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Notwithstanding its many and growing rivals, London continues to be the greatest seaport of the world. During the last year ships entered London port having a total tonnage of 24,717,055 tons, and ships cleared having a total tonnage of 22,347,929 tons. The ocean trade of the port that year had a value of \$3,700,000,000.

A single dose of Dr. Perry's "Dead Shot" is enough to expel Worms or Tapeworm. Why not try 117 372 Pearl St., N. Y. Adv.

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Miss Chatters—Support a wife? Why, that poor fish couldn't maintain a conversation.  
Her Friend—Well, that's all right, dear. He wouldn't have to if he married you.

**Golfer's Measure**  
Wife—Was the sermon long, dear?  
Hub—Three or four holes, anyway.—Boston Transcript.

**Colds Fever Grippes**  
**Be Quick—Be Sure!**  
Get the right remedy—the best men know. So quick, so sure that millions now employ it. The utmost in a laxative. Bromide-Quinine in ideal form. Colds stop in 24 hours, La Grippe in 3 days. The system is cleaned and toned. Nothing compares with Hill's.

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Small improved farms in well established settlement. Fruit, alfalfa, dairy, hogs, poultry. Churches, high school, grammar schools. Also unimproved lands with first water rights. Easy terms. Write Fresno Farms, Kerman, Calif.

**Drink Water to Help Wash Out Kidney Poison**

If Your Back Hurts or Bladder Bothers You, Begin Taking Salts

When your kidneys hurt and your back feels sore don't get scared and proceed to load your stomach with a lot of drugs that excite the kidneys and irritate the entire urinary tract. Keep your kidneys clean like you keep your bowels clean, by flushing them with a mild, harmless salts which helps to remove the body's urinous waste and stimulates them to their normal activity. The function of the kidneys is to filter the blood. In 24 hours they strain from it 500 grains of acid and waste, so we can readily understand the vital importance of keeping the kidneys active.

Drink lots of good water—you can't drink too much; also get from any pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast each morning for a few days and your kidneys may then act fine. 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 clogged kidneys; also to neutralize the acids in the system so they are no longer a source of irritation, thus often relieving bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive, cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink, which everyone should take now and then to help keep their kidneys clean and active. Try this; also keep up the water drinking, and no doubt you will wonder what became of your kidney trouble and backache.

**COUGHS** Throat tickle, sorethroat, huskiness and similar troubles quickly relieved with **LUDEN'S MENTHOL COUGH LOZES** 5c

**EYES HURT?** Free burning or sooty lids, and to relieve inflammation and soreness, use Mitchell's Eye Salve, according to directions. **HALL & BUCKEL** 167 Waverly Place, New York



**The DOOM TRAIL**  
by **ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH**  
AUTHOR OF PORTO BELLO GOLD ETC.  
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**CHAPTER VIII—Continued**

"Here," he said, "you may find my warrant for the king himself to exercise what powers I deem necessary along the frontier. Only the governor-general may overrule me."  
Joncaire studied the paper.  
"That is so," he admitted. "But I tell you this, De Veulle, you have a bad record on the frontier for a trouble-maker. But for you I should have had the Senecas and Onondagas in our interest before this. I write to Quebec by the first post, demanding a check upon your activities. We have too much at stake to permit you to jeopardize it."

"At De-onun-de-ga it is known that Ta-wan-ne-ars and his brother Ormerod journeyed to Jagara," interposed the Seneca in his own language. "Does Joncaire think the Senecas will be quiet when one of their chiefs is given up to the Keepers of the Doom Trail for torment?"  
"The Senecas will be told that you never reached Jagara," replied De Veulle before Joncaire could speak.  
Joncaire turned to me.  
"Well, my Jean," he said soberly, "whatever your name may be, you have gotten yourself into a nasty mess. You will be lucky if you die quickly. My advice to you is to pick the first chance to die, no matter how it may be. These Keepers—peste! They are a bad lot. They are artists in torment. 'Tis part of their religion, which I will say they still practice, even though Pere Hyacinthe were to excommunicate me."

As he was about to climb the stairs De Lery had ascended, De Veulle called him back.  
"One moment! Speaking officially, Monsieur de Joncaire, I desire you to send out belts to all friendly tribes, summoning them to a council-fire which will be held here by the king's command in August."

Joncaire bowed.  
"It shall be done," he said.  
"Now then"—De Veulle addressed me—"we will consider your case. Are the hands sufficiently tight?"  
I had been bound with strips of rawhide which cut into every muscle. The question was superfluous.  
"Pick them up," he said to the Cahnugas. "We will get back to the canoes."  
Despite the tightness of my bonds and the numbness they induced, I fell asleep, rocked by the easy motion of the canoe as it was driven along by the powerful arms of the Cahnugas.

**CHAPTER IX**

**La Vierge du Bois**  
A dash of water awakened me. One of the Cahnugas was leaning down, his hideous face close to mine, his fingers wrestling with the knots in the rawhide bonds.  
"You cannot lie idle, my distinguished guest," called De Veulle from his place at the stern. "You must keep us dry."  
As the rawhide strips were unwound I was able to sit up and look over the frail bark side. We were out of sight of land, and a moderate breeze was raising a slight swell, the crest of which occasionally broke over our bow. In the other canoe Ta-wan-ne-ars already was at work with a bark scoop.  
All of that day we were isolated on the restless surface of the huge inland sea. Just before dusk of the second day we sighted a rocky coast, and sheered away from it. On the sixth day we passed out of the lake into the narrow channel of the great river, and landed in the evening at a palisaded post on the southern bank.

So far I had been treated fairly well. My captors had shared with me their meager fare of parched corn and jerked meat; and if I had been compelled to bale out the canoe incessantly, it was equally true that they had labored at the paddles night and day. But now everything was changed. My legs were left unbound, but with uncanny skill the savages lashed back my arms until well-nigh every bit of circulation was stopped in them and each movement I was forced to make became an act of torture. The one recompense for my sufferings was that for the first time since our capture I had the company of Ta-wan-ne-ars, and I was able to profit by his stoical demeanor in resisting the impulse to vent my anger against De Veulle.

"Say nothing, brother," he counseled me when I panted my hate, "for every word you say will afford him satisfaction."  
"I wish I had stayed in the canoe in the middle of the lake," I exclaimed bitterly. "What is this place? Where are we?"  
Ta-wan-ne-ars looked around the landscape, rapidly dimming in the twilight.  
"This place Ta-wan-ne-ars does not know," he replied. "Yet it is on the river St. Lawrence, for there is no other stream of this size. I think,

brother, that De Veulle is taking us to La Vierge du Bois."  
"It matters little where he takes us," I returned ill-naturedly. "Our end is like to be the same in any case. Joncaire told me all I sought to know of Jagara—but he told it to a dead man."  
"Not yet dead, brother," Ta-wan-ne-ars corrected me gently. "We have still a long way to go—and we have our search."  
"Which is like to lead us into the hands of—" I said rudely.  
But De Veulle and three strange Frenchmen walked up at that moment, and Ta-wan-ne-ars was spared the necessity of an answer.  
"Tis well," De Veulle was saying. "We will rest the night, then, I'll lodge my prisoners in the stockade."  
"And there is naught else?" asked one of the others.  
"The letter to Pere Hyacinthe—don't forget that."

Whereat they all laughed with a kind of sinister mystery and cast glances of amusement at us.  
The Cahnugas drove us from the bank with kicks and blows of their paddle-blades, and the white men followed leisurely, laughing now and then as we dodged some particularly vicious attack upon our heads and faces. As it was, when we were flung into a bare log-walled room within the palisade we were covered with bruises. 'Twas the real beginning of our torment.

In the morning our arms were untied and we were given a mess of half-cooked Indian meal. Then the rawhides were rebound, and we set



forth upon a trail that led from the river southeastward into the forest. A Cahnuga walked behind each of us, tomahawk in hand. De Veulle himself brought up the rear, his musket always ready. If we hesitated in our pace or staggered, the savage nearest to us used the flat of his tomahawk or his musket-butt.  
On the third day, shortly after noon, I was astonished to hear faintly, but very distinctly, a bell ringing in the forest.

"La Vierge du Bois welcomes you," hailed De Veulle from behind us. "The bell rings you in. Ah, there will be bright eyes and flushed cheeks at sight of you!"  
He laughed in a pleasant, melodious way.  
"White cheeks to flush for you, Ormerod, and red cheeks to grow dusky for our friend the chief here! What a fluttering of hearts there will be!"  
Could I have wrenched my hands free I would have snatched a tomahawk from the Cahnuga before me. But I did what Ta-wan-ne-ars did—held my head straight and walked as if I had not heard. Something told me the Seneca suffered as much as I. We did not hear the bell again; but in mid-afternoon the forest ended upon the banks of a little river, and in the

**Humorous Episode the Result of Tardiness**

Absent-mindedness, that classic affliction of college professors, is an impartial ailment which does not restrict itself to any class of individuals, as was proven at a recent meeting held in one of the city's hotels.  
A young lady, arriving shortly after the meeting was called to order, became embarrassed at her tardiness and, when called upon for her ticket of admission at the door, handed the required pasteboard to the ticket-taker and hurried to her seat.  
Shortly afterward the chairman of the meeting called for order and explained that he had a short announcement to make. "If Miss Smith will call at the door, on her way out," said the chairman, "we will be glad to return her automobile license in ex-

change for her ticket of admission."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

**Pianists' Hand-Stretches**  
The difficulty of some of Liszt's compositions for the piano is perhaps explained in part by the fact that his own hand-stretch was unusually big. He could easily stretch an octave with his thumb and first finger. Rubinstein also had a phenomenal reach. On the other hand, there are well-known pianists today whose natural stretch between thumb and little finger is barely an octave; yet by constant and careful practice, and by a wise choice of music for performances, they have established themselves in the estimation of audiences, who are rarely aware of the handicap.

distance a wooden tower showed through the trees. As we drew nearer other buildings appeared, arranged in irregular fashion about a clearing. One of pretentious size stood by itself inside the palisade.  
Cahnugas, including women and children, swarmed along the trail with guttural cries. A big, red-headed man stepped from a building which was evidently a storehouse. 'Twas Bolling, and with a yell of delight he snatched a block of wood from the ground and hurled it at my head.  
"Curse me, 'tis the renegade and his red shadow!" he shouted. "We are in great luck! Do but wait until 'Tom knows you are here, my friend. The stake awaits you!"  
He walked beside us, rubbing his hands together in high glee, and discoursing with seemingly expert knowledge on the precise character of the various kinds of torment we should undergo.

His attentions drew a considerable crowd; and so when we entered the single rude street of the settlement 'twas to find the whole population awaiting us. The gate in the stockade around the big house was open, and with a thrill I realized that a swirl of color there meant Marjory. Murray's stately figure I identified at a distance.  
I think she did not know me at first. There was no reason why she should. My leather garments were rent and torn, my hair was tangled and matted with briars and thorns from the underbrush, my face was scratched and bleeding. I was thin and gaunt, and I might not walk upright, although I tried, for the rawhide thongs bowed by shoulders.  
But Murray knew me instantly, and a flare of exultation lighted his face. De Veulle halted us directly in front of the gate.  
"An old acquaintance has consented to visit us," he said.

And with a shock of grief I saw comprehension dawn in Marjory's face. But she did not flush crimson as De Veulle had prophesied. She blanched white. I knew by that she had been long enough at La Vierge du Bois to appreciate the temper of its inhabitants.  
"I seem to recollect the tall Indian beside our friend, likewise," observed Murray.  
"Tis his companion of the interview at Cawston's in New York," rejoined De Veulle. "What, Mistress Marjory, you have not forgotten the rash youth who was always threatening or badgering us?"  
Her lips moved mechanically, but 'twas a minute before she could force her voice to obey.  
"I remember," she said.  
Murray took snuff precisely and addressed himself to me.

"You are a dangerous youth, Master Ormerod. You had opportunity to win free of your past misdemeanors, you will allow, yet you would hear none of my advice. No, you must mix in affairs which did not concern you. And as I warned you, it hath been to your sore prejudice. Much as I—"  
Marjory flung out her arms in a gesture of appeal.  
"Why do you talk so much, sir?" she cried. "What have you in mind? This man is an Englishman! Is he to be given up to the savages?"  
Murray surveyed her gravely.  
"Tut, tut, my dear! Is this the way to conduct in public? 'Given up to the savages,' forsooth! The young man is a traitor, a renegade—and a sorry fool into the bargain. He hath meddled in matters beyond his comprehension or ability. We must reckon up the harm he hath done, and assess his punishment in proportion."

"Just what do you mean by that, sir?" she demanded coldly.  
"Frankly, my dear lass, I cannot tell you as yet."  
"I think you mock me," she asserted. "And I may tell you, sir, I will be party to no such crime to humanity. You talk of traitors. I am wondering if there is more than one meaning to the word."  
She turned with a flutter of garments and sped into the house. De Veulle eyed Murray rather quizzically, but the arch-conspirator gave no evidence of uneasiness.  
"You shall tell me about it," he said, as if nothing had happened. "Meantime I suppose they may be lodged with the Keepers."  
"Yes," agreed De Veulle; "but I desire to give some particular instructions for their entertainment."  
"Do so; do so, by all means," answered Murray equably. "But wait; here comes Pere Hyacinthe."

The Indians surrounding us huddled back, cringing against the stockade, their eyes glued upon a tall, thin figure in a threadbare black cassock of the Jesuit order. He walked with a peculiar halting gait. His face was emaciated, the skin stretched taut over prominent bones. His eyes blazed out of twin caverns.  
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**Maybe So**  
"They are attacking half the great men of history."  
"You said it. Next somebody will be saying that Alexander the Great was only a smart Alek."

**Income-plete**  
"Why wasn't his state of success complete?"  
"He had no capital."

**"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.

**Condemn Beauty Contests**  
Women of New Zealand are protesting against the holding of beauty contests in that country, and blame the competitions for the "scantily clad figures to be seen on the streets," as they express it. At a recent meeting of the W. C. T. U. at Invercargill the arguments of the general opposition were summed up by a speaker who said that the contests were wrong because "every woman has to send her photograph taken in a bathing suit so that her physical perfections may be discussed by judges, most of whom are men."

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**American Salt Springs**  
The geographic survey says that there are many springs in this country which contain small amounts of sodium salts, particularly in the states of Virginia and Kentucky. Springs being heavily saturated with epsom salts are Pluto springs, French Lick, Ind., and Abilena water springs, Abilene, Kans.

**Sure Enough, There It Was**  
"But you advertised a bed sitting room," said the would-be occupant, as reported in London Opinion.  
"Certainly. This is it."  
"Well, I see the bed, but where's the sitting room?"  
"On the bed."—Boston Transcript.

**PERMANENT RELIEF FOR ECZEMA**  
Used by noted doctor 40 yrs. Don't order unless you will follow directions. Send \$2 or write MADDEN COMPANY, Box 372, El Paso, Texas, for full information.—Adv.

**Bit From Berlin**  
She—Just think, I didn't learn to speak until I was four.  
He—Oh, well, you are making up for it now, aren't you?—Boston Transcript.

**Burning Skin Diseases**  
quickly relieved and healed by Cole's Carbolic Salve. Leaves no scars. No medicine chest complete without it. 30c and 50c at druggists, or J. W. Cole Co., 117 S. Euclid Ave., Oak Park, Ill.—Adv.

**SAVE YOUR TEETH**  
Write for FREE book telling all about PYORRHEA and diseases of the mouth. PUBLIC DENTAL SERVICE, Arcadia, Neb.

**DR. STAFFORD'S OLIVE TAR FOR COLDS ASTHMA BRONCHITIS**  
Healing and soothing. Used internally and externally gives quick relief. **HALL & BUCKEL, New York**

**Just So**  
"What do you think of the younger generation?"  
"In what respect?"  
"The boys hugging the girls."  
"We must maintain the freedom of the press."  
The temperature on the moon at its midday, astronomers have estimated, mounts as high as 250 degrees Fahrenheit.

**Winter chills bring varied ills**

—the time good elimination is most important

**COLDS, chills and changes in temperature impose extra strain on our kidneys. Sluggishness of function is apt to permit some retention of body-poisons in the blood and make one more susceptible to the ills of winter. Presence of this unfiltered waste makes one listless, tired and achy**

—causes drowsy headaches, dizziness and often a toxic backache. Disturbed function is often evidenced by scanty or burning secretions. At such times a stimulant diuretic to the kidneys is indicated. **Doan's Pills** have been winning friends for more than forty years. Ask your neighbor!

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