

Brought Up on a Farm

As a young man Dr. Pierce practiced medicine in a rural district and was known far and wide for his great success in alleviating disease. He early moved to Buffalo and put up in ready-to-use form, his Golden Medical Discovery, the well-known tonic for the blood, which is an extract of native roots. This "Discovery" of Dr. Pierce's clears away pimples and annoying eruptions, tends to keep the complexion fresh and clear. It corrects the disordered conditions in a sick stomach, aids digestion, acts as a tonic and enriches the blood. Vim is sure to follow its use. All dealers. Tablets or liquid.

Robust Mother of Five Healthy, Happy Children Keeps Fit with Beecham's Pills

"When I feel a dizzy headache coming on, I take one or two Beecham's Pills. I am 33—a healthy, robust mother with five happy children, thanks to Beecham's. I do all my own housework, besides sewing, washing, ironing and caring for the children." Mrs. ALBERT ORMEROD Fall River, Mass.

For FREE SAMPLE—write B. F. Allen Co., 417 Canal Street, New York Buy from your druggist in 25 and 50c boxes For constipation, biliousness, sick headaches, and other digestive ailments take

Beecham's Pills

Quick Safe Relief



CORNS

In one minute—or less—the pain ends. Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads is the safe, sure, healing treatment for corns. At drug and shoe stores.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone

FOR OVER 200 YEARS

haarlem oil has been a world-wide remedy for kidney, liver and bladder disorders, rheumatism, lumbago and uric acid conditions.

GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES

correct internal troubles, stimulate vital organs. Three sizes. All druggists. Insist on the original genuine GOLD MEDAL.

Good Fall LAYERS advertisement with image of a hen and chicks.

MORTON HOSPITAL advertisement with address: 1055 PINE ST., SAN FRANCISCO

Dickey's OLD RELIABLE Eye Water advertisement with address: W. N. U., San Francisco, No. 40-1925.

Why have RHEUMATISM?

Oh, what a wonderful feeling to be free from that miserable rheumatism. To know again the joy of limber joints and active muscles—freedom from that agonizing pain! How often have you longed for some relief as you suffered torture from swollen, inflamed muscles and joints—how often have you said you would give anything in the world for a few hours comfort! But you didn't know that all you had to do to get real relief from this nerve wracking misery was just to build rich, red blood, did you? You didn't know that rheumatism had to be stopped from the inside by destroying the impurities that cause it—by building millions of red cells in your poor, weak blood, did you? Until you fill your system full of healthy, rich, red blood you will never end your rheumatism. S. S. S. will surely help you. That's because S. S. S.

Vaccination on Nose Had Its Good Points

The aged Japanese statesman had a little, saucer-shaped scar on the tip of his nose. "All we Japanese of the older generation have this scar," he said. "It's our vaccination mark." "Mercy!" "Yes, it's our vaccination mark. In the old days, when compulsory vaccination first came in, we vaccinated everybody on the tip of the nose. Why? Well, because it was a good place—no movement there, you see, to rub off the scab. Also because a vaccination mark on the nose top was easily identified by the medical officer—no need to take off half your clothing in order to prove that you'd been vaccinated. "Yes, nose-tip vaccination had its good points, but before the hankering after beauty it had to go, just as knee vaccination is going, here in the Western world, before the one-piece bathing suit and the stocking rolled down to the top of the calf."

DEMAND "BAYER" ASPIRIN

Take Tablets Without Fear if You See the Safety "Bayer Cross."

Warning! Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for 25 years. Say "Bayer" when you buy Aspirin. Imitations may prove dangerous.—Adv.

Sugar From Artichoke

By a process discovered by experts of the government bureau of standards, sugar one and a half times as sweet as the cane and beet varieties may be extracted from artichokes. The refining treatment necessary is so simple that, it is said, the cost of manufacturing the product can be greatly reduced. Because of the low expense in cultivating the vegetable and its heavy yield when compared to other sugar-bearing plants, it is believed the artichoke may be extensively employed to provide a great part of the future crops. Lack of means of crystallizing the extract has been a bar heretofore.

Don't Forget Cuticura Talcum

When adding to your toilet requisites. An exquisite face, skin, baby and dusting powder and perfume, rendering other perfumes superfluous. You may rely on it because one of the Cuticura Trio (Soap, Ointment and Talcum), 25c each everywhere.—Advertisement.

M. P. Builds Stone Wall

A British member of parliament built, without assistance recently, a stone wall 40 feet long and seven feet high in ten days.

Any time is a good time to start carrying out a good idea.

"Albers stands for Better Breakfasts"



Albers Carnation Mush

Count on Carnation Mush not only for a better breakfast but an easier-to-get breakfast. Five minutes . . . and this delicious whole wheat cereal is table-ready!

The Valley of Voices

By GEORGE MARSH

Author of "Tollers of the Trail," "The Whelps of the Wolf" (Copyright by the Penn Publishing Co.) (W. N. U. Service.)

THE FUR CANOE

SYNOPSIS.—With David, half-breed guide, Brent Steele, of the American Museum of Natural History, is traveling in northern Canada. By a stream he hears Denise, daughter of Col. Hilaire St. Onge, factor at Walling River, play the violin superbly. He introduces himself and accepts an invitation to make the post his home during his stay. He finds the factor worried and mystified. The "log chateau" is a real home.

CHAPTER I—Continued

"But they missed you!" laughed the Frenchman. "Yes! Our inspector, Monsieur Lascelles, in his desire to get fur ignores the conditions here entirely."

At the mention of the name Lascelles, Steele sensed a swift change in Denise St. Onge. His curious eyes caught a faint color in the girl's temples as she avoided his glance. In a moment she had control of herself but he wondered if this then was the cause of her heartache. "My position is most difficult, you see," continued St. Onge. "Lafamme controls the upper country with his whisky. We get considerable Little Current and Drowning River trade, but Michel and I have to meet them with our goods over at Portage Lake. There are many who fear to come to the House of the Windigo, on the Spirit rapids, as they call it."

"Strange your people at Albany fail to realize this!" "They will realize it now—this summer, for we have come to an impasse, as we say in French."

"How is that, sir?" "Why, my Indians, except Michel, who is a hard-headed Iroquois from the Nipissing and laughs at this devil talk, will not now go into the bush alone. They are always seeing and hearing things. Our hunter, Tete-Boule, refuses to leave the post (ince he found some prodigious tracks in the muskox and heard screaming at night. Monsieur, our people are panicky. St. Onge gravely shook his head. "And now, as you say in English, the climax is capped."

Steele leaned toward his host, keenly curious of what was coming, as St. Onge finished dramatically:

"Our fur canoe, which left here early in July, with four men, never reached—Albany!"

"Never reached—Albany?" repeated the astonished listener. "They sent you word, by canoe?"

"Yes, they sent a relief party upriver to find my men who were long overdue. They feared they had lost their boat in the Albany rapids and were following the shore."

"And this search party found nothing?"

"Nothing!" St. Onge lifted shoulders and hands in eloquent gesture. "Men, fur, canoe; gone, wiped out, swallowed up!"

"But there must have been something washed up alongshore," vehemently protested Steele, "the shell of the canoe—small stuff—and a paddle always comes ashore."

"Nothing!" repeated the factor. "They searched the Albany and then the lower Walling, for they had to pole and track most of the way as you know. Above the Devil's mile they found the first camp of our people, but below, not a body, or paddle, or scrap of canoe—nothing!"

To Steele this was incredible—this mysterious tragedy of the fur canoe. He wished he had known what had happened on the Walling but a few weeks before, when he and David fought day by day its stiff current on the way to the post.

"It's simply unbelievable, colonel," he vigorously objected. "A swamped canoe, broken up in a big rapid, is bound to throw something on the beach below. We noticed nothing, but we were not on the lookout."

That there was more to this story Steele was convinced; but what personal bearing could it have on Denise St. Onge?

"Yet those are the facts, monsieur, and our people are mad with fear. Thank Heaven! Michel had a bad ankle and was not with the boat. He tells the Indians that the canoe and bodies are held in the big eddy, but I doubt it."

Steele stared at the factor, unable to accept the sole inference to be drawn from his host's remark. St. Onge was surely facetious.

"That leaves us the Windigo theory, colonel," he laughed, but to his surprise his pleasantry was met by so grave a face that for an instant Steele was in doubt of the mental balance of the Frenchman, harassed by the misfortunes of the summer. The dark eyes of Denise St. Onge, fixed on the window, were cryptic. Then the factor smiled inscrutably as he said: "Monsieur, I am a furtrader on a

river believed to be haunted. It would be a policy most ruinous for me to admit a belief in the supernatural—in this Indian tradition. Is it not so? But," and the speaker glanced at his daughter, "as well believe it the Windigo; what other solution is left? Men and canoe disappear—like that!" and he snapped his fingers.

It was clear that St. Onge was dissembling—for some reason he was loath to give his guest the whole story. But why? What was there in this tragedy of fear and death that a stranger should not know? Why, since St. Onge had so frankly revealed the crisis he faced at Walling River—the threatened loss of the trade and abandonment of the post, due to the superstition of the Indians—did he withhold his own solution of the riddle? Certainly there was more, much more, in this strange situation which Steele had accidentally stumbled upon, than the loss of the fur canoe. The furtive glances of father and daughter at Steele's reference to Lafamme, the free-trader; her evident embarrassment at the mention of Lascelles, inspector at Albany; and above all, her mood of despair at the rapids, voiced so poignantly by her violin; these could bear no relation to the tragedy of the fur canoe—the panic of the Indians at the ill-starred post.

"Were your men trustworthy?" he suddenly asked.

"Absolutely. They could not desert and hope to dispose of the fur. We and the Hudson's Bay people have an agreement. On the Albany at that time they would surely have run into the Fort Hope York boats and the Martin's Falls and Henley House brigades. Besides, two of them left young wives here."

"Still, I'm sure Michel is wrong about the eddy," ventured Steele, hoping to draw out the factor. "The Big Pelican whirlpool, below Lac Seul, the worst I've ever seen, always throws out the stuff sucked into it in the course of a few hours."

St. Onge lifted his heavy eyebrows in a nod of assent. "Oh, Michel is in doubt about it also, but that is what he tells the Indians. A man of parts is Michel, monsieur. He is more than my right hand here."

"Yes, he looks like a good man. Did you notice David, colonel?" Steele's face lighted as he mentioned his swarthy comrade.

"He seemed most intelligent," replied St. Onge, "and looks as if he could pack four hundred over a portage, if he wished."

"He can, colonel." Then Steele gambled with his host's curiosity. "What worries me is how to keep him from reaching Lafamme's neck when we reach Ogoke—and, aside from getting supplies, we wish to stop at Ogoke, Colonel St. Onge."

The factor was palpably interested. His narrowed eyes seemed to search those of his guest in an endeavor to read his thoughts. Then, leaning forward, elbows on table, he asked tensely:

"Why?" "I am sorry, but that is David's secret."

"Oh, I see! It is right, then, that you do not tell. But I was curious, monsieur, for today when he reached here, he asked at once how many days' travel it was to Ogoke lake."

That St. Onge should be vitally interested in the man, who, by the use of whisky, was winning the fur trade of the whole headwater country of the Walling, was natural, but the observant Steele sensed more to the story than mere trade rivalry, in the attitude of the factor. However, he dropped the subject and returned to the lost canoe.

"It's by far the strangest case I have heard of—four men in a loaded canoe, wiped out without leaving a scrap of birchbark or a silver of spruce as a clue, and a wonderful opportunity for the study of this Windigo superstition at first hand."

"Eighteen thousand dollars in fur!" sighed the factor, whose face was drawn and old, as they left the table.

CHAPTER II

"Will you come with me to the trade-house, monsieur? For a time my daughter will be busy with the dishes. Then we shall have some music, Denise?"

"If you wish," and addressing Steele she added suggestively: "It will be gay music tonight, monsieur, I promise you—in honor of your arrival at the 'House of the Windigo.'"

"But I like your sad music, mademoiselle," he said, "and I am clever at washing dishes, if I could be of service."

There was challenge in her black eyes as she countered: "Ah, monsieur, but you are more clever, I fear, at concealing your thoughts."

As he walked with the factor to the trade-house he wondered precisely to what she had alluded.

St. Onge was writing a lengthy report of the situation at Walling River to his chief at Albany, three hundred miles downstream, so Steele joined

David and Michel seated beside the post canoes on the beach, smoking after-supper pipes. In front of the Indian shacks, a group of shawled women talked in hushed voices. Near them, three men, squatted on their heels, Indian fashion, conversed, heads together. No shrill shouts broke the quiet. Even the play of the dusky children seemed suppressed. Truly, thought Steele, St. Onge had not exaggerated. The air hung heavy with fear. The Indians were in a panic. Dread of the fabled Windigo had wrought its spell. At this rate it would not be long before the foxes would bark in the clearing of the abandoned post—before padded feet would roam at will in what was now a home. And the girl up there—what would become of her?

"Well, David, has Michel told you of the fur canoe?" demanded Steele.

David's broad face wrinkled in a grin. Taking his pipe from his mouth, he spat deliberately before he answered with another question.

"How long we stop here?" "I don't know. Why?" Steele was interested.

"Wal, Michel an' Daved lak to drop down to de beeg strong water. We strike back in seven-eight sleep, maybe."

"What's your idea? It's not just to make another search on a mere chance of finding something. There's something else cooking under that black hat of yours."

But David was noncommittal. "We tak a look at de las' camp fur canoe made, an' shore below, for little piece."

Steele was secretly delighted at the excuse this expedition of David's would give him for prolonging indefinitely his stay at Walling River. As a student of Indian mythology and worship of the supernatural, the probing of this mystery—the study of its effect on the post Indians—demanded his best efforts. It was a rare opportunity for an ethnologist, a student of folklore, to gather data at first hand. But over and beyond that was the riddle of this girl whose hands of an artist were now busy with the dishes up there in the factor's house.

"But what do you expect to find, Michel? There have been two canoes over the ground. The Windigo have swallowed canoe, fur and men."

The small eyes of the Indian snapped. "Daved and Michel nevalre see M'sieu Windigo. We lak to hav' look at beem, Tete-Boule," with a gesture toward the three men grouped in front of the shacks, "he hear Windigo one, two, many tam. He fin' track een muskug—ver' beeg. But he hav' fear to tak Michel to de track. Maybe down on de beeg rapids, Daved an' Michel shake han' wid de Windigo. Maybe we fin' he is hongree—den we feed beem—some lead."

And the smile faded, while the swart features of the Indian set stiff with hate. "Ah, ha!" thought Steele. "These two old foxes have got something in their heads."

But knowing his people, he did not press them for an explanation. Later, alone with David, he would be told. So he filled his pipe and sat down.

"Michel," he asked, "why did the Revillon Freres build this place at the head of these rapids instead of up at Ogoke lake where they could buck Lafamme, face to face, for the trade of the whole country?"

For a space Michel smoked, ignoring the question; then he grunted through the stem of his pipe:

"You see M'sieu Lascelles at Albanee?"

"No, I stopped with the Hudson's Bay people. Why?"

"Wal, eef you see M'sieu Lascelles maybe you know why," was the reply.

"Where were you before you came here?" asked Steele.

"At Albanee."

"You know him, then. But he can't be a good fur man to build here—in the bad-lands, at these Spirit rapids of the Ojibways."

"De man who build dees pos' die, Me'sieu Lascelles ees no fool; he not keep eet for fur—he keep eet—for 'noder reason." After which startling statement Michel became a sphinx to Steele's further questioning.

More than ever mystified by what he had heard, he left the men on the river shore, and rejoined his host.

In the warm candle light of the factor's quarters Steele soon lost himself in the playing of Denise St. Onge. There was no trace of the troubled eyes, of the reserve of the girl who had sat mute through the evening meal, listening to the talk of the men. In the gay creature who now conjured with her violin mad dances of the Polish and Hungarian peasants, love songs of Italy, French and German opera. Here was rare temperament, technique, training—all wasted in this wilderness. It was monstrous—inexplicable! What could have brought them here?

"It is superb, mademoiselle—your playing," he cried impulsively, "you have appeared professionally, of course, in France?"

The culmination of the missing fur canoe is serious for St. Onge. What a mystery!

(TO BE CONTINUED)