

THE DOOM TRAIL

By Arthur D. Howden Smith
Author of PORTO BELLO GOLD, Etc.

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WNU Service

CHAPTER VIII—Continued

"Off it," I repeated.
"Since his most Catholic Majesty hath a just claim to all lands in these parts—on this side of Hudson's river, at any rate."
"To be sure, to be sure," I assented quickly. "But, Monsieur Joncaire, you will be interested to know there is an accursed tribe of savages who do not believe as you do."
"Is that so, Jean? And who may they be?"
"The Messesagues."
His face lighted up.
"They are in De Tony's country. And how is the dear Alphonse?"
"Fleeing for his life, no less."
"Those same accursed Messesagues, Monsieur, rose up against us, and Monsieur de Tony must flee to the northward and make the journey through the country of the Hurons."
A look of grave concern overspread Joncaire's face.
"Are you certain of this, Jean?"
"Beyond doubt, monsieur; for my friend, the Wolf here, smuggled a message from me to Monsieur de Tony, who bids me come at once to you that you might hold up all west-bound canoes."
"Humph!" he growled. "Have you been long in Canada, Jean?"
"But this year, monsieur."
"Humph!" growled Joncaire again. "And where do you come from, Jean?"
"Something in his speech warned me—the liquid slur of the South."
"H, monsieur!" I replied innocently. "Oh, I am of Picardy. But monsieur is of the south—no? of Provence?"
All the suspicion fled from Joncaire's face, and in its stead blossomed a broad smile.
"Peste!" he ejaculated. "'Tis a clever lad! And how knew you that, Jean?"
"I was overjoyed—and in no need to simulate my sentiments. 'Tis was good fortune."
"Was I not camping beside the Regiment de Provence when we were on the Italian frontier? 'Tis a pleasant way those lads have of talking. And such good companions with the bottle! Ah, for some of that warm southern wine at this moment instead of the accursed rum. Rum is good only for savages."
"You say truth," applauded Joncaire. "Come your ways within, Jean, and you shall taste of the blood of La Belle France—although it be not our Provence vintage. By the way, do you know Provence?"
"I cannot say so with honesty, monsieur," I fenced, "although I have been in Arles."
"In Arles?"
He flung his arms around my neck.
"Jean, I love you, my lad! I was born in St. Remi, which is but a short distance out in the diocese."
"We were now in the entrance of the log house, and Joncaire opened wide the door.
"Jean, you are a lad in a million!" he pronounced. "You shall drink deep. I have some wine which Bigon the intendant fetched out for a few of us—you will understand you must say naught of it hereafter; it never paid duty. Aye, we shall make a fine night of it, and you shall tell me of all that has passed in Arles these many years."
He clapped his hands, and a soldier entered.
"Francis," announced Joncaire, "this is Jean Courbevoir, who will be my guest until he departs. He has been in Arles, Francis. Remember that. What he orders you will render to him. Now bring us the flagon of wine which Monsieur Bigon sent out this spring."
The soldier saluted me as if I were a marshal of France and brought in the flagon of the intendant's wine with the exquisite reverence which only a son of France could bestow upon the choicest product of the soil of France.
"Pour it out, Francis," commanded Joncaire.
The soldier hesitated.
"And Monsieur de Lery?" he said.
"A thousand million curses!" exploded Joncaire. "Am I to wait for him? Am I to sacrifice my choicest wine in his gullet?"
"Who is Monsieur de Lery?" I asked as Francis filled a thick mug with the ruby juice.
"What? You do not know him? This pompous whipper-snapper who sets out to teach Louis Thomas de Joncaire, sieur de Chabert, his duty after thirty-five years on the frontier—pah! He is—"
"Monsieur de Lery enters," interposed Francis with a glance at the doorway.
A slender, wiry little man in a wig several sizes too big for him strode into the room. He favored me with a curious glance, nodded to Joncaire and took a seat across the table from me.
My host made a wry smile and motioned Francis to bring a third mug.
"Hoh, Monsieur de Lery," he said. "This is a gallant young forest-runner, one Jean Courbevoir, who has come to tell me that charming idiot Alphonse de Tony has been chased out of Le de Troit by the Messesagues. Jean, Monsieur de Lery is the king's engineer officer in Canada."
"Another case of a log fortification, I suppose," remarked de Lery sarcas-

tically in a dry, crackling voice. "You gentlemen will never learn."
"You must think we grow lous d'or instead of furs in Canada," growled Joncaire. "Be sure, we of the wilderness posts are the most anxious to have stone walls around us. Well, what headway have you made?"
"I have traced out the lines of the central mass," replied de Lery, taking a gulp of the wine. "Tomorrow I shall mark out a surrounding work of four bastions to encompass it."
He rose from his seat.
"Speaking for myself, I have had sufficient wine, and I shall retire. If the masons bring in the loads of stone we expect in the morning, we shall be able to lay the first course by noon."
Joncaire twisted his face into a grimace as de Lery ascended a steep flight of ladder-stairs to an upper story.
"What is the difficulty, monsieur?" I inquired sympathetically.
"Why, at last I have persuaded this stupid, timorous government of ours to build me a proper fort. 'Tis the

only way we shall hold the sacre English in check. With a fort here we can control in some measure the intercourse betwixt the western tribes and the English. Also, we shall have a constant threat here to keep the Iroquois at peace."
"Well, I worked up Vaudreuil to approve it, obtained the grants from Paris, secured the necessary mechanics—and then they sent this popinjay to supervise the work. I had pitched on this site here. He would have none of it. No, he must overturn all my plans and put the new works several miles down the river where it runs into the lake. He is conceited with himself because he has been charged with all the works of fortification in Canada."
"Are there others then, monsieur?" I asked casually, busying my nose in the wine-mug.
"Aye, to be sure. He is to build a wall around Montreal, and to strengthen the enceinte of Quebec."
"But we are at peace with these sacre English," I objected.
Joncaire, now thoroughly convivial, winked at me over the rim of his mug.
"For the present, yes. But how long, Jean? Every year that passes the English grow in strength, and we become weaker; I speak now in matters of trade; for after all, lad, the country which obtains the mastery in trade must be the military master of any contending nation. I may be only a simple soldier, but so much I have learned."
"We are a colony of soldiers and traders, well armed and disciplined. They are an infinitely larger group of colonies with only a few soldiers and traders, but many husbandmen. Give them time, and they will obtain such a grip on the soil of the wilderness that they cannot be pried loose. But if we use our temporary advantage, and keep them from winning supremacy in the trade with the savages, then, my



Have you been long in Canada, Jean?

offer and kept their precious manuscript.
The Bible which the dealer bought is a magnificent copy on vellum of the first book ever printed in Europe from metal types.
The Vital Spark
Are not the poets themselves to blame that poetry is not more widely read? Beautiful wandering aimless lines soon fade without an idea. Is a satire—impudent, personal, biting—a genuine poetic mood? Are beautifully trimmed and hedged gardens the best inspiration for poetizing human nature? Are the literary teas of social climbers the best laboratories for poetizing human nature? And yet an inconsequential leaf in the air may seem vital and important if to the poet it is vital and important.—Marie Labry, in Poetry.

Small Fortune Paid for Gutenberg Bible

Recently at Vienna, an American dealer paid \$20,000 for a copy of the Gutenberg Bible. It belonged to an abbey in Austria, and the owners had to get official leave from the Austrian government before they could sell their treasure. They obtained by far the highest price ever paid for a book.
Yet a still higher price is on record as having been once offered. In the Seventeenth century the monks of St. Emmeran possessed a notable manuscript of the Gospels, which had been presented to their abbey by the Emperor Henry IV.
The elector of Bavaria admired it so much that he proposed to give these monks the town of Straubingen in exchange.
But they were prudent men. They knew the elector could, and they suspected that he would, retake the town whenever he pleased, so they declined

More and more feminine interest trends pajamawear. With all the entrancing materials which find their way on the bargain counter this time of the year, why not try making one's own pajama sets? Although if one prefers the finished product, the specialty shops and departments are featuring irresistible discounts for those who come and purchase now.
To buy or to make, in either event the pajama subject is an intensely interesting one. Throughout all fashion-

dom, the composite theme is an outstanding one, and pajamas are joining in the trend most enthusiastically, combining in their latest styling plain fabric with print, after the manner shown in this picture. This model, which is a French import, employs parme violet crepe de chine for the trousers, topping them with a conate printed in blended tones. The fancy cuffs of print about the ankles are one of the intriguing style points accentuated in this ensemble.
Black pajamas are the latest style event among handsome negligees. These are cunningly styled of either

CHECK UP BOUDOIR APPAREL; FLAT FURS FOR MIDSEASON

IN THIS interim between snowfall and the official appearance of the first robin of spring, as a prologue to the forthcoming style program, the feminine world takes inventory (or it doesn't it should) of its supply of pretty underthings and departments are featuring irresistible discounts for those who come and purchase now.
To buy or to make, in either event the pajama subject is an intensely interesting one. Throughout all fashion-

style domain marks a new and interesting epoch in fur styling. Competition is keen between black-and-white and beige-and-white calfskin. Perfectly stunning black and white effects are being achieved by the Parisian couturier introducing black and white calfskin as the leading note. Not only are suede-finished fabrics trimmed with calfskin, but sports coats of stunning black, gray and white plaids or stripes are colored, cuffed, pocketed and belted with black calfskin spotted with white.
Just as artfully does beige and white calfskin work in for the beige



A Pajama Model and One of the New "Nighties."

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Interprets the Block Effect.

ensembles, which are so pronouncedly being featured for spring.
So deftly is calfskin worked into the cloth as insets, one does not always realize at first glance that the spring coat is fur-trimmed. Handbags of calfskin often accompany the smart coat fur-trimmed to match.
Speaking of fur, it is said with the new two-piece short-jacket and skirt suits, that the fur neckpiece will assume an important vogue.
JULIA BOTTOMLEY.
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Emancipation of Man by Electrical Energy

President Walter Dill Scott, of Northwestern University, not long ago made the statement that the average American has at his service the equivalent of the energy of 170 slaves. Doctor Scott had been reading statistics of the number of motors and electrical devices in every-day use in the country.
But the thought is worth considering from a different angle from that intended by the university president. There was a time when men thought civilization could not exist without human slavery. But only the rich owned slaves. A ruler who had 170 slaves in personal attendance might have prided himself on his resources.
In those days the average man who earned his daily bread by common labor, was not in much better position than a slave. What consternation would have been spread if some trusted prophet had foretold that mechanical devices would take the place of personal servants. Thousands upon thousands of working people would have cried out, "What shall we do for a living?"
But the era of the motor slave and the electrical slave has come and just the average run of common folks have mechanical energy at their service equivalent to 170 slaves each. And instead of this transformation bringing starvation for slaves and workers, it has abolished slavery and given the average working man many advantages and comforts never dreamed of by nobles and princes in ancient times.
Good old Greek Archimedes boasted that he could move the earth if he could find a place to stand while doing it. He foresaw great things to be accomplished by mechanical means. But the disciples of Archimedes of modern times have found what their master was looking for. And they didn't have to go off the planet to get a basis of operation.—Exchange.

Rich Find of Fossils
More fossil fishes and sharks are being turned out in a day by a power shovel operating in the region to the west of Cleveland, known to geologists as the Big Creek basin, than the patience of old-time collectors would bring to light in a whole season. Since lots are being laid out in this part of Cleveland shale prized by scientists for its fishy relics of a past age, the Cleveland Museum of Natural History has obtained the co-operation of one of the land companies and funds from friends to manipulate a steam shovel. Though Big Creek is only one foot deep, sharks five feet long are caught by the shovel while the bungalows creep closer every day. Many choice fishes, millions of years old, are being saved to scientists that would otherwise be lost, according to Dr. J. E. Hyde, curator of geology of the Cleveland museum.

Wretched Fake

Secretary Merrill of the shipping board said at a dinner in Washington:
"The foreign rivals of our mercantile marine like to poke fun at us. They pretend that we Americans are greenhorns on the water—we whose clipper ships were once the wonder of the world."
"An English skipper, for instance, told a fake story the other day about an American freighter that was entering the port of Liverpool when the captain was heard to yell furiously to the mate:
"Say, are you bringin' in the blunt end or the sharp end of this ship?"
"A minute later, wanting her to slow down, the mate howled:
"Whoa! Whoa!"

Final Decision

"Do you love the girl?" asked her father.
"Good gracious," cried the practical young man. "Do you think for a minute I'd mortgage my future happiness, my social aspirations, my business hopes and my investment program, my shekels and my salary, if I didn't have the firm conviction that I'd never be satisfied without her to help me, prod me, spur me, advise me, pity me, bore me, pep me up and egg me on?"
"No," sighed the father, shaking his head sadly. "But you can't have her, my boy. You talk too much like a man who's had something to do with women before."—Life.

Westerning the Orient

Jazz is penetrating even into the Orient. American pianos, violins, mandolins and guitars are much used in Japan, according to information received by the United States Department of Commerce. Japan is a purchaser of sheet music, and is third largest buyer of American phonograph records. Though the piano has no counterpart among native Japanese instruments it is growing in popularity and musical education is regarded with favor in families of wealth, it is said.

Cow Inroads Movie Theater

Escaping from the yards of the railway station at Woking, England, recently, a cow entered a moving picture theater and stood in the front row of the main floor during an orchestra rehearsal. Apparently tired of the music it left by the emergency exit, walking carefully down 20 steps until it started a woman attendant, who locked the door. The bossy was unable to turn around and remained trapped on the stairs until released just as the picture program was started.

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DOE, MUM -

THE FEATHER

IT WAS JUST A YEAR AGO THAT UNCLE MILLARD DIED -

"The Foolish Nooz"

WORLD'S SMALLEST TABLET WRITING
HER - THE ORDER OF BE J. P. DE

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PERCY L. CR
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