Wise and Otherwise

In fishing for compliments you must use live bait.

Never put off till tomorrow what you can do today. There may be a law against it tomorrow.

One thing that can't be preserved in alcohol is dignity.

A man has left an estate consisting of hundreds of old clocks. It will take some winding up.

Philatelists are easy to recognize, I'm told. Men after the same stamp?

Even if the government doesn't raise our income tax, we'll have to.

Britain Leads in Liners

Great Britain owns more than half of all the great ocean liners in the world today. Out of a total of 167 steam and motor vessels of over 15,000 tons which are listed in Lloyd's Register of Shipping, England owns 90, the United States 19, Italy and Germany 14

Sweden 4, Japan 3, and Norway 2.

France 12, Holland 9,

RELIEVING COLD DISCOMFORT THIS WAY!

Just Follow Simple Directions Belowand Use Fast - Acting Bayer Aspirin



1. To ease pain and discomfort and reduce fever take 2
Bayer Tablets—drink a glass of water. Repeat in 2 hours.



It's the Way Thousands Know to Ease Discomfort of Colds and Sore Throat Accompanying Colds

The simple way pictured above often brings amazingly fast relief from discomfort and sore throat accompanying colds.

Try it. Then — see your doctor. He probably will tell you to continue with the Bayer Aspirin because it acts so fast to relieve discomforts of a cold. And to reduce

This simple way, backed by scientific authority, has largely supplanted the use of strong medicines in easing cold symptoms. Perhaps the easiest, most effective way yet discovered. But make sure you get BAYER Aspirin.



As We Know Happiness Happiness lies in the consciousness we have of it, and by no means in the way the future keeps its promises.-George Sand.

NO ONE IS IMMUNE TO ACID INDIGESTION



But Why Suffer? Here's how you can "Alkalize" anytime-anywhere-the easy "Phillips" way!

WHY SUFFER from headaches, "gas," "upsets" and "biliousness" due to Acid Indigestion—when now there is a way that relieves excess stomach acid with incredible speed.

Simply take two Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets at first sign of distress. Carry them with you— take them unnoticed by others.

Results are amazing. There's no nausea or "bloated" feeling. It produces no "gas" to embarrass you and offend others. "Acid indigestion" disappears. You feel great.

Get a bottle of liquid "Phillips" for home use. And a box of Phillips Milk of Magnesia Tablets to carry with you. But — be sure any bottle or box you accept is clearly marked "Phillips" Milk of Magnesia.

PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA * IN LIQUID OR TABLET FORM



THE RIVER of SKULLS

-by George Marsh-

PENN PUBLISHING CO.

WMU SERVICE

CHAPTER XI-Continued

_17-A half mile below, three men and girl waited for the return of McCord. After dark he worked his way cautiously down to them. The story of his narrow escape disquieted them.

The following day the valley steadily widened. The hills to the west of the Koksoak entirely flattened out and in the afternoon they reached their goal-the mouth of the River of Skulls. The western slope of its valley rose in a succession of spruce clad terraces to merge with the white moss tundra beyond. It was unmistakable. Eyes moist with emotion, McCord gazed up the valley of the branch. Here was the picture that Aleck Drummond had indelibly etched in his memory. The thousand-mile traverse of forests, lakes and roaring rivers was behind him. He had kept his tryst with the spirit of Aleck. He had reached the River of Skulls.

"There she is!" he cried, his voice husky with feeling. "Just as Aleck described it a thousand times. The western shore terraced for miles, and cast your eyes on that rusted limestone over there!" He pointed upstream with his paddle. "Plenty of iron there, boys!"

"Well, here goes for the River of Skulls!" shouted Alan, carried away by McCord's excitement as he swung the bow of the Peterboro from the main stream. "Heather, you'll soon be picking gold nuggets right out of the sand!"

Heather smiled bravely back at the sternman but her eyes were haunted by fear. Although the men had refused to talk, she had guessed what had happened back at the gorge, what had driven them down river through the night. Again the Naskapi had struck at the white men entering their country. All through the summer and fall would hang the menace of sudden death to the gold hunters. And later, somewhere on the long trail back over the river ice and snow, Mc-Queen and his halfbreeds would be waiting. She smiled gallantly at the bronzed sternman whose gray eyes so reassuringly met hers, but in her heart there was a lurking

The actions of Noel in the bow drew the attention of those behind him.

"What d'you see, Noel!" asked Alan, as the bowman squinted at the long gravel point piled with boulders forming the tongue of the

"Somet'ing een de edee ovair dere," replied the Indian. "We have a look."

The canoe approached the drifting object caught in an eddy, inshore, which had held Noel's sharp

"A broken paddle! White man's, too!" cried Alan.

"Ah-hah! McQueen lose dat paddle," commented Noel, lifting the broken blade from the water. "By gar, she ees split by a bullet!" he went on excitedly. "Look!" He passed the shattered paddle

back to McCord.

"True as you're born!" grunted the giant, showing the paddle to Al-'They've been shot at by the Naskapi, above here! That was made by the ball from a muzzle loader."

"Maple paddle, that's Mc-Queen's," agreed Alan. "He had two he brought with him to Fort George. I saw them coming up the river. That's his paddle! And it was dropped in the river below the last lake, or it would have grounded there. I'll bet the Nas-kapi ambushed McQueen at the long rapids of the gorge, John."

The giant laughed loudly. "That would save us a heap of trouble if they had. I didn't figure he was so close on our heels."

"Neither did I! Did you, Noel? They're only average river men and

"You two are the best white-water men I've ever seen and I've seen plenty," interrupted McCord. 'I don't see how they came so fast." Then the big man shook the broken blade savagely at the valley through which the Peterboro had come. "Come and take it, Mc-Queen!" he roared. "If you're still alive, come and get our dust after we've slaved for it! But when you do, have your guns in your hands!" "Golly, dad! that was pretty dra-matic, wasn't it?" said Heather with a forced smile that belied the

uneasiness in her eyes.
"Uh-huh!" grunted the giant, studying Drummond's sketch map. "Mr. McQueen has asked for drama. He's going to get it! That right, boys?"

Alan and Noel nodded.

Late the following afternoon, as the four men were poling around a bend, Napayo suddenly held his pole suspended in air, standing as though carved from wood, his head thrust forward, listening.

The slight breeze blowing down stream brought to the ears of the crew the faint monotone of broken waters. The uneasy Naskapi called

he feel ver' bad," Noel announced.
Alan reached and patted the shaking Indian, who stood in front of him holding his pole. "We will not go to the Gorge of the Spirits National ing Indian, who stood in front of him holding his pole. "We will not go to the Gorge of the Spirits, Napayo," he said in Montagnais. "We will camp below. We will not let

the spirits harm you."

Before them, for a mile or more stretched an alluvial flat filled with sand-bars where the river, leaving he gorge above, suddenly widened to flow slowly through a basin flanked by sandy shores. Above and beyond the shores extended wooded terraces to lift at last into barren

"Here it is, Alan!" cried McCord excitedly, "just as Aleck described it! These sand-bars and gravel beds have been washed down here for centuries! We're going to find gold here, boy, gold!"

"There's the spruce to build the sluice boxes!" cried Alan, infected

with John's excitement, pointing to the wooded terraces. "Most of those bars can be free

panned without the trouble of handling so much gravel by sluicing. That's where Aleck got most of his nuggets-big as cranberries!"

"Gosh, dad! I'm excited!" the racing river burst from the laughed Heather. "Think of it, gold limestone and granite walls which

joined the others at the supper fire, for he knew Noel would never over-come much of his Montagnais belief in a spirit world.

Later that evening, leaving Ncel and the Naskapi squatted whisper-ing at the fire, Alan started with Heather and her father up the river shore. Ahead of them the four dogs raced over the gravel, sand and boulders of the lower shore.

"Where did they find the skulls, Dad?" asked the girl. "Where was the fight?"

"Aleck said he ran into bones and skulls for quite a distance he-low the gorge. You see they've been buried deep in sand and gravel by the high water and silt washed down in the spring and the animals must have carried away a good deal."

"What's the matter, Heather? You feel spooky?" asked Alan. You look as if you'd seen a ghost already."

She shrugged her shoulder in a little shiver as she looked upstream at the opening of the gorge where the racing river burst from the

young ice from above that it would block their sluices and make panning most difficult in the early part of the month. So two short months were all the prospectors could count on, in which to wash from the sands the gold dust and nuggets they had come so far and toiled so hard to reach.

Having lived largely on fish coming down the Koksoak they were now ravenous for red meat. Therefore Noel and Napayo were to start at once on a hunt into the barrens.

For Alan and John there was much to be done; spruce to be cut and split into slabs for sluice boxes through which to wash the river sand for the fine gold it held; sea trout netted and salmon speared and smoked when the run from the salt water began; and when the hunters had sufficient chocolate-andwhite skins of the pie-bald, faun caribou, there were winter parkas, shirts and leggings, smoke-tanned moccasins and mittens to be made, for the men were all in rags from the hard portages of the Koksoak. Then, because they had rightly anticipated an absence of large birch on the big river, the three birch slabs they had carried all the way down on the floor of the Peterboro, must be thinned, steamed at one end for the curved bow and lashed to cross pieces, to make the long toboggan sled which was to carry the hundreds of pounds of food for themselves and the dogs, together with the gold, if they hoped ever again to reach the cache at the head of the river.

Until the ice in the river blocked the sluicing and the sands and gravel began to freeze, there would be little rest in the camp below the Moaning Gorge. And all the time over the heads of those who toiled with rifles at their sides would be the constant menace of the Naskapi who would now not hesitate to cross the dead line of the Nipiw to reach the canoe that had passed down the Koksoak-all the time, the knowledge that Jim McQueen, if he were still alive, was waiting for their return over the river ice.

Industrious prospecting of some of the bars in the river by John and Alan with the miner's pan and the help of the shovel, fitted with a long birch handle, proved the truth

of Aleck Drummond's story.
"Look at that color, boy!" shouted McCord, one morning, when, standing with breeches rolled above his knees beside a hole they had dug on a gravel bar, he had rotated a pan full of river sand and gravel until the two men stared at the sediment of black sand and dull, yellow flakes remaining.

"Boy, we're rich!" he yelled in his excitement. "Look at the coarse gold there! And look at that nugget-big as a pea!"

Alan stared in open-mouthed wonder at the dull yellow grains of coarse gold in the pan. So this was the stuff that men for centuries had fought and killed and died for; gold, that would buy what the heart desired. He ran it curiously through his fingers.

"We've got over two months be-fore the ice to pan these bars! We may not have to use sluices if it runs this way, nor that pint of mercury I carried, either! Shake, partner!" The giant danced a jig on the gravel, holding the pan high above his head. "This is a bonanza, boy! It was the River of Skulls or bust!" he cried. "Well, we're there! Boy, we're there!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"True as you're born!"

back with it!" Napayo's black eyes shone with a

hidden fear as he stared through his mop of hair at the distant narrowing of the river where the stream left the gorge and spread out over the shallow bars. He was approaching the Gorge of the Spirits, tabu among his people for two generations. The wrath of the spirits of the Naskapi and the Eskimos whose bones lay on these sandy shores would vent itself on these white men and on the girl which so many men had died with hair like the sun. But these people were his friends—had saved his life. With terror-filled eyes, he took up his paddle and followed the others up the slower water of the wide flat.

So great was the evident distress of the Naskapi, and so grave the dark features of Noel, that, a half mile below the foot of the gorge, Alan turned in to the gravelly shore. On the first timbered terrace above the river, they made camp in the spruce. After supper he took the Naskapi and Noel aside for a talk while John McCord paddled the canoe among the sand-bars examining with his prospector's eyes the nature of the alluvial deposit brought down by the river.

Alan impressed upon the two Indians the fact that the Naskapi who had brought gold nuggets to Chimo had escaped the bad medicine of the spirits because they had not gone near the gorge. Napayo would not be asked to go near the gorge. He would hunt caribou, spear salmon and make snowshoes and clothing. They would camp where they were safe from the danger of the demons.

Napayo seemed somewhat relieved, then Alan put an arm over Noel's shoulder, led him to one side and talked to him as a brother. The moaning in the gorge, he explained, was nothing but the confused sound of the wind and of broken water. The Talking River had been named because of the same peculiar sounds in the little canyon Noel knew and was not afraid to pass. And he was familiar with the Singing Rapids on the Great Whale, the famous Wailing Water of the East Main and the Whispering Hills over on the Conjuror. All named because of sounds made by wind or water, or both. This gorge, here, had been filled with the same noises long before the battle—the same sounds and noises. Was he, Noel, Leloup, the blood brother of Alan Cameron? Or was he a poor, ignorant bush Indian, full of supersti-tion and belief in the foolish talk of the medicine man?

Into Noel's swart features crept a look of pride. He reached and took Alan's hand in his sinewy fin-

gers. "I not t'ink of dat. You spik "Met ees de gorge. Napayo say true, Alan. De same sound was

in those sand-bars! If we only get | hemmed it in. As they approached, the sound of the unleashed water made it difficult to converse and they were forced to shout.

"It's easy to see how it got its bad name," Alan called into the girl's ear, for the thunder of the confined water above them grew deaf-She forced a faint smile in reply,

but instinctively moved closer to the man until her elbow touched This thundering water seemed to carry a menace—a threat of evil. She looked back and noticed Rough industriously digging in the pebbles and sand. Presently he had something in his teeth-something rounded and thin and white, like a large shell.

"Look, what's Rough got?" she shouted to Alan.

Alan went to his dog, followed by the girl, and took the thing Rough held in his jaws. Heather glanced at it and turned away. It was the bleached and weath-

ered frontal bone of a human skull. CHAPTER XII

It was already August by John acCord's record. The smaller McCord's record. The smaller lakes of the high plateau closed in October while the swift streams and

Cheyenne Gun Collection Spans Century; Traces History of Most Modern Weapons

A collection of guns which would | it necessary to convince someone thrill the youngsters of the "Indian and cowboy" period or old-timer who remembered the "bad days" of the old West is owned by Jesse Hansen of Cheyenne, writes a Cheyenne United Press correspondent in the Chicago Daily News.

This history of the modern gun is traced in the collection. First came the blunderbuss, then the percussion cap and ball gun in which a cap was used instead of flint for igniting the powder in the barrel. This cap was placed over a projection underneath the hammer with a small hole in the projection carrying the fire to the powder and discharging the gun.

The breech - loading Maynard came in 1865. It fired the shell with a roll of caps much on the order of the Fourth of July caps used in toy pistols. This gun was next in line to the modern cartridge and

The oddest piece in Hansen's col-lection is an 1837 pistol with a revolving cylinder of six barrels in-stead of the regulation cylinder holding six cartridges and the one barrel of today.

The gun was designed primarily for use at close range and served admirably when a gambler found

across the table that the game was on the "up and up." The hammer on the "up and up." The hammer on the gun is a long affair on the top and falls down sharply to discharge the shell. The gun was known as the "pepper box."

A cap and ball pistol of 1845, probably used for dueling purposes, is another feature of the collection.

It is of Colt make and has the rear sight on the firing point of the hammer. The sight can be used only when the hammer is cocked.

Another oddity of the collection is a century-old muzzle-loader that is superior to modern rifles in accuracy, according to Hansen. Hansen has the original wooden ramrod used to load the gun. Powder for it is kept in a regulation powder hore that is about 100 years old and shot is served into the gun from a leather pouch that has a four-pound capa-city. The gun and equipment came from the Ozark mountains,

Hansen says only the horn on the right side of an animal could be used as a powder horn since if was to be slung over the shoulder. Horns from the left side would not

hang properly.

The collection includes Indian am rowheads and tomahawks in additional and tomahawks in additional and tomahawks and tomahawks in additional and tomahawks and towahawks tion to guns from all over the

PERSONAL

TIPS to Gardeners

Special Gardens

MANY hobbyists get pleasure from special gardens. Some have been successful with all-marigold, or all-petunia gardens. Marigolds are available in a wide variety of sizes and shapes and provide a golden-brown garden scene of unusual richness.

Petunias have a wide range of color, and more and more they are being used for cut flowers as well as for garden color and beauty.

Some have grown gardens primarily for fragrance. The best flowers for such a garden, according to Harry A. Joy, flower expert, are alyssum, carnation, mignonette, nicotiana, sweet pea and sweet william.

For a garden of plants without actual flowers but with showy foliage, interesting results have been obtained with the following: Joseph's coat, coleus, dusty miller, snow - on - the - mountain, annual poinsettia, kochia and castor oil

The following will fit well into a typical wildflower garden: Annual upin, bachelor button, rudbeckia (cone flower), columbine, peren-nial aster, heuchera (coral bells), and perennial upin.

How Women in Their 40's **Can Attract Men**

Here's good advice for a woman during her change (usually from 38 to 52), who lears she'il lose her appeal to men, who worries about hot fiashes, loss of pep, diszy spells, upset nerves and moody spells.

Get more fresh air, 8 hrs. sleep and if you need a good general system tonic take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made especially for somen. It helps Nature build up physical resistance, thus helps give more vivacity to enjoy life and assist calming littery nerves and disturbing symptoms that often accompany change of life. WELL WORTH TRYING!

Golden Opportunity To improve the golden moment of opportunity and catch the good that is within our reach, is the great art of life .- Johnson.

Beware Coughs from common colds

That Hang On

No matter how many medicines, you have tried for your common cough, chest cold, or bronchial irritation, you may get relief now with cough, chest cold, or bronchial irritation, you may get relief now with Creomulsion. Serious trouble may be brewing and you cannot afford to take a chance with any remedy less potent than Creomulsion, which goes right to the seat of the trouble and aids nature to soothe and heal the inflamed mucous membranes and to loosen and expel germladen phlegm.

Even if other remedies have failed, don't be discouraged, try Creomulsion. Your druggist is authorized to refund your money if you are not thoroughly satisfied with the benefits obtained. Creomulsion is one word, ask for it plainly; see that the name on the bottle is Creomulsion, and you'll get the genuine product and the relief you want. (Adv.)

The Polished Man Education begins the gentleman; but reading, good company and reflection must finish him.—



Present Ills Present sufferings seem far greater to men than those they merely dread .- Livy.

Watch Your Kidnevs