



3 packs for 5¢

WRIGLEY'S P.K.

NEW HANDY PACK

Fits hand ~ pocket and purse

More for your money and the best Peppermint Chewing Sweet for any money

Look for Wrigley's P. K. Handy Pack on your Dealer's Counter



minutes

That's all it takes—5 brief morning minutes—and Albers Carnation Mush is on your table piping hot, ready to eat tomorrow!

Albers Carnation mush

A Hint

"Whilst I was in town they arrested Jig Fiddlin for taking a shot at his brother-in-law," related Gap Johnson of Rumpus Ridge in the crossroads store.

"Things have come to a durn pretty pass when they arrest a feller for a thing like that!" indignantly replied old man Sockery.

"Well, I d'know. You see, he missed his kin-by-marriage and shot a feller in the leg over across the square. Something's got to be did to make some fellers look whur they shoot."—Kansas City Star.

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 25 years. Say "Bayer" when you buy Aspirin. Imitations may prove dangerous.—Adv.

Russia Importing Sheep

A great herd of 1,200 high-grade sheep has been sent to Russia. The Soviet government made this purchase for the purpose of filling up the depleted flocks of that country. These sheep were raised in Ohio and Utah and unloaded at Noorvisk.

Nature's own body builder



"Six months ago life was unbearable. I was nervous and rundown. No sleep, no appetite. Since taking Taniac I enjoy steaks, pastries, etc. sleep like a log, gained 10 lbs." Miss Helen Ferry, 1201 N. Broadway, Indianapolis, Ind.

Taniac is Nature's greatest tonic and builder. Made from roots, barks and herbs after the Taniac formula, it revitalizes the blood, tones up the digestive organs and puts the whole system in fighting trim.

Don't go about your work sickly and discouraged. Take the example of millions who have been helped by Taniac. Stop at your druggist's today and get this wonderful tonic. You'll be surprised how quickly you improve. For constipation take Taniac Vegetable Pills.



Green's August Flower

for Constipation, Indigestion and Terpid Liver

Relieves that feeling of having eaten unwisely. 30c and 90c bottles. AT ALL DRUGGISTS.



The VALLEY of VOICES

by GEORGE MARSH

AUTHOR OF "TOILERS OF THE TRAIL" "THE WHELPS OF THE WOLF"

CHAPTER XII—Continued

"What would he be doing at Walling River?" But Steele already half guessed.

"He cum once een de summer—he cum wid 'noder man to tak' her to Ogoko."

"What? You mean to say that Lafamme was crazy enough to try to take her by force? Nonsense, Michel! St. Onge would have had the police at Ogoko within a month."

"Eet was craaze 'ting to try—but he try eet."

"St. Onge never told me this," said the provoked American. "It explains her fear when she saw me that day."

"She nevalre know Beeg Antoine try to get her, but she have fear."

"So you have always taken care of her since the visit of Big Antoine? Tell me about it."

"Eet was las' June, after dat Indian carry letter from Lafamme. He tell me Lafamme was goin' to get ma'm'selle, smetam. So de nex' tam she go to play at de rapide, Michel es dere. After long tam I hear somethin' move een de bush. I wait an' see dis Beeg Antoine—he watch her but she don' know; she play de feedle. I don' wan' to scare her so I walk on de portage wid de beeg whistle so dey hear me an' get out. I follow dem tru' de bush an' een little tam on de riviere 'bove de pos, see Beeg Antoine talk to 'noder feller."

Michel stopped, relit his pipe, and smiled tantalizingly at the interested Steele.

"For heaven's sake, go on! What did you do? Why didn't you drill both of them?"

Michel blew a cloud of smoke before he said:

"You see dis Beeg Antoine at Ogoko?"

"Yes."

"Wal, he move bees head when I shoot. Eet was bad shot."

"So it was you who gave him that scar?"

"Ah-hah!"

"What happened to the other man?"

"He did not move," said the Iroquois, grimly.

"You hit him?"

"Beeg Antoine go back to Ogoko alone."

"And they never came again?"

"No, but we had fear."

There was a hard glint in the eyes of Steele as he turned to David.

"David," he said, "I owe you an apology. When we had that snake in our hands we should have finished the job. It would have been held self-defense by any decent jur."

David lifted his wide shoulders.

"We feenish dat job sometam, boss."

As Steele had foreseen, the running down of a beast patrolling a country of the size of the Walling River valley was clearly a matter of chance.

It was decided that Steele and David, with the bloodhound, which they were anxious to test on the snow at once, should work over to the Medicine hills and Phantom lakes district with the purpose of quieting the Indians, if possible, and holding them in the country, as well as of waiting the possible reappearance of the night wailer. Michel, with Little Jacques, a French-Cree, sent from Albany to work at the post after the loss of the fur canoe, and the sole Indian to volunteer for such dread duty, were to patrol the Portage Lake country as far as the traplines on the Little Current and the Drowning. Both parties were to report back at Walling River in two weeks. In the meantime, a jack pine at the junction of the Stopping with the main stream was chosen as the message center to which a man from each party was to return in a week for news of the other, and whither St. Onge would send any information from the post down river. In this manner they could cover a great area of the lower Walling.

The plan of campaign settled with the hearty approval of St. Onge, the traps were divided between the steds, loaded with supplies for two weeks. If the beast, imitating that terror of the northern trapper, the wolverine, continued robbing the trap-lines, some night relentless jaws would yawn under the snow for his unwary feet—jaws, which, if once shut, would hold their victim in grip of steel until the freezing death brought swift relief.

Before he started, Steele returned to the house. At breakfast Denise had been gracious, affable, but impersonal, and Steele felt that the mood of the previous evening still possessed her. So, justly hurt, he made no attempt to plead his case or correct the impression she had patently suffered herself to nourish—the belief that he had lightly gone from her revelation of the secret places of her heart, that day on the beach, to a low intrigue at

Ogoko; under the pretense of seeking information, had met Rose Lafamme secretly, only to escape surprise and detection by the alertness of his watch-dog, David. Thus the situation shaped itself in the mind of the smarting Steele; and, as it is ever with the unjustly suspected, he had, with a brave show of indifference, hardened his sore heart to the suffering girl whose turden was already sufficiently great.

But her welfare demanded his early departure from the post and the man whose thoughts she filled, left her that morning without an attempt at defense or explanation.

"We were going up the river at once, mademoiselle. I want you to know—in case anything happens—and trouble, that I have done what I could."

The sober eyes of the girl grew wistful. She started as if to speak, then turned her head, while he watched the blood surge to her throat, her face, then fade. Never had she seemed more lovely—more exquisite. A mad desire urged him to take her in his arms—to make her see how deeply her self-inflicted hurt wronged his love for her; to tell her that it was all so futile—so useless, this suspicion of hers, which walled them off from each other. Then she said:

"You have been so good to us—doing so much. We can never repay you. I wish you all success, monsieur, and a safe return."

That was all. Sick at heart he turned away to the waiting dog-teams, which, followed by the blanketed bloodhound, jingled out of the clearing and down to the river ice on their

simmering over red coals.

"If the old boy is loose now, he'll appear and sing again somewhere. There's some consolation in that," dropped Steele, as he filled his pipe.

"We strike heels trail yet, you nevalre—" David broke short off, to rise and peer suddenly into the wall of murk hemming in the fire in the scrub, then walked swiftly into the blackness beyond the circle of light from the fire.

"What is it, David?" called the man at the fire. But there was no response from the other who had faded into the night.

The excited dogs broke into a chorus of howls to the accompaniment of the bass of the hound. There was something out there in the snow-curtained gloom. Steele rose to his feet. Then a voice called: "Bo'jo! Davoed!" And he knew that Michel had found them.

"Hello, Michel!" he cried, shaking the hand of the Iroquois, who preceded David to the camp-fire. "We did our best to beat the snow here, but it was no use. Now tell us about it!"

Seated with his friends by the flaming birch logs, the headman told his story.

When he and Jacques reached the Little Current, he had found all but a few of the most timid hunters on their trap-lines. There had been rumors afloat in the valley of the howling of the beast at Big Feather, but the Portage lake hunters had refused to listen to an Indian who claimed that he had heard the Windigo, in September, on the ridge across from Walling River post.

"Dat Pierre, he try do good job." "It was Pierre, was it?" "Yes, he try hard to scare dem on de Little Curren', too."

But to the surprise of Michel, he returned to Portage lake to find a camp of hunters he had left but two days before, wild with fear and preparing to leave the country. For, in his absence, the Windigo had filled the night with horror from a neighboring ridge. Michel had lost no time in finding the trail and following it down to a creek where he lost it on the ice, and although he followed the stream for miles, failed again to pick it up. Then he sent Little Jacques with the message which David found at the rendezvous.

"Well, he's in this country and we'll keep after him," said Steele, when the headman had finished his story.

There was nothing to do but patrol the country, following the trappers' camps, in the hope that some night luck would strike them, and they should wake from their warm robes to hear the voice.

As Steele rolled himself in his blankets under the shed-tent by the fire he wondered if the girl at Walling River, who had so lightly weighed him and found him wanting, had paused to consider whether the choice of a winter of toil with the dogs on the snow of the Hudson's Bay watershed, rather than the alternative of the soft life of the city, bore any indication of the singleness of his heart.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

China has an area of 4,225,000 square miles and a population of 450,000,000.

breath, drove his light sled up to Steele, the noses of his dogs white with rime.

"Get de stuff on de sled, queek!" cried the excited Ojibway. "Here es de word from Michel!" And he thrust into Steele's hands a roll of birch bark on which, in the syllabic writing of the woods Indian, was burned the message from Michel, in Ojibway, left at the jack pine by Little Jacques.

"Come to Portage lak', fas'," read David over Steele's shoulder. "Pien-tee work for de dog! Michel."

In his delight, Steele slapped the heavy caribou-skin capote of his friend. "The Windigo's loose over in the valley!" he cried. "When can we get there, if the snow holds off?"

"We camp at Portage lak' een 'tree sleep—mebbe two. De dogs es tired. I leave Wallin' Riviere onlee one sleep back," replied the Ojibway, making the bags fast with the sled lashings.

Through the day the team hurried past the silent spruce-clad hills of the valley of the Little Medicine. Through the day the men cast anxious looks at the black cloud-banks hovering in the north, for no snow had fallen in a week and it was overdue. To his delight, Steele had already learned that the dog could easily hold to a fresh trail over the ice or hard snow, packed by the wind. But a fall of new snow on a trail was another matter, and the Windigo might not stay in the country.

That night they camped on the Walling, and in the morning pushed on up the Stopping river trail to Portage lake, following the sled tracks of Little Jacques. Still the snow held off, but Portage lake and Michel were fifty miles away.

In the early afternoon of the second day from the Walling, when the narrowing of the river and the break in the hills ahead indicated their nearness to their goal, the snow they feared began to fall. Shortly Little Jacques' sled trail grew fainter and fainter on the wind-packed snow, and vanished. And by the time the team turned into Portage lake and sought a camping place in the thick scrub back from the shore, men and dogs were sheeted in white.

"Well, we've lost again!" said Steele, bitter with disappointment.

"We know better wen we see Michel," replied the philosophic Indian.

Soon, as the early November night shut down, like a blanket, on the white lake, the birch logs blazed high before the shed-tent and the tea pall and the kettle of moose stew were simmering over red coals.

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(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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Children Cry for



MOTHER:—Fletcher's

CASTORIA is especially prepared to relieve Infants in arms and Children all ages of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and, by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of *Charles H. Fletcher* Absolutely Harmless—No Opium. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

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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.

Government May Take Over Mammoth Cave

About 1825 Dr. John Croghan of Mulberry Hill, near Louisville, Ky., prowled about in Mammoth cave for a few miles, and was so much impressed with it that he bought it—purchased a tract measuring about six miles by four, threaded by almost 200 miles of cave.

In 1849 Croghan willed the property to a family of nine heirs, adding the proviso that, upon the death of the last of the nine, the caverns should be sold at public auction, the sale to be advertised in London, New York, Boston, Washington, Louisville and New Orleans. Eight of the heirs are now dead. The ninth has reached the age of ninety. The last surviving heir is the wife of Judge Albert Covington Janin of Silver Springs, Md., who is the manager of the old cave property.

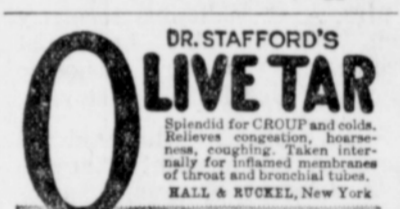
It is more than likely that the federal government will be the purchaser of the property. Congress has already authorized a survey of it toward that end.



Headache!

Musterole drives the pain away and brings cool, soothing comfort. Made with oil of mustard. Rub on forehead.

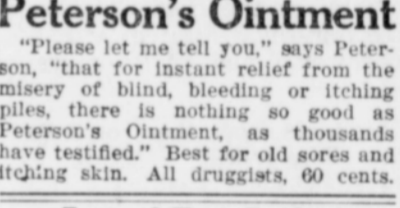
Better than a Mustard Plaster



DON'T NEGLECT

Inflamed eyelids or other eye irritations. You will find a soothing and safe remedy in MITCHELL EYE SALVE.

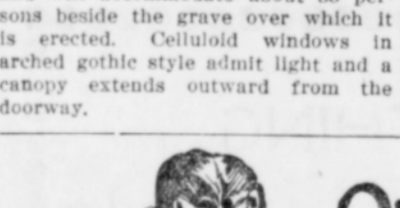
HALL & RUCKEL at all New York City druggists.



DR. STAFFORD'S LIVE TAR

Excellent for CROUP and colds. Relieves congestion, hoarseness, coughing. Taken internally for inflamed membranes of throat and bronchial tubes.

HALL & RUCKEL, New York



Piles Disappear

Peterson's Ointment

"Please let me tell you," says Peterson, "that for instant relief from the misery of blind, bleeding or itching piles, there is nothing so good as Peterson's Ointment, as thousands have testified." Best for old sores and itching skin. All druggists, 60 cents.



Funeral Tent Devised

Shelter from the elements for funeral services at the grave are afforded in St. Mary's cemetery, New Bedford, by a dark green canvas funeral tent especially designed by Rev. Timothy J. Calmen. It is 25 feet long, 12 feet wide, 25 feet high at the peak and will accommodate about 25 persons beside the grave over which it is erected. Celluloid windows in arched gothic style admit light and a canopy extends outward from the doorway.

The Cuticura Toilet Trio.

Having cleared your skin keep it clear by making Cuticura your everyday toilet preparations. The Soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal, the Talcum to powder and perfume. No toilet table is complete without them.—Advertisement.

More Sweets, Less Sentiment

Father (looking over bills)—Hello! Five dollars for a box of candy that boy of ours sent to his sweetheart. Good heavens, Jane, how things have changed since we were young. In those days all a young fellow had to do was to hand her a lozenge with "I love you" stamped upon it.—Boston Transcript.

Don't Be Disfigured.

Keep Cole's Carbolicaine in the house. It stops pain from burn or cut quickly and heals without scars. At all good druggists, 30c and 60c, or J. W. Cole Co., 127 S. Euclid Ave., Oak Park, Ill.—Adv.

Joy of Walking

Blinks—Here is an article on the joys of walking.

Jinks—The only joy of walking I know anything about is having a fellow in a machine come along and pick me up when I am.

Those Realistic Stories

L. W. remarks: "Some of those bed-room farce writers evidently think it is depravity that's the soul of wit."—Boston Transcript.

A midget fountain pen that will hold but a drop of ink and write 200 words has been designed.

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Proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for

Rheumatism	Colds	Neuritis	Neuralgia
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DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART

Safe → Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions.

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