

## EXPERIENCE OF WESTERN GIRL

Found Cannery Work Too Tiring

The fertile valleys of Oregon help to supply the tables of America. This is possible through the magic of the humble tin can.



In one of the canning establishments, Julia Schmidt was employed. It was complicated work because she did sealing and other parts of the work. It was strenuous work and she was not a strong girl. Often she forced herself to work when she was hardly able to sit at her machine. At times she would have to stay at home for she was so weak she could hardly walk. For five years she was in this weakened condition. She tried various medicines. At last, a friend of hers spoke of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and she gave it a trial. "Everyone says I am a healthier and stronger girl," she writes. "I am recommending the Vegetable Compound to all my friends who tell me how they suffer and I am willing to answer letters from women asking about it." Julia Schmidt's address is 652 North Front St., Salem, Oregon.

Girls who work in factories know just how Miss Schmidt felt. Perhaps they, too, will find better health by taking the Vegetable Compound.

Few people are as smart as other people think they are.

### DEMAND "BAYER" ASPIRIN

Take Tablets Without Fear If You See the Safety "Bayer Cross."

Warning! Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for 20 years. Say "Bayer" when you buy Aspirin. Imitations may prove dangerous.—Adv.

The more the marble wastes the more the statue grows.—Michael Angelo.

## Watch Elimination!

Good Health Depends Upon Good Elimination.

RETENTION of bodily waste in the blood is called a "toxic condition." This often gives rise to a dull, languid feeling and, sometimes, toxic backaches and headaches. That the kidneys are not functioning properly is often shown by burning or scanty passage of secretions. Thousands have learned to assist their kidneys by drinking plenty of pure water and the occasional use of a stimulant diuretic. 50,000 users give Doan's signed endorsement. Ask your neighbor!

## DOAN'S PILLS 60c

Stimulant Diuretic to the Kidneys  
Foster-Milburn Co., Mfg. Chemists, Buffalo, N. Y.



Mr. Wise—"Do you know what is good for rats?"  
Miss Slow—"Why, poison, of course."  
Mr. Wise—"No, that would kill them—cheese."

## Boschee's Syrup

soothing a 3d healing to throat and bronchial irritation. 30c and 90c bottles at druggists and dealers everywhere. Try it yourself and see how it works. If you cannot get it, write G. G. Green, Inc., Woodbury, N. J.



Baby Loves A Bath With Cuticura Soap  
Mild and Soothing to Tender Skin.

Successful men possess either ability or nerve.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills contain only vegetable ingredients which act as a gentle purgative. 372 Pearl St., N. Y. Adv.

Some men are known by the work they refuse to do.

## Advices Women of Middle Age

Brea, Calif.—"I had just reached middle life and was on the down grade. My health was failing and I had hot flashes, together with pains and backache. I was very miserable indeed. I just happened to see an advertisement in our newspaper and sent to the drug store for a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Purgative. It was exactly as represented. The pains and backaches disappeared, also the hot flashes and I have gained in health remarkably while going thru the much dreaded 'change.' I wish I could tell my experience to every suffering woman."—Mrs. Lillie King, c/o Gen'l. Del. Liquid or tablets. All dealers.



## The DOOM TRAIL

by ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH  
AUTHOR OF PORTO BELLO GOLD ETC.  
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### PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Harry Ormerod, proscribed traitor to King George as a Stuart partisan, returning from France to London, rescues Alderman Robert Juggins from assassins. Juggins proves to be the grandson of a former steward of Ormerod's father, to whom Juggins feels himself indebted. Ormerod tells Juggins he has abandoned the Stuart cause. Juggins informs him of a Jacobite plot in the American colonies to weaken England by forwarding French interests. At his head is Andrew Murray, a Scotsman, and a Frenchman, De Veulle, deadly enemy of Ormerod. The two are in London furthering their schemes. Anticipating the plotters' return to America, Juggins arranges for Ormerod to go there with letters to Governor Burnet, friend of Juggins, and work to foil Murray. Disguised as Juggins' servant, Ormerod takes passage to America. On the ship he meets a girl, Murray's daughter, ardent Jacobite, who believes him to be loyal to the Stuarts. De Veulle recognizes Ormerod and exposes him. Taken by surprise, Ormerod is thrown overboard by the deck in safety. He accuses Murray of inciting Tom to murder him, but of course can prove nothing. A truce is declared until the vessel reaches New York.

### CHAPTER IV—Continued

"That is true," I assented. "There is somewhat I would venture to observe upon, if you will permit me," he continued detachedly. "You are a youth of boldness and courage. You possess intelligence. You may go far in the provinces, always supposing you do not succeed in winning a pardon. I opine that a pardon might be won if you went about it in the right way. There are gentlemen at Whitehall, who—"

His hesitation was eloquent. "And you would suggest?" I asked him, faintly amused as I perceived the drift of his intention.

"Think well before you commit yourself to this venture. You cannot hope to overcome me. Why, the governor of this province, with all the semi-regal powers at his command, has failed to balk me in my plans. My influence is no less in London. If you continue as you have begun you will end, I fear, in an early grave. I say it not as a threat. 'Tis merely a prediction."

"I fear me I should lose your good opinion did I take your advice," I replied.

He looked me straight in the eyes. "You would," he said curtly, and he turned on his heel and left me.

Three hours later we lay at anchor in the East river under the lee of Nutten island, which some called the Governor's because it was a part of his official estate. Small boats landed us at a wharf on a canal which ran up into the town along the middle of Broad street. From here I had my baggage carried by a waterman to the George tavern in Queen street, which he recommended as being favored by the gentry.

Murray's party I overheard giving directions for the conduct of their effects to Cawston's tavern in Hanover square.

After a meal I inquired of Master Kurt van Dam, the proprietor of the George, where I might find Governor Burnet. Van Dam was a broad-bodied, square-headed Dutchman. He sat in the ordinary, smoking a long clay pipe.

"Der gofornor is at Captain van Horne's," he said, and immediately replaced his pipe in his mouth.

"And where is Captain van Horne's house?" I asked.

"In the Broad-Vay not far oop from der fort. You walk across through Hanover square."

I thanked him and walked forth. In Hanover square, which was only a few steps distant, there was a crowd collected about the entrance to Cawston's tavern. Murray was standing in the doorway, Tom on one side of him, and a huge, red-haired giant in buckskin, with knife and tomahawk at his belt on the other. I stared at the red-haired man, for he was the first woodsman I had seen, observing with curiosity his shaggy locks and fur cap and the brutal ferocity of his face.

I stared so long that I attracted the attention of Murray, who broke off his conversation with the group surrounding him, and with a pale smile pointed me out to his buckskin retainer. The man scowled at me, and one hand went to his knife-hilt.

I spoke to the citizen nearest me. "Pray, sir, who is the tall fellow in buckskin on the steps?"

"The man edged away from me suspiciously.

"I am a stranger in your town," I added.

"'Tis a frontiersman," he replied reluctantly; "one called 'Red Jack' Bolton."

"An ugly knave," I commented. But the citizen only eyed me askance, and I walked on. I was passing through Bridge street, with the leafy tree-boughs overhead and the walls of Fort George before me, when another and smaller crowd rounded the corner from the Broad-Vay, a street which formed the principal thoroughfare of the town and took its name from the wide space between the house-walls.

In the lead came an Indian. He was the first of his race I chanced to see, and sure, 'tis strange that we were destined to be friends—aye, more than friends, brethren of the same clan. He was a large man, six feet in his moccasins, and of about the same age as myself. He stalked along, arms swinging easily at his side, wholly impervious to the rabble of small boys who tagged behind, yelling and shrieking at him.

He was naked from the waist up, and on his massive chest was painted in yellow and red pigments the head



of a wolf. He wore no other paint, and he was weaponless, except for the tomahawk and knife which hung at his belt.

The children danced around him so many little animals. They never touched him, but some of the more venturesome hurled pebbles from the walk at his brawny shoulders. I cannot repeat the catch-calls and rhymes which they employed, some of them too disgusting for print.

I looked to see some citizen intervene, but several who sat on their doorsteps or lounged in front of shops, smoking the inevitable pipe, viewed the spectacle with indifference or open amusement.

My wrath boiled over, and I charged down upon the tormentors.

"Be off," I shouted. "Have you no proper play to occupy your time?"

They fled hilariously, pleased rather than outraged by the attack, after the perverse habit of children who prefer always to be noticed instead of ignored, and I was proceeding on my way when I was dumfounded by hearing the Indian address me.

"Hold, brother," he said in perfect English, but with a certain thick guttural accent. "Ta-wan-ne-ars would thank you."

"You speak English!" I exclaimed. A light of amusement gleamed in his eyes, although his face remained expressionless as a mask.

"You do not think of the Indian as these ignorant little ones do?" he asked curiously.

"I—I know nothing of your people," I stammered. "I am but this day landed here."

"My brother is an Englishman?" he questioned, not idly but with the courteous interest of a gentleman.

"I am."

"Ta-wan-ne-ars thanks you, Englishman." He extended his hand.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Excess of Gratitude Not a Common Fault

Gratitude, in many people, is only a strong and secret desire for further favors. I believe it was Goethe who wrote: "He who is not grateful for a favor may be likened to one who muddies the spring from which his thirst was quenched."

When gratitude, I heard another say, has become a matter of reasoning, there are many ways of escaping its bonds. This is only another manner of saying that who expects gratitude is a merchant, not a benefactor. Gratitude, which the ancients always painted in the brightest colors, is one's duty, but it is not an inalienable right one is at liberty to exact. Honore de Balzac, in probably one of his less lucid moments, wrote that

"Your kindness was the greater because you obeyed it by instinct." I regarded him with increasing amazement. Who was this savage who talked like a London courtier?

"I helped you," I said, "because you were a stranger in a strange city, and by the laws of hospitality your comfort should be assured."

"That is the law of the Indian, Englishman," he answered pleasantly; "but it is not the law of the white man."

"It is the law our religion teaches," I remonstrated. "I go now to Governor Burnet. I shall ask him to make a law that Indians shall be as safe from mockery as from violence in New York."

"Governor Burnet is a good man. My brother will speak to friendly ears."

"You call me brother," I said. "I have no friends in this land. May I call you brother?"

That wonderful expression of burning intelligence lighted his face again.

"My brother has befriended Ta-wan-ne-ars. Ta-wan-ne-ars is his friend and brother. Ta-wan-ne-ars will not forget."

He raised his right hand arm high in the gesture of greeting or farewell, and we separated.

### CHAPTER V

#### The Governor in Council

Where Garden street crosses the Broad-Vay I met the town bellringer brandishing his bell. I approached him with a request for the location of Captain van Horne's house.

"Do you but follow your nose straight before you," he directed me, "until you come to the red-brick mansion with the yellow-brick walk this side of the Green lane. That is his."

The negro servant who answered my knock admitted that the governor was within.

"But Massa Burnet done hab de gentlemen ob de council wid him jus' now, sah," he added wistfully.

"I am this minute landed with letters for the governor from London," I said.

"Oh, bery well, sah. Dat be a different matter. Massa Burnet be plumb glad to see yo'. Dis way, please."

He ushered me into the wide hallway and knocked on the door of the first room on the right.

"Enter," roared a jovial bass voice. The negro threw open a leaf of the door and stood aside.

"Dis gentleman done 'jus' lan' 'om London wif letters fo' yo' excellency," he announced.

I saw before me a group of eight men gathered around a dinner-table, which was spread with maps and papers in place of eatables. At the head sat the man of the bass voice, ruddy-faced, comfortable in girth, with the high forehead of the thinker and the square jaw of the man of action.

"I am Governor Burnet, sir," he said. "Who are you?"

"These letters will explain, your excellency," I replied.

I tendered them to him.

"Hah, from Master Juggins!" he exclaimed with heightened interest. "You sailed on the New Venture?"

"Yes, your excellency—with Master Murray."

"That is well. Be seated, sir; be seated," ordered the governor as he silt the packet.

I found a chair by the fireplace, and watched in silence whilst he read through the close-writ pages, with an occasional word or interjection to the others, who had risen from their places and were clustered about him. They were, as I afterward learned, the most prominent men of the governor's faction in the province, who strove to clinch the control of the fur trade in English hands.

"So! Humph!"

The governor laid down the covering letter which accompanied the detailed report of the operations of Murray in London.

"You are Master—"

He examined the letter again.

"Humph! Yes."

He turned from me to his councillors.

"It is apparent from what Master Juggins has writ that Murray has triumphed, gentlemen, even if not so absolutely as he would have our citizens believe. However, we know the worst, and we may prepare for it. If I may have your indulgence, I would crave an adjournment of our meeting to enable me to discuss some aspects of the situation more intimately with Master Juggins' messenger."

Ormerod is to get an inkling of the power an unscrupulous man can wield by the employment of superstition to influence an ignorant people and attain leadership.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### New Use for Masks

Gas masks of the type that protected soldiers during the World war were pressed into service by a crew of workers in London while hunting leaks in the city gas mains. The hazard of the job was increased by the necessity of working in deep trenches where vapors had insufficient chance to escape in case flows of considerable pressure were encountered. With the masks, the workers were able to make a thorough search.

# Every family needs a car

Within the General Motors line there is "a car for every purse and purpose."

And those who wish to buy General Motors cars out of income are offered a sound credit service at low cost. This is known as the GMAC Plan, operated by a member of the General Motors family and available through General Motors dealers only.

The GMAC Plan can be comfortably fitted to the individual circumstances of those with assured income; and the standard price of a General Motors car bought on the GMAC Plan is the cash delivered price, plus only the low GMAC financing charge.

Any General Motors dealer will gladly explain the GMAC Plan.

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A Practical Proven Power Cultivator for Gardeners, Suburbanites, Truckers, Florists, Nurserymen, Fruit Growers, Country Estates and Lawnmowers.  
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**Garfield Tea**  
Was Your Grandmother's Remedy  
For every stomach and intestinal ill. This good old-fashioned herb home remedy for constipation, stomach ills and other derangements of the system so prevalent these days is in even greater favor as a family medicine than in your grandmother's day.

**DR. STAFFORD'S OLIVE TAR**  
Solely for CROUP and colds. Relieves congestion, hoarseness, coughing. Taken internally for inflamed membranes of throat and bronchial tubes.  
HALL & RUCKEL, New York  
FOR BRONCHITIS

**DON'T EXPERIMENT ON YOUR EYES!**  
MITCHELL EYE SALVE  
heals inflamed eyes, granulated lids, stytes, etc. Sure, Safe, Speedy. 35c at all druggists. Hall & Ruckel, N.Y.C.

**WHAT CAUSES BOILS.**  
Boils and carbuncles are the result of improper diet or infection of the skin. It's sometimes hard to determine the exact cause but CARBOLL will give quick relief. No expensive operation is necessary as one application of CARBOLL promptly stops the pain and continued use draws out the core. Get a 50c box from your druggist. Your money back if you are not satisfied.  
SPURLOCK-NEAL CO., NASHVILLE, TENN.

**PASTOR KOENIG'S NERVINE**  
for Epilepsy Nervousness & Sleeplessness  
PRICE \$1.50 AT YOUR DRUG STORE  
Write for free Booklet  
KOENIG MEDICINE CO.  
1045 N. WELLS ST. CHICAGO, ILL.

**Learning Quickly**  
Johnny is in his third year of school. He is just taking up the science of physiology in a modernized form. The other evening his mother asked him: "What did you study about today in your health class, Johnny?" "We studied about our stomachs and intestaments," he solemnly replied.

**Drink Water to Help Wash Out Kidney Poison**  
If Your Back Hurts or Bladder Bothers You, Begin Taking Salts

When your kidneys hurt and your back feels sore don't get scared and proceed to load your stomach with a lot of drugs that excite the kidneys and irritate the entire urinary tract. Keep your kidneys clean like you keep your bowels clean, by flushing them with a mild, harmless salt which helps to remove the body's urinous waste and stimulates them to their normal activity. The function of the kidneys is to filter the blood. In 24 hours they strain from it 500 grains of acid and waste, so we can readily understand the vital importance of keeping the kidneys active.

Drink lots of good water—you can't drink too much; also get from any pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast each morning for a few days and your kidneys may then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for years to help clean and stimulate clogged kidneys; also to neutralize the acids in the system so they are no longer a source of irritation, thus often relieving bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive, cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink, which everyone should take now and then to help keep their kidneys clean and active. Try this; also keep up the water drinking, and no doubt you will wonder what became of your kidney trouble and backache.

**Despises Himself**  
"I would like to get your idea of a true statesman," said the chap with the notebook. "Young man," replied the senator, "I am willing to give you an interview, but I haven't time to spare for a full biography."