

Dorothy's Mother Proves Claim



Children don't ordinarily take to medicines but here's one that all of them love. Perhaps it shouldn't be called a medicine at all. It's more like a rich, concentrated food. It's pure, wholesome, sweet to the taste and sweet in your child's little stomach. It builds up and strengthens weak, puny, underweight children, makes them eat heartily, brings the roses back to their cheeks, makes them playful, energetic, full of life. And no bilious, headachy, constipated, feverish, fretful baby or child ever failed to respond to the gentle influence of California Fig Syrup on their little bowels. It starts lazy bowels quick, cleans them out thoroughly, tones and strengthens them so they continue to act normally, of their own accord.

Millions of mothers know about California Fig Syrup from experience. A Western mother, Mrs. J. G. Moore, 119 Cliff Ave., San Antonio, Texas, says: "California Fig Syrup is certainly all that's claimed for it. I have proved that with my little Dorothy. She was a bottle baby and very delicate. Her bowels were weak. I started her on Fig Syrup when she was a few months old and it regulated her, quick. I have used it with her ever since for colds and every little set-back and her wonderful condition tells better than words how it helps."

Don't be imposed on. See that the Fig Syrup you buy bears the name, "California" so you'll get the genuine, famous for 50 years.

Whole Show
"Yes," said the sweet young thing, "I am going to study law and become a lawyer."

"Why not just get married and become the lawyer, judge and jury?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

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I'm getting about 35 cigarettes from each pack of TARGET

I SWITCHED from ready-made cigarettes to the new Target Tobacco, and I've been saving over fifty cents a week ever since.

"But that isn't all. The cigarettes I roll from Target look and taste like ready-mades. I even find them consistently fresher."

"Target is real cigarette tobacco. It's a blend of Virginia, Burley and Turkish, just like the ready-mades use. That's what you get when you put out a dime for Target—30 to 40 of the best cigarettes you ever tasted. And who doesn't appreciate a real saving these days?"

"And you get 40 gummed papers free with every package."

AND GET THIS

The U. S. Government Tax on 20 cigarettes amounts to 6 cents. On 20 cigarettes you roll from Target tobacco the tax is just about one cent. And where there is a state tax on cigarettes, you save that much more. Besides, we offer you a MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE of complete satisfaction. Try a package. If you don't say they're the best cigarettes you ever rolled, return the half empty package, and your store man will return your dime.



10¢
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THE REAL CIGARETTE TOBACCO
Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Ky.

W. N. U., ATLANTA, NO. 5-1932

Heart of the North

by William Byron Mowery

(WNU Service.)

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THE STORY

Six bandits hold up the steamer, Midnight Sun, on the Mackenzie, kill Jimmy Montgomery, and escape with gold dust and furs. At the Mounted Police post at Fort Endurance, Sgt. Alan Baker disputes with his incompetent superior, Inspector Haskell, regarding plans for the capture of the bandits. Baker starts out in the police launch with five men. At the MacMillan trading post, Joyce MacMillan is thrilled at the arrival of the police launch. She had expected to marry Baker, and had been stunned at the news that he was to marry Elizabeth Spaulding. Stolen furs are found on the MacMillan place and evidence points to Joyce's father. Alan leads his expedition up the big Alooska. Compelled by Haskell's foolish orders to divide the party, Alan fails to capture the bandits and returns to Fort Endurance. Haskell blames him for the failure and Alan is allowed to buy out of the Mounted on condition that he absolve Haskell from blame.

CHAPTER VI

—12—

The Dark Hour

In his cabin Alan took off his uniform and changed to civilian clothes. It seemed to him he was stripping off his foot-free adventuresome life with that uniform.

What money he had on hand, several hundred dollars, he buttoned carefully in his shirt pocket. His expenses on this trip ahead would be heavy; he would have to borrow. But he was going to take that Victoria job, and he knew Colonel Steele would gladly give him a salary advance.

Then he made up a slender pack—a single blanket, a change of clothes, food for a week or ten days. That was all. No camping outfit, no weapons, no equipment for wilderness travel.

As he was buckling his pack together, Elizabeth unexpectedly came into the cabin. As she stepped into the light, she exclaimed: "Alan! That MacMillan girl told Mrs. Drummond that Haskell demoted you! That you're a constable! That he put all the blame of this patrol on you!"

"That's what he did," Alan answered, straightening up, facing her. "I didn't believe he was capable of it. But I shouldn't have been surprised; he's given me cues enough to his nature."

"And you're going to stand for that?" Her voice rose, sharp, nagging. "You're going to be his orderly, a constable, disgraced, bossed around? I'd think that any man would—"

She checked herself as she saw the government property laid out on the bed and noticed that Alan was in civilian clothes.

He said quietly "You were a bit hasty. I didn't stand for it. I bought out. I'm out of the Mounted. Out for good!"

Elizabeth gasped. For moments she stared at him, incredulous.

She did not know just why he had taken this drastic step, but vaguely she guessed he had had some fierce clash with Haskell. It did not matter, the circumstances. He was free of this ninety-month rut, this backwoods calling. There had always been a doubt in her mind whether Alan, when the great test came would actually tear himself away from the Mounted. She had expected a fight that would embitter him against her. But now he was out; he would surely take that Victoria offer; next winter she would be living in Victoria!

Her heart leaped at the thought, and her whole manner toward Alan changed. She drew near him, slipped an arm about him; and a softness came into her voice.

"Dear, you're sorry to be out. I'm sorry to see you so hurt. You didn't want to leave here, Alan. I—I did want you to; but I wouldn't have insisted. I'd have given in to you, dear, before I'd seen you unhappy. In the long run, we'll not regret; it'll be the best for us."

Alan watched the candle sheen in her hair, the auburn hair that always brought him poignant memories of her brother Curt. His thoughts, leaping ahead to his lone-handed venture, were scarcely with her at all, yet he was bewildered by her sudden change, her ardent affection. There had been times when affection from her would have cheered and heartened him; but now her lips, inviting him, asking for his own, meant less than the pack lying at his feet.

She asked him: "And now—you're going to take—we'll be down in Victoria, now? Won't Colonel Steele be glad when he hears! You'll write to him right away?"

"I suppose so. Yes, I'm going to take that job. Not much else to turn to."

She noticed how cold, how unmoved he was; and she went on, half-whispering:

"On our way outside, we can be married at Edmonton, and have that trip we planned to the Blackfoot Selkirka. And we'll have—we can afford to have now!—a cabin back in Vancouver island; back in the mountains by ourselves, Alan."

He merely said, gesturing at the alcove: "I'm leaving Curt's keepsakes here. You'll watch after them, won't you?" And he added, "I'm leaving here tonight, Elizabeth."

"Leaving here? Tonight?" Her eyes went to the pack on the floor. Suddenly startled, she looked up at him again.

Feeling that he owed some explanation to the girl he was engaged to, he partly explained: "I'm pitching off on a trip, Elizabeth. By myself. I'm going after those men that shot up two of my friends. Haskell blocked a patrol I wanted to make. To go after them I had to be free. I don't know how long it'll take me. Maybe three weeks, maybe six. I'd like for you to wait here."

Something in his manner stopped Elizabeth from questioning him. She knew he intended to marry her and take her to Victoria; but something told her that in this present hour it was not well to question or oppose Alan Baker.

She acquiesced: "I'll wait, dear. I'll wait here for you. But, Alan, before you go . . ." She stood on tiptoe, reproaching him, begging, "Aren't you going to tell me goodbye?"

Alan bent and kissed her, as she invited. But he did it dispassionately, as a thing expected of him. He felt her breath on his cheek, her arm



"I'm Out of the Mounted—Out for Good!"

tightening around him, her body pressed against his. He was subtly but unmistakably aware of a certain willingness about her; she wanted him to linger; she would have stayed with him there in the cabin. . . . It surprised, it shocked him, after all these months when she had been so cold and passionless.

When she had gone, he buckled his pack and caught up his hat. As he started to snuff the two candles in the alcove, he heard a thumping footstep on the threshold and turned to see Bill Hardsock. In a flash he guessed that Bill had been waiting outside, not wanting to come in while Elizabeth was there.

"Alan! H—I's blue blazes!" Bill was all but incoherent as he advanced across the cabin. "Say it isn't so! I heard . . . wasn't meaning to listen . . . Joyce told me part of it, and I just heard you tell Elizabeth. . . . He didn't bust you? He didn't dare! And blame you for splitting our patrol? You didn't buy out—"

"That's what I did, Bill. He busted me, blamed me. What's worse, he wouldn't let us make the Inconnu trip. I couldn't stand that. I'm out. Leaving Endurance. Right now."

Bill's face turned gray. His jaw dropped, he stood in stupefied shock, with a look of misery on his blunt, bulldog features.

"You're—leaving—us," he gulped. "You're—pitching away—for good. You always stood up for us men, against Haskell. You and me . . . pretty good partners. . . . Now you won't be here any more, Alan. . . ."

"Bill, shake yourself together and listen. I'm going after those bandits. There's several things you've got to do for me. One is, I want you to cut aside from patrols whenever you can and visit Joyce and see she's safe. Another thing. I'm giving you this cabin and what's in it, except for a little personal stuff that I'll get some time or else send for. Then, there's one last thing. Got any free time coming in the next couple weeks?"

"I don't know. Yes, must have three or four days—way we've been hitting the ball all winter."

"Two days will be enough. I need a little help on my plan; and you, here at Endurance, you can give me a hand.

It's not much, but it'll mean a lot to me. I'll tell you what I've got in mind, so you'll understand."

In a few terse sentences that left Bill gasping and swearing at so staggering a scheme, Alan sketched his plan.

"And you'll keep quiet about this, Bill? Don't tell Ped, Elizabeth, Drummond, anybody. If it ever gets out, it'd wreck the whole idea, and I'd probably land in a penitentiary."

"I'll keep quiet as a dead dog. I won't breathe a word. But Alan, why in h—l, way we've hung together, why can't I be in on your trick?" Eagerly he pleaded. "Let me go along, Alan."

"It'd mean desertion for you. Haskell would give you the limit. And you've got to watch after Joyce. My work is a one-man job anyway. We'll keep in touch, Bill. You write to me. Lord knows but—what you and I, sometime on ahead, might get together again."

They shook hands. Alan hurried down the slope to the trading store. Factor Drummond had not gone to bed. The news of the patrol, of his old friend Dave MacMillan being arrested and faced with such overwhelming evidence of guilt, had upset him.

"What the devil, Alan?—civilian clothes!"

Alan was weary of people's astonishment. He wasted no time with explanations.

"Drummond, where's old Dad Pence? I saw him here when we got back this evening."

Drummond pointed behind the counter. Alan walked around, up the narrow aisle, and there found old Pence asleep on a pile of wolf skins.

He had passed his three score and ten, old Dad Pence, at prospecting, trapping, water dogging, whatnot. He had made fortunes and guilelessly had lost them to men sharper than he. He had come down to the twilight of life penniless, homeless, childless. But old Dad Pence could still handle a rifle with the best of the youngsters; and a reputation for magic which he had acquired among the witch-killing Indians, still clung to him and put fear into primitive hearts. Altogether he was the man for Alan's purpose, if only Joyce would not mother him too much and make his existence thereafter too desolate by contrast.

Shaking him wide enough awake to understand what was wanted of him, Alan explained. He was to go back to the Big Alooska with Joyce and watch after her. He was to keep in touch with Bill Hardsock. Under no circumstances was he to wander off into the bush and leave Joyce alone.

Old Pence nodded. "I'll do it, b'y, just as you say. I'll try not to fergit and wander off in th' bush. I'll look after Joyce, you don't worry."

Alan thrust a handful of bills into his pocket, and rose up and stepped back around the counter. "I want to buy your motor canoe, Drummond. How much?"

"To buy it? You making a trip? Go ahead, take it and use it, Alan."

"But I'm not bringing it back. I'm leaving this country in it. How much?"

Drummond was all tangled in Alan's swift words. "That canoe isn't worth a lot. . . . You're leaving this country. . . . The motor cost me a hundred but it's three years old. . . . You're not bringing it back? . . . I guess fifty dollars, Alan. But what in the name of sin—?"

Alan gave him the fifty and strode out the door.

Down the terrace at the steamer landing, Joyce was waiting for him, as he had asked her. Laying his pack in Drummond's canoe and untying the painter, Alan stood holding it, hat in hand, for a few last words with Joyce.

He said slowly, lengthening these last moments with her: "Joyce, I'm going away. I'm going after those six men. Bill will tell you something about it. I arranged with him to visit you whenever he can, and old Dad Pence is going back to the Alooska to be company for you."

Though she asked no questions about his trip, her dark eyes were big with wonder. Alan was tempted to tell her all. He could depend on her not to breathe one word of it. A score of times he had confided police secrets to her and she had given him invaluable information gleaned from Indians and 'breeds.

But his plan was a desperate gamble, and Joyce would surely recognize it as such. She might lose faith in so dubious a venture. And he thought: "I'll be entirely out of the country, out of it for weeks and weeks. She mustn't know that; she'd feel too terribly alone; she might even come to believe I've deserted her, as I did last winter. But if she thinks I'm still here on the Waterways, perhaps working secretly, it'll help her keep up hope."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Original "Smart Aleck"

The expression "Smart aleck" is said to be traced to the character in history, Alexander the Great, whose mentality was unusually well developed.

DARKEN GRAY HAIR NATURALLY
Easy to do this quick way

Don't dye hair. Science has discovered a quick, simple way to darken gray hair naturally—so nobody can tell—restore its original shade safely and as easily as brushing. It makes the hair healthy. Finest way known to get rid of gray hair, as thousands testify. Try it. Pay druggist only 75¢ for a bottle of WYETH'S SAGE & SULPHUR and follow easy directions. Results will delight you.



Boa Wasn't Superstitious

When Eladio Grimaldo of New Cristobal, Panama, opened his garage a recent morning, he failed to see the black cat which slept there and always greeted him with a friendly meow. What he did see was something that looked like an inner tube with a bulge in it and even as he looked, it moved. Investigation showed the tube to be a boa constrictor seven feet long. After it was killed the bulge was found to be the black cat, the snake's breakfast. It was bad luck for both snake and cat. —Capper's Weekly.

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

New Drugs Solve Murders

Baffling murders may now be solved simply by giving the suspect a drug recently developed by a University of Chicago chemist, according to Modern Mechanics and Inventions Magazine. The drug depresses the nervous system and causes forgetfulness, thereby breaking down the truth-telling inhibitions so as to cause the patient to tell the truth in spite of himself.

STOP YOUR COLD IN 6 HOURS WITH DAROL
Breaks a cold in 6 hours. Drives it away in 12 hours. Relieves Headache—Neuralgia—Pains.
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Quality Since 1833

Precaution
Roddie was taking his little brother Phil to Sunday school for the first time. He seemed rather concerned about it and just before starting, turned to his mother and said: "Mother, what is Phil's last name? They might ask me."



Made specially for BABIES and CHILDREN

Physicians tell us that one condition is nearly always present when a child has a digestive upset, a starting cold or other little ailment. Constipation. The first step towards relief is to rid the body of impure wastes. And for this nothing is better than genuine Castoria! Castoria is a pure vegetable preparation made specially for babies and children. This means it is mild and gentle; that it contains no harsh drugs, no narcotics. Yet it always gets results! You never have to coax children to take Castoria. Real Castoria always bears the name:

