

Sure Relief

BELLANS INDIGESTION 25 CENTS 6 BELLANS Hot water Sure Relief BELLANS FOR INDIGESTION 25¢ and 75¢ Pkgs. Sold Everywhere

STUBBORN SORES and inflammations quickly yield to

Resinol

Just Like Being a Boss "How are you getting on at your job, Bill?" "Fine. I've got five men under me now."

"DANDELION BUTTER COLOR"

A harmless vegetable butter color used by millions for 50 years. Drug stores and general stores sell bottles of "Dandelion" for 35 cents.—Adv.

His Cure "The falling leaves fill me with melancholy thoughts," said the poet's person.

"They used to have that effect on me," returned the prosy man. "What changed you?" "I moved into an apartment and don't have to rake them up any more."

DEMAND "BAYER" ASPIRIN

Aspirin Marked With "Bayer Cross" Has Been Proved Safe by Millions.

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 26 years.

Could Mean Only Her He—The prettiest women always marry the biggest fools. She—Try your flattery on some one else.—Stray Stories.

Handiest thing in the house EASES SORE THROAT Take a little "Vaseline" Jelly several times a day and at bedtime. Tasteless and odorless. Soothes and heals. Will not upset you.

Not Too Many Rich Old Aunt (recovering from accident)—I'm afraid I shall feel the effects of this accident for many years to come.

Freshen a Heavy Skin With the antiseptic, fascinating Cuticura Talcum Powder, an exquisitely scented, economical face, skin, baby and dusting powder and perfume.

Wants to Escape Little Tommy—Father, you bought sister a piano; you must buy me a bicycle.

Smarting, scalding, sticky eyes relieved by morning if Roman Eye Balm is used when retiring. 312 Pearl St., N. Y. Adv.

The more a woman knows about the affairs of her husband, the less she has to say about them.

\$4,000 IN PRIZES 1,055 PRIZES IN ALL Enter the great Liquid Veneer Contest. All you have to do is write us in less than 150 words what you consider the outstanding characteristic of Liquid Veneer, or tell us of an unusual use for Liquid Veneer.

The DOOM TRAIL

—By— Arthur D. Howden Smith

Author of PORTO BELLO GOLD, Etc. (© by Brentano's.) WNU Service

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.

CHAPTER V—Continued

There was a murmur of assent as the meeting broke up. "One moment, your excellency," I interposed. "I have also a letter from Master Juggins for the Honorable Cadwallader Coiden of your council—if he is here."

"Indeed, he is," assented the governor. "A moment, if you please, Coiden."

A thin, bustling man, with very bright black eyes and a dark complexion detached himself from the exodus and resumed his chair. His nervous fingers quickly tore loose the envelope of the letter I handed him, and he began devouring its contents, regardless of the confusion around him.

"Until tomorrow, gentlemen!" The governor bowed the council out, and shut the door upon the last of them. He beckoned me forward.

"Sit here beside us, Master Ormerod—for so I see you are rightly named, although you traveled under Master Juggins' name. Master Juggins vouches for you. That is sufficient for me. What say you, Coiden?"

"Quite sufficient," agreed the surveyor general. "Do you wish me to remain, sir?"

"Certainly. Glad to have you. Now, Master Ormerod, do you tell us as fully as you may what you know of Murray. Master Juggins hath slated you for a prominent part. I respect his judgment, but more than our immediate fortune hinges upon the issue of what we do, and I must know all."

I recounted the circumstances of my meeting with Juggins, the hearing before the lords of trade and the incidents of the voyage, not forgetting Tom's assault upon me and the strange bargain I had made with Murray.

"Then are you safe from denunciation," broke in the governor. "We think little of Hanoverian or Jacobite in New York. Here, Master Ormerod, you will find only Englishmen laboring to wrest a living from the wilderness and to extend their country's power and richness. What you were matters little. 'Tis what you are we judge you by."

"The bargain was typical of Murray. He is no ordinary villain. Already he hath persuaded the discontented elements in the province that I would take the bread from their mouths by stopping his trade. But he knows well that I would leap upon the excuse to lay him by the heels, and he will see to it that no suspicion of your past escapes."

"He threatened me with the Red Death this morning," I said. "Can you tell me what he meant by it?"

"'Tis a saying of the frontier," explained the governor. "They call red-headed Bolting and Murray's negro, Tom, the Red and the Black Deaths, for Murray is charged with having used them to remove from his path those persons he considers dangerous or whom he honors with his dislike."

pope by making his religion universal on this continent as it is in South America.

"Where do Black Robe and Murray make their headquarters?" I inquired. "Murray spends part of his time in New York or in Albany, but most of the year he is absent. He says he is on trading expeditions—and we may not disprove it. But we think he stays at a station which is said to form a depot for the stores smuggled over to have a chapel there."

"'Tis called La Vierge du Bois," added Coiden. "And where is it?"

"If I knew, I should order a levy of the militia and burn it down at risk of my head," retorted the governor. "But you must have some idea where it is?" I pressed incredulously. Governor Burnet put down his pipe and unrolled a large scroll map which lay amongst the papers on the table.

"This is New York, Master Ormerod. Our settlements are confined to the coast districts, the island of Nassau (Long Island)—he motioned toward



the window—"and the valley of Hudson's river. We have barely begun the task of colonization. There is room here for every soul in England—and to spare."

With his pipe-stem he pointed to the upper left corner. "All this country is virgin forest. On the north and northwest 'tis bounded by the inland sea which we call Lake Cadaraqui (Lake Ontario); to the southeast stretch the Adirondack mountains. Somewhere between those boundaries runs the Doom Trail. There are thousands of square miles of wilderness to search for it."

"And the Keepers of the Trail to guard its mystery," put in Coiden. "Who are they?" I questioned, as anxious as a small boy for further details.

"The Ho-nun-ne-gwen-ne-yuh," he repeated. "The Indians are a superstitious people, and they have come to believe that there is some supernatural agency behind the Keepers of the Trail. In plain English, they fear the Trail is haunted, they tell us, by the False Faces, a race of demons from the underworld, to whom Murray has sold his soul, and that the demons have rallied to his aid."

"At every turn we run against the shrewdness and wit of this fellow Murray," exploded the governor. "'Tis at once a tribute to his ability, and perhaps an index to our inferiority, that we have never been able to secure certain information of his operations."

"'Tis evident, your excellency," I ventured, "that the lords of trade will accept only positive evidence that he hath evaded the law."

"That means legal proof of smuggling," reflected the governor. "And now that the lords of trade have suspended our law, his operations are no longer illegal, strictly speaking," said Coiden. "But I make no doubt he will continue to handle the bulk of his goods over the Doom Trail, for he will not care to have his dupes in the province realize the enormous tribute they pay France through him."

Governor Burnet brought his fist down upon the table with a thud.

Species Not Popular on Railroad Trains Fond fathers who carry pictures of their offspring sitting in their bathtubs. People who borrow your magazine to hold over Toto's basket every time the conductor comes along.

"Gadslife!" he swore. "There is naught for it but war! We must be after the dog! We must run him down! But we must move unofficially. What say you, Coiden?"

"We can do nothing with official support," rejoined the surveyor general, "and 'tis probable we shall receive the instructions of the lords of trade to suspend the law by the next Bristol packet."

"There can be no question of that," agreed the governor. "Well, the law shall be suspended. I will have the suspension publicly proclaimed. Then under cover we must concert the measures to be taken. That will be for Master Ormerod. Do you still crave the opportunity, knowing now the full measure of its perils, sir?"

"I am more anxious, if possible, sir," I answered. "I speak French sufficiently well to pass on the frontier for a Frenchman. As for danger—why, your excellency, the man who has ruined his life can have no fear for it. He has all to gain and nothing to lose."

"True," assented the governor. "But you know nothing of woodcraft or the life amongst the savages."

"Master Juggins gave me a letter to one Peter Corlaer, a—"

Coiden sat suddenly erect. "Peter came this morning with the Seneca chief, if your excellency will remember."

"So he did. We will have him in," Coiden went out, and returned at once with two companions. One I recognized, to my amazement, as the Indian I had befriended an hour or two earlier. He greeted me with a faint smile. To the governor he rendered the splendid arm-high salute, and his deep voice boomed out:

"Qua. Ga-en-gwa-ra-go!" ("Hail, Great Swift Arrow"—the Indians' name for the governor of New York, whoever he might be.)

The other man was more like a tavern keeper than a woodsman. At first glance he seemed all panache, but when you studied him closely you saw that his fat was firm and hard and formed a sheathing for the most powerful set of muscles any man ever had. His face was tremendous, with little, insignificant features; but his eyes, behind the rolls of fat which almost masked them, twinkled with constant interest and animation, belying the air of stolid stupidity he affected.

"This is Corlaer, Master Ormerod," said the governor. "And with him is come a friend of ours, one of the two war-chiefs of the Six Nations. Peter, Master Ormerod hath a letter for you from Master Juggins in London."

"Ja," he said vacantly. I handed him the letter. He turned it over and over in his hand and picked at the seal. Then he handed it to the Indian.

"You read it," he said. I looked from one to the other with astonishment; but 'twas the governor who intervened.

"Your pardon, Peter," he said good-naturedly enough, "but that letter happens to deal with a most confidential subject."

"Oh, ja," said Corlaer indifferently. "But I do not read it."

"Take the letter, Ga-en-gwa-ra-go," said the Indian. "Ta-wan-ne-ars does not seek your secrets. But you need have no fears. This young Englishman is Ta-wan-ne-ars' friend."

And in his sonorous English, with a slightly guttural intonation, he recounted how I had rescued him from his childish persecutors. The incident recalled my promise, and I broke in impetuously upon his closing words.

"Aye, your excellency, but he hath forgotten to add that I pledged myself to beseech you to make it illegal to mock at Indians in the city streets."



A Little Bit Humorous

KEPT HIS RELIGION PURE "Parson," exclaimed Ephraim, "I've got 'ligion, I tell you."

"That's fine, brother! You are going to lay aside all sin?" "Yes, suh."

"You're going to church?" "Yes, sur-ree."

"You're going to care for the widows?" "Sho' am!"

"Are you going to pay your debts?" "Suh? Dat ain't 'ligion, Dat's business."—Capper's Weekly.

Right Under Her Nose "My dear, I was so confused that I didn't notice how many times he kissed me."

"What! with the thing going on right under your nose?"

ARBOREAL PUP



"Yes, my dog often trees the game."

"And then?" "Barks and sometimes roars."

"And if he get nothing?" "Leaves and branches off in another direction."

Strictly Business He gazed into her azure orbs. As soft blue as the sky— He was an oculist and she had a cinder in her eye.

Seems So Conversation over the telegraph: "What's this—airplane starts on fifth leg of trip?"

"That's a figure of speech."

"Is a figure of speech entitled to five legs?"

"Quite" Is Good The question was put in an examination for the army: "Does anyone in the class know how a fly eats?"

What Is a Diuretic?

People Are Learning the Value of Occasional Use.

EVERYONE knows that a laxative stimulates the bowels. A diuretic performs a similar function to the kidneys. Under the strain of our modern life, our organs are apt to become sluggish and require assistance.

DOAN'S PILLS 60c

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

Spicy Story George Plympton, the scenario writer, loves to tell how he broke into the literary game. He was in New York at the time, and personally submitted his first offering to the editor.

Why Suffer Pain from a cut or burn? Cole's Carbolic Antiseptic stops pain instantly and heals quickly without a scar. Keep it handy. All druggists, 30c and 60c, or J. W. Cole Co., 127 S. Euclid Ave., Oak Park, Ill.—Adv.

Spread of English Tongue More than half of the world's business is done in English, points out an editorial in Liberty. Prior to the World War, German ranked second and Spanish third, in commercial languages.

Of Course "He believes in turning the other cheek." "Preacher?" "No, barber."

Colds Broken in a day Hill's act quickly—stop colds in 24 hours. Fever and headache disappear. Gripe is conquered in 3 days. Every winter it saves millions of dollars in doctor bills. Don't take chances, don't delay an hour. Get the best help science knows. Be Sure It's HILL'S Price 30c CASCARA QUININE with portrait

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.

OLIVE TAR FOR COLDS Applied externally, relieves congestion, soothes, and kills germs. Internally soothes and relieves. For whooping cough, croup, influenza. HALL & BUCKLE New York

Green's August Flower will help you. Has been used successfully for more than half a century. 50¢ and 90¢ bottles. At all druggists. If you cannot get it, write to G. G. Green, Inc., Woodbury, N. J.

The Purity of Cuticura Makes It Unexcelled For All Toilet Purposes FOR OVER 200 YEARS haarlem oil has been a world-wide remedy for kidney, liver and bladder disorders, rheumatism, lumbago and uric acid conditions.

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