

Drink Water If Back or Kidneys Hurt

Begin Taking Salts if You Feel Backache or Have Bladder Weakness

Too much rich food forms acids which excite and overwork the kidneys in their efforts to filter it from the system. Flush the kidneys occasionally to relieve them like you relieve the bowels, removing acids, waste and poison, else you may feel a dull misery in the kidney region, sharp pains in the back or sick headache, dizziness, the stomach sour, tongue is coated, and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine is cloudy, full of sediment, the channels often get irritated, obliging one to get up two or three times during the night.

To help neutralize these irritating acids and flush off the body's urinous waste, begin drinking water. Also get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any pharmacy, take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys may then act fine and bladder disorders disappear.

This famous salts 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 and stop bladder irritation. Jad Salts is inexpensive and makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which millions of men and women take now and then to help prevent serious kidney and bladder disorders. By all means, drink lots of good water every day.

Cuticura Toilet Trio

Send for Samples To Ontario Laboratories, Dept. K, Station, Miss.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM

HINDERCORNS Resolves Corns, Calluses, etc. Stops all pain, removes moisture to the feet, makes walking easy. Use by mail or at Drugstore. H. W. Wells, Chicago, Ill.

Tales of the Tots

To avoid being swamped by them we bunch here a few child stories:

"Mamma," said a little fellow fresh from Sunday school, "I knew what the three virtues are; they are faith, hope and cherry tree."

A little Brooklyn lad explaining to his small sister the advent of the new baby said: "Why, God has only to wave His hand and down they come."

David, a wee Winchester boy, was out walking with his nurse. It was near noon, and seeing a horse standing by the roadside the nurse remarked: "I guess that horse is getting hungry for his dinner."

"Yes," replied the little fellow, "he wants to have his prunes, doesn't he?" —Boston Transcript.

A hint, lightly dropped, sometimes sounds like a load full of bricks when it lands.

Colds By millions ended

Hill's stop millions of colds every winter—and in 24 hours. They end headache and fever, open the bowels, tone the whole system. Use nothing less reliable. Colds and Grippe call for prompt, efficient help. Be sure you get it.

Be Sure It's HILL'S Price 30c

CASCARA QUININE

Get Red Box with portrait

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 in even greater favor as a family medicine than in your grandmother's day.

DO YOU SUFFER FROM ASTHMA?

3 generations have found relief in Olive Tar, soothing and healing to membranes of throat and lungs. HALL & RUCKEL, New York

PASTOR KOENIG'S NERVINE

for Epilepsy Nervousness & Sleeplessness

PRICE \$1.50 AT YOUR DRUG STORE Write for Free Booklet, KOENIG MEDICINE CO. 1045 N. WELLS ST. CHICAGO, ILL.

The DOOM TRAIL

—By— Arthur D. Howden Smith

Author of PORTO BELLO GOLD, Etc. (© by Brentano's) WNU Service

PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Harry Ormerod, proscribed traitor to King George as a Stuart partisan, returning from France to London, rescues Alderman Robert Juggins from assassins. Juggins proves to be the grandson of a former steward of Ormerod's father, to whom Juggins feels himself indebted. Ormerod tells Juggins he has abandoned the Stuart cause. Juggins informs him of a Jacobite plot in the American colonies to weaken England by forwarding French interests. At its head is Andrew Murray, a Scotsman, and a Frenchman, De Veulle, deadly enemy of Ormerod. The two are in London furthering their schemes. Anticipating the plotters' return to America, Juggins arranges for Ormerod to go there with letters to Governor Burnet, friend of Juggins, and work to foil Murray. Disguised as Juggins' servant, Ormerod takes passage to America. On the ship he meets a girl, Murray's daughter, ardent Jacobite, who believes him to be loyal to the Stuarts. De Veulle recognizes Ormerod and exposes him. Taken by surprise, Ormerod is thrown overboard by the negro, Tom, but regains the deck in safety. He accuses Murray of complicity in the attempt on his life, but of course has no proof. All parties agree on a truce until they reach New York. There Ormerod saves an Indian chief, Ta-wan-ne-ars, from insult, and introduces himself to Governor Burnet, in council.

CHAPTER V—Continued

There was a murmur of assent as the meeting broke up.

"One moment, your excellency," I interposed. "I have also a letter from Master Juggins for the Honorable Cadwallader Colden of your council—if he is here."

"Indeed, he is," assented the governor. "A moment, if you please, Colden."

A thin, bustling man, with very bright black eyes and a dark complexion detached himself from the exodus and resumed his chair. His nervous fingers quickly tore loose the envelope of the letter I handed him, and he began devouring its contents, regardless of the confusion around him.

"Until tomorrow, gentlemen!"

The governor bowed the council out, and shut the door upon the last of them. He beckoned me forward.

"Sit here beside us, Master Ormerod—for so I see you are rightly named, although you traveled under Master Juggins' name. Master Juggins vouches for you. That is sufficient for me. What say you, Colden?"

"Quite sufficient," agreed the surveyor general. "Do you wish me to remain, sir?"

"Certainly. Glad to have you. Now, Master Ormerod, do you tell us as fully as you may what you know of Murray. Master Juggins hath slated you for a prominent part. I respect his judgment, but more than our immediate fortune hinges upon the issue of what we do, and I must know all."

I recounted the circumstances of my meeting with Juggins, the hearing before the lords of trade and the incidents of the voyage, not forgetting Tom's assault upon me and the strange bargain I had made with Murray.

"Then are you safe from denunciation," broke in the governor. "We think little of Hanoverian or Jacobite in New York. Here, Master Ormerod, you will find only Englishmen laboring to wrest a living from the wilderness and to extend their country's power and richness. What you were matters little. 'Tis what you are we judge you by."

"The bargain was typical of Murray. He is no ordinary villain. Already he hath persuaded the discontented elements in the province that I would take the bread from their mouths by stopping his trade. But he knows well that I would leap upon the excuse to lay him by the heels, and he will see to it that no suspicion of your past escapes."

"He threatened me with the Red Death this morning," I said. "Can you tell me what he meant by it?"

"'Tis a saying of the frontier," explained the governor. "They call red-headed Bolting and Murray's negro, Tom, the Red and the Black Deaths, for Murray is charged with having used them to remove from his path those persons he considers dangerous or whom he honors with his dislike."

"In the crowd I also heard talk of the Doom Trail," I continued.

Governor Burnet smiled grimly.

"That is the popular name for the route by which Murray smuggles his trade goods to Canada. 'Tis said to be the sealing of a man's doom if he seeks the trail or any information concerning it."

"Has the traffic been suspended during Murray's absence?" I asked.

"No," replied the governor. "Bolting and Black Robe have kept it in motion."

"And who is Black Robe?"

The governor laughed outright. "You are red-hot for dangerous information, Master Ormerod. Black Robe is the Indian's name for one Pere Hyacinthe, a Jesuit missionary, who, according to some of the tales our agents bring, shares with Murray the credit for conception of the conspiracy we are debating."

"But where Murray plots for the overthrow of English rule in America in order to bring back the Jacobites and enrich himself, Black Robe's ambition is to establish France as the supreme temporal power in the world and to extend the influence of the

pope by making his religion universal on this continent as it is in South America."

"Where do Black Robe and Murray make their headquarters?" I inquired.

"Murray spends part of his time in New York or in Albany, but most of the year he is absent. He says he is on trading expeditions—and we may not disprove it. But we think he stays at a station which is said to form a depot for the stores smuggled over the Doom Trail. Black Robe is reported to have a chapel there."

"'Tis called La Vierge du Bois," added Colden.

"And where is it?"

"If I knew, I should order a levy of the militia and burn it down at risk of my head," retorted the governor.

"But you must have some idea where it is?" I pressed incredulously.

Governor Burnet put down his pipe and unrolled a large scroll map which lay amongst the papers on the table.

"This is New York, Master Ormerod. Our settlements are confined to the coast-districts, the island of Nassau (Long Island)—he motioned toward



the window—and the valley of Hudson's river. We have barely begun the task of colonization. There is room here for every soul in England—and to spare."

With his pipe-stem he pointed to the upper left corner.

"All this country is virgin forest. On the north and northwest 'tis bounded by the inland sea which we call Lake Cadaraqu (Lake Ontario); to the southeast stretch the Adirondack mountains. Somewhere between those boundaries runs the Doom Trail. There are thousands of square miles of wilderness to search for it."

"And the Keepers of the Trail to guard its mystery," put in Colden.

"Who are they?" I questioned, as anxious as a small boy for further details.

"The Ho-nun-ne-gwen-ne-yuh," he repeated. "The Indians are a superstitious people, and they have come to believe that there is some supernatural agency behind the Keepers of the Trail. In plain English, they fear the Trail is haunted, they tell us, by the False Faces, a race of demons from the underworld, to whom Murray has sold his soul, and that the demons have rallied to his aid."

"At every turn we run against the shrewdness and wit of this fellow Murray," exploded the governor. "'Tis at once a tribute to his ability, and perhaps an index to our inferiority, that we have never been able to secure certain information of his operations."

"'Tis evident, your excellency," I ventured, "that the lords of trade will accept only positive evidence that he hath evaded the law."

"That means legal proof of smuggling," reflected the governor.

"And now that the lords of trade have suspended our law, his operations are no longer illegal, strictly speaking," said Colden. "But I make no doubt he will continue to handle the bulk of his goods over the Doom Trail, for he will not care to have his dupes in the province realize the enormous tribute they pay France through him." Governor Burnet brought his fist down upon the table with a thud.

Species Not Popular on Railroad Trains

Fond fathers who carry pictures of their offspring sitting in their bathtubs.

People who borrow your magazine to hold over Toto's basket every time the conductor comes along.

Charming young men who insist on talking to you.

Nice old ladies who asked you, three minutes after the train has started and then every 20 minutes thereafter, whether you are positive this is the right train, why you are positive, whether you haven't ever made a mistake in a similar situation, and what you think Joe will think if they should arrive as expected.

Children who get all smeared up with chocolate and then identify you as dad-da.

"Gadcliffe!" he swore. "There is naught for it but war! We must be after the dog! We must run him down! But we must move unofficially. What say you, Colden?"

"We can do nothing with official support," rejoined the surveyor general, "and 'tis probable we shall receive the instructions of the lords of trade to suspend the law by the next Bristol packet."

"There can be no question of that," agreed the governor. "Well, the law shall be suspended. I will have the suspension publicly proclaimed. Then under cover we must concert the measures to be taken. That will be for Master Ormerod. Do you still crave the opportunity, knowing now the full measure of its perils, sir?"

"I am more anxious, if possible, sir," I answered. "I speak French sufficiently well to pass on the frontier for a Frenchman. As for danger—why, your excellency, the man who has ruined his life can have no fear for it. He has all to gain and nothing to lose."

"True," assented the governor. "But you know nothing of woodcraft or the life amongst the savages."

"Master Juggins gave me a letter to one Peter Corlaer, a—"

Colden sat suddenly erect.

"Peter came this morning with the Seneca chief, if your excellency will remember."

"So he did. We will have him in." Colden went out, and returned at once with two companions. One I recognized, to my amazement, as the Indian I had befriended an hour or two earlier. He greeted me with a faint smile. To the governor he rendered the splendid arm-high salute, and his deep voice boomed out—

"Qua, Ga-en-gwa-ra-go!" ("Hall, Great Swift Arrow"—the Indians' name for the governor of New York, whoever he might be.)

The other man was more like a tavern keeper than a woodsman. At first glance he seemed all punch, but when you studied him closely you saw that his fat was firm and hard and formed a sheathing for the most powerful set of muscles any man ever had. His face was tremendous, with little, insignificant features; but his eyes, behind the rolls of fat which almost masked them, twinkled with constant interest and animation, belying the air of stolid stupidity he affected.

"This is Corlaer, Master Ormerod," said the governor. "And with him is come a friend of ours, one of the two war-chiefs of the Six Nations. Peter, Master Ormerod hath a letter for you from Master Juggins in London."

"Ja," he said vacantly.

I handed him the letter. He turned it over and over in his hand and picked at the seal. Then he handed it to the Indian.

"You read it," he said.

I looked from one to the other with astonishment; but 'twas the governor who intervened.

"Your pardon, Peter," he said good-naturedly enough, "but that letter happens to deal with a most confidential subject."

"Oh, ja," said Corlaer indifferently. "But I do not read."

"Take the letter, Ga-en-gwa-ra-go," said the Indian. "Ta-wan-ne-ars does not seek your secrets. But you need have no fears. This young Englishman is Ta-wan-ne-ars' friend."

And in his sonorous English, with a slightly guttural intonation, he recounted how I had rescued him from his childish persecutors.

The incident recalled my promise, and I broke in impetuously upon his closing words.

"Aye, your excellency, but he hath forgotten to add that I pledged myself to beseech you to make it illegal to mock at Indians in the city streets."

"An excellent thought," approved Colden. "We have trouble enough winning the friendship of the tribes without subjecting the visiting chiefs to humiliation in our midst."

"It shall be done at once," declared the governor.

He drew forward a fresh sheet of paper and hurriedly scrawled upon it the necessary instructions, then returned his attention to the Indian.

"Ta-wan-ne-ars," he continued, "I need your friendship. I need the friendship of every one of your people for our king."

The Seneca drew himself erect.

Hatred in the heart of the Indian, caused by the knowledge of an unavenged wrong, is to furnish Ormerod a valuable ally in the work he has come to America to do.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Children Cry for



Fletcher's CASTORIA

MOTHER—Fletcher's Castoria is especially prepared to relieve infants in arms and Children all ages of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and, by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving natural sleep.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher*. Absolutely Harmless—No Opium. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

Colored Naval Shells

Specially prepared dyes in containers fitted to the nose of shells fired from naval guns and scattered by means of a small detonating fuse have been adopted by ordinance experts to color the water the missiles throw up and thus enable the marksmen on different ships to determine which shots register. The coloring is distinguishable at from 14 to 20 miles, and dyes the entire mass of water. Different colors are given to the participating ships.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Cuticura Soothes Itching Scalp.

On retiring gently rub spots of dandruff and itching with Cuticura Ointment. Next morning shampoo with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Make them your everyday toilet preparations and have a clear skin and soft, white hands.—Advertisement.

Woman in High Position

Miss G. Wilbrink of Cheribon, Java, holds a rare position for a woman. She is the chief directorate of the important governmental sugar control station.

Miss Wilbrink, a gold medalist in chemistry and botany, is an expert on the diseases of sugar cane and other tropical plants, in connection with which she has made important discoveries.

"DANDELION BUTTER COLOR"

A harmless vegetable butter color used by millions for 50 years. Drug stores and general stores sell bottles of "Dandelion" for 35 cents.—Adv.

Try This One

The co-eds at the southern branch have started a new game which promises to be more popular than football. They call it Christians. Here is how it is played:

The Christians, who are the girls, get on one side and the boys, who are the heathens, get on the other. Then the heathens cross over and embrace Christianity.—Los Angeles Times.

Putting Him in His Place

Paying Teller—Sorry, madam, but your account is already quite a bit overdrawn.

Lady—Well, suppose it is. Haven't I a right to do what I like with my own account?

For speedy and effective action, Dr. Peery's "Dead Shot" has no equal.

A single dose cleans out Worms or Tapeworm. 312 Pearl St., N. Y. Adv.

Lamentation over one's affair may be lifted up, if one must, but it is not imperative to do it in public.

Ornaments were invented by medecy.—Joubert.



ASPIRIN

SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN"—Genuine

Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets, you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin prescribed by physicians and proved safe by millions 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 Monocetate of Salicylic acid