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Science Seeks Origin of Polynesian Races

The determined search of scientists for the answer to a great historic puzzle—the origin of the Polynesian races—is about to try a new channel. Edward W. Gifford, associate curator at the Museum of Anthopology in the University of California, has been added to the staff of the Bishop museum, Honolulu, for special race research in the Pacific. He will voyage to the Fiji Islands in a new effort to discover Polynesian traits, or remnants of them. The Bishop museum has been collecting a vast amount of material dealing with prehistoric days in the Pacific, and has sent a series of scientific expeditions into the South seas and to the Asian coast. A friendly working agreement has been reached with the government of Dutch East Indies for an investigation of early vestiges in the Dutch possessions. A large and well-equipped bureau of ethnology has been established there.

A New Way to Make Jellies

Without Staining Fingers—Without Long Hours of Boiling—Without Depending Upon Berries or Fruit Being in Season.

One of the most interesting and yet one of the simplest new products in the food field is called minute jelly. It is pure fruit or berry juice already boiled down and concentrated. To this concentrated juice, fruit pectin in the right amount has been added. The pectin is that part of fruit which makes jelly "jell." It is as pure and wholesome as the fruit juice.

To make the jelly take the little bottle of concentrated juice, pour in a sauce pan, add water and sugar according to directions on the bottle and boil a few minutes. Then pour into jelly glasses and when it has become cold you have the most delicious pure fruit jelly you ever tasted.

A few bottles kept on hand, selected according to your taste for jellies, and you can make up a few glasses just as you want it. One small bottle makes two glasses of jelly. If you wish to try two bottles send us twenty-five cents and we will give you your choice of grape, mint, pineapple, orange, raspberry, strawberry or blackberry. Or four bottles—all different—for fifty cents. Address Department WU, General Packing Corp., Cranford, New Jersey.—Adv.

Most Wrong

Helen May Avery, the girl evangelist of Peoria, said in a recent sermon:

"Too many novelists and story-writers treat the Old Testament in a joking way. This is irreverent and most wrong.

"A boy I know said to his father, a popular novelist of the irreverent school:

"'Father, did Solomon have a favorite wife?'

"'Well, son, if he did,' the father answered, 'she must have been one in a thousand.'"

Expert Advice

Merchant—Do you believe the business man should go into politics?

Politician—Certainly, provided he has plenty of money, is willing to spend it and goes in on my side.—Life.

Tact

Tact is the knack of keeping quiet at the right time, of being so agreeable yourself that no one can be disagreeable to you, of making inferiority feel like equality.

Cheer Up

Alice — My great-great-grandfather sailed away a hundred years ago and his ship was never heard from.

Fred—Never give up hope, dear. It might come in yet.

"A God-sent Blessing"

is what one mother writes of Mrs. Winslow's Syrup. Thousands of other mothers have found this safe, pleasant, effective remedy a boon when baby's little stomach is upset. For constipation, flatulency, colic and diarrhoea, there is nothing like

MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP

The Infants' and Children's Regulator

It is especially good at teething time. Complete formula on every label. Guaranteed free from narcotics, opiates, alcohol and all harmful ingredients.

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can be removed. For real satisfaction use Dr. C. H. Berry Co's Freckle Ointment. It does the work. Ask your dealer or by mail prepaid. $1.25 and 65c.

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2975 Michigan Ave. CHICAGO

A Climber

"Brownleigh has certainly worked himself up, hasn't he?"

"How's that?"

"He used to be a chiropodist; now he's a dentist."—Tit-Bits.

CORNS

Ends pain at once!

In one minute pain from corns is ended. Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads do this safely by removing the cause—pressing and rubbing of shoes. They are thin, medicated, antiseptic, healing. At all drug and shoe stores. Cost but a trifle.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

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Training for BUSINESS, TRADES or PROFESSIONS
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Silent Now!

First Steno—We've had to work terribly hard in our office this week! It's simply awful!

Second Steno—What keeps you on the jump?

First Steno—The boss has had his revolving chair greased.

A Piece of Her Mind

Agatha—Did Ella dare to find fault with her young daughter for arriving home with the milkman?

Harriet—No. She scolded the milkman for coming so late.—Life.

Pa Buzz will get something soon

FLIT spray clears your home of mosquitoes and flies. It also kills bed bugs, roaches, ants, and their eggs. Fatal to insects but harmless to mankind. Will not stain. Get Flit today.

STORY FROM THE START

Garth Guthrie, Canadian war veteran, having to live in the open on account of weakened lungs, is factor of a Hudson's Bay post at Elkwan. He came back from the conflict with a permanently scarred face, which he realizes cost him the love of his fiancee, Edith Falconer. Sir Charles Guthrie, his brother, is a millionaire war profiteer. With Etienne Savanne, halfbreed, his firm friend, Garth meets Doctor Quarrier, geologist, and his sister Joan. Their schooner has drifted ashore. Quarrier complains he has been robbed by a man known as "Laughing McDonald." At Elkwan an Indian girl, Ninda, tuberculosis victim, whom Garth has befriended, is dying.

CHAPTER II—Continued

—1—

"Because, at present, my duty is here, as you can see."

Then the man, whose intimate knowledge of the inanimate had seemingly taught him little of men, laughed rawly:

"Your duty? Yes, I suppose when you fur people get yourselves into a mess of this kind," he nodded toward the door, "you feel you have to see it through."

Joan Quarrier rose from her chair, stunned by the stupid brutality of the remark—fearful of the retribution it deserved. Eyes black with anger, Guthrie glared at his guest, who, sensible of his mistake, grinned sheepishly, then flushed to the roots of his stiff hair. The muscles in the face of the factor knotted, the veins in the brown neck above the flannel shirt swelled with blood in his efforts at self-control.

"I—I went too far," Quarrier mumbled. "I didn't mean, of course—" But he was cut off short with:

"Your bed is in the trade-house! You know the way!"

The long arm of Guthrie pointed to the door.

For a space Quarrier stared into the cold eyes; then, stung by the outrage to his dignity, got to his feet in angry protest.

"What do you mean? You dare insult me—order me out of your house like an inferior?" But there was that in the face of the man whose arm still indicated the door which wrung the bluster from the geologist as water is wrung from a rag.

"You'll hear from this—this conduct of yours. I'll report this to your superiors," protested Quarrier, as he stormed out of the room.

Guthrie turned to the girl, who was visibly swept by shame—stirred by an emotion which left her weak, clouded eyes fixed on the man who said in a voice still thick with anger:

"I'm sorry, Miss Quarrier—so sorry. He—went—too far."

"You were right—he was impossible," she agreed in a voice raw with disgust, with a slow nod of the dark head. "He has always blundered—always failed to understand."

"I want to tell you about her."

She turned on him almost fiercely. "Do you think I, also, do not understand?" she demanded.

For a space he searched her tense, white face; then replied, cryptically, "You have served with the wounded; it is enough."

He went to the door and whispered to old Anne. Then he began:

"She came here in June with some Ojibwas, from far beyond the Elkwan headwaters, for this is a Cree country. They were not her own people, I am convinced, but one of the men claimed to be her father. She was not sure, for she had grown up with them—didn't even know her age, but she can't be more than eighteen. Old Anne found her sick in a tipi—half fed—neglected. We took her in, and for a time the canned milk and the broth worked a miracle. She was happy—too; that helped.

"When the trade was over and the Indians started for their summer camps, they demanded her—and she could hardly walk a hundred yards without resting. Of course, they didn't really want her; their purpose was to hold me up. They asked for everything in the store. They always do when such a thing happens—an Indian girl stays behind, at the factor's quarters.

"You see they thought this was the old situation—so did the Crees—in spite of what Anne told them. They couldn't understand. Well, I finally got rid of her people—kicked them out. For weeks she was so happy."

Guthrie tiptoed to the sickroom door, looked in, and returned.

"In her last conversation with the Indian who called himself her father, I heard her repeatedly say 'Nin da, nin da!' She was so earnest about it, I asked Etienne what it meant, and he told me it was Ojibwa for 'I stay here.' Pretty, isn't it? Nin da, I dwell here. She has chosen her home. So we called her Ninda. She was one of us.

"Miss Quarrier," went on the man whose face had softened—grown boyish, "it fairly tore my heart—the happiness, the gratitude of that sick child. Those big eyes of hers followed me like a dog's. I had rescued her, no doubt, from unspeakable misery. . . . It was only natural, I suppose.

"After a few weeks she began to fail, and in August, when they called me to Albany, I couldn't throw off the memory of the despair in her eyes when I left. You see she feared she would not live until I returned—wanted me there when it came. Her eyes haunted me—every mile of the coast.

"This last time when I went, she bade me good-by—was sure that it was the end. But we needed the geese—we had to go. . . . I've seen men die—my friends; but those wistful eyes! . . . It's tragic. . . . and she so young."

Guthrie stopped his pacing to run his fingers nervously through his dark hair.

"Oh, the dumb misery, here in the north! Think if she'd stayed with her people, to die in a tipi—neglected! I'm thankful if I've eased the loneliness—the pain—for one."

The sound of coughing, followed by Old Anne's frightened face in the doorway, summoned them to the other room. The effects of the opiate had worn off. The woman who had "served with the wounded" wiped the crimsoned lips that moved in vain attempt at utterance, as the large eyes, bright with fever, clung to the face of the man who sat beside the cot.

"You go to bed, Anne," said Guthrie to the wrinkled Cree. "I will be here the rest of the night." With muttered protest the old woman shuffled from the room.

Presently the dry lips of the sick girl again moved. "She wants to say something," said the nurse, and left them.

Guthrie bent over the pillow.

"You go—no more?" he faintly heard.

He smiled into the questioning eyes, as he shook his head. "No more—Ninda."

The heavy lids slowly drooped.

Through the slow hours of the night they sat beside the waif, who, out of the wilderness had come to Elkwan, and was now—returning. And in the intervals between her ministrations to the life which was slipping away, the guest of Guthrie learned much of the man with whom she shared the night watch.

In the candor of his explanation of the presence of the Indian girl at Elkwan, he had unconsciously revealed to the curious woman who studied him, intimate glimpses of heart. The emblem of the Distinguished Service order which he wore in the photograph in his bedroom vouched for his caliber as a soldier. But why, she mused, did the brother of the rich Charles Guthrie linger in the wilderness of the west coast when a girl of such loveliness as her three photographs suggested waited for his return? For the nature of their relations was established beyond doubt by the written sentiment on the photographs. Yet, his health returned, he seemed to be deliberately staying on in the north. What was behind it all, wondered Joan Quarrier; not pity for this poor child, who, in the manner of her kind, had given him worship for the only kindness life had vouchsafed her. That, clearly, would have anchored Guthrie at Elkwan while Ninda lived, but in face of the fact that the girl was desperately ill—could not live into the autumn, he had prepared to winter on the west coast. Why?

So, together, they kept their watch, where, through the halting hours, the spirit of the waif of the forests hovered, awaiting release. Once, after a paroxysm of coughing, the veil of delirium lifted and there was a moment of consciousness. He leaned to her and the fear which looked from the groping eyes faded as she recognized the scarred cheek. The wraith of a smile touched the drawn mouth.

As the stars paled above the purple tundra of Akimiski, again she recognized the face of Guthrie. Her lips moved. His straining ears caught a faint "Bo-jo," the Ojibwa farewell. . . . Then a crimsoned froth welled from the tortured lungs.

Joan Quarrier left him with his dead.

When she returned with Old Anne crooning her grief, she touched him on the shoulder.

"You must go now. We will care for her."

For a space he stood beside the cot, then said:

"Good-by, Ninda. As you wished it, you will stay—here, with your friends." He turned cryptically to the nurse. "She was a soldier; she did not flinch from wounds," and went out, followed by the puzzled eyes of the other.

Then, outside, in the cool dusk of the clearing rose a wail, mournful, unearthly, followed by another and another.

Joan Quarrier's face appeared in the doorway of the living room.

"It's too ghastly," she said with a shiver. "How do they know?"

"They always know—always wail for the dead." And he went out to quiet the dogs.

At the gate of the stockade stood the airedale, joining the huskies in their threnody under the fading stars. At Guthrie's command, the dog stopped and trotting up, with a muffled whine thrust his moist nose into his master's hand.

"Ninda's gone, Shot."

CHAPTER III

—

Daylight found man and dog on the high river shore. At times the man spoke to the airedale, who, sensing his master's mood, repeatedly returned from short excursions to nuzzle Guthrie's hand. Again and again, before the light came, the whimpering huskies had taken up their wailing to be checked by the man on guard whose thoughts traversed the swift weeks of the summer.

Out of the silent places, this doomed child of the valiant heart had come, and now—into the silence had gone. What must have been her despair, he thought, to have left her people and sought sanctuary among strangers. But it had been friends she had found.

But what a miracle to have had that schooner driven on Akimiski with the girl who had shared the watch with him! What a solace and rock she had been—those fine, straight-gazing dark eyes, and capable hands. It was because she had understood—had resented his thinking it necessary to explain the situation at Elkwan that he had been able to talk so freely of Ninda. She had proved her mettle—she, too, was a soldier. He pictured Ethel, with her horror of the ugly, thrown into the situation which Joan Quarrier had calmly met with delicacy and skill.

That afternoon Etienne and Guthrie erected a spruce cross over the fresh grave in the little post cemetery and on the white wood of the arm, Guthrie burned with a hot iron the inscription: "In Memory of Ninda—A Soldier," which for years was to be the cause of much shaking of puzzled heads among the whites and the Crees who saw it.

At dawn the following morning, Guthrie's York boat with a Peterboro canoe in tow, slowly picked its way through the river mist of the Elkwan delta. In the stern, steering with a sweep hewn from a spruce sapling, stood the wiry Etienne, who knew the channels of the river mouths and the depths of the shoal coast from the Raft to Albany. To give the craft steerage way on the first of the ebb the sailors of the shipwrecked schooner manned four long oars. In the bow, the geologist, still smarting from his humiliation, talked in low tones to his sailing master. Beside the steersman stood Guthrie, holding a compass, for the shores were invisible. Near him, with forefeet on the rail the airedale peered into the white wall of mist, his black nostrils dilating as he caught, at intervals, on the moist air, scents vague, illusive, enticing.

"You are losing valuable time from your goose hunt by taking us to Albany in your boat," suggested Joan Quarrier to Guthrie, who had found a seat beside her.

"After what you've done, I could not send you off in that ship's boat. You might have been days making Albany—had serious trouble getting ashore to make camp if the wind changed. It's a tricky coast. You're not much like your dignified brother," he answered, his face lighting in amusement as he glanced toward the sulking Quarrier. "He's hardly worrying about our goose supply for the winter."

The clean-cut mouth of the man beside her curled in the smile she had come to associate with the factor of Elkwan. Then her eyes, shifting to the dim ribbon of spruce edging the marshes, saw the face of the girl of the photograph at the post, and she wondered what was behind it all.

He studied the profile of Joan Quarrier, the musing eyes with the strongly marked brows, the half-parted lips, the frame of chestnut hair shot with gold. Fine, it was, he thought with the beauty of expression; but above its comeliness of line and skin—the stamp of strength, the essence of character. The absent look faded from her eyes.

"I can understand on a day like this," she said, "what you mean by this gray coast holding you. It's so untouched—so primeval. It seems almost as if we were the first to see it."

"It's like this for a thousand miles—the west coast," he replied, "with a few fur posts at the mouths of the rivers."

"A thousand miles of silence—except the call of the geese."

"You won't be here for the Black Brant and the Grand geese. They are the last to reach the west coast—they and the swans."

"Swans?"

He nodded. "You haven't heard the voice of the raw solitudes if you've missed the trumpeting of the swans, high against the October stars."

"Man, you're growing poetic."

"The swans and the gray geese," he went on, "typifying it all—the silence, the loneliness, the beauty."

For a space she sat, chin in hand, heavy brows contracted. Then she looked up with: "Like so many, the din and excitement of the war—the disillusion of its aftermath, has left you with abnormal nerves. This loneliness which attracts you now will make a hermit of you—a brooding eccentric. Go back to Montreal before it's too late."

"Not until I've had it out with Laughing McDonald," he laughed.

"But whatever do you do in winter here? You'll admit it's forlorn enough then. Is it hard to keep warm in this terrible cold?"

"Cold? Why, it's colder on the north shore of Superior, and there's not as much snow. Of course when the wind blows it's cold on the sea ice. It's cold anywhere then."

"And so you're actually not lonely," she persisted, "I've heard of men going mad."

"Oh, of course, there are times—" His wind-burned face darkened as he avoided her look. "But there are compensations, you know. Shot!" The airedale left the rail and pushing between Guthrie's knees, lifted his whiskered muzzle with a throaty rumble, his eyes searching his master's face.

"Here is one. I couldn't be lonely with Shot, could I, old man?"

His tail beating the air, the nose of the airedale wrinkled in a display of formidable face smiling down at him.

"He worships you, doesn't he?" said the girl.

"We went through the last months together—comrades. You see he found two of us—gassed—and brought help."

The brown hands of Guthrie rubbed the airedale's small ears. Closing his eyes, Shot grunted in ecstacy.

"No, but we tire of pork, so when the goose is gone, go after caribou."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SICK WOMAN SOON RECOVERS

By Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

"A neighbor advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which she said had helped her so much. So I bought a few bottles and tried it out. It sure helped me wonderfully. I felt much better. My work was no longer a dread to me. If I hear of any one who is troubled the way I was, I will gladly recommend the Vegetable Compound to them and I will answer any letters in regard to the same."—Mrs. Bertha Meachan, 1134 N. Penn. Ave., Lansing, Mich.

"I had been sickly ever since I was fifteen years old. After taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I got so I could do all my housework and I am in good health."—Mrs. Marie K. Williams, Ketchikan, Alaska.

From Michigan to Alaska, from Maine to Oregon and from Connecticut to California letters are continually being written by grateful women recommending Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

The Compound is made from roots and herbs and for more than fifty years has been helping to restore run-down, over-worked women to health.

Are you on the Sunlit Road to Better Health?

DON'T RUB!

INFLAMED LIDS

It increases the irritation. Use MITCHELL EYE SALVE, a simple, dependable, safe remedy. 25c at all druggists. Mail 35 cents, New York City

Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh

Since 1846 Has Healed Wounds and Sores on Man and Beast

Money back for first bottle if not suited. All dealers.

Just a Suggestion

It was just a wayside shanty depot along the P. D. Q. R. R. out West. The troupe of wandering actors set their luggage down on the platform to wait until train time.

The villain of the outfit, having nothing else to do, strode over to where the antique model of a station agent was parked.

"I say, stranger," he began, "do the express trains ever stop here?"

"Wa-al," was the reply, "they did once for Jesse James."

Art Walls for Schools

Believing that nothing is of more lasting influence on character than impressions received during childhood, the school authorities in Oslo have invited Norway's best painters to decorate all the classrooms in the city's elementary schools with their art. The work of beautifying the schoolrooms for the moral development of the pupils is to begin as soon as the contract is made.

BABIES CRY FOR "CASTORIA"

Prepared Especially for Infants and Children of All Ages

Mother! Fletcher's Castoria has been in use for over 30 years as a pleasant, harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Teething Drops and Soothing Syrups. Contains no narcotics. Proven directions are on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

The genuine bears signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

Ocean Currents

The great current of the Pacific ocean is the Kuro Shio or Japan current, having its source in the north equatorial current. It does not send off a branch into the Bering sea as is commonly supposed. The northerly current of the Bering sea is due to local conditions.

Amsterdam Jews Hold High Municipal Posts

Holland is the ghetto of western Europe. Latest figures show 115,223 Jews living there—54,591 men and 60,632 women. Amsterdam was the first Dutch town in which the Jews settled and its Jewish community today is famous the world over. Rotterdam, The Hague, Utrecht and other places also have important Jewish quarters. In Amsterdam, however, the Jews hold an extraordinarily prominent position. Three of the six sheriffs are Jewish, as is a heavy representation in the municipal council. Parliament has many of them, including Henri Polak, leader of the Socialist party and president of the Diamond Workers' federation. State Councilors Visser and Limburg, who formed an extra-parliamentary cabinet in 1926, are both Jews. A portion of the Jews are of Spanish and Portuguese origin, their ancestors having come when the Dutch republic freed itself from Spanish tyranny in the Sixteenth century.—Chicago Daily News.

How Silly Grownups Puzzle Small Boys

"Children are inclined to take things very literally," remarked Anne Wheeler, the settlement worker. "Take for instance the case of little Billy. His father had brought home a big box of candy but the child had been told by his mother that he must never eat candy without her permission.

"When a guest tried to make the little fellow take some, he said, 'Me must ask my muddle,' and started off for where she was, over half a mile away.

"'But,' said the guest, 'why not ask your father? He's right out here on the porch.'

To which Billy replied with indignation:

"'Don't you know me faddle isn't me muddle?'"

Tender, Aching, Perspiring Feet

Amazing Relief in 5 Minutes or Money Back.

Get a bottle of Moone's Emerald Oil with the understanding that if it does not put an end to the pain and soreness and do away with all offensive odors your money will be promptly returned.

Don't worry about how long you've been troubled or how many other preparations you have tried. This powerful penetrating oil is one preparation that will help to make your painful aching feet so healthy and free from corn and callous troubles that you'll be able to go anywhere and do anything in absolute foot comfort.

So marvelously powerful is Moone's Emerald Oil that thousands have found it gives wonderful results in the treatment of dangerous swollen or varicose veins.

The New Science

Parker Moon was discussing the enormous campaign expenditures of certain candidates.

"These chaps," he said, "don't seem to understand political economy."

Then he laughed and went on:

"A boy said to his father:

"'Pop, what's political economy, anyhow?'

"'Political economy?' said the father. 'Why, any fool ought to know that political economy is the science of not buying any more votes nor paying no higher for them than what you actually need.'"—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Electricity on the Farm

While old-fashioned oil lamps are still used in about half the farm homes of this country, the General Federation of Women's Clubs finds, in a survey recently completed, that 28 in every 100 of the farms have electric service, 19 of these being served by electric light companies and the remainder generating their own power. Eighteen out of each 100 farmers' wives have electric irons.

Too Proficient

Usually when a girl performs a notable deed she receives a number of marriage proposals; but the Marion Record says it didn't work that way for the Wisconsin girl who killed a bear with a rolling pin.—Capper's Weekly.

The Last Survivor

Flyosan has killed all his millions of friends and relatives

NO WONDER he's blue. He knows he's next.

Flyosan has killed every single fly and mosquito in thousands of homes this summer. Flyosan is the modern best way of fighting flying pests. It kills them by the wholesale—not one at a time.

Flyosan is the original liquid insect spray (non-poisonous). Use Flyosan itself, not one of its imitations. Flyosan not only kills all the flies and mosquitoes in your home but also rids it of the millions of deadly, disease-bearing germs which each one carries.

"Swatting" only scatters these germs into the air which you and your family breathe.

Here is the right insecticide for each insect:

FLYOSAN, Liquid Spray—kills flies and mosquitoes.
PETERMAN'S ANT FOOD—exterminates ants.
PETERMAN'S DISCOVERY, Liquid—exterminates bed-bugs.
PETERMAN'S ROACH FOOD—exterminates that cockroach army.
PETERMAN'S MOTH FOOD—protects against moths.

You must have a specific insecticide for each insect. No single insecticide will exterminate them all. We have had nearly 50 years' experience. We know that is true.

Peterman's has the right insecticide for each insect. On sale wherever drugs are sold.

Peterman's 200 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.