



The Traffic Officer

It's a safe bet that the cars which step-out with the "go" signal are equipped with Champions—the better spark plug. If every car owner used Champions there would be fewer traffic jams.



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For your protection be sure the Champion you buy are the original Champion cars.

Big Money Making Goods at Home—Spare or Full Time Men, Women. No experience necessary. Send for sample catalog. Full information, H. E. Gillis, Box 218, Oakland, Calif.

Refined Ladies can have their own business in town. Monthly no less than \$2 capital. Big profit. Big demand. The Direct Co., 1417 E. Franklin, Minneapolis, Minn.

40 TULIP BULBS, four each of ten varieties, \$1.15. 100, three each of five varieties, \$1.15. Postpaid. W. P. Kimball, 244 E. 23rd St., Portland, Ore.

SCHOOL FOR MEN Training for BUSINESS, TRADES or PROFESSIONS. Enroll any time. Oregon Institute of Technology, Y. M. C. A. Bldg., Portland, Oregon.

Fed by Thirteen Rivers The city of Jackson, Mich., uses electricity generated by the flow of water from 13 rivers. Memorializing the service of all these rivers to the citizens of the community, a bottle containing water from all of them was broken over the entrance of a new headquarters building of the electric light and power company recently.

In Its Original State A primeval forest refers to the original forest that is a forest that has stood unchanged from the earliest period of history.

Don't Trust Your Butter To Luck Market men and consumers are insisting on uniform color, now-a-days, and no real dairyman can afford to trust to luck any more. Keep your butter always that golden yellow shade, which brings top prices, by using Dandelion Butter color. All large creameries have used it for years. It meets all State and National Food Laws. It's harmless, tasteless, and will not color Butter-milk. Large bottles cost only 35c at all drug and grocery stores.

WHY PAY \$25 For Your Suit, Overcoat or Topcoat? Make \$10 a week in your spare time or \$100 weekly and more, full time selling our guaranteed line of suits, overcoats and topcoats at the amazing low prices of \$25. Your commission is \$10 every week. No stock. No previous experience necessary. In latest style and desirable material. Mail order. Free literature. Complete kit. Write for free literature sample kit today.

OUR PRICE \$15 For Wash Suits, Tails, Work Suits. \$50 For Wash Suits, Tails, Work Suits. \$100 For Wash Suits, Tails, Work Suits.

Keep Stomach and Bowels Right By giving baby the harmless, purely vegetable, infants and children's regulator, MRS. WINSTON'S SYRUP brings astonishing, gratifying results in making baby's stomach digest food and bowels move as they should at teaching time. Guaranteed free from narcotics, opiates, alcohol and all harmful ingredients. Safe and satisfactory. At All Drugists.

DR. STAFFORD'S OLIVE TAR FOR COLDS Shorty two dog teams left the ship bound for the camps in the south half of the island in a mad rush to save the skins yet untraded.

EYES HURT? For burning or sandy eyes, and to relieve inflammation, use Dr. Stafford's Olive Tar. It is safe, according to directions. At All Drugists.

Hanford's Balsam of Myrtle Since 1846 Has Healed Wounds and Sores on Men and Beasts. Money Back For First Bottle If Not Satisfied. All Dealers.

Men Marooned

By GEORGE MARSH

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CHAPTER IX—Continued

"A home . . . a home!" repeated the other, moody eyes on the pipe which he rubbed in his broad palm. "It doesn't mean anything to me, John."

"Yes, I know," and Skene looked pityingly at his chief. Then voices on deck straightened them in their chairs. A sailor thrust his head through the door of the cabin.

"There's an Injun, here with some news." "Send him down!"

The Cree interpreter entered the cabin, followed by a hunter whose face was alive with excitement, as he chattered to the Cree.

"What's on his mind, Michel?" demanded McDonald.

Shutting off with upraised hand the stream of Cree from the mouth of the Indian, the interpreter replied: "Joe Mokoman sees dead!"

"What?" McDonald rasped. "Dead? How do you mean? Killed?"

"Found dead on de canoe Riviere, wid bees 'tread ripped out." "Well, I'll be d—! Who found him? This bird?"

"No, he see some Cree crossin' ice at de Beeg point—dey tell him."

With a quick movement, McDonald reached and drew the interpreter to him. "You say some of the Indians are crossing to the mainland?"

"For a space the harsh phonetics of the Cree tongue filled the cabin."

"At Beeg point, yesterday, he see many dog-team from de nord' cross de ice. A Canoe Riviere hunter say he fin' Mokoman dead in snow by riviere shore."

"But where's old Souci? Didn't he make his medicine on the canoe?" "Yes, he say Souci mak' beeg medicine two sleep back—ill de hunter een nord' of island' come."

"Good! Souci is bringing them down the coast." But as the interpreter continued to interrogate the Indian his eyes widened in surprise, which swiftly gave way to consternation. Turning excitedly, he cried: "Souci tell dem Cree dat de devil een de ship here! He scare dem crazy—tak' dem all ovair de ice to Elkwan!"

for an Indian makes a ceremony of his Christmas visit to a post and in contrast to the speed with which he pushes his dogs over the river trails on the way in, is the deliberation with which he proceeds to barter his hunt when he has reached the fur post.

It was a happy party that were opening bundles of blankets, getting out sugar and flour, tea and tobacco, from the store-room—filling the shelves with the trade-goods of the company.

"Ah-hah! 'What goin' on out dere?" Etienne looked from a window. "De mail ces comin'!" he cried, and slipping on his parka, went out followed by Garth.

The Albany mail, Garth Guthrie's thoughts were a medley of surmises, questions, hopes. Letters from home! There would be little from his family—Ethel, that would bring cheer to an exile's Christmas. But the letter which a girl on the moonlit shore of the Albany had promised to send him—had she remembered? As he passed the tips on his way to the chattering people on the shore, his heart was quick with expectation—hope.

After the disappointment—no such letter, he drew out the letter from Joan Quarrier would come like the sun breaking through the cloud canopy of the bay. But if she had forgotten? As he joined Etienne and Marie, the possibility of their being no letter on the sled behind the four Ungava huskies galloping in to Elkwan to the shouts of the Cree, made him set his finger nails in the palm of his hand.

Up at his quarters, the little Christmas spruce waited on a table—for her letter—his Christmas. Should it wait in vain?

In the trade-room Garth opened the mail bag with nervous fingers. Clara's familiar hand, company mail from Cameron, two from Ethel, pale blue—He heard the hammering of his heart as he fumbled, and drew out, red and colored paper and bits of lighted candle. On the tree hung colored bags and at its foot were small parcels tied with gaudy Christmas ribbon. On the topmost twig was a letter.

"You told them, Anne?" he asked the grinning squaw, proud in her best wool dress, her raven hair coquetishly circled by a huge pink ribbon—a gift of Garth's, cherished for ceremonies like the present.

"Ah-hah," chuckled the faithful Cree. "Dey come soon, now, Marie, she rub dem chil's face till dey shine lak de moon."

Garth and Shot simultaneously sprang to the door to welcome the comely Marie, leading her excited by word of six, with the grinning Etienne as rear guard.

"Merry Christmas, Marie! Joan! Yvonne!" he cried, fairly dragging the giggling and embarrassed children into the house. "Ah, Monsieur Etienne Savanne, friend of McDonald! Ha! Ha, is also with us tonight."

With his audience seated, Garth proceeded to divide the gifts he had ordered the previous year from lower Canada. For each child were a bag of candy, which was opened with wide-eyed curiosity and grins of delight. And, as the sweet tooth of grown-ups is also highly developed in the North, Marie and Anne, who had not been forgotten, swiftly evidenced their appreciation of good candy by joining the children in their munching.

Then the toys in packages marked with the children's names were given out. There remained a dress each for Marie and Anne, and a Ross sporting rifle for the delighted Etienne.

In the heart of the Santa Claus of Elkwan, the pleasure lighting the dark faces of his friends at his unexpected gifts reacted manifold. Besides, at the top of the tree, his own Christmas waited his eager eyes.

When with much bustle and chatter his friends returned to their cabin and Anne left him, Garth sat down to read the letters from home. The first opened was his brother's, which ran as follows:

"If I had been told that my own brother was to disgrace himself as you have seen fit to do up there on James Bay, I should have knocked down the liar who said it. We understand now your strange refusal to return home, your indifference to Ethel and the business. Professor Quarrier has given me the whole shameful story. A white woman had been bad enough—but a squaw! Pah!"

Guthrie's lean face set hard as he read the first lines. "A white woman would have been bad enough—but a squaw!" Reeling no further, he crushed the letter in his hand and let it fall.

"Poor Ninda!" The letter from Clara was a medley of hysteria, reproach, and unmistakable evidence of a sincere affection for her erring brother-in-law. His eyes softened as he followed the misguided woman's effort to appeal to his sentiment—to his old love for Ethel.

for Ethel's sake. I don't know what she's writing you, but you mustn't take it seriously. She's terribly hurt, of course—but I know she'll forget it all, if you come back."

"Poor old Clara," said the man aloud. "Poor, simple Clara! She can't see yet that it's brother Charlie who counts with Ethel, not I."

So Quarrier had had his revenge. Quarrier, her brother. It was not strange after the snubbing he got. But she? What did Joan Quarrier think of the tale her brother had brought to Charles Guthrie?

Then he opened the two letters in the blue envelopes. One was dated a month earlier than the other and he read that first.

"I imagine your life in France," ran the letter, "was similar to that of the last year on James Bay. I have learned much of what went on over there. Was it a French girl or an army nurse?"

She had unwittingly hurt him in the only way it was now possible for Ethel Falconer to reach the man who had once loved her. Army nurse! What had Ethel done for Canada to reach a position of honor with the woman who had tolled and dared behind the lines, that stricken man might live?

He read on: "Of course, Garth, this is your answer. I was willing to forget the slight, the neglect, but when we learned how you had been living, my love died. To share your affections with an ignorant, immoral squaw was asking a little too much, Garth."

The man who read laughed outright. "Your love died, my poor child, on the wharf at Quebec, when you saw what the Huns had done to your soldier boy," he said aloud.

"Well, why the postscript?" he went on. "She throws me over in the first letter, horse, foot and dragons; why continue the agony?"

Opening the second envelope, he read: "When you wrote you, Garth, dear, I did not understand that she had died, but Mr. Quarrier tells me that his sister helped nurse her. Of course, it was all a horrible shock, but now that it is over and you may come home, I am willing to forget the past—if you want me to."

Rising in disgust, Guthrie paced the floor. "Merciful heavens! She's willing to forget the past! Poor, shallow, scheming Ethel! Rather than lose brother-in-law Charles, you cry-fish, eat humble-pie, grovel on your knees. 'Was it a French girl or a nurse?' he quoted scathingly. 'Ready to swallow that, too, are you, my dear?'"

Guthrie finished the letter. So Ethel Falconer waited with open arms for the prodigal lover. But, unlike the son of the tale, the prodigal lover was not returning.

Picking up and finishing the crumpled letter of Charles, Garth learned that, inasmuch as he had disgraced the family name and ignored the family wishes, the Guthrie family would proceed to try to forget its black sheep.

With a smile of contempt Garth opened the door of the sheet-iron stove and tossed in the letters. Clara's he would answer—good-hearted, well-meaning, old Clara, who alone had sensed his condition and his unappreciation, on his return home. Then raised his arms and expelling a deep breath of relief, he said: "Thank God, that's over! And now—"

He took the letter of Joan Quarrier from the tree and eagerly opened it. "Dear Mr. Exlie: 'Have you kept your promise? Is this the last letter to be read? I wish you a very happy Christmas, but just how that would be possible up there on your frozen coast is difficult to imagine. However, I hope you will not be lonely with thoughts of home and what you have so stubbornly turned from.'"

Garth's brows knotted in thought. "Of course," he surmised, "she must know about Ethel since her brother had met Charles—had heard of the engagement and his strange actions. But why did she thought him still engaged, why did she write?"

Joan continued: "My winter has been an active one, working in a school for homeless children. Poor things! They need all we can give them. It has not been as uninteresting as it sounds. Everything is so new and strange."

"But you, when are you coming back to your kind, Mr. Exlie? You must be wonderfully well after two years—and they are still waiting for you."

The KITCHEN CABINET

(A. 1927, Western Newspaper Union.)

No man is worth his salt who is not ready at all times to risk his life, to risk his well-being, to risk his name for a great cause.—Theodore Roosevelt.

MEATS FOR THE FAMILY

The Scotch kettle (a small kettle with an iron cover) is being used much in meat cooking again. One who is not fortunate enough to own one of ancient vintage can with the price buy a good one. There is no other utensil which cooks meat to such perfection. Covered tightly and cooked long and slowly, the flavor of the meat is retained as well as all its juices. Meat tastes so well and so different that one thinks he is eating something out of the ordinary.

Lamb Roast.—Take two or three pounds of the breast of lamb or mutton—if the latter be sure to remove all the skin. Roll in flour well seasoned. Put a pint of well soaked beans in the bottom of the kettle and on them place the lamb with sliced onions to season. Bake three hours carefully covered, adding some fat and a very little moisture to start the cooking.

Three oxtails, wash and parboil them for five minutes, then wipe and roll in seasoned flour. Put one-half can of tomatoes in a kettle, lay-in the oxtails and cover with finely chopped carrot, turnip and onion. Cover tightly and cook for four hours in a slow oven. Thicken the sauce and serve with mashed potatoes.

Kettled Chicken.—Cut at the joints a large fat fowl, removing as many of the large bones as possible. Put two tablespoonsful of olive oil into a hot kettle, as soon as it is hot add the chicken, stirring until well browned; season well, add a tablespoonful or more of chicken broth made from the bones, cover and let cook for several hours or until well done.

Baked Slice of Ham.—Take a two-inch slice from the center of a good ham. Place in a baking dish and cover with four medium-sized onions sliced, a pint of tomatoes, a sprig of parsley, with a small piece of bay leaf. Bake slowly for two hours. Make a gravy from the liquor and serve with baked potatoes.

Indian Curry.—To make this curry, delicate meat of chicken, rabbit or other tender game meat is required. For a chicken curry, cover a chicken with boiling water, adding a bouquet of herbs and two large onions sliced. Simmer gently until tender, removing all the fat that may arise. To two tablespoonsful of the fat add two of flour and when well mixed, add broth to make gravy. Mix three beaten egg yolks with a teaspoonful of curry powder and the juice of half a lemon; stir carefully into the gravy. Reheat but do not boil. Pour over the cooked chicken and border with boiled rice.

Out of the Cooky Jar. There is no sweet cake in the household more popular with young or old than cookies.

Old-Fashioned Ginger Snaps.—Bring to the boiling point one cupful of molasses, add one-half cupful of sugar, and two-thirds of a cupful of butter, one tablespoonful of ginger, one-half teaspoonful of salt and one teaspoonful of soda. Mix well and set on ice. After adding flour to roll. When chilled roll out and bake in a moderate oven.

Grandma's Cookies.—Cream one cupful of sugar with three well beaten eggs. Dissolve a teaspoonful of soda in a tablespoonful of hot water, add two tablespoonsful of cream and mix all together. Add one and one-half tablespoonsful of ginger and flour to roll. Place on ice over night. In the morning, roll very thin, cut and bake. The secret of a good moist cookie is to make it with a little flour as possible.

Sugar Cookies.—Cream one cupful of butter with three cupfuls of sugar, add three unbeaten eggs, one cupful of milk in which a teaspoonful of soda is dissolved, one small nutmeg grated and flour to roll. Grated lemon peel or seeds of various kinds may be used with raisins or nuts for variety.

Corn Flake Macaroons.—Take one cupful each of sugar, cornflakes, ground nuts or coconut, two tablespoonfuls of flour and a few drops of vanilla. Beat two egg whites very stiff, add the sugar gradually, then the cornflakes and nuts with the flour. Drop by teaspoonfuls on baking sheets and bake in a moderate oven until brown.

Rich Cookies.—Cream one-half cupful of butter, add one-third cupful of sugar gradually, then one egg well beaten, three-fourths cupful of flour, one-half teaspoonful of vanilla, nuts, raisins and citron to taste. Drop from a spoon on buttered sheet, spread thinly with a knife dipped in cold water. Add four raisins, an almond or two cut into strips and citron cut into small pieces, over each cookie. Bake in a moderate oven.

Currants and raspberries combined make a delicious jelly. Jelly to be clear should never be squeezed, but allowed to drip from the bag.

What It Was "My goodness!" ejaculated Mrs. Johnson, in the midst of her reading "Here is an item telling about a man over in Izard county who sold his wife for \$2. Wasn't that a shame?" "A shame!" yelled Gap Johnson of Rumpus Ridge. "I was plumb robbed!"—Kansas City Star.

Explosives The man who gets hot under the collar can't afford to have it celluloid.—Farm and Fireside.

Tourist Finds Hell in Polish Summer Resort

Dants had nothing on the ordinary citizen of Dantsig, who can go to Hell and back every day, if he pleases. In Hell (or as it is sometimes spelled, Hel or Hela) Poland has its leading summer resort.

"How can I go to Hell?" I asked the hotel porter one morning. "That's easy," he replied. "A boat right at the foot of the river will take you across the bay to Hell." So I crossed the Styx into Hell.

Hell, however, turned out not to be all that it's cracked up to be. One hears they follow the Russian style of natural bathing costumes there, but, at least during my short visit, Hell had reformed. All I saw were two or three small beer gardens, a lot of fishing huts and an open stretch of beach, with bathhouses here and there. Not even a goldfish or a devilfish in sight.

As a place to raise h—l, however, Hell cannot quite come up to Zoppot, fifteen miles from Dantsig, where they have three roulette tables, etc., etc.—From a Dantsig Letter in the Erooklyn Eagle.

Peace Efforts Akin to Labors of Small Boy?

Secretary Merrill Anderson, of the Pan-American Peace union, said at a dinner in Washington: "The governments of the world keep peering away at the disarmament question, and the result promises to be—well, like the story."

"A man looked over his garden wall the other afternoon and saw the little son of his neighbor hammering lustily on a toy wheelbarrow. "What are you doing to the wheelbarrow, sonny?" the man asked. "Mendin' her," said the boy. "She's broke."

"Well, the man met the boy's father in the evening and said: "Your son was mighty busy this afternoon."

Does Weakness Detract From Your Good Looks?

San Francisco, Calif.—"About two years ago I was weak and rundown in health. I suffered so much with backache and pain in my side, and did not get any relief until I took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. A few bottles of the 'Prescription' was a permanent benefit to me and I am glad to recommend it to others for I believe it will do for them what it did for me."—Mrs. E. Webb, 1103 Laguna St.

Obtain this famous "Prescription" now, in tablets or liquid, from your druggist, or write Dr. Pierce, President Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., for free medical advice.

Specious Consultation

Dr. George West Russell, the Los Angeles economist, was condemning the growth of installment buying. "We are becoming a nation of installment buyers," he said. "This means extravagance, recklessness and, perhaps, ultimate insolvency."

"Installment dealers offer us consolation; they point out the higher plane of living that installment buying allows; but to the thinker this consolation is as specious as the judge's."

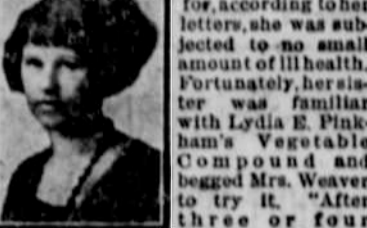
"The judge, after condemning a poor duffer to 20 years' hard labor, said to him consolingly: "Oh, well, you know, we've all got to be somewhere."

Canada Attracts Tourists

The Canadian department of customs estimates the gross outlay in Canada by American tourists in 1926 at \$206,107,820, and this huge sum is growing at a rapid rate. The province of Ontario, on account of its favorable location near the densely populated areas of northeastern United States, profited more than all the other provinces combined, having more than one-half of the total outlay and of the money spent. The province of Quebec was second, with about 25 per cent of the total outlay.

HOW MRS. WEAVER WAS HELPED

By Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



As Mrs. Weaver herself says, "I was never very strong. This is a mild and the more inflated about describing her condition, for according to her letters, she was subjected to no small amount of ill health. Fortunately, her sister was familiar with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and begged Mrs. Weaver to try it. After three or four weeks," writes Mrs. Weaver, "I felt a great difference in myself. I would go to bed and sleep sound, and although I could not do very much work, I seemed stronger. I kept on taking it and now I am well and strong, do my work and take care of three children. I sure do tell my friends about your wonderful medicine, and I will answer any letters from women asking about the Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. LAWRENCE WEAVER, East Smithfield St., Mt. Pleasant, Pa.

Stop Coughing

The more you cough the worse you feel, and the more inflamed your throat and lungs become. Give them a chance to heal. Boschee's Syrup has been giving relief for sixty-one years. Try it. 50c and 90c bottles. Buy it at your drug store. G. G. Green, Inc., Woodbury, N. J.

CARBUNCLES CARBOIL

Carboil draws out the core and gives quick relief. GENUINE 50c BOX. At All Drugists.—Money Back Guarantee.

Four-Thousand-Mile "Toot"

An American manufacturer of motor car horns had extolled the merits of a new product—a two-tone instrument—on paper to a London customer, but the London man still wished to be convinced.

So the manufacturer mounted one of the horns near the Atlantic telephone and transmitted a sample "toot" across the ocean. It was heard quite clearly, 4,000 miles away.—London Evening News.

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 Syrup. Contains no narcotics. Proven directions are on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it. The genuine bears signature of Dr. J. C. Fletcher.

Stayed Put "So you have stayed out in the rain? I told you not to do that. In my earlier days of practice my patients were much more obedient." "How was that?" "I was a prison doctor."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A small radio set devised for aviators by the United States navy transmits signals even when the plane's motors are dead.

Demand

BAYER

ASPIRIN

SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN"—Genuine

Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets, you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians over 25 years for

Colds Headache Neuritis Lumbago
Pain Neuralgia Toothache Rheumatism

DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART

Safe Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions. Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets. Also bottles of 24 and 100.—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monocristallinester of Salicylicacid