

MRS. FRANK WILKIE, of Syracuse, N. Y., formerly matron at the State Reformatory at Industry, N. Y., who says she is delighted with Tanlac since it restored her health after she suffered eight years.



"This is the first time in eight years that I have been free from stomach trouble and it is all because of the wonderful good Tanlac has done me," said Mrs. Frank Wilkie, 229 Cedar St., Syracuse, N. Y.

"I was eating scarcely enough to keep alive," she declared, "for I would rather not touch a bit than suffer the misery I know would follow. Even sweet milk disagreed with me. I was sick in bed for two and three days at a time, and even on my stomach made such awful pressure on my heart it was almost cut off my breath. I had horrible dreams at night and in the morning was all tired out."

"Well, the longest day I live I will praise Tanlac, for my improvement has been simply remarkable. I have no more heartburn, my appetite is wonderful, I can eat most anything I want, and my sleep is sound and refreshing. I am thoroughly delighted with Tanlac. It is wonderful."

Tanlac is sold by all good druggists. -Advertisement.

Decision. "How's this? You have no money?" "None."

"Before we were married didn't you tell me you were interested in the Mammoth Oil company?"

"I am interested in contemplating the workings of such an efficient organization. But I don't own any of its stock."

WILL ANSWER ANY WOMAN WHO WRITES Woman Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Makes This Offer

Cumberland, Md.—"My mother gave me Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound when I was between thirteen and fourteen years old and was going to school, because I suffered with pains and could not rest. I did not have any new troubles after that until I was married, then I always was troubled in my back while carrying a child and could not do my work until I took the Vegetable Compound. I am strong, do all my washing and ironing and work for seven children and feel fine and have an easy time at childbirth and what it did for me will do for other women. I am willing to answer any woman if she will write asking what it did for me."

Mitchell Eye Salve for SORE EYES

Skin Troubles Soothed With Cuticura

WATCH THE BIG 4 Stomach-Kidneys-Heart-Liver

GOLD MEDAL HARBEN OIL CAPSULES The National Remedy of Holland for cholera and endorsed by Queen Wilhelmina. At all druggists, three sizes.

THE BIG MUSKING By VICTOR ROUSSEAU

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WHEN NATURE FROWNS.

Nature is not a gentle old dame, nature writers and poets do the contrary. Nature is not kind and she will give freely. But she always watches for chance to set you back. Her wrath is as cruel as the grave. She pardons no man's intrusion into her wild places.

Musking is North American Indian for a marsh swamp, tomoski it's a general term and also for travel. This Big Musking was crossed here and there by trails, but was never made, consisted of river of ooze and had unannounced death. Nature had apparently stuck it right there to stop the Missisippi Extension from going farther.

So around the Big Musking revolves a thrilling story of Canadian railroad building—a fight against the hostile forces of nature. Exciting, interesting and the side lights on the life of the North. Big of all there's a fascinating story of the loves and passions of the strong men and women who are conquering the wilderness.

Victor Rousseau knows life from experience. He has been a reporter in England, a fighter in South Africa, a newspaper man in the United States. He is the author of many novels and his public is large.

CHAPTER I.

A Bolt From the Blue.

Eighteen feet fair weather for Dewey in New Market, here the forest, though it chills the soil till midsummer, yet abuts out the razor-edge of the winds that make the practical north wind on the lake.

Here the bush, which had seemed to stretch out limitlessly, thinned into bedraggled patches among the towering rocks. A little farther and a creeping, rank, more; the break was like it began once more; the break was like it began once more; the break was like it began once more.

Those finger-tips were huge slick shoes, sometimes filled with water, so that they formed clear lakes; more often spongy masses of decayed vegetation, matting and soggy, treacherous and unstable. The finger-lines were the circular ridges marking the subsidence of the mud. The thumb was Big Musking, which never stirred on the top of the humped ridge could see extended beneath them.

Big Musking, at this point less than half a mile across, was everywhere of unbounded depth. It was a river of ooze, now broadening into chains of lakes, now narrowing into gullies; here and there crossed by trails, but never stirring. The offering firm foundation for the permanent way of the Missisippi railroad.

The Missisippi was a branch leading the narrow-gauge freight and passenger railroad toward the port-city on Hudson bay. It linked with it at Clayton, where it was being extended eastward into the heart of the continent. Even the days when half a dozen companies were pegging out ways for lines that were to live and the wheat north, Joe Bostock and his partner, those other lines that were being built into Clayton passed through the wheat lands; Joe's line ran east out of Clayton into a wide meadow. Joe had secured his capital, but he had no competitors.

the soonest along the sucking swamp. But he could read nothing. Joe Bostock wrinkled his eyes against the sunlight.

"That's what I was thinking, Wilton," he said. "It's got to be done. Somebody'll build it some day if the Missisippi doesn't."

That was the nearest speech to despair that Joe, invincible, ebullient optimist that he was, had ever made. Weeks, months of surveying must ensue, with work halted, and the Missisippi's presence capitalizing to vanishing point, while the story of the great blunder percolated through the lobbies of the provincial legislature, filled with blundering, ill-conditioned men to whom one day's tramp such as their laborers performed would mean apoplexy.

His faces haunted Wilton. He remembered half a dozen whom he had approached when the Missisippi scheme was first brooded abroad. There was, in particular, Tom Bowyer, of the Northern line, his many interests entrenched behind the bulwarks of political influence. Joe Bostock had suggested an amalgamation in the belief that Tom Bowyer would wreck the bill in the legislature. But Tom had laughed in Joe's face, and had not even opposed the measure.

"Go ahead with your blunderkin, Joe," he had said. "I won't blunder you."

The surveyors who "made" the preliminary reconnaissance had skirted their work and lied. Wilton presided that most of them had been in Bow-

yer's pay. Bowyer and Bostock were old rivals. They had reported Big Musking to be an insignificant swamp with a firm underfoot at the portage. It could be crossed, of course, in the even since nature always yielded to man. But the Missisippi must either swing a huge loop around it, through territory unsurveyed, or set to itself depths with thousands of tons of rock.

"D—n you!" said Wilton, shaking his fist toward the valley. "We'll beat you, Crooked work, without doubt, though I can't imagine why Bowyer's gang should take the trouble to hint us unless, of course, they guess—"

Joe Bostock shook his head. "No, they haven't guessed that, Wilton," he answered. "I'll stake my hat on

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There, there! It's not nobody except me, you can take it any time you like, Wilton."

Joe could never sense treachery nor bring himself to believe in its possibility; and if the weakness had kept him, in the main, a poor man, it had bound his friends to him with unbreakable bonds.

"All the best 't' gross negligence," said Wilton. "Those surveyors scamped their work. I accepted their reports. I couldn't go out with the transit and aneroid, and follow them all up to check the results. But I might have sounded Big Musking. I didn't." His voice choked. "Joe, if you have any sense, you'll fire me first," he said.

Joe Bostock laid his hands on the other man's shoulders and the humorous smile came on his face. "Well, I won't blame you. You've done all that mortal man could do. The Missisippi couldn't have been built at all with you out. Fire me? Why, Kitty! had been a separation, though Joe was always reticent about that.

Wilton frowned involuntarily at the reference to the pretty young wife whom Joe Bostock had married in Winnipeg the year before. Joe's first marriage had been unhappy; it had been long ago and Wilton knew that had been a separation, though Joe was always reticent about that.

Kitty was five and thirty years younger than Joe, and she had loved him more than a decade between Joe and Wilton. It made a difference, as it always did, though Joe had sworn it should not, and Kitty thought the world of Wilton.

Wilton could never understand his secret feeling about Kitty. She was devoted to Joe. Perhaps that was what lay beneath his latent antagonism toward her. He was jealous of her. He was jealous of a woman's love for Joe.

"I guess not," said Joe Bostock again, pressing his hand hard upon Wilton's shoulder.

And in that instant, Wilton heard the crack of a rifle, and felt a violent blow on the upper part of the left arm, which knocked him to the ground. As he fell, Joe Bostock pitched forward upon him.

Twice Joe's lips quivered, as if he was trying to speak. Then the lower jaw dropped and the eyes rolled upward. A gray pallor crept over the face.

Wilton saw that Joe's neck had a tiny tear in it, over the breast. A trickle of blood seeped through the cloth. He wrenched the garment open with his right hand, pulled up the sweater, and tore the shirt apart. The bullet had passed clean through Joe's neck, but he had not felt it.

His following call of fury that went echoing through the trees elicited no answer. He tore strips from his handkerchief, holding it between his teeth and, with his left hand on his neck, knotted them about a stick and improvised a tourniquet. The blood was spurting down his sleeve in jets.

Wilton, an inhabitant of the dreary part of the world, the waterless sandy deserts. Now, why should the camel require such an apparatus? He is not troubled with heat, but he is troubled with dust; not the dust that is found in this country, but the fierce, blinding duststorms of the desert.

These are so violent that they particles are driven into the works of even the most finely made watch, which becomes at once clogged and useless. The camel has no nostrils, but he never endures the dreadful sand and dust storms.

Appropriate, What?

The Church at Work, published by the National Council of the Episcopal Church, tells of a resourceful native orator who was called upon suddenly to furnish the music for a mission wedding ceremony at Hankow, China. The bridegroom had recently become a Christian. Following the custom, he sent a beautiful sedan chair and a brass band to escort the bride to his home, where the ceremony was to be performed. A meeting was arranged in progress in the church, so it was impossible to have the brass band play. Whereupon the bridegroom's commandeer to play the wedding march. There was no sheet music on hand, and Elsie was not equal to the task of playing Mendelssohn from memory. She was strong, however, on one good old march tune, and accordingly the wedding party were drummed and amused a few minutes later when the bride and bridegroom marched blithely forward to the altar to be united in "Overture, Christian Soldiers, Marching to War."

pain, was intense, and it was impossible to take off the necktie and have to replace his arms in it; but he twisted with all his force until the diminishing flow showed that he had compressed the artery. Thrusting the longer end of the stick beneath his armpit, he passed the other through the buttonhole of the garment, and, stooping, managed to get Joe's body upon his shoulder and to hold it with his right arm.

His impulse was to carry Joe's body back to the camp, but he knew that it would be impossible to make the distance. Yet to leave it would mean the certainty of mutilation by bears or timber-wolves unless he could build a cairn of stones. And that of his was equally incapable. He set Joe's body down, and in the first full realization of his loss and his predicament, he shouted curses to the sky.

That murder had been intended he did not believe; no doubt the shot had come, perhaps a hare, and by the end of the half-hour, He suspected that the traitor-brother, following them up, had fired the shot, and, seeing the fatality, had fled.

But the thought that this might be the explanation was only a fleeting one. He was dead, and his body must be cared for, just as if he were alive—taken back to the camp and there out of the woods. There was no possibility of leaving Joe's body there. Yet it seemed to him that he could not hope to reach the camp. And now another idea came to him.

Wilton discovered the fact that he could not only live to the portage over the frozen swamp. Upon the other side of the portage was a trail that came out of the pine-woodlands and wound into the unknown north. Along this Indians brought their winter catches to the trading store of McDonald, and he the factor of the Hudson's Bay company.

Traveling was hard along the shore of the great Musking, but it would mean two miles less and it was just possible to make the shore. McDonald was a queer, taciturn, sometimes venomous old man, and had evinced a cordial dislike of Wilton on the occasion of their last meeting. Yet McDonald would shelter him and receive Joe's body. And then there was Molly, his daughter.

Wilton, having made his choice, acted on it at once. With a great effort he raised Joe's stiffening form upon his back, and, loquaciously he began his awful journey, his right arm grasping the dead man, his helpless leg hugging the tourniquet-stick against his thigh.

He stumbled over the rock ground until he reached the cleared road through the trees. Here the going was easier, but he had to be careful. He had right hand and shoulder, the throbbing pain in his left seemed to beat time to his steps, and the use of his right hand and shoulder increased the agony of his wound and began to spread down his body.

The tourniquet had loosened. He was holding his life away. The blood was gushing down his fingers. Wilton set Joe's body down and succeeded in tightening the compress. And it was only after an almost superhuman struggle that he could get Joe over his shoulder. He knew that if he was forced to set the body down again he could never lift it.

With knees bent, tripping over the roots of the trees, and feeling through a spinning world he staggered on and on and on. And neither his anger nor the thought of Kitty could have kept his resolution through his nightmarish journey. He had to go, the memory of Joe, his love for him, and his resolve that his friend's remains should not be torn by the timber-wolves.

Joe had befriended him five years before, when he had drifted, penniless, into Winnipeg. Joe's faith had been true, and the secret of the Missisippi was his.

So the miles reeled off behind him, while the snow fell thicker along the way. At last the trees opened, and the bleak shore of Big Musking lay before him, a desert of ice and snow, with the bluffs of white, and beyond them the trees once more.

At once the fierce snarl of the gale came, blowing like a storm, boring into his face like white-hot probes. The ice that fringed his lashes blinded him and pulled them from the lids when he tried to open his eyes. He reeled on, clutching Joe's body, and heard his own voice go from him in a series of deep gasps. He came in faint, mincing answer from the distant cliffs.

Wilton retained sufficient consciousness of his surroundings to make his way along the shore toward the portage. He might have shortened his route to McDonald's store a little by risking a direct crossing; but the surface of a musk is always dangerous, even in midwinter, when the appearance of solid ice conceals a quicksand of slush, which, mixed with peat and ooze, does not conceal firm, and entraps the unwary traveler a quicksand from which escape is next to impossible.

"And somehow, breaking the rotten ice in front of her body, the girl was able to get in getting Wilton to the shore."



Had Your Iron Today? Work Brains—Not Digestion

HERE'S an ideal hot-weather luncheon! Two packages luscious Little Sun-Maid Raisins—one cool glass of milk. Big men don't need more.

290 calories of energizing nutriment in the little raisins. Pure fruit sugar, practically predigested so it acts almost immediately, yet doesn't tax digestion and thus heat the blood.

There's a fatigue-resisting food-iron also in this luncheon. Vital men eat like this and resist the weather. Don't work their digestion because they want to work their brains.

Try it for a few days and you'll feel better. Little Sun-Maids Between-Meal Raisins 5c Everywhere

—in Little Red Packages



MAKE BIG MONEY-TAKE TIRE ORDERS SPARE TIME OR FULL TIME... Important to Mothers... Signature of Dr. J. C. Fletcher

Compilatory. Lady—I was to see some grand plans. Do you carry them? Clerk—Madam, you flatter me. Life. Important to Mothers... Signature of Dr. J. C. Fletcher... Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Respect for the Constitution. "I am going to propose another amendment to the United States Constitution," announced the man of conservative purposes. "Another amendment," rejoined Senator Sorghum, doubtfully. "We have a large number of amendments already." "There is nothing to limit the number." "There ought to be something. The Constitution is not very long, and is easily memorized. A statesman who proposes any more amendments should at least be required to stand up and prove that he knows the original document by heart."

Some kinds of misfortune make former bad luck look good.

Companion to the Goodyear All-Weather Tread

By long wear, superior traction, freedom from skidding, and ultimate economy, the Goodyear All-Weather Tread has won unquestioned leadership.

As a companion to this tire there is the Goodyear 30 x 3 1/2 Cross-Rib Fabric. Built of the same high grade Egyptian fabric and with a long wearing but differently designed tread, this tire offers unusual value.

Over 5,000,000 of these tires have been sold in the last five years. Their quality and serviceability have proven to thousands of motorists the folly of buying unknown and unguaranteed tires of lower price.

Ask your Goodyear Service Station Dealer to explain their advantages.



GOODYEAR Gives New Life to Old Stockings 10c Putnam Fadeless Dyes—dyes or tints as you wish

(TO BE CONTINUED)