INDIGESTION GOES—QUICKLY, PLEASANTLY

When you suffer from heartburn, gas or indigestion, it's usually too much acid in your stomach. The quickest way to stop your trouble is with Phillips' Milk of Magnesia. A spoonful in water neutralizes many times its volume in stomach acids—instantly. The symptoms disappear in five minutes.

Try Phillips' Milk of Magnesia, and you will never allow yourself to suffer from over-acidity again. It is the standard anti-acid with doctors.

Your drugstore has Phillips' Milk of Magnesia, with directions for use, in generous 25c and 50c bottles.

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4th and Pine—Portland, Ore.
A Hotel where you are welcome
Fireproof Room-bath $2.00 up

Thousands of Dollars Paid for Jokes. Send $1 for list of buyers and our wonderful co-operative selling plan. Southern Press Syndicate, Box 1161, Atlanta, Ga.

BEWARE KNIFE

Lancing or expensive operations unnecessary, as application CARBOIL promptly stops pain, ripens and heals worst boil often overnight. Get Carboil today from druggist. Good for sores, bites, itch, etc. Generous box 50c. Spurlock-Neal Co., Nashville, Tenn.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Removes Dandruff-Stops Hair Falling
Imparts Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair
60c and $1.00 at Druggists.
Hiscox Chem. Wks., Patchogue, N.Y.

FLORESTON SHAMPOO — Ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balsam. Makes the hair soft and fluffy. 50 cents by mail or at druggists. Hiscox Chemical Works, Patchogue N.Y.

Stairs About as Good as Mountain Climbing

"Only optimism can succeed in the motion-picture business," declares Cecil De Mille. "The pessimist is foredoomed to failure. In my last picture I had a young extra girl who, I think, will some day become a star. She has an amazingly buoyant outlook on life.

"I was talking to her for a moment between scenes. In one breath she confided that her favorite sport was mountain climbing and in the next that she adored Hollywood.

"'But don't you miss the mountain climbing?' I asked. 'There are no real mountains within thirty or forty miles of Hollywood.'

"'But I don't need them here,' she replied with a happy smile. 'You see, I live on the fifth floor of an apartment that has no elevator, so I get all the climbing I need and the mountains are never missed.'"

Those Titles!

Professor—Ellen, we will go to the theater today. There is a play for mathematicians.

Wife—Really. What is called?

Professor—"The Eternal Triangle."
—Deutsche Illustrierte, Berlin.

His Schooling

"Joe, am I the first girl you ever kissed?" "Yes, dear, I got my technique at the movies."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the original little liver pills put up 60 years ago. They regulate liver and bowels.—Adv.

Men remember when they are forgotten. When remembered, they, themselves, forget.—Austin.

A man cannot have an idea of perfection in another, which he was never sensible of in himself.—Steele.

Lucky Find

When we find some slight help makes a marvelous improvement in a child, we wonder why we hadn't thought of doing it long ago.

Here's a good example: "My little girl was doing fairly well," says Mrs. M. Seitenbach, 5605 Emile Street, Omaha, Neb., "but I noticed she didn't eat right and didn't have much energy.

"Our doctor had recommended California Fig Syrup, so I gave her some. She improved so much I wonder I didn't do something for her stomach and bowels before. She has a good appetite and digestion and plenty of energy, now."

To point up a child's appetite, increase energy and strength, assist digestion and regulate the bowels there's nothing like California Fig Syrup. Doctors advise it to open bowels in colds or children's diseases; or whenever bad breath, coated tongue, etc., warn of constipation.

Emphasize the name *California* when buying, to get the *genuine*.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP
LAXATIVE-TONIC *for* CHILDREN

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 Tonteur seigneurie. As the story opens the Bulains are returning from a visit to the Tonteurs. 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 Toinette Tonteur, whom they both adore. Next day Jeems calls at the Tonteur home and apologizes for brawling in front of Toinette. The Tonteurs go to Quebec. Four years pass. War between Britain and France flames. Jeems returns from a hunt to find his home burned and his father and mother slain. He goes to the seigneurie and finds the manor destroyed and Tonteur and his servants dead.

CHAPTER V—Continued

—11—

Against this clouding of his senses he felt himself struggling as if swimming in an empty space. He picked up his hatchet and his bow and rose to his feet. He had not lost sound of the mill wheel even when Toinette's sobbing had seemed to be at his side. It was crying at him now, but before he turned toward it his eyes rested on Tonteur's wooden peg. It was half cut off, a mark of grim humor on the part of a butcher. The mill wheel was forcing his attention to that fact. "Look—look—look"—it said, and then repeated the old song, calling him an English beast.

He faced it in a flash of resentment, not because of the wheel alone but on account of what lay at his feet and what he knew he would find nearer to the walls of the manor. His mind was hurling anathema at the wheel. He wanted to tell it that it lied. In this hush of death he wanted to cry out that he was not of the murderous breed who had sent the killers. Proof was over there, in the valley which at last was well named. His mother. His father. His Uncle Hepsibah. Not one of them were dead by its hand. He had been left alive—by chance. That was proof. The wheel was wrong. It lied.

He looked at Tonteur again, strengthening himself to go a little farther and find Toinette. He knew how it would be. Toinette's young body, even more pitiful than his mother's. He forced himself to turn toward the smoldering walls. Toinette—dead! His father might die, and Tonteur, and all the rest of the world—but these two, his mother and Toinette, inseparable in his soul forever, the vital sparks which had kept his own heart beating—how could they die while he lived? He advanced, pausing over one of the slaves, a woman almost unclothed, inky black except the top of her head, which was red where her scalp was gone. In the crook of her arm was her scalpless infant. White, black, women, babies—the loveliness of girlhood—it made no difference.

Jeems scanned the earth beyond her, and where the smoke lay in a white shroud he saw a small, slim figure which he knew was Toinette. Another young body might have lain in the same way, its slenderness crumpled in the same manner, a naked arm revealed dimly under its winding sheet of smoke. But he knew this was Toinette. The dizzying haze wavered before his eyes again, and he put out his hand to hold it back. Toinette. Only a few steps from him. Dead, like his mother.

Odd went ahead of him halfway to the still form and stopped. He sensed something Jeems could not see or feel through the smoke mist which undulated before their eyes. Warning of impending danger confronted the dog, and he tried to pass it to his master. In that moment, a shot came from the mill, and a flash of pain darted through Jeems' arm. He was flung backward and caught himself to hear echoes of the explosion beating against the forested hills and the wheel at the top of the mill screaming at him.

He answered the shot by dropping his bow and dashing toward the mill. Death might easily have met him at the threshold, but nothing moved in the vaultlike chamber he had entered, and there was no sound in it except that of his own breath and his racing heart. Odd went to the flight of narrow steps which led to the tower room and told Jeems that what they sought was there. Jeems ran up, his hatchet raised to strike.

He must have been an unforgettable and terrifying object as he appeared above the floor into the light which forced its way through the dusty glass of three round windows over his head. There must even have been a little of the monster about him. He had left some of his garments with his mother and father, and his arms and shoulders were bare. Char and smoke and the stain of earth had disfigured him. His face appeared to be painted for slaughter and a greenish fire glittered in the eyes that were seeking for an enemy. Blood dripped to the oaken planks from his wounded arm. He was a Frankenstein ready to kill, dishevelment and fury concealing his youth, his stature made appalling by his eagerness to leap at something with the upraised hatchet.

If the hatchet had found a brain, it would have been Toinette's. She faced him as he came, holding the musket which she had fired through a slit in the wall as if she still possessed faith in its power to defend her. Her eyes had in them a touch of madness. Yet she was so straight and tense, waiting for death, that she did not seem to be wholly possessed by fear or terror. Something unconquerable was with her, the soul of Tonteur himself struggling in her fragile breast to make her unafraid to die and giving to her an aspect of defiance. This courage could not hide the marks of her torture. Death had miraculously left her flesh untouched in passing, yet she stood crucified in the mill room.

Expecting a savage, she recognized Jeems. The musket fell from her hands to the floor with a dull crash, and she drew back as if retreating from one whose presence she dreaded more than that of a Mohawk, until her form pressed against the piled-up bags of grain, and she was like one at bay. The cry for vengeance which was on Jeems' lips broke in a sobbing breath when he saw her. He spoke

She Had Tried to Kill Him. And He had Gone Away—Leaving Her Alive!

her name, and Toinette made no response except that she drew herself more closely to the sacks. Odd's toenails clicked on the wooden floor as he went to her. This did not take her eyes from Jeems. They were twin fires flaming at him through a twilight gloom. The dog touched her hand with his warm tongue, and she snatched it away.

She seemed to grow taller against the gray dusk of the wall of grain.

"You—English—beast!"

It was not the mill wheel this time, but Toinette's voice, filled with the madness and passion which blazed from her eyes.

With a sudden movement she picked up the musket and struck at him. It it had been loaded, she would have killed him. She continued to strike, but Jeems was conscious only of the words which came from her brokenly as she spent her strength on him. He had come with the English Indians to destroy her people! He and his mother had plotted it, and they were alive while every one who belonged to her was dead! The barrel of the gun struck him across the eyes. It fell against his wounded arm. It bruised his body. Sobbingly, she kept repeating that she wanted to kill him, and cried out wildly for the power with which to accomplish the act as he stood before her like a man of stone. An English beast—her people's murderer—a fiend more terrible than the painted savages . . .

She struck until the weight of the musket exhausted her and she dropped it. Then she snatched weakly at the hatchet in Jeems' hands, and his fingers relaxed about the helve. With a cry of triumph, she raised it, but before the blow could descend she sank in a crumpled heap upon the floor. Even then her almost unconscious lips were whispering their denunciation.

He knelt beside her and supported her head in his unwounded arm. For a moment it lay against his breast. Her eyes were closed, her lips were still. And Jeems, sick from her blows remembered his mother's God and breathed a prayer of gratitude because of her deliverance.

Then he bent and kissed the mouth that had cursed him.

CHAPTER VI

Toinette was alone when she awoke from the unconsciousness which had come to ease the anguish of her mind and body. It seemed to her she was coming out of sleep and that the walls which dimly met her eyes were those of her bedroom in the manor. That a truth whose evidence lay so horribly about her could be reality and not a dream broke on her senses dully at first and then with a swift understanding. She sat up expecting to see Jeems. But he was gone. She was no longer where she had fallen at her enemy's feet. But Jeems had made a resting place for her of empty bags and must have carried her to it. She shivered when she looked at the musket and the stain of blood on the floor. She had tried to kill him. And he had gone away, leaving her alive!

As had happened to Jeems, something was burned out of her now. It had gone in the sea of darkness which had swept over her, and she rose with an unemotional calmness, as if the tower room with its dust and cobwebs and store of ripened grain had become her cloister. Passion had worn itself away. If a thought could have slain, she would still have wreaked her vengeance on Jeems, but she would not have touched the musket again that lay on the floor.

She went to the head of the stairs and looked down. The son of the English woman had left no sign except the drip of blood that made a trail on the steps and out of the door. Exultation possessed her as she thought how nearly she had brought to the Bulains the same shadow of death which they and their kind had brought to her. The thrill was gone in a moment. The red drops fascinated her, painted brightly by the sun. Jeems Bulain—out there with her dead! The boy her mother had tried to make her regard with bitterness and dislike from childhood—a man grown into an English monster! She struggled to bring back her power to hate and her desire to kill, but the effort she made was futile. She followed the crimson stains.

All about her was the haze of smoke, soft and still in the air. In the distance, obscured by the fog which ran from the smoldering ruins, she saw a form bent grotesquely under a burden. It was a shapeless thing, distorted by the sun and the smoky spindrifts dancing before her eyes, but living because it was moving away from her. Behind it was a smaller object, and she knew the two were Jeems and his dog.

She watched until they were blotted from her vision, and minutes passed before she followed where they had gone.

Jeems must have seen her, for he reappeared with the dog like a werewolf at his heels. He had found a coat somewhere and did not look so savage, though his face was disfigured and bleeding where she had struck him with the barrel of the musket. She tried to speak when he stopped before her. Accusation and a bit of ferocity remained in her soul, but they were impotent in the silence between them. His eyes meeting hers steadily from under the lurid brand of her blow, seemed less like a murderer's and held more the gaze of one who regarded her with a cold and terrible pity. He did not put out a helping hand though she felt herself swaying. He was no longer youth. He was not even Jeems Bulain.

But his voice was the same.

"I am sorry, Toinette."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Specialists Seeking to Extend Use of Honey

Ancient literature, telling of the adaptions of honey to suit the varying tastes and needs of past centuries, provides clues which scientists are now following to revive old uses and to develop the present possibilities of the product.

The early Romans in their writings often mentioned the honeybee and honey. Among the products they mentioned frequently are water honey, salt-water honey, water mead, rose honey, honey foam, and honey vinegar.

The United States Department of Agriculture is studying the chemical properties of honey and methods of inducing chemical changes in it that will open the field for new honey products. Specialists are perfecting methods of making honey candy, and some manufacturers already have secret processes for making this confection. Many housekeepers now use honey to sweeten beverages, cereals, and cakes and generally in cooking. It is also used as a sirup on waffles and hot cakes. Eminent physicians proclaim that honey contains the most beneficial of the sugars.

Chinese Lipstick in 1730

Among the Chinese paintings on glass recently shown in a London gallery was that of a Chinese young woman at her toilet in a well-to-do home. Although the date of this picture is about 1730, the miss was using a lipstick with all the skill of a modern flapper.

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

BY MARY GRAHAM BONNER

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THE SQUIRRELS

Some squirrels heard a great many sparrows fighting about some crumbs.

They came along and blinked their eyes and waved their bushy tails.

"It's a good fight," said one squirrel. "Let's rush in and rescue the crumbs while they are fighting.

"They won't see half the pieces they have dropped. We will be able to get it all away from them—or least almost all—and they will never notice it at all.

"Ah, let's do that."

"All right," said a second squirrel, and all the squirrels said it would be quite the finest idea in the world to get the crumbs from the naughty sparrows.

They were absolutely sure that the sparrows would not notice them, for by the way they were quarreling they showed that they were tremendously

The Squirrels Hurried Off.

interested in their fight and were noticing nothing else.

"This way! This way!" called the squirrels who were leading the others.

"This way, this way," they all answered, and followed along.

And with their eyes blinking, their tails raised high in the air, they started to grab the crumbs.

But oh me, oh my, that was only the beginning of a far bigger fight.

The sparrows will fight all day against each other. They will quarrel and grab each other's food, but the moment another bird or any other creature comes into the fight they will all join together against the outsider.

There will be no taking sides then. Each sparrow is for all the rest of the sparrows.

When they saw that the squirrels were trying to enter the fight and get the bread crumbs they paid all their attention to getting the squirrels away.

And with so few squirrels and so many sparrows the squirrels hurried off.

The sparrows were far too strong fighters for a few squirrels to stand, and there were such a lot of sparrows.

Oh, there were so many of them.

And when the sparrows had all won the fight, and when each one had stood by the other, they began once more to fight over the crumbs, against each other!

But the crumbs were pretty well scattered by this time, and the sparrows had had enough fighting, even for them, in one day, so they all began nibbling at the crumbs lying all about the ground.

And as for the squirrels—well they went back to their trees and found a good feast awaiting them.

In fact it had been ready for them when they had gone off to fight the sparrows!

RIDDLES

Which is the oldest tree? The elder.

• • •

What tune makes everybody glad? Fortune.

• • •

What ship does everyone like? Friendship.

• • •

What is that which has a mouth, but never speaks? A river.

• • •

Why are some boys like wool? Because they shrink from washing.

• • •

You can hang me on the wall, but if you take me down, you cannot hang me up again. Wall paper.

• • •

Why should ladies squeezing wet linen remind us of going to church? Because the "belles are wringing."

• • •

Why are washerwomen the greatest travelers? They are continually crossing the line and going from pole to pole.

• • •

What is the difference between an honest and a dishonest laundress? One irons your linen and the other steals it.

• • •

Why are washerwomen the silliest of women? Because they put out their tubs to catch soft water when it rains hard.

• • •

How many bushels of earth can you take out of a hole that is three feet square and three feet deep? None, it had all been taken out.

Run-Down, Weak, Nervous?

To have plenty of firm flesh and the ability to do a big day's work and feel "like a two-year-old" at night, you must relish your food and properly digest it. If you can't eat, can't sleep, can't work, just give Tanlac the chance to do for you what it has done for millions.

Mrs. Fred Westin, of 387 E. 57th St. North, Portland, Ore., says: "Tanlac cured my stomach trouble completely after three years suffering. It built me up to perfect health, with a gain of 27 lbs."

Tanlac is wonderful for indigestion—gas pains, nausea, dizziness and headaches. It brings back lost appetite, helps you digest food, and gain strength and weight. No mineral drugs; only roots, barks and herbs, nature's own medicines. Less than 2 cents a dose. Get a bottle from your druggist. Your money back if it doesn't help.

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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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Caught the Raider

When signs and other warnings failed to halt raids on his henhouse, Milton Strevig, farmer near York, Pa., planned a trap for the intruder. Warned by the trap of the presence of the visitor, Strevig armed himself with a shotgun and called on the raider to come out of the chicken coop. Receiving no answer, Strevig cautiously opened the door, expecting a desperate rush. Instead a large opossum scurried out. Strevig shot it. Its hide measured 40 inches in length and 24 inches in width.

Kill Rats Without Poison

A New Exterminator that Won't Kill Livestock, Poultry, Dogs, Cats, or even Baby Chicks

K-R-O can be used about the home, barn or poultry yard with absolute safety as it contains no deadly poison. K-R-O is made of Squill, as recommended by U.S. Dept. of Agriculture, oven-dried under the Connable process which insures maximum strength. Used by County Agents in most rat-killing campaigns. Money-Back Guarantee.

Insist upon K-R-O, the original Squill exterminator. All druggists, poultry supply and seed houses, 75c, $1.25, $2.00. Direct if dealer cannot supply you. K-R-O Co., Springfield, Ohio.

K-R-O
KILLS-RATS-ONLY

Charge the Motorists a Fee

Jaywalker—So many people are struck by autos while alighting from street cars.

Street Car Official—Yes, but those people have paid their fares. It's this running over people who are waiting to get on that makes me mad.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Our Unknown Relatives

Not one person in ten can tell you the names of their grandparents and where they were born.—American Magazine.

None but the guilty know the withering pains of repentance.—Hosea Ballou.

DON'T Trifle WITH COLDS

Sluggish intestinal systems lower resistance to colds. Cleanse them with Feen-a-mint, the modern chewing gum laxative. Gentle, safe, non-habit-forming. More effective because you *chew* it.

Feen-a-mint

FOR CONSTIPATION