



When Food Sours

Lots of folks who think they have "indigestion" have only an acid condition which could be corrected in five or ten minutes. An effective anti-acid like Phillips Milk of Magnesia soon restores digestion to normal. Phillips does away with all that sourness and gas right after meals. It prevents the distress so apt to occur two hours after eating. What a pleasant preparation to take! And how good it is for the system! Unlike a burning dose of soda—which is but temporary relief at best—Phillips Milk of Magnesia neutralizes many times its volume in acid. Next time a hearty meal, or too rich a diet has brought on the least discomfort, try—

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

For Wounds and Sores
Try HANFORD'S Balsam of Myrrh
All dealers are authorized to refund your money for the first bottle if not used.

Clears Direct From Factory to Consumer
Each bottle, 25c. 10c. 5c. 2c. 1c. for 12, 24, 36, 48, 60, 72, 84, 96, 108, 120, 144, 168, 180, 216, 252, 288, 324, 360, 420, 480, 540, 600, 660, 720, 780, 840, 900, 960, 1080, 1200, 1320, 1440, 1560, 1680, 1800, 1920, 2100, 2280, 2400, 2520, 2640, 2760, 2880, 3000, 3120, 3240, 3360, 3480, 3600, 3720, 3840, 3960, 4080, 4200, 4320, 4440, 4560, 4680, 4800, 4920, 5040, 5160, 5280, 5400, 5520, 5640, 5760, 5880, 6000, 6120, 6240, 6360, 6480, 6600, 6720, 6840, 6960, 7080, 7200, 7320, 7440, 7560, 7680, 7800, 7920, 8040, 8160, 8280, 8400, 8520, 8640, 8760, 8880, 9000, 9120, 9240, 9360, 9480, 9600, 9720, 9840, 9960, 10000.

PISO'S coughs
Quick Relief! A pleasant, effective cough—1/2c and 1/4c sizes. And see, too, PISO'S Throat and Chest Salve, 35c.

A Perpetual Motion Clock
Since 1914 a clock in Dayton, Ohio, has been running without being wound. It is equipped with a thermal motor, consisting of a gallon tank filled with alcohol, a one-half-inch cylinder and piston with a ten-inch stroke. A rise in the temperature expands the alcohol, pushing the piston up with a series of weights weighing sixty pounds. A fall in temperature allows the weights to descend, winding the springs in the clock movement.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

HAD TO WORK TOO HARD

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Gave Her Strength

Mt. Carmel, Pa.—"After my second baby was born I had to work too hard and be on my feet too soon because my husband was ill. After his death I was in such a weakened condition that nothing seemed to help me. I am starting the fourth bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and feel a great deal better. I am much stronger and don't get so tired out when I wash or work hard. I do housekeeping and dressmaking and I highly recommend the Vegetable Compound as a tonic. I am willing to answer any letters I receive asking about it."—Mrs. Gertrude Burra, 414 S. Market, Mt. Carmel, Pa.

Great Power Aggregation
The total capacity of prime movers, that is, water wheels, steam engines and turbines and internal combustion engines in public utility plants, factories, mines and quarries in the United States on January 1 of this year was 56,500,000 horsepower. This total does not include railroad locomotives, motor vehicles or water craft.



WELL OR MONEY BACK
Your Piles eliminated or fee refunded—in the WRITTEN ASSURANCE we give in administering the Dr. C. J. Dean famous non-surgical method of treatment. (Used by us exclusively.) Remarkable success also with hemorrhoidal Colon ailments. Send TODAY for FREE 100-page book giving details and hundreds of testimonials.
DEAN RECTAL & COLON CLINIC
1000 N. 1st St. PORTLAND, ORE.
MENTION THIS PAPER WHEN WRITING

W. N. U., PORTLAND, NO. 7-1929



A Few Little Smiles

JUST AS GOOD
"Do you keep silkoline?" asked a young wife of a Hiawatha merchant, as the World reports it. "I am sorry, madam, but we are out of it today," explained the merchant apologetically. "Oh, what a pity, and I wanted it so badly," mourned the young woman. "But if you haven't it, I'll try to make something else answer. Just give me two yards of cottolene."—Capper's Weekly.



LOCK 'EM UP
Cooking Teacher—What is the best way to preserve cakes in perfect condition after they are baked?
Student (with small brothers in mind)—Lock 'em up.

Chattering Jay
If a J be your initial,
Mind you don't act superficial,
Garrulous or vain—you may
Be just like a chattering Jay!

Appropriate
It was at a charity dinner that a careless waiter spilled a plate of soup over a clergyman's clothes. "What—" he commenced. Then, remembering himself, he turned to his neighbor and said: "Will you kindly say a few words appropriate to the occasion?"—Pearson's Weekly.

Relativities
"Your constituents say your speeches are not as good as they were in days gone by."
"Perhaps the present oratory does not show so much mentality," admitted Senator Sorghum, "but neither does some of the voting."—Washington Star.

Hal Hal Hal!
Manager—The president sure got the surprise of his life.
Traffic Operator—Did his stocks fall?
Manager—No; married his stenographer and thought she'd take notes after they were married, but the only notes she would take were bank notes.

Well Informed
"I suppose you don't know a thing about your neighbors," the country woman remarked to the city lady. "Oh, yes, I know a lot about them." "I thought folks didn't in the city." "I know, but you see I'm well acquainted with the postman."



WHERE WOULD HE JUMP
He (about to leave city)—This will be my last spring in your town.
She—Where are you going to jump to now?

Cause for Scratching
Given rhymes with wives,
In sound and letter match—
If I had them both at once,
Gee Whizz! I'd have to scratch!

Not Much
Lowe—The doctor says I've got to have my appendix, tonsils and adenoids taken out and a piece of bone removed from my nose.
Crowe—Gosh, you won't have much left, will you?
Lowe—Not a cent.

Be Merciful
Maybel—I'm engaged to a struggling young lawyer.
Charlie—Then why not release him from his promise?

Served Its Purpose
Old Pa Newgilt—I paid \$350 for that costume for you to wear at the Old-fan's fishing party and you never caught a fish.
His Daughter—Hm! You always call Percy Oldfan a poor fish, and I caught him.

At Last
Hiram—Our gal won the blue ribbon at the beauty contest!
Miranda—Thank heavens, she'll hev' somethin' tew wear now.

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 Lescroix, 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. Flash engages in a desperate fight with a wolf and kills him. Gaspard tells Brock of his determination to find out who killed his father.

CHAPTER IV—Continued

But the feeling of isolation, the momentary desire to see the faces of those he loved, soon left the boy who had inherited from a line of hardy, adventurous forebears a superb body and a fighting spirit. From Kapiskau to Starving river there were no better game shots than Gaspard and him self. If these strange hunters should attempt openly to drive the partners from Starving river out of the country, they had a surprise awaiting them.

In the morning the two scouts worked over the ridges to the eastward, with the purpose of crossing the outlet of the great lake and so returning to their home camp. By noon, they had put many miles of forest and barren behind them without crossing a trail.

"Gaspard, I don't believe they're in this—what in thunder do you see?" suddenly demanded Brock, as his friend stopped in his tracks, his narrowed eyes fixed on a small jack-pine.

Pointing with mottled hand at the tree, Gaspard quietly said: "Ax work. De trail sees snowed over."
"By golly, you're right!" agreed the surprised Brock, shuffling to the pine and inspecting the gouge in the trunk. "Not many weeks old, either."
"Now, w'at you say?" grimly demanded the half-breed.

Brock shook his head. The joke was on him. "Oh, you're right—as usual," he admitted with a twisted smile. "They're here, these people; but they don't seem to hunt near the lake."
Shortly the scouts reached the edge of a wide barren, and in order to learn whether anyone had entered it since the last fall of snow, agreed to separate, and following the scrub, meet on the farther side.

Putting the skin case of his rifle into his shoulder pack, Brock pumped a shell from the magazine into the barrel of the 30-30, loosened his knife in its sheath on his belt, and started. The winter on the Yellow-Leg was growing exciting. What if he walked into a couple of these strange Indians? What would he do?

Well, he decided, as he crunched along on his snowshoes over snow dry as sand, the bows crossing each other with a click audible for a hundred yards in the stinging air, he would halt them in Cree and wait for their next move. But he'd have his right mitten off and his gun cocked!

After a few miles, the thrill in the possibility of meeting the strangers, or of finding their trail, wore off. Gaspard was preoccupied by the death of his father. Because the elder Lescroix had come to grief somewhere in this country, and there were now people wintering to the north, he took it for granted that they had a hand in his disappearance. But it was only a guess—just a guess. Yes, thought Brock, as he propped his gun in a young spruce and knelt on a snow shoe to tighten a loose heel thong, he and Gaspard would probably never see each other again.

At the sudden click of snowshoes in his rear, Brock turned his head as a heavy body catapulted into his back, hurling him face down in the soft snow. Through his startled brain flashed the thought of Pierre Lescroix, gasping for breath, he thrashed desperately with arms and legs, man aced to his snowshoes, to break the grip which held him from the rear.

Half-buried in the snow with no purchase of solid ground beneath him while he floundered, striving for a grip on the unseen foe on his back, through Brock's dazed brain flashed the realization that his assailant had not knifed him as he hoped—that he was trying to take him alive. Then the blood of the fighting McCains surged through the veins of the desperate boy. No Cree would take him a McCain. In a hand-to-hand fight! His groping right hand found the fingers which gripped his belt. Closing on the wrist above them like the snap of a wolf trap, with a fierce thrust he straightened his thick arm

"Makay!" The cry of pain blazed into Brock's ear spurred him on. With a wrench at the wrist he held, he broke the grip on his belt, and with a twist of his body, turned, to catch from the fall of his eye, the swart face of an Indian, gray with pain.

Then, facing his enemy, as they thrashed in the snow, the superb strength of the boy was unloosed. With his legs gripping the other's, the Cree strained to bury his teeth in the corded neck exposed by Brock's torn napote. But the fighting rage of the furious youth, confident in his strength, would not be denied. Slowly he forced the writhing Indian beneath him, then reached grimly for the knife in the sheath at his back—but the sheath was empty.

Lifting his head as the Cree's left hand desperately groped for his throat, Brock drove a smashing upper-cut into the chin of the man beneath him. Again the hard fist crashed into the exposed jaw. With a shiver, the Indian lay limp on the snow. Then, as the joy of triumph surged through him and Brock's heart beat high, he heard the click of snowshoes.

"All right, Gaspard!" cried Brock, getting to his feet. "He jumped me from behind, but I got him!" Then the heart of the victorious boy suddenly faltered—his smile faded as he faced two advancing strangers, an Indian and a bearded white man.

"Get him!" roared the latter, as he circled around the body of the unconscious Cree to Brock's rear, while the Indian ran straight at the surprised boy, panting from his recent exertion, his startled blue eyes watching his



Then the Blood of the Fighting McCains Surged Through the Veins of the Desperate Boy.

new enemies as he backed away from the circling white man. If only Flash and Yellow-Eye were with him now! Brock threw a wistful glance at his rifle. It was out of reach. He kept edging away, his fists clenched, but with a rush, the Cree closed in, to meet a smashing swing which bowled him into the snow. Then the white man reached Brock from the side.

Blocking the blow aimed at his face, Brock looked fiercely into the jaw of the other as they clinched and rolled in the snow.

Then the son of Andrew McCain proved the stuff of which he was made. Fighting like a demon, Brock blocked with chin landed on chest the fingers straining for a grip on his throat, while he wrenched an arm free to drive his fist into the other's jaw. Strong as he was, the bearded stranger could not reach the madly dened boy's thick throat, nor turn him on his back.

Again, over the other's shoulder Brock's hard fist hooked into the jaw; once more the fist crashed. Brock felt the grip of his toes arm-weak-kn and with a supreme effort tore himself free. Again his elbow drove but the same instant two knees strove into his back, while the north-horn of a knife smashed into his head.

Twice, three times the Cree hammered the head of the defenseless but the knotted face of the man in Brock's arms blurred the snow went black; then all consciousness faded.
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Found Out Just How His Employees Stood

A good story they tell at the American club in London has to do with a crabsy old manufacturer in a small town who decided after he had made his money that he should run for a seat in parliament. He called his most faithful foreman in and informed him of the fact.

"See what the sentiment in the factory is," he ordered.
The next day the foreman reported: "Well, sir," he said, "the sentiment is fifty-fifty."
"What?" roared the old man, "fifty fifty? Do you mean to say that it is as close as that? Do you mean to say my men have no more feeling for me than that?"

"Well, governor, that's what they say, fifty-fifty."
"Fifty fifty? What do you mean?"
"Well, 50 per cent of them say, 'Gee whizz, with him, and the other 50 per cent say 'out with him.'—Exchange.

Banking Terms
Call money is borrowed money, secured by collateral, which must be returned on the demand of call of the lender of the money. The borrower of the money, too, may at any time pay the loan and take up the collateral.
Don't follow old wood roads, they generally wander around aimlessly and lead nowhere.

ATWATER KENT RADIO



ORCHESTRAS · CROP REPORTS
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—when you have the right radio

RADIO does bring the city "up close." It does mean more to farm families than to anyone else. BUT you've got to have a good radio. Radio that reaches out. Radio that sounds natural. Radio that's always ready when you are. The best evidence that Atwater Kent Radio is good radio—that it really does the job as everybody wants it done—is the fact that it is and has been for a long time the best seller in both the city and the country. After listening, after comparing prices, most people want it—because they find it's the kind they want.

From a lamp-socket or from batteries

Some homes have electricity, some haven't. Either way, you get fine Atwater Kent performance and proved dependability. If you do not happen to have power from a central station, you can enjoy the broadcasting with the improved, powerful 1929 Atwater Kent



Model 49 (Electric), \$31. For 110-120 volt, 50-60 cycle alternating current. Requires A.C. tubes and rectifying tube. \$31 (without tubes).
Battery Sets, \$53—\$72. Solid mahogany cabinets. Panels satin finished in gold. Full-vision Dial. Model 48, \$53. Model 49, extra-powerful, \$72. Prices do not include tubes or batteries.

On the air—every Sunday night—Atwater Kent Radio Hour—listen in!
ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING CO., 4 Avenue Kent, President, 6704 Wissahickon Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

Not Exactly
Blinks—I always count ten before I speak when I am angry.
Jinks—That's commendable—
Blinks—No, hardly; you see, I use the time it takes it think up madder things to say than I could if I spoke right out.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

When Benjamin Franklin recommended a plan for daylight saving, more than 150 years ago, the idea was ridiculed.
There seems to be no authentic record of the origin of "Poet-Laureate of England" but it is recorded that Richard Coeur de Lion had a "versificator regis," a development of the practice of earlier times, when minstrels and versifiers were part of the retinue of the king.
Some people seem to live in the air and every time they touch earth they get into trouble.



Always for a HEADACHE
THE nurse never hesitates to give her patient the quick comfort of Bayer Aspirin. She has heard doctors declare it safe. She has seen it relieve so many kinds of suffering, and knows it to be dependable. These perfectly harmless tablets ease an aching head without penalty. Their increasing use year after year is proof that they do help and can't harm. Take them for any headache; to avoid the pain peculiar to women; many have found them a marvelous aid at such times. The proven directions with every package of Bayer Aspirin tell how to treat colds, sore throat, neuralgia, neuritis, etc. All druggists.



Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monacoglycerinose of Salicylicacid