

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."

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

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

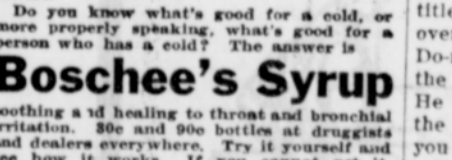
Watch Elimination!

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 Snow—"Why, poison, of course."
Mr. Wise—"No, that would kill them—cheese."

Do you know what's good for a cold, or more properly speaking, what's good for a person who has a cold? The answer is **Boschee's Syrup** soothing a sore throat and bronchial irritation. 50c 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

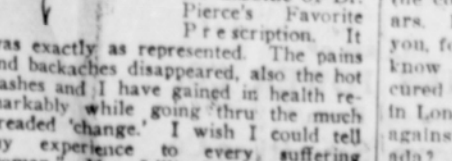
Successful men possess either ability or nerve.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills contain only vegetable ingredients which act as a gentle purgative. 512 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 Prescription. 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.

(By Brentano's) WILLY SERVICE

CHAPTER V—Continued

"Ta-wan-ne-ars is your friend, Ga-en-gwa-ra-go. He is not the friend of Onontitio (the French governor general of Canada, regardless of identity), who rules at Quebec. Most of the white people are not well-wishers to the Indian. I am come here with Corlaer to prove my friendship. On the frontier 'tis said Joncaire, the Frenchman who governs the trading post by the falls of Jagara (Ningara) is about to begin the building of a stone fort."

"A fort!" protested the governor. "Sure, 'tis impossible! 'Twould be a direct violation of the Peace of Utrecht." "It is true," spoke up Corlaer. His voice was high and squeaky, and sounded ridiculous coming from such a giant.

"Hath the building begun?" demanded the governor. "I think not. Ta-wan-ne-ars brought me der word at Onondaga. We comedit to you as fast as we could."

"Ta-wan-ne-ars came because it was partly the fault of his people that the French are settled by Jagara," said the Indian.

"Yes," replied the governor. "Onontitio and Joncaire first made the Oneddas drunk, and then bargained with them to sell the Senecas' land."

"They had no right to do so," assented Ta-wan-ne-ars somberly. "But now will you believe that Ta-wan-ne-ars is your friend?"

"I believe," said the governor. "But I pray you tell me why you feel for us this friendship? When I came to New York to govern the province my predecessor told me that the experiment of having you educated by the missionaries had failed, that you had returned to the forest, closer wedded than ever to Indian ways."

The Indian's face lighted up again with that grave smile which showed itself with scarcely a contraction of the muscles.

"Yes, Ga-en-gwa-ra-go, it failed to win Ta-wan-ne-ars from the ways of his people. Those ways are best for the Indian. But Ta-wan-ne-ars learned that of the two white races the English were the kindest to the Ho-de-sau-nee. (The People of the Long House—Indian name for Iroquois.) The French always have fought with us. The English have aided us. The French pay little for our furs; the English pay much."

"Ga-en-gwa-ra-go, I think the white man can never be an honest friend to the Indian, for he wants what the Indian has; but Ta-wan-ne-ars prefers the Englishman to the Frenchman, whatever may be the issue."

"Na-ho!" ("I have finished.") "I can give no adequate conception of the impressiveness with which this speech was delivered by a savage speaking in a tongue strange to him. Every word rang in my ears."

"Who is this man?" I whispered to Corlaer as he finished.

"He is one of the two war-chiefs of the Iroquois league, both of whom are Senecas. His name, which signifies 'Needle-Breaker,' is actually a form of title which goes with the office. Moreover, he is a nephew of the Roy-an-eh Do-ne-ho-ga-weh, who is Guardian of the Western Door of the Long House. He was taken as a youth and given to the missionaries—with the result that you see."

He broke off, for the governor was addressing me.

"Have you any objection, Master Ormerod, to my acquainting the chief and Corlaer with what we have been discussing?"

I shook my head.

He turned to the Indian. "The letter which you hold in your hand, Ta-wan-ne-ars, is from Master Rober Juggins of London, who was some time in the province when you were a lad."

"I remember Master Juggins," interrupted Ta-wan-ne-ars. "He sent me my first musket. Is this Englishman his friend?"

"Yes," said the governor. "He comes direct from Master Juggins, recommended to me for use in the plight I find myself in."

He stopped at sight of the passion in the Seneca's face. But 'twas Corlaer who spoke first.

"That is fery strange news, gofernor, for on der frontier there is talk that an enfoy is coming to deliver a message to der tribes at Jagara from der king of France. Joncaire is calling a grandt council to meet in der summer. All der Indians from beyond der lakes and der west vill come."

"Strange news!" repeated the governor. "You may well say so! Murray overrides our law! Joncaire sets out to build a stone fort upon our soil at Jagara; the French king sends an officer, experienced on the frontier, with a special message for a grand council of the tribes."

"All these three events come simultaneously. 'Tis impossible that accident so disposed them. Here we have the first indication of the culmination of the plot. Aye, 'tis graver than I had supposed."

Ta-wan-ne-ars laid down the unopened letter from Juggins upon the table.

"Let some other read this," he said. "But it serves no purpose. This Englishman and Ta-wan-ne-ars are brothers. Corlaer, too, will take the Englishman into his friendship—not because he carried this writing across the sea, but because he is a man to be trusted. So much is to be read in his face. And now Ga-en-gwa-ra-go, I would ask that Ta-wan-ne-ars may retire. What you have told me has clouded my heart with hatred, and I may not think straight."

His right arm swept up in the gesture of farewell, and the door closed upon his bronzed back.

"What hath happened to Irk Nim so?" inquired the governor in surprise. "It was this De Veulle who ran away with der dotter of his uncle, Do-ne-ho-ga-weh," replied Corlaer, stirred again from his habitual silence.

"I remember," interposed Colden. "'Twas some four years ago. I remember having seen the maid at a council at Albany. She was called Ga-ha-no (Hanging Flower), a pretty child and wondrous dainty for an Indian."

"'Tis a sad story," commented the governor. "Is it certain De Veulle took her?"

"He did not take her. She ran away with him."

"I wonder what became of her," I said. "'Tis only some three years since De Veulle appeared in Paris."

Corlaer shrugged his shoulders. "Suppose you find der Doom Trail andt come to La Vierge du Bols. Maybe then you know."

"That is exactly what we wish to do, Corlaer!" exclaimed the governor. "Do you think it can be done?"

Corlaer reflected, ponderous as a sleepy moose.

"It will take much time andt money andt then all depends upon der Indians."

"What Indians?"

"Der Six Nations. If we find der Trail, gofernor, what then. We haf der Keepers. They are a strong bandt. We must fight them. You cannot send soldiers. That would be war. We must fight them with Indians. Andt what Indians couldt you get but der Iroquois?"

"Can we get the Iroquois?"

"I do not know," confessed Corlaer. "But if you get them, you smash der Trail."

"I see," said the governor. "Yes, there is every reason why the Iroquois should join us. Look you, Corlaer, this is the obvious plan of the French. With Murray's aid they will cram their magazines with trade goods this summer. They will push ahead the building of the fort at Jagara. Once that is finished, they will have a curb on the necks of the Iroquois. They will be able to hold up the fleets of fur canoes from the upper lakes that now pass down to our post at Oswego on the Onondaga's river. In two seasons they will have wrested the trade entirely from our hands, and then if they are ready they can strike with musket and scalping knife."

"And who, think you, will bear the brunt of the first blow? Who but the Iroquois, whom the French have dreading since Champlain's day?"

"True," murmured Colden.

"Yes," assented Corlaer; "you haf der right of it, gofernor. What is your plan?"

"I shall send this young man"—he laid his hand on my arm—"with you and Ta-wan-ne-ars to spy out the ground at Jagara, to search the wilderness for signs of the Trail, to work upon the Iroquois in our interest. Master Ormerod hath had experience with the French and he knows De Veulle of old."

for Albany. You need spare no expense, Peter. My own funds are pledged to this, and Master Juggins, too, is offering his aid."

Corlaer deliberately donned his cap of fur.

"It will not be money, but friendship andt hate will serve your turn, gofernor," he said.

"You have not yet read the letter from Juggins," I reminded him as he walked toward the door.

"So I haf not," he admitted, and took the letter from me and slipped it inside his leather shirt.

"Will you have it read?" asked Colden.

"No, der young man is all right. Ta-wan-ne-ars has chugged him."

With that he was gone, and a sense of bewilderment stole over me. It seemed incredible that either of the two odd characters of the wilderness with whom I had talked could really have existed.

But Governor Burnet lost no time in doubts. He paced the room, rubbing his hands together with satisfaction.

"We have done well, Colden. We could not have done better. Master Ormerod, you were indeed fortunate in going to the help of the Seneca. You earned, not only his friendship, but that of Peter as well. You are to be congratulated. But I must ask you to excuse me. I have much work to do. Pray grant me the pleasure of your company for dinner tomorrow. Colden, will you show Master Ormerod out?"

It was dusk in the streets, a soft purple dusk that became velvet darkness under the trees; and I felt in no humor to return to the grab company which the tavern offered. So I wandered at hazard until I found myself in an alley leading down to the waterfront—and heard of a sudden the thud of flying feet. I spun around in time to see a monstrous bulk come sailing through the air, knife and tomahawk whirling in either hand.

"I'll kill yer, varmint," howled an ugly voice. "I'll cut yer heart out andt skin yer andt take yer scalp!"

I dodged the knife and grappled the wrist which swung the tomahawk, twisting myself behind him so as to hinder his attack. But he was far stronger than I and swung me back in front of him as if I were a sack of chaffed wheat. I still clung to his tomahawk hand and contrived to knock up another blow of his knife, but he must have disembered me in the next vicious sweep of the blade.

"Hah-yah-ee-ee-ee-ee!" The ferocious yell made my blood run cold. It startled my assailant even more. His muscles slackened just long enough for me to leap clear of him.

"—!" he snarled.

He drew one arm back to hurl his knife at me, but something whirred past my shoulder and his head jerked violently to one side. There was a sharp clang, and he fled precipitately, shouting curses.

Against the nearby house wall a small, bright object glimmered through the shadows, and I stooped to snatch it up—only to leap instantly erect as a voice spoke at my elbow.

"My brother was in danger," said the voice quietly. "Ta-wan-ne-ars saw the Red Death follow Ormerod from the Governor's house, so Ta-wan-ne-ars followed him."

The tall figure of the Seneca was scarcely discernible in the gloom.

"Was it Boling?" I asked.

He raised the shining object from the ground. It was his tomahawk, and curled about the blade was a lock of greasy red hair. He pointed to it.

"That time Ta-wan-ne-ars missed," he said grimly. "Some day the light will be better—and Ta-wan-ne-ars will not miss."

"Although you missed, you saved my life," I answered warmly. "Tis an obligation I shall not forget."

He laid his fingers to his lips. "Hark," he said.

I listened, and from the waterfront came the thunderous voice of the bellman.

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heals inflamed eyes, granulated lids, styes, etc. Sure, Safe, Speedy. 25c 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 CARBOL will give quick relief. No expensive operation is necessary as one application of CARBOL promptly stops the pain and counteraction draws out the core. Get a 50c box from your druggist. Your money back if you are not satisfied.

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Learning Quickly

Johnny is in his third year of school. He is just taking up the science of physiology in a moderated form. The other evening his mother asked him "What did you study about today in your health class, Johnny?"

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 salts 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."