

SHE WENT FROM BAD TO WORSE

Down to 98 Pounds—Finally Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



Cleveland, Ohio—"After having my first baby, I lost weight, no matter what I did. Then a doctor told me I would be better if I had another baby, which I did. But I got worse, was always sick, and went down to 98 pounds. My neighbor told me about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as it helped her very much, so I tried it. After taking four bottles, I weigh 116 pounds. It has just done wonders for me and I can do my housework now without one bit of trouble."

—Mrs. M. Rasmussen, 1084 Nelson Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

If some good fairy should appear, and offer to grant your heart's desire, what would you choose? Wealth? Happiness?

Health? That's the best gift. Health is riches that gold cannot buy and surely health is cause enough for happiness.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound may be the good fairy who offers you better health.

True to Form

Instructor—Swing at it—swing and hit it. Don't chop like a butcher. Golfer—But that's what I am.

Sure Relief

No more Over-Acidity

Gas, nausea, sick headache, heartburn, distress after eating or drinking quickly and surely relieved. Safe. Pleasant. Not a laxative.

Normalizes Digestion and Sweetens the Breath



6 BELL'S Hot Water Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION 25¢ AND 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE

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Joe Duree of Des Moines, Iowa, completely deaf, dropped 9,000 feet and was partly cured, but his drooping was done in an airplane and is a treatment prescribed by several doctors. Duree's hearing was destroyed ten years ago, when he contracted influenza while serving in the army. Doctors advised this remedy in the hope that his eardrums would be joined into sudden activity by a sudden change of atmospheric pressure. Duree plans another swoop to improve his hearing further.



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ALWAYS tired and shy? Sure your kidneys are working right? Sluggish kidneys allow waste poisons to remain in the blood and make one dull and languid, with often nagging headache, drowsy headaches and dizziness. A common warning is scanty or burning secretions.

Use Doan's Pills. Doan's, a stimulant diuretic, increase the secretion of the kidneys and aid in the elimination of waste impurities. They are praised the world over. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS 60c
STIMULANT DIURETIC FOR KIDNEYS
Boster-Hilborn Co. Mfg. Co., Buffalo, N.Y.

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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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DR. STAFFORD'S OLIVE TAR FOR COLDS

Men Marooned

By GEORGE MARSH

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CHAPTER XI—Continued

—17—

Halfway across, the dusk from Akimiski moved out to meet the travelers, soon to look upon, in the berths of the schooner, death, in all horror of plague-stricken men; or to meet a treacherer, as Guthrie believed, too vile for the uses of a fighting man like Laughing McDonald. But the canny half-breed would not be convinced, and the knife, shifted to his capote sash, and the uncaned rifle barrel thrusting from his robe, were sinister witnesses to his distrust of the Cree.

The barrens of the island purpled, then faded with the dusk. Stars glittered above the moving teams. At last in the starlight, the black masses of the hills flanking Seal cove loomed ahead. The Indian stopped his dogs. "Eet ees ovaire dere." He pointed to the invisible shore.

Ordering the disarmed Cree to remain with his dogs, Etienne called Garth for whispered council of war. "De schooner ees not here. We stop an' tie up de husky. Den you an' Shot go one way an' I tak' dees feller wid de gun een hees back an' we circle round de boat."

"All right! If either sees or hears anything, two long whistles. Will they hear our dogs if they yelp?"

"No, eet ees too far."

Shot, trained to silence, would be invaluable in a fight, but the Nuskies' yelping would betray them, so they were lashed to the sleds.

"Eet we don't see nodin'. I mak' dis feller holler to de ship. Den we wait. I tell heen he is de first een de boat, wid de gun een hees ribs. He yer scare—something bad here," warned Etienne.

"He's afraid of the devil," suggested Garth, uncaning his rifle, and regretting that his army automatic hung neglected in its holster on the rack at Elkwan. This stalk of the ship had much of the color of a trench raid—a fight in the dark, if Etienne was right—and he missed the feel of his pistol on his belt, the drag on the shoulder-strap of a bag of Mills bombs.

As they separated, Etienne gripped Garth's hand. "I meet you at de boat. Keep behin' de ice 'en I mak' heem holler, eef dey shoot."

The idea of stalking dead men was grotesque, but as Garth and Shot made their way slowly toward the shore, for the stars were dim, the possibility that Etienne's suspicions were not unfounded grew in the mind of Guthrie. Suppose the Indian had seen a dead man. There might have been a fight aboard while the rest were temporarily ashore after fur. True, McDonald might be dead, but with the leader gone, Breault, desperate, sick possibly, perhaps insane, might have evolved this scheme to lure some of the Kapiskau people across the ice.

For the Indian was bound for Kapiskau when they met him.

That the ruse was McDonald's, Guthrie put aside, but strange things had happened before among a ship's company wintering in the ice, and who could guess what had fallen out on The Ghost?

When, in the faint light of the stars he made out the ice-sheathed poles of the schooner, Garth patted his excited dog. "Stand to, Shot!"

The alreale stiffened, sniffing the wind, then side by side, man and dog cautiously made their approach. From behind a pressure ridge, a hundred yards from the frozen-in craft drifted with snow to her low rails, Guthrie stopped. There, under the dim stars, silent, sinister, lay the ship. Was it the sepulcher of luckless dead, or—

Two whistles from the direction of the ship started Guthrie swiftly over the ice behind his silent dog. Circling the stern, he found behind a mound Etienne and the shaking Cree.

"What is it?"

"I hear some soon' on dat boat."

"Eet ees de spirit," whispered the Cree.

"We go up an' leesteen," said Etienne, prodding the reluctant Indian forward.

Standing with rifles leveled on the plank-sheathed deck-house, they waited. Presently to the straining ears of the men came a moaning as of a creature in agony, to culminate in a crescendo of groans.

The two men peered questioningly into each other's faces. At their side the alreale trembled in a frenzy of excitement.

"Make him call to them," muttered Guthrie, with a nod at the panic-stricken Cree.

The steel muzzle of Savanne's rifle found the Indian's ribs.

In a voice shattered by terror, the Cree called: "Kequay! 'Allo!" But no answer from within broke the heavy silence. They waited. Again low moaning drifted from the deck-house.

"I'm going aboard," said Guthrie, and calling Shot, leaped the rail, followed by Etienne. A door, behind the sheathing, opened to his hand, and with the dog in front, they made their way down to the pitlike blackness of the cabin. The odor of spilled whisky, food—and the stench of corpses struck them like a blow in the face. Striking a match, Etienne lit the stub of a candle he took from his pocket. In its flickering light the two gazed in horror at the chaos around them. On the table, the floor, whisky bottles, empty, half full, lay in a litter of meat and biscuit tins, dishes and scattered food. Sitting, jammed grotesquely between boxes in a corner, a rigid hand gripping a glass, the candle lit the staring eyes and gaping mouth of a dead man.

"Buck Breault!" muttered Guthrie. "Died drunk! But that groan! Where are the rest?"

Turning, nauseated from the air and the loathsome spectacle, they found a stateroom. In two berths lay the dead bodies of the bearded mate Guthrie had met on the beach, and a sailor. Then a muttered groan and a curse led to the adjoining room. Guthrie stood in the low door, holding the candle above his head.

In a bunk a gigantic figure lay in a sleeping bag. Guthrie bent forward, thrusting his arm with the light into the room. The heavy breathing of the bulk in the berth pulsed through the small room.

"McDonald!"

Etienne crowded beside his chief, curious to see the man whose fame had swept James Bay. The face was turned from the door and Guthrie entered the room to stumble over a bottle which rolled away, spilling its contents. Then he held a light over the mutilated face.

As the candle lit the russet hair and unseeing eyes, flaming with fever above the shattered face with its red beard, Garth Guthrie stared motionless. Slowly his jaw dropped. As if in the spell of some strange fascination, the grimacing face in the candle light held Guthrie's unwavering eyes. Bewilderment, profound, shifted slowly to amazement—to recognition.

"Craig Galbraith!" he gasped. Then swiftly turning back the robes, exposed at the base of the corded neck a jagged scar.

"Craig Galbraith—Laughing McDonald! God!—what irony!"

Turning to the perplexed Etienne, Guthrie rapidly explained as he felt for the pulse in a huge wrist.

"Etienne, you and I have work ahead! This is 'du' or pneumonia. He needs some nourishment—may have starved for days. The bag has saved him—kept him warm with that fever."

"But you nurse heem—dis McDonald! Ha! Ha!" demanded the surprised half-breed.

"Nurse him!" Garth laughed rawly. "Why, this man took me on his back through hell itself—brought me through a barrage with one of his arms broken and a shot in the chest. He's my friend—my pal, understand!—saved my life! We were brothers-in-France! Light the galley lamp and heat some broth—soup, quick!"

"Hees name not McDonald!" asked the bewildered Etienne, dazed by the swift reversal of the situation.

"No! I never suspected—never dreamed who McDonald was. He was shot in the face while I was in the hospital. I didn't know how bad it was—never saw him again."

Guthrie found and lit a lamp; then poured some whisky in a glass and propping up the head of the unconscious man, got it down his throat. A rapid inspection of the boat discovered a fourth corpse. The Cree known to be with the schooner, and another man, had evidently deserted the dying.

The absence of rash on the bodies and faces did away with the possibility of measles or smallpox. It was doubtless influenza, contracted from an Indian or Eskimo, for a warning had been received at Albany from Moose that influenza was again loose on the bay.

Finishing the Cree waiting out on the ice, Garth sent him for the dog-teams and leaving the efficient Etienne watching a kettle of canned soup and a coffee pot on an oil stove, returned to Captain Craig Galbraith, alias McDonald Ha! Ha!

Once after his return home he had heard from the man who had brought him unconscious through that hail of gas and lead and steel, and whom he had never seen since the day, Galbraith left the same hospital to rejoin his command. In his letter from Halifax, Craig had refused an invitation to visit Montreal, pleading business, but, unknown to Garth, the giant at whom the women of France were wont to turn admiring eyes, had come home wearing the grin of a gargoyle. Then, like a rifle shot, struck home the realization that the man wanted in Halifax for killing his wife's lover was the man in the bunk. He pictured the agony of him, once called Handsome Galbraith, bringing that twisted grimace back to the wife he had loved—the blind rage, born of despair and shame that heated his blood on finding her faithless as a woman, and as a hero's faithless, as a broad chest of Craig Galbraith, famous in the Canadian corps for his trench raids, wore the bronze badge of the elect—the Victoria cross.

If he died, it did not matter; but if he lived? If he lived, he was a hunted man. Cameron would send a party to Seal cove on hearing from Guthrie of his discovery. The ship and fur would be held for government action. In the meantime what of the man in delirium?

Etienne entered with soup, which Galbraith mechanically swallowed.

"Is the Cree back with the dogs, or did he leave us?"

"No, he come back. I tote heem I would follow heem an' eet hees 'troat if he run away," said Savanne dryly.

"Etienne, we can't stay here. We'll pick up this 'du, or something worse. The ship is a morgue. And I won't leave the man who wouldn't leave me." For a space Guthrie puffed furiously at his pipe. Suddenly he slapped his knee. "I've got it! Listen! His heart is strong, and the fever, as near as I can tell, is not as bad as it might be. It's fifty miles to Elkwan. With the Cree's dogs you can make it by daylight. Well wrapped up and bound, so he can't roll out or hurt himself, he'll make it. It isn't cold, and cold air is better than this stinking ship."

Etienne listened as if he thought Guthrie had suddenly gone mad. "But you? where you go?" he broke in.

Guthrie smiled. "I'm going to take our dogs to Albany."

"To Albany?"

"Yes! It's my duty to report this to Cameron at once."

"No, you'll need his help. I'll gay him well!"

"But," Etienne sensed that something lay behind it all, "we tak' dis man to Elkwan an' de police come—den w'at?" Etienne also had guessed.

"At Albany," smiled Guthrie. "I'll tell Cameron that you shot yourself accidentally—had wound. And I am going to bring Miss Cameron and a course tomorrow, to nurse you. She knows all about wounds—and I think—she'll come," added Guthrie quietly.

"By gar!" The half-breed stared at his chief in unqualified admiration. "It's his only chance for life. Here he would die. The place is infested with germs—ought to be burned. You understand? You start as soon as you can. I'm on my way now. I'll be in Elkwan tomorrow night—if she'll come with her medicine kit. And I think she will—for she's a soldier, God bless her!"

After forcing more soup down the throat of the sick man, he was given a stiff drink of whisky, bundled in furs, bound with strips of blanket, and with great difficulty carried to the sled. Fortunately for Guthrie's plan, the delirium had not taken a violent form, for the enormous strength of Galbraith would have baffled them.

With a grip of the hand Guthrie bade his staunch head man good-by, and whistling to Shot, started with his tired team to Albany. Already that day the dogs had done sixty miles and the forty miles before them over the rough sea-ice, even with the light sled, would, if pushed, bring them into Albany, five sore-footed, stiff-legged creatures. So it was not until the sky grayed with the dawn that Guthrie drove up to the tradehouse at Fort Albany, and feeding his tired team, put them in an empty shack where they might sleep through the morning.

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What's the Answer?

Questions No. 20

1—What is meant by the term "Water Babies?"

2—What was the real name of Lewis Carroll, author of "Alice in Wonderland?"

3—Which is the largest river in New England?

4—What audacious American genius who was painter, etcher, pastelist and lithographer; who had much in common with the Impressionists, but was of no school but his own, was also famous for his wit in conversation and the brilliancy of his writings?

5—Who was the first woman to swim the English channel?

6—What was the date of the Boston massacre?

7—When did Daniel Boone first come to Kentucky?

8—Who discovered X-rays?

9—What is the annual salary of the President of the United States?

10—Does the name "Catholic" apply only to the church?

11—What woman was the heroine of the battle of Monmouth in the Revolution?

12—What general captured Stony Point in the Revolution?

13—Who invented wireless telegraph?

14—Who is the Western open golf champion?

15—What American actress of a past generation is most frequently mentioned among the great stars of the world are under discussion?

16—What great city of the world stands on two continents?

17—What English author entered Mecca and Medina disguised as a Moslem?

18—Where is the Fiddler crab found?

19—In case of the death or disability of both the President and the vice-president of the United States, who becomes President?

20—What is the total number of non-Christians in North America?

Answers No. 19

1—Vicente Blasco Ibanez.

2—Jack Delaney.

3—John Rolfe.

4—Gen. Henry Hamilton, British.

5—Cyrus McCormick.

6—The Drevs and the Barrymores.

7—The group of three great mountain ranges which traverse the country from north to south.

8—They are water rats and are widespread throughout England and Scotland.

9—Immigrant is used with reference into which, emigrant with reference to the country from which migration is made.

10—It is an important festival in the Greek, Roman and English churches. It is held on the 40th day after Easter.

11—The common fox.

12—Pedro Calderon.

13—Rene La Coste de France.

14—Battle of the Thames, 1813.

15—Battle of San Jacinto, 1836.

16—Richard J. Gatting.

17—Gregg; his "Peer Gynt" suite.

18—The Congo.

19—The "from" is redundant, "whence" meaning from what place.

20—Whitsunday is in contrast with Lent, in that no fasting was enjoined, and prayer was offered standing rather than kneeling.

Historic Flag Now in French Army Museum

A priceless relic of Napoleon and his Grand Army has been presented to the French Army museum at the Invalides. This is the original flag of the emperor's First regiment of foot grenadiers—the most glorious standard of the imperial guard. Measuring about 33 inches square, it is beautifully embroidered with imperial eagles and golden bees, and bears the inscription: "Garde Imperiale. L'Empereur Napoleon au Premier Regiment de Grenadiers-a-pied." This is the only flag which accompanied the emperor throughout his campaigns in Germany and Flanders, and it flew at Waterloo. It was this standard which General Petit held on the great parade at Fontenoy in which Napoleon bade farewell to his troops before going into exile, and which he kissed in the presence of his weeping grenadiers. It was presented to the army museum by the family of the late Han de la Goupilliere, a grandson of the General Petit who was holding it when it received the emperor's last salute.

Great Lover of Books

The greatest of book collectors was Richard Heber, an Englishman who died almost a hundred years ago. He is said to have owned 150,000 books, many of them of great rarity. His library in London filled eight houses; when it was sold at auction the sale lasted more than six months and brought over \$250,000. Heber is the man who said that every gentleman ought to own three copies of any good book, one for show, one for use, and one to lend—YOUTH'S Companion.

Sorry for "Fatted Calf"

Christian missionaries in their work among the Hindus find it difficult to explain the killing of the fatted calf—the only thing in the four gospels to which nearly all Hindus take exception. This is because the cow is regarded by them as sacred.

What Dulls the Razor

One of the surviving ways of an old-fashioned razor hotly denies that women do all their housekeeping with a can opener.—Arkansas Gazette.



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Put Leading Citizens' Faces on Monument

By a woman artist's prank