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THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE

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The proper shoes for men: shoes that look, fit, feel and wear right. Made of selected leather—leather that is best by every test. Correct in style. Made by the finest shoe makers, in the best equipped factory in existence.

MAYER HONORBILT shoes are "built on honor"—built for combined style and service—built for absolute satisfaction and lasting comfort. Biggest values you can ever hope to get for the money.

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FREE—If you will send us the name of a dealer who does not handle Mayer Honorbilt Shoes, we will send you free, postpaid, a handsome picture, size 15x20, of George Washington.

We also make Leading Lady Shoes, Martha Washington Comfort Shoes, Yerma Cushion Shoes, Special Merit School Shoes and Work Shoes.

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"The greatest need of the country (United States) in another generation or two will be the producing of wheat for its people and producing surplus wheat for the people of our continent."

"A wheat raising country is the country we want. Canada is to be the great wheat country."

This great wheat magnate is taking advantage of the situation by extending his railway building to the wheat fields of Western Canada.

Upwards of 125 Million Bushels of Wheat were harvested in 1909. Average of the three provinces of Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba will be upwards of 23 bushels per acre.

Free homesteads of 160 acres, and 160 acres of the choicest districts. Schools convenient, climate excellent, soil the very best, railroads close at hand, building lumber cheap, fuel easy to get and reasonable in price, water easily procured; mixed farming a success. Write us to best place for settlement, settlers low railway rates, descriptive literature, "Lost Best West" sent free on application, and other information to State of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to the following Canadian Gov't Agents: E. T. Holmes, 515 Jackson St., St. Paul, Minn.; J. M. MacLachlan, Box 117, Watertown, South Dakota. (Use address nearest you.)

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Baby Smiles—When He Takes PISO'S CURE

THE BEST MEDICINE FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

So pleasant that he likes it—and contains no opiates. There is nothing like it for Bronchitis, Asthma and all troubles of the throat and lungs. A Standard Remedy for half a century. All Druggists, 25 Cents.

Bad Breath

For months I had great trouble with my stomach and used all kinds of medicines. My tongue has been actually as green as grass, my breath having a bad odor. Two weeks ago a friend recommended Cascarets and after using them I can willingly and cheerfully say that they have entirely cured me. I therefore let you know that I shall recommend them to any one suffering from such troubles.—Chas. H. Halpern, 114 E. 7th St., New York, N. Y.

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sickens, Weakens or Gripe. 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C.C.C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back. 25c

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

A convenient and effective remedy for Coughs and Hoarseness, Inevitable in Bronchitis and Lung Troubles and after using them I can willingly and cheerfully say that they have entirely cured me. I therefore let you know that I shall recommend them to any one suffering from such troubles.—Chas. H. Halpern, 114 E. 7th St., New York, N. Y.

Price, 25 cents, 50 cents and \$1.00 per box. Sample mailed on request.

JOHN I. BROWN & SON, Boston, Mass.

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"Do you favor government ownership of railroads?"

"I don't know," answered Farmer Cortossel. "It 'ud be all right if we could allus be sure of sharin' profits, but I've got trouble enough with taxes without diggin' down to pay deficits."

—Washington Star.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County, ss

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(SEAL) A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

An Inference.

"I see the Eskimo women are dying off in large numbers this year."

"Alas! And has the craze for elbow sleeves struck the polar regions?"

A GOOD COUGH MIXTURE.

Simple Home-Made Remedy That Is Free from Opiates and Harmful Drugs.

An effective remedy that will usually break up a cold in twenty-four hours, is easily made by mixing together in a large bottle two ounces of Glycerine, a half-ounce of Virgin Oil of Pine compound pure and eight ounces of pure Whisky. This mixture will cure any cough that is curable, and is not expensive, as it makes enough to last the average family an entire year. Virgin Oil of Pine compound pure is prepared only in the laboratories of the Leach Chemical Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

If the Mississippi valley were as densely populated as Massachusetts, it would have 350,000,000 inhabitants.

Only One "BROMO QUININE"

That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used the world over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

The dowager Duchess of Abercorn, aged 92, has 150 descendants.

If You Are a Trifle Sensitive.

about the size of your shoes, many people wear smaller shoes by using Allen's Foot-Ease, the Antiseptic Powder to shake into the shoes. It cures Tired, Swollen, Aching Feet and gives rest and comfort. Just the thing for patent leather shoes. Sold everywhere, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Matter of Diet.

He—Boston girls seem to have an air of superior intelligence.

She—Oh, that's a matter of diet rather than of real knowledge. It isn't difficult for a Boston girl to know beans.

The Wand of Sleep OR The Devil-Stick

By the Author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," Etc.

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

"I shall explain, and it is lucky for you that Mrs. Dallas gave you permission to ask me for an explanation, otherwise I should have been forced, from a sense of honor, to hold my tongue. Mrs. Dallas fears that if Isabella marries anyone but David, her death will take place."

"Whose death? Isabella's or Mrs. Dallas'?"

"The latter. You must know, Maurice," continued the Major, "that Mrs. Dallas, though well born and well married, is an extremely ignorant woman. She was brought up mostly by Dido's grandmother, who was the most accursed old witch in Barbadoes. This old hag instilled into the mind of Mrs. Dallas all kinds of superstitions, in which she really believes. When the grandmother died Dido became nurse to Isabella, and private witch of the Dallas household. She is clever—wonderfully clever—and she has continued her grandmother's system of terrorizing both Mrs. Dallas and Isabella."

"Yes; I can see that, Uncle Jen, and it is for that reason I want to marry Isabella, and take her away before her mind is degraded further by that old fury."

"Well, the old fury sees what you want, my dear lad, and so she is determined that Isabella shall marry David and not you. To accomplish her aims she went through some hocuspocus and discovered that if Isabella marries you, Mrs. Dallas will die."

"And does Mrs. Dallas believe that rubbish?" asked Maurice, incredulously.

"Implicitly! I tell you she is ignorant and superstitious. Come what may, she is convinced that your marriage with Isabella means her own death; so you may rest assured, Maurice, that she will never, never accept you as her son-in-law."

"I understand," said Maurice, with a shrug. "It seems hopeless to contest this decision of a diseased and feeble mind. I can understand Dido stopping my marriage, as she wants to retain her sinful influence over Isabella; I can understand Mrs. Dallas, weak and silly, being dominated by this negro Jezebel; but I can't understand why David is chosen as the future son-in-law. If he marries Isabella, he will no more put up with Dido than I should have done."

"Of course not; I can't explain the reason," replied Jen, shaking his head. "But you know all that I know, Maurice; and you can see that it is hopeless for you to attempt to marry the girl."

"I'm not so sure of that," retorted Maurice; "I love Isabella, and come what may, I intend to make her my wife."

"But what about me?" said a voice outside the open window; "what about me?" And a moment later David, in dusty riding-dress, stepped into the room. He looked disturbed and angry, and his strongly marked face bore traces of agitation and haunting thoughts.

Disturbed by the unexpected appearance of David, and seeing from his expression that he was bent upon making himself disagreeable, Jen hastily interposed to prevent a quarrel between the two young men.

"What, David? back again!" he said, ignoring the question asked by Sarby. "So you did not stay to dinner?"

"No," replied David, shortly. "I didn't!" He flung himself into a chair and resumed in a significant tone, "Mrs. Brance didn't ask me, and if she had, I couldn't have accepted in this dress. Besides, I am not the man whom she delights to honor. Now, if Maurice had been there, Meg—"

"Don't couple my name with Meg's," interrupted Maurice, sharply. "You know quite well—"

"It's no use your assuming that innocent air, Maurice. You have not treated Meg well!"

"I have! How dare you say such a thing? Meg knew that I was in love with Isabella."

"Oh!" said David, with a sneer. "I overheard you arrange to marry her. But you'll never do that while I am alive, or Mrs. Dallas either. I told Mrs. Dallas that I loved Isabella, and she said that nothing would give her greater pleasure than to see us married."

"You shan't marry her!" cried Maurice, angrily rising.

"I shall!" said David, and rose also.

"Boys!" said Jen, annoyed at this quarrel, "do not be so positive. If you are both in love with the same woman, let the woman decide."

"She has decided!" said Aylmer, sharply. "She loves me."

"I don't care two straws about that," said David, coldly. "I have not spoken to her yet; but all the same I intend her to become my wife. I give you fair warning, Maurice, that you are not to peep upon my preserves."

"Your preserves. Confound your insolence!"

"Upon my word, David," said Jen, seeing that Maurice could hardly speak for rage, "you go too far. The girl loves Maurice and not you; and it would be much more honorable for you not to press your suit."

"I don't care two pints for honor, Major! I love Isabella, and I intend to marry her. But become the wife of Maurice she never shall; I'd rather see her married to Etwald."

"The third Richmond who is in the field," scoffed Maurice. "Well, he has good a chance as you. Dido supports his pretensions; Mrs. Dallas is

oddly enough, I hear, Etwald, that it was you who made her ill."

"Really!" said Etwald, quite self-possessed. "I suppose Mr. Aylmer told you so. I thought as much," he continued, as Jen nodded. "He saw me calming Dido's agitation when I arrived to ask Mrs. Dallas for her daughter's hand. This negress is hysterical, and on that day she happened to be so. I quieted her, yet Mr. Aylmer accuses me of having caused her illness."

"I don't know anything about it, Etwald; but truth to tell, Maurice does not like you!"

"Because I prophesied ill concerning him!"

"Oh, that was rubbish," said Jen, contemptuously. "You didn't mean it."

"Didn't I. Wait and see!"

After which Etwald bowed his visitor politely to the door of the gloomy old house which he occupied in Deanminster, and Jen returned home, quite baffled as to what could have become of the devil-stick. Maurice still held to his idea that Dido had taken the wand, but Jen's inquiries proved that the negress had not been out of the house on the night in question.

"Then it must have been Battersea!" said Maurice, decidedly. "He is a friend of Dido's and a pensioner of Isabella's. I'll find out if he stole the stick for the negress or for Dr. Etwald."

This was easier said than done, as Mrs. Dallas would not allow Maurice to set foot in the house. Still Maurice hoped to learn the truth from the tramp himself, a hope that proved futile also. Battersea had gone on one of his beggery excursions, and for quite a week was not seen in the neighborhood of "Ashantee." Then he suddenly made his appearance at the house, and asked to see Maurice. On being led into the hall, Aylmer came out to speak with him, and after a few words he took the old man into the library. Jen, who was rather curious to know what Maurice might learn from the disreputable old scamp, waited patiently for the termination of the interview. As Aylmer did not reappear, he sought the library, and found the young man alone.

"Where is Battersea?" asked Jen, glancing round. "What did he wish to see you about?"

"He heard that I accused him of taking the devil-stick," explained Maurice, "and came here to exculpate himself. He is quite innocent. He didn't take the devil-stick."

"Then who did?"

"I'll tell you that to-morrow."

"Why not to-night?" asked Jen, sharply.

"Because I have a suspicion, which I cannot prove at present. Battersea gave me a hint, upon which I am determined to work. To-night I may learn the truth!"

"From whom?"

"Don't ask me, Uncle Jen; I can't answer you yet."

"Well, just as you please, but you are as mysterious as David."

"Why, what about David?"

"Only this, that he has gone up to town without bidding me good-by, save in this short note. I can't understand such conduct."

"Nor I," said Maurice, stretching out his hand. "Please let me read the note, Uncle Jen. I wish to see precisely how it is worded."

The note which the Major handed over was curt to the verge of rudeness. It merely stated that the writer had gone away for a couple of days on business, and would be back as soon as possible. Maurice did not wonder that Jen was annoyed at receiving such a message from one whom he regarded in the light of a son.

"The fact is David has not been quite himself since this trouble about Isabella," he said, gravely, "and he thinks it best to go away for a time. You know how he tortures himself over trifles."

"This love business of you two young men is getting to be anything but a trifle," said Jen, testily. "What between the lot of you and Etwald, there seems to be nothing but trouble. I wish you'd marry the girl, Maurice, and have done with it."

(To be continued.)

TRIALS of the NEEDEMS

Did or that? WOMAN YOU ARE CERTAINLY DEVELOPING SYMPTOMS OF INFANITY

IN SIDE YOU ARE DEVELOPING SYMPTOMS OF INFANITY

MY DEAR YOU LOOK WORSE THAN I FEEL

NEXT DAY

RECOVERED THAT WHEN THE STOMACH AND LIVER ARE NOT RIGHT ONE FEELS BLUE AND STUPID. MUNYON'S COLD REMEDY CURES THE BILLS' KEEP ONE IN GOOD SPIRITS FOR LIFE



Munyon's Paw Paw Pills coax the liver into activity by gentle methods. They do not scour, gripe or weaken. They are a tonic to the stomach, liver and nerves; invigorate instead of weaken. They enrich the blood and enable the stomach to get all the nourishment from food that is put into it. These pills contain no calomel; they are soothing, healing and stimulating. For sale by all druggists in 10c and 25c sizes. If you need medical advice, write Munyon's Doctor. They will advise to the best of their ability absolutely free of charge. MUNYON'S, 524 and Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

Munyon's Cold Remedy cures a cold in one day. Price 25c. Munyon's Rheumatism Remedy relieves in a few hours and cures in a few days. Price 50c.

Fair, Fat and Tide-y.

A Kansan sat on the beach at Atlantic City watching a fair and very fat bather disporting herself in the surf. He knew nothing of tides and he did not notice that each succeeding wave came a little closer to his feet. At last an extra-high wave washed over his shoulders.

"Hey, there!" he yelled at the fair, fat bather. "Quit yer jumpin' up and down! D'y'e want to drown me?"—Everybody's.

FASHION HINTS



A striking model for an embroidered handkerchief linen, has a pointed over-skirt effect, cap sleeves and a most attractive waist that is "vesty" in design. The lower part of the skirt is laid in pleats.

A GOOD CHANGE

A Change of Food Works Wonders.

The wrong food and drink causes a lot of trouble in this world. To change the food is the first duty of every person that is ill, particularly from stomach and nervous troubles. As an illustration: A lady in Mo. has, with her husband, been brought around to health again by leaving off coffee and some articles of food that did not agree with them. They began using Postum and Grape-Nuts food. She says:

"For a number of years I suffered with stomach and bowel trouble which kept getting worse until I was very ill most of the time. About four years ago I left off coffee and began taking Postum. My stomach and bowels improved right along, but I was so reduced in flesh and so nervous that the least thing would overcome me."

"Then I changed my food and began using Grape-Nuts in addition to Postum. I lived on these two principally for about four months. Day by day I gained in flesh and strength until now the nervous trouble has entirely disappeared and I feel that I owe my life and health to Postum and Grape-Nuts."

"Husband is 73 years old and he was troubled, for a long time, with occasional cramps, and slept badly. Finally, I prevailed upon him to leave off coffee and take Postum. He had stood out for a long time, but after he tried Postum for a few days he found that he could sleep and that his cramps disappeared. He was satisfied and has never gone back to coffee."

"I have a brother in California who has been using Postum for several years; his whole family use it also because they have had such good results from it."

Look in pkgs. for the little book, "The Road to Wellville." "There's a Reason."

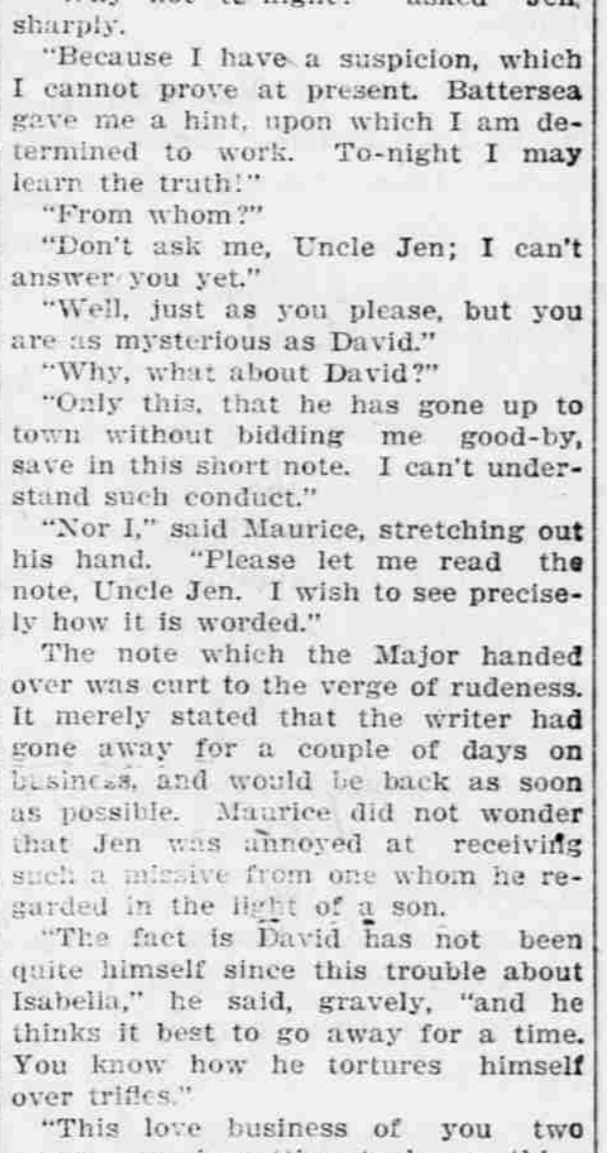
Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

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CHAPTER VIII.

So far the reader may wonder at the constituent elements of this story. African witchcraft, mysterious strangers, and barbaric women seem to be out of place when set in the sober framework of a provincial town. But romance is not dependent upon landscape or on surroundings of its occurrence; it is to be found everywhere, and very often in the most unlikely places. Here, for instance, by some trick of fate, certain people had come together, certain passions had been aroused, and now that the drama had been set in motion, it seemed likely that it would play itself out to a tragical conclusion.

For a whole week after the events already related, nothing new took place likely to alter the situation. Maurice and David remained coldly polite, and very watchful of one another; neither mentioned the name of Isabella, nor did the one or the other see the girl. Mrs. Dallas took care of that. Acting, no doubt, under the advice of Dido, she kept Isabella within doors and refused to allow her to communicate with Maurice. But, on the other hand, she did not force her to see David; and Isabella was thankful for the consideration.

But there was one visitor to The Wigwam whom Isabella would gladly have avoided—no less an individual than Dr. Etwald. After the violent scenes with Maurice, the widow so overtaxed her strength that she became ill, and the doctor was sent for. His mere presence appeared to soothe Mrs. Dallas, and he came frequently. When she could, Isabella absented herself; but this she was not able to do on all occasions, and so she had to endure his complimentary speeches and the mesmeric quality of his gaze. This last, especially, was a trial to one of her sensitive organization, and one day she felt so uncomfortable that she remonstrated with Etwald.

"You make me afraid, doctor," she said, impetuously. "Your gaze is disagreeable to me."

"My dear young lady," replied the man, blankly. "I must look at you when I address you."

"Then don't address me!"

"Isabella, do not be rude!" cried Mrs. Dallas, who had overheard this passage of arms; whereupon the girl, with a defiant glance at her tormentor, left the room.

"I'm sure I don't know what I'll do with Isabella," sighed Mrs. Dallas; "she is getting so disobedient."

"Perhaps I can assist you."

Mrs. Dallas looked uneasily at her medical attendant.

"No," she said, quietly. "I may persuade her into doing what I want."

"Which is to marry Mr. David Sarby," said Etwald, coolly. "In that case I can only hope that the young lady will continue obstinate, as I wish to marry her myself."

"I know—I know! But I don't want her to marry you, doctor. Mr. Sarby is the man for my daughter. He is good-looking and clever and—"

"And poor!" finished Etwald.

"Well, yes," assented Mrs. Dallas, "there is that objection. But it is not much of an obstacle, as Isabella has money. The young couple can live on three thousand a year."

Dr. Etwald went home with this sum running in his head, and more than ever he resolved to marry Isabella. He was in love with her, and would have taken her without a penny; all the same, it was all the better. The doctor was clever but poor, and with an income like that he could move to the metropolis and do great things. There were many schemes in Etwald's head, and certain of these he determined to put into execution at once, in order to secure Isabella for his wife.

Some time previously Major Jen had asked Etwald about the devil-stick, but only to be informed that the doctor knew nothing of the missing article.

"I have not set eyes on it since that night you showed it to me," declared Etwald, coolly. "You refused to sell it to me, so of course I gave up all idea of possessing it. All the same," finished he, politely, "I am sorry that it is lost."

"Lost! Stolen, you mean," growled Jen, tartly. "That negress—"

"Dido! Well, I admit that such a barbaric treasure would tempt her, the more particularly as she knows about such wizard instruments. Ask her if she took it."

"I have done so, and I have asked Mrs. Dallas also," replied Jen; "but it seems that Dido wasn't out of the house that night. She was ill—and