

## If Back Hurts Begin on Salts

Flush Your Kidneys Occasionally by Drinking Quarts of Good Water

No man or woman can make a mistake by flushing the kidneys occasionally, says a well-known authority. Too much rich food creates acids which clog the kidney pores so that they sluggishly filter or strain only part of the waste and poisons from the blood. Then you get sick, rheumatism, headaches, liver trouble, nervousness, constipation, dizziness, sleeplessness, bladder disorders often come from sluggish kidneys.

The moment you feel a dull ache in the kidneys or your back hurts, or if the urine is cloudy, offensive, full of sediment, irregular of passage, or attended by a sensation of scalding, begin to drink soft water in quantities; also get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any reliable pharmacy and 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 clogged kidneys and stimulate them to activity, also to help neutralize the acids in the system so they no longer cause irritation, thus often relieving bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is inexpensive and cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink, which everyone can take now and then to help keep the kidneys clean and the blood pure, thereby often preventing serious kidney complications.

**MADE HANFORD'S** 18 Years Old  
SINCE 1846 **Balsam of Myrrh**  
IT MUST BE GOOD  
Try it for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, etc.  
All dealers are authorized to refund your money for the first bottle if not satisfied.

**Bilious** / **NR**  
Bilious, constipated? Take **NR**—NATURE'S REMEDY—tonic—mild, safe, all-vegetable laxative. You'll feel fine in the morning. Promptly and pleasantly rid the system of the bowel poisons that cause headaches—etc.  
TO-NIGHT TO-MORROW ALRIGHT  
For Sale at All Drugists

**Chinese Fond of Poultry**  
While cattle, hogs, sheep and fish provide part of the meat diet in China, probably the most common of all meat food is poultry. Many varieties of chickens, ducks and geese are raised and eaten.

**Worth Knowing When Winter Cold Comes!**  
Did you ever hear of a five-hour remedy for colds? There is one, and it really does bring you out of it completely. Even if it's gripe, this method works, only takes longer. Pape's Cold Compound is in tablet form. Pleasant-tasting, but it surely has the "authority!"—Adv.

At seventeen you do not blush at your smart-aleck performances, but at thirty, looking back to them, you do.

**Are You Ready**



**When your Children Cry for It**

Baby has little upsets at times. All your care cannot prevent them. But you can be prepared. Then you can do what any experienced nurse would do—what most physicians would tell you to do—give a few drops of plain Castoria. No sooner done than Baby is soothed; relief is just a matter of moments. Yet you have eased your child without use of a single doubtful drug; Castoria is vegetable. So it's safe to use as often as an infant has any little pain you cannot pat away. And it's always ready for the crueler pangs of colic, or constipation or diarrhea; effective, too, for older children. Twenty-five million bottles were bought last year.

**Fletcher's CASTORIA**

# FLASH

**: The Lead Dog :**

—By—**GEORGE MARSH**

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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. Brock is severely injured in making a portage and Flash leads Gaspard to the unconscious youth. The trappers race desperately to reach their destination before winter sets in.

### CHAPTER IV—Continued

It was all a strange game to the high-spirited Flash. At first, he strenuously resented being trussed about neck and ribs with a rawhide harness and lashed to a sled. And yet, his love for the master who firmly but gently, with much soothing talk into the hairy ears, insisted on his daily lesson, eased his fret. When Flash understood that it was a kind of game that they played together—this pulling of the trapping sled; that Brock always followed, ever ready with praise and encouragement—he outgrew his desire to turn round and look back, to lie down and roll, to make a fuss when a leg straddled a trace, or wildly bolt after every fresh game trail he crossed.

Week by week the generous fish and meat diet added weight and power to the puppy's massive frame, and now, in his superb double coat of slate-gray and white, he neared the fulfillment of the promise of his milk-tooth days. Of the team, Yellow-Eye, alone, outweighed him, and for weeks the two great dogs had never been left loose together. Already, in disputes over caribou tid-bits, Flash had quickly proved to both Silt-Ear and Kona that he was their master. With the mighty Yellow-Eye, king-dog of the mail team, and master of the sled-dogs at Hungry House, it would be different. Brock and Gaspard knew that a fight between these two great Ungava would result in serious injury or death to one or both. Yet they realized that some day when Flash had grown to his full power and weight; some day in the spring, when the dogs were loose and alone, the two would fight it out. For by the law of the North a sled-team must have its king-dog or chief.

November, the freezing moon of Cree and Ojibwa, found the young hunters following their trap-lines over ridges and barrens reaching far to the south and west. On the water courses, where, in October, they had seen otter slides, beaver ponds and mink sign, their traps were set.

So, through November, when the fur is extra prime because as yet unsworn by the traveling of its owners, while the snow deepened and the ice "made" on lake and river, the boys followed their lines. Twice a week each hunter camped out in a lean-to erected on the far end of his trapping trails in a thicket on the south side of a ridge. And the fifty miles of traveling on each round with the light sled, which carried blankets, provisions and cooking outfit, soon broke Flash to the ways of trace and trail.

One day Brock and Flash were approaching the lean-to in the ridges to the west of the barrens, where he spent the night on each round of his traps. The track of a wolverine near the trail led Brock to turn momentarily aside into the forest while Flash continued slowly with the sled toward the camp. Brock was examining the tracks of the carcajou or Injun-devil, who had turned back, suspicious of the sled trail, when he heard Flash's snuff challenge, followed by a snarl of rage.

Again the puppy's battle cry waked the still forest. Then there was a din as of maddened brutes fighting to the death.

"Great Scott!" gasped the startled Brock, fearful for the safety of his dog, handicapped by sled and harness, in a fight with a timber wolf. There's a wolf in the trap and Flash has piled into him!"

Plunging up the trail on snowshoes, Brock turned a bend to find his overturned sled with both traces snapped short off. Tearing his rifle from its skin case, he cocked it and ran on, his heart pounding with fear for the untied puppy he loved.

"Give it to him, Flash!" he encouraged. "Fight him, boy!"

Crashing through a thicket of young spruce he found them battling to their shoulders in the deep snow; a great grey timber-wolf, who had torn loose from the trap, his muzzle smeared with blood and saliva, and the Ungava puppy, one slate-grey shoulder gashed red from the snap of knife-like fangs in and out they lunged, wolf and dog hacking, tearing at each other's thick coated neck and shoulders, snarling savagely as they fought; time and again slipping in the uncertain footing of deep snow, to roll and flounder in a writhing mass of bodies, legs and snapping tusks. Brock rushed to the battle-mad beasts, seeking the chance to end the unequal fight with a rifle-bullet, for the reckless Flash had challenged to a full fight the craftiest and most ruthless foe of the forest world. Twice the excited boy attempt-

ed to line his sights and shoot, but the swiftly moving combatants made it too dangerous for the puppy.

"Knock him down, Flash!" urged Brock, as the dog dove into the shoulder of his foe, sending him reeling, but, as he leaped for a drive at the throat, slipped and missed.

Then, forgetting the cocked gun in his hands while he urged on his dog, Brock's heart suddenly stopped, as the husky sprawled helplessly to his shoulders in deep snow. In a flash, recovering his footing and bounding back, with bared fangs the wolf slashed downward on the exposed neck of the struggling puppy, opening a deep gash.

With a sob the boy thrust his rifle forward to shoot, but in his lunge at the sprawling dog, the wolf had left his throat open to the jaws beneath him. As his fangs ripped the husky's



Flash Had Challenged to a Fierce Fight the Craftiest and Most Ruthless Foe of the Forest World.

neck, Flash's long canines snapped with an upward thrust on the exposed jugular. A twist and wrench of the Ungava's thick neck and his tusks met in the throat of his foe—a lunge of the powerful legs and the dog drove the struggling wolf to the snow, beneath him. Another wrench and tear at the throat, and the wolf snarled die. Grinning horribly, with blood-smeared jaws, as he gasped out his life through a ripped jugular, the great beast writhed beneath the conquering dog, his blood staining the snow. Then, with a convulsive quiver, he lay still.

Trembling with battle lust, Flash snarled his hate as he shook and worried his dead foe. At last, satisfied, the wounded Ungava stood proddly erect over his kill, his thick tail curved above his back, and in the manner of his wolfish forbears howled his triumph and his challenge out across the frozen forest. On his knees, at the side of his dog, an overjoyed lad hugged the massive body. "The raw puppy had won his spurs."

"You old son-of-a-gun, you! You killed him in fair fight! My Flash pup!" and with two great tears of emotion frozen on his windburned cheeks, Brock McCain poured into the pricked ear of his dog the incoherent love language which only a boy and a dog understand.

The slashes in Flash's neck and shoulder were painful but not dangerous, still, if neglected, would soon stiffen in the increasing cold, crippling his forelegs. So, drawing his sled, for the wounded neck of the dog could not bear the collar, Brock hastened to the lean-to camp and started a fire to cook supper and heat water. First washing out the wounds, while Flash whimpered with pain as he licked the hands which hurt him, Brock then bandaged the puppy's neck and shoulders with strips from an extra shirt. But as he ate his supper of caribou stew, the boy's face grew grave. It would be days before the wounded puppy could travel the twenty miles back to camp, and the food on the sled would last them but two. It meant leaving the dog in camp and finding "deer."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Mystery in Diamonds

The bulk of fine diamonds is obtained from the hard bluish-green serpentine rock known as "blue ground" which is found in funnels or craters deep within the earth.

The actual origin of the precious stone is mysterious. Chemically, it is similar to charcoal, to which it can be reduced by combustion, but its physical properties are entirely different. Volcanic changes are presumed to be associated with its formation.

### Fate

What must be shall be; and that which is a necessity to him that struggles, is little more than choice to him that is willing.—Seneca.

### Kipling's Knowledge

Accurate references to 70 species of mammals are made by Kipling to his verse.

# Rio De Janeiro



The Municipal Theater, Rio de Janeiro.

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

**R**IO DE JANEIRO, which recently extended such an enthusiastic welcome to President-Elect Hoover, is, in both beauty and history, one of the richest cities of the New world. And the customs and mode of life in the teeming city, many of them reminiscent of the Old world, give the city an added charm to the visitor.

The population of the capital exceeds 1,000,000. Among foreigners, there are 154,000 Portuguese, 30,000 Italians, 24,000 Spaniards, 4,000 French, 3,500 Turks, Syrians, and Arabs, 3,000 Germans, 2,000 British, 1,500 Spanish-Americans, 1,500 Americans, and 600 Asiatics.

Rio's climate is often maligned, but it suits those who like spring and summer weather. It is never as warm as summer in many of our eastern and middle west cities, and the nights on the hills are nearly always cool. The pleasantest season is between May and November; the warmest months are January, February and March. It is hard to say just which is the rainy season, as showers are frequent throughout the year.

The outstanding feature of Rio, of course, is its marvelous harbor dominated by the great rocky hills that tower over its crescent shore lines. It is a world city now and at night when its millions of lights are aglow it may well claim to be the most picturesque of great cities.

Although the Portuguese discovered the wonderful harbor of Rio, it was a group of French Huguenots that in 1553 first settled there. The Portuguese settlement that became Rio de Janeiro was made by a force of soldiers under Estacio de Sa the same year, with the intention of expelling the French colonists. We can picture that primitive village, a crude chapel, a few thatched huts on the little peninsula which lies at the base of the great rock known as Pao d'Assucar, or Sugar Loaf. One shore of the peninsula faces the sea; the other looks out on the bay. The village was called Sao Sebastiao in honor of the Portuguese king, a name that clung to the city well into the nineteenth century. From it Estacio de Sa went forth in 1567 for a final and victorious battle with the French and their Indian allies, but in the struggle he was mortally wounded.

The settlement was then moved up the bay to the summit of a hill called Morro de Castello, or Castle Hill. Here, in the church of Sao Sebastiao, Rio's oldest edifice, begun in 1567, completed in 1583, and thrice since remodeled, is the tomb of Estacio de Sa.

### Dom Joao's Barge Still Preserved.

Brazil swung into a new cycle in 1808, when Portuguese royalty arrived from Lisbon to set up its court in Rio de Janeiro. Dom Joao and his mother came ashore in the royal barge, still preserved at one of the island naval bases. This same barge, used on two other occasions only, was sent out to meet Elibu Root on his famous South American tour.

A map of Rio, printed in 1808, of the city that Dom Joao found, shows a maze of narrow, uneven streets and narrower alleys. They were lighted at night by tallow lanterns hung out by public-spirited citizens. It was rich, however, in churches and convents, hospitals, barracks, a theater, and nineteen public squares. The king made a royal palace of the handsome building, now the National Telegraph office, which had been occupied by the colonial governors, and from here his successors, the Pedros, ruled after him.

Dom Joao's portrait shows a portly gentleman with pompadour and "side burns." He was a patron of arts and letters and brought with him from Portugal the royal library of 60,000 volumes and the "old masters" which now grace the academy of Belas Artes. The national library is one of his lasting memorials, alone worth a visit to Brazil.

Dom Joao's botanical garden is today the finest in the New world and equaled only by that of Baltzenborg Java. Its century-old imported bamboos are as tall as forest trees; its native Victoria Regia lilies most queenly of their kind. Its Royal Palm avenue, almost eighteen hundred feet long, is second only to Rio's Quadriple Palm avenue bordering the Mangue canal. In the early days

these palms were a mark of royal distinction and were planted only in parks and avenues near city and country palaces.

The Quinta da Boa Vista, some distance from the heart of the city, was one of the country homes of royalty. This splendid estate, now Rio's finest park, was presented to Dom Joao by a Portuguese citizen. On the king's return to Europe it was claimed by English bankers for crown debts and purchased from them by the Brazilian government. The palace is now the home of the National Museum. In this museum are to be seen remarkable Indian collections from the upper Amazon; Brazilian birds, butterflies, woods, and minerals; and a gallery devoted to "Rondonia," the newly discovered land in Mato Grosso, named for General Candido Rondon, the Brazilian explorer.

### Street Scenes in Rio.

The types on Rio's streets are ever fascinating. On the level ways, mingling with countless head-bearers, are carriers trudging beside their mule teams, men trundling hand trucks, and cake sellers with wares in boxes on wheels. These last named are popular, as the Brazilians are very fond of sweets. A unique sight is a cart with two huge wheels, carrying granite blocks or great logs suspended by chains from the axle. The vegetable and chicken sellers of Rio carry their wares in groups of baskets hanging from the ends of a pole slung across their shoulders. This is probably a survival among these customs which reached Portugal through her Far Eastern colonies.

Rua Ovidor and Rua Goncalves Diaz, named after a favorite poet, are unique. They are exceedingly narrow, with diminutive sidewalks; but, as no traffic is allowed, pedestrians walk in the street. On many other equally narrow streets one-way traffic only is permitted; but even here pedestrians have rather a bad time of it dodging motors, trams and trucks.

The lottery plays an important part in the life of the people, and is so well established that it is often used to raise money for charities, and is not frowned on by religious bodies. Great credit is due to the Brazilian scientist, Dr. Oswaldo Cruz, who died in 1917, while still in his forties. It was he who made the fight for sanitation, completely transforming the capital. His memorial is the Oswaldo Cruz Institute, of which he was the first director, maintained by the government for medical research. On the institute's staff is an eminent American pathologist.

### What Tourists Can Buy.

These are some distinctly Brazilian things that a tourist can buy in Rio. If he yearns for a parrot or a monkey, both are on sale in the city's mammoth market by the waterfront, with its sixteen miniature streets and four hundred and seventy-two compartments. With the exception of the little brown monkeys, the whistling sables from the hills back of Rio, and the scarlet-crested birds from Rio Grande do Sul, all the animals and birds come south on "coasters" from northern Brazil, and can be bought for less money in Pernambuco, on your way home.

Brazilian diamonds come from the nearby state of Minas Geraes. They are not as large or as clear as South African gems. Other native stones of lesser value include the amethyst, topaz, aquamarine, and tourmaline, the last in many colors. It is easy to go sightseeing in Rio. Automobiles, which here observe no speed limit, rent for ten milreis an hour, about three dollars in our money at the present rate of exchange.

In few other cities is trolley riding so delightful. The Canadian company, known locally as "The Light," supplies electric power and operates an elaborate system of trams, or "honds," as the Brazilians call them. The first electric road issued bonds; hence the name. To every part of the city, to the mountains, ocean beaches, and far-distant suburbs, these trams carry you in comfort. The open cars are large and solidly built. No crowding is allowed; every one is seated. Smoking is permitted on all but the first three seats. The fare varies with the distance, one hundred reis (about three cents) for each section. There is lit the or no dust in Rio, which adds greatly to the pleasure of the ride

### Safety Saw

For use by electricians who might have occasion to cut a cable with a current passing through it, a saw is made which is entirely insulated, so that the operation is attended by no danger whatever. The frame consists of a strong material which resists the passage of the electricity.

### Human Scalp Lock

The scalp lock was the small hair braid which hung from the back of the head, as distinguished from the larger side braids. In sculpting, the portion taken was usually a small circular patch of skin at the root of the scalp lock just back of the crown of the head.

### Real Liberty

The spirit of liberty is not merely as some people imagine, a jealousy of our own particular rights, but a respect for the rights of others, and an unwillingness that any man, whether high or low, should be wronged and trampled under foot.—Doctor Channing.

### Benefit of Thrift

Thrift is one of the hardest habits to form, yet one of the easiest to maintain. Its investment is a little self-sacrifice today; its dividends are the comforting knowledge that you and yours are not at the mercy of tomorrow.—Grit.

### Champion Talker

Fred Elmerberger, a German actor, set a new talking record when he spoke for 120 hours continuously. When he finished speaking he was not even hoarse. The speech was arranged as a financial promotion enterprise.

### Restoring Old Church

At Winterbourne Thompson, Dorset, England, is an ancient church, probably Norman, which is about to be restored. It measures 14 feet by 23 feet and is unlighted on the north side but has three windows on the south side.

### Langley on Aviation

The foundation of modern aviation literature was laid in 1891 when Prof. Samuel P. Langley published his notable "Experiments in Aerodynamics." He followed this two years later with "The Internal Work of the Wind."

### Good Sticky Paste

If you want to make home-made paste add about a teaspoonful of powdered alum to the flour and boiling water. The paste will have a much greater "sticking" quality and will last twice as well.

### Making Friends

Making of friends, says a philosopher in the Woman's Home Companion, half the time does not mean going out to meet people; it means going in to meet and correct ourselves.

### Lucky, if They Do

Our idea of success is for the young couple to buy all they need on the installment plan and have the payments cleared off by the golden wedding anniversary.—Dallas News.

### Shame in Despair

"To give over to despair," said Hi Ho, the sage of Chinatown, "is to confess that you have become too indolent to face the task merely of living."—Washington Star.

### No Doubt

Banks are now equipped with many devices to trap robbers, all of which the cashier can work when permitted to lower his hands.—Rochester Times-Union.

### Highly Prized Decoration

The Croix de Guerre, created for the European war, is generally regarded as the most highly prized of the French military decorations.

### For a While, at Least

The electoral college is different from other colleges in that it always guarantees employment to its graduates.—Louisville Times.

### It's All Wrong to Him

A modern intellectual is somebody who agrees with nobody on anything even if he can't explain why.—New Castle News.

### Costly French Failure

It is recorded that the French lost altogether 22,100 men during the nine years' work on the Panama canal.

### Holding Friends

A grudging gift never made a new friend nor helped to hold an old one.—American Magazine.



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