



**FAMOUS
Doctor's Way to
move the Bowels**

Do your bowels fail you occasionally? Are you a chronic sufferer from constipation and its ills? Then you will be interested to know of this method which makes the bowels help themselves.

Dr. Caldwell specialized on bowel ills. He treated thousands for constipation. The prescription he wrote so many times—practically has been tested by 47 years—practice—can be had of any drugstore today. Its pleasant taste and the way it acts have made it the world's largest selling laxative.

"Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin," as it is called, is a skillful compound of laxative herbs, pure pepsin and other mild ingredients. Nothing in it to harm even a baby. Children like its taste. It acts gently, without griping or discomfort. So it is ideal for women or older people. But even the most robust man will find its action thorough, satisfying. The quick, certain benefits millions are securing from Syrup Pepsin proves a doctor knows what is best for the bowels.

Next time you feel bloated, head-ache, bloated, gassy, or constipated take some Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin and see how fine you feel the next day—and for days to come!

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

**"First Aid—Home
Remedy Week" Coming**

Chicago.—First Aid-Home Remedy Week, Sterling Products' "bet ter merchandising and greater advertising baby," celebrates its tenth anniversary March 15-21. Druggists everywhere will co-operate. "Fill That Medicine Chest Now!" is the slogan of action. The National Association of Retail Druggists sponsored the event in 1922, and with the National Wholesale Druggists Association and National Association of Retail Drug Clerks have, with other organizations, massed their energies for success of this movement for the abolition of much needless suffering and often the saving of life.

Dr. W. E. Weiss was the first to okay the idea as a splendid aid to preparedness for unexpected illness or accident. This is stressed as sensible insurance for immediate relief.

The every-spring festival of sales is a fixture of housecleaning time. Sterling Products is giving a tenth anniversary surprise party to every druggist in America—for the Dominion as well as the States on drosses this effort of a more intensive advertising idea in Drugdom. Replacing the old streamers there has been adopted a colorful poster representing a filled medicine chest still playing the slogan of each past success: "Fill That Medicine Chest Now."

The Best Way

"Do you know of any myself can make money in literature?"
Editor—Um—there is one.
"I am delighted to hear it. What would you advise?"
"Keep a book shop."



**Cold in Head,
Chest or Throat?**

RUB Musterole—well into your chest and throat—almost instantly you feel easier. Repeat the Musterole-rub once an hour for five hours... what a glorious relief!

Those good old-fashioned cold remedies—oil of mustard, menthol, camphor—are mixed with other valuable ingredients in Musterole to make it what doctors call a "counter-irritant" because it penetrates and is 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 many doctors and nurses. Keep Musterole handy—jars, tubes. All druggists.

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



W. N. U., Portland, No. 11-1931.

**The Plains Of
Abraham**

By
**James
Oliver
Curwood**

Illustrations by
Irving Meyer

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THE STORY

With his English wife, Catherine, and son, Jeems, Henry Bulain, French settler in Canada in 1748, 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. Jeems fights with Paul Tache, cousin of Toinette Tontour, whom they both adore. Next day Jeems calls at the Tontour home and apologizes for brawling in front of Toinette. The Tontours go to Quebec. Four years pass. War between Britain and France rages. 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 Tontour and his servants dead. Believing him an enemy, Toinette wounds Jeems and denounces him as an Englishman.

CHAPTER VI—Continued

Jeems scarcely knew he spoke the words. They rang back through the years as if a ghost had come to life whose memory they had faded out of their hearts a long time ago.

"What are you doing here?" she demanded.

She might have asked that same question in those uncertain years when he had dared to visit Tontour manor with his foolish gifts. Why was he here? He turned in the direction from which he had come and held out his hand, not for her to take, but as a voice. She understood what his burden had been. Tears? Such trivial things could not exist in the after-heat of the holocaust that had consumed them. Pride, defying grief, raised her chin a little as she obeyed Jeems. She knew to what she was going. And when she came to the place which Jeems had prepared, she was like a white angel who had appeared to gaze for a moment or two upon the dead.

With a tool he had found, Jeems had made a grave. It was shallow and made less unbecomingly with a bed of golden grass. Tontour did not seem unhappy as he lay upon it. The top of his head was covered so Toinette could not see. She knelt and prayed, and Jeems drew back, feeling that to kneel with her, with the marks of her hatred on his face and body, would be sacrilege.

Even now, when it should have known better, the mill wheel continued to whine and scream, and suddenly it occurred to Jeems that it could not have been that way yesterday when Tontour was alive. A devil must have come to abide at the top of the mill!

He waited, scanning the horizons that were thinning of their smoke. Death had passed and death might return over its own blackened trail. Toinette, beside her father, made him think of that. It seemed a long time before she rose to face him. She was not crying. Her eyes were blue stars in a countenance as pale as marble.

The sun shone on her and gave an unearthly radiance to her hair. Her beauty held him stricken just as his own terribleness forced from her a gasp of protest when he drew off the coat borrowed from one of the dead men and spread it over Tontour. But she did not speak. Only the mill wheel continued its virulent plaint as the loose earth fell on the baron. Toinette looked steadily toward the sky, and when Jeems was done she accompanied him back to the mill. She watched him go for his bow, where he saw that the form he had thought was Toinette was the wife of Peter the Younger.

He came back and spoke to her a second time. The lips she had broken with the musket barrel were swollen, and the brand across his forehead was turning a dark and angry color. The cloth he had twisted about his wound were forming their way into his eyes. "I must take you away," he said. "There is not time to care for the others. If they come back—"

"They will not harm you," she said. Jeems made no answer but looked away over the Richelieu toward Champlain and Dieskau.

"And they will not harm your father or your mother or anything that belongs to the Bulains, but will reward them for their loyalty to murder and outrage. Is that true?"

Still Jeems did not answer, but stood listening for sound to come out of the distance.

She saw the sickness gathering in his face and eyes, but pity for him was as dead in her breast as her desire to live. She knew where he would take her. To his home—a place left unscathed by the killers. To his mother, the soft and pretty woman in whom her father had believed so faithfully. To Henri Bulain, the traitor, who had bartered his honor for an

English woman. Over her father's hill, in Forbidden valley, were safety and mercy at the hands of her country's enemies.

Her lips found a way to cut him deeper.

"Your father and mother are waiting for you," she said. "Go, and leave me here. I prefer to wait for the return of your Indian friends. And I am not sorry because I tried to kill you!"

He moved away from her to where Hebert and Juchereau and the simple-minded Raubot lay on the ground. This time it was the idiot's coat he took, a fine coat made by the idiot's mother. The boy had loved birds and flowers, and on the lapel of the coat was a faded geranium bloom. Jeems took it off and tucked it between the dead lad's fingers.

Then he went back to Toinette and said, "We had better go." I must go to my mother and father first."

He staggered as he set out, and Tontour's hill dipped and wobbled before his eyes. There was an ache like a splinter twisting in his head, and as she followed him, Toinette could see the effect of her unresisted blows with the iron gun barrel. For she did follow, out of the smoke fumes into the clearer air of the meadows and across them to the worn path that led to the Indian trail and the home of Catherine Bulain.

"Here's down there," said Jeems, and pointed, speaking to Odd more than to her.

He took the hatchet from his belt and carried it in his hand. They entered the greater stillness of the Big forest, and Odd, who had traveled between them, dropped back to Toinette's side and thrust his muzzle against her hand.

She did not snatch it away from him now.

They came to the slope, and Jeems forgot that Toinette was behind him. He walked straight down like a tall, thin ghost—and the girl stopped and stood alone, staring at the place where his home should have been, a cry wringing itself at last from her lips.

Jeems did not hear. He saw nothing but the clump of rose bushes and the place where his mother lay. He went to her first, oblivious of other presence, unconscious of the sun, of the ruins still smoldering, his soul sparking once more with the faint mad spark of incredulity. But she was dead. He saw her with clearer eyes, though he was sick with hurt. He knelt beside her calmly for a little while. He touched her face gently with his hand, and then went to his father. Odd trailed at his heels. In the stump field was a shovel. Under his mother's big tree he planned to dig.

When he returned, his mother was not alone. Toinette was there, on the ground, with the English woman's head in her lap. Her eyes blazed up at Jeems, and something like defiance was in them, something that was possessive and challenging and which hid whatever pity she might have had for him, or pleading for his forgiveness. Her hands were pressing the cold face of the woman she had wanted to hate, and she continued to look at Jeems, so hard, so terribly, so understandingly that she seemed almost to be waiting for him to speak her with a blow.

Then she bowed her head over his mother, and the shining veil of her hair covered death.

Under the big tree he began to dig.

It was late afternoon when they left the valley, a still, slumbering hour when the sun was about to go to its early rest, leaving glows and sunset paintings behind that might have been made of swimming metals.

Toinette's hand lay in Jeems' as they went.

They were like a young god and goddess ready to face the hazards of a savage world with a strength wrought out of fire. The sickness had

Roman Historian Wrote of "Noble" Caledonians

Picts is the name by which, for five and a half centuries—296 to 844 A. D.—the people that inhabited eastern Scotland, from the Forth to the Pentland firth, were known. In certain chronicles they are styled Picti, Pictones, Pictores, or Piccardaig—all forms of the same root; but sometimes the native Gaelic name of Cruthing is applied to them, and their country called Cruthen-uth, the equivalent of the Latin Pictavia and Old Norse Pettland, which still survives in the name of the Pentland firth. In their wars in Britain the Romans came into collision with the Picts. One Roman or Latin writer of that time speaks of "the Caledonians and other Picts," which implies the inclusion of the former in the latter people. The well-known Roman historian, Tacitus, calls Scotland north

of Jeems. His wounded arm was cured for by fingers as gentle as his mother's had been. Hot tears darkening his flesh from Toinette's caresses had cured his physical pain. Words spoken in a voice he had never heard from her lips entreating his forgiveness for years of misunderstanding were like the peace of the day itself about his heart. Out of ruin she had raised his soul to splendid heights of courage and resolution.

They passed his mother's gardens of flowers where choice blooms were nodding, filled to overflowing with ripening seeds; they skirted the turnip field where a purple-breasted crow lay waiting for a spire-frost to give crispness and flavor to its flesh. In a place where fresh dirt was scattered about were tools used yesterday—axes and shovels and hickory prying poles and the big double-bladed grub hoe which Hepsibah had made at Tontour's forge. On a stump partly dug from the earth was one of Hepsibah's pipes made of half a corn-cob with a hollow reed for a stem.

Jeems stopped and looked about, his throat almost tensing for the old friend used yesterday to Hepsibah. But the stillness warned him. Like a friend it was whispering the sacredness of another trust. His eyes turned to the lovely head near his shoulder. In a moment Toinette raised her eyes to meet his, and even with his mother they had not been so deep and gentle.

"They must have caught my uncle out there," he said, keeping his voice steady and gazing over the forest tops of Forbidden valley. "He set the signal fire for us and then was killed. I would go and find him, if it were not for you."

"I will go with you," answered Toinette.

But Jeems turned west and did not look back at his home or betray the choking in his breast. He found himself talking to Toinette as if she were the child of the old days, and he, changed into a man, were explaining things. He described for the first time how the savages had come while he was on his way home from Lussan's place, and gave his reasons for believing they had departed in haste, leaving many things, like the gathered crops of fruit and grain, which they would surely have taken had they not been pressed by circumstance. He was sure they had not gone farther down the Richelieu but had turned back through Forbidden valley to the Mohawk country. Their own hope was to swing westward out of the path of stragglers, then eastward again toward Lussan's. Tomorrow or the day following, he would have her safely at the next seigneurie, and there she would find means to be taken to her friends in Quebec. He would then join Dieskau to fight the English. The important thing was to reach Lussan's tonight. The Indians would not go near there, for they believed all abandoned places to be inhabited by ghosts and evil spirits. If they stumbled upon it by accident they would get away as quickly as possible.

He still held her hand as darkness gathered closer. In this gloom she whispered:

"Does you arm hurt, Jeems?"

"No. I had forgotten it."

"And your face—where I struck you?"

"I had forgotten that, too."

Something touched his shoulder lightly. He could not tell what it was, for they were in a pool of darkness. But whatever it might have been, a falling leaf, a twig, even shadow itself—it filled him with a strange exaltation. Out of the wreck of a world obliterated in a scourge of horror he had a soul beside his own to fight for.

Twice in the next hour Odd halted and gave a growl which warned of danger in the air. Jeems strained his eyes to see, and his ears to hear—and once more, when they stopped to listen, he felt the gentle touch against his shoulder.

They struck a deer run and followed it into a plain between two lines of hills where a devastating fire had passed some years before. Here they traveled through a young growth of bushes and trees reaching scarcely above their heads, with the light of the stars falling on them. It stirred a soft radiance in Toinette's smooth hair and illumined Jeems' face until the wounds made by her hands were plainly revealed. They climbed the northernmost hill after a time, and at the top of it stopped again to rest.

Jeems, like Odd, stood tense and listening, searching the slumberous distances of the wilderness which lay about them. He caught all movement and all sound, the direction of the wind, the shifting play of the shadows, the almost noiseless flutter of an owl's wings over their heads.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



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 1/2 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

**Many Make Themselves
Martyrs to Bodily Ills**

The intense rivalry and hostility toward relief display themselves most obviously in the martyr to bodily ills. The very familiarity of the phrase "enjoying ill health" proves how multitudinous are these victims. The rest of the world is largely composed of hypochondriacs to him who is a hypochondriac himself. Nothing annoys him so much as to hear some one else boast of his diseases. Straightway he sets about taking the wind out of his rival's sails.

Let his neighbor groan that he has tossed the preceding night because of sciatica, and the self-pityer will observe: "When one tosses with it every night, as I do, he is glad to forget it!"

There is no surer way to get in wrong with one of these afflicted beings than to tell him that he is looking well. If you expect to cheer him you are still in the ABC's of psychology. He is insulted, infuriated. To be sure, he will not show it; he will summon the pensive smile and say, in a tone of injury, "I'm glad I look well—what there is of me! I'm losing a pound a week."

Dr. Hubert S. Howe has admitted to me that all of his profession are many a time hard put to it to discern the truth. These persons are so sly and clever that a physician must be well acquainted with them to make sure just how far they are (subconsciously) trying to deceive. Let a patient declare that she has a violent headache, and there is no way to disprove it.—Sarah Comstock in Harper's Magazine.

Named for English Town
The city of Reading, Pa., when founded in 1748, by Thomas and Richard, sons of William Penn, was named after the county town of Berkshire, England.

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

There's a Difference

"De clock says de same thing all de time," said Uncle Eben, "but it's a heap mo' useful dan a man dat does de same way."—Washington Star.

Gold as Emblem of Purity
Gold is spoken of in the Bible as an emblem of purity and righteousness.

Castoria corrects CHILDREN'S ailments

WHAT a relief and satisfaction it is for mothers to know that there is always Castoria to depend on when babies get fretful and uncomfortable! Whether it's teething, colic or other little upset, Castoria always brings quick comfort; and, with relief from pain, restful sleep.

And when older, fast-growing children get out of sorts and out of condition, you have only to give a more liberal dose of this pure vegetable preparation to right the disturbed condition quickly.

Because Castoria is made expressly for children, it has just the needed mildness of action. Yet you can always depend on it to be effective. It is almost certain to clear up any minor ailment and cannot possibly do the youngest child the slightest harm. So it's the first thing to think of when a child has a coated tongue, is fretful and out of sorts. Be sure to get the genuine; with Chas. H. Fletcher's signature on the package.

Memory Saved Him

Judge Clifford McLaughlin of Buffalo, N. Y., believes that a person who knows a national hymn, and can sing it from beginning to end, is entitled to some consideration. So when a man of sixty-four proved in court that he knew all the stanzas of "America," he won the court's consideration by getting a suspended sentence on an intoxication charge.

**Garfield Tea
Was Your Grandmother's Remedy**

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

SAN FRANCISCO

hospitality finds its highest expression in this exquisitely appointed hotel. Famed for its excellent Dining Room and Coffee Shop \$3 to \$6

**HOTEL CALIFORNIA
TAYLOR AT O'FARRELL**

CHICKS
Amazing new low prices on World's Record W. L. and all heavy breeds. 100% live delivery guaranteed. 20 years' reputation your safeguard. Agent wanted.

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

Automatic Consumers

"We produce by machines."
"Well?"
"Now we need some machines to consume."
"Haven't we got motor cars?"

