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They never fall who die in a great cause.—Byron.

Machine That Talks Is Recent Invention

The astonishing experiment of constructing artificial lips, palate and tongue, and making them utter words, phrases, and even sentences by driving a current of air through them with a foot bellows, has been successfully carried out by Sir Richard Paget, an English barrister, who since the war has devoted himself to phonetic experiments. It is said that Sir Richard can literally talk with his fingers—not after the familiar fashion of the deaf mutes, but by making them take the place of the ordinary vocal organs. Sir Richard has developed an astonishingly new theory of the origin of speech. Primitive man, he holds, began with gesture as his sole language. Later on he found it was convenient to imitate the gestures of his hands by using lips, tongue and palate. Then he accompanied these by cries, and so speech gradually developed.—The Forum.

Honor Given Scottish Poet Somewhat Late

A memorial to Robert Ferguson, the Scottish poet, has been erected in the Moray aisle of St. Giles' cathedral, Scotland.

At present the only visible evidence the Ferguson lived and died in Edinburgh is to be found in the Canonicate churchyard. It is the tombstone which Robert Burns erected 15 years after the death of the poet, to whom, on his own confession, he owed so much. Now, after 133 years, a memorial has been erected.

The memorial is the result of a contribution made by Hon. James Craigie, member of the legislative council of New Zealand. Doctor Macgillivray, R. S. A., king's sculptor for Scotland, made the model, which he had previously designed with such an object in view. The memorial has been erected under the auspices of the Burns federation.—Weekly Scotsman.

L-son From Old Negro

An old negro taught a motorist a real lesson over near Auxvasse the other day. The Review says. The motorist crashed into a rickety wagon being driven by the negro. The man in the car started to speed on without reckoning of the damage he had done. He had gone only a short distance when there was a loud explosion and a fire went flat. The negro crawled from the wreckage of the wagon, and went over to the motorist.

"Boss, you seems t' be in a heap o' trouble. Kin Ah be uv enny help to yer?" The motorist wilted, took a billfold from his pocket and peeled off several bills. Handing them to the aged negro, he said, "Yes, old man, you have helped me; take this money."

—Kansas City Star.

Test for Diamonds

A method by which the quality of diamonds can be definitely determined and imitations detected has been discovered by M. Malaval, chemical head of the police laboratory at Lyons, France, in collaboration with Professor Locard.

The stones are photographed under the light of ultra-violet rays filtered through a screen, sunlight being too diffused for the purpose.

Diamonds of the first water made a brilliant image, while inferior stones tinged with yellow make a fainter image on the photographic plate, and false stones are merely shadows.

Lots Like Jones
The death of Viscount Cowdray, the British oil magnate and contractor, he built the Pennsylvania railroad's Hudson river tunnels—led a New York oil man to say:

"Lord Cowdray had a humorous way with him. Once, when he was being criticized for his tunnel work by men who should have supported him, he laughed and said:

"These men are like Jones. Jones, you know, would never stand by and see a friend abused. No, sir, he'd join in."

Poisonous in Part

A word of warning: Many flowers are poisonous or semi-poisonous. Those of the daffodil, for instance, are powerfully emetic. It is not generally understood that many plants may be poisonous in one part. A striking example is the rhubarb, where only an inch or two at the top of the stem lies between the poisonous leaf and delicious stalk.

Much-Freckled Youngster

A crew of certified public accountants gave up counting after they registered 10,000 freckles on Daniel O'Connell of New York, and proclaimed him freckle champion of the world. Then Danny told them they missed about 5,000.

In real life the most desired "happy ending" is to make a fortune.

Men Marooned

By GEORGE MARSH

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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 realized was the love of his fiancée, Edith Falconer. Sir Charles Guthrie, his brother, is a millionaire war profiteer. With Etienne Savanna, half-breed, 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. Joan, trained war nurse, cares for Ninda, but the girl dies. Charles Guthrie writes reproaching his brother for not coming home. Charles writes to assure him Etienne still loves him, but Garth in his heart knows better.

CHAPTER III—Continued

"It was an act of Providence, I wonder," he hesitated, then went on, "if you would care to send word of yourself to an exile, this winter?"

He saw her brows contract in thought. For a moment she seemed in doubt, then turned to him, tense in her earnestness. "You are not merely courteous—you really wish to hear from me?"

His face reflected his pleasure. "You will write then, to this effect?" There was a sudden gleam of white teeth, a whimsical dash in her eyes, as she asked: "Wouldn't it be ungrateful to refuse so modest a request from one who has rescued the shipwrecked?"

"It would be most ungrateful and cruel," he laughed. "If you'll write, I'll have a little spruce waiting for the Christmas mail, and hang your letter on the tree, with candles."

"Unread?"

"Unread till Christmas morning. Then I'll read it to you together—our Christmas, from you."

"And the other letters?" she queried, avoiding his quick glance.

"The others? Oh, they'll not be interesting—with their criticism and advice and news of my distinguished brother's doings."

"None of them?" Joan Quarrier's voice was strangely throaty as she gazed out over the shimmering river.

"None of them," was the quiet reply. He thrilled to the realization of the absolute sincerity of his answer.

Without meeting his eyes, she turned impulsively to the alreale who accompanied them. "Good-by, Shot! I'm going to miss you, boy!"

And she took the head of the dog in her hand. As Shot's tail beat the air, his hairy throat rumbled. Then he bared his great fangs and made little snaps at the girl bending over him.

"Why, you've made a conquest!" cried Guthrie. "He does that with no one here."

The girl looked up as she rubbed the dog's ears. "He's only saluting a brother—I mean a sister—in arms."

"One who served, as he did, with the wounded," added the man.

They were at the door of the mission.

"Good-by! The days will drag up there in the snow, waiting for the Christmas mail," said Guthrie, puzzled at his emotion—strangely reluctant to leave her—wondering at himself.

"Good-by, Mr. Exile!" She gave him her firm hand.

Hardly conscious of his purpose, he bent to search the dark eyes, frankly meeting his look. She smiled, he thought, wistfully as he said: "What you did for a comrade in distress—he would never forget. Good-by, Healer of Wounds."

Her eyes widened. Groping for his meaning, she watched him straighten, bring his hand to his forehead in a military salute, and turning, walk rapidly away. Until his tall figure was lost in the shadows, she stood, lips parted, wondering; then slowly opened the door and went in.

CHAPTER IV

Little did those whom Garth Guthrie had brought to Albany in his York boat sense what this act of friendship to strangers might mean in days of droopery—precious days lost from the goose hunt which was nearing its end—for the men from Elkwan. As the boat drifted down the south channel of the delta past the scrub-grown shores of Albany Island, Guthrie's thoughts traversed the days since the storm and the meeting with the girl back at the Albany mission, who was going down the coast and out of his life, as the "waves" from the Arctic finger through the soft September weather, until the sting of the first northern sends them down the wind. But the "waves" return. There would be no return to the west coast for Joan Quarrier.

He had left her, the night before, puzzled by the elation her promise to write him by the Christmas mail had aroused. And, always, as he strove to analyze the nature of his response to the appeal of her genuineness—her level-eyed meeting of life—the love of the love of Etienne, with her shrinking from the unpleasant—the inevitable—intruded with the knowledge of disillusion. Etienne was growing so vague—so shadowy—here in a

land where raw life admitted of no subterfuge—no compromise. And yet, Etienne would wait for the brother of Sir Charles Guthrie, he told himself, with a tightening of the lips; of that he had no doubt.

The York boat reached the open water of the bay as the sun lifted, bringing an eagerly breeze. As they worked up the channel to the post, a sense of loneliness chilled the heart of Guthrie. There would be no welcome, which, through the weeks of the summer, he had grown to cherish, on his homecoming—no joy in the wistful eyes of the girl who waited. All that remained to him now was the memory of a devotion—self-immolating, complete. Poor little Ninda!

Old Anne and the wife of Etienne stood on the shore while the voyagers made the best of their buoy. As the men paddled in, it was evident that news awaited them.

"Something happen," said Etienne. "Marie ver' mouch excitée w'en she not stan' still."

"Don Jour, ladies!" called Guthrie, as he approached the chattering women on the beach. "What seems to be on your minds?"

"Oh, dey have come here—dos men!" cried old Anne.

"What men?"

"De man in de beeg boat—she was here. Dat one wid de bad face—McDonald! Ha! Ha! de Injun kal beem."

Guthrie and Etienne started incredulously at the speaker.

"What did he want?"

"He want talk wid you. He leave dis." Old Anne handed Guthrie a folded sheet of paper. Opening it, he read:

"The Hudson's Bay Company, Elkwan: This is to say you a trip to the island after the stuff left on the beach by that walrus-faced geologist, Quarrier. I can use most of it, and will pay St. John's prices for it on my return home. Have made an inventory."

"McDonald!"

"Well, he's a cool one!" commented Guthrie.

Etienne shook his black head. "He steal dat stuff, he steal all de fur on Akimiski!"

"Not if I know it! If he thinks he's going to get our share of the Akimiski hunt, he'll have to fight for it. He'll find he can't bluff us," replied Guthrie, with increasing irritation at the thought of the high-handed methods of the unknown. In the north a cache was inviolate, and the stores of Quarrier on the Akimiski beach had not been abandoned, but cached, to be recovered later. McDonald's appropriation of them under the circumstances was a distinct breach of northern custom. If this was a sample of what could be expected from him later, in the hunt for the Akimiski fox trade, the winter and spring would hardly be dull on the west coast. As soon as they had shot their winter supply of geese, he would have a talk with Graham and Boucher, at Attawapiskat and Kapiskau.

"Too bad, Etienne, we were not here to meet Mr. Laughing McDonald. What did you think of him, Anne? He's a big man with red hair, isn't he?"

"Oh, ver' beeg, strong man, wid hair lak fire. Hoes face!" Anne stopped to shudder. "He got de crazy face all tam, from bees hurt mout."

"Poor devil!" thought Guthrie, "branded for life with that grin! Then he asked: 'Who came ashore with him?'"

The question was a signal for an emotional outburst from Marie. "Dey were bad men, Marie Guthrie. One beeg ong, wid de barbe noir, black beard, he try kees me, de femme of Etienne Savanna." The black eyes of the comely wife of Etienne flashed with anger at the memory.

"What! Dey try dat wid you, does peop?" The shrewd fingers of the half-breed worked nervously as if groping for a knife handle. "Wat you do, Marie?" he demanded.

"McDonald! Ha! Ha! broke in Anne. 'He talk ver' cross to de black beard—give heem push lak he was littl' boy. Dis McDonald, dey all scare of deem, dose men. Den dey paddle out to de boat.'"

"Good enough! McDonald seems to be loose all right," laughed Guthrie. "Black beard; that must be the Newfoundland whaler, Etienne, the captain of the schooner."

The face of Etienne hardened. "He mak mouch trouble" on his coast—dis McDonald! Ha! Ha! mouch trouble!"

"It looks like a lively winter for us, eh, Shot?" And the factor of Elkwan bent to rub the ears of his dog.

It was early October on the west coast, but the weather, when the geese restlessly crossed and recrossed the wide flats between the timber and the sea, and the duck, in flocks of thousands, endlessly rose from the shallows to skirt for a space, the rim of the tide, only to settle again, and shortly repeat the flight. When they had shot two back-breaking loads, Etienne and Guthrie started for their camp out where a boulder-strewn sandspit thrusting seaward rendered the launching of a loaded canoe possible at the height of the tide. A mile from the tent on the sandspit, Etienne lifted his lowered head banded by the tump-line which held the flour bags filled with geese. Then he swung round to the bent figure following, eyes on the ground.

"Boat at de camp."

Guthrie straightened until his range of vision included the sandspit. Below the boulders at the nose of the spit lay a ship's boat. A boat could come only from the schooner of McDonald.

What were they after?

Nearing the camp, the packers dropped their loads and continued with their guns. If these people had abused Shot, chained to his stake—Guthrie's pulse quickened at the thought. Near the tent three men idled, evidently waiting for the owners.

"You keep out of this, Etienne. You're sore. Let me do the talking," warned Guthrie, as he approached the camp. Suddenly breaking into a run, he shouted: "Stop talking that dog, or I'll turn him loose on you!"

Standing out of reach, a young sailor tossed sand into the face of the infuriated alreale, straining at his leash.

"All right! Turn him loose," was the truculent reply, and retreating, the sailor cocked his shotgun.

"Put down that gun, you young fool!" commanded the elder of the three strangers to the boy, as Garti reached the camp.

"What are you people after—trouble?" demanded Guthrie, fighting for his self-control, for the badgering of his dog had left him hot.

The man addressed grinned good-naturedly and extended his hand. "Good day, Mr. Hudson's Bay; we ain't runnin' away from none. We saw your tent and rowed in to get some shells, if you have any—to sell."

Guthrie took the hand of the speaker, a heavily built man, with a beard. The anger left his face as he said: "Oh, you're not going to take the shells, then?" He was conscious, as he spoke, of the curiosity in the eyes of the man he faced, who lay fingered on his scarred cheek.

"No," drawled the other. "You must think we're pirates. We pay as we go."

"But you robbed that cache on Akimiski—you left a note at Elkwan to that effect."

"McDonald will pay for that stuff—it would spoil in the rain."

"Well, we don't touch a man's cache in the north. By the way, where is this McDonald from?"

"We all hail from St. John's, Newfoundland."

"But McDonald?"

"Well, he hails from there, too," was the reply, but from the tall of his eye Guthrie caught a look in the face of the companion of the spokesman which belied the accuracy of the statement.

"You say you'll sell us some shells?" continued the speaker.

"No, we can't give you any!" It was Guthrie's turn to smile. "We need every shell we've got." He glanced at the muzzle of the guns of the strangers. "Our shells wouldn't fit those cannon of yours, anyway. We use twelve gauge guns with No. 6 shot. At close range it gets more geese than this big stuff."

"McDonald gets 'em with a Lewis—fires a burst into a flock and kills a half dozen."

"So you've got Lewis guns, eh?" abruptly demanded Guthrie.

"Oh, yes! We're heeled, if you people should make the notion to try to run us out of the bay."

"Why, man! you've got as much right here as we have, but if you don't play straight, we'll run you out—that's all."

The blue eyes of the sailor met the chill gaze of the soldier in a long, unwavering stare, and from that mutual appraisal, the reaction in the mind of each man was identical.

"You may—but you'll sweat some. Now, I want to give you fair warning that some of your people have come to us this summer of their own accord. There's an Injun who claims you stole his daughter—"

"What! That skunk of an Ojibwa?" He told us that?" Guthrie asked at the thought of Ninda's memory being made the catspaw of Indian gossip.

"That's what he claims. It's none of my business, but he's got it in for you, so don't blame us. He's working for us, of course, for the fur."

"A girl he claimed as his daughter came to Elkwan in June, dying with tuberculosis," said Guthrie quietly.

"She couldn't travel—we took care of her till she died. He tried to hold me up—for stuff. I kicked him out, so he wants his revenge. Just tell him, Mr. —," "Skene," prompted the other. "Just tell him for me, Mr. Skene, that I'll give him to the dog if he shows up at the post. He knows Shot."

"Looks like a tough old veteran!" commented Skene, admiringly, glancing at the alreale, tense as a statue, hair and tail up, bristling at his stake.

"He is. He's an overseas man. He'd tear that Indian's throat out in one snap."

"There's another matter, too," continued Guthrie. "When your people came to Elkwan when we were down the coast, one of them—follow with a black beard—tried something that will get him knifed if he shows up at the post again." At the words, Etienne slowly moved up to a position beside Guthrie, his right hand resting carelessly on his hip, the fingers touching the bone handle of his sheath knife. The bearded leader of the sailors glanced curiously at the flint-like face of the half-breed, and smiled indifferently at the threat.

"Just tell him for me, will you, to keep away from Elkwan?"

"Oh, you mean Black Breatht. He's sailing master—owns the schooner. I'm the mate. He's a bit rough, I'll admit, but don't make any mistake about who's boss. McDonald's running this party."

"That's why I'm asking you to tell McDonald that we won't stand for manhandling women on this coast," insisted Guthrie.

"Right-o, I'll tell him. Well, we'll be off," said the big sailor, offering his hand, which Guthrie shook. "I'm glad to meet a reasonable Hudson's Bay man and one who wasn't sitting snug on the bay when we had our backs to the wall in front of Amiens."

And as Garth stood pondering the remark, Skene turned and joining his men, walked to his boat with a limp. He, too, thought the man who watched, wearing his service stripe. The sailors launched their boat in the rising tide, and polling it out to the deeper water, rowed away.

So the memory of Ninda was to be mounded on evil tongues? The story was going out among the Crees that the factor of Elkwan had taken her from her family. It was the kind of tale only too readily believed. Judge the coolness of Swan, the missionary, Quarrier, without doubt, had published it in Albany; soon it would be the property of the whole west coast. Poor, loyal Ninda! Then, the thought of one who had seen and understood came like a breath of clear air from the spruce. He saw her again, her heavy hair touched by the moonlight, her fine, dark eyes with the questioning look, as she said: "Good-by, Mr. Exile!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Dogs' Fare Reduced

Dogs not measuring more than two feet may ride on buses in Paris and on street cars in Vienna, if they pay full fare, according to a note in Gas Logie.

Deadly Mushroom Is Enjoyed by Squirrel

Poisonous mushrooms seem to have no terrors for the lively red squirrel of the woods, according to Robert T. Platt of the biology department of New York university. He noticed during his researches in the field that red squirrels fed freely on two poisonous species, and that they seemed to prefer them also when they came to store food for the winter. Incredulous, he tried mushroom diets on caged red squirrels, and found that they selected the same two species out of a variety of edible fungi offered to them. The poisonous mushrooms are the so-called fly agaric, Amanita muscaria, which is reputed to be almost invariably fatal to human beings and is sometimes used as a fly poison, and a red-dish-colored species known as Russula emetica, which has a disagreeable peppery taste and if eaten raw will provoke violent vomiting. The reason for the immunity enjoyed by the squirrels is as great a riddle as their apparent preference for these two toxic species.

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Facts Right; Poetry Awful
Robert Frost, outstanding among the serious American poets, wrote a poem about apples while at Amherst, and, in revising it, wished to make sure that he had made no error in his natural history. An agricultural college being nearby, it was suggested that he send the manuscript of his poem to the authorities there, for their possible correction, relates Thomas L. Mason in the Dearborn Independent. They returned it a few days later with the statement that his poemology was quite accurate, but his poetry was awful!

Odd Graduation Pair
Miss Hannah May Dunn, seventeen years old, and her niece, Miss Olga Martha Dunn, who is eighteen, received diplomas at the graduation exercises of the Middletown (Conn.) high school.

The Other Side of It
Wife (at resort)—Oh, Robert, isn't it lovely here where the green waves come rolling in?
Hub—Yes. And the greenbacks go rolling out.

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