



### Lucky Day

Three candles! And each one represents a year of joyful living. This is Carolyn Babush, of 800 Downer Ave., Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Her mother says:

"My mother used California Fig Syrup, and when Carolyn became constipated we got some. It relieved her constipation, sweetened her breath, made her well and happy. I have since used it for all her upsets and colds. It has kept her strong and energetic."

For fifty years, mothers have used California Fig Syrup to overcome a child's bilious, headachy, feverish or fretful spells. Doctors recommend its soothing aid to keep bowels clear in colds or children's ailments; or whenever bad breath, coated tongue or listlessness warn of constipation. It assists in building up weak children.

The genuine always bears the name California. All drugstores.



Time is Great Healer  
"What's the cure for the seven-year itch?" asked an inquisitive one. "I don't know," replied the other one, "unless it is seven years of scratching."—Cincinnati Enquirer

### WOMEN OFTEN PAY A DOUBLE PENALTY

For wearing this gag of unfitness or silly pride. Profuse or suppressed menstruation should never be considered necessary. Painful periods are Nature's warning that something is wrong and needs immediate attention. Failure to heed and correct the first painful symptoms usually leads to chronic conditions with sometimes fearful consequences. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is for women's own peculiar ailments and can be obtained at any drug store. Every package contains a Symptom Blank. Fill out the Blank and mail it to Dr. Pierce's Clinic, Buffalo, N. Y. for FREE medical advice. Send 10c if you want a trial package.

Start Life With It  
"Seems to be a great deal of unrest."  
"Can't be helped."  
"Eh?"  
"All babies have it."



### Don't let SORE THROAT get the best of you...

FIVE minutes after you rub on Musterole your throat should begin to feel less sore! Continue the treatment once every hour for five hours and you'll be astonished at the relief.

This famous blend of oil of mustard, camphor, menthol and other ingredients brings relief naturally. Musterole gets action because it is a "counter-irritant"—not just a salve—it penetrates and stimulates blood circulation and helps to draw out infection and pain. Used by millions for 20 years. Recommended by doctors and nurses.

Keep Musterole handy—in jars and tubes. To Mothers—Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.



Training  
"Has your son had any business training?"  
"Yes; he's a fair golfer."

What books do boys read? No body seems to know any more.

### Garfield Tea Was Your Grandmother's Remedy

For every stomach and intestinal ill. This good old-fashioned herb home remedy for constipation, stomach flits 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.

# The Plains of Abraham

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

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WNU Service.

### THE STORY

With his English wife, Catherine, and son, Jeems, Henry Bulain, French settler in Canada in 1749, cultivates a farm adjacent to the Tontour seigneurie. As the story opens the Bulains are returning from a visit to the Tontour. Catherine's wandering brother, Hepsibah, meets them with presents for the family. To Jeems he gives a pistol, bidding him perfect himself in marksmanship.

### CHAPTER III

Henri and his wife sat up late with Hepsibah Adams, for this time Hepsibah had come with a set and determined purpose to his sister's home. The trader's countenance had grown stern, and Catherine's cheeks were like those of a pale nun in the candle-light. In Henri Bulain's face were still the cheer and good humor and unfeeling equanimity of confidence and faith that Hepsibah, with the darkest pictures he had painted, had been unable to disturb.

They were talking about war. As early as this spring of 1749, the American wilderness had begun to stir with whispers of the impending conflagration which was destined soon to turn the eastern part of the continent into a seething pot of fury and death.

While George the Second of England and Louis the Fifteenth of France were playing at friendship after the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, France gashed for breath in the flower of her armies buried on European battlefields, and England with her fighting forces reduced on land to eighteen thousand men and to less than seven thousand men on the sea, the vast colonies of the two countries, working out their own salvations, were steadily and surely with deadly intent encroaching upon each other.

The stage was set for the writing of the bloodiest and most picturesque pages in American history. Southward from the Richelieu were the bitterest of all the white men's enemies, the warriors of the Six Nations, and northward, sweeping east and west through the Canadas, were the forty scattered tribes who bore allegiance to New France. Behind these savage vassals, on one side, were eleven hundred thousand English colonists holding the sea-coast lands from Maine to Georgia, and on the other less than eighty thousand souls, counting women and children as well as men, to defend and hold the limitless domains of New France, which reached from the upper Canadas to the Gulf of Mexico and from the Alleghanies to the Rocky mountains.

Of this alarming disparity in power of fighting men, and of the pitiless scourge which he swore would some day sweep through all the country of Lake Champlain and the Richelieu, Hepsibah Adams had spoken at length but with small effect on Henri Bulain.

"Let war come if it must," said Henri. "The heart of New France is set behind an impenetrable wall of rock and forest, and with these ramparts in our favor, eighty thousand will be a match for the million English, if they come this way. As for me, should fighting chance to come—why, I shall be a friend to both sides and strike at neither. For no matter what cause should bring about the strife, I could not strike at the people of my Catherine's blood, nor would she have me turn against my own. So why move me here? It is neutral ground, and we, being neutral, are fitly placed here. Onidas and Mohawks have eaten under our roof as well as Hurons and Algonquins, and when deadly enemies such as these meet thus on common ground, what cause have we for fear?"

A light of pride glowed in Catherine's eyes as she listened to her husband's words, and she added:

"Henri loves the Indians, and I have grown to love them, too. They are all our friends."

"Friends!" sniffed Hepsibah. "Henri, it is friends of Catherine and Jeems that I call you a fool. Take them where this danger does not hang day and night along the edges of the frontiers. Take them to the St. Lawrence, if you will, or bring them south into Catherine's country. But do one or t'other, for God's sake, or the day will come when Christ himself cannot save you," and his voice shook with earnestness.

"There will be no war," insisted Henri stubbornly. "England and France have bled themselves white on Continental battlefields, and the peace which was signed only last October will surely not be broken again while you and I are living, for Hanover and Austria have had their fill, as well as the others, and are like two dead men to their backs."

"That is right," nodded Catherine, with a shudder. "I think all fighting is over for many years."

"Fools—innocents!" her brother growled. "I tell you neither George nor Louis will have anything to do with the running of this war until every mile of woods between our colonies and your city of Quebec is red with fire and blood. God love me, it

has already begun! French and English traders are fighting wherever they come together along the frontiers, and the hired Indians of one are taking scalps for t'other. Even white men have joined in that pretty game, for Massachusetts has sent out Lovewell and his fifty men to hunt the heads of Indians and French—it makes no difference which, though the order says redskins only—at a price of five shillings a day plus a bounty for every scalp that is taken; and down in New York country Sir William Johnson counts out English money for human hair, while the French—and you know it, Henri!—are paying a hundred crowns apiece for white scalps as well as red. It's hair the Indians are bringing in instead of fur. And here you sit like a couple of foolish doves with a young one in the nest, your scalps worth fifty pounds a piece, your windows open, your door unlocked, your senses gone."

Catherine rose from her seat and came around to her brother so that she stood behind him with her arms about his shoulders. "Hepsibah, we know this you have told us it true," she said, "pressing her cheek against his face. "There is trouble against all of us here, and you have argued against yourself, Brother, for it is you who should move out of strife and danger and come to live with us."

"Together we will have a paradise here," urged Henri.

"And I will find you a wife," added Catherine. "A wife who will love you greatly, and until you have children of your own we will give you half of Jeems."

Hepsibah rose gently out of her arms. "For Jeems you should change your home to a place where there is a schoolmaster and more for him to learn," he said, catching desperately at a last argument where all others had failed.

"In all of New France and the English colonies there is no better teacher than our Catherine," answered Henri proudly. "In English and French she has given to Jeems more than he could ever have learned in your town of Albany or our college in Quebec; for there, in one place, he would have been English, and in the other, French, while here he is both, like his father and mother, and will never strike at either of the two bloods that are in his veins."

"Of that I am sure," agreed Catherine. "I pray God my Jeems will never be a fighting man."

When Hepsibah went to his cot in the loft, he stood for a moment with his lighted candle beside Jeems' bed where the boy lay sleeping with the cloth of velvet close to his hands, a smile on his lips. Looking down on him Hepsibah thought of Henri Bulain's last words and his sister's prayer, and his lips moved whisperingly to himself, "They can't keep it from you, lad—hope nor prayer nor all their faith. It's coming, and when it comes you'll strike and strike hard, and it's then you'll be the white r'ound t'be, Jeems—a fighting man!"

Catherine's breakfast was on the table with the break of sunrise, and she was even ahead of that, helping his father with the chores. The ox was fed and the cart ready for a day's rough travel before his Uncle Hepsibah came down from his sleep. Talk of war and massacre and death had left no shadow in Catherine's heart, and Hepsibah could hear her singing. The sound of her voice made him pause and face the south. His wide shoulders twitched, and he marked the swelling and dips of the timbered solitudes of Forbidsen valley, and saw where the Mohawks would enter it.

### Boosts Golfer Toward Coveted "Hole in One"

In the history of the world it is not likely that any game or pastime has been given quite so much serious attention as the game of golf. Half of the men and women who have played golf seem to have invented some sort of a gadget to improve the possibility of making a perfect score and if all the inventions of this character were placed end to end they would probably reach to some place or other and back again several times. An enthusiastic Englishman points with pride to a device which he has invented to enable the player to determine whether he and his club are in exactly the proper position before attempting to bang the ball. He has a small stand containing an electric

### Changes in Atmosphere

The air is held to the earth by the force of gravity. The air close to the ground is pressed down by the weight of the air above it, which makes it denser. As the distance from the earth increases there is less air above, therefore it expands and is thinner.

and where they would come out if his prediction and his fears came true. With the shiver still in his blood, he turned and found Odd standing close behind him, also facing the stillness and mystery of the valley, his nose sniffing the air, and his eyes—as the man's had been a moment before—filled with a steadiness and tenseness of look which had in it a somber and voiceless foreboding.

At the touch of Hepsibah's hand the strain seemed to leave Odd's body.

"It'll bear watching day and night, but specially in that hour of darkness which comes just before the crack of dawn. Not now, but soon!"

When Jeems went ahead of his father and uncle to Lussan's place, he did not burden himself with unnecessary habiliments of either peace or war. He wore his old suit of brown homespun cloth, with Indian-made moccasins and leggings of doeskin, and on his head was a frontiersman's cap with an eagle feather in it. From under this cap his blond hair fell with its ends touching his shoulders, and with only his bow for a weapon his slim young body was free and buoyant and much handsomer than it had been the previous day with its carefully chosen raiment and warlike accoutrements.

He was filled with exultation mingled with a determined eagerness. He knew he would fight if Paul Tache was at Lussan's place, and what was going to happen in that fight was as definitely fixed in his mind. He was on his way to elevate himself to supreme heights in the opinion of Marie Antoinette Tontour—the opinion he had given her the piece of velvet.

No one was ahead of him when he arrived at Lussan's place. It was nine o'clock, and the sale was not until eleven. Half of the young ox was spitted on a long iron bar and slowly roasting over a red-hot mass of hickory coals. The outside Dutch oven was filled with a huge baking of bread, and benches were set with pumper and snow-white dishes of poplar wood. Lussan was a famous maker of whisky and flip and beer, and three barrels were ready, hoisted on chunks of wood with their spigots down, waiting for the willing hands of his friends and neighbors to turn them.

Jeems hunted out the plow and kettle and loom which his father wanted to buy. While occupied in this way, he came upon a table piled with a hotchpot of articles, and his heart gave a pump when he saw a number of books printed in English. His mind was filled with the thought of his mother's joy if he could take these treasures home to her. There were five of the books, Malvern Dale, Evelina, Telemachus, Eloisa, and Joseph Andrews, a thrilling list of titles it seemed to him, and as quickly as he could he approached Lussan upon the subject of their worth and purchase. Seeing no merit in printed English and small chance for their sale, and being as well a free-hearted man and already warmed by his own excellent beer, Lussan gave them to Jeems.

Overjoyed by this unexpected windfall of fortune, Jeems began to watch anxiously for the coming of his father and Uncle Hepsibah and for the appearance of the seigneur Tontour and whoever might be with him.

He placed himself where he could see down the road that came from the Tontour seigneurie, and when at last he heard the auctioneer's voice below him he felt as though he had been struck by a bolt of lightning. He felt a somber sinking of his hopes. They lived instantly when three figures on horseback appeared at the end of the half mile of road. The foremost rider was Tontour, the second Paul Tache, and in the third saddle rode a slim, wide-batted little person who was none other than Marie Antoinette Tontour herself.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Italian Peasants Cling to Unsanitary Homes

A tradition of centuries' standing is handicapping Italian engineers in their work of reconstructing the buildings destroyed by the recent earthquake in the region east of Naples. Dozens of new homes have already been constructed to replace the loosely built old dwellings destroyed by the quake recently. They are pleasant structures with several rooms, far more comfortable in every way than the buildings which they replace, and one would naturally expect the peasants to acclaim the work and to struggle for the handsome new homes. On the contrary, many peasants have utterly refused to live in them, one of the objections being that farm animals, which generally live in the same buildings as their owners in the hilltop communities, are not furnished accommodations in the new structures. In many other ways they are too "new-fangled" for the medieval-minded people who inhabit the region. Eventually, however, simply because they have no other habitations, the people are expected to retreat from their stubborn position, and to accept the magnanimity of the government with thanks.

### Shaker Furniture Had Its Distinctive Charm

The Shakers anticipated by many years the modern vogue of finishing furniture "in the natural," although they often washed a thin coating of yellow ochre or venetian red over the wood. Their construction was solid and workmanlike and featured expert pegging and doveling. Their woods for the most part were native Kentucky timber such as plain and curly maple, pine, birch, chestnut, and occasionally walnut. Not infrequently the chairs, beds and chests had wooden casters.

The Shaker furniture is austere almost to the point of crudity, particularly many of the trestle tables and benches, which are decidedly primitive, but their primitiveness has a distinct charm.—Chicago Evening Post.

### Speaking of Golf

John D. Rockefeller has been playing golf now for 30 years. He has earned at one time three private golf courses, but never a pair of knickers.—Collier's Weekly.

### Feel Always Stiff and Achy? It May Warn of Disordered Kidneys.

Are you troubled with backache, bladder irritations and getting up at night? Then don't take chances! Help your kidneys at the first sign of disorder. Use Doan's Pills. Successful for more than 50 years. Endorsed by hundreds of thousands of grateful users. Get Doan's today. Sold everywhere.



W. N. U., PORTLAND, MO. 3-1931.

### Hopeful

The large size of the feet of the younger generation is an ever-fertile topic for discussion among mothers, most of whom have become accustomed by this time to what used to cause them astonishment and surprise. The mothers of two boys were chatting the other day, and the mother of the younger said, "Do you know, I bought Joe a new pair of shoes yesterday and he now wears size nine!" The mother of the boy who was two years older and correspondingly larger remarked indignantly, and in all seriousness, "Yes, he's going to have right good-sized feet!"

Honor lies in honest toil.

### For TEETHING troubles

FUSSY, fretful . . . of course babies are uncomfortable at teething time! And mothers are worried because of the little upsets which come so suddenly then. But there's one sure way to comfort a restless, teething child, Castoria—made especially for babies and children! It's perfectly harmless, as the formula on the wrapper tells you. It's mild in taste and action. Yet it rights little upsets with a never-failing effectiveness.

That's the beauty of this special children's remedy! It may be given to tiny infants—as often as there is need. In cases of colic and similar disturbances, it is invaluable. But it has every-day uses all mothers should understand. A coated tongue



### PRESCRIPTION in use over 47 Years Really Helps Bowels

Don't you want this way of making the bowels behave? A doctor's way to make the bowels move so well that you feel better all over! Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin doesn't turn everything to water, but cleans out all that hard waste clogging your system. It cleans you out without any shock, for it's only fresh laxative herbs a famous doctor found so good for the bowels, combined with pure pepsin and other harmless ingredients.

A doctor should know what is best for the bowels. Let Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin show you how soon you can trip the bowels to move freely, every day, the way they should. It's wonderful the way this prescription works, but it's perfectly harmless; so you can use it whenever a coated tongue or sick headache tells you that you're bilious. Fine for children, too (it tastes so nice) and they ought to have a spoonful the minute they seem fretful, feverish, or sluggish, or have a hollow look.

You can get the original prescription Dr. Caldwell wrote so many years ago; your druggist keeps it all ready in big bottles. Just ask for Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, and use it always for constipation.



MAKE YOUR OWN COAL—Wood Saver, Datal's Plan, Detroit, Mich.

### GOITRE VANISHES "IN 4 WEEKS"

Avoid Dangerous Operation! Home Treatment. Get Free Book

"Your four weeks home treatment ended my goitre."—Mrs. J. M. Spencer, Attica, Ohio. "My doctor said operate. But by your treatment I ended goitre in 4 weeks. That was 3 years ago. Goitre has never returned."—Mrs. W. A. Pease, Creston, B. C.

200,000 others have treated goitre at home by this harmless, easy method. Ends goitre quick without danger or operation. Many say they had tried other methods in vain. But this method ended goitre—often in only 4 weeks. Method explained in big, illustrated 44 page FREE BOOK by eminent Battle Creek Goitre Specialist. Send for book today. Learn how to end goitre quick.

FREE—Send No Money

Physician Treatment and Analysis Co., 812 Barbara Bldg., Battle Creek, Mich. Send the FREE book How to End Goitre Quick at Home without Danger or Operation.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_

### Not So Exciting

First Movie Actress—Mercy! A man just fell from that airplane. Let's go over.

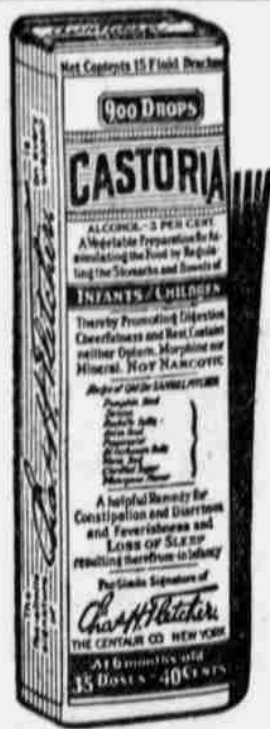
Second—Oh, let's not bother. It was just my husband.—Chicago Daily News.

### Ready-to-Wear Budget

In 1929 the women of America spent \$1,200,000,000 for dresses, plus another \$600,000,000 for coats and suits.—Collier's Weekly.

### Just Wet Feet

"Honey, I'm knee-deep in love with you." "All right, I'll put you on my wading list."—Tit-Bits.



calls for a few drops of watery castor oil; so does any suggestion of bad breath. Whenever older children don't eat well, don't rest well, or have any little upset, a more liberal dose of this pure vegetable preparation is usually all that's needed. Genuine Castoria has Chas. H. Fletcher's signature on the wrapper. Doctors prescribe it.