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correct internal troubles, stimulate vital organs. Three sizes. All druggists. Insist on the original genuine GOLD MEDAL.

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Walter Hagen, the golf champion, told a golf story at a dinner in St. Petersburg during his Florida trip.

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The Doctor's Orders

Mother—What a naughty girl you are. You can go to bed without any supper.

Dotty—No, I can't, mother. What about the medicine I've got to take after meals?

Plenty makes us poor.—Dryden.

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BARREE, Son of Kazan

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

(© Doubleday, Page & Co.)
WNU Service

"A MAN-DEVIL"

Synopsis.—Part wolf, part dog when two months old Barree has his first meeting with an enemy. Papayuchiew (young owl). Fighting hard, the antagonists are suddenly plunged into a swollen creek. Badly buffeted, and half drowned, Barree is finally flung on the bank, but the water has destroyed his sense of direction and he is lost, lonely and hungry. For many days his life is one of fear and distress. He meets various creatures of the wild and goes through a thunderstorm. He is learning more and more. He strays into the trapping grounds of Pierrot and Nepeese. Nepeese wounds Barree with a rifle, but he escapes. Barree discovers and learns nature's secrets rapidly. Nepeese is determined to catch Barree and tame him and tries again. Barree is strongly drawn to the girl, but still fears man. Barree makes friends with the beaver.

Chapter V—Continued

It may be that Umisk saw him. It may be that very soon the story of his adventure was known by all the inhabitants of Beaver Town. For when Barree came upon Umisk eating his supper of alder bark that evening, Umisk stood his ground to the last inch, and for the first time they smelled noses. At least Barree sniffed audibly, and plucky little Umisk sat like a rolled-up sphinx. That was the final cementing of their friendship—on Barree's part. He capered about extravagantly for a few moments, telling Umisk how much he liked him, and that they'd be great chums. Umisk didn't talk. He didn't make a move until he resumed his supper. But he was a companionable looking little fellow, for all that, and Barree was happier than he had been since the day he left the old windfall.

That friendship, even though it outwardly appeared to be quite one-sided, was decidedly fortunate for Umisk. When Barree was at the pond, he always kept as near to Umisk as possible, when he could find him. One day he was lying in a patch of grass, half asleep, while Umisk bustled himself in a clump of alder-shoots a few yards away. It was the warning crack of a beaver tail that fully aroused Barree; and then another and another, like pistol-shots. He jumped up. Everywhere beavers were scurrying for the pond.

Just then Umisk came out of the alders and hurried as fast as his short, fat legs would carry him toward the water. He had almost reached the mud when a lightning flash of red passed before Barree's eyes in the afternoon sun, and in another instant Napakaseew—the he-fox—had fastened his sharp fangs in Umisk's throat. Barree heard his little friend's agonized cry; he heard the frenzied flap-flap of many tails—and his blood pounded suddenly with the thrill of excitement and rage.

As swiftly as the red fox himself, Barree darted to the rescue. He was as big and as heavy as the fox, and when he struck Napakaseew, it was with a ferocious snarl that Pierrot might have heard on the farther side of the pond, and his teeth sank like knives into the shoulder of Umisk's assailant. The fox was of a breed of forest highwaymen which kills from behind. He was not a fighter when it came fang-to-fang, unless cornered—and so fierce and sudden was Barree's assault that Napakaseew took to flight almost as quickly as he had begun his attack on Umisk.

Barree did not follow him, but went to Umisk, who lay half in the mud, whimpering and snuffling in a curious sort of way. Gently Barree nosed him, and after a moment or two Umisk got up on his webbed feet, while fully twenty or thirty beavers were making a tremendous fuss in the water near the shore.

After this the beaver pond seemed more than ever like home to Barree.

Chapter VI

While lovely Nepeese was shuddering over her thrilling experience under the rock—while Pierrot still offered grateful thanks in his prayers for her deliverance and Barree was becoming more and more a fixture at the beaver-pond—Bush McTaggart was perfecting a little scheme of his own up at Post Lac Bain, about forty miles north and west. McTaggart had been Factor at Lac Bain for seven years. In the Company's books down in Winnipeg he was counted a remarkably successful man. The expense of his post was below the average, and his semi-annual report of furs always ranked among the first. After his name, kept on file in the main office, was one notation which said: "Gets more out of a dollar than any other man north of God's lake."

The Indians knew why this was so. They called him Napao Wetikoo—the man-devil. This was under their breath—a name whispered sinisterly in the glow of tepee fires, or spoken softly where not even the winds might carry it to the ears of Bush McTaggart. They feared him; they hated him. They died of starvation and sickness, and the tighter Bush McTaggart clenched the fingers of his iron rule, the more meekly, it seemed to him, did they respond to his mastery. His was a small soul, hidden in the hulk of a brute, which rejoiced in power. And here—with the raw wilderness on four sides of him—his power knew no end. The Big Company was behind him. It had made

him king of a domain in which there was little law except his own. And in return he gave back to the Company bales and bundles of furs beyond their expectation. It was not for them to have suspicions. They were a thousand or more miles away—and dollars counted.

Gregson might have told. Gregson was the investigating agent of that district, who visited McTaggart once each year. He might have reported that the Indians called McTaggart Napao Wetikoo because he gave them only half price for their furs; he might have told the Company quite plainly that he kept the people of the trap-lines at the edge of starvation through every month of the winter, that he had them on their knees with his hands at their throats—putting the truth in a mild and pretty way—and that he always had a woman or a girl, Indian or halfbreed, living with him at the Post. But Gregson enjoyed his visits too much at Lac Bain. Always he could count on two weeks of coarse pleasures; and in addition to that, his own womenfolk at home wore a rich treasure of fur that came to them from McTaggart.

One evening, a week after the adventure of Nepeese and Barree under the rock, McTaggart sat under the glow of an oil lamp in his "store." For six weeks there had been in him a great unrest. It was just six weeks ago that Pierrot had brought Nepeese on her first visit to Lac Bain since McTaggart had been Factor there. She had taken his breath away. Since then he had been able to think of nothing but her. Twice in that six weeks he had gone down to Pierrot's cabin. Tomorrow he was going again. Marie, the slim Cree girl over in his cabin, he had forgotten—just as a dozen others before Marie had slipped out of his memory. It was Nepeese now. He had never seen anything quite so beautiful as Pierrot's girl.

Andibly he cursed Pierrot as he looked at a sheet of paper under his hand, on which for an hour or more he had been making notes out of worn and dusty Company ledgers. It was Pierrot who stood in his way. Pierrot's father, according to those notes, had been a full-blooded Frenchman. Therefore Pierrot was half French, and Nepeese was quarter French—though she was so beautiful he could have sworn there was not more than a drop or two of Indian—Chippewayan, Cree, Ojibway, Dog Rib—anything—there would have been no trouble at all in the matter. He would have bent them to his power, and Nepeese would have come to his cabin, as Marie came six months ago. But there was the accursed French of it! Pierrot and Nepeese were different. And yet—

He smiled grimly, and his hands clenched tighter. After all, was not his power sufficient? Would even Pierrot dare stand against that? If Pierrot objected, he would drive him from the country—from the trapping regions that had come down to him as heritage from father and grandfather, and even before their day. He would make of Pierrot a wanderer and an outcast, as he had made wanderers and outcasts of a score of others who had lost his favor. No other Post would sell to or buy from Pierrot if Le Bete—the black cross—was put after his name. That was his power—a law of the Factors that had come down through the centuries. It was a tremendous power for evil. It had brought him Marie, the slim, dark-eyed Cree girl, who hated him—and in spite of her hatred "kept house for him." That was the polite way of explaining her presence if explanations were ever necessary.

McTaggart looked again at the notes he had made on the sheet of paper. Pierrot's trapping country, his own property according to the common law of the wilderness, was very valuable. During the last seven years he had received an average of a thousand dollars a year for his furs, for McTaggart had been unable to cheat Pierrot quite as completely as he had cheated the Indians. A thousand dollars a year! Pierrot would think twice before he gave that up. McTaggart chuckled as he made his way through the darkness to the door. Nepeese as good as belonged to him. He would have her if it cost—Pierrot's life. And—why not? It was all so easy. A shot on a lonely trap-line, a single knife-thrust—and who would know? Who would guess where Pierrot had gone? And it would all be Pierrot's fault. For the last time he had seen

Pierrot, he had made an honest proposition: he would marry Nepeese. Yes, even that. He had told Pierrot so. He had told Pierrot that when the latter was his father-in-law, he would pay him double price for furs.

And Pierrot had stared—had stared with that strange, stunned look in his face, like a man dazed by a blow from a club. And so if he did not get Nepeese without trouble it would all be Pierrot's fault. Tomorrow McTaggart would start again for the halfbreed's country. And the next day Pierrot would have an answer for him. Bush McTaggart chuckled again when he went to bed.

Until the next to the last day Pierrot said nothing to Nepeese about what had passed between him and the Factor at Lac Bain. Then he told her.

"He is a beast—a man-devil," he said, when he had finished. "I would rather see you out there—with her—dead." And he pointed to the tall spruce under which the princess mother lay.

Nepeese had not uttered a sound. But her eyes had grown bigger and darker, and there was a flush in her cheeks which Pierrot had never seen there before. She stood up when he had done, and she seemed taller to him. Never had she looked quite so much like a woman, and Pierrot's eyes were deep-shadowed with fear and uneasiness as he watched her while she gazed off into the northwest—toward Lac Bain.

She was wonderful, this slup of a girl—woman. Her beauty troubled him. He had seen the look in Bush McTaggart's eyes. He had heard the thrill in McTaggart's voice. He had caught the desire of a beast in McTaggart's face. It had frightened him at first. But now—he was not frightened. He was uneasy, but his hands were clenched. In his heart there was a smoldering fire. At last Nepeese turned and came and sat down beside him again, at his feet.

"He is coming tomorrow, ma cherie," he said. "What shall I tell him?" The Willow's lips were red. Her eyes shone. But she did not look up at her father.

"Nothing, Nootawe—except that you are to say to him that I am the one to whom he must come—for what he seeks."

Pierrot bent over and caught her smiling. The sun went down. His heart sank with it, like cold lead.

From Lac Bain to Pierrot's cabin the trail cut within half a mile of the beaver pond, a dozen miles from where Pierrot lived; and it was here, on a twist of the creek in which Wakayoo had caught fish for Barree, that Bush McTaggart made his camp for the night. Only twenty miles of the journey could be made by canoe, and as McTaggart was traveling the last stretch afoot, his camp was a simple affair—a few cut balsams, a light blanket, a small fire. Before he prepared his supper the Factor drew a number of copper-wire snares from his small pack and spent half an hour in setting them in rabbit runways. This method of securing meat was far less arduous than carrying a gun in hot weather, and it was certain. Half a dozen snares were good for at least three rabbits, and one of these three was sure to be young and tender enough for the frying-pan. After he had placed his snares McTaggart set a skillet of bacon over the coals and boiled his coffee.

Of all the odors of a camp, the smell of bacon reaches farthest in the forest. It needs no wind. It drifts on its own wings. On a still night a fox will sniff it a mile away—twice that far if the air is moving in the right direction. It was this smell of bacon that came to Barree where he lay in his hollow on top of the beaver dam.

Since his experience in the canyon and the death of Wakayoo, he had not fared particularly well. Caution had held him near the pond, and he had lived almost entirely on crawfish. This new perfume that came with the night wind roused his hunger. But it was elusive; now he could smell it—the next instant it was gone. He left the dam and began questing for the source of it in the forest, until after a time he lost it altogether. McTaggart had finished frying his bacon and was eating it.

Enter the villain, Bush McTaggart! How does Barree fit into the situation.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Blood Analysis Helps Doctor in Diagnosis

The doctor who used to feel his patient's pulse or gaze into a gaping mouth to determine the cause of illness nowadays takes a drop of blood to analyze. The guilt for much of human suffering has been traced to the germs, tiny but deadly, which force their entrance into the human body, and which can only be detected by such analysis.

"Blood tests provide us with clues to an ever-growing number of ailments," said a doctor to the writer.

"It is being found, for instance, that eye complaints are often due to the absorption of germs which have affected other parts of the body, such as the tonsils. We can often detect them by testing the blood.

"Many cases of illness are due to something taken in from without—usually microscopic germs. More and more of these germs are becoming known to us every day. There is reason to believe that the origins of other diseases which are still unknown may be found in the same cause."

But Wait a Few Years

Little Esther, who was drawing near to her third birthday, was taken by her mother to be fitted for a new hat. She protested, "What for do I want another hat? I've got only one head." Her father tells this story with great gusto.—Boston Transcript.

CHILDREN CRY FOR



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To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of *Dr. H. H. Fletcher*. Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

School at Gettysburg Was Battle Hospital

The building that housed the first classical school west of the Susquehanna river is still standing in Gettysburg, Pa., says the Baltimore Sun. The Ivy-covered stone building, known as the Dobbin house, was erected in 1774 by Rev. Alexander Dobbin, a native of Ireland, who came to this country in 1773.

For more than thirty years, Mr. Dobbin conducted his school and many men, who later became prominent public citizens, were scholars. Early in the Nineteenth century the Dobbin school failed for some reason not recorded.

During the battle of Gettysburg the Dobbin house was used as an emergency field hospital, being at the edge of the fighting area. Men of both sides were cared for in the building. A spring of water in the basement was the mecca for hundreds of soldiers while the battle raged. Several families now occupy the property.

Freshen a Heavy Skin

With the antiseptic, fascinating Cuticura Talcum Powder, an exquisitely scented, economical face, skin, baby and dusting powder and perfume. Renders other perfumes superfluous. One of the Cuticura Toilet Trio (Soap, Ointment, Talcum).—Advertisement.

Plenty of Style in Africa

An American artist finds more well-dressed women in Algiers, northern Africa, than anywhere he has been since he left the States. The Algerians bob their hair, use little rouge, wear their skirts just below the knees and do not roll their stockings. Then by way of contrast a few miles away is the unspoiled oasis town of Bou Saada, which looks just as it did to Abraham. During his week's stay there the artist was the only English-speaking person in the place. . . . Why should this town be untouched by fashion and the other out-Paris Paris? Probably Algiers is more cosmopolitan.—Capper's Weekly.

Indigestion produces disagreeable and sometimes alarming symptoms. Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills remove symptoms and restore digestion. 372 Pearl St., N. Y. Adv.

Huh!

Black—He's awfully touchy.
White—Yes, but he can't be touched.
—Cincinnati Inquirer.

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with Boschee's Syrup—the old reliable family remedy that has been in use for 60 years. Loosens and brings up the phlegm and eases the dryness and irritation. At all druggists. 30c and 90c. If you cannot get it, write to G. G. GREEN, INC., Woodbury, N. J.

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HINDERCORNS Removes Corns, Calluses, etc., stops all pain, ensures comfort to the feet, makes walking easy. Use by mail or at Druggists. Hiscox Chemical Works, Pathecoque, N. Y.

W. N. U., San Francisco, No. 23-1926.

Wives and Husbands

In "Wives," by Gamael Bradford, the author discusses seven famous women made famous only by famous husbands. The women are Mrs. Abraham Lincoln, Mrs. Benedict Arnold, Theodosia Burr, Mrs. James Blaine, Mrs. Jefferson Davis, Mrs. Benjamin Butler, Mrs. James Madison. The author contends that each of these wives was the intellectual superior of her husband. What's the answer? Women prefer to submerge self in mate even if they can outshine him?



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