The Yellow Letter

by William Johnston

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Illustrations by Yl. Barnes

SYNOPSIS.

Harding Kent calls on Louise Farrish to announce marriage and finds the house in great excitement over the attempted suicide of her sister Katharine. Kent starts an investigation and finds that Hugh Crandall, suitor for Katherine, who had been forbidden the house by General Farrish, had talked with Katharine over the telephone just before the shot. A torn piece of yellow paper is found, at sight of which General Farrish is stricken with paralysis. Kent discovers that Crandall has left town hurriedly. Andrew Elser, an aged banker, commits suicide about the same time as Katharine attempted her life. A yellow envelope is found in Elser's room. Post Office Inspector Davis, Kent's friend, takes up the case. Kent is convinced that Crandall is at the bottom of the mystery. Katharine's strange outcry puzzles the detectives. Kent and Davis search Crandall's room and find an address, Lock Box 17, Ardway, N. J. Kent goes to Ardway to investigate and becomes suspicious of a Henry Cook, who likewise commits suicide at the Ardway Hotel. A yellow letter also figures in this case. Kent calls Louise on the long distance telephone and finds that she had just been called by Crandall from the same booth "Cook" disappears. The Ardway postmaster is missing. Inspector Davis arrives at Ardway and takes up the investigation. He discovers that a strange woman is Sarah Beckett of Bridgeport. Louise telephones Kent, inquiring him to drop the investigation. Kent returns to New York to get an explanation from Louise. He finds the body of a woman in Central Park and more yellow letters. He warns Crandall, whom he recognizes as "Cook," enter the Farrish home. Louise again implores Kent to drop the investigation and refuses to give any explanation. Later Kent sees Crandall and Louise in an automobile. Kent returns to Ardway.

CHAPTER XI—(Continued).

"Let me see," she continued, "it was a week ago Tuesday—no, it was Wednesday, for I went over to my sister's Tuesday and Mr. Rouser left word for me, and I found it waiting for me when I came back. He asked me to come over and take the office for the day. I was surprised when I come over here to open up to find him here, for I understood that he was going to be gone all day. He explained that he didn't have to go till after the mail was in, and he stayed here and helped me sort. There was a lot of mail that day, people round here are great for answering advertisements and getting circulars. Besides that some of them get-rich-quick concerns have got hold of our telephone subscribers' book and there's always a lot of mining stock letters. There was no less than four good sized bundles of letters from New York. Rouser was starting the letters and I was handling the second class and the papers. I got through with that and picked up the last bundle of letters. In it was no less than six letters addressed to Lock Box 17. 'Seventeen's rented at last,' says I, thinking it funny that I didn't know the name on them, Henry Malcolm Stewart. Who's got it? I'll take charge of them,' says he, taking the letters right out of my hand before I had a chance to look at the postmarks or anything. I noticed, too, that he didn't put them in the box, but jammed them into his pocket along with a lot of other letters he had. I couldn't say who the other letters was addressed to, for I didn't get a chance to see them. They might have been his own, for all I know. But I couldn't help thinking that the only reason he'd waited till the mail was distributed was to get hold of them Lock Box 17 letters. As soon as he got them he went away, and he didn't come back till after closing time."

"Have you any idea where he went?"

"When I come over here that day I supposed he was going to the city, but a few minutes after he left the office I saw him driving past in one of the livery rigs."

"Which direction did he go?" I asked, feeling more and more sure that I had struck the right trail. In all probability this young fellow in the post-office was merely an innocent tool of Crandall. He had driven off somewhere to meet Crandall and give him the Lock Box 17 letters, for I was convinced that Stewart was merely an alias of the villain who had been sending out the yellow letters. If I could learn where the postmaster had gone on this visit, I might be able to find him now.

"Every time Charlie Rouser goes driving," said Miss Cox, "he always goes that way," indicating the opposite direction from the station. "I shouldn't be surprised in the least if he was keeping company with some farmer's daughter."

A sudden light came into her eyes and a smile of satisfaction spread over her face.

"Land alive, I never thought of it before," she exclaimed, "but I'd bet anything he's gone off to get married."

"Hardly likely," said I. "He wouldn't go off and leave the office unguarded without telling any one. And he wouldn't leave five thousand dollars lying there in the drawer."

"That's just what he would do. I'll bet he had a windfall of some sort and the minute he got the money in his hands he just couldn't wait to go and tell the girl."

"Somebody would have known it if he got a horse at the livery stable, would they not?"

"Oh, that's neither here nor there. He might have gone on his bicycle. He generally keeps it over there in the corner, and it ain't there now."

"It might be up at his boarding-house."

"It might be," said Miss Cox.

It came to me that if Davis had thought it worth while to go to the Widow Smith's to make inquiries, it might be worth my while, too. After asking Miss Cox for directions, I told her I was going to see if Rouser's wheel was missing, and made my way up one of the side streets to the boarding-house. Davis' visit evidently had ruffled the widow. I found her disposed to be communicative but a trifle uncommunicative as well.

"If you're another of those detective men coming prying around here," she said, "you might just as well get out. I've said all I'm going to say, and that's all there is to it."

"Please don't mistake me for a detective," I said as pleasantly as I could. "I'm—a—friend of Miss Cox down to the post-office and we were wondering whether Charlie had taken his bicycle when he went away, and Miss Cox thought you might know."

"If you're a friend of Jennie Cox," said Mrs. Smith, "I guess I'd be likely to know it, being her own cousin and knowing as well as I know my own face that she hasn't had a man friend for eleven years, since Aleck Thompson died. As for Charlie Rouser going away on his bicycle, I don't know nothing about it. All I know is his wheel ain't there, but he never kept it here anyway. He always kept it down to the post-office."

With that she slammed the door in my face, but I went away well satisfied. As I walked down the dusty length of the so-called street toward the hotel I reviewed all I had learned and was delighted to think how amazed Davis would be when I presented my facts gathered in the last twenty-four hours, which were these: Hugh Crandall was aware that we were on his trail.

Unable to learn anything from Louise over the telephone, he had dared to go to the Farrish home.

He had so intimidated Louise that she had asked me to withdraw at once from the inquiry.

Acting on her fears, he had persuaded her to accompany him to some place in New Jersey.

Lock Box 17 was used for the mail of some one who had taken the alias of Henry Malcolm Stewart.

All the mail that came to that address was taken care of by Charlie Rouser, the postmaster.

Rouser was in the habit of going at frequent intervals either on his bicycle or in a buggy out on the road that led away from the station.

Rouser, when he disappeared, undoubtedly had gone away on his bicycle.

Everything, to my mind, pointed to his having gone to meet Crandall.

How to account for the fact that Rouser had not returned was still a poser to me, but as I reviewed Crandall's connection with the chain of persons who had been driven to death I found myself believing that it was not at all out of the range of possibility for Crandall to have made away with Rouser for fear of betrayal. From all I had learned about the missing postmaster, I was convinced that he was weak rather than vicious, and I felt that he probably was an innocent party to the nefarious plot of the yellow letters. Davis' story that it was a crime of two persons, after all, was only a theory. When the mystery was cleared up I was positive that the only criminal who would be uncovered would be Hugh Crandall. I shuddered as I recalled that Louise even now was somewhere with him, not exactly alone, to be sure, for the car was driven by her chauffeur, but still it was a most disconcerting thought.

As I approached the hotel I saw a buggy stop before it, the occupants of which were Davis and the constable. As Davis dismounted I heard him say to the constable:

"Tonight at eight."

"I'll be on hand, you bet," said the constable as he drove off.

I quickened my steps and overtook Davis just as he started up the stairs to his room.

"I've got some great news for you," I whispered and went on up with him.

The minute he got into the room he flung himself on the bed, as if utterly worn out, and lighted a cigarette. I had expected that he would be eager to question me but that did not seem to be the case. He lay there with eyes half closed as if unaware of my presence.

Annoyed as I was at his seeming indifference, I was sure that when I told him my amazing news about Crandall and my discoveries about the postmaster he would be effectually aroused. I took it for granted that his mood was due to despondency over his failure to find either of them.

"I have seen Hugh Crandall twice, no, three times today," I said by way of beginning, "and I have found out how Rouser went when he left the post office."

"Yes," he said absent-mindedly.

"What's more," I cried impatiently, "I know who had Lock Box No. 17. I know what was done with the mail that came to that address."

Davis, without answering me, reached for another cigarette, lighting it from the butt he had been smoking. His nonchalant indifference irritated me, my nerves and I lost my temper.

"Confound it, Kent," he said with considerable asperity, "I was so busy thinking out something I really didn't hear what you said. Sit down and tell me all about it."

Mollified by his apology, I sat down on the foot of the bed and told him the story of my day, how I had seen a man going into the Farrish home and had recognized him later as Hugh Crandall, or at least as the man who had registered at the hotel as Cook; how I had been barred from the house; how I had discovered another yellow-letter suicide in the park; how, when I returned to the Farrish home after Crandall had left, Louise had told me of the theft of the scrap of yellow paper from her desk; how she had left me to go off in her automobile after insisting that I drop the investigation; how I had seen her again, crossing the ferry with Crandall in the machine; how I had returned to Ardway and had learned that Lock Box 17 was held in the name of Henry Malcolm Stewart; how the missing postmaster himself had been in the habit of putting the mail that came to that address into his own pocket and getting off with it, and finally, how Miss Cox and I had determined that when he disappeared he had gone off on his bicycle.

"From all I have learned," I said in conclusion, "I am convinced that Rouser was the tool—in all probability the innocent tool—of Hugh Crandall in carrying out his nefarious schemes. Crandall apparently had him take the Lock Box 17 mail to some agreed meeting-place. It would not surprise me in the least if Crandall, finding himself in danger of exposure, had made away with the postmaster. I am convinced that Crandall is aware that he is being watched. In his desperation he had the hardihood to visit the Farrish home and to abstract that fragment of the yellow letter, lest it should be used as evidence against him. I am convinced, too, that he has succeeded in terrorizing Louise by the same methods that he used with her sister, so that she is trying to dissuade me from pursuing Crandall. Rouser, when he left the post office, went away on his wheel on the road that leads from the station. If you follow that road with me, perhaps we can find him. Pretty good for one day's work, don't you think?"

"Not bad," said Davis, 'if only you would not persist in mistaking your own deductions for facts; but you overlooked the most important fact."

"What do you mean?"

"You didn't happen to find out from Miss Cox or from the Widow Smith, did you, whether or not the missing postmaster was left-handed?"

"What's that got to do with it?" I cried, convinced that as usual he was amusing himself at my expense.

"Much more than you think," he answered gravely. "It was the knowledge that the criminal must, or at least one of the pair, must have been a left-handed man that gave me one of the most important clues in this case."

"Confound you and your clues!" I exclaimed. "Where have they led you? What more do you know about this chain of crime than when we started?"

He listened unruffled to my tirade and as I finished remarked calmly:

"I only know this much: Constable Dodds and I are going out at eight o'clock tonight to arrest the missing postmaster and his accomplice. I know where they both are, or where they will be tonight. You may come with us if you wish. And now I am going to get a couple of hours' sleep. I expect we will have a rather busy night of it."

As he concluded his amazing statement he rolled over on his side and closed his eyes, and in a few seconds was apparently fast asleep.

CHAPTER XII.

The Ride in the Dark.

Not since my early boyhood has the terrible fear of darkness come over me as it did that night at eight as the three of us set out from Ardway. The mystery of the journey, too, added to its terrors. I had not seen Davis after his startling announcement of his nocturnal mission until he came into the hotel dining-room for supper. And through the meal he had laughed and chatted on all sorts of immaterial subjects, influenced undoubtedly by the fact that there were several others seated at the table with us. There had been no opportunity for private conversation between us before we left, the hotel together a little before eight for a side street where Dodds, the constable, was waiting for us with a vehicle.

We had lingered at the table until all the others had left. Just as we got up, Davis turned to me and in a hardly perceptible tone asked:

"Have you got that revolver I gave you?"

"It's up-stairs," I answered, in the same undertone. "Do you want it?"

"No," he said significantly, touching his hip pocket, "but you may."

I hastened up-stairs to get the weapon and when I returned he was waiting for me at the door and hurried me around the corner and into the buck-board. With Dodds crowded in between us we drove along the street leading away from the station, and soon struck what is locally known as the Plank Road, skirting a chain of hills which the residents dignify by the name of mountains. So precipitous and rocky are these that little effort had been made to cultivate them and the habitations are few and far between. There seemed to be practically no travel at night. We encountered only one vehicle of any sort, and that was about two miles out from Ardway, when we heard an automobile in the distance behind us.

"Turn out," whispered Davis to Dodds, "and stop until it has passed us."

The constable drew in under the shade of some trees. It was pitch dark, the only light coming from an ancient lantern hung over the dashboard. As the automobile came nearer Davis unhooked the lantern and holding it down between his legs shielded it with the folds of a long raincoat he was wearing. The automobile dashed by us, apparently unaware of our presence.

"All right," said Davis, as soon as it had vanished in the distance, "go on."

Dodds drove on in silence for perhaps two miles farther. We passed a little stone cottage nestling in a clearing under the hill.

"It's just beyond here?" said Davis, a note of inquiry in his voice.

"Yep," said the constable, "Miller's Lane, they call it."

Though in my city eyes there was no sign of a road, Dodds, about three hundred yards beyond the cottage, pulled the horse sharply to the right and we began ascending a rocky lane that led almost straight up the hill.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The First Cable.

The laying down of the first intercontinental cable was begun in 1857. The vessels—two American and two British, laid 300 miles of the cable, when it snapped, and the attempt was put off until 1858. In August of that year the junction between the two continents was completed by the laying down of 2,050 miles of cable from Valentia, Ireland, to Newfoundland.

The Minute He Got Into the Room He Flung Himself on the Bed.

His Sympathies With Elk

Somewhat Natural, Since Animal Rescued Engineer From Extremely Awkward Position.

A curious story of adventure comes from Montana. While a freight train was lying over at a small mountain station, the engineer borrowed a shotgun and started out for a short hunt. Finding nothing, he was returning to the train when a cow came running at him, and before he realized his danger, she tossed him in the air.

Getting to his feet as quickly as possible, he scrambled behind a tree, and then, to his dismay, found that the gun barrel was bent so as to be useless. The next ten minutes were very lively ones, while the cow chased the engineer round and round the tree. Just when he was about to succumb from fatigue, an angry snort was heard, and a big elk appeared upon the scene, head down and prepared for a fight.

So was the cow, and in another moment the two animals dashed at each other. The engineer watched the combat for a few minutes, until prudence suggested that he should make a retreat as soon as he could. He regained the train in safety, and never know the outcome of the battle, but he hopes the elk was the victor.

BREEDING AND GROWING OF CATTLE FOR MARKET IS MOST PROFITABLE TO FARMER

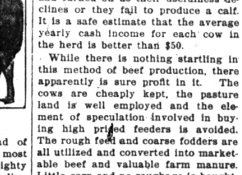
Corn Silage Has Been Important Factor in Process of Making Calves Into Beef—Rough Feed and Coarse Fodders All Are Converted Into Marketable Meat and Farm Manure.

Prize Winning English Shorthorn.

While the shrewd buyer and careful feeder of beef cattle may secure a profit from feeding cattle, good, bad or indifferent that he may be able to pick up about the country, it is not likely that he will succeed in even turning off a load of market topping beeves from such stock. Cattle that can be bought up about the country are usually of the lower grades and seldom return a profit to their producers, though, as stated before, the man who buys them and finishes them for the market may secure a profit from them, says a writer in the Wisconsin Agriculturist. The man who desires to turn off market topping cattle or those coming close to the top prices must breed and grow such cattle himself.

Frank B. Beath of Corning, Iowa, is one of the men in the beef business who breeds and grows his cattle and turns them off in the open market at high figures. Every year for the past five years he has fed out a bunch of Hereford calves of his own raising. In a recent interview with Rex Beresford, beef specialist of the Iowa Beef Producers' association, Mr. Beath said: "We used to feed older cattle and depended on buying them any place we could pick them up. Five years ago we got disgusted with the quality of the stuff we were able to buy. Occasionally we got a good load, but the stuff we could pick up here and there was mostly tag end, scrubby stuff that did poorly for us and never looked good even when it made us money. We made up our minds we would have good feeders, even if we had to raise them."

According to the Iowa beef specialist, the Beath farm consists of 266 acres. One hundred and twenty acres of this is bottom land, partly wooded



Devon Bull.

and traversed by a creek—land of little use save for pasture, but most excellent for that purpose. On eighty acres of this blue grass the breeding herd is maintained during the pasture season. The rest of the year they spend cleaning up the stalk fields, straw, corn fodder and other rough feed of the farm, together with some corn silage. They get little or no grain, but convert the coarse feeds of the farm into beef and valuable manure.

During the last five years the calf crop from the breeding herd has averaged nearly 90 per cent. The calves are dropped from April to June on pasture. They are fed on grain during the summer, but run with their dams on the blue grass, where they grow mossy coated, thick and "baby fat." They are weaned in October, after first being taught what grain is. After weaning they have a pasture that has been allowed to grow since their predecessors were sold in June, all to themselves. Here they get corn and cob meal, enough to keep the calf fat in place and add to it a little each day. At this stage Mr. Beath has added each year to his bunch of "home grown" what calves of quality he could pick up in the neighborhood. All are fed well and kept coming until cold weather commences and pasture is gone.

For the first two years corn and cob meal, clover hay, corn fodder, and cotton seed meal were depended upon to continue the process of making the calves into beef. Money was made on that basis, but for the last three years corn silage has been an important factor in producing this result. About December 1 the silo is opened and from then on until grass comes again the calves get about all the silage they will eat. Indeed they eat more even after grass comes. The daily silage ration is from twelve to fifteen and sometimes as high as eighteen pounds. With the silage they eat from five to six pounds a day of corn and cob meal, until along in March when the corn is gradually increased to as high as eleven pounds a day. Some cotton seed meal is also fed toward the close of the feeding period, beginning at half a pound of the meal per head and gradually increasing to a pound and a half a day.

Usually at marketing time, which comes in June, there are two loads of calves to ship. They weigh around 800 pounds at from eleven to thirteen months of age. During the past five years they have gone below the $50 mark but once (1911). They have averaged better than $50 a head for the five years. Every year they have made a profit.

Many of the breeding cows are still young, growing as well as producing. The older cows are fatted and turned off as their usefulness declines or they fail to produce a calf. It is a safe estimate that the average yearly cash income for each cow in the herd is better than $50.

While there is nothing startling in this method of beef production, there apparently is sure profit in it. The cows are cheaply kept, the pasture land is well employed and the element of speculation involved in buying high priced feeders is avoided. The rough feed and coarse fodders are all utilized and converted into marketable beef and valuable farm manure. Little corn and no roughage is bought. All the crops are raised on the farm and fed there so that little fertility is lost from the farm and the cost of marketing of the farm products is reduced to the minimum. Little hired labor is necessary. Hogs follow the cattle and consume the waste of the cattle feeding and make extra profit and the farm is growing more productive. When the methods and results of some of the most successful beef producers are studied it looks as if there is money after all in producing beef on high priced land and those of our Wisconsin farmers who do not want to go into dairying, who have farms adapted to beef production, need not let the high priced land argument disturb them in the least about getting into beef raising at once.

EXCELLENT FEED FOR ALL POULTRY

Packing Firms Manufacture and Sell Large Quantities of Prepared Scraps.

(By M. BERNARD.)

The most successful poultrymen feed some kind of animal food to their chickens of all ages and conditions. In the wild state birds secure both vegetable and animal foods. Eggs and worms supply the animal food, and seeds and other vegetable growth the vegetable food. The animal portion of the food is always a necessity for normal maturity and good egg laying.

So essential is animal matter in the poultry feeds that the packing firms manufacture and sell large quantities of prepared beef scraps and ground bone, which are sold very widely over the country. Those who use them find that it pays very well. It has been found both experimentally and by practical tests that sweet milk, sour milk, buttermilk—in fact, milk in any form—contains all the elements found in other forms of animal matter.

Milk contains all that beef scraps and green cut bone does, but in a more diluted form, and it is highly digestible, and no digestive troubles arise from either old or young chickens consuming large quantities of it.

Everyone who keeps cows and poultry on the same farm will find it profitable to preserve all the milk for feeding the flock and dispose only of butter fat. It is the best animal food that can be given to them. Give all the chickens all the milk they will drink. It will do them no harm.

Another Big Record.

One of the interesting exhibits of the dairy department of the Missouri College of Agriculture at the state fair was the daughter of "Josephine," with a greater record than that of her mother at the same age.

Feeding for Eggs.

In feeding chickens for eggs the hens should be given green food at midday, such as chopped alfalfa, clover, rape, sprouted oats or kale. A third of the food of fowls should be of this character. An hour before sunset the birds should have a feed of wheat, cracked corn or other good grain. Bran should be available in self-feeders at all times; its value is already due to its phosphorus content. The morning ration should consist of ground grains to which a third in bulk of chopped green food should be added; this mixed with a little bran makes a ration of high feeding value. Single-test each pullet before using for breeding purposes. If they prove to be good layers they are worth a lot of money; if they are poor layers they should go to the kitchen.

Calendar of Crimes.

Weedicide is on the calendar of crimes, but to judge by the looks o some farms this is not as widely known as it should be.

WAS WILLING TO REPEAT IT

Bright Youth's Phrase of Gratitude Paid for and Well Worthy of Repetition.

He was a most intelligent youth, and while going through the basement at the works he noticed that something was wrong with the machinery. He at once gave the alarm, and prevented what might have been a serious accident. The circumstance was reported to the head of the firm, before whom the lad was summoned.

"You have done me a great service, my lad," said the genial chief, "and in future your wages will be increased by two shillings a week."

"Thank you, sir," said the bright little fellow, "I will do my best to be a good servant to you."

"That's the right spirit, my lad," he remarked encouragingly. "In all the years that I have been in business no one has ever thanked me in that way. I will make the increase three shillings. Now, what do you say to that?"

"Well, sir," replied the lad, smilingly, "would you mind if I said it again?"

ITCHING AND BURNING

Iberia, Mo.—"I was troubled with scalp eczema for about five years and tried everything I heard of, but all of no avail. The doctors told me I would have to have my head shaved. Being a woman, I hated the idea of that. I was told by a friend that the Cuticura Remedies would do me good. This spring I purchased two boxes of Cuticura Ointment and one cake of Cuticura Soap. After using one box of Cuticura Ointment I considered the cure permanent, but continued to use it to make sure and used about one-half the other box. Now I am entirely well. I also used the Cuticura Soap.

"The disease began on the back of my head, taking the form of a ringworm, only more severe, rising to a thick, rough scale that would come off when soaked with oil or warm water, bringing a few hairs each time, but in a few days would form again, larger each time, and spreading until the circle back of the head was covered with the scale. This was accompanied by a terrible itching and burning sensation. Now my head is completely well and my hair growing nicely." (Signed) Mrs. Geo. F. Clark, Mar. 25, 1912.

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.

NATURALLY.

Floorwalker—How's business been today in that "Blond Hair Dye?" Clerk—Fair.

Where Autos Are Barred.

Prince Edward island bars automobiles, not because the islanders cannot afford the machines, but because of accidents caused by the recklessness of drivers who brought in the first cars. They caused many runaways, and a few had tragic endings. The legislature at once passed a law barring autos from the island. Some of the leading cities have since endeavored to have the enactment repealed, but the country influence has always been strong enough to overcome all such efforts.

Scarce as Hen's Teeth.

Mr. Crimsonbeak—That bachelor friend of mine is looking for a partner for his joys and sorrows.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—Well, it seems to me he's a long time about it.

"Yes; you see he's looking for a silent partner."

Accounting for It.

"What makes Jaggs so chesty?"

"The only thing I can think of is that he lives in a house with a swell front."

Don't buy water for bluing. Liquid blue is almost all water. Buy Red Cross Ball Blue, the blue that's all blue. Adv.

But a tip doesn't always come to the man who waits.

CANADA'S OFFERING TO THE SETTLER

THE AMERICAN RUSH TO WESTERN CANADA IS INCREASING

GO ACROSS FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE

Free Homesteads in Western Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, 160 acres each to the head of family or male over 18 years of age. Entry duties may be performed by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

EXCELLENT RAILWAY FACILITIES

By many routes the railways in Canada have been built in advance of settlement, and in a short time there will not be a settler who need be more than ten or twelve miles from a line of railway. Railway fares are regulated by Government Commission.

Social Conditions

The American Settler is at home in Western Canada. He is not a stranger in a strange land. Having nearly a million of his own people in that Dominion there, if you desire to know why the continuous stream of immigration to Canada prospers write and send for information to the

M. V. McInnes,
176 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.
Canadian Government Agent, or Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada.

PISO'S REMEDY
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists.
FOR COUGHS AND COLDS