

It Means Health For the Child

The careful mother, who watches closely the physical peculiarities of her children, will soon discover that the most important thing in connection with a child's constant health is to keep the bowels regularly open. Stagnation of bowels will be followed by loss of appetite, restlessness during sleep, irritability and a dozen and one similar evidences of physical disorder.

At the first sign of such disorder, give the child a teaspoonful of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin at night on retiring and repeat the dose the following night if necessary—more than that will scarcely be needed. You will find that the child will recover its accustomed good spirits at once and will eat and sleep normally.

This remedy is a vast improvement over salts, cathartics, laxative waters and similar things, which are altogether too powerful for a child. The homes of Mrs. J. L. Strong, 304 No. Logan St., Clarinda, Iowa, and Mrs. E. Fry, 1915 W. 1st St., Ottumwa, Iowa, are always supplied with Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, and with them, as with thousands of others, there is no substitute for this grand laxative. It is really more than a laxative, for it contains superior tonic properties which help to tone and strengthen the stomach, liver and bowels so that after a brief use of it all laxatives can be dispensed with and nature will do its own work.

Anyone wishing to make a trial of this remedy before buying it in the regular way of a druggist at fifty cents or one dollar a large bottle (family size) can have a sample bottle sent to the home free of charge by simply addressing Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 201 Washington St., Monticello, Ill. Your name and address on a postal card will do.

The Difference.

"John M. Harlan," said a Chicago lawyer, in a eulogy of the late Supreme Court Justice, "had a way of pointing an observation with a story. Once he wanted to rebuke a man for exaggeration, so he said he was as bad as a Pittsburgh millionaire who was being interviewed by a New York reporter.

"Where, sir, were you born?" the reporter, as he sharpened his pencil, asked.

"I was born in Pittsburgh," said the millionaire.

"And when did you first—er—see the light of day?"

"When I was nine," the millionaire replied. "My people then moved to Philadelphia."

Not for Earthly Ears.

Doctor Reed, a minister, was opening the Sunday morning service at his church with the usual prayer. While he was in the midst of it a stranger entered the church and took a seat far back.

Doctor Reed was praying in a low note, and the man in the rear, after straining his ears for a while, called out: "Pray louder, Doctor Reed. I can't hear you."

Doctor Reed paused, opened his eyes and turned them around until they rested on the man in the rear. Then he said: "I was not addressing you, sir; I was speaking to God."—London Watchdog.

New View of It.

"I envy the man who believes that superstition about Friday," said Mr. Gwosher.

"I consider it depressing." "Not at all. A man ought to be mighty comfortable who can feel sure there's only one unlucky day in the week."

No Jury.

"Didn't you give that man a jury trial?"

"Look here," replied Broncho Bob, "there ain't a big lot o' men in this settlement. We couldn't possibly get twelve of 'em together without starting a fatal argument about something that had nothin' whatever to do with the case."—Washington Star.

Two Women.

"I'm going to Vassar and try for a degree this year. Better come along."

"Thanka, dear, but I'm going to Reno and try for a degree."

It's humiliating to discover that the folks who we imagine despise us never even think of us!

THE LITTLE WIDOW

A Mighty Good Sort of Neighbor to Have.

"A little widow, a neighbor of mine, persuaded me to try Grape-Nuts when my stomach was so weak that it would not retain food of any other kind," writes a grateful woman, from San Bernardino Co., Cal.

"I had been ill and confined to my bed with fever and nervous prostration for three long months after the birth of my second boy. We were in despair until the little widow's advice brought relief.

"I liked Grape-Nuts food from the beginning, and in an incredibly short time it gave me such strength that I was able to leave my bed and enjoy my three good meals a day. In 2 months my weight increased from 95 to 115 pounds, my nerves had steadied down and I felt ready for anything. My neighbors were amazed to see me gain so rapidly, and still more so when they heard that Grape-Nuts alone had brought the change.

"My 4-year-old boy had eczema very bad last spring and lost his appetite entirely, which made him cross and peevish. I put him on a diet of Grape-Nuts, which he relished at once. He improved from the beginning, the eczema disappeared and now he is fat and rosy, with a delightfully soft, clear skin. The Grape-Nuts diet did it. I will willingly answer all inquiries. Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason." Never read an above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

BURNING DAYLIGHT

By JACK LONDON

AUTHOR OF "THE CALL OF THE WILD," "WHITE FANG," "MARTIN EDEN," ETC.



SYNOPSIS.

Elam Harnish, known all through Alaska as "Burning Daylight," celebrates his 20th birthday with a crowd of miners at the Circle City Tivoli. The dance leads to heavy gambling, in which over \$100,000 is staked. Harnish loses his money and his mine but wins the mail contract. He starts on his mail trip with dogs and sleds, telling his friends that he will be in the big Yukon gold strike at the start. Burning Daylight makes a sensation, rapidly runs across country with the mail, appears at the Tivoli and is now ready to join his friends in a dash to the new gold fields.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

In the meantime there was naught to show for it but hunch. But it was coming. As he would stake his last ounce on a good poker hand, so he staked his life and effort on the hunch that the future held in store a big strike on the Upper River. So he and his three companions, with dogs, and sleds, and snowshoes, toiled up the frozen breast of the Stewart, toiled on and on through the white wilderness where the unending stillness was never broken by the voices of men, the stroke of an ax, or the distant crack of a rifle. Gold they found on the bars, but not in paying quantities, and in the following May they returned to Sixty Mile.

Ten days later, Harper and Joe Ladue arrived at Sixty Mile, and Daylight, strong to obey the hunch that had come to him, traded a third interest in his Stewart town site for a third interest in theirs on the Klondike. They had faith in the Upper Country, and Harper left down-stream, with a raft-load of supplies, to start a small post at the mouth of the Klondike.

"Why don't you tackle Indian River, Daylight?" Harper advised, at parting. "There's whole slathers of creeks and draws draining in up there, and somewhere gold just crying to be found. That's my hunch. There's a big strike coming, and Indian River ain't going to be a million miles away."

"And the place is swarming with moose," Joe Ladue added. "Bob Henderson's up there somewhere, been there three years now, swearing something big is going to happen, living off'n straight moose and prospecting around like a crazy man."

Daylight decided to go Indian River a fatter, as he expressed it, and lingered a few days longer arranging his meager outfit. He planned to go in light, carrying a pack of seventy-five pounds and making his five dogs pack as well, Indian fashion, loading them with thirty pounds each. Depending on the report of Ladue, he intended to follow Bob Henderson's example and live practically on straight meat. When Jack Kearns' snow, laden with the sawmill from Lake Linderman, tied up at Sixty Mile, Daylight bundled his outfit and dogs on board, turned his town-site application over to Elijah to be filed, and the same day was landed at the mouth of Indian River. He continued down Hunker to the Klondike, and on to the summer fishing camp of the Indians on the Yukon.

Here for a day he camped with Carmack, a squaw-man, and his Indian brother-in-law, Skookum Jim, bought a boat, and with his dogs on board, drifted down the Yukon to Forty Mile. Then it was that Carmack, his brother-in-law, Skookum Jim, and Cultus Charlie, another Indian, arrived in a canoe at Forty Mile, went straight to the gold commissioner, and recorded three claims and a discovery claim on Bonanza Creek. After that, in the Sourdough Saloon, that night, they exhibited coarse gold to the skeptical crowd. Daylight, too, was skeptical, and this despite his faith in the Upper Country. Had he not, only a few days before, seen Carmack loafing with his Indians and with never a thought of prospecting? But at eleven that night, sitting on the edge of his bunk and unlacing his moccasins, a thought came to him. He put on his coat and hat and went back to the Sourdough. Carmack was still there, flashing his coarse gold in the eyes of an unbelieving generation. Daylight ranged alongside of him and emptied Carmack's sack into a blower. This he studied for a long time. Then, from his own sack, into another blower, he emptied several ounces of Circle City and Forty Mile gold. Again, for a long time, he studied and compared. Finally, he pocketed his own gold, returned Carmack's, and held up his hand for silence.

"Boys, I want to tell you all something," he said. "She's sure come—the up-river strike. And I tell you all, clear and forcible, this is it. There ain't never been gold like that in a blower in this country before. It's new gold. It's got more silver in it. You-all can see it by the color. Carmack's sure made a strike. Who-all's got faith to come along with me?"

No one volunteered. "Then who-all'll take a job from me, cash wages in advance, to pole up a thousand pounds of grub?"

Curly Parsons and another, Pat Monahan, accepted, and with his cus-

tomary speed, Daylight paid them their wages in advance and arranged the purchase of the supplies, though he emptied his sack in doing so. He was leaving the Sourdough, when he suddenly turned back to the bar from the door.

"Got another hunch?" was the query.

"I sure have," he answered. "Flour's sure going to be worth what a man will pay for it this winter up on the Klondike. Who'll lend me some money?"

On the instant a score of the men who had declined to accompany him on the wild-goose chase were crowding about him with proffered gold-sacks.

"How much flour do you want?" asked the Alaska Commercial Company's storekeeper.

"About two ton."

The proffered gold-sacks were not withdrawn, though their owners were guilty of an outrageous burst of merriment.

"What are you going to do with two tons?" the storekeeper demanded.

"I'll tell you all in simple A, B, C and one, two, three." Daylight held up one finger and began checking off.

"Hunch number one: a big strike coming in Upper Country. Hunch number two: Carmack's made it. Hunch number three: ain't no hunch at all. It's a cinch. If one and two is right, then flour just has to go sky-high. If I'm riding hunches one and two, I just got to ride this cinch, which is number three. If I'm right, flour'll balance gold on the scales this winter."

CHAPTER V.

Still men were without faith in the strike. When Daylight, with his heavy outfit of flour, arrived at the mouth of the Klondike, he found the big flat as desolate and tenantless as ever. Down close by the river, Chief Isaac and his Indians were camped beside the frames on which they were drying salmon. Several old-times were also in camp there. Having finished their summer work on Ten Mile Creek, they had come down the Yukon, bound for Circle City. But at Sixty Mile they had learned of the strike, and stopped off to look over the ground. They had just returned to their boat when Daylight landed his flour, and their report was pessimistic. But an hour later, at his own camp, Joe Ladue strode in from Bonanza Creek. He led Daylight away from the camp and men and told him things in confidence.

"She's sure there," he said in conclusion. "I didn't sluice it, or cradle it. I panned it, all in that sack, yesterday, on the rim-rock. I tell you you can shake it out of the grass-roots. And what's on the bed-rock down in the bottom of the creek they ain't no way of tellin'. But she's big, I tell you, big. Keep it quiet, and locate all you can. It's in spots, but I wouldn't be none surprised if some of them claims yielded as high as fifty thousand. The only trouble is that it's spotted."

A month passed by, and Bonanza Creek remained quiet. A sprinkling of men had staked; but most of them, after staking, had gone on down to



The Whole Bottom Showed as if Covered With Butter.

Forty Mile and Circle City. The few that possessed sufficient faith to remain were busy building log cabins against the coming of winter. Carmack and his Indian relatives were occupied in building a sluice box and getting a head of water. The work was slow, for they had to saw their lumber by hand from the standing forest. But farther down Bonanza were four men who had drifted in from river, Dan McGilvary, Dave McKay, Dave Edwards, and Harry Waugh. They were a quiet party, neither asking nor giving confidences, and they herded by themselves. But Daylight, who had panned the spotted rim of Carmack's claim and shaken coarse

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"Who-all's Got Faith to Come Along With Me?"

gold from the grass-roots, and who had panned the rim at a hundred other places up and down the length of the creek and found nothing, was curious to know what lay on bed-rock. He had noted the four quiet men sinking a shaft close by the stream, and he had heard their whip-saw going as he had heard lumber for the sluice boxes. He did not wait for an invitation, but he was present the first day they sluiced. And at the end of five hours' shoveling for one man, he saw them take out thirteen ounces and a half of gold. It was coarse gold, running from pinheads to a twelve-dollar nugget, and it had come from bed-rock. The first fall snow was flying that day, and the Arctic winter was closing down; but Daylight had no eyes for the bleak-gray sadness of the drying, short-lived summer. He saw his vision coming true, and on the big flat was appearing anew his golden city of the snows. Gold had been found on bed-rock. That was the big thing. Carmack's strike was assured. Daylight staked a claim in his own name adjoining three he had purchased with plug tobacco. This gave him a block two thousand feet long and extending in width from rim-rock to rim-rock.

Returning that night to his camp at the mouth of Klondike, he found in it Kama, the Indian chief he had left at Dyea. Kama was traveling by canoe, bringing in the last mail of the year. In his possession was some two hundred dollars in gold-dust, which Daylight immediately borrowed. In return, he arranged to stake a claim for him, which he was to record when he passed through Forty Mile. When Kama departed next morning, he carried a number of letters for Daylight, addressed to all the old-times down river, in which they were urged to come up immediately and stake. Also Kama carried letters of similar import, given him by the other men on Bonanza.

"It will sure be the gosh-dangdest stampee that ever was," Daylight chuckled, as he tried to vision the excited populations of Forty Mile and Circle City tumbling into poling-boats and racing the hundreds of miles up the Yukon; for he knew that his word would be unquestioningly accepted.

One day in December Daylight filled a pan from bed-rock on his own claim and carried it into his cabin. Here a fire burned and enabled him to keep water unfrozen in a canvas tank. He equipt over the tank and began to wash. Earth and gravel seemed to fill the pan. As he imparted to it a circular movement, the lighter, coarser particles washed out over the edge. At times he combed the surface with his fingers, raking out handfuls of gravel. The contents of the pan diminished. At it drew near to the bottom, for the purpose of feeling and tentative examination, he gave the pan a sudden sloshing movement, emptying it of water. And the whole bottom showed as if covered with butter.

Thus the yellow gold flashed up as the muddy water was filtered away. It was gold—gold-dust, coarse gold, nuggets, large nuggets. He was all alone. He set the pan down for a

moment and thought long thoughts. Then he finished the washing, and weighed the result in his scales. At the rate of sixteen dollars to the ounce the pan had contained seven hundred and odd dollars. It was beyond anything that even he had dreamed. His fondest anticipations had gone no farther than twenty or thirty thousand dollars to a claim; but here were claims worth half a million each at the least, even if they were spotted.

He did not go back to work in the shaft that day, nor the next, nor the next. Instead, capped and mittened, a light stampeding outfit, including his rabbit skin robe, strapped on his back, he was out and away on a many-days' tramp over creeks and divides, inspecting the whole neighboring territory. On each creek he was entitled to locate one claim, but he was chary in thus surrendering up his chances. On Hunker Creek only did he stake a claim. Bonanza Creek he found staked from mouth to source, while every little draw and pup and gulch that drained into it was likewise staked. Little faith was had in these side-streams. They had been staked by the hundreds of men who had failed to get in on Bonanza. The most popular of these creeks was Adama. The one least fancied was Eldorado, which flowed into Bonanza, just above Carmack's Discovery claim. Even Daylight disliked the looks of Eldorado; but, still riding his hunch, he bought a half share in one claim on it for half a sack of flour. A month later he paid eight hundred dollars for the adjoining claim. Three months later, enlarging this block of property, he paid forty thousand for a third claim, and, though it was concealed in the future, he was destined, not long after, to pay one hundred and fifty thousand for a fourth claim on the creek that had been the least liked of all the creeks.

In the meantime, and from the day he washed seven hundred dollars from a single pan, and squatted over it and thought a long thought, he never again touched hand to pick and shovel. As he said to Joe Ladue the night of that wonderful washing:

"Joe, I ain't never going to work hard again. Here's where I begin to use my brains. I'm going to farm gold. Gold will grow gold if you-all have the savvy and can get hold of some for seed. When I see them seven hundred dollars in the bottom of the pan, I know I had seed at last."

The hero of the Yukon in the younger days before the Carmack strike, Burning Daylight now became the hero of the strike. The story of his hunch and how he rode it was told up and down the land. Certainly he had ridden it far and away beyond the boldest, for no five of the luckiest held the value in claims that he held. And, furthermore, he was still riding the hunch, and with no distribution of daring.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A man is as young as he feels—and a woman, but she doesn't always look it.

WESTERN CANADA FARMER SECURES WORLD'S PRIZE FOR WHEAT

A ROSTHERN, SASK., FARMER THE LUCKY WINNER.

Sir Thomas Shaughnessy of the Canadian Pacific Railway offered \$1,000 in gold as a prize for the best 100 lbs. of wheat, grown on the American continent, to be competed for at the recent Land Show in New York. In making the competition open, the donor of this handsome prize showed his belief in the superiority of Canadian wheat lands, by throwing the contest open to farmers of all America, both United States and Canada. The United States railways were by no means anxious to have the Canadian railways represented at the show and a New York paper commenting on the results of the competitions says that they were not to be blamed, as the Canadians captured the most important prize of the show.

The winner of this big wheat prize was Mr. Seager Wheeler of Rosthern, Saskatchewan, and its winning has brought a great deal of credit on the district. The winning wheat was the Marquis variety, and received no more attention from Mr. Wheeler than his other grain, but he is a very particular farmer. His farm is one of the cleanest and best kept in the Rosthern district, and this year he won first prize in a good farm competition which included every feature of farming and every part of the farm. Last winter Wheeler was a prize winner at the provincial seed fair in Regina.

Wheeler is a firm believer in sowing clean seed of the best quality procurable, consequently his grain is much sought after by the best farmers for seed purposes.

Wheeler is an Englishman. He is a pioneer of Rosthern, coming here fifty years ago. In the last six years he has done much experimenting, particularly in wheat varieties. His farm resembles an experimental farm. A long driveway, lined on both sides with trees, leads to a modest house, the home of Wheeler, a modest, unassuming man with the appearance of a student rather than a man engaged in commercial pursuits.

There are now no free homesteads to be had in this district, and farm lands are worth from \$20 to \$40 per acre, which a few years ago were secured by their present owners, either as a free gift or purchased at from \$5 to \$8 per acre.

It is not many miles from Rosthern, where the farmer lives, who secured the first prize for wheat last year at the National Corn Exposition at Columbus and West of Rosthern, about 150 miles, lives Messrs. Hill and Son, who won the Colorado Silver Trophy, valued at \$1,500, for the best peck of oats, also awarded at the National Corn Show at Columbus in 1910.

Not contented with the high honors obtained in its wheat, Canada again stepped forward into the show ring, and carried off the Stillwell trophy and \$1,000 for the best potatoes on the continent. This time the winner was a British Columbia man, Mr. Asabel Smith, the "Potato King," of that province. The exhibit consisted of one hundred and one varieties drawn from all parts of the province aggregating in weight one and a half tons.

At the recent Dry Farming Congress, held at Colorado Springs, and at which time it was decided to hold the next Congress at Lethbridge, in 1912, the Province of Alberta made a wonderful showing of grains, grasses and vegetables.

"At the Congress, Alberta got more prizes and trophies, ten to one, than any state of the Union," said Mr. Hotchkiss to the Edmonton Bulletin. "We brought back all but the building with us, and they offered us that, saying we might as well take all that was going. We would have brought it along, too, if we had had a flat car to put it on. Alberta captured nearly 50 first prizes, 20 seconds, 3 thirds, 9 cups, 40 medals, 50 ribbons and 3 sweepstakes. The grand sweepstakes prize, for the best exhibit by state or province, a magnificent silver cup, was presented to us with much ceremony at a reception to the Canadians in the Empress hotel. The presentation was made by Prof. Olin, chairman of the judging committee, and the cup was received on behalf of the province by the Hon. Duncan Marshall.

Some Undertaking.

The official undertaker of a small town was driving through the county on one of his regular missions. A woman came out to the gate of a farm yard and hailed him.

"I don't seem to recall your name, maddam," he said.

"That's funny!" she said. "It ain't been more'n a year and a half ago since you undertook my first husband."

Just to Make Sure.

"How shall I express my sentiments toward you?" said the young man, tenderly.

"On paper, please," said the girl. "Then there can be no chance of your wriggling out of it."

Dr. Pierre's Pellets, small, sugar-coated, easy to take as candy, regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels and cure constipation.

We are apt to speak of a man as being lucky when he has succeeded where we have failed.

Too many "eye openers" will close a man's eyes.