CANADA WINS AGAIN

This Time at the International Soil Products in Oklahoma.

Last year and the year before, and the year before then, the farm products of Western Canada carried off first premiums, championships and honours, together with medals and diplomas, feats that were likely to give a swelled head to any other people than those who had so much more behind. At Columbus, Ohio, and then again at Columbia, North Carolina, a farmer of Saskatchewan carried off the highest prize for oats, and in another year, will become the possessor of the $1,500 Colorado Trophy; another farmer made two successful exhibits of wheat at the biggest shows in the United States; another farmer of Manitoba won championships and sweepstake at the live stock show in Chicago and this year expects to duplicate his successes of last year. These winnings are the more creditable as none of the cattle were over fed any corn, but raised and fattened on nature grasses and small grains.

At the Dry Farming Congress held at Lethbridge In 1912, Alberta and Saskatchewan, farmers carried off the principal prizes competing with the world. The most recent winnings of Canada have been made at Tulsa, Oklahoma, where seven of the eighteen sweepstakes rewards at the International Soil Products Exposition were taken by Canada in competition with eleven states.

The chief prize, a thrashing machine, valued at $1,200 for the best bushel of hard wheat, went to Peter Gerlack of Allan, Saskatchewan. Montana took four of the sweepstakes, Oklahoma four, and Nebraska two.

Russia sent one delegate, Spain had two, Belgium three, China four, Canada fifty, Mexico five, Norway one, Brazil three.

In the district in which the wheat was grown that won this prize, there were thousands of acres this year that would have done as well. Mr. Gerlack is to be congratulated as well as the Province of Saskatchewan, and Western Canada as a whole, for the great success that has been achieved in both grain and cattle.—Advertisement.

Natural Supposition.

"Johnny," the teacher asked, "can you tell me anything about Christopher Columbus?"

"He discovered America."

"Yes. What else did he do?"

"I s'pose he went home and lectured about it."

Vacuum Theology.

A colored Baptist was exhorting. "Now, breddren and sistern, come up to de altar an hab yo' sins washed away."

All came but one man.

"Why, Brudder Jones, don' yo' want yo' sins washed away?"

"I done had my sins washed away."

"Yo' has! Where yo' had yo' sins washed away?"

"Ober at de Methodist church."

"Ah, Brudder Jones, yo' ain't been washed; yo' jes' been dry cleaned."—Lippincott's Magazine.

THREE WOMEN TESTIFY

To the Merit of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound during Change of Life.

Streator, Ill.—"I shall always praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound wherever I go. It has done me so much good at Change of Life, and it has also helped my daughter. It is one of the grandest medicines for women that can be bought. I shall try to induce others to try it."—Mrs. J. H. Campbell, 206 N. Second St., W. S., Streator, Illinois.

Philadelphia, Pa.—"It was at the 'Change of Life' that I turned to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, using it as a tonic to build up my system, with beneficial results."—Mrs. Sara Hayward, 1825 W. Venango St., (Tioga) Phila., Pa.

San Francisco, Cal.—"I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for many years whenever I would feel bad. I have gone through the Change of Life without any troubles and thank the Compound for it. I recommend it to young girls and to women of all ages."—Mrs. C. Barnuz, 3052 25th St., San Francisco, Cal.

The success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, is unparalleled.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

The Army of Constipation

is Growing Smaller Every Day.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are responsible—they not only give relief—they permanently cure Constipation. Millions use them for Biliousness, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Sallow Skin.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature

Brent Good

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Pettits FOR SORE Eye RED EYES Salve

PISO'S REMEDY

Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists.

FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

JOHN RAWN
PROMINENT CITIZEN

by EMERSON HOUGH

AUTHOR of THE MISSISSIPPI BUBBLE; 54-40 OR FIGHT.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS.

John Rawn is born in Texas. Early in life he shows signs of masterfulness and inordinate selfishness. He marries Laura Johnson. He is a clerk in a St. Louis railway office when his daughter, Grace, is born. Years later he hears Grace's lover, a young engineer named Charles Halsey, spoke of a scheme to utilize the lost current of electricity. He appropriates the idea as his own and induces Halsey to perfect an experimental machine. He forms a company, with himself as president, at a salary of $10,000 a year, and Halsey as superintendent of the works at a salary of $5,000. Rawn takes charge of the office in Chicago. Virginia Delaware is assigned as his stenographer. She assists in picking the furniture and decoration for the princely mansion Rawn has erected. Mrs. Rawn feels out of place in the new surroundings. Halsey goes to New York with Rawn and Miss Delaware to explain delays in perfecting the new motor to the impatient directors. He gets a message that a deformed daughter has been born to his wife, Grace. Rawn bargains with Miss Delaware to wear his jewelry and appear in public with him, as a means to help him in a business way.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

He began to be just a shade more familiar; but she looked at him, still curiously, helpless, because she found him strong where most men are weak and defenseless. He caught some sort of challenge in her attitude, and in spite of himself trod a half step forward. She evaded him. He heard her laughter rippling in the hall, and followed. Soon they were in the crowded lift, packed in against shirt front and algrette, silks and jewels, arms and bosoms bared for the evening's fray.

It may be true that no gentleman is grown in less than three generations, but it is not the case that it requires generations for the production an aristocrat; and here was simple and perfect proof of that assertion. Head waiters make no mistakes! The head waiter of the main hall unhesitatingly took John Rawn and his companion to as good a table as there was in the room. He knew the air of distinction when he saw it!

Heads, in plenty, of men and other women, turned as they passed through in that careless throng of the world-wise and blase. They walked by quietly, simply, took their places with no hesitation.

The two ate and drank discreetly, comported themselves, in fact, easily as any of these scores of others. They did not lean toward each other and obviously talk secrets, they did not laugh uneasily and stare about. Among the many well-bred women in that room—where at least a few such were present—none showed an easier accustomedness than Virginia Delaware. Her eagerness, her feverish anxiety, all now were gone. She was perfectly in hand. It was her pleasure now only to prove her fitness for such a scene, to comport herself as though she had known no other surroundings than these in all her life. Once more the miracle of possibility in the young American woman was shown.

Rawn, discreet as his companion, looked on with approval. "You're it!" he once whispered across the table, as he bent above the menu. "You are the part!" Suddenly there came to him out of this occasion an additional surge of self-confidence. Yes, he said to himself, he, too, could travel this gait. He could step easily into this life, the summit of life in America—as he thought—as though born to it. He could spend money with the best. He could obtain for himself as beautiful a woman to wear his jewels as any man here in all this great city. He could as widely advertise his power, his wealth, as any of these. Did he not see envious eyes bent upon his companion and upon himself? It was done! He had won! He had succeeded!

After all, it had been easy, as he had found so many things easy in the test. As to the young woman with him, John Rawn's cold heart went out in admiration. "By Jove!" he said, "she's a lady, that's what she is. She'd be—" Yet it is to be noted that his admiration for this young woman was primarily based not upon the usual impulses of men so situated, but upon a vast self-respect, for that he had placed her here and so proved his own judgment to be good. Some souls are slow to any love but that of self, the approbation of self being the breath of life to them. Even the beauty of Virginia Delaware—and she was beautiful—was swallowed up in John Rawn's love and admiration for himself.

There was, thus far, no suggestion of impropriety between them, now or later. They dined long, deliberately and well. Miss Delaware drank no wine, Rawn himself only abstemiously. The keenest delight of the evening felt by either came not of food or drink. The intoxication of the city's night life fell upon them, entered their souls. Distant and low-voiced musical instruments set the air afrobb with massive melody.

As they sat thus calmly, apparently, as most might have said, old habitues of scenes like this, apparently persons of wealth and distinction, Rawn felt once more bent upon him the look of a passer-by. There approached the table where they sat the couple he had seen earlier, that evening, a stately and beautiful young woman, whose features now were a trifle more animated, whose eyes were brighter; and with her the same dyspeptic director, sallow, with pointed dark beard. His face flushed still more as he saw John Rawn and his companion. He turned an admiring gaze upon the latter, whom of course he did not recognize. Rawn caught the gaze. It was the keenest delight of his evening that he could smile back, showing his own teeth also.

"By Jove!" muttered the ex-director to himself.

"I beg pardon!" haughtily commented his own fair companion, who had caught his gaze aside. "You know that person? Who is she?"

"I don't know, my dear—I'm just trying to think. Her face—it looks like the goddess on some stock certificate I've seen—"

"Indeed?"

"Yes, goddess with a handful of lightning bolts."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. We might call her the 'Lady of the Lightnings' tonight. She surely does shine like the bright and morning star, the way she's illuminated—eh, what?"

"Indeed?"

"Well, hang it all! She's a looker, too!"

"Indeed?"

"Yes, indeed! And they both look like ready money." The ex-director gave a little laugh.

"You don't know them?" asked his companion, more placated as they reached the corridor, where Virginia Delaware was at last out of sight.

"No, I don't know her—never saw her before, unless, as I said, in an engraving. Don't worry—I haven't got any of the engravings—now."

"Who is he?"

"Fellow by name of Rawn, from Chicago."

"Oh!"

CHAPTER VI.

John Rawn, Prominent Citizen.

The blare and blaze of American life went on in all its capitals of industry. Buildings sprang up, factories poured their smoke unceasingly into the sky. Men ran hither and thither like ants, busy about what seemed to them of importance. Vast hives of heaped-up stone, twice daily poured out their population of small creatures, some of them crippled, hurt, shorn in the battle of life, their faces pale, their forms bowed and stunted before their time. Out of the rich west poured always a steady stream of the products of the soil and of the mines, wealth unspeakable, drawn from the resources of this admirable country of ours. Many produced it, a few controlled it, all required it.

But there came a sort of hush over all the country, as though an eclipse were passing, or some gloom cast by a cloud coming between these cities and the sun. Men said that business was not so good as it should be, though the country was richer than ever. None understood the popular unrest. Many pondered, many attempted to explain, but they found all save the easy and obvious explanation. The masses remained morose, dissatisfied. Pamphlets appeared. In the journals pretending to give voice to popular trend of thought there were now to be seen many screeds from many unknown men. Some men said that prices should rise, others that rates of transportation should rise, but that wages should decrease. Others said that wages should increase—a few only of these, not many; for those who needed most a larger wage were those most dumb of expression, least able and least apt to make any public protest. Our proudest may be our poorest—our neediest our most silent.

In John Rawn's slowly growing factories near the western capital wages did not rise. He kept on his fight with the labor organizations. For this reason he met additional expense and additional delay in carrying on his plans, but still waged war, relaxing not at all, meeting picketing with policemen, force with force. The popular discontent of the day meant nothing to him. His eye was fixed ahead. To Halsey's complaints on the one side, his directors' discreet grumbling on the other, he paid an little attention on the one hand as upon the other. John Rawn had a dream, and he knew that his dream must come true. His dream was one of a wide-reaching and relentless power, shared by those few men destined by fate to own the so-called American republic. Let the people do what they would, all they could. This was his dream. It had come to him in all its fullness one evening in the great city of the east. He exulted.

As to the industrial situation in International Power, Rawn now began to prove himself a good business man, and he received more and more the grudged confidence of his associates, who came from almost every rank of big business. Through the aid and advice of these, his private fortune began to mount up enormously. So also did International Power make money. The only sore place of the directors' overstrained nerves centered in affairs at the great building in the suburb, where a dozen mysterious machines, locked and armed, cooped and collared, still stood in a state of half-completion, as inchoate and mysterious now as they had been at their inception.

There was something else, which not the most suspicious guessed—John Rawn himself did not know! His success was a vast bubble. Halsey was the only man who ever had known the full secret of mantling one of the miraculous receivers which they all had seen and all had accepted. Rawn, bold enough kept this to himself, although he feared to go to Halsey and make any demands. Halsey held grim peace for months—indeed, for more than four years in all, counting from the first motor made in the Kelly row woodshed. It was risky, but for once Rawn dared make no desperate move. Halsey talked little. He was very sad since the birth of his hunchbacked child. Sometimes he talked to Virginia Delaware about it; never to his wife, Grace.

And still the seven days' wonder of International Power remained to puzzle the industrial world. No inkling of the real intention of the company ever got out. There was, as Rawn had predicted, no market for the stock, for the reason that it was not listed and for the further reason that it was not sold. It was held in a close communion of hard-headed and close-mouthed men; and there were no confidences betrayed. The thing was too big to conform to ordinary rules. In the center of all this stood the figure of John Rawn, suddenly grown large and strong. He ruled his army, officers, staff and line, cavalry, infantry and auxiliaries, as one born originally to command. He brooked neither parleying nor thwarting of his will—except in one instance. He never made any demands on Halsey, never gave him any peremptory orders after that one day in the office, months earlier, before Halsey made his first trip to New York.

These months seemed to have aged John Rawn, note the less. He grew grimmer and graver, more taciturn and reserved. At the clubs he was

"No, I Don't Know Her—"

one of the most talked-of men in town, and one who talked least himself. As his hair grew grayer at the temples, his jaw grew harder, at the corner of his chin coming the triangular wrinkles which go with hard-faced middle age. Enigmatic, self-centered, he could not have been called a happy man. He smiled but rarely, joked not at all, engaged in no badinage, told no stories, found no lighter side of life, played no golf, had no vacations. Like some vast engine of tremendous driving power he went on his way, admired in a city and country full of able men, as one competent to hold his own with the best and strongest of them all. And still of all his traits stood out the one of self-confidence. He played a game of enormous and continuous risk—fundamental risk by reason of Halsey, incidental by reason of his widely ballooned market operations; yet his nerve held. Moreover, he had paid the price of success, an absolute devotion to the means of success. When he learned that the child of his daughter was not a son, but a girl, and that it was a hunchback for life, a sad-faced, unsmiling child—he set his jaws for a moment, but said few words of condolence, either to his daughter or her husband.

In the headquarter offices a vast, smooth running business machine had now been built up. Rawn was an organizer. The laxness and looseness of the old railway offices in St. Louis, where he had got his business schooling, were missing in the headquarters of International Power. Employes had small time to gossip in business hours. Out of business hours, it is to be confessed, once in a while there was discussion as to the salary of Miss Virginia Delaware, which was reported a wholly instable affair. It was rumored in stenographic circles that she had taken to wearing very stunning evening gowns. Yet, all the most captious—though willingness did not lack—could raise voice against her, or couple her name with any other. Rawn and she were never seen together excepting during business hours; he never mentioned her name to get company. Once or twice a laughing voice at the National Union, where rich men met in numbers, tried to create some sort of discussion over Rawn's beautiful private secretary, but it was so quickly stopped by Rawn himself that it never was resumed.

Upon the other hand, few could speak in definite knowledge regarding the domestic matters of John Rawn. He was a man of mystery, though one of known and admitted power. He held what he gained; and, as there must have been accorded to him strength of soul, grasp, readiness, courage, he began to be accepted as one of the large figures of his day alike in industry and finance. He had by this time fully arrived in the prominent citizen class in his chosen metropolis. Did firemen perish, John Rawn joined the list of those who aided the widows. Was some neighboring city swept by flames, again he joined—on the front page of the papers—those who gave succor for the needy. Did a famine in India or China sweep off a million souls, John Rawn—on the front page—aided the survivors. He was a member of the leading clubs of the city, a director of the board of the art institute. He bought if he did not occupy a box at the opera, had allowed his name to be mentioned at the banquets offered by eager souls to celebrities of one sort or another who proved themselves amenable to receptions, banquets, addresses of welcome, and what-not, anything to bring lesser names into print on any page, tails to any kite. In short, John Rawn comported himself as a prominent citizen should. Ever he was the kite, never the tail. He loomed a large and growing figure in his little world.

Above all, there seemed something uncanny in the unvarying facility with which Rawn made money. There is no real explanation of the difference in money-making power, except that some men make money and some do not. Rawn did, without any doubt or question. Not lacking ability and calmness in judgment, and not lacking full information such as is accorded those said to be upon the sacred inside of the market, he was in and out of Rubber, Coppers, Steel, at precisely the right time. His oil investments in California, played up and down in proper symphony, had made him more than a million dollars, smoothly, easily, simply. The railways market was an open book to him, and public utilities seemed something he could gage while others stood and wondered. There are times when some men win. Rawn could not lose, whether he dealt in Ontario Silvers, Arizona Coppers, anything he liked. He was in with the pack when, in these last fierce days of individual and corporate greed, it finished pulling down a republic, and battened, guzzled at the bowels of the quarry. He partook with these of a broad knowledge of the narrowing raw resources of the country, and was in with them at the death. He was one of those to get hold of large acreages of the passing timber lands, he was counted with those who sought the great coal fields for their own; ran true to scent, with these, the trail of monopoly in any commodity which the people more and more must need. In the one matter of his relations with a certain transcontinental railway, Rawn made a quarter million as his share of the three-quarters of a billion taken in sales of mineral lands from the railway's land-grant holdings. That the grants had covered only agricultural lands mattered little, for when the sleepy government at Washington reluctantly took the trail, it was shown a law, cunningly passed a few years earlier, which barred the republic, by virtue of a six-year statute of limitations, from recovering any of its own property! John Rawn often laughed over that. He laughed also when the "suckers," as they called them, bit just as eagerly at irrigation as they had at mines. He often laughed—it was all so ridiculously easy to pull down a country, when the running was in good company! He was a prominent citizen.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

RAVEN ATONES FOR OLD SIN

Since Middle Ages One of Its Kind Has Been Confined in Saxony as a Punishment.

There is a new raven in the cage of the historic raven of Merseburg in Prussian Saxony. The number in succession of the new bird is not recorded, but it occupies a place that has held a raven since the middle ages, in consequence of the contrition of a certain knight of Merseburg who condemned to death an innocent man.

Thilo von Trotha was the lord of this section in the middle ages. One day he missed from his room some jewelry, accused a man servant of stealing it and had him beheaded in the courtyard. Before his decapitation the condemned man proclaimed his innocence and said that he would reassert it after death by raising his arms above his shoulders. Tradition says that he did so.

Some months later the missing jewels were found in a raven's nest. Thilo von Trotha thereupon ordered that for all time a raven should be kept in the courtyard, and the raven just put into the cage is the successor of that first bird. The arms of the von Trotha have a quartering showing a headless human trunk with the arms raised.

Man as Bad as 7,000 Years Ago.

"Man has showed no improvement either in intellectuality or morals from the days of the earliest Egyptians and Syrians, 7,000 years ago, to the keel-laying of the latest dreadnought," according to a survey which Dr. Alfred Russell Walace, known as the "grand old man of science," completed on the eve of his ninetieth birthday.

"There has been, of course, a great accumulation of human knowledge," he adds, "but for all that we are no cleverer than the ancients.

"There is still more abominable vice going on; every kind of cruelty to the poor and children; adulteration in every commodity, and lies everywhere.

"The average of mankind will remain the same until natural selection steps in to raise it. The outlook is hopeful."

SAYS PATENTS HELP PUBLIC

Give to the Citizen the Right of Enjoyment of the Property of the Original Inventor.

A patent right is not a monopoly within the true definition of the word, says a writer in Leslie's. It is not an appropriation from the public domain of anything. Every invention is a new creation. It is an addition to the world's knowledge and instrumentalities. It is the sole individual property of the inventor, its creator. The public has absolutely no right in it.

In behalf of the public, however, the government seeks to make a contract with the inventor whereby its citizens shall have the enjoyment of the invention at the end of the brief period of 17 years. The right then is the right to exclude others from using, or appropriating, what is, in the first instance, and continues to be, the inventor's own. It is the inventor that gives all that is given. The public is the real beneficiary.

It is because of this, and because the patent laws offer the inducement to the inventor to disclose his invention, that the public has obtained the benefits and advantages that have proceeded from the development of the arts and sciences under the stimulating influence of these beneficent laws.

How to Remove Ink Stains.

The following is taken from a page of practical household suggestions published in the Woman's Home Companion: "A leaking fountain-pen in the pocket caused an ink-spot on a light wool coat. I applied alcohol by degrees, using only enough to moisten the spot, then rubbing the cloth between my hands as though washing it. Soon the spot had entirely disappeared, leaving no trace of the ink."

Turn About is Fair Play.

Farmer Beetroot (back from the metropolis)—I had a bully time, I tell ye.

Si Perkins—Didn't the waiters' strike make trouble at meal times?

Farmer Beetroot—Not for me. I put up with one o' my summer boarders.—Judge.

McREYNOLDS AFTER COLD STORAGE MEN

DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE TO PROBE PRICE BOOSTING OF EGGS, ETC.

INVESTIGATION WILL COVER ALL LARGE CITIES.

Information Received to the Effect That Combine Withholds Products From Markets to Force Prices Up.

Washington—Federal investigation of the alleged cold storage combine was formally ordered Monday by Attorney General McReynolds.

He instructed employes of the bureau of investigation and district attorneys throughout the country to get complete figures bearing on the allegations that cold storage men are withholding eggs and other products from the market in an effort to boost prices.

McReynolds said he already has preliminary information showing some attempts to corner egg and vegetable prices, and information reached the department today showing that some dealers, apparently in fear of an investigation, had dropped egg rates.

The investigation will cover every large city in the United States and if evidence proves the statements already made to the attorney general, he will bring prosecutions both under the criminal provision of the pure food law and the interstate commerce law.

A call to all citizens to co-operate with him in his attack on the cold storage "trust," which he holds responsible for present extortionate prices, was issued by Rep. McKellar of Tennessee.

McKellar's remedy for cornering of the egg market is a law which would prohibit the holding of food products in cold storage for a longer period than 90 days.

Dean Worcester Is Displaced.

Washington—Dean C. Worcester, of Ann Arbor, Mich., was Monday displaced as member of the Philippine commission by the nomination by President Wilson of Winifred T. Denison of New York.

Commissioner Worcester, formerly a member of the faculty of the University of Michigan, was sent to the Philippines by President McKinley immediately after the islands came under the United States flag, and he has been there ever since.

He has been secretary of the interior for the Philippines as well as member of the commission for many years at a salary of $15,000 a year.

His successor on the commission will serve, not only as secretary of the interior, but also as secretary to that commission.

Foss to Espouse Prison Reform.

Boston—"Out of 27,000 sentences each year to Massachusetts jails and prisons, approximately 10,000 are not for any crime whatever, but only for poverty," said Gov. Foss in a statement he issued Monday night.

The governor announced an intention of devoting considerable time to prison reform on his retirement from office, as he said he had become greatly impressed with the injustice of the present system. He urged that every man sent to jail should be given an opportunity to earn money for the support of his dependent family.

Cost of Electing Mitchel.

New York—Exactly $129,519.41 was spent for the John Purroy Mitchel mayoral campaign as against $262,000 for Edward E. McCall, the Tammany candidate. The total contributions were $131,787; surplus, $2,267.59.

There were 1,280 subscribers. Andrew Carnegie led the list with $7,500. Jacob H. Schiff gave $6,000, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Cleveland, H. Dodge and George W. Perkins donated $5,000 each.

Commissioner Rules Rates Exercsive

Washington—Finding that the joint through rate of the transportation of boilers from Kalamazoo and various points in Wisconsin are in excess of aggregate of the intermediate rates, the interstate commerce commission held that they are unreasonable. The complaint which resulted in the opinion was filed by Lindsay Bros., of Milwaukee, against the Grand Rapids & Indiana Railway Co.

Paul Rose, noted all over the country as a successful fruit grower and shipper along scientific lines, and originator of the famous Elberta peach, is dead at his home in Elberta.

Mrs. Charles Austin, wife of Charles Austin, former state senator and present vice-president of the Old National bank, died at Battle Creek at the age of 75.

Michael Nimshack, 18, was killed and Elmer Matts, 17, had part of one hand blown off while hunting near King's Corners, Sunday. Nimshack and Matts were climbing through a barbed wire fence east of King's Corner, when one of the shotguns was accidentally discharged. The shot blew the top of Nimshack's head off and removed half of Matts' hand.

While playing about an abandoned salt block, at Port Huron, Miran Emerick, 11, was caught between a pully spike and a beam at the neck and hung suspended until she died.

The will of Temple E. Dorr, Saginaw lumberman and mine owner, has been filed and contains no public bequests. An inventory, which will not be finished before late spring, will alone five the amount of his estate. The property is principally in Minnesota iron mines and the Pacific Lumber Co., a redwood concern, and likely will reach several millions.

Raw Furs

Mr. Geo. J. Thiemen, trapping experts and fur buyer, writes us from Germany. He has suggestions for preparing furs that will bring you the highest prices. Write him.

Mr. Thiemen's Special Advice for will be sent FREE to all our shippers, upon request.

167 WEST MONROE ST. CHICAGO ILLINOIS

M. Sloman & Co.

Very Much So.

"I suppose your new automobile made a big hit when you went out in it."

"Yes, it did. Most of them are hospital cases."

Red Cross Ball Blue, all blue, best bluing value in the whole world, makes the laundress smile. Adv.

No Joke.

"The drama in America is still in its infancy," said the producer.

"You mean its second childhood," corrected the critic.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Stubborn Colds and irritated Bronchial Tubes are easily relieved by Dean's Medicated Cough Drops—5c at Druggists.

Real Literary.

Maizie—I hear that your brother's wife is real literary.

Saidie—Oh, she is! She's awfully literary! When she spanks her baby she does it with a book!—Judge.

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Forcible Training.

Tried Teacher—There is one thing attached to vessels I would like to see applied to educational methods.

Curious Friend—What is that?

Tried Teacher—A spanker boom.

She Knew.

"If there were four flies on a table and I killed one, how many would be left?" inquired the teacher.

"One," answered a bright little girl—"the dead one."—Sacred Heart Review.

Melancholy Content.

"Don't you want good roads?"

"Oh, I dunno," replied the man who was whittling a pine stick. "There ain't no place around here that's worth goin' to."—Washington Star.

Not Quite.

"Pa, tell me one thing about army and navy officers."

"What is it, son?"

"Is it when they get tired that they put on their fatigue uniform?"

Too Much.

"What's the trouble here?"

"The bellboys are on a strike."

"Want more pay, I suppose?"

"No. A man came in a little while ago and asked to have Wladislascs Szchncrcss paged."

Affirmative Answer.

She—Has Jack also got him into any serious trouble yet?

He—Well, I understand he has become engaged to the girl he's been taking out in it.—Boston Evening Transcript.

Hard Lines.

"My old barber has left the city."

"You seem to be very regretful."

"Yes; he had been trying to sell me a bottle of hair tonic for the past 15 years, and so far I had succeeded in standing him off. Now I shall have to start the battle all over with a new man."

Should Have Laughed.

Newlywed—Did you spend as much money as this before I married you?

Mrs. Newlywed—Why, yes.

Newlywed—Then I can't understand why your father went on so when I took you away from him.

His Appearance.

"What does the knock-out champion look like?"

"He is a stunning sort of fellow."

Trust a chicken hearted man to hatch excuses!

What are Post Toasties?

Thin wafery bits of choice Indian Corn—perfectly cooked; delicately flavoured; then toasted to an appetizing golden brown, and packed in tightly sealed packages without being touched by hand.

"Toasties" are for breakfast or any other meal—served direct from package with cream or milk, and a sprinkling of sugar.

Post Toasties are convenient, save a lot of time and please the palate immensely!

But after all, a trial is the best answer.

Grocers everywhere sell

Post Toasties