



# CALUMET BAKING POWDER

The wonder of baking powders—Calumet. Wonderful in its raising powers—its uniformity, its never failing results, its purity.

Wonderful in its economy. It costs less than the high-price trust brands, but it is worth as much. It costs a trifle more than the cheap and big can kinds—it is worth more. But proves its real economy in the baking.

Use CALUMET—the Modern Baking Powder.

At all Grocers.

Received Highest Award World's Pure Food Exposition

### Knew His Cue.

"She told him that she must not see him any more."  
"What did he do?"  
"Turned out the gas."—Exchange.

The very best advice: take Garfield Tea whenever a laxative is needed.

### Runs on the Bank of England.

Even the Bank of England has not been entirely free from runs nor from the necessity of saving itself by strategy. In 1745, for instance, it was forced to employ agents to present notes, which were paid as slowly as possible in sixpences, the cash being immediately brought in by another door and paid in again, while anxious holders of notes vainly tried to secure attention. In 1825, too, only the accidental discovery of 700,000 £1 notes saved the bank from stopping payment.—London Chronicle.

### CURED HER BABY OF ECZEMA

"I can't tell in words how happy the word 'Cuticura' sounds to me, for it cured my baby of itching, torturing eczema. It first came when she was between three and four weeks old, appearing on her head. I used everything imaginable and had one doctor's bill after another, but nothing cured it. Then the eczema broke out so badly behind her ear that I really thought her ear would come off. For months I doctored it but to no avail. Then it began at her nose and her eyes were nothing but sores. I had to keep her in a dark room for two weeks. The doctor did no good, so I stopped him coming.

"For about two weeks I had used Cuticura Soap for her every day, then I got a box of Cuticura Ointment and began to use that. In a week there was a marked improvement. In all I used two cakes of Cuticura Soap and one box of Cuticura Ointment and my baby was cured of the sores. This was last November; now her hair is growing out nicely and she has not a scar on her. I can not praise Cuticura enough, I can take my child anywhere and people are amazed to see her without a sore. From the time she was four weeks old until she was three years she was never without the terrible eruption, but now, thanks to Cuticura, I have a well child." (Signed) Mrs. H. E. Householder, 2004 Wilhelm St., Baltimore, Md., May 10, 1910.



### UP TO ALFRED.

She—I know, Alfred, I have myaults.  
He—Oh, certainly.  
She (angrily)—Indeed? Perhaps you'll tell me what they are!  
Don't worry about your complexion—take Garfield Tea, the blood purifier.  
Happiness grows at our own fireside and is not to be picked in strangers' gardens.—Douglas Jerrold.

## Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

Is the best of all medicines for the cure of diseases, disorders and weaknesses peculiar to women. It is the only preparation of its kind devised by a regularly graduated physician—an experienced and skilled specialist in the diseases of women.

It is a safe medicine in any condition of the system. THE ONE REMEDY which contains no alcohol and no injurious habit-forming drugs and which creates no craving for such stimulants.

THE ONE REMEDY so good that its makers are not afraid to print its every ingredient on each outside bottle-wrapper and attest to the truthfulness of the same under oath.

It is sold by medicine dealers everywhere, and any dealer who hasn't it can get it. Don't take a substitute of unknown composition for this medicine of known composition. No counterfeit is as good as the genuine and the druggist who says something else is "just as good as Dr. Pierce's" is either mistaken or is trying to deceive you for his own selfish benefit. Such a man is not to be trusted. He is trifling with your most priceless possession—your health—may be your life itself. See that you get what you ask for.

### Angelfood cakes seldom make boys angelic.

A good way to keep well is to take Gas field Tea frequently. It insures good health.

### A Success.

Byker—I attended a successful sleight-of-hand performance last night.  
Byker—Really.  
Byker—Yes. I lent a conjurer a counterfeit half dollar and he gave me back a good one.

### No Need to Be Good.

A little Shaker Heights girl surprised her parents last week by refusing to be scared into being good. "It's no use telling me Santa Claus won't come, or that the angels will write it down in their book if I'm naughty, mamma," she said. "I might as well tell you that they think up in heaven that I'm dead."  
"But why should they think that, dear?"  
"Because I haven't said my prayers for two weeks."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### How Pat Proved It.

An Irishman was once serving in a regiment in India. Not liking the climate, Pat tried to evolve a trick by which he could get home. Accordingly he went to the doctor and told him his eyesight was bad. The doctor looked at him for a while and then said:  
"How can you prove to me that your eyesight is bad?"  
Pat looked about the room and at last said: "Well, doctor, do ye see that nail on the wall?"  
"Yes," replied the doctor.  
"Well, then," replied Pat, "I can't."—Chicago Tribune.

### Always Worrying.

The late John H. Barker of Michigan City, who left a fortune of over \$30,000,000 to his 14-year-old daughter, was strongly opposed to speculation.  
"Do not speculate," Mr. Barker once said in an address to young men. "Speculators stand on shaky ground. They know no peace."  
Mr. Barker smiled.  
"In fact," he said, "a speculator is always worrying about the money market, while his wife is always worrying about the market money."  
In Boston.  
Mrs. Beans—How rapidly Emerson grows!  
Mrs. Cod—Yes; he will be in short specs very soon.—Harper's Bazar.

Great Home Eye Remedy, for all diseases of the eye, quick relief from using PITTS' EYE SALVE. At druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

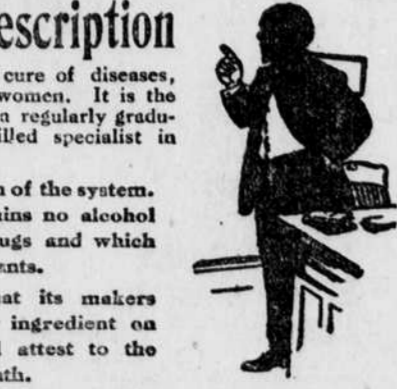
Policy.  
He—Darling, I would die for you!  
She—Dearest, do you carry much insurance?  
Many people have receding gums. Rub Hamlin's Wizard Oil on gums and stop the decay; chase the disease germs with a mouth wash of a few drops to a spoonful of water.

In the fulfillment of duty we have a sense of blessedness, even in hours of weariness and simple endurance.—Taylor.

ONLY ONE "BROMO QUININE." That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of R. W. GROVE. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. See.

Many men enjoy a dry smoke. Why not a dry drink?  
Garfield Tea has brought good health to thousands! Unequaled for constipation.

Too often sermons have too much length and too little depth.—Judge.



# THE DIAMOND SHIP

MAX PEMBERTON

Author of "Doctor Xavier," "The Hundred Days," etc.

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### CHAPTER XVII

The steamer, driving on rapidly to the westward, showed her hull very plainly when a quarter of an hour had passed, and was immediately named by Cain, the quartermaster, who was at the wheel, for a collier he had seen some months back at Cardiff. Some days a Brazilian flag, sir, and carried a Russian skipper what had a picture nose," said he cheerily enough. "I remember the boys said that some one tattooed a cross on his forehead when he was taken in drink at Rio last trip. I'd have known the ship anywhere by that doll's house about the funnel. Leastwise, if there ain't two of 'em, she's the same."

"His logic was commendable, and we questioned him."

"Had she any arms, Cain?"

"Nothing that I see, sir, saving the shovels."

"And you didn't know where she was bound to?"

"They gave it as Rio, sir. I had a bit of a tumble to with a Portuguese steward of theirs, and I give him Port Arthur for himself. 'You come out to Rio,' says he, 'and I'll do—well pull your nose!' It seemed to me a long way to go for the job, sir, and that could only be done cheaper at home. I never see him again, and next day the ship sailed."

We laughed at his manner of telling it, but the news proved acceptable enough. I had already come to a determination and this I communicated immediately to Larry.

"We must stop them," I said, "if we are to save Joan Fordibras; that steamer must not put her cargo on the deck of the Diamond Ship. The risk is small enough, captain. I think that a signal will do it—if not a signal, then a gunshot, anyway. Let us put it to the proof. The success or failure will mean more than any of you imagine."

He obeyed me without question, and we steamed straight for the tramp. The tramp was posted on the deck, and I took her on the port-quarter, and so were difficult to come at by any forward gun, should she carry one. My own impression was that she did not. Her safety from inquisitorial officers in port would be better assured by the normal practice of ocean-going cargo boats. I believed that the quartermaster had told us the truth, and upon that supposition I acted.

"Signal to her to bring to, Larry!" I said, and he assented immediately.

It was pretty to see our flags fluttering upon the breeze of morning, and to watch the commotion upon the deck of the tramp. We knew that she had sighted us almost as soon as we set our engines going. The far horizon disclosed no trace of the Diamond Ship. We two appeared alone in all that vista of the rolling waters.

Now the ship answered by demanding of us what our business was. We could make out the figures of two or three men upon her bridge; but the crew appeared an unusually small one, and the aft decks were completely deserted. To their signal, we replied immediately:

- (1) That Imroth was flying from British warships.
- (2) That their own safety depended upon their immediate submission.

indicated the presence of Imroth's vessel, and not of a British warship.  
"The game is up," I resumed, "and your friend is about to pay the price of it! If you wish to contribute your share, go on and join the fun. I don't suppose the police care much about such ruffraff as you have on board here. Get them back to Cardiff, and let them find new ships. You are thinking of the money—well, if you can fill my bunker yonder, I will pay a long price for the stuff you carry—down on your table with the polish sovereigns."  
At this he regarded me very curiously. A dull head is often obstinate in suspicion. The fellow perceived his advantage, and could have pressed it. "Oh!" said he, "then you are short of coal?"

"We are short of coal," I rejoined, my frankness astounding him; "the others have none to spare, and if we but have of you, we must run to Porto Grande. In that case, you will carry this cargo back to Europe and be arrested when you step ashore."

I found the Russian to be a low-witted, covetous fellow, not greatly to be overawed by threats, but exceedingly susceptible to the substantial facts of money. In the end, I bought what coal we could carry from him at a price which I would cheerfully have doubled. And, indeed, I do think it was one of the best day's work I ever did in all my life. To cut off Imroth's patrol, to fill the bunkers with his precious steam coal, carried at such a risk from Cardiff, to send the tramp steamer back again whence she came—even the matter of fact Larry could find no word to fit her. As for my poor friend Timothy, his emotions were altogether too much for him.

"Doether," said he, "I doubt your salvation, and that's the truth of it. Say that we are going back to dine on Imroth's ship, and I'll believe you entirely. 'Twould not be more wonderful if I was in a ship with these poor old eyes are showing me."

I told him not to make a fool of himself, but to serve his turn as sentinel, while we brought the yacht alongside the collier and took in coal from her. Treachery might yet be planned against us, though I doubted the posted and armed guard upon the bridge and stripped our forward guns of their covers—the swell ran kindly and the sea was like a mirror. Hardly believing their own eyes, but obeying me nevertheless, our good fellows set to work like niggers and filled the bunkers with the steam coal. It had been at seven bells of the morning watch when they began; it was three of the afternoon before they had done. The coal chutes with which the tramp was provided to fill his bunkers were filled our own admirably, and the Russian, I say honestly, and sent him at all speed to the eastward when the business was done.

"Return as you came and keep your mouth shut," I said. "I will answer for you to the police, should the need arise; but it will be your own fault if it does."

He thanked me with some civility, and I could see that he now considered himself a very fortunate fellow. To be frank, I had dismissed him utterly from my mind half an hour after he had passed, and the excitement of the day had passed, I had to our steward to bring me tea to the cabin, and there we held a council, vital beyond any in its significance and its earnestness. For now must we decide, instantly and finally, what steps must be taken to save my little Joan from the clutches of the Diamond Ship. How were we, the crew of a puny yacht, to bring that great hive of ruffians to book? What course dare we risk? What hope had we of any assistance from the British or other governments? This I discussed when we had lighted our cigars and the tea had poured out. And this is much how the talk went:

Myself—"We must first consider the threat. I believe that they are capable both of torturing and of killing Joan Fordibras if they are driven to it. But they will only do so in extremity. She is their hostage. The moment that they harm her, they have done all that they can against us. If she is subject to insult meanwhile, we, they have to deal with one of singular courage and resources. It is a callous argument but that much we must ignore. My own idea is to lead them to the belief that we are watching them. If they run for South America, we shall fall in with ships bound for Rio and Montevideo. The mails to the Argentine have the Marconi instrument. We can hardly fail to catch one of them. I would rather burn this yacht than turn back now."

McShanus—"The docther says the lady must put up with their insults, but ye can see the blood going and coming from his cheeks while he says it. I honor him for it. We want to get the girl off the ship and not to lose Imroth in the doing of it. 'Tis an employment for a Japanese wizard. He'll do you right, running for a South American port, and when he's ashore, he'll make money faces at ye. Tell yourselves that, and cry out against the governments. It's all ye can do that I can see."

Myself—"I am far from sure of it, Timothy, but prophesy is of little help to us. We must follow those people, and let them know that we are following them. Impudence has stopped one of their fleet and may stop another. I am going to see how far it helps me with Imroth himself."

There is much of which my log might speak to tell the history of the seven days which followed upon our resolution. We had pledged ourselves to harass the Diamond Ship by night and day, and bravely had we done so incessantly, now the messages passed from our deck to hers by way of her flags and instruments. Threats, defiance, insult—to these we became accustomed. A torture of suspense had been superseded by a dull submission to necessity.

All this time we lay drifting some two or three miles, I suppose, from the great vessel which harbored the Jew and his company. Sometimes, when the night was moonless, we ran up boldly and spied the huge ship out, defying her untrained gunners, and learning what we could of that which passed upon her decks. There was a cabin at night, and I would place her in the seventh at a very early hour, Balaam, our Scotch bo'sun, called by attention to the distant ship and to something which was passing on her decks.

"There's a n' place for the parritch the morn," said he in his dry dialect: "yon body's fired no gun, sir, since

yesterday mornin. Maybe 'tis pure joy 'eart, I'm not knowing rightly, but it's sufficiently remarkable, as you must be thinking."  
This was new, surely, and I gratified the good fellow my admitting as much.  
"Looks as though she was running a bit short of ammunition, Balaam," said; "has there been anything else you have noticed?"  
"Naething in particular, sir. She's fired a popgun or two, but maybe she's over merry the morn. You can hear them for yourself. Bide here a moment and I'll show you."  
He took his stand by the taffrail and pointed with a tarry hand at the distant ship. Day had broken propitiously with a fleece of cloud high in the heavens and a shimmer of splendid sunlight upon the chattering waters. The Diamond ship herself lay distant perhaps a couple of miles from us. She had sails set to prevent her rolling, but not a vestige of smoke escaped her funnels, nor was there any indication of her being under steam. When I spied out her decks through my powerful glass, I perceived that they were crowded with men.  
"Good God!" I said, "they are fighting amongst themselves! Go and call Captain Larry at once!"

"Larry," I said, when he came up from the cabin—McShanus upon his heels—"they are shooting each other, Larry!"

He did not reply immediately, but focussing his glass, he directed it upon the distant ship. Timothy, in his turn, took his stand beside me.

And of what would happen to Joan Fordibras if they quarrelled amongst themselves?

"I dare not think of it, Timothy—she would be in her cabin. Good God! why do you make me think of it?"

I stood by the taffrail to watch the puffs of heavy white smoke and try to depict the tragedy then consummated on the decks of the Diamond ship. What a scene of horror and bloodshed it must be!

I could readily imagine that there had been two parties, and that they had come first to words and then to arbitration of deeds.

"Larry," I said, "I am going to see what is happening yonder. Let Mr. Benson know that we shall want all the steam he can give us."  
"It's staking much, sir."

"So little, Larry, that we'll have our breakfasts while we watch them. Even Mr. McShanus, you observe, is not disturbed. I believe that he imagines himself in a safe place. These poor old eyes are showing me, sir."

"But Timothy McShanus answered: 'Indade and I do,' said he, 'and no more disturbed than a man at a hanging. Set a dish of parritch before me and ye shall see. Faith! should I weep tears because one thief is cutting another thief's throat?'"

We laughed at this splendid earnestness, while Larry went up to the bridge; and Timothy himself came up to me and spoke a more serious word. "Ye are easier in your mind," he said, scanning my face closely, "tis good to see it, Ean, me boy! Ye don't think Miss Joan will suffer, now, do ye?"

"She will suffer, but only her fears, Timothy. The danger comes later, when this is over. I do not think of it, because I hope to share it with her."

"Good God! ye are not going on board, man?"

"I am going on board, Timothy—that is, if my judgment leads me to believe it possible. I'll tell you in half an hour's time."

Taking my stand upon our forward bridge, I could clearly discern a group of men defending the foc'stair and another in ambush behind the superstructure amidships. A powerful glass disclosed the prone figures of such as had already fallen, while the intervening haze of smoke to the eastward, permitted a fuller view of the spectacle, revolting in its details.

The willians were evidently enraged beyond all measure. I could see them in the death grip, here wrestling as athletes upon a stage, there fighting upon their hands and knees, as savages who cut and slash at the face and head and heart in unsurpassable lust of blood and life. But beyond this, the greater terror was to know that the ship sheltered Joan Fordibras, and that she must be the witness of this debauch. What could it mean to such a one to suffer that? Again I say that I had no courage to think of it.

We had come to no agreement upon the nature of our approach, or upon the limits which prudence should set to it. I left it to Larry's wise head, and could have done no better. Not until we were within a cable's length of their poop did the huge White Wings to—and there we lay, rolling to a gentle swell, half the hands on deck, some on the rigging, two officers with Timothy and myself on the bridge, as amazed a company as sailed the Atlantic that day.

"The hands have mutined and the dead weight is going under," said Larry, with an indifference to the suffering we witnessed if had hardly looked for. "I shouldn't wonder if you are responsible, sir. A thieves' crew is for fair weather. Let a cloud come up as big as a man's hand and they'll run for port though Davey Jones takes the tiller. They've had enough of it—any man could see that with half an eye. And God help Imroth if he hauls down his flag!"

(Continued Next Week.)

No Doctor To Help Her Die.  
From Mack's Monthly.

Like many of the older set of southern darkeys, when the civil war closed, Uncle Ephraim and his wife, Aunt Jane, as they were familiarly known, chose to remain with their former mistress rather than to try their fortune elsewhere. Because of this fact, Mrs. Smith was peculiarly attached to her former slaves and saw to it that they stood in need of none of the ordinary comforts of life.

Sickness, however, had laid hold on Aunt Jane and for days Ephraim had been kept away from the "big house." Early one morning, Mrs. Smith opening the rear door of her home, Mrs. Smith saw Ephraim proaching. Knowing that Aunt Jane had been sick, she said:  
"Ephraim, how is Jane?"  
"W'y, she's dead."  
"Ephraim, you don't say so; is she dead?"  
"Yes, yes'm, she's dead."  
"When did she die, Ephraim?"  
"She died about midnight, last night."  
"Well, well, well—did the doctor get there before she died?"  
"No, m'n, she jes' died by herself."

Prohibition Everywhere.  
From the Washington Star.

General Frederick Dent Grant, discussing the army canteen question with a Washington correspondent, said:  
"At any rate, canteen or no canteen, we should all remember that there's one public house at least that we can all close. Yes, even in New York or Paris we can have prohibition."

And General Grant quoted with a smile the couplet:  
"There is a little public house which every one may close—  
It is the little public house just underneath the nose."

The Jordan is the most crooked river known, measuring 213 miles in a distance of 60 miles.

WISE GIRL.

"I suppose your sister is busily preparing for her wedding?"  
"Yes, she is up in her room now destroying all her old letters."

COLDS

GRIP

Munyon's Cold Remedy Relieves the head, throat and lungs almost immediately. Checks Fevers, stops Discharges of the nose, takes away all aches and pains caused by colds. It cures Grip and obnoxious Coughs and prevents Pneumonia. Write Prof. Munyon, 53rd and Jefferson Sts., Phila., Pa., for medical advice absolutely free.

## CANADA GETS \$1,500 TROPHY.

NATIONAL CORN EXPOSITION, AT COLUMBUS, OHIO, AWARDS TROPHY FOR PECK OF OATS GROWN IN SASKATCHEWAN.

Again Canada is to the fore, and has secured at the National Corn Exposition just closed at Columbus, Ohio, the magnificent Colorado silver trophy valued at \$1,500, for the best peck of oats. These oats were grown by Messrs. Hill & Son, of Lloydminster, Saskatchewan, and, as may readily be understood, were of splendid quality to have been so successful in a contest open to the world, and in which competition was keen. At the same Exposition there were exhibits of wheat and barley, and in all these competitions, the grain shown by Canada secured a wonderful amount of attention, and also a number of awards. During recent exhibitions at which grain from Western Canada was given permission for entry, it always took first place. At the Spokane Interstate Fair, last fall, where the entries were very large, and the competition keen, the Province of Alberta carried off the silver cup, given by Governor Hay, for the best state or province display, and a score of prizes was awarded Canadian exhibitors for different exhibits of wheat, oats and barley threshed and in the sheaf. Vegetables also received high awards. A pleasing feature of these exhibits was they were mostly made by farmers who had at one time been American Citizens and were now farming in Canada. The Department of the Interior is just in receipt of a magnificent diploma given by the Tri-State Board of Examiners at the Fair held in Cincinnati last fall for agricultural display by Canada.

The Surveyor-General of Canada has just completed a map showing that a large area of land was surveyed last year in the northern portion of Saskatchewan and Alberta in order to be ready for the rush of homesteaders to that district during the coming spring and summer. It is understood surveys covering several hundreds of thousands of acres will be made in addition to these during the coming summer.

A return just issued by the Dominion Lands Branch shows that 48,257 homestead entries were made last year as compared with 37,061 in 1909; of this 48,267, 14,704 were made by Americans. North Dakota coming first on the list with 4,810, Minnesota gives 4,528, South Dakota 1,133, Wisconsin 745, Washington 730, Michigan 706, Iowa 645, while other states show less, but with the exception of Delaware, District of Columbia and the Indian Territory, every state and territory contributed.

The prospects for an abundant crop in all parts of Western Canada for 1911 are said to be excellent. In the districts that required it there was an ample rainfall last autumn, and the snowfall during the present winter is greater than in many previous years. Both are essential factors to the farmers, who look upon the moisture that they will produce as being highly beneficial.

A large immigration from the United States is expected, and the demand for literature and information from the various Government Agencies located at different points in the States is the greatest it has ever been.

Since the above was written word has been received that in addition to honors won at Columbus, Ohio, Canada won first and second on wheat and first and second on oats, as well as diplomas.

Norman Cherry of Davis, Saskatchewan, who was in the reserve for first on wheat, secured the award, with G. H. Hutton of Lacombe, Alberta, second. J. C. Hill & Sons got first on oats besides the silver trophy. G. H. Hutton took second in oats.

