The DAUGHTER of DAVID KERR

by Harry King Tootle

Illustrations by RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS.

Gloria Kerr, a motherless girl, who has spent most of her life in school, arrives at her father's home in Belmont. David Kerr is the political boss of the town, and is anxious to prevent his daughter learning of his real character. Kendall, representing the Chicago packers, is negotiating with Judge Gilbert, Kerr's chief adviser, for a valuable franchise. They fear the opposition of Joe Wright, editor of the reform paper. Kerr asks the assistance of Judge Gilbert in introducing Gloria to Belmont society, and promises to help him put through the packers' franchise and let him have all the graft. Gloria meets Joe Wright at the Gilberts. It appears they are on intimate terms, having met previously on a touring party in Europe. The Gilberts invite Gloria to stay with them pending the refurnishing of the Kerr home. Wright begins his fight against the proposed franchise in the columns of his paper, the Belmont News. Kerr, through his henchmen, exerts every influence to hamper Wright in the publication of his paper. Gloria takes up settlement work. Kerr and his lieutenants decide to buy Kerr's paper and ask the editor to meet them at Gilbert's office. Calling at Gilbert's office to solicit a donation Gloria meets Wright. He proposes and is accepted while waiting to be called into the conference. Wright refuses to sell his paper and declares he will fight to a finish. The Belmont News appears with a bitter attack on Kerr. Gloria calls Wright a coward and refuses to listen to any explanation from him. Broken-hearted, Gloria decides to plunge more deeply into settlement work. She calls on a sick girl of the underworld, named Ella. She learns for the first time that her father is the head of a notorious gang of political grafters. Sounds of a conflict are heard in the room over Ella's. Gloria finds Wright unconscious, a victim of an attempted assassination by thugs in the pay of the political ring. She hides him in Ella's room and defies the thugs. She awes them by announcing that she is Kerr's daughter. Ella threatens to give up Wright to the thugs and is choked into unconsciousness by Gloria, who then falls unconscious on Wright's body. They are rescued by Dr. Hayes and his wife. Wright decides to sell his paper and leave Belmont. Gloria hears that Wright is going away and calls upon him to ask his forgiveness for her harsh words.

CHAPTER XXIII.—Continued.

Patty, tired of listening to a conversation she could not understand, and, remembering the visitor, asked: "What shall I tell him?"

"Wait a minute, Patty," Wright motioned the child to the door. Then he turned to Gloria. "You can leave by this side entrance. No one will be the wiser for this visit. The minute the door closes behind you, Patty—and I—will have forgotten that you called. But I will not have forgotten your kindness and consideration. Before you leave I want you to know that I can't value too highly the motive that prompted your call. To the end I'll treasure it as a memory hallowed by the parting from the only woman I—Good-by."

He felt he could not complete what he wished to say without a show of emotion to which it would not do to give way. The only thing he could do was to hold out his hand and say, "Good-by."

Gloria put both her hands behind her back, and shook her head.

"No, I refuse to go."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean just what I say. I intend to stay here and meet my father and hear what he has to say to you."

Wright gazed at her intently, but she did not quiver under his scrutiny.

"It shall be as you say," he assented. "Go, Patty, tell him to come in." After Patty closed the door there was an awkward silence which he broke by saying, "I must say that this meeting is ill-advised."

She sighed and shook her head.

"Oh, ill-advised or not, my mind is made up. Things cannot go on as

"You Kin Come Over to My Way of Thinkin'."

they are. If henceforth I am to direct my own affairs, why shouldn't I begin now?"

"But how explain your being here?"

"If he can't believe what I have to say he isn't worth the slight esteem with which I still regard him."

"Here he comes."

"Let him see you first." She retreated to a corner of the room where her father's first glance as he entered would not discover her. Patty opened the door and David Kerr walked into the room.

The two men looked at each other without any attempt at a feigned cordiality.

"Mr. Wright," began the boss, and at mention of his name the newspaper man bowed slightly in recognition of the greeting. "I met Dr. Hayes this afternoon. He spoke of you, and what he told me has led me to break a custom of years; I've come to see you. In this town it's always been the other way." He spoke with all his accustomed force, and seemed even more confident than usual as he added, "The old way will continue, sir, but owing to what you might call the relationship that once—"

"Sir!" thundered Wright in astonishment. Covertly he looked at Gloria, to find his own amazement mirrored on her face.

"Bound us, I thought I'd come to see you," the boss continued, not heeding Wright's exclamation.

"One minute, sir." Wright was not willing for him to proceed without his knowing that his daughter was in the room with them. "Before you speak further you must know that we're not alone in this room."

"We're not?" He looked about him, and at the sound of a familiar voice turned sharply to confront his daughter.

"No, father; I'm here." She advanced coolly to the center of the room, and waited for him to speak.

"Gloria! My daughter here!" He managed to gasp. Wright, determined not to have his hand forced, waited to see what card the daughter would play.

"Wait a minute, please," she remarked quietly, the most self-possessed of the three. "Are you so blind you can't see you find me here because I wish it so? My visit to Mr. Wright surprised him just as much as did yours. When you were announced, I told him I would stay."

"So that's it, is it?" her father raged. "Have you turned against me, too? Why didn't I raise you like you ought to 'a' been!" It was with an evident effort that he was restraining himself even as much as he was.

"Would to heaven you had!" Gloria exclaimed in a low tone. "You gave me only the roses of life, and now the thorns—all that life offers me—seem sharper than I can bear."

Wright had thought his heart had been so wrung that nothing could hurt him worse, but this confession of unhappiness to her father made his own unhappiness greater than he had believed it could be.

"Gloria, this is distressingly painful. Please don't," he begged. Then he turned to her father. "Why have you come here?"

"Why is she here?"

"Father," now she spoke timidly, a maiden telling of a dear, dead love, "for a little while Mr. Wright and I—were engaged—to be married. I don't think you know what that means to a girl, what it meant to me. But you do know how it ended. Yet we're still such good friends that I felt I could come this afternoon to—"

As she spoke, a great light began to dawn upon her father. At the words "good friends" he saw his whole plan successful, although worked out along lines a trifle different than what had been in his mind when he had determined to call upon the editor. Your successful general is a great opportunist, and David Kerr was quick to seize this opportunity.

"Good friends!" he echoed, interrupting her. "Then I'm glad I found you here. Just listen to me a minute. I ain't got much to say, Mr. Wright, but we understand each other pretty well. Now then—you gave us a pretty hard bump, an' I admire you fer it. Of course, you're new to Belmont an' it looks all right from yer p'int o' view." His tone was now suave and conciliatory. "But you're too good a man to be blockin' the wheels o' progress in this town."

"Things were running pretty smooth when I came here, weren't they?" Wright was willing to admit that much.

"Exactly, exactly." Kerr took a step forward and glanced at Gloria before he went on. "Now then, what do you say to this? You switch over an' join me. If it's too strong fer you to go, I'll cut out that Maple avenue railway line, an' we'll go at it some other way."

Gloria looked at her father in astonishment. Wright did not interrupt him, wishing to hear all that he had to say. "This campaign's taught me I'm growin' old. Some day somebody's got to take my place. There ain't a man in the party with your sense. I need you, an'—what's more—you'll profit by bein' with me."

"Mr. Kerr, it won't take me many words to give you your answer."

Reading disapproval in the remark, David Kerr craftily replied with his kindest manner, "Take yer time, take yer time. The more you think it over, the more you'll like it. Besides, I'm thinkin' of Gloria. You two talk it over. She's—"

"Father!" The girl was perfectly horrified and her sense of the fitness of things outraged by having her name dragged into the discussion. "Would you dare connect my name with such an affair!"

To the coarse nature all things are coarse, and her father seemed surprised that she should resent the manner in which he had connected her with the offer. "An' why not?" he asked. "I've been thinkin' the matter over, an' you an' him would make a pretty good team."

"Oh!" Gloria's disgust was unspeakable. Mere rage was useless to express her feelings.

Kerr turned to Wright, since Gloria appeared to have no inclination to listen. "So I argues, why not fix it up between us." Then he spoke to his daughter in explanation, "Not knowin' you'd be here. But it's just as well. Now, Mr. Wright, what I say is this: This town wants somebody to run it. Belmont can't git along without somebody to keep the wheels greased. I'll put the paper on its feet fer you, an' gradually—as gradually as you like—you kin come over to my way of thinkin'. Then what'd be more natural than fer you to take over the runnin' o' things—especially as you'd be my son-in-law?"

Wright was about to make reply, but Gloria was too quick for him.

"Oh, this is more than I can bear! Am I a dog, a horse, a pig, that I can be traded in a dirty deal with not so much as 'by your leave?' I'll not stand it for another instant. One humiliation after another has been my lot, but this is the last. I'm through with you. What has passed has taught you nothing; you're the bargaining, trading, scheming politician still, so low that you'd make your own daughter, your own flesh and blood, the bait to lure a good man from his purpose. But you can't do it," she cried, a note of triumph creeping into her denunciation; "he's not your kind. And do you believe that I'd submit to such a thing? What can you think of me? You put me on a plane with those vile creatures who pay you for protection."

"Gloria, please stop!" Wright pleaded. Her father could only look at her in wonder as she poured out the pent-up passion of her inmost soul.

"No, I'll not stop—there's more to say. Here, within this hour, Mr. Wright asked me again to be his wife, and I refused—refused because of you. I came here to warn him against you, to tell him the truth, because once we loved each other. No one can blame me for wishing him well. I came to tell him because I can't be here after this to save him as once I did. Over my body I dared your hirelings to take him, and not one moved. Now I'm going away forever and I want him to have what protection the truth will give. But my warning would be useless; what you offered to do just now is warning enough in itself. The man who would sell his own daughter is capable of anything!"

"Please, Gloria, stop," Wright entreated. "I'm not accustomed to have any one else fight my battles for me. I can take care of myself."

"May be you can," sneered the boss, "but ever since you've been here you've been hidin' behind my daughter. It's because o' her I didn't go after you hot an' heavy long ago. An' then when they did come near gittin' you the other day, she stopped 'em."

"You, Gloria!" Wright could not understand. She only bowed her head.

"But now, by God! that's all past." Kerr brought his fist down on the table with a bang. His breath came in apoplectic gasps and his face was livid with rage. "She's out of it as fer as I'm concerned. I did everything in the world fer her, an' it wasn't no use." He turned to his daughter as he hurled out his anger and disappointment between his gasps for breath. "I was ready to stan' by you to the end, and' what do I git fer all my schemin' an' planning' fer you? Nothin' but glum looks an' harsh words. If yer goin' away, go. I disown you. I cast you off."

The girl did not quail beneath his bitter words. They only inflamed her to announce the decision she had already made. Her lip curled with scorn, her eyes snapped, as she looked at her father.

"You disown me! You cast me off!" All the contempt she could muster she threw into her voice. "What right have you, who would barter me away as you would a horse or dog? No, it's I disown you!"

Wright walked over to her and sought to take her hand gently in his, but she drew away. She would stand alone. Like a blind old bear David Kerr semed to grope his way to the door. There he turned to gaze once more upon the wreck of his latest schemes. His rage was still hot upon him.

"I found you in this—this adventurer's room. I leave you here. Look to yerself, you are no child o' mine."

The door banged behind him and Gloria Kerr knew that they had met for the last time. The girl, feeling so miserably alone in the world, turned to find bent upon her the tender gaze of the man whom she had once sworn to follow to the end of the world. For them love was dead, she knew, and now life would be for her only a succession of weary days.

"I thought all but my body died that day we spoke of love to find it but a dream," she acknowledged sadly, "yet there was one cup still more bitter I had to drain—and this was that cup's dregs."

"Oh, Gloria, believe me, out of unhappiness happiness comes. Your place is with me now. I hadn't told you, but I, too, am going away forever. And what is more, I'm going to take you with me."

She looked at him in wonder, then slowly shook her head.

"No, you can't leave Belmont, Joe. You're not a coward. I'm going, but your place is here."

"Do you think I shall let you go alone? Never. The one reason I am going east is to sell the Belmont News. I'm through with it. Then I shall follow you over the world until I make you mine—because I love you."

The girl looked at him with the faintest of smiles battling with her settled melancholy. He was bordering on melodrama, and she was regarding him with the same gentleness a loving mother exhibits toward an unreasoning little child.

"How selfish you are, Joe. All your fine sermons are going for naught. You've preached of your duty, and yet at the chance to show your devotion to that duty you're wanting to give up the fight. I'm not worth it, Joe, really I'm not. Think of Belmont. A general doesn't desert his soldiers after a victory, just because he knows the enemy has sent for reinforcements. That would be cowardly, and it isn't like you, Joe. The brave general doesn't give ground, he advances. Don't follow me; I would hate you. I know how Belmont needs you."

"But I need you, Gloria. And what is more, you need me and I can't let you go alone. There is a world elsewhere, even other Belmonts where we can live and labor and love. I didn't know till your father referred to it that you were at Noonan's that day. Can't you see how I need you for my guardian angel? How did you happen to be there?"

Briefly she detailed the visit, minimizing her part in saving him. None the less he was able to see that it was to her he owed perhaps life itself. He listened in silence, letting her tell her story in her own way.

"Gloria, I've come to a decision." She looked at him questioningly. "I'm going to do what you've ordered. I'm going to stay here and fight for Belmont."

"Joe, you mean it!" Her face lit up with pleasure and she held out both her hands to him. He took them both, and to her surprise, and despite her resistance, drew her to him.

"But I'm not going to stay alone. If I'm to fight the good fight, I'm not going to fight alone. You called me a coward for wanting to go; won't you reward me for deciding to stay? And out of unhappiness happiness will come. You must stay, Gloria; our place is here."

"Our place!" she echoed, and then was silent for a little time, her head upon his shoulder. He held her tightly, she could not escape. The feeble efforts she had made to break from him were now abandoned as she thought more and more upon his words. At last she looked up at him and smiled. "Yes, Joe, our place is here, and our happiness. Right in this room all my old pride died. But there has been born a new pride, a pride in you and in me, and in what it has been given us to do." The tears came into her eyes as she thought of what they were to each other. "You are all I have in the world, dear; you are my world. Make me always proud that I am your wife."

Wright drew her closer to his heart and kissed her. And there in the shelter of his arms she rested. Peace had come to her.

THE END.

SEEK BRIGHTNESS OF LIFE

Excellent Idea Is That Recently Put Forth by an Eminent English College Professor.

A professor in one of our famous universities has suggested a chair of smiling and a course in good fellowship.

We have courses in decorum and courses in composition, and courses in the direction of energy. Then what reason is there against inaugurating a course in optimism? Why should not our young people be taught to think along the path of sunshine, to look for the brightness in life in a scientific, methodical way?

Too much of the present-day learning is inclined to make gloomy people of us. Smiling, which is a sort of banner of optimism, has too long been the uncertain matter of temperament instead of a reliable habit of life.

As a rule, the majority of persons are attracted to others who smile easily. These smilers succeed in business, so that success is often said to be the cause of their smiling when perhaps it is the opposite which is true.

They seem to radiate happiness and opulence, and we say their paths lie in pleasant places.

But maybe they light the paths with their own smiles.

There must be a way in which thought can be brushed up with light touches. Athletics teach the man to control his temper; the gymnasium braces up his muscles; a course in ethics sets his face toward the moral standard. There surely is a place for a course in smiling.

And there is no reason why it should not come into the medical department, for smiles make light hearts, light hearts aid digestion, and digestion is the root of health.—London Tit-Bits.

Art of Economy.

All economy, whether of state, households, or individuals, may be defined to be the art of managing labor. . . . Now, we have warped the word "economy" in our English language into a meaning which it has no business whatever to bear. In our use of it, it constantly signifies merely sparing or saving; economy of money means saving money—economy of time, sparing time, and so on. But that is a wholly barbarous use of sense, for it is not English, and it is bad Greek; barbarous in a treble sense, for it is not English, it is bad Greek, and it is worse sense.

Economy no more means saving money than it means spending money. It means the administration of a house; its stewardship; spending or saving; that is, whether money or time, or anything else, to the best possible advantage.—Ruskin.

Why Called "Pin Money."

Why is it called "pin money?" The answer to that question goes away back to the fourteenth century. Pins were pins in those days! They were not carelessly lost or cast away as they are now. The law permitted that they be sold only on the first two days of each January, in order that they might not become too common. It therefore became the custom for women of all classes to buy their year's supply of pins on those two days, and the money given to them by their husbands or fathers for this purpose was "pin money."

TAKING CARE OF BOB

By ELLA CYGAN.

"Amy said," began the girl who likes to talk, "that Bob was gentle as a kitten and so affectionate that in contrast a pair of love birds were petrified images of heartlessness. She said many other things, too, over the telephone about the bull terrier that in a misguided moment they purchased some time ago, but that was because she was trying to make me think I was crazy to have him while she and her husband went to Panama.

"I was to pass a few days with her and get acquainted with the paragon of dogs. Amy said that she always felt perfectly safe with Bob in the apartment, because he would chew up any burglar who appeared. On the way over I grew rather worried, wondering whether Bob was clever enough to distinguish between a caller who was a burglar and a caller who wasn't. Then I recalled Bob's gentleness and took heart.

"When the front door was opened I thought the end had come. Something huge and white fell across the hall table, and, stepping all over me, attempted to climb on my shoulder and perche there. I screamed faintly and wondered if the Pasteur treatment hurt much. Then I was conscious of Amy's voice.

"'He's so affectionate!' said Amy in a proud voice. 'I never knew him to take such an instant liking to any one before! He realizes that you love dogs, I am sure!'

"'I'm crazy about them!' I assured her, as I intrenched myself behind two chairs and a davenport. 'However, I don't care for these aerial effects myself! Can't he keep his feet on the ground?'

"Amy looked hurt, and said she should have thought that I would appreciate a dumb animal's fondness for me. She was interrupted by Bob's giving an exhibition of his dumbness when he saw the postman out of the window. Dashing at the glass at a speed of 60 miles an hour, he let out a roar that shook the apartment. Then he turned and wagged his tail and twinkled his eyes. I think these dogs greatly enjoy life. It must be fine to feel that you can make the whole universe bow to the ground and climb trees if you wriggle your chin or flop an ear.

"I unpacked my suitcase neatly and then when I went to dress for dinner I found that Bob had eaten the heels off my evening slippers.

"'It's the funniest thing!' Amy said, enthusiastically, when I wailed out the trouble. 'That dog always has had the most insane fondness for shoe heels! We couldn't have a decent shoe in the house when we first got him. He is so intelligent!'

"When Bob was taken out of doors it was with as many precautions as though he were a man eating tiger. For my part I would as soon sally forth with the jungle beast as with that animal. He had a harness on of battleship leather—well, they have battleship linoleum, anyhow—and snapped to that was a leash with a loop to go over your wrist and then you had a whip.

"I felt as though the band was going to play as I entered the sawdust ring when I took Bob outdoors that day. He shot up the street instantly, and as it was slippery I hung on and slid, shrieking at him to stop. Pretending it was a game, that diabolical animal merely tore on, whisking me around a corner into a perambulator, but maybe I crawled under—anyhow, I was half a block ahead before the nurse had picked herself up from the ground, and Bob was so impetuous that I couldn't return to inquire.

"It might have been all right if he hadn't seen a cat. Amy said afterward reproachfully that I shouldn't have allowed him to see a cat. However, she did not say whether I should have run in front of Bob and held my hands over his eyes or chloroformed him till the cat had strolled by. If I had fancied up to now that Bob had been hastening, I was mistaken. He had been dawdling, but when he saw that cat he turned on full speed.

"All I remember is hurtling through the air, hanging to the leash for dear life, for Amy had cautioned me that I had the safety of the public in my hands, and so I dared not let go. Bob spread himself low over the ground and just ate up the distance. We chased that cat down the street, then through an alley and then whizzed up the steps of a big house just as the front door opened and a perfectly lovely man emerged attired for an afternoon wedding or a tea-fight.

"I let Bob go then, because I fell over the top step.

"The tea-fight man, after rising from where he had been tossed by Bob, picked me up. There were awful sounds of riot from inside the house where Bob had treed the cat on a mantel. It really was an unusual situation.

"'He is such an intelligent dog,' I stuttered. 'And so affectionate!'

"The tea-fight man actually grinned. 'I owned a terrier once myself!' he confided, understandingly.

"Just then Bob dashed out and climbed into my lap with his muddy paws, just as though he was not something slightly less than a young hippopotamus. Laying his huge head on my shoulder, he sighed contentedly as though he had had a very pleasant afternoon, indeed.

"Oh, yes, I'm going to take him while Amy is away. I think a little excitement will do me good!"

Little Quicksilver Produced.

Not since 1860 has the output of quicksilver been so low as last year, which showed the smallest production, except in three years, since 1850, when the commercial production of quicksilver began in this country. The decrease amounted to $279,887. Outside of California especially new prospecting and development were active.

Unanswered Prayer.

Did you ever notice how hard it is at the table to get a cupful of coffee? —Denver Times.

Sick Women Made Well

Reliable evidence is abundant that women are constantly being restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

The many testimonial letters that we are continually publishing in the newspapers—hundreds of them—are all genuine, true and unsolicited expressions of heartfelt gratitude for the freedom from suffering that has come to these women solely through the use of **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.**

Money could not buy nor any kind of influence obtain such recommendations; you may depend upon it that any testimonial we publish is honest and true—if you have any doubt of this write to the women whose true names and addresses are always given, and learn for yourself.

Read this one from Mrs. Waters:

CAMDEN, N.J.—"I was sick for two years with nervous spells, and my kidneys were affected. I had a doctor all the time and used a galvanic battery, but nothing did me any good. I was not able to go to bed, but spent my time on a couch or in a sleeping-chair, and soon became almost a skeleton. Finally my doctor went away for his health, and my husband heard of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and got me some. In two months I got relief and now I am like a new woman and am at my usual weight. I recommend your medicine to every one and so does my husband."—Mrs. TILLIE WATERS, 1135 Knight St., Camden, N.J.

And this one from Mrs. Haddock:

UTICA, OKLA.—"I was weak and nervous, not able to do my work and scarcely able to be on my feet. I had backache, headache, palpitation of the heart, trouble with my bowels, and inflammation. Since taking the Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I am better than I have been for twenty years. I think it is a wonderful medicine and I have recommended it to others."—Mrs. MARY ANN HADDOCK, Utica, Oklahoma.

Now answer this question if you can. Why should a woman continue to suffer without first giving Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial? You know that it has saved many others—why should it fail in your case?

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No one sick with woman's ailments does justice to herself if she does not try this famous medicine made from roots and herbs, it has restored so many suffering women to health.

Write to LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. (CONFIDENTIAL) LYNN, MASS., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

PROBABLY TOLD THE TRUTH

Scotsman's Boast Seemed Far-Fetched, But Explanation Put a Different Face on It.

John Butler Yeats, who paints portraits and, incidentally, is the father of William Butler Yeats, the Irish poet, is a regular patron of a certain New York restaurant. Among the habitues of this place he has acquired a reputation as a raconteur. "In my part of Ireland," he tells, "there was a noisy Scotsman whose abuse of everything Irish riled the neighbors considerably. At first, however, he refrained from bragging about Scotland, and we decided to wait until he should be guilty of that indiscretion before acting drastically. The chance came at last. He had been swearing at the Irish peat fires, the Irish rain, and the Irish spuds, and ended up by saying that, 'Hoot mon, Scotland was verra deeferent! It was a land flowing with milk and honey.' Well, we went for him. Scotland, we pointed out, was known to be a barren waste inhabited by starvelings, and the Biblical quotation he had used could not have been more outrageously misapplied. He looked us over with his canny eye. 'Ye're wrang,' he said, 'and I can prove it. Scotland flowed wi' milk, and maybe honey, a' the time that I was there. I left when I wis ten months auld.'"

Good Reason for Selling.

A well-known lawyer had a horse that always stopped and refused to cross the bridge leading out of the city. No whipping, no urging, would induce him to cross without stopping. So he advertised him:

"To be sold, for no other reason than that the owner want to go out of town."

The average woman hater can give no satisfactory reason.

Speaking Of Lunch

the wife said, "Bring home a package of

Post Toasties

—Sure!"

Toasties are wonderfully good at any meal, and somehow seem to match the appetite of both home folks and guests.

Bits of selected Indian Corn, delicately seasoned, cooked, rolled thin and toasted to a rich golden brown—that's Post Toasties.

Fresh, tender and crisp, ready-to-eat direct from the package. With cream and a sprinkle of sugar—

"The Memory Lingers"

Toasties sold by grocers —everywhere.

Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty.

Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress After Eating.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature

Brent Good

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

400,000 Settlers a Year

Immigration figures show that the population of Canada increased during 1913, by the addition of 400,000 new settlers from the United States and Europe. Most of these have gone on farms in provinces of **Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.**

Lord William Percy, an English Nobleman, says:

"The possibilities and opportunities offered by the Canadian West are so infinitely greater than those which exist in England, that it seems absurd to think that people should be impeded from coming to the country where they can most easily and certainly improve their position.

New districts are being opened up, which will make accessable a great number of homesteads in districts especially adapted to mixed farming and grain raising.

For illustrated literature and reduced railway rates, apply to Supt. of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to

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Now doing well but wanting larger earnings will ask about our proposition to wagon salesmen. We want a steady, gentlemanly representative in every county. Hundreds have grown old and prosperous in the service. No experience necessary. "Down and outers" not wanted. Write for particulars.

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