

PRODIGAL JUDGE By VAUGHAN KESTER ILLUSTRATIONS BY D. MELVILL T 1911 THE BORDS MERCHIE COMME me. The Pistol Slipped From His Fingers. ly acknowledged the salute; he was | carried to Belle Plain the day benothing. Ware was clearly of the "Step off the ground, Tom." Fensame mind. tress spoke quietly. When Ware had

a low tone. The planter's speech was was the victim of an unprovoked atbroken and hoarse, and his heavy, tack." blood-shot eyes were the eyes of a Mr. Ware accepted this statement haunted man; this was all a part of with equanimity, not to say indiffer-

There was an awkward pause, then done as requested, the colonel spoke Fentress and Ware spoke together in again. "You are my witness that i

Fentress' scheme to face the world, ence. and Ware still believed that the fires

the voice of utter anguish, calling his name At last painful effort brought him to his knees. He saw the judge, clothed principally in a gaily colored bed-quilt, hatless and shoeless, his face sodden and bleary from his night's debauch. Mahaffy stood erect and staggered toward him, his hand over his wound, his features drawa and livid, then with a cry he dropped at his friend's feet. "Solomon! Solomon!" And the judge knelt beside him, "It's all right, Price; 1 kept your appointment," whispered Mahaffy; a

was hearing his friend's voice now

bloody spume was gathering on his lips, and he stared up at his friend with glassy eyes In very shame the judge hid his

face in his hands, while sobs shook bim

"Solomon-Solomon, why did you do this?" he cried miserably. The harsh lines on the dying man's

face erased themselves. "You're the only friend I've known in twenty years of loneliness, Price. I've loved you like a brother," he panted, with a pause between each

word. Again the judge buried his face in his hands.

"I know it, Solomon-I know it!" he moaned wretchedly.

"Price, you are still a man to be reckoned with. There's the boy; take your place for his sake and keep ityou can."

"I will-by God, I will!" gasped the judge. "You hear me? You hear me, Solomon? By God's good help, I will!" "You have the president's lettersaw it-" said Mahaffy in a whisper.

"Yes!" cried the judge. "Solomon, the world is changing for us!"

"For me most of all." murmured Mahaffy, and there was a bleak instant when the judge's ashen countenance held the full pathos of age and failure. "Remember your oath, Price," gasped the dying man. A moment of silence succeeded. Mahaffy's eyes closed, then the heavy lids slid back. He looked up at the judge while the harsh lines of his sour old face softened wonderfully. "Kiss me, Price," he whispered, and as the judge bent to touch him on the brow, the softened lines fixed themselves in death. while on his lips lingered a smile that was neither bitter nor sneering.

### CHAPTER XXXII.

The Judge's Grandson. In that bare upper room they had shared, the judge, crushed and broken, watched beside the bed on which the dead man lay; unconscious of the flight of time he sat with his head bowed in his hands, having scarcely altered his position since he begged those who carried Mahaffy up the narrow stairs to leave him alone with his friend.

He was living over the past. He recalled his first meeting with Mahaffy in the stuffy cabin of the small river packet from which they had later gone ashore at Pleasantville; he thanked God that it had been given him to see beneath Solomon's forbidding exterior and into that starved heart! He reviewed each phase of the almost insensible growth of their intimacy; he remembered Mahaffy's "Are you ready?" he asked: he

## WESTERN CANADA'S PROSPERITY

#### NOT A BOOM, BUT DUE TO NAT-URAL DEVELOPMENT.

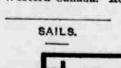
One of the largest banks in Holland has been doing a big business in Western Canada, and Mr. W. Westerman, the President, on a recent visit into the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, expressed himself as being much impressed with present conditions and prospects, and got the hips to fill them." was convinced that the great prosperity of the Dominion was not a

boom, but merely the outcome of natural developments. Not only has money been invested largely in Western Canada by the Holland Banks, but by those of Germany, France, as well as Great Britain. Not only are these countries contributing money, but they are also contributing people, hard headed, industrious farmers, who are helping to produce the two hundred million bushels of wheat and the three hundred million bushels of the other small

grains that the Provinces of the West have harvested this season. During the past fiscal year there

came into Canada from the United States 133,710; from Austria Hungary 21,651; from Belgium 1,601; Holland 1.077; France 2.094; Germany 4,664; Sweden 2,394; Norway 1,692; and from all countries the immigration to Canada in that year was 354,237. From the United States and foreign countries the figures will be increased

dufing the present year. Most of these people have gone to the farms, and it is no far look to the time when the prophecy will be fulfilled of half a billion bushel crop of



Harold-Whenever I go skating, I

always wear a cap that pulls down

Ellyn-Yes; I should think that

would be absolutely necessary when

THE RIGHT SOAP FOR BABY'S

SKIN

In the care of baby's skin and hair,

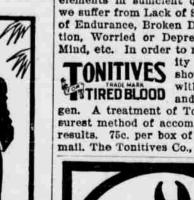
Cuticura Soap is the mother's fa

vorite. Not only is it unrivaled in

you're skating against the wind.

well over my ears.

ment





Fashion Note. Lady Duff Dordon, at a tea at the

Ritz-Carlton, praised the pannier skirt. "Everybody likes it, it is so grace-

ful," she said, smiling. "Everybody likes it except crusty old fellows:"

She turned to a crusty old fellow upon a Louis Seize chair beside her and continued:

"I know a woman whose husband growled at her when she tried on . new pannier gown for him:

"'I don't see why you wear those ridiculous big panniers. You haven't "The woman blushed and bit her

lip. Then she said quietly: "But do you fill your silk hat,

George?"

#### Another Investigation. "Daughter, I heard suspicious sounds on the veranda last evening."

"Yes, mother." "Was that young man kissing you or swatting mosquitoes?"

Paradoxical Promise. "I want you to pay down." 'All right. I'll settle up."

Some folks calculate to get on in the world upon the shoulders of other people.-Christian Herald.

It's easy to feel optimistic as long as things are coming your way.

Most of our so-called good intentions are base imitations.

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p or big-can baking powder. Don't be misled. Buy Calumet. It's more omical - more wholesome - gives best results. Calumet is far superior to sour milk and soda.

#### Newspapers and Literature.

All this over emphasis of the un meaning surface is due to a confusion of newspaper and literary standards. ends, aims. The word literary has hardly stand!" come to suggest an absence of red blood; spinners and knitters in the made little or no impression on him sun; the 35-cent magazine crowd; this just then; it merely furnished the is nonsensical, of course. In its ele clue he had sought. The judge was mental meaning literature is at least off somewhere marketing his prosas stern a job as journalism, albeit the pects. intention and function of the latter is merely to present things that happen. stairs, and, without removing his of the former to volatilize such mate rial into hovering and potent meanings, to strike the rock and raise a spirit that is life.

#### Scotch Query.

A bluff, consequential gentleman from the south, with more beef on his bones than brain in his head, riding aolong the Hamilton road, near to Blantyre, asked a herdboy on the roadside, in a tone and manner evidently meant to quiz, if he were "halfway to Hamilton?" "Man," replied the boy, "I wad need to ken whar ye has come frae, afore I could answer your might die. question."-Exchange.

Paradoxical Misfortune. "There is nothing in this place but soft drinks." "Just my hard luck."

Political arguments lose us more friends than they gain votes.



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Hicks had kindled had served his desburdened by no false scruples, perate need. and thinking it might afford some When the first long shadows stole clue to the judge's whereabouts, Mahaffy took it up and read it. Having

"Price!" he called, but this gained

him no response, and he cursed soft-

He hastily descender to the kitch-

en, lighted a candle, and stepped into

the adjoining room. On the table was

a neat pile of papers, and topping the

plie was the president's letter. Be-

The letter, with its striking news,

After a time Mahaffy-went up-

on Sunday Finally Overcame

Sandy's Scruples.

A couple of tourists staying at a

village which is in close proximity to

"We want to go for a row," said one

"Dae ye no ken it's the Sawbath?"

answered Sandy; "ye'll no' get a boat

trae me the day, forbye i'll bae ye tae

"Yes, yes," expostulated the tour-

ists, "that's all very well for you, but

we don't require you with us You

an so to church. we can row our

hink what the prostered "I way

"As, ay, south the elder 'but list

ken that I am an elder o' the kirk '

under his arm.

of the tourists.

"BEVEN"

ly under his breath.

Dess.

tress turned to Mahaffy, whose glance ed Tom evilly. mastered its contents he instantly was directed toward the distant corglanced in the direction of the City ner of the field, where he knew his Tavern, but it was wrapped in darkfriend must first appear.

"Why are we waiting, sir?" he de-"Price is drunk somewhere," was manded, his tone cold and format. his definite conclusion. "But he'll be "Something has occurred to detain at Boggs' the first thing in the morn-Price," answered Mahaffy. ing-most likely so far gone he can

looks. Again they spoke together, and once more Fentress addressed Mahaffy.

"Do you know what could have deof a smile curling his thin lips.

"I don't," said Mahaffy, and relapsed clothes, threw himself on the bed. He into a moody and anxious silence. He was worn down to the point of exheld dueling in very proper abhorhaustion, yet he could not sleep, rence, and only his feeling of intense though the deep silence warned him but never-declared loyalty to his that day was not far off. What iffriend had brought him there. but he would not let the thought Another interval of waiting suc shape itself in his mind. He had witceeded.

nessed the judge's skill with the pis-"I have about reached the end of tol, and he had even a certain irramy patience; I shall wait just ten tional faith in that gentleman's desminutes longer," said Fentress, and tiny. He prayed God that Fentress drew out his watch. might die quickly and decently with "Something has happened-" began

the judge's bullet through his brain. Mahaffy. Over and over in savage supplication "I have kept my engagement; he he muttered his prayer that Fentress should have kept his," Fentress con-

tinued, addressing Ware. "I am sor-Mahaffy watched for the coming of ry to have brought you here for noththe dawn, but before the darkness ing, Tom. lifted he had risen from the bed and "Walt!" said Manaffy, planting himgone downstairs, where he made him-

self squarely before Fentress. self a cup of wretched coffee. Then "I consider this comic episode at he blew out his candle and watched an end," and Fentress pocketed his the gray light spread. He was im-

watch. patient now to be off, and fully an "Scarcely!" rejoined Mahaffy. His hour before the sun, set out for Boggs', a tall, gaunt figure in the of his hand descended on the colshadowy uncertainty of that October onel's face. "I am here for morning. He was the first to reach friend," he said grimly. my the place of meeting, but he had The colonel's face paled and colscarcely entered the meadow when ored by turns.

"Never mind the minister," was

the money Monday."-Ideas.

Fentress rode up, attended by Tom "Have you a weapon?" he asked, Ware. They dismounted, and the when he could command his voice. colonel lifted his hat. Mahaffy bare- Mahaffy exhibited the pistol he had

**Conscience** of the Scotch

glanced at Mahaffy, who by a slight inclination of the head signified that he was. "I reckon you're a green out from the edge of the woods Fen- hand at this sort of thing?" comment-

"Yes," said Mahaffy tersely. "Well, listen: I shall count, one, two, three; at the word three you will

fire. Now take your positions." Mahaffy and the colonel stood fac ing each other, a distance of twelve paces separating them. Mahaffy was The colonel and Ware exchanged pale but dogged; he eyed Fentress unflinchingly. Quick on the word Fenwhile Mahaffy watched the road. Ten | tress fired, an instant later Mahaffy's minutes slipped by in this manner, pistol exploded; apparently neitner bed bullet had taken effect, the two men

maintained the rigid attitude they had assumed; then Mahaffy was seen to tained him?" he inquired, the ghost turn on his heels, next his arm dropped to his side and the pistol slipped from his fingers, a look of astonishment passed over his face and left it vacant and staring while his right hand stole up toward his heart; he visible weight.

> A hush spread across the field. It was like one of nature's invisible transitions. Along the edge of the woods the song of birds was stricken into silence. Ware, heavy-eyed-Fentress, his lips twisted by a tortured smile, watched Mahaffy as he panted for breath, with his hand clenched against his breast. That dead, oppressivo silence lasted but a moment; from out of it came a cry that smote on the wounded man's ears and reached his consciousness.

"It's Price-" he gasped, his words bathed in blood, and he pitched for- the chosen faw he honored with his ward on his face.

Ware and Fentress had heard the cry, too, and running to their horses long arm shot out and the open paim | threw themselves into the saddle and galloped off. The judge midway of test; but the mounted men turned inthe gaunt figure on the ground. Mahaffy struggled to rise, for he

fine true loyalty at the time of his arrest-he thought of Damon and Pythias-Mahaffy had reached the heights of a sublime devotion: he could only feel ennobled that he had inspired it.

At last the dusk of twilight invaded the room. He lighted the candles on the chimneypiece, then he resumed his seat and his former attitude. Suddenly he became aware of a small hand that was resting on his arm and glanced up; Hannibal had stolen quietly into the room. The boy pointed to the still figure on the economical.

"Judge, what makes Mr. Mahaffy lie so quiet-is he dead?" he asked in a whisper. "Yes, dear lad." began the judge in

a shaking voice, as he drew Hannibal toward him, "your friend and mine is dead-we have lost him." He lifted the boy into his lap, and Hannibal pressed a tear-stained face against raised it slowly, with difficulty, as the judge's shoulder. "How did you though it were held down by some in- get here?" the judge questioned gent-

ly. "Uncle Bob fetched me," said Hannibal. "He's down-stairs, but he didn't tell me Mr. Mahaffy was dead." "We have sustained a great loss, water these devices are not very satis-Hannibal, and we must never forget

the moral grandeur of the man. Some day, when you are older, and I can bring myself to speak of it, I will tell you of his last moments." The judge's voice broke, a thick sob rose chokingly in his throat. "Poor Solomon! man of such tender feeling that he hid it from the world, for his was a rare nature which only revealed itself to

love." The judge lapsed into a mo mentary brooding silence, in which his great arms drew the boy closer against his heart. "Dear lad, since i left you at Belle Plain a very astonthe meadow reared out a furious pro- ishing knowledge has come to me. It was the Hand of Providence-I see to the highroad and vanished from it now-that first brought us togethsight, and the judge's shaking legs er. You must not call me judge any bore him swiftly in the direction of more; I am your grandfather-your mother was my daughter." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

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> > Hard to See Under Water.

There is no scientific instrument of the "scope" character which enables. one to see down to 50 or 60 feet under water. When the sun shines vertically over water, a box or bucket with a glass bottom is often used to look into the water. A cloth covering to exclude light from the box or bucket is sometimes employed. But without electric or some other light in the

Really a Small Matter. "Have you anything against Tim-

pers?" "Nothing more than the fact that he makes 'film' a word of two syllables." Unfortunately charity doesn't seem o possess any of the qualities of a

boomerang. Pray always; but don't let go of the plowhandles

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it. We will pay you well." dae. Dae ye see yon wee boatle doon among the rushes? Weel, she's ready wi' the cars inside. Jist ye gang o' the loch, an' I'll come doon the the

"Ah, weel," said Sandy, "I'll no' let landlord of the castle for a temporary ye the boat, bit I'll tell ye whit I'll accommodation on the security of his

a loan upon his personal belongings

without being under the necessity of

By royal warrant a few days later he invested that obliging boniface down there an' row oot tae the middle with the right of advancing money on pledges, and from that time down to bank an' swear at ye; bit never ye the present a pawnbroker's license mind, ye jist row on an' I'll call for has been annually granted to the Castle. This hostelry is mentioned once or twice by Dickens .- Stray

King's Watch in Pawn. Stories. A time-honored London tavern, the

Castle, at the corner of Cowcross street, facing Farringdon street, enjoys the unique distinction of being also a fully-licensed pledge shop. Over a door in the bar, which gives

access to the landlord's private room. and thrown into boid relief by the official document behind it, the historic three-sphered symbol is discernible Anyone as here negotiate

first calling for refreshment. This strange combination of business dates from the reign of George the reply; "he will know nothing about IV., who, aiter attending a cock fight at Hockley-in-the-Hole, applied to the politicians, professors-all live to a

Small Light.

"I shouldn't wonder, when he can

propounded rather a curious theory. He says: "Actresses and actors and all public speakers, lecturers, statesmen,

great age as a rule because they use their lungs. The average person doesn't breathe properly and does not make sufficient use of his lungs. Breathe as much as you can and talk as much as you can. That is the recipe for reaching an old age and re-

for her allenating my affections?" asked Mr. Smathers, tentatively. "No, indeed," answered Mrs. Smath

maining young."

Some one whispered: "Now I see why women generally live longer than men. They talk more."

The Way She Felt.

'My dear, if I should fall in love with another woman, would you sue

ers, who had recently been outpointed in a little domestic argument. "I would ask the woman to give me a 1 cent postage stamp and call square."