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AFTER EVERY MEAL



Probably one reason for the popularity of WRIGLEY'S is that it lasts so long and returns such great dividends for so small an outlay. It keeps teeth clean, breath sweet, appetite keen, digestion good. Fresh and full-flavored always in its wax-wrapped package.

The Persistent Grind
Doctor Copeland of New York says we should "exert ourselves lightly" in summer. Exerting ourselves to hold the job makes about the same demand on vitality and time in summer and in winter.—Louisville Times.

It Depended
"Do you like rural scenery?" "That depends. Are you a real estate man?"

Roman Eye Balance, applied at night upon entering, will treat and strengthen eyes by morning. 312 First St. N. W. Ad.

Many a girl who isn't pretty makes up for it in other ways.



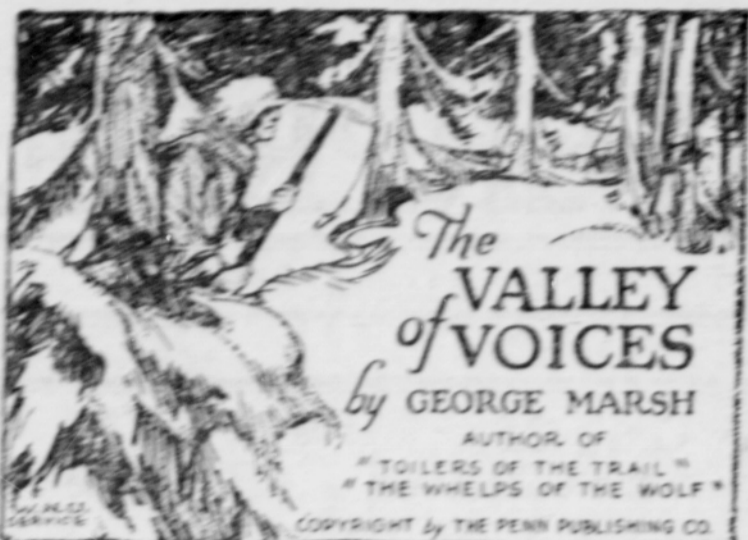
Albers Carnation mush
Carnation Mush brings to your breakfast bowl all the flavor, all the nutriment, of golden wheat fields. And does it in 5 minutes—thanks to the Albers process. Ask your grocer!

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700 ROOMS
300 without bath \$150
200 with bath \$200
200 with private bath \$250
GOOD GARAGE FACILITIES

What is a Corn Club?
The method employed to help the farmer raise better corn was the subject for discussion in the geography class. In answer to the question, "What is a corn club?" one of the girls replied: "It's the cob with no corn on it."
Cuticura for Sore Hands.
Soak hands on retiring in the hot soda of Cuticura Soap, dry and rub in Cuticura Ointment. Remove surplus Ointment with tissue paper. This is only one of the things Cuticura will do. If Soap, Ointment and Talcum are used for all toilet purposes.—Advertisement.

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The VALLEY of VOICES

by GEORGE MARSH
AUTHOR OF "TOILERS OF THE TRAIL" "THE WHELPS OF THE WOLF"
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THE FACTOR
SYNOPSIS.—With David, half-breed guide, Brent Steele, of the American Museum of Natural History, is traveling in northern Canada. By a stream he hears Denise, daughter of Col. Etienne St. Onge, factor at Walling River, play the violin superbly. He introduces himself and accepts an invitation to make the post his home during his stay.

CHAPTER I—Continued
In front of the trade-house, in conversation with David, stood a tall, military-looking man, with iron-gray hair and mustache. Around the door lounged a group of curious company Indians. Advancing and gripping the newcomer's hand, the factor of Walling River exclaimed:
"Bon jour, Monsieur Steele! Welcome to Walling River! My daughter and David have told me of our good fortune."
As the old soldier continued, with a slight French accent, Steele was aware of being secretly appraised by the keen eyes of the other.

"You are to be our guest for as long as you will honor us. In this valley, for a man of science, there is much of interest."
"You are very good to a stranger, sir. David and I have been out from Nepton since May. We need supplies and my staff should also be overhauled. Some of it got wet backing this river of yours."
"Too bad! You found it a hard river to pole and track?"
"We certainly did. David has a nose for quick water as keen as a hawk's for fish, but we took too long a chance in the big white-water."
At the mention of the rapid the face of St. Onge hardened. He leaned eagerly toward the speaker.

"The Devil's mile! It got you too?"
"Oh, we pulled out of it with a wetting. You see, I was with the best bow-man on the Nepton, so we saved the canoe and our own skins as well."
Slowly the Frenchman shook his head; then suddenly asked:
"You saw nothing on your way upriver—nothing peculiar, no signs of a canoe?"
Steele wondered at the question as he answered:
"No, we met no one. I imagine the Indians don't travel it, too much strong water, and then there's the taboo—they're shy of the lower river, aren't they?"
At the words, the narrowed eyes of St. Onge shifted to the ground. He made no answer to the man who watched his set face, wondering, as it vitally affected the trade, why the factor avoided this subject of the Indians' fear of the Windigo. Presently St. Onge broke his silence.

"You will pardon me, Monsieur Steele, I am a poor host. If you were in the water you spoiled your flour—you are hungry?"
Steele glanced at the grinning David who plaintively placed a soney hand on his stomach.
"Yes, we lost our flour and we saw no game, had to fish our way up the river, so, colonel, we are a bit hungry."
Snapping his fingers with impatience at his seeming lack of hospitality, the factor called to the loungers at the trade-house door:
"Michel! Tete-Bouke! Bring up Monsieur Steele's stuff from the foot of the portage; and, Michel, David here will eat with you. See that there's plenty of carbon stew for supper. He's starved out." Turning to Steele, the factor added: "My daughter is now overseeing the cooking of our dinner, monsieur. I trust you will find it to your taste."
"You are mighty kind to a couple of bush-battered strangers, Colonel St. Onge. We are not exactly starved, you know. We travel with a net, but a straight diet of pike and trout grows a bit tiresome. You can sell us supplies to take us through to Nepton?"
"You will not need to outfit for Nepton," the factor's eyes grew bitter. "You will pass Laflamme's post at Lake Ogoke."

"Monsieur Steele will desire to be shown his room, father, before we dine," called a woman's voice. Turning, Steele saw, opening the gate in the dog-stockade surrounding the factor's quarters, Denise St. Onge, trim in white serge. Casting an embarrassed look at his frayed jeans, his hand sought his unshaven chin as she joined them.
"Welcome, again, to Walling River, monsieur," she said cordially, giving him her hand.
"My daughter seems to need no introduction. She has told me of your meeting at the river. Denise, Monsieur Steele is bound for the Nepton by the Ogoke trail." The eyes of father and daughter met in a significant

look. "Laflamme, monsieur, can give you anything you wish—including Scotch whisky."
The girl's dark eyebrows contracted at the mention of the Ogoke trader's name.
"So he's giving the Indians whisky, is he?" said Steele.
"You are surprised?" laughed the factor bitterly. "For Monsieur Laflamme it seems that Canadian law does not exist. With his whisky he will soon have the fur trade of the whole district."
"They said as much at Fort Hope. But the authorities—why don't they act?"
St. Onge shrugged eloquently. "I do not know. He is running things with a high hand—has support of the strongest at Ottawa."
Steele turned with a smile to David who had been an interested listener to the conversation.
"I think that we shall have to pay Monsieur Laflamme a visit, David."
St. Onge and his daughter exchanged glances.
"Dareed like to shake de han' of Mister Laflamme," replied the Ojibway, dryly.
"I pity Laflamme when you do. He'll carry his arm in a sling for a month if he ever falls into that wolf-trap of yours."
"You see, colonel, David is under the impression that Laflamme is an old friend," Steele enlightened his host, whose face reflected acute interest. "Sometime in meeting old friends he forgets in his joy that his

alchemy of taste, been fused into a room—a home.
"I did not know there was a room like this north of Winnipeg, made-moiselle," Steele said in frank admiration.
"Oh, monsieur! would you have as few like the Indians? But you are laughing at our poor little home."
"Please don't," he begged. "It is charming—this room. And all the books!"
"It was hard on our packers," broke in St. Onge, "but I insisted on having the books if I was to be marooned up here in this valley. The winter would be long without them—and the youth."
"I envy you the winters here with that violin, sir," said Steele, smiling at his hostess. "I hope to hear it again, mademoiselle—your superb playing."
Her face brightened. "It was only a mood—today at the rapid, monsieur. I go there when lonely, to play to the troubled waters. You thought me sad—I saw it in your face; but I was only homesick for Youville. Tonight we shall have something gay."
But Steele felt that it was not loneliness which had driven Denise St. Onge to the restless waters.
"Monsieur, you will wish to see your room. Our Ojibway servant, Charbon, will bring you hot water." And St. Onge led Steele to a room on the second floor of the house, the capacity of which was strained by a cot and washstand, whither a square-built, half-breed woman followed shortly with a steaming bucket.

Steele was thankful that his duffle bag contained a change of clothes and moccasins. Hot water, a shave and fresh clothes speedily worked a miracle in the tattered stranger who had started Denise St. Onge at the rapid.
When Steele rejoined his hostess he felt more at ease. He even had a suspicion that she approved his changed appearance. At the thought, something like a thrill swept him—to be followed by a shrug of annoyance. He had not seen an attractive woman in months and was paying the penalty. Yet, as he watched her pour the tea while her father dispensed carbon stew and fried trout, a quality—rarer than mere comeliness; an evident fitness of fiber, a savor of personality in this factor's daughter, which meant race and background—impressed itself upon him, and a strong curiosity to know the history of these people whom he had stumbled upon in the bad-lands south of the Albany—outfit, but the prospective customer hesitated. So the salesman enlarged upon the "pay-as-you-ride" plan of installations.

"I'll take the outfit," said the other; "but, remember, I'm a very slow rider."—Tit-Bits.
The Remedy
Critic—Why don't you put a porous plaster on this play?
Manager—What for?
Critic—It is about the only thing which will ever make it draw.

CURRENT BUNS
"This bakery is called the Electric Bakery."
"Yes; good place to get your buns with currents in 'em."
Back to the Farm
Around the village street I roam,
With weary indecision,
For what was once the dear old home is now a subdivision.
Lost His Temper
The irate customer returned to the photographer with the prints of the pictures he had taken.
"Do I look like this picture?" he stormed, shaking it in the photographer's face. "You've made me look like a monkey! Cock-eyed, and a chin like a bulldog. Do you call that a good likeness?"
"The answer is in the negative," sweetly replied the photographer.—Everybody's Magazine.

Honest Testimony
Lawyer—Where were you on the afternoon of the 16th?
Defendant—With a couple of my friends.
Lawyer—Thieves, probably.
Defendant—Yes, sir, lawyers, both of them.—Brown Jug.
The Cackling Fish
First Class Scot—It says in this paper that the codfish lays over one hundred eggs at a time.
Tenderfoot—Hub! It's a good thing it doesn't have to cackle for each one.

Finally
Orator—What will become of the standing army. That's what I want to ask—what will become of the standing army?
Voice in Crowd—They'll get tired and sit down.
His Conclusion
Mrs. Henpeck—John, I wonder why Widow Gabb is going to marry again?
Mr. Henpeck—Oh, I suppose she has a whole lot more to say.—Chicago Daily News.

Sugar or Candy
Granulated, lump, pulverized and brown sugars, though differing in texture and flavor, are practically alike in composition. They contain little or nothing but sugar. A pound of candy may be considered the equivalent in fuel value of a pound of sugar. Water, which has no fuel value, is used in making candy, but so, too, are chocolate and nut meats, which have higher fuel values than sugar. The proportion of sugar in thick syrups, such as honey and molasses, is about three-fourths of a pound to the pound, and in jellies, jams and rich preserves, about one-half of a pound to the pound.

The factor has his troubles, evidently, and is worried by them. What is the true inwardness?
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Few Little Smiles
DEE!
An old Scotchman, David Gordon, was seriously ill, with scant hope of recovery. He had been wheeled into making a will, and his relatives were now gathered about his bedside watching him laboriously sign the document. He got as far as D-A-V-I—then fell exhausted.
"D. Uncle David," exhorted a nephew.
"Dee!" ejaculated the old Scot feebly, but with indignation. "Dee! I'll see when I'm ready, ye avaricious wretch!"—Everybody's Magazine.

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promptly relieved and healed by a few applications of
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Electricity is an efficient salvager. Electric cranes equipped with electromagnets handle great quantities of metal junk at the nation's 3,000 scrap yards. The larger sections of scrap are chewed up in enormous electric shears or smashed with a tremendous electric "skull-cracker." Nearly half the manufactured steel of the country comes from reclaimed iron and steel junk.
DEMAND "BAYER" ASPIRIN
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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 25 years. Say "Bayer" when you buy Aspirin. Imitations may prove dangerous.—Adv.

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San Diego, Calif.—"Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is an excellent tonic and nerve for women. I got all rundown, weak and nervous, had severe backaches and bearing pains in my side. I took the 'Prescription' and it proved very beneficial, relieved me of my inward trouble, strengthened my nerves, and helped my whole physical make-up. I think the 'Favorite Prescription' is the best medicine any weak and ailing woman can take. It builds up and strengthens the nerves and makes one feel better in every way."—Mrs. A. J. Bennett, 3015 Newton Ave.
Send Dr. Pierce, President Invalids' Hotel, in Buffalo, N. Y., 10¢ for trial package of Prescription tablets.

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W. N. U., San Francisco, No. 46-1925.