

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...

Not only has money been invested largely in Western Canada by the Holland Banks...

During the past few years a recent visit into Canada from the United States...

Most of these people have gone to the farms, and it is no far look to the time when the prophecy will be fulfilled...

Character by William Johnston Illustrations by Yl. Barnes

SYNOPSIS.

Harding Kent called Louis Parrish to propose marriage and finds the house in a state of confusion...

"Now for the daily cash-drawer," suggested the constable. "Let's see he's taken any of the cash."

"That's just what I'm supposed to do," said Miss Cox. "How are you going to tell me I go over these books and see how much there ought to be?"

"There was nothing to do but wait, and it was perhaps half an hour before she completed her report..."

"What's that there at the back of the drawer, asked the constable, paying no attention to her remark."

"The drawer, one of those heavy wooden affairs with a circular top for silver, had been pulled out almost to its utmost length..."

"What was a poor country postmaster on six hundred dollars a year do with two thousand dollars carelessly concealed thus?"

"So, Davis," I concluded, "you see that every new clue points to Hugh Crandall."

"The post office inspector sniffed. "What have they done with the dead woman's clothes?" he asked.

"I want to see them at once," I had been anxious about the missing feeling of triumph, to tell him the startling developments of the mystery since I had left him on the boat...

"While we waited for it summarized as briefly as I could the new features of the case, beginning with my finding the post office inspector, missing from Lock Box 17, the suicide of the woman, the calling up of the bridgeport police, the testimony of the maid that the woman had been crying over a yellow letter, the discovery of the five thousand dollars in new hundred-dollar bills in the drawer, the coincidence in the initials of Cook and Crandall that had attracted my attention to the missing letter, the discovery of the letter, the head of a hand of someone who were defrauding the government...

"What's he doing spending it for?" "I noticed him the other day wearing a big diamond in his pocket watch and he's a gold repeater watch and he's a horse and he's at the lively stable and going off for drives in the evening..."

"Maybe he met with an accident on his drive." "Maybe, but I don't believe it likely. A fellow that can get along with women can get along with horses..."

edge of her father's plight, too, might have driven her to try suicide. Old Elmer possibly was one of the gang's dupes or agents who saw exposure come through Katharine and took her, and feared to face it. The one flaw in my theory, it seemed to me, was that it in no way accounted for the second woman's suicide, and in spite of Davis' prophecy that there would be more suicides, I was inclined to believe that perhaps, after all, it was only a coincidence. Learning her identity, I did not regard as half so important as to locate Crandall. I almost wished that I had gone in pursuit of him alone. I would have felt an unshy joy in rounding him up single-handed, while Davis followed otherwise. I felt considerably annoyed that Davis apparently was more interested in learning who the woman's suicide, and in spite of Crandall's whereabouts.

"I have no idea what they have done with the clothes," I said almost crossly. "I suppose they are still in the room. The inquest was adjourned until tomorrow morning. Maybe they have been taken to the undertaker's. He came through Katharine and took her body away. I forgot to tell you that Crandall called up the Parrish house this morning and asked for Katharine—right from this very hotel."

"What did he say?" he asked apathetically. "I repeated the conversation with Louise word for word as she had told it to me."

"That," said I, "is a definite evidence that Crandall, the man whose name is put, was here in the place where you sent me—here under an assumed name. What greater proof of guilt can you have, unless it is actual confession?"

"The man you suspect," he corrected, "is not a suspect, turning abruptly to the water, who had entered before she completed her report."

"Tell the proprietor to come up here at once," he said, "and tell him to bring with him the garments worn by the woman who killed herself."

"If I had seen William Williams such an order I am positive he would have paid no attention to it, but Davis was obeyed. So quickly that it almost seemed as if Williams had been lying in wait for the order to come down the door of the landlord and skirt the woman had worn. Perhaps it was something in Davis' authoritative manner."

"There's no use in your looking those over," I said. "They were carefully examined today, and there is not a mark on them. The only clue is the letter 'S' on two black-bordered handkerchiefs, and a return ticket to Bridgeport. She signed her name as Mary Jane Teller, but there is none of the Bridgeport Tellers who answered her father's plight, too, might have driven her to try suicide."

was even aware that I had spoken with a small pocket tape measure he was taking the various dimensions of the coat and skirt. He turned up the length of the latter and inspected it as carefully as if he expected to find name written there. He did the same thing first with one sleeve and then with the other. "Where on the telephone?" he asked.

"Both the landlord and I answered him affirmatively. "Where on the telephone?" he asked. "I want to call long distance."

"There was a note of excitement in his voice, showing that he had believed himself on the verge of some discovery, though what it was I could not imagine. He dashed away to the telephone, the landlord following. I ate my supper alone and waited. Just as I was finishing he came back into the room, apparently indifferent to the fact that everything had grown cold in the half-hour he was absent."

"Well," I said indignantly, "you do learn anything?" He nodded and calmly finished drinking his cold coffee. "Expectantly I sat there, waiting for him to go on. He seemed not to notice my impatience, though it must have been apparent, and waited until he had pushed back his chair and lit a cigarette. He always rolled his own, and never before had I realized something as irritating as operating a rolling cigarette can be made. It seemed to me that he was taking it entirely unnecessary pains to have the ends twisted just so. Finally I could not brook no further delay, and burst out with: "Well, what have you discovered, Mr. Inspector?"

"I supposed that he might have obtained a clue to where the woman's garments had been manufactured, some day 'bread by which he hoped to run her identity to earth. Little was I prepared for the startling discovery he volunteered at me, so rarely, so concretely put that I could not doubt the accuracy of his information."

"The woman was Sarah Sackett, spinster, she lived on a little farm just outside Bridgeport with her brother Robert, who is somewhat older than she. They inherited the farm from their parents and have lived there all their lives. The brother is employed as a cashier in a little country bank about two miles away. Every morning he drives into Bridgeport and takes the train. When his sister left, two days ago, he came with her to the station, he evidently is not aware of her death, though he seems greatly worried over her absence. He prepared her for the morning."

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The Stomach Is the Target. Aim to make that strong—aid digestion good—and you will keep well! No medicine is stronger than its weakest link. No man is stronger than his stomach. If stomach disordered a train of diseases follow.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Pray always; but don't let go of the plowhandles.

Mr. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children. Does a woman feel glad or sorry when she cries at a wedding?

CURES BURNS AND CUTS. Cures Carbuncles, the pain instantly. Probably Pries Growth. A grocery butcher, who had watched the price of porthouse steak...

No Strangers Allowed. Frank Hitchcock, the postmaster general of the United States, takes the deepest interest in even the smallest details of the postal service.

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

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

NO MEDICINE. But Change of Food Gave Final Relief. Most diseases start in the alimentary canal—stomach and bowels.

Shantymen of East Canada. Struven, Glean and Virile Type. That He Had Not Changed in Seventy Years.

Manitoba. For Grain Growing and Cattle Raising. Manitoba produces more than one quarter of the grain raised in the Dominion.

LIVE STOCK AND MISCELLANEOUS. Electrotypes. In GREAT VARIETY FOR SALE AT THE LOWEST PRICES BY WESTERN NEWS PAPER UNION.

GATLIN THREE DAY CURE For Drink and Drug Habit. Thousands cured. Safe, sure, and permanent.

Readers of this paper desiring to buy anything advertised in its columns should insist upon having their ads. for refusing all substitutes or imitations.



NOT NEW. Delay—By the way, Frank, that's a lovely waistcoat you have. New, isn't it? Frank—No. This—Strange; I never saw it before. Frank—That's because my brother never called on you.

The Crooked Way. District Attorney Whitman of New York, according to the Washington Star, was talking about the sale of a western banker who had stolen a great sum from the depositors.

Built Her Own Home. Miss Frances Lyon of Westwood has the distinction of being the only woman in New England who lives in a house literally built with her own hands.

Thin Bits of Corn Toasted to a delicate Light Brown—Post Toasties. To be eaten with cream and sugar, or served with canned fruit poured over.

Post Toasties. To be eaten with cream and sugar, or served with canned fruit poured over. "The Memory Lingers" Postum Cereal Co. Ltd. Postum Cereal, Mich.



She Reached into the Slit and Brought Out a Neat Pair of One-Hundred Dollar Bills.

swers her description, nor are any of them missing. I found out all that it is not, but the same that Davis was paying little attention to my conversation. I doubted if he

sumably expected her to return later for, he waited over several trials this morning he was asking the station agent if he had seen her. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

It gained that those of the early lumbering days were of the rough and most formidable character—physical giants, with whom the shantymen of eastern Canada, by no means inferiorly contrasted. From truer, though less romantic, sources, it is found, however, that those old bushwhackers could not chop more logs in a given time than the present day lumbermen.

A Reasonable Explanation. "Well, my little man, have you any little brothers?" "No." "And little sisters?" "No." "Aren't you sorry?" "No." "Why aren't you sorry?" "Cause my box of strawberries is hardly enough to go round in our family now."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Painful, Knotted, Swollen Veins, Aching Limbs, Rheumatism, Old Sores, Ulcers. It is healing, soothing, strengthening and invigorating—always pain and inflammation promptly, germicide and antiseptic.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mrs. R. D. Remler, R. D. No. 1, Federal, Kan., had enlarged veins that finally broke, causing considerable loss of blood.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Cures Burns and Cuts. Cures Carbuncles, the pain instantly. Probably Pries Growth.

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