

SICK WOMAN SOON RECOVERS

By Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

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



Miss BEATRICE MACHIAS, 1134 N. Penn. Ave., Lansing, Mich.

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

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

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

Are you on the Sunlit Road to Better Health?

Too Much Science "You wife looks rather tired." "Yes, she's been using a lot of new labor-saving devices." -Answers.

A Benefactor "A physician who reaches out to benefit humanity leaves a record behind him that is worth while. Such a man was Dr. R. V. Pierce.



His study along medical lines and his knowledge of the remedial qualities of herbs and plants led to the discovery of his wonderful herb remedy, Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is just the tonic required if a woman is borne down by pain and sufferings at regular or irregular intervals, by nervousness or dizzy spells, headache or backache. Favorite Prescription can be had in tablet form as well as liquid at your neighborhood store.

Headache from Slight Colds Laxative BROMO QUININE Tablets relieve the Headache by curing the Cold. Look for signature of E. W. Grove on the box. 50c.-Adv.

All the world's a stage; and we're amateurs till we're fifty. at least.

The BABY



No mother in this enlightened age would give her baby something she did not know was perfectly harmless especially when a few drops of plain Castoria will right a baby's stomach and end almost any little ill. Fretfulness and fever, too; it seems no time until everything is serene.

That's the beauty of Castoria; its gentle influence seems just what is needed. It does all that castor oil might accomplish, without shock to the system. Without the evil taste it's delicious! Being purely vegetable, you can give it as often as there's a sign of colic; constipation; diarrhea; or need to add sound, natural sleep.

Just one warning: it is genuine Fitcher's Castoria that physicians recommend. Other preparations may be just as free from all doubtful drugs but no child of this writer's is going to test them! Besides, the book of care and feeding of babies that comes with Fitcher's Castoria is worth its weight in gold.

Children Cry for Fitcher's CASTORIA

"Poor old boy! It wasn't your fault, was it, if Shot went crazy? Don't blame you a bit, old man. I had to do it, but it's forgotten, isn't it? Yes, good old Castor!"

DR. STAFFORD'S OLIVE TAR FOR COLDS ASTHMA BRONCHITIS

Men Marooned

By GEORGE MARSH

CHAPTER XII—Continued

"A good lead dog has an extra sense—instinct for a trail. Castor has it; that's why he's our lead dog. He has brains, too."

"Where's Shot?" "Oh, he's following the shore. If he misses us, he'll circle and get our scent."

"Won't he bark?" "No, he was taught not to—at night. But I must make a decision."

"A decision?" "We're near the mouth of the Kapskauk. It's going to be slow work—you stand this till daylight!"

"What has that to do with the Kapskauk?" "If you're tired—too tired to go on, we can stop at the post. So caught a note almost of appeal in his voice."

"Too tired," she protested, "an army nurse tired when there's a patient to take care of?"

"I know, but it's a bit dangerous, too," he said doubtfully. "Of course—I'd like to keep on—for his sake."

"Well, we'll keep on. It means making Elkwan hours sooner, doesn't it? And that counts. I can sleep on this sled."

"Thank you, Soldier," he said, and stopped the team while he consulted his compass. "If I could only see that shore—the boulders."

Guthrie led the sled, and fastening a long rawhide thong to Castor's collar, cried, "Haw, Castor! We're going ashore to see if we can stumble into those boulders."

But leading his team and at intervals stopping to examine the ice from his knees, to Guthrie's surprise the dogs traveled many hundred yards without reaching the drift and the shell ice of the shore. Was he deep in the mouth of the Kapskauk? And off shore?

He had been too careful to have drifted out toward Akmisk, yet he had traveled a mile straight into the shore without hitting it. The only possible solution was the wide mouth of the Kapskauk—and he had wished to avoid getting into the river—had hoped to pass well outside. Swinging the team into the northwest, he decided to travel by compass for another mile. That would bring him into the north shore, if he were inside the river mouth. It would also—

He looked toward the invisible figure on the sled—the girl who had unreservedly placed herself in his hands—who had entered on this voyage of mercy, thoughtfulness of self. The hands inside his mittens shud convulsively, as a warning Etienne had once given him flashed across his memory. And he had brought her—the thing most precious in the world to Garth Guthrie—into this. Why had he not camped on the Big Willow?

For minutes Guthrie walked ahead of his team, praying for signs in the ice—a gray blur at his feet—of the proximity of the shore. Then—desperate, he stood on the tail of the sled and heaved his dogs into a trot, as he checked them from circling with the luminous dial he held in his mitten. For a space Castor gingerly led the team into the black wall when through the murk sounded a brittle bark.

Aroused, the yelping huskies quickened their pace.

"Shot's found the shore—he smells something," cried Guthrie to the girl in front of him. "Queer, he barked, though!"

They had not traveled a hundred yards when, directly in front of the invisible team, sounded Shot's raw challenge. There was an impact of hard bodies, Castor's snarl of rage. Pollex's roar, followed by the belated of huskies fighting into the melee of enraged dogs tangled in their traces slid the sled. With the handle of his heavy dog-god clubbed, the bewildered Guthrie ran to the rescue of the alreidale, who for some inexplicable reason had attacked Castor.

At last, taking a slash which ripped the sleeve of his parka as he reached in, Garth got Shot's collar with one hand and lifting the struggling dog while he nudged the others back, dragged him from the milling team. Attempting to follow, Castor fell stunned by a blow on the skull, and Guthrie was free from the infuriated team, unable, emmeshed in their traces, to drag the sled in pursuit of the alreidale who fought in Guthrie's arms to return to the battle.

"Oh, what has happened?" called Joan Quarrier's frightened voice. "It was too awful. What started them?"

"It's all right. I've got Shot and he's not out much. He'll cool off in a minute. For some reason he piled in on Castor."

"I'll straighten out the dogs now. They don't care for this whelp-handie."

"I could hear the blows," she said. "It hurt, but I suppose it was the only way."

"They'd have killed Shot, if they once got him down. I had to get him out of it quickly," Guthrie explained, and calmed his excited dogs, soon had them on their feet with straight-cut traces. Castor, Guthrie's favorite, who had taken the bulk of the blows, found the hand of his master with his tongue as he rubbed against Guthrie's leg. Garth rumped the erect ears of the trembling Ungava.

"Poor old boy! It wasn't your fault, was it, if Shot went crazy? Don't blame you a bit, old man. I had to do it, but it's forgotten, isn't it? Yes, good old Castor!"

With a pat of the massive skull, Garth went to soothe the still excited Pollex, and the rest. But all the while his brain was busy with the strange action of the alreidale.

With Shot lashed to the tail of the sled, and the heat of the combat cooled in the blood of the huskies through the soothing tones of the master's voice and the touch of his hand, Guthrie again called to his lead dog.

"Marche, Castor!"

As the sled started, the alreidale broke into furious barking, puz- zled.

Guthrie turned back. "What's the matter, Shot?"

The dog was clearly excited about something. With a whimper he rose on his hind legs and pawed the man's chest in dumb attempt to communicate the reason for his protest.

"What is it, old boy? What's over on that shore you don't want us to see?"

"Tell me, Shot," called the girl, and the dog left Guthrie to go to her but was stopped by his leash.

"It's more than queer," said Guthrie. "It's uncanny. Well, I've got to find that shore to make a fresh start. Now, Shot, be quiet, will you?"

Again the driver called, "Marche, Castor!"

The dogs leaned into their collars and the sled started, but from its tail rose the howls of the protesting Shot.

"Good Lord, I've got to look into this! I'll be back shortly." And, stopping his team, Garth walked into the murk.

Had he advanced but a short distance, doubled over the ice, feeling his way with his moccasins, when he stopped, as a chill, like the touch of a cold wind, cut through him.

"Tide crack!" he gasped. Within a step of the gray blur of ice on which he stood, a black streak, fading into the enveloping gloom, barred his way. "We're in the river mouth. . . . among the tide cracks—Etienne warned me! Shot—old Shot, God bless him—he knew!"

Shot's actions were clear enough now. Coming upon the open water toward which the sled was hurrying, the alreidale had returned on the bound, barking a warning as he came. Then, as the dogs came on at a trot, Shot had catapulted into Castor, starting a fight and—stopping the sled. Stunned, struck with remorse, Guthrie crouched on the lip of the gash in the river ice, into which dogs, sled—all of them, would have blindly plunged but for Shot's mad attack on the team.

To have led her to this—a hideous death with the dogs drawn under by the drag of the sled. And Etienne had warned him of the tide cracks in the river mouth. He had intended making a wide swing around the Kapskauk, but in his search for the beach, had entered the river. But Shot, staunch old warrior that he was, had through some uncanny instinct sensed their danger and taken the only method of stopping the team. Putting her trust in Garth Guthrie, Shot had saved her. He turned back to the team, thrilled with pride in the dog who worried at his leash. The love of the man for his dog had been cemented by yet one more bond. Shot had saved her for Garth Guthrie!

"At de Kapskauk!"

Guthrie's thoughts were of the man at his quarters and he did not explain. With Joan and Savanne he hurried across the clearing.

"Well?" he questioned, as the army nurse finished taking the pulse and temperature of the man whose rough breathing filled the room.

Without answering she placed her ear to the broad chest of the man muttering in delirium. After a space she turned to the waiting Guthrie with pained eyes.

"I do not quite understand. Pulse almost normal, temperature only 101, respiration not high, and yet he's developed pneumonia in one lung. I can easily hear the rales!"

"You mean he has beaten the flu?" "I think so; he's so strong. But pneumonia—"

"It hits the big men hardest," he said gloomily.

Joan gave the patient a hypodermic of strychnia and left the room to make some gruel.

"Craig Galbraith—Laughing McDonald" mused Guthrie aloud. "You gave all you had for Canada, and now Canada hunts you because a woman without eyes could see only your scars."

With her well-equipped medicine kit, and her wide experience with influenza and pneumonia cases in the army, Joan Quarrier gave immediate battle for the life dependent on her care. But the problem confronting Guthrie was more complex. What was to become of Galbraith if he lived?

Cameron would waste no time in gaining possession of the schooner and its valuable cargo, which he would hold for the disposition of the authorities at Ottawa. But the schooner and cargo belonged to the estates of the dead men. McDonald was officially dead. He, a hunted man, could not claim it. Who, beside his wife, were his heirs? Garth did not know.

Then Cameron had said the police were coming shortly to the bay in search of the man who-called himself McDonald. Failing to find McDonald's body, which Garth said he had seen on the boat, they would naturally come to Elkwan to talk to the man who brought the news to Albany. If Craig lived, he would be weeks in bed, recovering his strength. Where could he hide a man needing constant care if a police dog-team appeared on the ice before the post? Etienne could be hustled into bed and bandaged to corroborate the story told to Cameron, but Galbraith—what of him? Accessory though it made him to the crime of his friend, the gray eyes of Guthrie hardened at the thought of Galbraith. V. C., Galbraith the trench-rider, whose name was known the length of the British front, being hounded down in his dire extremity. Garth laughed as he pictured the police attempting to take Laughing McDonald on his schooner in the fullness of his strength—McDonald Ha! and the bearded mate who lipped, with Lewis guns and the snipers' rifles they had slept with for four years.

And Joan—he had made her an accessory as well; asked her to nurse a man she knew, now, was wanted for murder. How was he to square his conscience with that? To pay his debt to Galbraith he not only had asked her to throw her reputation to the winds, but to defy the law—Joan Quarrier, who had stepped into his life to become his world.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

What's the Answer

Questions No. 22

- 1.—What is verberna and has it any particular value?
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3.—What is the most popular patriotic song in France? Who wrote it?
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14.—Frank Lockhart.
15.—Sarah Bernhardt; of French nationality and Jewish descent.
16.—Seattle.
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18.—An interesting plant of the Sun-dew family which bears leaves serving as traps to capture insects. It is found in North and South Carolina.
19.—William M. Jardine of Kansas.
20.—May 8, 1816.

CHAPTER XIII

At noon, that day, a lone figure stood in the snow on the clearing at Elkwan and searched the river-ice below the post. With a dubious shake of the head, Etienne returned to Old Anne and his wife, waiting in Guthrie's quarters.

"Ver' black night; hard to follow de shore. Something happen to M'sieu' Guthrie. Mebbe de woman not come vid heem."

"She come," insisted Old Anne. "She come w'en he said. She come."

"Dat McDonald, he ver' seek man. She breeng de med-ecene ef she come. I go an' have a look at de trail."

Again Etienne stood on the cliff above the white Elkwan and watched for the moving spot on the ice, which toward the approaching team. Disappointed, he was about to return to the women in the house when his keen eyes suddenly lit with excitement. Far on the white shell of the river seemed to move a black spot. For a space the half-breed studied the barely distinguishable object. Then he trotted to the quarters.

"Dei come!" he cried to the waiting women. "Dei turn de beeg islan!"

When the huskies that had traveled forty miles since daylight drew in to the cliff trail at a slow walk, Guthrie hurried to the waiting Etienne with the demand: "You got him here? He's alive?"

The half-breed nodded, then with a wide grin turned to the girl on the sled. "Allo! You welcome to Elkwan, mam'selle!" as he assisted her out of the robes.

"I'm mighty glad to see you, Etienne. How are Marie and the chicks, and dear Old Anne?"

"Oh, ver' fine, 'anks. You have hard ride las' night?"

Joan and Garth exchanged smiles. "We surely did," replied Guthrie. "We camped at the Kapskauk."

"At de Kapskauk!"

Guthrie's thoughts were of the man at his quarters and he did not explain. With Joan and Savanne he hurried across the clearing.

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(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Butter Color Depends on YOU

Don't blame the feed or the condition of your stock if market men grade you low and customers complain on account of the color of your butter. You can keep your butter always that golden June color which brings top prices by using Dandelion Butter Color. It's purely vegetable and meets all State and National Pure Food Laws—used by all large creameries for years. It's harmless, tasteless and doesn't color buttermilk. Large bottles, 35c at all drug and grocery stores. Write for FREE SAMPLE BOTTLE. Wells & Richardson Co., Inc. Burlington, Vermont.

Flapper's Clock "We have all heard of the old-fashioned woman who sang one or more verses of 'Nearer, My God to Thee,' to determine the exact moment when the bolted eggs were properly done," writes Pansy of Urbana, "but it remained for a modern practical to give us a brand-new and practical idea on the subject. "Recently married, she was being 'razed' about her inability to cook, and her brother remarked: 'Why, she can't even boil eggs!' " "I can, too," she said. "I smoke one cigarette for soft, two for medium and three for hard-boiled!" -Cleveland Plain Dealer.

If Kidneys Act Bad Take Salts

Says Backache Often Means You Have Not Been Drinking Enough Water

When you wake up with backache and dull misery in the kidney region it may mean you have been eating foods which create acids, says a well-known authority. An excess of such acids overworks the kidneys in their effort to filter it from the blood and they become sort of paralyzed and sluggish. When your kidneys get sluggish and clog you must relieve them, like you relieve your bowels, removing all the body's urinous waste, else you have backache, sick headache, dizzy spells; your stomach sour, tongue is coated and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine is cloudy, full of sediment, channels often get sore, water scalds and you are obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night. Either consult a good, reliable physician at once or get from your pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys may then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for years to help clean and stimulate sluggish kidneys, also to neutralize acids in the system, so they no longer irritate, thus often relieving bladder weakness. Jad Salts is inexpensive, cannot injure and makes a delightful, effervescent lithia-water drink. Drink lots of soft water.

Younger Indians Turn From Faith of Fathers

Sixty or seventy years ago the Fox Indians of Iowa began the acquisition of the English alphabet from missionaries. They learned a method of writing their own language by means of the English alphabet, separating their words into syllables. Since there is only a rough conformity between the characters as employed by the Fox Indians and the actual sounds, it is necessary to restore the phonetics of any Fox text so that the symbols may correctly represent them. Dr. Truman Michelson, of the Smithsonian Institution's Bureau of American Ethnology, has been foremost in this work of collection and restoration. Doctor Michelson, whose work has made him the foremost authority on the Fox Indians, describes their rituals as consisting mainly of eating, dancing and prayer. As is natural with a primitive people, their prayers invite material benefits such as long life, freedom from disease, that the chief's village should be strong enough to resist its enemies, and that no foe should even be permitted to gossip against the village. According to Doctor Michelson, the younger generation now turn these once serious ceremonies into occasions for amusement. Up to some 15 years ago the tribe was so conservative as to resist education, but it has since grown progressive and all the young Indians are anxious to go to school. The tribe are good farmers and compete with the whites in the state agricultural fairs.

Very Concrete

"Oh, you Easterners can boast of your fine buildings and their splendid workmanship," said the Angeleno, "but out my way should be so careful what we put in a building that we even inspect every grain of sand." "Maybe so," retorted the Bostonian, "but here in the East our buildings go up so quick we have to use quicksand to mix with our cement before it solidifies. Otherwise the cement would be all up in the forms before the sand got in it." -Los Angeles Times.

Smoke and Moths

Caterpillars reared for many generations on plants contaminated with smoke produce black moths, experiments indicate. They regain their natural color when placed in their former environment.

Humming Motors

With our growing passion for motor cars and airplanes and our neglect of home we may have to change the old song to "Hum, hum, sweet, sweet hum."

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Oregon & California Directory

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HOTEL WILTSHIRE, San Francisco 500 Stockton St., near Union Square. Master 2500. 14 ROOMS, 110 BATHS. 210 SINGLE, 210 DOUBLE. Outside rooms with bath, \$10 single, \$15 double. Breakfast 30c, 50c, 75c; Dinner 50c; Sunday \$1.50.

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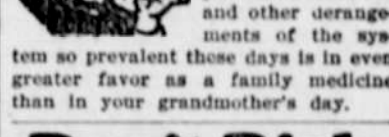
For Women who need effective douches powder, use WO-N-NEB—antiseptic, soothing, safe. Send for circular. Price \$1.00. W. N. Nourse Laboratory, Box 548, 814 E. C. St., Los Angeles, Calif.

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FLORISTON SHAMPOO—Ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balsam. Cleanses hair soft and fluffy. Write for circular. 10c. W. N. Nourse Laboratory, Box 548, 814 E. C. St., Los Angeles, Calif.

Garfield Tea

Was Your Grandmother's Remedy For every stomach and intestinal ill. This good old-fashioned herb home remedy for constipation, stomach ills and other derangements of the system so prevalent these days is even greater favor as a family medicine than in your grandmother's day.



Don't Risk Croup!

Spaniards once usually come suddenly—at midnight—without warning. Have on hand this physician's prescription which often brings relief in 15 to 20 minutes. Contains menthol, eucalyptol, and other soothing agents. In use 50 years, with largest sales of any cough remedy. If you have children, a bottle from your druggist.

DR. DRAKE'S GLESSCO GROUP REMEDY

DEAFNESS HEAD NOISES Relieved by LEONARD EAR OIL "Rub Back of Ear" INSERT IN NOSE ILLS. At All Druggists. Price 50c. Folder about "DR. DRAKE'S" on request. L. S. LEONARD, Inc., 70 Fifth Ave., New York

W. N. U., PORTLAND, NO. 47-1927.

Unlucky Place to Stop Aunt—Now you mustn't have any more cakes, Johnnie. Boy—Well, auntie—if I'm ill it will be your fault, because you've stopped me at the thirteenth!—Stray Stories.