

Keep Your Eye on that Can

When Buying Baking Powder

For this is the baking powder that makes the baking better. It leavens the food evenly throughout; puffs it up to airy lightness; makes it delightfully appetizing and wholesome.

Remember, Calumet is moderate in price—highest in quality.

Ask your grocer for Calumet. Don't take a substitute.

RECEIVED HIGHEST AWARDS. World's Pure Food Exposition, Chicago, Illinois, 1915. Paris Exposition, France, March, 1912.

Calumet Baking Powder

NOT MADE BY THE TRUST

Calumet Baking Powder Co. CHICAGO

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You don't save money when you buy cheap or big-can baking powder. Don't be misled. Buy Calumet. It's more economical—more wholesome—gives best results. Calumet is far superior to your milk and soda.

Get a Canadian Home in Western Canada's Free Homestead Area

THE PROVINCE OF MANITOBA

Manitoba has several New Homestead Areas that afford rare opportunity to secure choice agricultural land in the West.

For Grain Growing and Cattle Raising

This province has no superior agricultural land in profitable agriculture shows an increase of over a quarter of a Century.

For Further particulars write to J. H. McCulloch, Surveyor, Winnipeg, S. B. & C. GORRIS, 313 Jackson St., St. Paul, Minn.

PISO'S REMEDY

Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists.

50 Acres Yield 10,000 Bushels

Go South and Prosper

The land is cheap and terms are easy. Can you imagine getting 200 bushels of potatoes and 60 bushels of corn per acre in one year in the North? Write for booklet giving you full information about the prices of land.

J. C. CLAIR, Immigration Commissioner, Room 1600 III, Central Station, Chicago

CHAPTER XXXI.—(Continued.)

At last he decided to go back to the judge; and a moment later was hurrying down the lane in the direction of the highroad, but, jaded as he was by the effort he had already put for that day, the walk to Raleigh made tremendous demands on him, and it was midnight when he entered the little town.

It cannot be said that he was altogether surprised when he found their cottage dark and apparently deserted. He had half expected this. Entering, and not stopping to secure a candle, he groped his way upstairs to the room on the second floor which he had secured from the landlord.

"Price!" he called, but this gained him no response, and he cursed softly under his breath.

He had descended to the kitchen, lighted a candle, and stepped into the adjoining room. On the table was a neat pile of papers, and topping the pile was the president's letter. Being burdened by no false scruples, and thinking it might afford some clue to the judge's whereabouts, Mahaffy took it up and read it. Having mastered its contents he instantly glanced in the direction of the City Tavern, but it was wrapped in darkness.

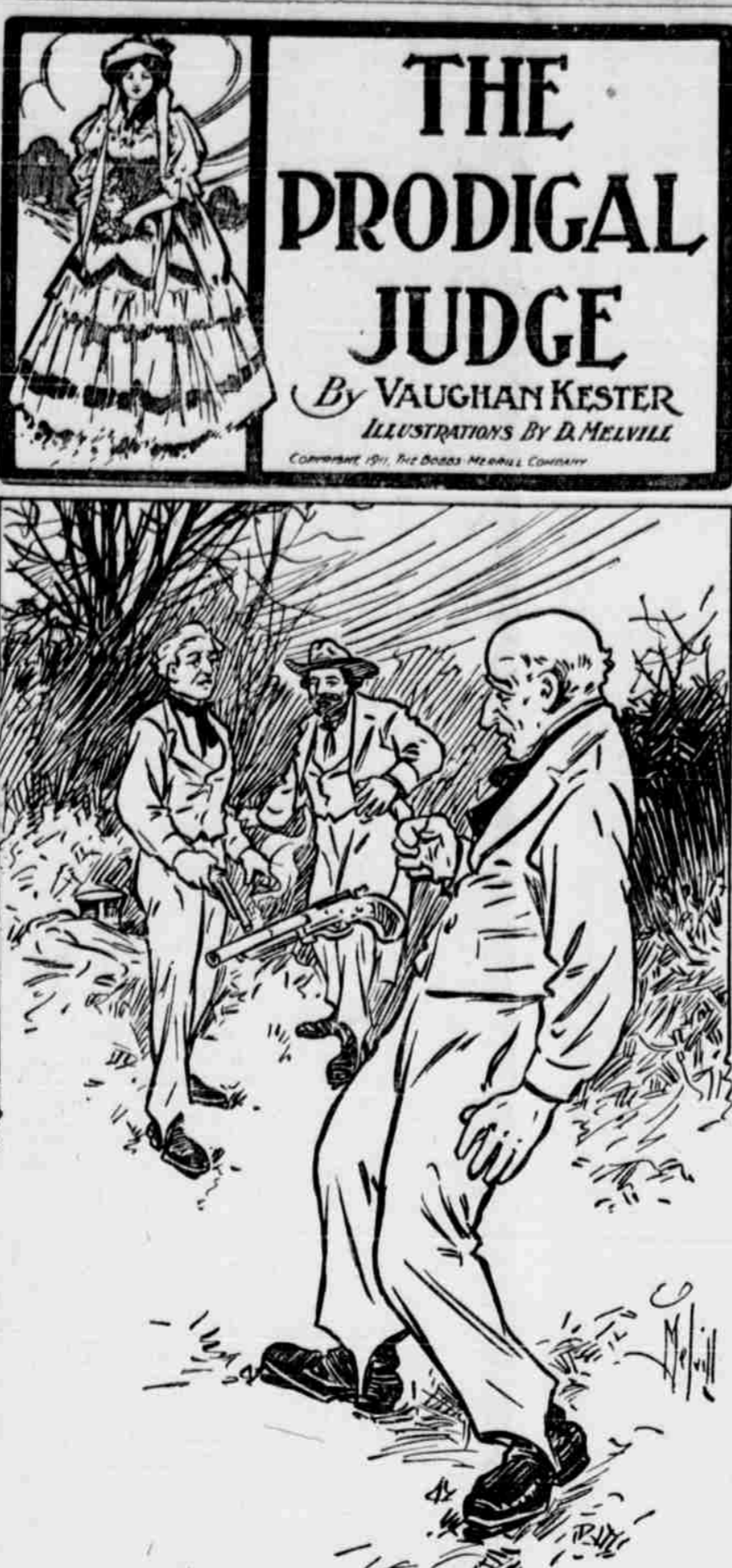
"Price is drunk somewhere," was his definite conclusion. "But he'll be at Boggs' the first thing in the morning—most likely so far gone he can hardly stand!"

The letter, with its striking news, made little or no impression on him just then; it merely furnished the clue he had sought. The judge was off somewhere marketing his prospects.

After a time Mahaffy went upstairs, and, without removing his clothes, threw himself on the bed. He was worn down to the point of exhaustion, yet he could not sleep, though the deep silence warned him that day was not far off. What it would be he would not let the thought shape itself in his mind. He had witnessed the judge's skill with the pistol, and he had even a certain irrational faith in that gentleman's destiny. He prayed God that Pentress might die quickly and decently with the judge's bullet through his brain.

Over and over in savage supplication he muttered his prayer that Pentress might die.

Mahaffy watched for the coming of dawn, but before the darkness lifted he had risen from the bed and gone downstairs, where he made himself a cup of wretched coffee. Then he blew out his candle and watched the gray light spread. He was impatient now to be off, and truly an hour before the sun, set out for Boggs', a tall, gaunt figure in the shadowy uncertainty of that October morning. He was the first to reach the place of meeting, but he had scarcely entered the meadow when Pentress rode up, attended by Tom Ware. They dismounted, and the colonel lifted his hat. Mahaffy barely



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 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 fine true loyalty at the time of his arrest—his 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 chimney-piece, 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 bed.

"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 the judge's shoulder. "How did you get here?" the judge questioned gently.

"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, 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! A man of such tender feeling that he hid it from the world, for his was a rare nature which only revealed itself to the chosen few he honored with his love." The judge lapsed into a momentary 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 astonishing knowledge has come to me. It was the Hand of Providence—I see it now—that first brought us together. You must not call me judge any more; I am your grandfather—your mother was my daughter."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Never mind the minister, "was the reply; "he will know nothing about it. We will pay you well."

"Ah, well," said Sandy. "I'll not let you, but I'll tell you what I'll do. Do you see you were hostile doom among the rushes? Well, she's ready w' the ears inside. Just you gang down there an' row out the middle of the loch, an' I'll come down the bank an' swear at ye; but never ye mind, ye just row on an' I'll call for the money Monday."—Ideas.

King's Watch in Pawn.

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 bold relief by the official document behind it, the historic three-sphered symbol is discernible. Anyone who here negotiates a loan with his personal belongings without being under the necessity of first calling for refreshment.

This strange combination of business dates from the reign of George IV, who, after attending a cock fight at Hockley-in-the-Hole, applied to the landlord of the castle for a temporary accommodation on the security of his watch and chain.

By royal mandate a few days later he invested that obliging boniface with the right of advancing money on pledges, and from that time down to the present a pawnbroker's license has been annually granted to the Castle. This hostelry is mentioned once or twice by Dickens—Stray Stories.

Small Light.

"Pickins says he doesn't believe in giving his light under a bushel."

"I shouldn't wonder, when he can hide it just as well under a thimble."

Only Deeds Count.

We should believe only in deeds; words go for nothing everywhere.—Tojas.

WESTERN CANADA'S PROSPERITY

NOT A BOOM, BUT DUE TO NATURAL 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 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 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 21,551; 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 during 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 wheat in Western Canada. Advertisement.

SAILS.

Harold—Whenever I go skating, I always wear a cap that pulls down well over my ears.

Elynn—Yes; I should think that would be absolutely necessary when you're skating against the wind.

THE RIGHT SOAP FOR BABY'S SKIN

In the care of baby's skin and hair, Cuticura Soap is the mother's favorite. Not only is it unrivaled in purity and refreshing fragrance, but its gentle emollient properties are usually sufficient to allay minor irritations, remove redness, roughness and chafing, soothe sensitive conditions, and promote skin and hair health generally. Assisted by Cuticura Ointment, it is most valuable in the treatment of eczema, rashes and other itching, burning infantile eruptions. Cuticura Soap wears to a wafer, often outlasting several cakes of ordinary soap and making its use most economical.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston." Adv.

Really a Small Matter.

"Have you anything against Timbers?"

"Nothing more than the fact that he makes 'film' a word of two syllables."

Unfortunately charity doesn't seem to possess any of the qualities of a boomerang.

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

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Fashion Note.

Lady Duff Dordon, at a tea at the Ritz-Carlton, praised the panner skirt.

"Everybody likes it, it is so graceful," 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 a new panner gown for him:

"I don't see why you wear those ridiculous big panniers. You haven't got the hips to fill them."

"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 limitations.

TIRE BLOOD LOWERS VITALITY

(Copyright 1915 by the Tonitives Co.)

Nutrition and Oxygen absorbed by the blood from the food we eat, and the air we breathe feeding the living cells, produces vitality. When the blood is tired, it fails to provide these elements in sufficient quantities, and we suffer from Lack of Strength, Lack of Endurance, Broken Down Constitution, Worried or Depressed State of Mind, etc. In order to maintain vitality the blood should be rich in TONITIVES with nutrient TIRE BLOOD and red with oxygen.

A treatment of Tonitives is the surest method of accomplishing these results. 75c. per box of dealers or by mail. The Tonitives Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Lameness

Sloan's Liniment is a quick and reliable remedy for lameness in horses and other farm animals.

Sloan's Liniment surpasses anything on earth for curing lameness and other horse ailments. I would not sleep without it in my stable."

MARTIN DOYLE, 622 West 15th St., New York City.

Good for Swelling and Abscess.

Mr. H. M. Glass, of Lawrence, Kan., writes: "I had a mare with an abscess on her neck and one on her hip. Sloan's Liniment entirely cured her. I keep it all the time for cured her. I keep it all the time for cured her. I keep it all the time for cured her."

SAVANNAH, GA. NEWS.

All Dealers. 25c., 50c., & \$1.00.

Sloan's Book on Horses, Cattle, Dogs and Poultry sent free. Address Dr. Earl S. Sloan, Boston.

Hogs Saved by using Havercamp's Germicide

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The Stomach Is the Target

Aim to make that strong—and digestion good—and you will keep well! No chain is stronger than its weakest link. No man is stronger than his stomach. With stomach disordered a train of diseases follow.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

Makes the stomach healthy, the liver active and the blood pure. Made from forest roots, and extracted without the use of alcohol. Sold by druggists in a liquid form at \$1.00 per bottle for over 40 years, giving general satisfaction.

If you prefer tablets as modified by E. V. Pierce, M. D., these can be had of medicine dealers or trial box by mail on receipt of 50c in stamps.

50 Acres Yield 10,000 Bushels

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