



Gayboye—Men are no good, eh? Waan't it man that made us smokeless powder, horseless carriages and wireless telegraphy, eh?

Mrs. Gayboye—Yes, and I'd think more of man if he'd make you smoke less tobacco, drink less wine and spend less money!

SKIN BEAUTY PROMOTED

In the treatment of affections of the skin and scalp which torture, disfigure, itch, burn, scale and destroy the hair, as well as for preserving, purifying and beautifying the complexion, hands and hair, Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are well-nigh infallible. Millions of women throughout the world rely on these pure, sweet and gentle emollients for all purposes of the toilet, bath and nursery, and for the sanative, antiseptic cleansing of ulcerated, inflamed mucous surfaces. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Boston, Mass., sole proprietors of the Cuticura Remedies, will mail free, on request, their latest 32-page Cuticura Book on the skin and hair.

Conditional Piety.

Two Scotch fishermen, James and Sandy, belated and befogged on a rough water, were in some trepidation lest they should never get ashore again. At last Jamie said:

"Sandy, I'm steering, and I think you'd better put up a bit of prayer." "I don't know how," said Sandy. "If ye don't I'll chuck ye overboard," said Jamie.

Sandy began: "Oh, Lord, I never asked anything of ye for fifteen years, and if ye'll only get us safe back, I'll never trouble ye again, and—" "Whist, Sandy," said Jamie. "The boat's touched shore; don't be holden to anybody."—Short Stories.

Wrong Diagnosis.

A drummer was taken ill suddenly. He went to see a physician of considerable standing, and the following conversation ensued: "I feel very sick," declared the drummer. "What's the trouble?" asked the physician. "Severe pain in my side." "Humph," said the doctor slowly, "I think you have appendicitis." "You have made a mistake, doctor," replied the salesman. "I'm not a millionaire, just a plain drummer." "Well, I guess you just have the cramps, then," replied the indignant personage. "Five dollars, please."

Similarity.

Eva—Then you are not fond of pressed flowers? Jack—No, they always remind me of a kiss through a telephone. Eva—Gracious! In what way? Jack—They have lost their sweetness.

Had a Reason.

"Why don't you call your newspaper the Appendix?" asked the enemy of the political boss. "Any special reason for wanting me to do so?" "Well, it's a useless organ."

Barber-ous Humor.

Barber—How would you like your hair cut, sir? Stude—Fine. Do you think I came in here to discuss the tariff?

Adversity is a searching test of friendship, dividing the sheep from the goats with unerring accuracy; and this is a good service.—Watson.

Unsung songs cheer no hearts.—A. Williams.

A DETERMINED WOMAN Finally Found a Food That Cured Her.

"When I first read of the remarkable effects of Grape-Nuts food, I determined to secure some," says a woman in Salisbury, Mo. "At that time there was none kept in this town, but my husband ordered some from a Chicago traveler.

"I had been greatly afflicted with sudden attacks of cramps, nausea, and vomiting. Tried all sorts of remedies and physicians, but obtained only temporary relief. As soon as I began to use the new food the cramps disappeared and have never returned.

"My old attacks of sick stomach were a little slower to yield, but by continuing the food, that trouble has disappeared entirely. I am today perfectly well, can eat anything and everything I wish, without paying the penalty that I used to. We would not keep house without Grape-Nuts.

"My husband was so delighted with the benefits I received that he has been recommending Grape-Nuts to his customers and has built up a very large trade on the food. He sells them by the case to many of the leading physicians of the county, who recommend Grape-Nuts very generally. There is some satisfaction in using a really scientifically prepared food."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason." Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

THE LAST VOYAGE OF THE DONNA ISABEL

BY RANDALL PARRISH AUTHOR OF "DODD HAMPSON OF PLACER, ETC."

SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with the introduction of John Stephens, adventurer, a Massachusetts man marooned by authorities at Valparaiso, Chile. Being interested in mining operations in Bolivia, he was denounced by Chile as an insurrectionist and as a consequence was hiding. At his hotel his attention was attracted by an Englishman and a young woman. Stephens rescued the young woman from a drunken officer. He was thanked by her. Admiral of the Peruvian navy confronted Stephens, told him that she woman had been declared between Chile and Peru and offered him the office of captain. He desired that that night the Esmeralda, a Chilean vessel, should be captured. Stephens accepted the commission. Stephens met a motley crew, to which he was assigned. He gave them the instructions. They boarded the vessel. They successfully captured the vessel supposed to be the Esmeralda through strategy. Capt. Stephens gave directions for the departure of the craft. He entered the cabin and discovered the English woman and her maid. Stephens quickly learned the wrong vessel had been captured. It was Lord Darlington's private yacht, the lord's wife and maid being aboard. He explained the situation to her ladyship. Then First Mate Tuttle laid bare the plot, saying that the Sea Queen had been taken in order to go to the Antarctic circle. Tuttle explained that on a former voyage he had learned that the Donna Isabel was lost in the ice and found it frozen in a huge case of ice on an island and contained much gold. Stephens consented to be the captain of the expedition. He told Lady Darlington. She was greatly alarmed, but expressed confidence in him. The Sea Queen encountered a vessel in the fog. Stephens attempted to communicate. This caused a fierce struggle and he was overcome. Tuttle finally squaring the situation. Then the Sea Queen headed south again. Under Tuttle's guidance the vessel made progress toward the goal. De Nova, the mate, told Stephens that he believed Tuttle, now acting as skipper, because of his queer actions. Stephens was awakened by crashing of glass. He saw Tuttle in the grip of a spasm of religious mania and overcame him. The sailor upon regaining his senses was taken ill. Tuttle committed suicide by shooting. Upon vote of the crew Stephens assumed the leadership and the men decided to continue the treasure hunt. The islands being supposed to be only 200 miles distant. Tuttle was buried in the sea. Lady Darlington pronouncing the service. Stephens awaking from sleep saw the ghost, supposed to have formed the basis for Tuttle's religious mania. Upon advice of Lady Darlington, Stephens started to probe the ghost. He came upon Lieut. Sanchez, the drunken officer he had humbled in Chile. He found that at Sanchez's inspiration, Engineer McKnight played "glorious" to scare the men into giving up the quest. Stephens announced that the Sea Queen was at the spot where Tuttle's quest was supposed to be. The crew was ordered to search in further search. De Nova and Stephens conquered them in a flat fight. Lady Darlington thanked him. The Sea Queen started northward. She was wrecked in a fog. Stephens, De Nova, Lady Darlington and her maid being among those wrecked, but in life boat. Ten were rescued. Stephens saw only one chance in a thousand for life. Lady Darlington confessed her love to Stephens and he did likewise. Lady Darlington told her life story; how she had been bartered for a title, her love for Sanchez, and how she did likewise herself as the school chum of Stephens' sister. She expressed a wish to die in the sea rather than face her former friends and go back to the old life. A ship was sighted. The craft proved to be a derelict. They boarded her. She was frozen tight with hundreds of years of ice. The vessel was the Donna Isabel, lost in 1753, 128 years previous. The frozen bodies of the former crew were removed. They reached the log of the Isabel, which told how the Spaniards had died from cold, one by one. Lady Darlington sang to prevent the crew from becoming morose. The crew commenced the hunt for treasure. They found the iron chest, said to contain a part of 3,000,000 pesos, firmly imbedded in ice. Lady Darlington expressed the belief that it would never benefit the men, for she said the Donna Isabel would never reach port. The men got a lust for gold.

CHAPTER XXVII—Continued.

"No, sir, but they'll be there." "Oh, yes, no doubt they'll be there, but the only way we could ever get them out would be to run this hooker ashore in some mild climate and let the ice melt. It's plain enough to see what has happened. The Donna Isabel sailed in ballast, these chests being about the only cargo she carried. They shifted in the heavy seas, and the Lord only knows where they are now. Anyway, they are safe beyond the reach of your ice cleaver."

They stared into each others' faces, the disagreeable truth slowly penetrating their minds. Kelly spoke, his voice trembling:

"Then why the hell, sir, couldn't we do just what you said?" "What! run her ashore?—simply because, my lad, that shore happens to be a thousand miles away, and I doubt if this wreck keeps afloat three days longer."

Their excited faces told of incredulity, of a suspicion that I was playing with them, and I went on swiftly: "You fellows have been so crazy the last two days you haven't thought of anything but gold. I tell you it is not the treasure, but our lives we've got to save. The ice is peeling off the sides, and the ship is taking water like a sieve. We are going to be driven back to the long-boat, and how much of this heavy stuff can we transport in her? I know it's mighty tough, lads, but we might as well face things as they are."

I expected opposition, but not such a wild storm of curses and execrations as greeted these words. All sense of sea discipline vanished, even De Nova joining in the outcry. I remained, planted across the box, waiting for the bedlam to cease, uncertain how I had best attempt to restore them to their senses. Cole decided the matter by rushing forward like an enraged bull, throwing me aside with a heave of his shoulder, the next instant burying his hands in the coils. That the fellow was out of his head was evident enough—mad as a March hare—



"Unless it's a Fight You Want, Stand Back, the Whole of You!"

but I could not hesitate because of that. Those others were on the verge; all they needed for open revolt was leadership, example, and I caught up a chair and laid the blubbery negro on the deck, pieces-of-eight flying in every direction as he fell.

"Unless it's a fight you want, stand back, the whole of you!" I threatened, the broken chair still in my hands. "We may be able to take this chest, or a part of it, with us, but there is going to be no more digging done down below. De Nova who are you with in this row—the men or me?"

"By gar, it makes me mad to give up all zat monies."

"Well, get mad! you'll have to give it up just the same. Don't be a fool, man. You can see this for yourself; you're a sailor; it would require a year to tunnel through that ice with the tools we've got, and look at the hull under us. Why, you can see the list of the deck even here in the cabin, and the feel of her when she drops into a hollow is enough to make a seaman sick. Which is worth most, mate, those yellow boys or the little girl yonder?"

He looked at Celeste, white-faced, the tears staining her cheeks, her eyes glowing like two coals, and all the fierce passion of resistance seemed to desert his countenance. His glance dropped to the deck, returning to my face.

"By gar, if you put it zat way, monsieur, zen I choose the lady, sure. But ze sing I want is both of 'em."

"No doubt; but you have sense enough to realize that you can't have both. So I count you with me. Now, how about you, Johnson?"

The big, hairy seaman, sober-faced and grave-eyed, glanced about on his mates and straightened up.

"I'm here to obey orders, sir," he said slowly. "I've allers been poor, an' I reckon the Lord don't mean me to ever git rich."

I held out my hand, deeply touched by the sterling honesty of the reply. "You've got something worth more than money, Bill, and that's manhood. You stand the acid. Shake hands, mate."

He responded awkwardly enough, having received more cuffs than praise during his rough sea life, yet the expression in the mild blue eyes gave me confidence that I had touched the right chord. I surveyed the others—McKnight leaning on the cleaver, red-faced and scowling, Sanchez, Kelly and Dade back of him, the negro still groaning on the deck.

"Dade, come here." The fellow shuffled over toward me, as spineless as a jelly-fish. "Now, Kelly, you and Sanchez lay Cole out in a bunk and dress his head. All he needs is a bandage and plenty of cold water. When you get done with that job come on deck and I'll find you another. McKnight, drop that cleaver and come along with us."

ing curses irritated me none the less. "Jump, you fellows, unless you want the same medicine Cole just took."

The two men lifted the negro in their arms and bore him back to one of the state-rooms aft. Kelly came out again and returned with a pannikin of water. I bent down and closed the lid of the chest. The five of us trumped out on deck.

It was, indeed, a rare day for that season of the year and in that ocean, the sky overhead pale blue and cloudless, the wide sea stirred merely by the gentlest swell, the slight breeze steady, and barely firm enough to hold the rotten canvas stiff. There was even sufficient heat in the sun's rays to moisten the ice along the decks where the chill of the wind did not strike, and the sweep of the horizon extended farther than we had seen for weeks.

The beauty of the day would have put new heart and life into all of us but for the miserable wreck underfoot. The very glare of the sunlight seemed to reveal with new vividness how close the end was. Light as the sea ran, the ice-laden bow of the Donna Isabel plunged deeply under, every crest bursting in white foam through the break in the port bulwarks, the list in the deck so steep we made our way forward with difficulty along the slippery surface. Our rate of progress had become so slow as to leave only the barest ripple in the wake. Clambering over into the fore-chains I pointed out to the men how the sea was encroaching on the bulging side. They stared at the evidence gravely, each comprehending clearly the dread meaning, yet no one spoke for a minute.

"I reckon you was right, sir," admitted Johnson, finally. "The old hooker is goin' down."

De Nova peered along the slippery deck, gleaming in the sun, moodily, but said nothing until he looked up and caught my eyes.

"W'at you do, monsieur?"

"I mean to hold on as long as it is safe," I replied, "because the cabin gives shelter to the women. We all know what the open boat means, and we'll put that off until the last possible moment. We are not making much progress, it's true; but still, every mile helps, and, if this weather will only hold, the wreck may keep afloat for several days yet, but we'll get everything fixed for a quick departure."

Kelly and Sanchez appeared in the cabin door, and I called to them to join us.

"Now, lads, let's make use of what daylight we've got left. This weather is likely to change any minute. Three of you lower that jib, and get out the canvas belonging to the long-boat. Piece the jib up with any old stuff you can find that will stand a light wind. De Nova, you take charge of that job. Dade, you'd better run back to the tiller, and hold her steady as the jib comes down. Johnson and I will see that the long-boat is sound, stocked, and ready for launching."

We made a thorough job of it, over-



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hauling the boat from stem to stern, and ending by rigging up block and tackle for hoisting her, when loaded, over the bulwarks. We lashed the Donna Isabel's helm again, and dispatched Dade into the cabin after supplies. The greater portion of the stores brought from the Sea Queen, more especially the canned goods, remained intact, and we packed these away snugly in the stern lockers, adding whatever we could find that remained eatable among the frozen stores in the lazarette. Altogether we thus amassed a sufficient supply. We rolled up all the extra blankets, shoving them under the seats, and saw that serviceable spars and oars were safely stowed and lashed. It was growing dusk before these matters had all been attended to, and I finally stepped out of the boat. The men were massed in a body on the deck, and the moment I saw them I understood they had been discussing the situation. De Nova spoke:

"Monsieur," he questioned, "how much in American money would be in ze chest?"

"I don't know, of course, but just for a guess, perhaps \$100,000—maybe more."

"An' zere be only ze ten of us. To divide it up make, maybe, ten 'ousand dollar for each. Was it not so?"

"Why, yes, or even more than that, for I will cheerfully waive my share, and can pledge that Lady Darlington will do the same. But what of it?"

"Zat fine lot monies for sailor-man," he said, eagerly. "An' w'y not have it? Anyhow, w'y not try to save it? Ze long-boat is built to hold 25 people, an' we only ten. Zen w'y not take ze gold? It eat no'ting, it drink no'ting, an' if it weight too much, zen we trow it overboard. But w'y not try carry it, ze hundred 'ousand dollar?"

There was no good reason why we shouldn't; besides, the very possibility of preserving even that share of the treasure would prove an inspiration to the men. I looked about into their anxious faces, feeling myself some measure of their excitement.

"That will be all right, lads," I said gladly. "You've earned it fair enough, and we'll start with it anyhow. Take the stuff out of the chest and tie it up in blankets. Then we can stow it away evenly so as to keep the boat balanced. But," I added, as the memory of what Doris had said came to me, "I think it only fair to tell you that I'm sure there is bad luck in every peso of it."

The men gave my croaking prophecy no second thought, but went trotting aft, chattering together like a parcel of boys.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

In Which the Donna Isabel Goes Down

The following night and day passed quietly enough, the weather holding clear, but with a mist slowly gathering in the south that seemed to threaten change. I observed just before sunset that this fog had so thickened and spread as to obscure nearly a third of the sky, and yet there was no veering of the wind or noticeable increase in the roll of the sea. The hulk was sinking, yet so slowly that we were only certain of the fact through constant measurements and the sight of water seeping in through the numerous cracks revealed by the disappearing ice. It was a situation to get upon the nerves, yet I do not remember that it occasioned any great change in the routine of our life on board.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

No, Dog!

Reared in the strict school of "Yes, sir!" and "No, ma'am!" addressed without thought of servility to all elders and betters, I find this a season of rare courtesy and scant civility.

Well do I remember that awesome scene at my father's table when a stout and rebellious little sister, seething with disappointment over some denied dainty, answered "No!" to a well meant proffer of a less desirable dish.

"No, dog? or No, cat?" my father inquired with ominous calm. "No, dog!" the sturdy lass recklessly replied.

I quake even now at the thought of the breathless pause which followed, and draw a veil over the painful aftermath.—Appleton's.

Well Answered.

During the encampment of several regiments of British soldiers in a certain district the wood and turf used for cooking purposes were carted by the neighboring farmers. One day a donkey-cart full of turf was brought in, the driver being a country lad. As a regimental band was playing, he stood in front of the donkey and held the animal tightly by the head. Some of the "smart ones" gathered round, highly pleased, and the wit of the party asked why he "held his brother so tightly." The reply was crushing: "I'm afraid he might enlist."



Libby's Vienna Sausage

Is distinctly different from any other sausage you ever tasted. Just try one can and it is sure to become a frequent necessity.

Libby's Vienna Sausage just suits for breakfast, is fine for luncheon and satisfies at dinner or supper. Like all of Libby's Food Products, it is carefully cooked and prepared, ready to serve, in Libby's Great White Kitchen—the cleanest, most scientific kitchen in the world.

Other popular, ready-to-serve Libby Pure Foods are:

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Baked Beans
Chow Chow
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Insist on Libby's at your grocer's.

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"The greatest need of this country (United States) in another generation or two will be the providing of homes for its people and producing sufficient for them. The day of our prominence as a wheat-producing country are gone. Canada is the great wheat country."

Upwards of \$25 Million
Bushels of Wheat
The three provinces of Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba produce upwards of 25 bushels per acre.
Free homesteads of 160 acres, and adjoining pre-emption of 400 acres at \$3 per acre, are to be had in the choicest districts.
Schools convenient, climate excellent, soil the very best, railroads clean at hand, building lumber cheap, fuel easy to get and reasonable in price, water country, well stocked with farming a success. Write us to send you a booklet, containing low railway rates, descriptive illustrations of "Last Best West" (most fertile application), and other information to the Dept. of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to the Canadian Government Agent.

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Not a Musician.
"What is a man called who plays on a saxophone?"

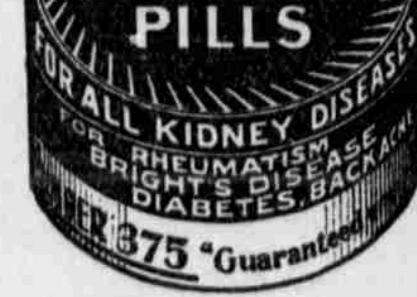
"You mean what does he call himself or what do his hearers call him?"

Wanted to Know the Worst.
"Well, doctor, boy or girl?"
"My dear sir, you are the father of triplets."

"Sure you haven't missed any in your hurried count?"

Constipation causes and seriously aggravates many diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Peppier. Try sugar-coated granules.

Search others for their virtues, and yourself for thy vices.—Fuller.



IF afflicted with such eyes, use



PARKER'S HAIR BRUSH

Cleanse and beautify the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Frees the scalp from dandruff. Hair grows thickly and falls out less. Cures the itching and itching. 25c and \$1.00 at Druggists.

30 ft. Bowels—

Biggest organ of the body—the bowels—and the most important—It's got to be looked after—neglect means suffering and years of misery. CASCARETS help nature keep every part of your bowels clean and strong—then they act right—means health to your whole body.

CASCARETS are a box for a week's treatment. All druggists. Biggest seller in the world—Million boxes a month.