## Why He Succeeded

Honored politically and professionally, during his lifetime, Dr. R. V. Pierce, whose picture appears here, made a success few have equalled. His pure herbal remedies which have stood the test for many years are still among the "best sellers." Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a stomach alterative which makes the blood richer. It clears the skin, beautifies it, pimples and eruptions vanish quickly. This Discovery of Dr. Pierce's puts you in fine condition. All dealers have it in liquid or tablets.

Send 10 cents for trial pkg. of tablets to Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., and write for free advice.


### *Settled All Doubts About That Struggle*

"Bite off more than you can chew, then chew it."

Mayor Blon Howard, of Brighton, was lecturing on success before the Brighton Y. M. C. A.

"It's a good thing to make ourselves do that, and it's a good thing to make our dependents and connections do it, too," he went on. Listen:

"A young man proposed to a young girl on Brighton's moonlit beach, and then he hastened to suggest a long engagement.

"'Of course, darling, we can't marry for some time,' he said, as he clasped the girl to his heart with all his strength. 'I am too poor to marry now. But, oh, my treasure, if you will only wait! How I'd struggle then to gain a fortune and lay it at your feet! Yes, love, if you'd consent to wait I'd struggle as man never struggled before—struggle as—as—'

"But the girl, withdrawing her lips from his, said firmly:

"'No, George, I'll marry you now, and then you'll have to struggle.'"

### *Made Business Good at the Drug Counter*

Anyone passing a Chestnut street drug store the other evening would have been impressed that a group of "sneezers" were convening, or possibly an early gathering of the "Hay Fever society," from countless "achoos" bursting forth, but these spasmodic sounds were carelessly caused by a waitress in charge of the sandwich counter reserved for hungry patrons.

She was in the act of filling a few containers for salt and pepper, and as she thoughtlessly placed the tray which held the seasoning before an electric fan, the customers in line of the breeze received the pungent aromatic condiment with full force, thus causing the air to be spasmodically forced through their noses.

One timid old gentleman, realizing he was developing a cold, walked to the other side of the store and had the clerk wrap up a goodly quantity of aspirin, quinine, nasal salve and cold-in-the-head tablets.—Philadelphia Record.

### *Connecticut Got Bargain*

Connecticut takes pride in owning a $100,000 Stuart portrait of George Washington today because it was willing to accept a painting rejected by another state. When the great artist, commissioned by South Carolina to paint the picture, turned it in, it was a portrait of President Washington. South Carolina wanted one of General Washington or none. Connecticut bought the picture for $1,000.

### *Fatal*

Gragg—You say dropsy caused your brother's death?

Gregg—Yes, he dropsied out of a chariot.


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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.

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For Pipe Sores, Fistula Poll Evil Try HANFORD'S Balsam of Myrrh

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40 TULIP BULBS, four each of ten varieties, $1; 15 Iris, three each of five varieties, $1; postpaid. W. P. Kimball, 264 E. 33rd St., Portland, Ore.

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SKIN BLEACH

Results wonderful and sure. One complete box of KREMOLA will convince the most skeptical. Ask entire Science. Price $1.25. Ask your dealer, Beauty Booklet FREE. Dr. C. H. Berry Co., Dept. 2, 2975 Michigan Ave. Chicago.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Removes Dandruff-Stops Hair Falling. Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair. 60c and $1.00 at Druggists. Hiscox Chem. Wks. Patchogue, N. Y.

FLORESTON SHAMPOO—Ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balsam. Makes the hair soft and fluffy. 50 cents by mail or at druggists. Hiscox Chemical Works, Patchogue, N. Y.


W. N. U., PORTLAND, NO. 41-1927

## What's the Answer ?

### *Questions No. 16*

1—What is the name of the highest peak in Canada?

2—Who was the leading jockey for 1926?

3—Who was the Union general at the battle of Gettysburg?

4—Who was Kit Carson's grandfather?

5—Where are diamonds found in the United States?

6—What celebrated English landscape artist, apostle of light and color, made upward of 400 paintings and 19,000 drawings?

7—Who is considered England's leading "pagan" story writer?

8—How long is the Ribber crab and where is it found?

9—What does a lawyer mean when he calls a statement "impertinent"?

10—What is the last line in the Lord's Prayer?

11—What great religious allegory was completed by its author while in prison?

12—Which is the loftiest peak in the United States, exclusive of Alaska?

13—What horse won the Futurity in 1926?

14—Who was known as the "Pathfinder?"

15—What great Revolutionary victory was won on Christmas night?

16—Where is the fly's sense of taste located?

17—What living violinist in America has been the teacher of Elman, Heifetz, Zimbalist, Seidel and other celebrated artists of the violin?

18—Where does the coco palm flourish best?

19—What is wrong with the phrase, "The man whom he said was there"?

20—When did Mary Baker Eddy discover what she termed Christ Science or Divine Laws of Life, Truth and Love, and name her discovery Christian Science?

### *Answers No. 15*

1—Nethou.

2—Crusader, who won $141,583.

3—Savannah, 1819.

4—1790.

5—The dried meat of the coconut.

6—Liszt.

7—Walt Whitman.

8—Central Africa and does its best on the open shores of lakes and rivers.

9—Harmless state of disuse.

10—Chapter 20.

11—The Cheviots.

12—C. De Mar.

13—John Adams.

14—Grover Cleveland.

15—Commander R. E. Byrd, U. S. N.

16—Ben Turpin.

17—In Camberly, near London, England.

18—They occur in all seas, except the Arctic and Antarctic and are carnivorous in their habits.

19—Because with two the comparative is used, not the superlative.

20—To Isaiah.

### *Royal Wife Rebuked by Prince Consort*

Albert, prince consort of Queen Victoria, filled a difficult, thankless office with tact and success, but was misunderstood and disliked by Englishmen of his generation almost without exception, according to a writer in the Kansas City Star. Brought from an insignificant German town and comparative poverty, at the age of twenty he found himself king in all but name of the most powerful country ,and wedded to a very trying wife.

In public the queen displayed adoration and a sentimental solicitude for him, in private she was petulant and exacting. But he bore his trials patiently and once in a while gave his wife a quiet and effective lesson. One evening while he was dining with the council of the Royal academy a messenger arrived from Victoria saying that she desired his presence at Buckingham palace. The prince merely nodded. Half an hour later a second messenger said the queen was waiting and required the prince to return at once. Again he merely nodded. In another thirty minutes arrived a peremptory order: "The queen commands your royal highness' immediate return." Cool and phlegmatic as ever, even under this final humiliation, the prince again dismissed the messenger with a nod. He remained with his hosts of the evening and, sleeping elsewhere, did not return to the palace that night.

### *Europe Saved at Chalons*

A great horde of northeastern people was led into western Europe in the Fifth century by Attila, king of the Huns. For a time these semi-barbarians swept all before them, but finally they were met at Chalons, in eastern France, in the year 451 A. D., by the combined forces of the Romans and the Goths under Aetius and Theodoric. Attila sustained a crushing defeat, and central Europe was saved from the invaders.—New York Herald-Tribune.

### *Riches at Command*

The most precious things of life are near at hand, without money and without price. Each of you has the whole wealth of the universe at your very doors. All that I ever had or still have, may be yours by stretching forth your hand and taking it.—John Burroughs.

### *Explaining Poets*

Perhaps no person can be a poet, or even enjoy poetry, without a certain unsoundness of mind.—Macaulay.

# Men Marooned

## by George Marsh

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### CHAPTER VIII—Continued

—13—

There Garth and Etienne found them, the airedale lying beside his kill, Etienne bent to stare, with an oath, into the features, knotted in their death grimace, of—Joe Mokoman.

"Ambush us, eh?" snarled the half-breed. "You do fine job, Joe Mokoman." And he spurned the body with the bow of his snowshoe.

"So he meant to get that fur if he had to bury us in the snow?" said Garth, turning from the ugly picture to his dog, still whining with the heat of battle. "Good old Shottie!" And the man hugged the hairy shoulders of his friend. "You tracked him down for Garth, didn't you, old comrade of mine?"

"He dam good dog, Shot, eh?" cried Etienne, slapping the shaggy back. He know more dan some men; he know Joe, he hunt us."

"He thought Joe was a German sharpshooter, didn't you, Shot?" And seated on the snow, Garth rocked to and fro, rubbing the ears of his dog, soothing his excitement in the low notes of a language none but the wriggling airedale understood.

"Wal, we buree dis skunk een de snow and let m'sieu' fox deeg him out."

"That's all we can do. He must have heard from the traveling Indians we were bound for the Canoe and decided to stop us. Do you suppose that McDonald knows we are here and sicked him on us?"

Etienne shook his head. "He bin up dis end de Islan', so de hunter say."

"I'm sorry this happened," said Garth. "There's no telling what kind of a tale they'll make of it. I wish a sled would show up so we could show our evidence."

"Eef we stay on Islan' after McDonal' hear hees man ees dead, we have to fight for sure."

"I'm not afraid of McDonald," laughed Garth, "but I don't want the Indians drawn into the fight. We're here for fur, not trouble, and I'll have to answer to my superiors for what happens. That's why I want you to be careful when we meet Souci. No fighting—understand?"

Savanne nodded. "De hunter know Etienne Savanne," said the half-breed with finality. "Dey weel not start troubl' wid heem."

"All right! Now let's make tracks for the Canoe and that medicine lodge of Souci's."

With their snowshoes, they heaped a mound of snow over the body of the skulker in the spruce, to be found by the lynx and foxes, and started. At noon the team turned down into the valley of the Canoe.

In the windbreak of the spruce on the shore of the frozen river, the men from Elkwan found the tipis of the hunters. From north and east and south had come the fox trappers with their families for the great medicine making of Souci, the shaman. The wigwams hummed with gossip of the crossing of the strait by the tail factor of Elkwan to fight for the trade with McDonald Ha! Ha! From valley to valley Mokoman had traveled, urging the hunters to go to the schooner. Black Breault, too, and Skene had visited many of the camps, but as yet the wily hunters had sold little fur, hoping by their seeming reluctance to obtain higher prices. Also, in the last few days, rumors, vague terrifying, had been adrift. A hunter from the Ptarmigan claimed he had been down to the hills above Seal cove and seen fire dancing on the masts of the boat at night; that black magic was being made by the man with the face of a mad wolverine. Another swore that his cousin, trapping on the Calling river, had been to the schooner and heard devil music from a box. An old squaw had already planted panic among the women with a story that bewitched hunters would leave McDonald's ship to desert their wives and children.

All this and more the industrious Etienne gathered from the gossiping Crees from the Elkwan while Garth made camp and fed and chained the dogs. His seeds, planted with such care in the camps of the Ptarmigan and Rabbit, had indeed sprouted, were in fact already bearing fruit. The Crees were ill at ease—suspicious of these strangers who had come to the island with their smiles and trade goods, and in the conjury of old Saul, that night, they hoped and waited for the advice and assurance that it would be safe as well as wise for them to carry their fox pelts to the schooner at Seal cove.

As for the old shaman, Etienne learned that he was camped downstream, beside his medicine lodge, alone, preparing himself for communion with his confreres, the spirits which, that night beneath the stars, he would summon with his magic to speak to the Crees, and remove from their hearts the doubts and fears which harassed them.

"Ah-hah!" mused Etienne as he returned to Garth, busy cooking supper. "Old Saul, he keep away; he not see Etienne Savanne." But, gratifying as was the news he had picked up among the gossiping hunters, Savanne knew his Indians, and feared what the night would bring forth. For the old wizard was past master in the art of playing on the superstitions of the Crees, and with his incantations and mumbo-jumbo would doubtless persuade them into starting at once for Seal cove.

But Etienne had no intention of giving Souci a free hand. Secretly, before the ceremony, and openly, when Souci from the tent delivered the admonitions of the spirits, he would brand the old man as the hireling of McDonald, friend of devils. If the outraged Saul dared to start trouble, this might be dangerous with the Crees in a high state of excitement, but the arm of the company was long, its hand heavy, and Etienne Savanne, its servant, feared as a fighter the length of the coast. So the prospect of trouble gave Etienne little concern, but the loss of twenty thousand dollars in fur, which the Crees had with them, would be little short of a calamity. On his return to his tent, his active mind groped for the best method of, that night, hanging the shaman with his own rope.

"Well, what did you hear?" asked Garth. "Did you see Saul?"

"No, he keep ver' quiet. De Cree have mooch fur, and manee of de men would go to McDonal', but de squaw have fear of devil. A feller by de name of Savanne, he tell de squaw down on de Ptarmigan some bad story, also up on de Rabbit, an' eet mak' dem squaw ver' nervous." Etienne smiled at the success of his efforts.

"That was certainly a good bit of strategy, Etienne, but you say the men are now wabbling in favor of the schooner?"

"Ah-hah. I t'ink dat Souci, wid hees spirit, weel beat us tonight."

"We've got to think of something to do—we can't let him get away with all the fox in this camp, man!" urged Garth, handing his friend a heaping plate of beans and bacon.

As Etienne ate, his swarthy face was grave with the problem confronting him. What could be done? He even considered secreting himself in the medicine tent downstream, binding and gagging the old man as he entered, and playing shaman himself. But the danger of discovery by the outraged Crees would be too great. Failure would make matters even worse.

The medicine rite was to take place under the moon, which was late, so deep in council of war lingered white man and half-breed, until the silver disk rode above the white tundra already lit by low-swinging stars. Then Etienne returned from a short reconnaissance to report the hunters and squaws already moving to the rendezvous downstream where a fire glowed in the spruce. Small and cylindrical in shape, its tanned caribou-hide walls painted in red and black with the shapes of animals, the sun, and grimacing faces of the spirit friends of the conjurer, the medicine lodge stood a short distance from the fire. Gathered in the warmth of the blazing logs, shawled women and hooded hunters, heads together, conversed in low tones.

Higher over the tundra above the valley, the moon uswung through the star-incrusted heavens. It was a night for magic, and as his curious eyes shifted from the awed Crees to the medicine tent, Guthrie despaired of the efforts of Etienne, in such a setting to nullify the necromancy of old Saul. Moon and stars and the aurora joined with the purple shadows to lend invincible enchantment to the arts of the sorcerer. These simple children of the snows, bewitched by the mystery and magic of the night, would fall willing victims to the voices of the spirits.

The muttered exclamation of Etienne at his side aroused him. "Dere he go."

Faintly, to the measured tapping of a caribou-hide drum, from the tent lifted low wailing. Seizing the arms of their men, the women at the fire stiffened. Swart faces went gray.

Gradually the wailing drifted into a sing-song, which, accompanied by the shell rattle, rhythmically swelled and died. Suddenly the song ceased. Growls and snarls, whines and mewling—the bickering of beasts—filled the forest. Shrieks of a mating wolverine followed the caterwauling of a lynx. A wolf howled, lonely for his kind. From a September ridge drifted the moaning call of a cow moose. In a swamp a bittern chugged, a whooping crane startled with his trombone-like blast. From the gloom drifted the hoot of the snowy owl. Down wind, in full cry, swept wavies and Canadas, blue geese and brant. Through a repertory of the voices of the night and the sunlit forest wandered the ventriloquist in a marvelous imitation of nature.

Guthrie turned in surprise to Etienne. "He's a wonder!"

"Wait!" was the laconic reply.

Then, amid groans and eerie cries, shrieks, as of souls in torment, the whimper of children, sobs of women in anguish, men tortured, the voice of the shaman addressed the spirits he had conjured from the world of demons. His kinsmen, the Crees, were in great doubt and perplexity, and had begged him to call upon his familiar spirits, who saw into the future as one looks from a hill; to whom the devils seeking to destroy the Cree were as children—harmless. "The hunters," continued the shaman, "possessed much fur—"

Etienne's hand gripped Garth's arm, as he interpreted the speech of Saul. "Now he mek' de spirit tell dem to go to McDonal'."

—"Fur of much value which they have toiled for on the cold barrens where the wind always blows," the sepulchral voice went on. "It is the time to go to the traders for the New Year's feast. But the hearts of the hunters are troubled. At the schooner of the trader who waits at Seal cove, the Crees have been told evil spirits and devils wait to bewitch them. And the women have begged their men to take their fur across the ice to Elkwan."

With a puzzled look Etienne stared into Garth's eyes.

"W'at he do now? I don' understand," whispered the half-breed.

Garth waited, hardly breathing, through the silence which followed. Then, on the hushed night boomed a voice, hollow, sepulchral.

"Oh, Souci! Great Shaman of the Crees! It is well you call us to warn your people. There has come to the island a sorcerer from a far country—to destroy the hunters of Akimiski—"

"By gar!" And the fingers of Etienne shut like a bear trap on the arm of the man beside him. "We are de beeg fool!" he muttered, interpreting the reply of the spirit to the unsensing Garth.

"This conjurer," went on the voice from the tipi, as the listening Indians gasped with surprise and fear, "was bitten in the face by the devil, Matchi-Manitou, himself. He is the friend of demons and woe to the Crees who bring their fur to him, for their wives will see them no more."

"Ahuah! Ahuah!" From the women at the fire rose a low wail as they clung in panic to the cowed hunters.

"Go not to Seal cove but across the ice, for there the Crees may trade and feast in safety."

The voice died. Presently another answered in the same vein, and yet another, while the astonished and ashamed Etienne and Guthrie, who had so lightly accepted the treachery of old Saul as a proved fact, electrified by the swift turn of fortune, listened with admiration and gratitude. With the artistry of a master, Saul had played upon the known weaknesses of his people, relying on the mysteries of the medicine lodge rather than on his personal influence—winning the squaws by the judicious planting of rumors, as had Etienne, and stampeding the men with a single stroke at the medicine rites, for no Indian who heard that unearthly voice from the tipi would now dare to trade with McDonald.

"The old son-of-a-gun," chuckled Garth. "He went to that ship to throw them off the scent and keep them away from this end of the island. He gets a life job with the company for this night's work."

In an overawed, whispering group, the hunters and their squaws returned to their tipis, where deep into the night was discussed the marvel of the spirit voices, which the great magician of the Elkwan had invoked for the safety and guidance of his people.

In the privacy of their tent the two men, still dazed by the unhoped-for success of their mission to the island, gossiped by the fire.

"Forty-six silvers and eighteen black, besides a lot of cross and patch, you say?" Garth repeated, elated with the trade that would come that Christmas to Elkwan.

"Ah-hah! Wor' twenty t'ousand dollar—de beegest trade Elkwan evair mak'. We do good job w'en we breeng Saul Souci from de headwater, w'at?"

"You and Saul turned the trick, Etienne. I can't thank you enough."

In his second year in the trade Garth had made a telling business stroke. In the face of the higher prices of the free-trader—of what seemed inevitable failure, he had, with the help of the crafty old Cree, swung a huge trade to his company. They could hug their fire at Kapiskau and Attawapiskat, but he had carried the fight straight to the enemy, and had won. Going out to Shot, snug in his snow-hole, Garth poured his happiness into a hairy and comprehending ear, before he rolled into his blankets beside the staunch half-breed who had made it possible.

### CHAPTER IX

"Queer we haven't heard from Joe yet," McDonald said to Skene, in the cabin of the Ghost, two days before Christmas.

"Time enough," answered the bearded mate. "He was to round up the hunters in the north, you know, and bring them down the shore ice."

"Well, we've made a good start. We've got twenty silvers now, with the three that came in this morning, and twelve blacks, not to count the cross and patch. There's fifty thousand dollars in this winter's work for us, John."

Skene looked hard at his chief. "What you goin' to do with your share of the fur we land in St. Johns?"

The deep blue eyes of the giant half closed as the heavy brows contracted. "Do with mine? What is there to do with it?"

"Goin' to head for the states and drink it up?"

McDonald laughed, without mirth. "Drink it up? No, I'm goin' to hunt up the family of a pal who 'went West' at Vimy Ridge. There's a wife and kiddies, out in Alberta. I'm goin' to share mine with 'em."

For a space Skene smoked in silence. Once or twice he glanced curiously at the man opposite, who sat with head in hands, staring at the floor.

"It'll be some surprise to my old girl with a nest-egg," he said at length. "She ain't had a too soft a life with me."

McDonald made no answer and Skene went on: "I'm goin' to buy a little place for her and the two girls—a cow or two, and a horse to get around with; then I'll have me a tidy schooner, and summers go cod-fishin' on the Labrador."

"That's sensible," vouchsafed the other. "You owe it to the woman."

"Yes, she's never whimpered. When I enlisted, she turned to like a soldier and carried on. I owe her a good home, now—and a little of my company."

McDonald's broken mouth widened in a smile. "Your company, you old scalawag! How many weeks in the year will she keep a restless old pirate like you on the farm?"

"You can laugh, Craig, but I'm for a home now, except that fishin' in the summer."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Feel Stiff and Achy?

To be Well the Kidneys Must Thoroughly Eliminate Waste Poisons from the Blood.

DOES every day find you lame, stiff and achy? Do you feel tired and drowsy—suffer nagging backache, headache and dizzy spells? Are the kidney secretions scanty and burning in passage?

Know, then, that these are often signs of improper kidney action. Sluggish kidneys allow acid poisons to remain in the blood and upset the whole system.

If your kidneys are acting sluggishly, assist them with *Doan's Pills*. *Doan's* have established a nation-wide reputation. Are recommended the country over. *Ask your neighbor!*

Doan's Pills

*Stimulant Diuretic to the Kidneys*

At all dealers, 60c a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfg. Chemists, Buffalo, N. Y.


### *Wealthy Canadians*

Canada's national wealth is officially estimated at $22,000,000,000, which works out on the average at $5,525 per person. This is apart from undeveloped natural resources.

It is estimated that national wealth at the time of confederation was less than $1,500,000,000, so that it has multiplied about 14 times since Canada became a dominion. Agricultural values make up about $8,000,000,000 of the present total, urban real estate nearly $6,000,000,000 and the railways considerably more than $2,000,000,000. Ontario owns about one-third, Quebec one-quarter, and Saskatchewan, one-eighth.

Rich fathers are proud of having nce been poor, but somehow, the children are not so vain about it.

### *Currency He Understood*

When Fred Gun-a-Noot, a northern Indian, was in Stewart, British Columbia, last fall he was deeply impressed with a large auto. On being told the price in dollars, his face fell, but when told that 50 beaver skins would buy the car he grinned and departed. Winter and spring passed and the dealer was surprised to see Fred back with a grin that spread over his countenance. His surprise was greater when the Indian led him to a pile of 50 prime skins averaging $40 each. That closed the deal.

Most of us worry more over our "rights" then over being wrong.—Forbes Magazine.

If you would avoid temptation busy yourself with your own affairs.


Children Cry for

Fletcher's CASTORIA

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 natural sleep.

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### *Her Opinion*

"So your wife didn't think much of you, eh?"

"No. When she got her divorce she hired a criminal lawyer."

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### *Not Necessary*

Tom—Ethel wears her dresses above her knees. Can you imagine?

Rod—You don't need to imagine

Jerusalem will be electrically lighted by British financiers who have signed a 60-year contract.


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SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN" and INSIST!

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