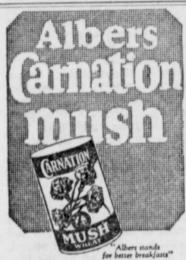
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W. N. U., San Francisco, No. 10-1926



CHAPTER XI—Continued

__18_ "By gar! You not drown een de Frying Pan, Daveed? We t'ot you dead men. By dam! I glad to see you, Daveed, and you, m'sleu, all right, bot' you two, beeg an' strong jes de same?" The delighted Michel repeatedly wrung the hands of his amused, but perplexed friends. Then St. Onge reached Steele,

"Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! Monsieur Steele! Welcome to Wailing River,' he exclaimed in a voice, strained-unnatural. "Doubly welcome, my dear Steele! We thought we looked at the dead when you entered that door -Michel and I. An Indian brought word that you were lost in the Jackfish rapids, last month. We were hopeless-and now we are overjoyed."

"Thank you, sir, I am glad to be back. We ran the rapids-it's a long

St. Onge suddenly started, turning in bewilderment from Steele to Mi-

"What was that?"

David doubled with laughter at the surprise of the Iroquois. Again, to the bewilderment of the Frenchman and his head-man, the bloodhound, outside, raised a deep-throated protest at the cold and his empty stomach, which initiated a tedlam of howls from the huskies.

"Why, that's Windigo; he's hungry!" laughed Steele. "You'd better look after them, David, before the home dogs start to fight."

"That, a dog? It sounded more like a lion."

"I've brought a bloodhound to track the Windigo; also to give him a bit of his own medicine. His name is Pete. but David and I call him 'Windigo.' If we'd had him last fall, it might have been different. But Mademoiselle St. Onge? Is she well?" Steele hastened to ask.

The face of the older man sobered. "She has not been well," he said, pointedly, "since the news came from Ogoke."

"You mean?"

"The news of your drowning in the Frying Pan, monsieur.'

Steele thrilled at the words. Then the realization of what it had meant to Denise St. Onge-this blow to her hopes-swiftly saddened him. "I will go to her at once," said St.

onge. "The shock would be too great and the joy," he added. "If you will follow shortly, you will find your old room, such as it is, ready."

In the living room of the factor's quarters Denise St. Onge waited for the man returned from the dead. Entering, Steele went to her and took both her hands.

"I have come back, Denise St. Onge, as I promised." he said, as her dark eyes bravely met his, but the convulsive movement of her lips betrayed the imminence of tears.

"We are-so glad-so glad you are here!" But the strain was too great and she turned from him to hide her

"It is a happy night for Wailing River, monsieur," broke in St. Onge, as Steele turned to the factor to permit his daughter to regain her selfcontrol.

"A happier one for me, colonel!" replied the man who yearned to take the girl, who had walked to the end of the room, in his arms and comfort her-promise her that all should be right in the end.

At supper St. Onge insisted on hearng of Steele's trip home.

"Before I begin, tell me if Laflamme

has shown his hand?" "No, we have heard nothing. One of his Indians on the way to Albany

drowned. That is all." 'When I met him," continued Steele, he acted cold and suspicious, wanted know my business, but warmed ater, asking me to dine with him and the woman who passes as Rose Laflamme. He became so polite that I was under the impression that he beleved my story. After dinner he was Denise St. Onge disarmed him and Le suddenly called to the trade-house. One of his men had started to bother David, who, of course, had his eyes open, which they evidently resented, and David broke some of his fingers. This worried me considerably; meant leaving on the jump in the morning before there was trouble."

she like?" asked Denise. spite of the legitimate ends for which we were helpless and would come

had left an unsavory taste. "She is a striking-looking woman. with, I am confident, a strain of In- was shot by David, who had found dian blood. It was very evident that she and Laflamme were not on good overlooked." terms that she desired to leave Ogoke; in fact, she asked if we would in amazement. take her to the railroad."

her will?" broke in St. Onge. "Absolutely! But Laflamme, from what she told me, fears she would tell what she knows-inform the authorities. "What a situation for a woman!"

"You mean she is held there agains

deprecated Denise. "Yes, she evidently bates himhinted vaguely at many things, when Laflamme was absent at the tradehouse. But the only information I succeeded in getting was that Pierre, the Indian, who came here in Septem-

spread Windigo rumors." "He talked with Tete-Boule, and eft shortly after," nodded St. Onge. "Oh, by the way, is Tete-Boule, the great sorcerer, still here?"

"Yes, although something happened when Michel came back. They had a long talk one night in Tete-Boule's shack. I heard the trouble from the hands and rent the veil of her former beach and found Michel threatening reticence-her strange aloofness, then to cut his throat."

"Why did you interfere?" laughed

"He's been useful as a hunter, and I'm so short-handed. But I am interested to hear how you left Ogoke, monsleur, and why you were so reckless as to attempt to run the Frying Pan.'

"When I returned to the shack where we had left our bags, I found David repacking some of the stuff. Laflamme had had our baggage searched."

"Did you accuse him of it?"

"I never had the opportunity. Rose Laflamme came to the shack and offered to tell all she knew about Laflamme's activities if I would take her



"Laflamme Had Had Our Luggage Searched."

that night to the railroad," Steele boldly answered, ignoring the inferences which might be drawn from the statement.

"And you refused, monsieur, to aid a beautiful woman in distress? Ah, that was not gallant." Although the "Now, Michel, be smile was facetious, the eyes of Denise St. Onge were grave. Steele felt that he had been put on the defensive.

"I told her that we needed flourwould starve if we left that night. At that moment David knocked a man down outside, who proved to be Laflamme. What he had come for I do not know."

"Was it not clear to you what he came for, monsieur? Learning she was not in the house, he went to the shack of the gallant American, to find with a letter told Michel you had been it guarded by his faithful Indian?" The girl smiled disconcertingly. Steele was puzzled at her mood.

"Denise!" protested her father. "Will you permit Monsieur Steele to tell his story? You are not fair!"

Could it be possible that she did not believe him. Steele asked himself. But the seeming composure of went on.

"David had choked Laflamme into unconsciousness, and of course we had to leave without our flour. We paddled all night, pushed up the Rouge and over to the Jackfish. We also discovered that they had taken all our rifle shells. I was sure we had dis-"And this Rose Laflamme, what is tanced pursuit but at the Frying Pan two Indians, who had traveled over Steele felt the blood in his face. In land were waiting for us. Thinking he had worked, the episode with Rose ashore, they didn't fire on us until they saw we intended to run the rap-Then one raised his rifle, but Ids.

cartridge which Laflamme's men had engagement; but the Chinese would

had happened he couldn't afford to have us leave the bush. You see, notwithstanding my two bags of Indian stuff, he suspected me of spying on his place-and probably chose the Frying Pan as a safe means of get-

ting rid of us. "He wouldn't anticipate our running them voluntarily, but evidently had ordered his Indians to capture and throw us in. Then, if our bodies or canoe were ever found, it would appear like a straight case of drowning. But David's shot stampeded the survivor into firing at us."

"And you went through that whitewater they say has never been run?" "Yes, somehow we got through with a foot of water in her and a few leaks where we scraped some sharp ones.

They had left the supper table and were in the living room, and as Steele finished he realized that Denise, who sat with eyes on the rug at her feet, had been listening. Was it the old depression, he wondered, or-

"And without shells for your guns, you traveled clear to the Nepigon on short rations?" broke in St. Onge. "Worse than that. We got but few

fish and before we reached Nepigon House, were down to one meal a day." Denise looked up. "I am very tired, monsieur. You will pardon me? Good night!" And she left the room. That day Steele had traveled forty

miles to avoid camping another night ber, was sent down river partly to on the snow before seeing Denise St. Onge. He was tired from the hard day on the river ice, and disturbed and mystified by the mood of the factor's daughter.

Once he knew beyond all peradventure that this harassed girl cared for him; bound though she was, once she unreservedly placed her future in his the fight for the fortunes of Wailing River would be a battle of joy; and at last, when they met, it seemed that his dream had come true-that he had wen. But her air of incredulity, the irony of her comment on his story of that night at Ogoke, sent him to his bed mortified, troubled, stung with the injustice of her attitude. Was it jealousy? He had held Denise St. Onge on too high a plane for such a descent. Had she been merely facetious, or had she, without benefit of the doubt, drawn a sinister inference from the coming to the shack of Rose, and their surprise by Laffamme? But he had frankly told the full details, he argued. That, of itself, was proof enough of the singlemindedness of his actions at Ogoke. It seemed so foreign to his conception of the character of Denise St. Onge, that, when his tired body finally drew him into the oblivion of sleep, he had attributed her manner and her silence to the strain of overtaxed nerves.

CHAPTER XII

The following morning the council of war met in the shack of Michel where, as the Iroquois was unmarried, there would be no interruption.

"Now, Michel," said Steele, "I've kept my word and come back on the first snow and I've brought a hound that will help us if we have the luck to hear that Windigo again. I've also brought these."

The speaker stripped the lashings from a canvas-covered bundle, which David bad carried in from the sled the night previous, to reveal to the curious eyes of Michel two massive engines of torture, their steel jaws bristling with teeth. "By gar! Bear trap!" exclaimed

the Iroquois, black eyes glittering. "Beauties, aren't they? God help the brute they close on!' Then Steele lifted six smaller but

no less wicked-looking devices, designed to snap on and hold in viselike grip the paw of the unwary prowler which stepped in them. "These are the strongest wolf-traps

made, and I doubt if any Windigo could get out of one, unless he

"Now, Michel, before making any plans, I am ready to hear what you promised to tell me when I returnedwhat you told David and feared to have me know." "Dat ees right, m'sieu. You keep

de word an' cum back to fight wid us. Leesten! Michel filled his pipe, lit it, and

hastily opening the door, circled the cabin to assure himself of absolute privacy. Then he began. "You t'ink de tam you meet mam'-

selle below at de rapids dat she was "When David and I were packing

up to the post?" 'Ah-hah! Wal. Michel was dere." "What d'you mean?" asked Steele, uzzled. "You were taking care of

"Yes." "Did she know it?"

The Iroquois shook his head, "She ot know. "What were you afraid of, so near the post?

"Beeg Antoine!" Steele stared in amazement at the "Big Antoine! You mean Laffamme's man-the one with the

The half-breed nodded. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

scar on his face?"

Expected Gifts Listed In China, a betrothal takes the form

of a bridal contract, and a category of expected wedding presents is solemnly inserted in the contract that binds the very much resent having this stipula-St. Onge listened to Steele's story tion considered a "price." it is the custom for the bride to give "He sent his men to kill you-keep gifts to the bridegroom's family-and "She asked you, a stranger?" de. you from getting out of the country?" there are many other interesting forms "He rightly saw that after what of intra-marital exchange of presents,

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stitute of Chicago.) (©, 1926. Western Newspaper Union.)

Lesson for March 14

THE LAST WORDS OF JESUS WITH HIS DISCIPLES

LESSON TEXT-John 14:1-31. GOLDEN TEXT—"I am the way, the ruth and the life."—John 14:6.
PRIMARY TOPIC—Jesus Tells of the UNIOR TOPIC-Wonderful Promises

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOP-

INTERMEDIATE AND SENTOR FORIC—Jesus Counsels and Confers with
His Disciples.
YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Christ's Last Words With His Dis-

The hopes of the disciples were utterly shattered when Jesus told them about the cross. He had told them that He was going away and they could not follow Him. Their hearts were flooded with grief. He consoled

I. Pointing to the Reunion in the Father's House (vv. 1-3).

1. He Asked Them to Trust in Him Even as God (v. 1). Faith in the God man Christ Jesus will steady the heart no matter how

intense the grief, nor how great the 2. He Informed Them That He Was Going to the Father's House in Heaven

to Prepare a Home for Them (v. 2). He assured them that there was abundant room for all. Heaven is an eternal dwelling place. Only those can enter who have made the neces-

sary preparation here. 3. He Assured Them That He Would Come Again and Escort Them to Heaven (v. 3).

Jesus will not wait for His own to come to Him, but will come and call forth from the grave those who have dled and transform living believers and take them all to be with Himself in the heavenly home forever more. II. Revealing the Way to the Father's House (vv. 4-11).

Jesus informed the disciples that they knew the place and the way to which He was going. To this Thomas interposed a doubt, in answer to which Christ asserts that He is-

1. The Way to God (v. 6). He is more than a mere guide or, teacher; He is the way itself. He is the door of the sheep fold; yea, the very entrance to the tree of life. 2. The Truth (v. 6).

He is not merely the teacher, but the Truth incarnate. In His incarnation the spiritual and material worlds were united. Therefore, every line of truth, whether spiritual or material, converges in Him. No one can ever have the real truth about anything who does not have Christ. In Him especially we have the truth about God. To pretend to know God, while at the same time rejecting Jesus Christ is utter folly. Only as Christ reveals God can man know Him (John 1:18).

3. The Life (v. 6). Christ is not merely the giver of life, but He is the essence of life. Only those who receive Christ have life in the true sense. This is a truth which cannot be arrived at by intellectual processes. It is a mystery which can only be penetrated by faith. III. Assuring Them That His Work

Was to Continue (vv. 12-14). Jesus' going away was not to end the work which He had begun. This no doubt means that through the ministry of the spirit-filled disciples the work which He had begun would assume larger proportions. After the Day of Pentecost the Gospel took a much wider range. During His ministry the message was confined to the Jews, while under the ministry of the disciples it was only limited by the world itself. The disciples' ministry was ushered in by the conversion of three thousand in one day.

IV. Promises Another Comforter (vv. 15-17). The word "comforter" means lit-

erally one called to the side of another to give help, protection and deliverance. This comforter was the Holy Spirit. Jesus was the comforter while here in the body. The Holy Spirit was to be another comforter.

V. Assuring Them of His Return to Them (vv. 18-24).

Although Christ went away He did not leave His disciples as orphans. He is spiritually present with them always. The Father and the Son make their abode with the disciples who love and obey Jesus Christ. VI. Assuring Them That the Holy

ing and Understanding His Words vv. 25, 26) This the Holy Spirit does by Illu-

minating the minds of the disciples. VII. Giving the Legacy of His Peace (vv. 27-31).

Spirit Would Aid Them in Remember-

By His peace is meant the serenity of soul which one enjoys who knows that his sins are forgiven.

Dependent Upon God

All men, whether they know it or not, are unconsciously dependent upon God, else no man could live out a day. The religious man is one who is aware of that truth, and who seeks by active choice and will to know and do the will of Him in whose great hand he stands.-Joseph Fort Newton.

Unkind Language

Unkind language is sure to produce the fruits of unkindness, that is, suftering in the bosom of others.

A Nervous Breakdown

Bakersfield, Calif.-"I had a nervous breakdown, unable to leave my bed. was under the care of a doctor, but was not getting along as well as thought I should, so I started taking

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To youth, rain is a disappointment. To grownups, loss or gain. To poets,



