

JUST TRIMMED

Trimmed 'Em!
"I just heard him say he was in close touch with the heads of several big organizations!"
"Yes, he's a barber!"

Never mind if old So-and-So's forgotten more than you'll ever know. It doesn't do him any good either.

Entreating Now
Diner—I would like to change my order.
Waitress—Yes, sir, what would you like to make it?
"I think I'd better make it a petition."

THE ORIGIN



Chubb—Where did the word "Satan" come from?
Duff—I think it is just an Old Nick name.

Frankly Told
"Tell me, professor," the young thing gushed, "what do you think of my voice?"
"Well, it reminds me of toothpaste."
"Toothpaste?"
"Yes, you squeeze it and it comes out flat."

That Counted

A little girl of four was entertaining two visitors while her mother was getting ready. One of the visitors remarked to the other with a significant look. "Not very p-r-e-t-t-y," spelling the last word. "No," said the child, quickly, "but awfully s-m-a-r-t."

What to give the men in Uncle Sam's services for Christmas is already solved for you by surveys made in the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard. Cigarettes and smoking tobacco head the list of gifts the men want most. This naturally places Camel Cigarettes and Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco in the forefront, since actual sales records from the service men's stores, afloat and ashore, show the favorite cigarette is Camel, and the big favorite among smoking tobaccos is Prince Albert, the National Joy Smoke. Dealers are already featuring "Send him a carton of Camels" or a "Pound tin of Prince Albert" for Christmas.—Adv.

Pull the Trigger on Lazy Bowels, with Ease for Stomach, too

When constipation brings on acid indigestion, stomach upset, bloating, dizzy spells, gas, coated tongue, sour taste and bad breath, your stomach is probably "crying the blues" because your bowels don't move. It calls for Laxative-Senna to pull the trigger on those lazy bowels, combined with Syrup Pepsin for perfect ease to your stomach in taking. For years, many Doctors have given pepsin preparations in their prescriptions to make medicine more agreeable to a touchy stomach. So be sure your laxative contains Syrup Pepsin. Insist on Dr. Caldwell's Laxative-Senna combined with Syrup Pepsin. See how wonderfully the Laxative-Senna wakes up lazy nerves and muscles in your intestines to bring welcome relief from constipation. And the good old Syrup Pepsin makes this laxative so comfortable and easy on your stomach. Even finicky children love the taste of this pleasant family laxative. Buy Dr. Caldwell's Laxative-Senna at your druggist today. Try one laxative combined with Syrup Pepsin for ease to your stomach, too.

For Independence

Economizing for the purpose of being independent is one of the soundest indications of manly character.—Samuel Smiles.

Relieves distress from MONTHLY FEMALE WEAKNESS

Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound Tablets (with added iron) not only help relieve cramps, headache, backache but also weak, cranky, nervous feelings—due to monthly functional disturbances.
Taken regularly—Lydia Pinkham's Tablets help build up resistance against distress of "difficult days." They also help build up red blood. Follow label directions.

"All the Traffic Would Bear"

There was a time in America when there were no set prices. Each merchant charged what he thought "the traffic would bear." Advertising came to the rescue of the consumer. It led the way to the established prices you pay when you buy anything today.

Vanished Men

By GEORGE MARSH

Penn. Publishing Co. W.N.U. Service

INSTALLMENT SEVEN

THE STORY SO FAR: Bound for the Chibougamau gold country, six men lost their lives on the Nottaway river. Red Malone, Garrett Finlay, brother of one of the six, and Blaise, half-breed guide, arrive at Nottaway posing as surveyors.

"Here's a piece of their canoe Wabistan found on the shore and buried with them. There's a bullet hole in it."

Garry took the shattered cedar. "We'll keep that for evidence," he said, then followed Malone. While the others stood with bared heads he gazed into the shallow grave at the havoc a year had wrought.

"Bobby!" Finlay dropped to his knees and gazed at what had once been the younger brother whom he had carried in his arms; with whom he had shared his bed. "It's Bob and Andrew!" he muttered. "They shot them through the head!" He swallowed repeatedly at the tightening in his throat but the eyes he lifted to his friends were dry and hard. "He wore a ring of hammered gold! His mother—would treasure it. It's on the little finger of the right hand, Red."

Malone leaned over the grave. "The finger is—gone!"
Wabistan caught Blaise's eye and nodded. "Tete-Blanche is a thief! When he kills he steals."
"Good-by, Bobby!" Finlay's grief was too deep for outward sign.
"It may be weeks! It may be months! It may be years, Isadore! But some day you'll pay to me for that dead boy, there!"

The survey had been under way for two weeks. Two of Wabistan's sons were working for Finlay as canoe men and the old Indian often came to the camp with news of his secret search for Tete-Blanche, Tetu and Kinebik. But Isadore's private assassin and the medicine man had disappeared like river mist before the sun.

"Tete-Blanche is somewhere in the islands but none will say they have seen him. They have fear," announced Wabistan to Blaise as his canoe slid in to the beach one day in early July. "Your ears must be ever listening for he is waiting for a chance to strike."

"When he comes, we will fill him with lead," laughed Finlay.
The Indian scowled. "Like otto-wo, the gray owl, he will move in the night and when he strikes there will be no sound."

Finlay had mapped the head of the great lake and was working west toward the post.

It was two hours before dawn of a morning when Finlay had taken the last watch. Stars and moon were blanketed by drift. With Flame sleeping beside him Garry sat, back against a birch, rifle across knees, in gloom so velvet thick that it seemed to the man on guard it could be sliced with a knife.

"What a night for a stalk, Monsieur Tete-Blanche!" muttered Garry. "If you know where we are, you're missing a trick, my friend. But it'll be just too bad if this seventy pounds of dynamite smells one of you out and hops on him. You won't see him but he'll reach you—plenty! Eh, Flame, old partner!"
Finlay reached a hand to the wire-haired back of the sleeping dog beside him.

The airedale grunted with contentment and, for a space, lay sprawled over Garry's legs while the man he worshipped crooned into a hairy ear. Then, of a sudden, the iron muscles hardened along his spine and the coarse back hair lifted.
"He's winded something!" Finlay muttered, with a quick tug on the raw-hide running to the sleeping Red's wrist.

As two invisible shapes moved to Finlay's side the aroused dog split the thick silence with his brittle challenge.
"That'll worry 'em!" muttered Red. "Stop 'em in their tracks! Hear anything?"
"Not a thing! Flame winded them! You'd better stiffen up the boys while Blaise and I listen here."

Red moved silently away while the enraged dog charged deeper into the forest.
"Flame'll keep them guessing, Blaise!" muttered Finlay. "He'll rip chunks out of the first one he noses out! They'll have no chance to shoot or use a knife on him tonight!"
Presently Red returned. "The boys are all right. They're hot for a fight! Hear anything?"
"Flame's working this way, now! Hear that?"

There was the unmistakable sound of something moving through thick brush.
"He's nosed some of them out and turned them!" whispered Malone. "They're worried and don't know they're headed straight for us!"
"Where's Blaise?" asked Finlay. But Blaise was not beside them. "The cat! He can see in the dark! He's gone to meet Flame! You move over near the boys while I take the shore!"

Nearer worked the roaring airedale nosing out the trail in the night. "Strange," muttered Finlay, "they should make so much noise! From the way they travel they must be stampeded." Shortly there was a crash of brush in front of him. He raised his pistol. Then a heavy body floundered past.
"Hell!" The cocked gun dropped to Finlay's side.

Finlay receives an anonymous letter suggesting that the six men were not drowned as reported. Suspicion prevails that Isadore, rich fur man, has made a gold strike and aims to keep prospectors out of the country at any cost. The three men start out on the Nottaway for the Hudson's Bay post. Finlay and Malone visit Isadore in his magnificent home. The three men located Bob Finlay's grave to discover if he had been shot or died accidentally.

The beast plunged on, followed by the airedale, and his hoofs clopped on the stones as he took the lake shore.

There was a laugh from the gloom. "By gar, Boss!" chuckled Blaise. "We need dat moose meat bad!"

CHAPTER VIII

The survey party were squatted on their heels around their supper fire screened from observation by shore alders and scrub. Young Moise Wabistan had just arrived with the rumor that Kinebik was secretly making medicine again and the Montagnais were growing restless.

"Where does he pitch his medicine tent?" asked Blaise.

"It is a secret for he fears my father."

"What are the spirits telling the Montagnais?"

"The spirits say that the 'Eye with Three Legs' you look through to make the picture of the lake is the eye of Matchi-Manitou, the Evil Spirit. Kinebik warns that the spirits tell him many Montagnais will die this Long Snows because the Eye has come to Waswanipi."

Blaise's face was shadowed with foreboding as he interpreted the reply to his friends. "Dat look bad for us! Kinebik make plentee trou-



The beast plunged on.

bl' wid dat story," he said ominously.

"The transit an evil eye!" Garry exclaimed. "Don't they see that Tete-Blanche is behind that?"

Blaise asked the question of the worried Moise, then turned to Finlay. "He say dat a child who watch you look through the 'Eye with Three Legs' has died. Kinebik tells them it was the Evil Eye that sickened him."

"Blaise," said Garry, nursing his chin with a hand, "I guess we'll have to put the fear of Matchi-Manitou into this medicine man or he'll soon have some of the Montagnais knifing us in our sleep. Isadore and Tete-Blanche are about all we can handle at present."

Brassard was doing some intensive thinking. At last he asked young Wabistan in Cree: "Have you heard when Kinebik makes his medicine again?"

"Some say when the moon is again round. My father will know when the secret word passes. His knife is already sharp."

Blaise nodded. "I will go with Chief Wabistan."

Moise and his brother, Michel, nervously found each other's eyes as Blaise repeated the conversation to the white men.

Later, they sat smoking inside the rim of the shore alders beside small smudge fires, for the mosquitoes were ravenous.

Blaise slowly, removed his pipe and squinted into the west. At length he announced: "Cano' comin'!"

The others followed Brassard's pointing finger while Finlay went to the tent for his binoculars, returned and adjusted the focus. In the distance the dripping paddle of the canoe man flashed blood-red from the water.

Later, from the shifting course of the boat it was evident that the paddler was searching the shores. Twice he disappeared to enter bays, only to reappear and continue his course.

"He hunt for somet'ing," said Blaise, when finally the canoe turned abruptly and headed straight for the camp. "Dat somet'ing is us."

"Have a look, Moise," said Finlay handing over the glasses. "Do you recognize him?"

Young Wabistan looked through the binoculars and shook his head.

"He's coming from Isadore's," observed Red. "Now what?"

The canoe slid in to the beach and the swart paddler, little more than a boy, stepped out with a "Kek-

men start out on the Nottaway for the Hudson's Bay post. Finlay and Malone visit Isadore in his magnificent home. The three men located Bob Finlay's grave to discover if he had been shot or died accidentally.

way!" He remained by his boat while the men back at the smudge fires rose.

"Bo-jo!" returned Blaise, joining the young Indian whose nervous eyes watched Brassard's crag-like face as if he feared an assault.

"What's this, Red?" queried Garry as they followed Blaise to the beach. "A trick of Isadore's?"

"Sure! Wonder how he found us! We must be over forty miles from the post. Look! He's got a message wrapped in that skin he's handing to Blaise."

"He come from Isadore's place," explained Blaise. "Moise say, now, he see him at de trade. He carry dis letter to you." Blaise handed Garry the skin wrapper the boy had given him.

"What do you suppose this is?" Garry asked Red. He opened the wrapper and stared in surprise at the folded sheets of blue note paper it contained. A faint fragrance met his nostrils.

Red grinned widely at the scowling Blaise. "Is this lad a fast worker?" he chuckled. "I'll tell the world he is."

With mixed feelings of elation and suspicion Garry turned the closely written sheets and saw at the foot of the last page the name Lise Demarais. Why had she written him? What was behind the sending of this boy forty miles to find the survey party? Again he saw her velvet-black eyes mock him, then furtively study him; later to fill with dread of the sinister face of Tete-Blanche peering through the doorway. He read:

"Dear Mr. Finlay:

"Louis, whose Indian name is Mikisis, Little Eagle, is carrying this to you. He is absolutely trustworthy and devoted to me. I saved his life last year in the 'flu' epidemic. No one here knows that he is searching for your camp. He is supposed to be away sturgeon fishing.

"Of course, I know, after what you saw and did with my glass that night, that you suspect Jules Isadore. Just why you are here on the lake I do not know. Jules thinks you are prospectors who have heard that he has struck rich placer bars on the Waswanipi and are going to investigate under cover of a survey of the lake.

"However that may be, I have got to make you trust and believe in me for without your help I am lost. First, I believe in you—that you're a gentleman and a brave man. Behind your banter there was something in your eyes, something staunch and unafraid. That is why I'm sending this strange letter; for your life and my future are at stake. Jules Isadore fears that you may know and report to the authorities. He's playing a desperate game for high stakes. He has ordered Tete-Blanche, the half breed you saw that night in the doorway, to follow your party until the chance offers to murder you—every man. Then he will send word to the railroad that you were drowned. But he can't let the Montagnais see this—have any proof. What has saved you, thus far, is the presence, with you, of Wabistan's sons. He doesn't wish to attack the treaty-chief's sons. He is waiting until the boys are away. Keep Wabistan's sons with you! But I beg of you if you value your lives, leave this country before August.

"I've got to go with you. It's my only chance. If you'll take me to the Hudson's Bay post at Matagami, I can get out from there. Jules doesn't dare make trouble with the Hudson's Bay people.

"I realize to the full that you will suspect treachery—think I'm doing this for Jules and am a callous creature who would lure you into an ambush. But I beg you to trust me—give me a chance to tell my story—just one chance. I know this sounds wild, but I'm desperate. Just tell Louis the reply is: 'Yes!' That will be sufficient. And I'll be at the white sand beach, behind the lopsided point, two miles east of the post, early Friday afternoon. I swear to you I'll not be followed for it is Corinne's and my private swimming beach. We go often and Isadore has told them he'd shoot any man who was caught following us.

"Bring your men as a guard if you doubt me but I implore you, Garry Finlay, to meet me for I'm in ghastly trouble and you are my only hope. What I know will aid you in getting out of this country alive.

"Corinne knows nothing of this letter. She hates Jules Isadore but I dare not trust her. Louis cannot read English so is ignorant of its contents. If you say, 'Yes!' and anything prevents your reaching there Friday, leave a note under the white quartz rock on the edge of the beach stating when you will come and Louis will get it. For God's sake, Garry Finlay, don't think this note is an Isadore trick and I'm such a low beast. I'll kill myself rather than stay here through the summer. I've got to get out! I've got to get out! I've got to get out!"

"Lise Demarais."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Jewels and Beads Glitter on Dresses for Every Occasion

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



FLATTERING is the word for the charming dresses that are given a new loveliness with artful touches of gay embroidery and go glittering through the style parade with a wealth of nailheads, sequins, jewels and beadwork. Indeed, this is a season when it is every woman's duty to look her prettiest in gowns designed to "do something for you."

Now that sparkle for daytime frocks as well as evening gowns is the vogue the new fashions are playing up glitter for all it is worth. Every woman should yield to the call of black with a dash of color and the gleam of beadwork and jewels. A dress or suit of this description will prove your standby for almost every occasion. Pictured are several eye-appealing fashions selected from a collection of daytime modes designed and displayed by the style creators of Chicago at a recent winter preview.

The good looking black crepe tunic dress shown to the right emphasizes its molded shoulders and hipline by means of steel nailheads. Shown with it is a high and handsome hat of colorful feathers. You will make a well-dressed appearance in this dress wherever you go.

To the left a dressier type sparkles with rhinestones. The slim fitted jacket has rhinestone pockets and is worn over a dress with a sheer yoke outlined in rhinestones.

Speaking of sheer yokes, they are a new styling detail that is being worked in fascinating and versatile ways. The latest dresses have yokes of the sheerest black lace, and for extreme flattery designers are styling wools and crepes in black or browns or the new deep

"black cherry" tones with pastel chiffon yokes, some of which are beaded in matching colors, while others are joined to the dress top and the seaming is concealed under sequin bands and bordering.

The figure seated in the center wears a dress of velvet trimmed with revers. There is a double peplum on the pert jacket. The dress is finished off at the neckline with a deep rhinestone necklace, and a glittering rhinestone buckle fastens the jacket. Curly feathers cut out of black felt make the pompadour hat, which is graced with a floating veil.

The dainty young lady in the background to the right is wearing a delectable gown which follows the new trend toward colorful beadwork on black. You can get this model with light blue or dusty pink accents. Here is an apt illustration of the new trimming effect achieved with a bordering of embroidery outlining the seams of the sleeves, which have the new wide armholes. The midriff belt in matched beadwork balances the color insets.

Very smart dresses are shown with all-round pleated skirts, the bodice top being of the long-torso, fitted type with an all-over sprinkling of beads or sequins or tiny gold nailheads. The spray of flowers worked in metal threads and beads is placed so as to take the place of the usual bodice clip or ornament. Black jet beaded sweaters of the middie type are also in smart fashion.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Smartly Styled



Here is a perfect gown to wear under your winter coat. It gives you color. It gives you chic. And this sleek town dress designed by Joseph Whitehead is in the best American tradition of perfect workmanship. It is of ravishingly colored striped wool with velvet touches at neck and waist. The "pinch" beret has bright coq feathers.

Like a Cape

An English idea borrowed for our sport coats: Ribbon bands to slip your arms through when you just toss the coat over your shoulders, like a cape.

Wear a Scarf or Shawl Over Your Formal Gown

As an avenue for expression in romance and feminine allure, there is no accessory that surpasses the witchery of a picturesque scarf or dainty shawl. That is, perhaps, the reason for the preference this season for flattering scarf or jacket shawl instead of a bolero or lacy shawl to wear with evening clothes. This new acceptance of evening shoulder covering is further noted in the capelet shawls of self fabric, or long tulle scarfs matched to the dress. The vogue also accounts for the appearance of ostrich neck ruffs in the formal evening picture.

'Down in Back' Hems Herald New Silhouette

In the very newest sophisticated dresses something happens to hemlines that give skirts an entirely new aspect. That "something" is that hemlines are made to plunge down in the back achieving a most graceful, pleasing new silhouette. For the most part the new "lines" are seen in slim black dresses for smart afternoon wear, and in narrow, seductive evening skirts. In the formal skirts the narrowness is relieved by a slit at the side that reveals your beautiful evening slippers.

Handkerchiefs

Fur fashions lead the way in novelty handkerchiefs with 22-inch chiffon squares bordered with genuine ermine. "Naughty Nineties" handkerchiefs are reminiscent of the era when every taffeta dress was the background for a big, bold cabbage rose. Brilliant colors and effusive floral patternings are featured in this group.

PATTERNS SEWING CIRCLE



8044



RIGHT now, your tweed or camel's hair suit for fall will take a new lease on life brightened with this matching set of weskit, cap and mittens. Later you'll sport these with your ski suit or skating outfit, a gay trio which you can make in brightly colored wools, suede or felt. You can have loads of fun making these accessories, too, so much that you'll enjoy making them again and again as gifts for your admiring friends.

Pattern No. 8044 is for sizes 11 to 19. Size 13 weskit takes 1 1/4 yards 36-inch material, cap and gloves, 3/4 yard. For this attractive pattern send your order to:

SEWING CIRCLE PATTERN DEPT. Room 1324 311 W. Wacker Dr. Chicago Enclose 15 cents in coins for Pattern No. Size Name Address

Serves TEN DAILY NEEDS

Mentholatum brings delightfully soothing relief from:
1. Discomforts of colds. 2. Chapped Skin. 3. Stuffy Nostrils. 4. Neuralgic Headache. 5. Nasal Irritation due to colds. 6. Cracked Lips. 7. Cuts and Scratches. 8. Minor Burns. 9. Dry Nostrils. 10. Sore Throat, due to colds. Jars or tubes, 50c.

MENTHOLATUM

Wonder and Admire
The longer I live the more my mind dwells upon the beauty and the wonder of the world. I hardly know which feeling leads, wonderment or admiration.—John Burroughs.

FEAR ANGER OR WORRY
stimulate unpleasant stomach symptoms. May cause heartburn and general stomach discomfort. The Bismuth and Carbonates in ADLA Tablets relieve sour stomach, acid indigestion. Your druggist has ADLA Tablets.

WATCH the Specials

You can depend on the special sales the merchants of our town announce in the columns of this paper. They mean money saving to our readers. It always pays to patronize the merchants who advertise. They are not afraid of their merchandise or their prices.