

Have Kidneys Examined By Your Doctor

Take Salts to Wash Kidneys If Back Pains You or Bladder Bothers

Flush your kidneys by drinking a quart of water each day, also take salts occasionally, says a noted authority, who tells us that too much rich food forms acids which almost paralyze the kidneys in their efforts to expel it from the blood. They become sluggish and weak; then you may suffer with a dull misery in the kidney region, sharp pains in the back or sick headache, dizziness, your stomach sours, tongue is coated, and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine gets cloudy, full of sediment, the channels often get sore and irritated, obliging you to seek relief two or three times during the night.

To help neutralize these irritating acids, to help cleanse the kidneys and flush off the body's urinous waste, get four ounces of Jad Salts from any pharmacy here; 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 flush and stimulate sluggish kidneys; also to neutralize the 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.

Mere Routine

"This is a million-dollar scheme." "The office boy can finance that for you."

Will Cold Worry

You This Winter?

Some men throw off a cold within a few hours of contracting it. Anyone can do it with the aid of a simple compound which comes in tablet form, and is no trouble to take or to always have about you. Don't "dope" yourself when you catch cold; use Pape's Cold Compound. Men and women everywhere rely on this amazing little tablet.—Adv.

The most profitable teaching is the lesson of the moment.

Harold's Mother Knew Answer



"Yes, sir, I am certainly proud of my little boy," says Mrs. H. M. Smith, 421 Topeka Ave., Topeka, Kansas. "He's five and weighs fifty-seven pounds. He's the picture of health as you can see, and I feel like he'll always be that way as long as I can get California Fig Syrup. I have used it with him ever since he was a year old. I knew what to give him for his colds and his feverish, upset spells because Mother used California Fig Syrup with all of us as children. I have used it freely with my boy and he loves it. It always fixes him up, quick."

In many homes, like this, the third and fourth generations are using pure, wholesome California Fig Syrup because it has never failed to do what is expected of it. Nothing so quickly and thoroughly purges a child's system of the souring waste which keeps him cross, feverish, headachy, bilious, half-sick, with coated tongue, bad breath and no appetite or energy as long as it is allowed to remain in the little stomach and bowels. Fig Syrup gives tone and strength to these organs so they continue to act as Nature intends them to do, and helps build up and strengthen weak, pale and underweight children. Over four million bottles used a year shows its popularity. The genuine, endorsed by physicians for 50 years, always bears the word "California."

CHILD'S COLD MAY BE FLU



Careful Mothers Take No Chances

Five hours is too long for a child to have a cough or cold without taking steps to stop it. The sooner you start with Glesco, the quicker the cold will go.

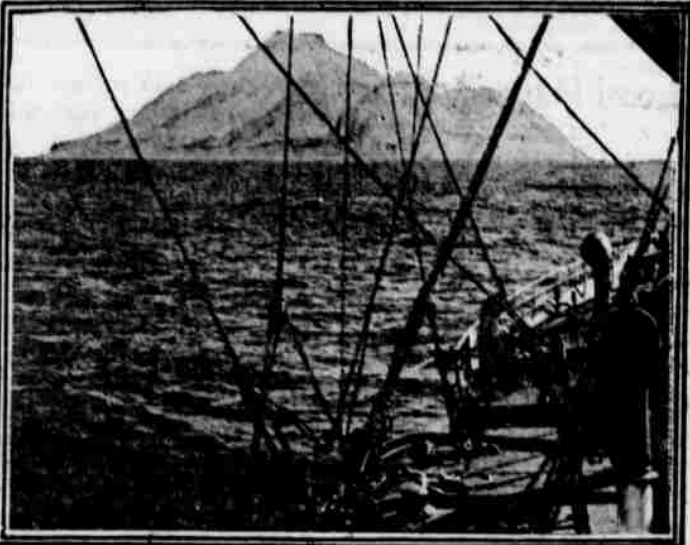
Break a child's cold with Glesco and you know that a one cold that won't develop into flu!

Even doctors and trained nurses cannot distinguish the start of flu from a bad cold. So don't take chances. Treat every cold, especially at this season of the year. Remember that Glesco, taken in time, will improve a cough in fifteen minutes and break a cold almost over night. And without the use of opiates!

All drug stores and most general stores have Glesco.

DR. DRAKE'S GLESSCO Cough and Croup Remedy

Caribbean Romance



Little Saba, in the Caribbean.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

SINCE the dawn of American history, the Caribbean, "that sapphire and emerald sea which creams to white" upon the sands of the magic islands that enclose it, from the eastern coast of Florida to the eastern shores of Venezuela, has been the scene of a romantic and cataclysmic life.

Beneath flaming tropical skies and heavy scudding clouds, earthquakes have tumbled parts of these palm-fringed islands into the hungry waters; volcanoes have spouted fire upon panic-stricken and powerless natives; great navigators and early geographers traversed its hidden shoals and treacherous reefs, and buccaneers, hiding like wolves in their lairs among the countless excellent harbors which the islands afford, once were wont to spring upon the gold-laden Spanish galleons, carry off their booty to some lonely island retreat, and there divide the loot to be spent in riot and debauch in the cities of the Main.

Across the routes where once the wealth of the Incas was borne to Spain went American men and materials for one of the most stupendous engineering undertakings in the history of man—the Panama canal.

Whether they were used by the old freebooters as rendezvous and bases for their nefarious works, or whether they have lain lazily beneath the tropic sun, the stages for only the most proper activities, there are few islands in the Caribbean waters that do not have an interest for the present-day traveler.

Off the southeastern tip of the St. Kitts lies Nevis, where Alexander Hamilton was born, and where Horatio Nelson was married, and to the north-west of it lie the Dutch-owned St. Eustatius and quaint little Saba. The latter, barely five miles in diameter, looks from the sea as if it were uninhabited; but tucked away inside the cone of its single volcanic mountain a seafaring people have built their toy town with white-walled and red-roofed houses, which, with a characteristic Dutch mental quirk, they have named Bottom. Up and down the sides of the mountain to the sea they are content to run several times a day, to engage in fishing.

The Virgin Islands.

The waters in the vicinity of the Virgin Islands, from the time of Sir Francis Drake were frequented by seafarers of every class and description. Because of the numerous islands in the group, Columbus, when he saw them, on St. Ursula's day, named them after her 11,000 virgins.

The Virgins lie less than 50 miles east of Porto Rico. The three principal islands, St. Thomas, St. John, and St. Croix, as well as many of the 100 or more lesser units of the group, are plainly visible from the deck of an approaching steamer.

Life was thriving on St. Thomas in the days when Edward Teach drove his lean, sinuous, feline, with half-mooned cut-throats—black, white, and yellow—into the pretty harbor, at Charlotte Amalie, built his castle, on one of its hills, and secured the seas for the slow-moving, carved and gilded Spanish galleons, which were hauling the wealth of the Indies to Spain.

One of the chief points of interest in the picturesque little town of Charlotte Amalie (now officially St. Thomas), which has one of the best harbors to be found in Caribbean waters, is the castle of this redoubtable king of his kind, known in the sphere of his influence as Blackbeard. As a matter of fact, his queer "castle" looks more like an exotic species of windmill with its arms lopped off.

Not all the Virgin Islands are named after the saints. There is Tortola, the Isle of the Turtle Dove, and Gorda, the "Fat Virgin," and Anegada, the Drowned Island, because it contains a vast lagoon known as Flamingo pond, one of the few places where this bird of such gorgeous plumage is to be found south of the Bahamas.

Anegada is straddled on its northern shores by a narrow band of coral, known as Horseshoe reef, making the approach to the island one of the most dangerous along the whole Atlantic. Countless proud hulls have been crushed on its jagged edge. It was this island that put an end to the pirating of Prince Rupert of the Rhine, who left Ireland in 1648 to

fight for the English king in the colonies, and that sheltered Sir Francis Drake in the bay named in his honor, when he was on the lookout for the galleons of Spain.

Port Royal is Submerged.

On Jamaica, Port Royal was the favorite base of the pirates. But one will look now in vain for the bustling old port. In 1692, in the midst of an earthquake, it was swallowed up by the sea. When the water is calm the coral-encrusted ruins of the old town may be seen beneath the water, even today, and the natives still regale the visitor with stories of phantom ships that are trying to make the port.

One interesting relic remains, however, in Fort Charles, a stiff old veteran of sun-faded bricks. Some of the officers' quarters and a paved court, so white that it dazzles, are still standing. Flower gardens now encircle its walls; its gun embrasures are hidden by bushes; the birds haunt its crannies, and the lizards crawl lazily over its parapets. Horatio Nelson was stationed at the fort in 1779, when he was twenty-one years of age, and the paved platform which was known affectionately as his "quarter-deck" may still be seen.

Across the magnificent harbor from Port Royal lies Kingston, the capital of Jamaica and one of the most important ports in the West Indies. Its foundations were laid by Port Royal survivors.

Havana, which rose to importance as a convenient port of call for ships passing through the Florida straits bound for Mexico, was frequently attacked and looted. Santiago's harbor, that magnificent "bottle," with a neck of less than 600 feet, sheltered pirate ships while their owners tortured the city's inhabitants and extorted enormous sums from them. Baracoa, Cienfuegos, and Trinidad, the last named one of the earliest fortified cities in the New World, were the scenes of desperate combats.

Just 23 years after its discovery, pirates began to harass Porto Rico, where Ponce de Leon, impressed by its rugged scenic beauty, had built at San Juan his Casa Bianca, which, together with the old cathedral in which his bones are buried, may be seen today. French privateers shortly afterward sacked the town of San German, and the Carib Indians ate the governor.

One of the most important old ports of the Spanish Main was Porto Bello on the Isthmus of Panama. Despite the fact that Porto Bello has one of the best harbors on the Caribbean west of Cartagena, it plays an inconspicuous role today, due in some measure to the fact that it is exceedingly unhealthy. This condition, however, though hundreds of men succumbed yearly, did not serve to diminish its importance in early days.

Old Panama and Morgan.

Old Panama, founded in 1518, was the metropolis of the isthmus then and now. It was probably the richest place in all America, since it was the market for the whole of the west coast, as well as for the spices and silks of the Orient, and it kept in touch with the towns along the east coast through the Chagres river. It held against numerous attacks, until 1671 when the notorious Henry Morgan destroyed it.

This lad of Wales, born of good parentage, was kidnapped in Bristol and shipped to Barbados to be sold as a bondsman. When he had served his time he sailed for Jamaica, where he joined the buccaneers, and his ability as a leader was immediately recognized.

In 1670, after a series of successes, he was able to collect more than 2,000 fighting men and 37 vessels at Tortuga by simply letting it be known that he intended invading some stronghold on the mainland. They set sail for Santa Catalina (old Providence), off the coast of Costa Rica, the convict station for outlaws from Panama, in order to secure suitable guides for the journey. Having conquered by stratagem this island, with its nine fortresses, Morgan sent a body of men to take the castle at Chagres, which would leave the way to Panama clear. "The castle, which was one of the most nearly impregnable fortresses of its time, lay at the mouth of the Chagres river, a few miles southwest of Colon harbor.

FLASH

By GEORGE MARSH

The Lead Dog

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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.

CHAPTER III

The Love of a Dog for a Boy

Day by day, as the Peterboro put the coast farther behind and the valley of the south branch narrowed, the ridges grew higher and the timber of the shores heavier and more varied. The round-toed tracks of traveling caribou often marked sandbar and mud flat, together with the foot-prints of that master fisherman, the otter, and his small brother, the mink.

Next morning the boys learned that a mile of shallow rapids, impracticable for polling or tracking the heavy canoe, reached above them, forcing the swamping out with axes of a portage trail over which canoe and cargo could be packed. Until noon, Brock and Gaspard tolled up the river shore with ock loads slung on their leather tumplines. On his last trip down stream Brock found that his tireless partner had left only a ninety-pound bag of flour and the Peterboro. Lifting the bow of the inverted canoe, which was built of cedar and weighed one hundred pounds, he rested it in the branches of a neighboring spruce. Then he slung the bag to his back, slipped the line over his forehead, and walking under the center thwart, raised the boat on his shoulders, balanced it with his hands, and started up the trail.

It was a clumsy load to handle—the canoe and the bag, but the seventeen-year-old bushman was proud of his strength. As he made his way over the carry, Flash, who, unlike the other dogs, seldom roamed far from his master in search of nice and snow-shoe rabbits, ranged in the scrub near him. When Brock reached an abrupt ascent in the trail, he peered from under the canoe for a convenient spruce in which to rest the bow. He had covered half the carry with his unwieldy load and his neck and shoulders ached with cramp. But he stood in a thicket of alders and willow.

Beyond, at the top of the slope, the portage again entered the spruce, so he started the climb. But as he gained the level, his sweat-blinded eyes failed to notice a projecting root. He tripped and stumbled forward in a desperate endeavor to regain his balance, when a smashing blow from the gunwale of the falling boat crumpled him on the trail.

Presently, back over the portage trotted a slate-gray and white husky, ears pricked, eyes searching for the familiar legs of the master moving up the trail under the boat. But a whimper of bewilderment left the throat of the puzzled puppy as he approached the canoe lying on the carry. Reaching the boat in a few bounds, he saw a bare forearm thrust from under the gunwale. A sniff at the limp hand sufficed for recognition, but the hand lay motionless under the ministrations of his red tongue. Then Flash began to scratch furiously at the forest mold interlaced with claw-defying roots, to reach Brock's face. But the spruce roots blocked him. Frantic, now, he leaped the boat to find space beneath the opposite gunwale in which to thrust his nose. He pushed his head under the gunwale and sniffed long, with low whines of alarm at the gray face of the one he loved. But his leading drew no answer.

The wolf strain in the despairing puppy impelled him to sit beside the strangely silent master, and lifting his nose, pour out his grief in long drawn howls.

Back in the forest Yellow-Eye, Silt Ear and Kona heard, and waited their answer. But the fret of the rapids drowned all sound to the ears of the man who was cooking by a fire at the head of the carry.

Then, for a space, uncertain, Flash worried back and forth beside the boat, stopping at intervals to voice his fear to the insensate forest. Finally, with a farewell flick of the hand which had so often cursed him, the big puppy started on alope up the trail. Gaspard sat snaking back against a tree, when Flash appeared.

The puppy was plainly excited. Running to Gaspard, he whined nervously, then broke into a wild yelping. "What de matter wid you, pup?"

The dog sprang at the man, now interested, and rearing on his hind feet, beat him with his fore paws, then leaped away and disappeared down the portage, yelping furiously as he ran. Gaspard scratched his head. "What he get down dere? He stay wid Brock most de jam. Why he leave Brock?" muttered the puzzled youth.

Shortly the dog returned and again sprang on the perplexed Gaspard, yelping excitedly in his face. "Bomet'ing down dat trail, Wal, Flash, we go and see wai mak' de trouble."

back-tracking, to learn if he was being followed, Flash led the way. They were approaching the invisible boat when the dog disappeared and shortly Gaspard heard a chorus of yelps. Then, turning a bend, the sight of the Peterboro lying on the trail turned the half-breed cold with fear. Running to the canoe, he lifted it from the still shape beneath, while the mystified puppy nuzzled at the gray face of Brock McCain.

"By gar!" gasped the frightened youth, kneeling beside the limp body of his friend. Brock hurt—killed, and he had promised to take care of him. What would he tell them at home? Fearfully he placed his ear to the chest, but the beating heart assured him. A broken bone—two hundred



Then the Wolf Strain in the Despairing Puppy Impelled Him to Sit Beside the Strangely Silent Master.

miles from Hungry House! The thought made him weak with dread. Then turning the head of the unconfident youth, he found a great purple bruise on the forehead.

"Ah-hah!" breathed Gaspard, relieved. "Hit by de boat!"

Running to the river, he filled his felt hat with water and dashed it in Brock's face. Slowly the boy opened his eyes.

"Gee! That—was a—mean one!" muttered the dazed lad.

"You feel all right except de head, Brock?" demanded the fearful half-breed, bending over the still dazed Brock.

"Yep—all right!" Brock slowly moved his arms and legs. "But I twisted my neck a bit," he added, with a grimace.

"You lie still, now!" sternly ordered the other, as Brock, attempting to sit up, winced with pain.

Gaspard's searching fingers explored Brock's body, but found no symptoms of severe injury. In a half hour the bruised boy felt much stronger, and was able to walk to the head of the carry.

"Dat ces smart pup, dat Flash," said Gaspard that night to Brock, lying in his blankets beside the fire, when his friend had rubbed his neck and shoulders with hot grease. "Wen you get hurt, he come here an' tell me to follow Jes lak' he talk."

"Oh, he's got brains," agreed Brock, "and he's more affectionate than any husky I ever saw." The boy squeezed a hairy ear of the great puppy who lay beside him.

Three days later the country flattened out before the voyagers. There was water ahead. The river widened, and, turning a bend, they saw, reaching away before them to blue ridges splashed with gold, the flat surface of a large lake.

As the young hunters, happy over the end of their slavery on the river, left the outlet and started up the long lake, two of the dogs, watching them from the beach, plunged in and swam toward the boat.

"You Flash and Kona!" shouted Brock, "you think old Brock would desert his pups? Go back there and follow the shore!"

Turning in, Brock drove the swimming dogs ashore, and the canoe continued up the first headwater lake.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Talent Wasted

Dorothea McNagle wanted to get into the movies. She wasn't exactly stage struck, . . . but she wanted to get into the movies. She was a pretty girl and reasonably talented, and her parents didn't have any really serious objections so Dorothea set forth to get into the movies.

As you can imagine, it wasn't an easy job. There were lots and lots of girls who wanted to get into the movies as badly as she did, and some of them were even prettier than she was—at least, it seemed so to Dorothea. But she waited and waited, and smiled here, and dimpled there, and blushed a little, and waited a lot more—and finally Dorothea did get into the movies.

And then a horrid old usher made her stand up inside the tape!

It is a strange desire, to seek power and lose liberty.—Bacon.



SAME PRESCRIPTION HE WROTE IN 1892

When Dr. Caldwell started to practice medicine, back in 1875, the needs for a laxative were not as great as today. People lived normal lives, ate plain, wholesome food, and got plenty of fresh air. But even that early there were drastic physios and purges for the relief of constipation which Dr. Caldwell did not believe were good for human beings.

The prescription for constipation that he used early in his practice, and which he put in drug stores in 1892 under the name of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, is a liquid vegetable remedy, intended for women, children and elderly people, and they need just such a mild, safe bowel stimulant.

This prescription has proven its worth and is now the largest selling liquid laxative. It has won the confidence of people who needed it to get relief from headaches, biliousness, flatulence, indigestion, loss of appetite and sleep, bad breath, dyspepsia, colds, fevers. At your druggist, or write "Syrup Pepsin," Dept. 11, Monticello, Illinois, for free trial bottle.

If it were not for the boys eighteen years of age, how would we ever get the new men's fashions started?

Don't thank men profusely. Most of them don't like it.

Help is Offered

and is freely given to every nervous, delicate woman, by Dr. Pierce, Write Dr. Pierce's Clinic in Buffalo, N.Y., for confidential medical advice. No charge for this service. Obtain Dr. Pierce's Prescription now, in liquid or tablet form, from your druggist or send 10c to Dr. Pierce at above address, for trial package of tablets. One woman writes:

"I was greatly rundown in health, my nerves were bad, my back bothered me and I got so weak and dragged out that I did not feel like doing anything, wanted to sit and rest all the time, but after taking a few bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription I was feeling fine, my nerves were good and my strength came back."—Mrs. Minnie Craft, 43 So. 25th St., Salem, Ore.

Have you ever tried Dr. Pierce's Pellets for the stomach and bowels?

How to Avoid INFLUENZA

Colds Nothing you can do will so effectively protect you against Colds, Influenza or Grippe as keeping your organs of digestion and assimilation active and your system free from poisonous accumulations. Nature's Remedy (Dr. Williams' Pink Pills) does more than merely cure ailments and may lower action. It tones and strengthens the system, increasing resistance against disease and infections.



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