



Mothers... Watch Children's COLDS

COMMON head colds often "settle" in throat and chest where they may become dangerous. Don't take a chance—at the first sniffle rub on Children's Mustrorle once every hour for five hours.

Children's Mustrorle is just good old Mustrorle, you have known so long, in milder form.

This famous blend of oil of mustard, camphor, menthol and other ingredients brings relief naturally. Mustrorle gets action because it is a scientific "counter-irritant"—not just a salve—it penetrates and stimulates blood circulation, helps to draw out infection and pain.

Keep full strength Mustrorle on hand, for adults and the tender—Children's Mustrorle for little tots. All druggists.



Life Saver's Good Record

In the last 22 seasons Capt. Sam Goodman, acting as a life guard at Lake Hopateong, N. J., has the record of saving 512 lives. In the winters he follows the same profession in Florida. In all the years he has done such work he has received only one gift, a wrist watch.

Don't Risk Neglect! Kidney Disorders Are Too Serious to Ignore.

If bothered with bladder irritations, getting up at night and constant backache, 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.



Wall Street Styles

There are fashions in investments quite as much as in dresses or houses. And Wall Street styles are as fickle as those in frocks.—Woman's Home Companion.

I'm Encouraged

"Scribbler is a genius, isn't he?" "I guess so. His wife told me yesterday that he didn't know how to build the furnace fire."—Exchange.



Doctor's 3 RULES Big Help to Bowels

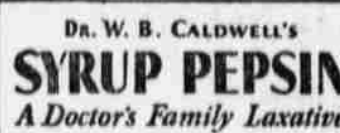
What a joy to have the bowels move like clockwork, every day! It's easy, if you mind these simple rules of a famous old doctor:

1. Drink a big tumblerful of water before breakfast, and several times a day.
2. Get plenty of outdoor exercise without unduly fatiguing yourself.
3. Try for a bowel movement at exactly the same hour every day.

Everyone's bowels need help at times, but the thing to use is Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. You'll get a thorough cleaning-out, and it won't leave your insides weak and watery. This family doctor's prescription is just fresh, laxative herbs, pure pepsin and other helpful ingredients that couldn't hurt a child. But how it wakes up those lazy bowels! How good you feel with your system rid of all that poisonous waste matter.

Clean up that coated tongue, sweeten that bad breath, and get rid of those bilious headaches. A little Syrup Pepsin will soon free the bowels from all that waste matter that makes the whole system sluggish. You'll eat better, sleep better and feel better.

You'll like the way Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin tastes. The way it works will delight you. Big bottles—all drugstores.



The Plains of Abraham

By James Oliver Curwood

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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 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 the Bulains in their isolated position. Jeems fights with Paul Tache, cousin of Tontour's Tontour, whom they both adore. Next day Jeems calls at the Tontour home and apologizes for hawking in front of Toinette. The Tontours go to Quebec.

CHAPTER IV—Continued

This discussion was the beginning of another phase in Jeems' life. It placed before him certain definite obligations of manhood which even his mother had to recognize, though she wanted to hold him as long as possible in his boyhood years. During the next year he made several trips with Hepsibah, going to Albany and as far as the country of Pennsylvania. Each time he returned to his home something held him more closely to it.

In the autumn of 1754, after four years at school, Toinette returned to Tontour manor.

Peace and happiness lay over the Richelieu. It had been a splendid year for France along the far frontiers. Washington had surrendered at Fort Mifflin, and Villiers was triumphant at Fort Duquesne. England and France were still playing at the hypocrisy of friendship. While they played, thrusting at each other secretly and in the dark, not an English flag was left waving beyond the Alleghenies. French arms and Indian diplomacy were victorious along the Ohio and westward to the plains. The policies of the British royal governors were alienating their Indian allies, and in spite of their million and a half population against eighty thousand in New France, Dinwiddie had frantically called upon England for help. In response, England was sending General Braddock.

In a double rejoicing over Toinette's homecoming and his country's success at arms, Tontour planned a levee and barbecue at the seigneurie. Hepsibah was away at the time, which disappointed the baron, who insisted that Henri and his family must attend the celebration or he would never call them friends again.

Jeems felt a thrill growing in him as the day drew near. He was no longer the Jeems of Lussan's place as he set out in the company of his father and mother with Odd pegging along faithfully at his side. In January he would be eighteen. The alert and sinuous grace of one of the wild things of the forest was in his movements. Catherine was more than ever proud of him and rejoiced in the cleanness of his build, in his love of nature and God, and in the directness with which his eyes looked at one. But she was not more proud than Hepsibah Adams, who had seen in this pupil of his flesh and blood the qualities and courage, the lock, stock, and barrel, as he called it, of a fighting man.

Jeems was anxious to see Toinette, but with this desire there remained none of the old yearnings which had once oppressed him. She whom he was going to regard today was a stranger, one into whose presence he was determined not to force himself again. This resolution was not inspired in him by a lack of boldness or an uncertainty as to his own social fitness. An immense pride upheld him. The spirit and freedom of the forests were in his blood, and behind these was also the spirit of Hepsibah Adams. He knew that he could meet Toinette coolly and without embarrassment should they chance to stand face to face, no matter how splendid she had grown. And he realized there must be a great change in her. She was fifteen now. A young lady. At this period of his life, five years seemed a long time, and he thought it was possible he might not recognize her.

An overwhelming moment of shock seized him when at last he saw her.

It was as if a yesterday of long ago had come back into this today, as if a picture which had been burned and scattered into ash had miraculously been restored.

She was taller, of course. Perhaps she was lovelier. But she was the same Toinette. He could see no change in her except that she had become more a woman. Hepsibah's work, his own, his freedom, and his courage were dissipated like dust as he looked at her, and once more he felt himself the inferior being offering her nuts and feathers and maple sugar and praying in his childish way

that she might smile on him. This was not a new Toinette removed another million miles away from him, as he had supposed she would be, but the old Toinette, commanding him to slavery again, and making his blood run hot in his body.

With a group of young ladies from the neighboring seigneurie, she had come down from the big house, and he was almost in her path, with Peter Lubbeck at his side. It was Peter who advanced a step or two toward them. Except for his action Toinette would not have turned, Jeems thought. He pulled himself together and stood with his head bared, as cold and impassive in appearance as a soldier at attention, while his heart beat like a hammer. Toinette had to face him to return his companion's greeting.

It was impossible for her not to see him when she made this movement. But there was a slowness in her discovery, an effort to keep from looking at him which was more eloquent than words. It had not been her desire to speak to him.

If he needed courage, it was this enlightenment which gave it to him. He inclined his head when she met his gaze. Her face was flushed, her



It Had Not Been Her Desire to Speak to Him.

eyes darkly aglow, while his own cheeks bore only the color of sun and wind. He might never have known her, so unmoved did he stand as she went on her way.

She had slightly nodded, her lips had barely formed a name.

Later, after the feast on the green, came Tontour's spectacular feature of the day, a military review of his tenants, with wives and children witnessing the martial display. The male guests, who had drilled in their own seigneuries, joined Tontour's men. Only Henri Bulain and Jeems were not among them. Henri, sensitive to the fact, and to save Catherine from the hurt which might arise because of it, had started with her over the homeward trail half an hour before. Jeems had remained. This was his answer to Toinette's contempt—that he was not of her people, that his world was not circumscribed by the petty boundaries of the seigneurie. He stood with his long rifle in the crook of his arm, conscious that she was looking at him, and the invisible shafts from her eyes, poisoned with their disdain, stirred him with the thrill of a painful triumph. He could almost hear her calling him an English beast again. A coward. One to be distrusted and watched. He did not sense humiliation or regret, but only a final widening of what had always lain between them.

He bore this feeling home with him. It grew as time went on, and with its growth an increasing restlessness came over him. News creeping through the wilderness and reaching every corner, like the whispering winds, kept an unquenchable heat under the ash of these dres, fanning the embers into flame in spite of him. Secrets were no longer secrets. Rumors had grown into facts. Fears had become realities. England and France were still playing at peace in their mighty courts. In the sunlight they were friends, in the dark they were seeking each other's lives like common cutthroats.

And the thirteen little Colonial governments of the English, quarreling like small boys among themselves, just beginning to walk alone, feeling the significance of the new word American, cheated by their parent, laughed at by their parent, hated by their

parent, still yearned for the love of that parent as children have wanted love from the beginning of time, and were loyal to it.

So tragedy began to move, to build out of death, out of betrayed confidence, out of dishonor and fraud and pitiless murder the American and Canadian nations of the future.

Eighty thousand French and more than a million English in the New world made ready for the sacrifice Massachusetts enlisted one man out of eight of her male population. Connecticut, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, New York, and the others followed her example.

Children, loyal, proud to fight—and hating the French ferociously!

Then came Braddock, preceding Wolfe, to call them "worthless trash."

And New France, a glory of sun and land even now gutted of her prosperity by corruptions brought from Louis and La Pompadour, sent out her own sons to fight and kill, valiant glad, confident—and hating the English implacably!

With them, on both sides, went Indians from almost a hundred tribes—red men who had once found honor in fighting, but who, now skulking and murderous and vengeful, found their souls in pawn to the great White Fathers across the sea who had prostituted them with whisky, bought them with guns, maddened them with hatreds, and who paid them for human hair.

Of these things Jeems was thinking as winter grew into spring and spring into summer. Only love held him from leaping to the temptations which were drawing closer about him, love for his mother whose happiness marked the beginning and the end of all action on the part of her men folk. And in this hour, when three out of four of the fighting men along the Richelieu were preparing to join Dieskau, when half of his acquaintances at the Tontour seigneurie had already gone to fight Braddock, when the forests trembled at the stealthy tread of painted savages, and when the Frenchman who did not rise to his country's call was no longer a Frenchman, Jeems observed that the strain upon his father was more difficult to bear than his own. For Henri, in spite of his worship of Catherine, was of New France to the bottom of his soul, and now that other men were making a bulwark of their bodies against her enemies, his own desire to make the same sacrifice was almost beyond the power of his strong will to control. In their years of comradeship, Jeems and his father had never come so near to each other as in these weeks of tension.

Almost as painful to them as the sting of a wound was the day when Dieskau came up the Richelieu with a host of three thousand five hundred men and made forever a hallowed ground of the Tontour seigneurie by camping there overnight.

When she knew they were coming, Catherine had said:

"If your hearts tell you it is right go with them!"

But they remained. For Henri it was a struggle greater than Dieskau fought, greater than that in which Braddock died. For Jeems it was less a torment and more the mysterious madness of youth to tramp to the clash of arms. For Catherine it was the gehenna of her life, a siege of darkness and uncertainty in her soul which gave way suddenly before news which swept like a whirlwind over the land.

God had been with New France! Braddock and his English invaders were destroyed!

No triumph of French arms in the New world had been so complete, and Dieskau, the great German baron who was fighting for France, moved southward to crush Sir William Johnson and his Colonials and Indians, planning not to stop until he had driven them to the doors of Albany.

With him were six hundred and eighty-four of the loyal men who were beginning to call themselves Canadians.

Tontour rode over to bring the news to Henri Bulain. To Catherine he recalled his prediction that the English would never get into this paradise of theirs. Now the whole thing was settled for many years to come, for Dieskau would sweep their last enemy from the Champlain country as completely as a new broom swept her home. He had sent almost every man he had to the scene of fighting, and only his wooden leg had kept him from joining Dieskau.

Even Toinette had wanted to go!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

High Place Accorded Majestic Douglas Fir

A Scottish naturalist, roving the wild western land of the infant republic 103 years ago, brought the majestic Douglas fir to the knowledge of the scientific world, and for all time it will bear his name. Of David Douglas it is said that he "contributed probably more than any other one man to the knowledge of our northwestern trees and plants."

Returning home, he introduced the Douglas fir into cultivation in Great Britain, and the Scots value it highly for finish and furniture. Now comes the sequel, in this editorial paragraph from the Seattle Times:

"A shipment of a cargo of Seattle-made furniture to Scotland has more than ordinary significance. The articles are all made of Washington fir, a wood held in higher esteem in Scotland than walnut. The purchasers specified that the wood should be in its natural grain, which everybody knows is beautiful. We are familiar

with the cargoes usually exported from this state, but when a new line and new market are involved there is good reason to rejoice."

America's Largest Island

Isle Royale, Michigan's beautiful island in Lake Superior, often is spoken of as "the second largest island in the United States" Long Island, N. Y., being the largest island. But the second largest is Whidby island, belonging to the state of Washington, according to the American Geographical society. Whidby island lies across the entrance to Puget sound and is so little known that geographies and atlases differ on the spelling of its name.

Gold Mixture

Green gold consists of gold, silver and cadmium, and sometimes copper is also added. The degree of the green color depends upon the percentage of the metals used with the gold.



Sore THROAT

The daily press tells of increasing numbers of cases of sore throat. A sore throat is a menace to the person who has it, and to those around him. Don't neglect the condition. Check the soreness and the infection with Bayer Aspirin! Crush three tablets in 1/3 tumblerful of water and gargle well. You can feel the immediate relief. The soreness will be relieved at once. The infection will be reduced. Take Bayer tablets for your cold; and for relieving the aches and pains common to colds. Bayer Aspirin brings quick comfort in neuralgia, neuritis, rheumatism, etc. Get the genuine, with the Bayer cross on each tablet:

BAYER ASPIRIN

East Indian Potentate

Richest Man on Earth

The result of a survey by the United Press to determine the world's richest man were recently published. First on the list was this name: His Exalted Highness Asaf Jah Muzaffar-ul-Mulk-Wal-Mamalik Nizam-ul-Mulk Nizam-ud-Daula, Nawab Mir Sir Usman Ali Khan Bahadur Fateh Jung, 44, the nizam of Hyderabad in India. His wealth in gold bricks and coins is estimated at \$1,000,000,000. His wealth in jewels is uncounted. Second on the list comes John Davison Rockefeller, Jr. He is followed by Henry and Edsel Ford; next is John Pierpont Morgan. Below this quintet come Sir Basil Zaharoff and his highness, Sir Sayaji Rao III, the maharaja gaekwar of Baroda.—Time Magazine.

SWEETEN ACID STOMACH THIS PLEASANT WAY

When there's distress two hours after eating—heartburn, indigestion, gas—suspect excess acid.

The best way to correct this is with an alkali. Physicians prescribe Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.

A spoonful of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia in a glass of water neutralizes many times its volume in excess acid; and does it at once. To try it is to be through with crude methods forever.

Be sure to get genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia. All drugstores have the generous 25c and 50c bottles. Full directions in package.

Hint on Safety

She—Did you read in the papers that some people were poisoned through eating chocolates?

He—I fancy I did, but what about it?

She—Nothing, except that I was thinking—er—how safe we are.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes weak women strong. No alcohol. Sold by druggists in tablets or liquid.—Adv.

"Capping" Oil Well

It is possible to cap an oil well and stop the flow of oil a given period of time without injury to the well's producing capacities. There are approximately 328,200 producing oil wells in the United States.

Or Harder

Bride—These eggs are very small. I must ask the egg dealer to let the hens sit on them a little longer.—Nebelspalter.

Relieve COUGHS Quickly with Boschee's Syrup

First dose soothes instantly. Relief GUARANTEED.

At all druggists

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Write today for FREE book describing the Dr. C. J. Dean famous non-surgical method of treating Piles and other Rectal and Colon ailments, which we use exclusively. Also gives details of our WRITTEN ASSURANCE TO ELIMINATE PILES, no matter how severe. OR REFUND PATIENT'S FEE.

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A Guarantee of 100% Live Chicks

at the age of two weeks. Baby Chicks from Hansen's World Famous Leghorn, with transport records of 340-377 eggs. We pay the delivery expenses to your station. Prices are very low for good quality chicks.

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AGENTS WANTED TO SELL CHICKS

Make money this year selling the best chicks hatched in the N. W. 20 years' reputation for quality and fair dealing. Write now for our selling plan.

QUEEN HATCHERY... Jay Todd
2420 First Avenue - Seattle, Wash.

W. N. U., Portland, No. 7-1931.

Love's Young Dream

Is there any thrill in the world like the thrill of discovering that a beautiful young woman cares about golf the way you care?—Collier's Weekly.

CASTORIA

ALCOHOL-FREE
A Vegetable Preparation for Assuaging the Acidity of the Stomach and Regulating the Bowels
EXEMPTS CHILDREN
Theory Proves It Superior to Castor Oil and Other Laxatives and Purgatives and the Most Dependable and Safe Laxative for Infants and Children

35 DROPS, 10 CENTS

And a more liberal dose of Castoria is usually all that's needed to right the irregularities of older, growing children. Genuine Castoria has Chas. H. Fletcher's signature on the wrapper. It's prescribed by doctors!