole Family

 LALA PALOOZA Diamonds vs. Lollypops

S'MATTER POP— Jus' a Little Fella' Understandin'


By J. millar watt


## 






PATTERNS

| THE STORY so FAR: sir men traveled the Chibougamau trail and six mien died. Later they were report Garry Finlay, brother of one of the six; Red Malone, Mounted Police officers, | and Blaise, half-breed suide, posing as surveyors, arrive at Nottaway to inves. tigate. Isadore, rich fur man, is thought to have made a gold strike and aims to keep prospectors out. Later they visit Isadore at his magnificent home and | meet Lise, his stepdaughter. Fislay falls In-love with her. Later they land on an island and are attacked by Indians They learn that Isadore's men are humt hear the gunmen approaching. hear the 5 |
| :---: | :---: | :---: |
| Before the three men could drop to the beach below, where the canoe lay, there was the sound of something approaching over the shore path. | "Just got your note! I'll wait at the nearest island, tonight, tomorrow and every night following, for your canoe. Courage! I love you! <br> "Garry." | Because I love you!" she whispered, while Red paddled hard for the camp. <br> "Oh, my dear! My dear!" murmured Garry, shielding her body |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
| th |  |  |
| mer Red's clubbed 45 dropped the | cus |  |
|  |  | His arms tightened around her. |
|  |  | n, beas |
| ne | Ho | p |
| his surprise the third Montagnais |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  |  | at Matagami as he drove his long |
| to |  | paddle. "Not going to speak, Mr. |
| done. The bush was now full of | "Somehow we've got to learn why |  |
| sounds. | Bay before we go after Isadore." | knew how glad I am to have you herel We've been pretty warriedt |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | Nab, at Mata- |  |
| the |  | Blaise stared open - mouthed as Garry led a kirl wearing his coat |
| Everyone down!" warned Gar | $\begin{aligned} & \mathrm{e}-1 \\ & \mathrm{~m} \end{aligned}$ |  |
| The three paddlers flattened as | from the Bay first We can't arrest | the fire |
|  |  | "Blaise, this is Lise. We picked |
|  |  |  |
| , | laughed Red. | You swir |
| lay |  | rd: |
| he Peterboro leaped to the he maple blades. With |  | gar, you are brave girl! Tiens! wim from Isadore's in dis black |
| bow of the wooden craft knifed | At daylight the faint hum of a | Sh |
|  |  | Shor |
| rolling her und | fro |  |
| tum. Before they could fire a | Far | in front of the tent with hand at salute stood a mounted Policeman, |
| ge of his |  | So you're Mounties? I've won- |
| s |  | ed what you really were. Ju |
| shell of the birchbark clear of the Peterboro's stern. Then the maple |  | been |
| paddies bowed as the three friends |  |  |
|  |  |  |
| lit water and into the protect shadows of the opposite shore. |  |  |
| Close shave!', panted Finlay |  |  |
|  |  |  |
| CHAPTER |  | 1 had to." For |
|  |  | rough as Finlay hand |
| when Wabis |  | steaming cup of te |
| e, the eyes of the old Indian |  | The others left Lise |
| 隹都 with triumph. |  |  |
| into the faces of his friends as |  | en hellish, Garry. They do no |
| ey wrung his hand. <br> "Not a scratch, chief!" Red pat- |  |  |
|  |  |  |
| ad we got clear of, |  |  |
| (ithout using our guns," said |  |  |
| e this summer. |  | Garry's arm tightened about her |
| was their lives or ours, <br> Tete-Blanche and his whiscrew would snuff us out as wold a candle!" |  | "Well, Tete-Blanche brought back <br> a lot of drunken young Indians to |



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