



Makes Life Sweeter

Next time a coated tongue, fetid breath, or acid skin gives evidence of sour stomach—try Phillips Milk of Magnesia!

Get acquainted with this perfect anti-acid that helps the system keep sound and sweet. That every stomach needs at times. Take it whenever a hearty meal brings any discomfort.

Phillips Milk of Magnesia has won medical endorsement. And convinced millions of men and women they didn't have "indigestion." Don't diet, and don't suffer; just remember Phillips. Pleasant to take, and always effective.

The name Phillips is important; it identifies the genuine product. "Milk of Magnesia" has been the U. S. registered trade mark of the Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. and its predecessor Charles H. Phillips since 1875.

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

PISO'S For Coughs

Quick Relief! A pleasant, effective cough-syrup—35c and 60c sizes. And, naturally, use PISO'S Throat and Chest Salve, 35c.

Well Provided

"Does your husband give you an allowance, or do you ask him for money when you need it?"
"Both!"—Passing Show.

The Reflections of a Young Married Woman

are not pleasant if she is delicate, run-down, or over-worked. She feels "played-out." Her smiles and good spirits have fled. It worries her husband as well as herself.

One woman says: "All my married life I have taken Dr. Pierce's medicines when in need of help. The 'Favorite Prescription' when nervous, weak and run-down and it has never failed to help me each time. The 'Golden Medical Discovery' I have found to be the very best tonic. It builds up and enriches the blood, relieves stomach trouble and is excellent to take in springtime to put one's system in good condition."—Mrs. George Baker, 364 Grand Ave., Portland, Ore.

All dealers. Large bottles, liquid \$1.35; Tablets \$1.35 and 65 cents. Write Dr. Pierce's, Buffalo, N. Y., if you desire free medical advice.

Ultra-Conservative

"Is Wilkins really so miserly?"
"Yes, he won't buy a calendar in case he dies before the year is out."
—Flegende Blaetter, Munich.

It May Be Urgent



When your Children Cry for It

Castoria is a comfort when Baby is fretful. No sooner taken than the little one is at ease. If restless, a few drops soon bring contentment. No harm done, for Castoria is a baby remedy, meant for babies. Perfectly safe to give the youngest infant; you have the doctors' word for that! It is a vegetable product and you could use it every day. But it's in an emergency that Castoria means most. Some night when constipation must be relieved—or colic pains—or other suffering. Never be without it; some mothers keep an extra bottle unopened, to make sure there will always be Castoria in the house. It is effective for older children, too; read the book that comes with it.

Fletcher's CASTORIA Bilious?

Take NR—NATURE'S REMEDY—to-night. You'll be "fit and fine" by morning—tongue clear, headache gone, appetite back, bowels acting pleasantly, bilious attack forgotten. For constipation, too. Better than any mere laxative.

Safe, mild, purely vegetable—
NR TO-NIGHT
TOMORROW ALRIGHT
At Druggists—only 25c

FLASH THE LEAD DOG

By GEORGE MARSH

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WNU Service

SYNOPSIS

Up the wild waters of the unknown Yellow-Leg, on a winter's hunt, journey Brock McCain and Gaspard LeCroix, his French-Cree comrade, with Flash, Brock's puppy and their dog team. Brock's father had warned him of the danger of his trip. After several battles with the stormy waters they arrive at a fork in the Yellow-Leg. Brock is severely injured in making a portage and Flash leads Gaspard to the unconscious youth.

CHAPTER III—Continued

After long days of slavery with pole, paddle and line, they had reached their goal. Brock's freckled face beamed with a smile of satisfaction at the thought that, never before, so far as anyone knew, had a white man dipped a paddle in these waters. To what risks—what perils, lay before them when the "freezing moon" of the Cree swung above the ridges and the northers from the bay drove south, locking lakes and streams with ice, and the "long snows" blanketed forest and muskeg, he gave no thought. They were well provisioned, but of course would need much fish and game to carry the dogs and themselves through the break-up of the river ice in May. But caution surely roamed the muskeg of the back country and a lake contained fish. They would make out all right.

And then with what a fur pack this untrapped country should send them home to Hungry House and the envy of the Cree at the trade! And the things they would trade it for! Dogs for Gaspard, a Peterboro canoe of his own for Brock, new rifles and outfit for the next winter's hunt.

From daylight to dusk of the days following, the trappers raced against the winter which one day without warning would close in on the valley of the Yellow-Leg, sheathing the coasts of the lakes and the dead waters of the rivers with a film of ice, smothering the sun while powdery snow whitened ridges and barrens. In the wind break of a heavy stand of spruce convenient to the river, they pitched their tent. This, banked high with snow and heated by the folding tent-stove of steel, iron, which Brock's father had given them, would be snug in the bitterest weather. Near by, they trimmed and peeled standing spruce saplings and built a platform cache as a storehouse for food, high above the reach of the dogs, and stray animals which might find it in their absence. And to check prowling wolf-cries from climbing the slippery up-rights, they circled each spruce with a necklace of inverted fishhooks. Then, setting the net which was visited each morning, the boys began to store lake trout and whitefish. Along the water courses, in the swamps and on the ridges, east, south and west, they searched for game signs blazing trails on which they would run trap lines when the snow came.

Swiftly the mellow days of the northern Indian summer passed. Then, one day, when they had cut firewood on the ridge behind the camp until their backs were stiff, Brock suggested: "We've just got time enough to look at that little river across the lake before it gets dark. It ought to be good mink and other country, and I'm sick of this ax."

So they paddled across the two miles of restless lake, gray under the lead-colored sky. At the mouth of the stream which was on the north shore a mud beach offered a good landing for a canoe. Drawing up the boat, Gaspard started up the shore ahead of Brock, when, suddenly, he quickened his pace.

"What's up?" demanded the other, searching the lake shore ahead for the cause of his friend's action.

Gaspard stopped, pointing to the mud at his feet.

"By the great horned owl, a canoe!" cried the excited Brock. "We've never landed here!"

"No, derees no keel—eet ees a birch-bark." The frowning eyes of the speaker traversed the beach near them; then, with a significant "Ah-hah!" Gaspard walked a few steps and pointed to something at his feet.

"Moccasin track—Injun!" Leaving Brock, he walked a few yards, his eyes searching the beach, then suddenly stopped and bent over busy with the problem before him. Shortly, with a nod of finality, he turned to Brock.

"White man, here!" he said soberly. "Injun track turn in; white man walk straight."

"Yes, I see it now," admitted Brock. "But what could bring a white man here—where would he come from?"

Right Kind of Music Helpful in Sickness

"Music can cure some sicknesses. It helps practically all. But it must be the right kind of music to have medicinal value."

This statement was made by Mrs. Ida Maud Isen, director of music for the National Association for Music in Hospitals, which arranges thousands of ward concerts all over the country. For 30 years Mrs. Isen has studied the effects of music on the sick.

"Physicians admit they are finding music an invaluable aid in curing patients," she said.

"A Spaniard, suffering from sleep sickness and given up as hopeless by physicians, had his first flicker of consciousness when some of his native countrymen sang their songs and clicked their castanets at his bedside. Music stimulates lagging appetites. It quiets nerves. Mental cases have found peace listening to a beautiful voice or a soothing harp.

"But it must be the right kind of music. The wrong kind is fatal. Ma-

Then across Brock's brain flashed the memory of the strange schooner at the mouth of the Yellow-Leg. His jaw dropped as his eyes opened with the surmise, "That schooner!" he gasped. "Free traders! So we may have to share this country, after all. I thought we were the first to see it," he added ruefully.

"They will not like to find us here—dope people. We have trouble!" yet. At the words of his friend, the fighting blood of generations of pioneer ancestors heated in Brock's veins. "Try to drive us out, eh?" he rasped.

"Blue eyes flaming. 'Look here, you and I can shoot all around most Indians, can't we? We know that! Are we going to be run out of this country, where we've got as much right as they have?' Gaspard thrust out a shrewd hand which his friend impulsively gripped.

"We stay!" said the half-breed quietly, his sword fixed like stone.

That night, as Brock lay with rawhide to cross pieces, two long, six inch strips of birch, planned to a quarter inch in thickness and curled at one end by steaming, from time to time he glanced curiously at his companion busied with the foot lashings of a pair of snowshoes.

"What's on your mind, Gaspard?" he said, at length. "You've been pulling over something for the last hour."

Gaspard lifted a face so bitter that Brock abruptly stopped work on his trapping sled. "Our will, my lad; no secrets between partners!"

The face of the half-breed softened as he met his friend's curious eyes, but he did not answer.

"You don't suppose they were here last year?" Brock burst out, in excitement, as the thought of the elder LeCroix flashed across his mind.

The dark face of Gaspard was knotted with pain as he turned to his friend. The glitter of hate, so implacable, so ruthless, in the small eyes of LeCroix, filled the one who watched with awe. Never before had Brock seen that look in the eyes of his friend.

"I think these men know what we come of—my father," replied Gaspard, deliberately, his brooding eyes again seeking the fire. "He was ver' good man een de bush; he nevalre starve out."

"And his dogs—some would come back if the wolves didn't get them."

"Ah-hah, dey would come home," "Well," said Brock, after an interval of hard thinking, "if they did away with your father for coming into this country, they'll try to do the same with us—shoot us from ambush or steal our grub and burn the tent when we're away on the lines."

Gaspard nodded in agreement.

"We'll have to move our camp, at once."

"On de first snow I go back into dat countree nord of de lake an' look for dose people!"

In the silence, from a distant ridge, drifted a faint call.

"The wolf he hunt tonight," said Gaspard, at the aroused huskies, pointing noses at the frosted stars, howled back their challenge to the ancient enemy across the soundless forest.

Like an omen of evil, the wall of the soft struck upon the ears of Brock McCain. Into these hills Pierre LeCroix and his dogs had gone, never to return. When the spring came to Hungry House would they wait in vain for the coming of the canoe which had left in August for the headwaters of the Yellow-Leg? Who knew?

CHAPTER IV

The Battle in the Muskeg

Then one day, a stinging north-wester drove down across Kiwiedin Ojibwa for "The Birthplace of the North Wind," bringing the snow to whiten hills, barrens, and forest floor and betray the journeys of their restless hooved and furred nomads.

With the coming of the snow the boys began hauling their frozen fish and goose and their outfit into the back country, to a new camp they had located in the valley of another stream tributary to the lake, where the thick spruce timber provided both a wind break and concealment.

And with the coming of the snow started the education of the hulking Flash, who, the previous winter, had been too young to break to harness. Gradually, under the patient tutelage of Brock the pup learned the meaning of Geel and Haw! Soon at the command, Marche! the twelve-month-old husky would leap into his collar and take his master scurrying over the young snow.

Who Is on Trial?

There is an incident that is said to have occurred in one of the Continental picture galleries. A party of tourists were looking at one of the old masters of incomparable value and beauty, and one of them bestowed upon it a casual glance at the picture, said, "Oh, I do not think much of that." The custodian of the pictures quietly replied, "Sir, it is not the pictures which are on trial here. It is the visitor!" What a man sees is a judgment upon him.

Every child should be taught the proper making of toast. The bread should be rather dry, then further dried by heating in the oven, then toasted until brown and dry to the center. Toast that is served well browned on the outside, with all the moisture driven to the center, is not properly made, nor hygienic toast; when eaten a soggy indigestible mass is given the stomach to break up and soften.

"Therefore, I feel that the programs given in hospitals should be scientifically planned. Those arranging them need careful training, just as doctors and nurses do. Music for the sick should be considered in a category with medicine and the kind of dose and the amount should be regulated."

Temperature and Air

The weather bureau says that it is assumed the atmospheric pressure is the same, the quantity of oxygen and the air as a whole, per unit volume, will increase by about six parts in a hundred, or 6 per cent of its original amount per unit by 30 degrees Fahrenheit. The exact amount depends on the precise temperature before the cooling began.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

ALL 1929 Western Newspaper Union

In all places, then and in all seasons, Flowers expand their light and soil-like wings Teaching us by more persuasive reasons, How akin they are to human things. —Longfellow.

SEASONABLE DISHES

Cold weather lends itself to the enjoyment of heartier foods, such as boiled dinners. While many enjoy the ham bone cooked with vegetables, others who are fond of ham and bacon do not wish its flavors mixed with those of vegetables. The following is one of the old-fashioned dishes:

New England Boiled Dinner.—Prepare plenty of small hard cabbage heads—two or three will not be too many, for a boiled dinner should always be shared—a rutabaga or two if small, cut into eighths; one-half dozen even-sized onions, the same of potatoes and carrots. Getting the vegetables ready for a boiled dinner is not an easy task.

In a large preserving kettle place a three or four-pound piece of tender, quite fat corned beef, add two pig's hocks well scraped and cleaned, cover with cold water and bring to the simmering point. Cook for an hour or two before adding the vegetables. Parboil some cranberry beans after soaking them over night, put into a small salt sack and drop into the kettle with the vegetables, cook all together slowly until the vegetables are tender and the meat well done. Serve on a turkey platter with the meat in the center and the vegetables arranged around it. Cut the salt sack after draining well and empty the beans into two heaps at the ends of the platter. "Much tasting means no wasting"; this is true of any dish and especially of a dinner of this kind; add salt—usually the meat is not salt enough to season all the vegetables—pepper may be added while cooking, a small chill, if desired.

Suet Pudding.—Here is another old-fashioned and always well liked dish: Take three-fourths of a cupful of corn meal, add a little cold milk and when well mixed add to a quart of hot milk, stirring until well mixed and smooth; cook for a few minutes, then add another quart of cold milk; put all into a deep crockery dish suitable for baking, add one cupful of finely chopped suet, one cupful of sugar, two beaten eggs, one cupful of raisins. Sift over the top on the floating suet two table-spoonfuls of flour; this will form the delicious brown crust after the pudding is baked. Put into a moderate oven and bake three to four hours, stirring the first hour or two, often, to keep the mixture well blended. Then finish baking. Serve hot. This pudding may be reheated until the last morsel is gone, and will still be good.

The pudding needs no sauce, but it liked richer serve with a spoonful of hard sauce.

Diet Hints. Most of the people who do even a little study of food principles know that fried foods are hard on digestion. The laborer who works hard daily, often in the open air, may be able to digest foods that for the ordinary worker are out of the question.

In some homes fried potatoes are as common and daily a food as bread and butter; the family seem to thrive and grow on them, but a day of reckoning will come for those who abuse the stomach with greasy foods, the fat covering the starch so that the stomach cannot act upon it. As fat is not digested in the stomach and starch is only partly digested in the intestines, the result is disastrous. Of course, with perfect mastication there is some of the starch mixed with the saliva and stomach juices, but a form of fat-covered food passes into the intestines imperfectly digested.

A very soft-cooked egg, a cold-milk, or a hard egg, is perfectly easy to serve, with proper care. The eggs should be at the room temperature for these results. To every egg use a pint of boiling water, drop in the eggs, cover closely and set on the back of the stove where they will keep hot but not cook with the heat. If one wishes a soft egg remove it at three to four minutes; if cold-milk, leave six to eight minutes; if medium, leave twelve to fifteen minutes; a hard egg will need one-half hour's cooking. A hard egg cooked in this way will be tender and digestible, the yolk dry and easily to digest as a soft egg and, in many cases, easier.

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Probably Good for Him No matter how much a man wants in this world he is usually compelled to put up with what he gets.—C. J. Cogo News.



LIFE'S LITTLE JESTS

CRYPTIC ENOUGH

Educated Egyptian—You have no wonderful hieroglyphics in America, no mysterious inscriptions, no indecipherable relic of an ancient literature whose secrets the wise men have tried in vain to discover.

American Tourist (humbly)—No, we haven't any of those things, I admit. But (brightening up)—we have our railroad time-tables.

A Loony Couple "They say Boggs is crazy on the subject of golf and his wife is equally crazy over auction sales."

"Yes, and the funny part of it is they both talk in their sleep. The other night a lodger in the next flat heard Boggs shout 'Fore!' and immediately Mrs. Boggs yelled 'Four and a quarter!'"

WHY MINDS ARE CLEAN

She—Women's minds are so much cleaner than men's.
He—Yeh! Because they change them so often.

Chiggers Bite Askes to askes, Dues to dues, If the tourists don't bite The chiggers must.

Wasted Efforts Mrs. Wells—Yes, sirc, the cook refused to drive out in our car when I offered it to her.
Hubby Wells—What excuse did she give?
Mrs. Wells—Said she wouldn't ride unless it was a self-starter, as cranking it reminded her so much of a washing machine.

Be Swamped With 'Em "Too bad you ladies are not giving a runaway safe right now," remarked Mr. Grinch.

"Why?" asked his wife, suspiciously.
"Because I know a lot of men who gladly would contribute smoking jackets, bathrobes, bed-room slippers and boxes of cigars to it," he growled.

WANTED TO LEARN Instructor—So you want to learn how to run your car?
Reggie—Oh, dear, no—the engine does that. I want to learn how to guide it, if you please.

Bargain Blisses We cannot make bargains of blisses. Or keep them like fishes in nets; But sometimes the things our life misses Help more than the things that it gets.

Zero in Cars Blinks—He's always boasting about what his car can do.
Jinks—Huh! I've been out with him in that old tub and any car ahead has as much chance of being passed by him as a full-length mirror has by a pretty girl.

Meticalous "They seem very particular on your paper."
"I should say so. I believe if they found a colon upside down, it would have to be altered."

Clever Boy Reggie—Buh-bye, you know Ferdie has an accomplishment I would I could do.
Percy—A new dance?
Reggie—No, but the clever chap can actually yawn without taking his cigarette from his mouth.

Discharged by the Whale Mrs. Jinks—I want to know what you were doing in the whale?
Jonah—Laboring.
Mrs. Jinks—Then you were thrown out of work.

An Appropriate Honor Edwin—You see, dearest, if we are married before I graduate I won't receive my degree.
Geraldine—Oh, that's so. You can't be a bachelor of arts when you're married. Perhaps they'll make you a husband of arts or something.

Up to Her "I want a smaller size shoe," haughtily declared the dame.
"Well, lady," said the weary clerk, "bring in a smaller size foot and I'll gladly put a smaller size shoe on it."

For Colds -



How many people you know end their colds with Bayer Aspirin! And how often you've heard of its prompt relief of sore throat or tonsillitis. No wonder millions take it for colds, neuralgia, rheumatism; and the aches and pains that go with them. The wonder is that anyone still worries through a winter without these tablets! They relieve quickly, yet have no effect whatever on the heart. Friends have told you Bayer Aspirin is marvelous; doctors have declared it harmless. Every druggist has it, with proven directions. Why not put it to the test?

ASPIRIN

The Perfumed Touch that makes your toilet complete

Cuticura Talcum Powder The finishing touch to the daintiest toilet. Cooling, refreshing, and delightfully perfumed and medicated, it imparts to the person a delicate and distinctive fragrance and leaves the skin sweet and wholesome.

Sold everywhere. Talcum 25c. Soap 25c. Ointment 25c. Sample each free. Address: "Cuticura," Dept. B6, Malden, Mass.

Actors Resent Caricatures French actors who take themselves too seriously are aroused over their caricatures being given by Rap, a Parisian revue artist, who is creating quite a furor by his mimicry of the personalities of the host in Paris. Mistinguette, the idol of the dancing world, had a bad time of it when she recently visited the theater to see a cartoon of herself on the stage. When she was leaving the box office, it is said, the manager asked her if she would like to meet Rap, and she exclaimed, "Oh, No! No!" and hurried from the theater.

Large, Generous Sample Old Time Remedy Sent Free to Every Reader of This Article

More than forty years ago, good old Pastor Koenig began the manufacture of Pastor Koenig's Nerve, a remedy recommended for the relief of nervousness, epilepsy, sleeplessness and kindred ailments. The remedy was made after the formula of old German doctors. The sales soon increased, and another factory was added. Today there are Koenig factories in the old world and Pastor Koenig's Nerve is sold in every land and clime.

Try it and be convinced. It will only cost you a postal to write for the large, generous sample.

Address: Koenig Medicine Co., 1645 No. Wells St., Chicago, Illinois. Kindly mention your local paper.

Robinson Crusoe Et Al At a recent showing of "Robinson Crusoe" at an East side moving picture show, a five-year-old boy who was unable to read, kept asking questions of the older brother. He evidently could not follow the theme of the story or the activities of the various characters. At a tense moment the little fellow was heard to exclaim, "Oh, look! There's Robinson Crusoe with a goober feather in his hat."

Russ Ball Blue goes further, makes clothes whiter than liquid Blue. Large package at Grocers.—Adv.

Over-supply "I hear you advertised for a wife. Any replies?"
"Yes, Hundreds."
"Good! What did they say?"
"Oh, they all said: 'You can have mine.'"

Tuberculosis, popularly known as rabbit fever, killed 29 people in the United States last year and infected 425 persons.

NICE WORDS WON'T DYE a dress or coat...

Neither pretty pictures nor colorful adjectives will dye a dress or coat. It takes real dyes to do the work; dyes made from true anilines.

Next time you have dyeing to do, try Diamond Dyes. See how easy it is to use them. Then compare the results. Your dealer will refund your money if you don't agree they are better dyes.

You get none of that red-dyed look from Diamond Dyes; no streaking or spotting. Just fresh, crisp, bright new color. And watch the way they keep their brilliance through wear and washing. They are better dyes because they contain plenty of real anilines—from three to five times more than other dyes.

The white package of Diamond Dyes is the original "all-purpose" dye for any and every kind of material. It will dye or tint silk, wool, cotton, linen, rayon or any mixture of materials. The blue package is a special dye, for silk or wool only. With it you can dye your valuable articles of silk or wool with results equal to the finest professional work. When you buy—remember this. The blue package dyes silk or wool only. The white package will dye every kind of goods, including silk and wool. Your dealer has both packages.

Diamond Dyes Easy to use Perfect results 15c AT ALL DRUG STORES

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W. N. U., PORTLAND, NO. 10-1929. Not Qualified "Admiral, there is talk of making you an honorary general."

"Please don't. I get seasick on a horse."

We often hear of the sweet simplicity of childhood, but every mother considers her baby cunning.