



## After 40 Bowel trouble is Most Dangerous

Constipation may easily become chronic after forty. Continued constipation at that time of life may bring attacks of piles—and a host of other disorders.

Watch your bowels at any age. Guard them with particular care after forty. When they need help, remember a doctor should know what is best for them.

"Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin" is a doctor's prescription for the bowels. Tested by 47 years' practice, it has been found thoroughly effective in relieving constipation and its ills for men, women and children of all ages. It has proven perfectly safe even for babies. Made from fresh, laxative herbs, pure pepsin and other harmless ingredients, it cannot gripe; will not sicken you or weaken you; can be used without harm as often as your breath is had, your tongue is coated; whenever a headachy, bilious, gassy condition warns of constipation.

Next time just take a spoonful of this family doctor's laxative. See how good it tastes; how gently and thoroughly it acts. Then you will know why it has become the world's most popular laxative. Big bottles—all drugstores.

DR. W. B. CALDWELL'S  
**SYRUP PEPSIN**  
A Doctor's Family Laxative

### Mail Speeds Compared

In recent tests of speed in the transmission of messages the Navy department found that it took a message 4 days and 30 minutes to reach San Francisco from Washington via ordinary mail, 3 days and 30 minutes via air mail, 14 to 21 minutes by commercial telegraph lines, and only 4 minutes by naval radio.

## Backache bother you?

If miserable with backache, bladder irritations and getting up at night, 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 by dealers everywhere.



### Old Stuff

Salesman—Have you seen the latest fountain pen, sir? Absolutely impossible for ink to escape from it anywhere.

Customer—Good heavens! I've tried to write with that sort for years.—London Humorist.

### No Best Time

Caller—When is the best time to see Mr. Smith?

Stenographer—That's hard to say. He's grouchy before he has his lunch, and afterward he has indigestion.

True love never runs smooth, and true hate gets a good many bumps, too.

Tears of joy and sadness are both drawn from the same sack.



## Your Complexion Insured

A complexion of rose-petal loveliness can be yours for 25¢ a month if you use Poudre de Marcella Poudre. This delightful powder has a cold cream base which constantly improves your skin and accentuates its natural beauty. It is exquisitely fragrant, and as soft and fresh as a baby's cheek.

Bring out the charm that is yours. Try a package today. 25¢, all shades—at all dealers or send your order direct to us. Money refunded if not satisfied.

MARCELLE LABORATORIES  
C. W. Beegs Sons & Co., Chicago, Ill.  
Satisfying the American Woman for Half a Century.

Marcelle  
Complexion Requisites

W. N. U., Portland, No. 4-1931.

# 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 Buisin, French settler in Canada in 1740, cultivates a farm adjacent to the Tontour seigneurie. As the story opens the Buisins are returning from a visit to the Tontours. Catherine's wandering brother, Hepsibah, meets them with presents for the family. To Jeems he gives a pistol, bidding him perfect himself in marksmanship. Hepsibah fears for the safety of Buisins in their isolated position.

### CHAPTER III—Continued

Concealing himself behind the bole of a tree, Jeems watched them as they passed, so near that a pebble flung by a hoof of one of the horses fell at his side. His courage almost failed him then, for while his hands clenched at the sight of Paul Tache, his heart faltered in its beating as his attention turned from his enemy to Toinette. She had become, all at once, a young lady whom he could easily believe he had never seen before, and the change in her held him for a few moments so forgetful of his own existence that he would have been discovered had one of the three happened to glance in his direction. Toinette was wearing her first riding suit, a gorgeous blue caulet trimmed with silver, just arrived from Quebec. With this she wore a smartly cocked beaver hat which bore a rakish feather, and from under this hat her long dark hair fell in a cascade of carefully made curls, partly restrained in their freedom by two or three red ribbons enmeshed among them. She was superbly aware of the lovely figure she made, and every inch of her body was at a dignified tension as she rode past the place where Jeems was hidden.

After she had gone, Jeems felt an overwhelming sense of littleness and unimportance. For Toinette was no longer Toinette, but a real princess, grown up. And Paul Tache, riding close beside her, with hair powdered and tied with a red velvet coat that could be seen a mile away, seemed now to be infinitely removed from the plottings which he had conceived against him. He stepped from behind the tree and stooped to pick up the pebble which Toinette's horse had flung at him. He could hear the auctioneer's voice, and others bidding for Lussan's properties. Then came a burst of laughter which rose with unrestrained abandon above all other sound, a blast of merriment which he would have recognized anywhere in the world. Only his Uncle Hepsibah could laugh like that. The sights and excitements of the scene about him would have made for him one of the most thrilling events of his forest-rimmed world, had his heart not been choked with the emotions of impending drama. Yet he did not press his desires by undue haste, and it was half an hour before he found himself close to the one who occupied his thoughts. This happened in such a fortuitous way that Toinette, concealed by the ample folds of Lussan's wife and daughter, was within a foot of his shoulder before he knew it. She did not see him, and he stood with wildly beating heart, breathing the faint perfume from her person, his senses dazed by the nearness of her splendor and his world of vision filled only with a great broad-brimmed hat, an enravishing mass of lustrous curls, a sunset of crimson ribbons, a pair of slim shoulders—and then, his paradise broken by the ugliness of reality, he discovered Paul Tache. The young man was returning from a journey to the barrels, and when he saw Jeems, a contemptuous smile twisted his lips. It was this look which turned Toinette so that she found Jeems standing beside her, his cap and a package in his hands, his face tensely set as he fought himself into obliviousness of his rival's presence.

He held out his gift to her. "My Uncle Hepsibah has just come from the English colonies, and he brought me this that I might in turn give it to you. Will you accept it, Toinette?"

He forgot Paul Tache. Spots of red came into his cheeks as Toinette's surprised eyes greeted him. She almost smiled, and as if something made her forgetful of her magnificence and the dignity it imposed, she extended her hand to receive the package. The manner in which she accepted his gift sent the blood racing through his body. The color deepened in her cheeks, and, mistaking this for still greater evidence of the pleasurable thrill he had given her, Jeems was sure she was about to thank him for his gift, when Paul stood beside them. Ignoring Jeems, Toinette's cousin led her away, politely relieving her of the package as they went. It was then Toinette turned to smile at Jeems, in spite of the eyes she knew were watching her. In this same moment her escort allowed the package to drop surreptitiously from his hand.

This act, inspired by a contempt for the forest boy, and urged by a meanness of spirit hidden under a display of wealth and fine clothes, sweet

Jeems' thought from Toinette, whose nearness of person, surprising beauty, and sweetness of disposition had almost made him forget his one reason for being at Lussan's sale. This weakness in the armor of his intentions was sealed when he saw his present fall to the ground. Toinette became instantly immaterial in the path of a storm of emotion which caught and held him fiercely. He saw only one person where there were two, and that one was Paul Tache. In a brain white with heat, and in eyes blinded to the presence of all living forms except that of the youth who had darkened his mind with bitterness, Toinette ceased to exist for him, and when he sprang forward to recover the bundle, it was not with the thought that he was rescuing it for her, but that it was to be his reason for glorious war when the moment was at hand for him to hurl it in his rival's face.

Detaching themselves from the shifting groups of which they had been a part, Toinette and young Tache strolled to their horses, knowing that many glances followed their elegant departure. Giving themselves a brief time in which to be admired, they sauntered into the gardens back of Lussan's house.

Jeems was only a few steps from Paul and Toinette when they disappeared behind the house. He held back with a feeling of satisfaction when



He Had Never Fought With Another Boy.

he saw the two going down a path which took them out of sight of any curious eyes that might have watched them. Not until the last flutter of Toinette's skirt was gone did he proceed with the business of following them, and then, like an Indian, he slipped noiselessly along the path and found them standing, somewhat perplexed, at the edge of a soggy and lill-smelling open space where Lussan had built his barn and where his cattle and pigs had gathered for so long that one was sure of a precarious and unpleasant footing. Toinette, her chin tilted, a flash of indignation in her eyes as she held up her skirt, with both hands, was on the point of loosing her wrath upon her escort for daring to bring her to such a place of defilement when Jeems stepped out from a rim of bushes and confronted them.

His face was pale. His slim body was as taut as a bowstring. His eyes were almost black. He did not see Toinette, scarcely knew that she was in his world, even as her anger gave place to an exclamation of surprise when she saw in his hand the package which he had given her a few minutes before. He approached Paul Tache, and that youth, misinterpreting the slowness of his movement and the bloodless pallor of his face as signs of embarrassment and fear, sought to cover his disgrace in Toinette's eyes by an explosion of haughty protest at being followed and spied upon in this way. Jeems made no reply except to hold out the package. Sight of it choked the words in the other's throat. Jeems' silence and the way in which he continued to extend the package brought a deep color into Paul's face. He and not Jeems was conscious of the amazement in Toinette's countenance and of the intensity of her interest in the situation. He recovered himself swiftly and, with a gulfed change of manner, held out his hand. "Pardop he," he apologized. "It is good of you to bring the package—which I accidentally dropped."

Jeems came a step nearer. "You lie!" he cried, and with a furious movement he buried the bundle at Tache's feet.

The force of the blow sent Paul reeling backward, and Jeems was at him with the quickness and passion of one suddenly transformed by madness. He had never fought with another boy. But he knew how animals clawed and disemboweled. In a hundred ways he had viewed strife and death as the wilderness knew these things. And all that he had witnessed, all that he knew of torture and violence and the desire to maim and kill gave to his action a character

of such lively ferocity that it drew a howl of pain from Paul Tache and a shrill little scream from Toinette.

Jeems heard the scream, but it held no significance for him now. His dreams were gone, and Toinette, her presence close to him, her eyes upon the battle just as he had imagined in the thrill of his mental visionings was forgotten in the more vital depths of his interest in the flesh and blood of Paul. In the first attack, his fingers clutched like small iron claws in the folds of Tache's cravat and coat, and the rending of cloth, a spitting asunder of gorgeous material almost to the other's waist, was evidence of the strength behind his assault. He followed this with a fury of scratching and tearing and both went down in the melee. When they rose, Paul heaving himself up with an effort which flung Jeems from him, they were such a sight of muck and stain that Toinette forgot her precious dress and covered her eyes in horror. But she was looking again in an instant, for the spectacle fascinated even as it appalled her. Jeems had landed on his feet with a fist loaded with mud, and this he projected with an aim so accurate that half of Paul's face was obliterated by it, and as he leapt with a roar of rage at his smaller assailant, he was such a shocking contrast to his usual immaculate self that Toinette nearly ceased to breathe. Then she saw and heard what her feminine eyes and instincts could not understand or keep proper count of, a mad twisting and tumbling of bodies, panting breaths, grunts, and finally a clearly audible curse from Paul Tache. With that sound Jeems flew backward and landed on his back.

He was up almost before he had struck, and with his head ducked low like a ram's in a charge, he hurled himself at Tache. This individual, having cleared his eyes sufficiently to perceive the blindness of the other's rush, stepped aside and swung a well-directed blow which again sent Jeems down into the muck. His hand filled itself with this sticky substance a second time, and as he returned to battle he let it fly at Paul. Profiting by experience, Paul dodged skillfully, and the volley passed over his head, spreading in its flight, and fell in its contaminating virulence upon Toinette. She saw her raiment spotted and defiled, and such a sudden fury rose in her that she sprang upon Jeems as he clawed and kicked in a clinch with Paul, and assailed him with all the strength and bitterness of her small fists and biting tongue.

Jeems had seen the tragedy of the misdirected mud, and he knew that Toinette's hands and not Paul's were pulling viciously at his hair. There is a hurt which bears with it a sting of satisfaction, and this emotion pressed upon Jeems as he fought desperately in front and felt himself attacked treacherously from behind. For Paul was accountable for the mishap to Toinette. Had the other not dodged in a cowardly fashion, allowing the stuff to pass on to her, the thing would not have happened. It did not take more than a few seconds for the inspiration of this thought with its apparent justice and truth to fire him with a determination beside which his former resolution sank to insignificance. He was no longer fighting for Toinette's approval, but against her, against Paul Tache, against all the world. Toinette, pulling at his hair, beating at his back, had raised his struggle to epic heights. The strength of martyrdom filled his lean arms and body, and he fought with a renewed fierceness that made his heavier but softer antagonist give way before the punishment, and both went down to earth again. Toinette fell with them, her long skirt impeding the activity of their legs, her big hat hanging like a sunshade over her face, her beautifully made curls tangled and spotted with mud, her hands beating angrily at whichever of the two chanced to come in her way.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Those Happy Victorians

One entry in the diary of Mary Gladstone (afterward Mrs. Drew), daughter of W. E. Gladstone, "Grand Old Man" of Victorian politics, reads: "Quiet evening at home. I was in my room at 9:30 and heard him and mamma coming up the stairs singing, 'A raganuffin husband and a ranti-polling wife' at the top of their voices."

"Him" was her father, the prime minister of England, then seventy-four years of age. "Home" was No. 10 Downing street, official residence of the P. M.—Kansas City Star.

### To Preserve Old Prints

Since old prints of flowers, birds and personages are now so popular for framing, it is also worth while to take suitable modern pictures or prints, perhaps from magazines, and antique them with a light coating of liquid wax. This treatment will give them a mellow, old tone and will preserve them. The pictures should be pinned firmly to a flat surface before the wax is applied. Simply framed, they will look charming on the walls of a room.



## FEEL MEAN?

Don't be helpless when you suddenly get a headache. Reach in your pocket for immediate relief. If you haven't any Bayer Aspirin with you, get some at the first drugstore you come to. Take a tablet or two and be rid of the pain. Take promptly. Nothing is gained by waiting to see if the pain will leave of its own accord. It may grow worse! Why postpone relief?

There are many times when

Bayer Aspirin will "save the day." It will always ease a throbbing head. Quiet a grumbling tooth. Relieve nagging pains of neuralgia or neuritis. Check a sudden cold. Even rheumatism has lost its terrors for those who have learned to depend on these tablets.

Gargle with Bayer Aspirin at the first suspicion of sore throat, and reduce the infection. Look for Bayer on the box—and the word Genuine in red. Genuine Bayer Aspirin does not depress the heart.

## BAYER ASPIRIN

### Witty Paraphrase of

### England's Proud Boast

Noel Coward, brilliant English playwright, was praising our autumn weather at a theatrical luncheon in New York.

"Your autumns are glorious," said Mr. Coward. "Is there anything more delicate than this autumn sunshine? I can only compare the delightful sensation I feel on an autumn day here to that of sitting before a big bonfire on a cold winter's day."

Mr. Coward smiled and continued: "In England, now, we aren't so lucky. A friend of mine once, when fed up with our bad weather, exclaimed:

"England—the land on which the sun never sets—nor rises!"

To keep clean and healthy take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They regulate liver, bowels and stomach.—Adv.

### To Raze Dickens' Home

At Boulogne-Sur-Mer, France, the last vestige of the Villa des Moulins, where Charles Dickens lived for three years and wrote several books, is to be destroyed. The Boulogne municipal council has approved the razing of the building which long has been in a state of ruin. It was here that Dickens wrote "Little Dorrit," "Bleak House" and "Hard Times."

### How About the Bait?

Penelope—Some terrible things can be caught from kissing.  
Theresa—Yes; you ought to see the poor worm my sister caught!

### A Washout

Mazie—I hear you have a new boy friend.  
Daisy—Say had, dearie!

### Remarkable Record

Quite unparalleled in the history of longevity was the record of a Brazilian woman who has just died at the age of one hundred and fifty. She was the mother of 18 children, all living, in good health and all over one hundred years of age. Among her descendants are 124 grandchildren, 230 great-grandchildren, 14 great-great-grandchildren. The oldest of her great-great-grandchildren is thirteen.

## MOTHERS ARE LEARNING USES OF MAGNESIA

From the beginning of expectancy until baby is weaned, Phillips' Milk of Magnesia performs the greatest service for many women.

It relieves nausea, heartburn, "morning sickness," inclination to vomit; helps digestion. Its mild laxative action assures regular bowel movement.

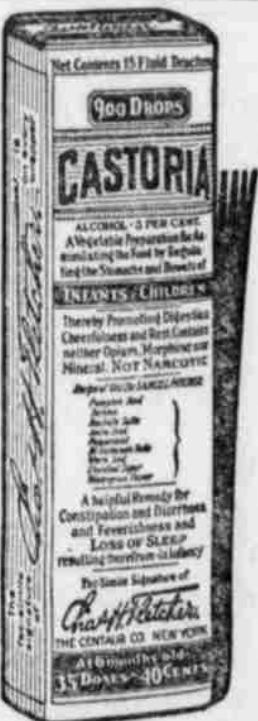
Phillips' Milk of Magnesia is better than lime water for neutralizing cow's milk for infant feeding.

All drugstores have Phillips' Milk of Magnesia in generous 25c and 50c bottles. Always insist on the genuine, endorsed by physicians for 50 years.

### No Need to Ask

More Brains (at piano recital)—What is that charming thing he is playing?  
Less Brains—A piano, y' dub.

No man at a movie thinks the kissing is done exactly the way he would do it.



## Wakeful restless CHILD needs Castoria

WE can never be sure just what makes an infant restless, but the remedy can always be the same. Good old Castoria! There's comfort in every drop of this pure vegetable preparation, and not the slightest harm in its frequent use. As often as Baby has a fretful spell, is feverish, or cries and can't sleep, let Castoria soothe and quiet him. Sometimes it's a touch of colic. Other times it's constipation. Or diarrhea—a condition that should always be checked promptly. Just keep Castoria handy, and give it promptly; relief will follow very promptly; if it doesn't you should call a physician.

All through babyhood, Castoria should be a mother's standby; and a wise mother continues it in more liberal doses as a child grows up.

Readily obtained at any drugstore, the genuine easily identified by the Chas. H. Fletcher signature and the name Castoria on the wrapper like this:



## Reasons Why You Should Use Cuticura Soap

1. It is pure and you should use the best for daily toilet use.
2. It helps to make and keep the skin clear and healthy.
3. It contains medicinal properties so is excellent for skin troubles.
4. It keeps baby's skin healthy.
5. It is excellent for shampooing the hair.
6. It is economical at 25c a cake.

Soap 25c, Ointment 25c, and 50c, Talcum 25c.  
Proprietors: Potter Drug & Chemical Corporation, Malden, Mass.