

The Quickest Cough Cure— Cheap, But Unequaled

A Whole Pint of It for \$10—Saves You \$3—Does the Work Quickly or Money Refunded.

For quick and positive results, the pint of cough syrup that you make with a 50-cent bottle of Pinex, cannot be equalled. It takes hold instantly and will usually stop the most obstinate deep-seated cough inside of 24 hours. Even croup and whooping cough yield to it quickly. The user of Pinex mixes it with homemade sugar syrup. This gives you a full pint—a family supply—of better cough remedy than you could buy ready mixed for \$2.50. Easily prepared in 5 minutes—full directions in package. Pinex soothes and heals the inflamed membrane with remarkable rapidity. It stimulates the appetite, is slightly laxative, and tastes good—children like it. Excellent for hoarseness, asthma, bronchitis, and other throat troubles, and has a wonderful record in cases of incipient lung trouble. Pinex is a special and highly concentrated compound of Norway White Pine extract, rich in gualcol and other natural healing pine elements. Simply mix with sugar-syrup or strained honey in a pint bottle, and it is ready for use. Used in more homes in the U. S. and Canada than any other cough remedy. Pinex has often been imitated, but never successfully, for nothing else will produce the same results. The genuine is guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money refunded. Certificate of guarantee is wrapped in each package. Your druggist has Pinex or will gladly get it for you. If not, send to The Pinex Co., 238 Main St., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

BOTANICAL BADINAGE.



She—Ah, dearest one, when you are gone I shall pine away.
He—Tut! tut! Spruce up.

Question for Question.
"I shall discharge our butler," said Mr. Cumrox.
"What's the trouble?"
"He doesn't show me proper deference. When I am paying a man liberally, I consider it his duty to laugh at my jokes."
"And won't he?"
"I don't think he can. He's an English butler. When in a spirit of gentle and condescending badinage I said to him, 'Hawkins, can you tell me which came first, the chicken or the egg?' he said, 'Which did you order first, sir?'"

Precise.
The proofreader on a small middle-western daily was a woman of great precision and extreme propriety. One day a reporter succeeded in getting into type an item about "Willie Brown, the boy who was burned in the West end by a live wire."
On the following day the reporter found on his desk a frigid note asking, "Which is the west end of a boy?"
It took only an instant to reply—"The end the son sets on, of course."
—Ladies' Home Journal.

Resigned.
The sick man had called his lawyer. "I wish to explain again to you," said he weakly, "about willing my property."
The attorney held up his hand reassuringly. "There, there," said he, "leave that all to me."
The sick man sighed resignedly. "I suppose I might as well," said he, turning upon his pillow. "You'll get it, anyway."

THE LITTLE WIDOW

A Mighty Good Sort of Neighbor to Have.

"A little widow, a neighbor of mine, persuaded me to try Grape-Nuts when my stomach was so weak that it would not retain food of any other kind," writes a grateful woman, from San Bernardino Co., Cal.
"I had been ill and confined to my bed with fever and nervous prostration for three long months after the birth of my second boy. We were in despair until the little widow's advice brought relief.
"I liked Grape-Nuts food from the beginning, and in an incredibly short time it gave me such strength that I was able to leave my bed and enjoy my three good meals a day. In 2 months my weight increased from 95 to 113 pounds, my nerves had steadied down and I felt ready for anything. My neighbors were amazed to see me gain so rapidly, and still more so when they heard that Grape-Nuts alone had brought the change."
"My 4-year-old boy had eczema very bad last spring and lost his appetite entirely, which made him cross and peevish. I put him on a diet of Grape-Nuts, which he relished at once. He improved from the beginning, the eczema disappeared and now he is fat and rosy, with a delightfully soft, clear skin. The Grape-Nuts diet did it. I will willingly answer all inquiries. Name them, The Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.
"Send the little book, 'The Road to Health' in plain, 'There's a reason.'"
"I've read the above letters? A new and better way than this to cure. They are the best, from the best of human

SERIAL STORY

No Man's Land

A ROMANCE
By Louis Joseph Vance
Illustrations by Ray Walters

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SYNOPSIS.

Garrett Coast, a young man of New York City, meets Douglas Blackstock, who invites him to a card party. He accepts, although he dislikes Blackstock, the reason being that both are in love with Katherine Thaxter. Coast fails to convince her that Blackstock is unworthy of her friendship. At the party Coast meets two named Dundas and Van Tui. There is a quarrel, and Blackstock shoots Van Tui dead. Coast struggles to wrest the weapon from him, thus the police discover them. Coast is arrested for murder. He is convicted, but as he begins his sentence, Dundas names Blackstock as the murderer and kills himself. Coast becomes free.

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

His journey uptown in the subway which he accomplished without misadventure, shielding himself behind a newspaper, was his first taste of unrestricted freedom—and by that token a delight without alloy.
At a quiet and inconspicuous hotel in the Forties, some distance from Broadway he registered boldly as "Brainerd West, Philadelphia," and paid for his room in advance, explaining that his luggage would come in later. The open stare of the room clerk irritated him but little, whose thoughts were preoccupied with a hundred half-formed and less than half-considered plans.

In his rooms, forgetful of his promise to telephone Warburton, he threw himself upon the bed to ponder the next move; and exhaustion, superinduced by excitement, overcame him almost immediately. For the better part of an hour he slept without stirring, and awakened in the end only to the shrilling, prolonged and not-to-be-denied-ring of the telephone by the head of his bed.
Still a little stupid with sleep, he required a moment or two to grasp the import of the switchboard operator's advice, to the effect that a Mr. Cross representing the Evening News would like to see Mr. Brainerd West. The message was repeated in accents peremptory before he comprehended that he had been run to earth.

"Ask the gentleman to come up at once," he said, and, seizing his hat, left the room as soon as he had finished speaking.
Ascending a single flight of the stairway that wound round the elevator shaft, he waited until the car began to rise, then rang. As he had foreseen, it paused at the floor below to discharge the newspaper man before coming up for him. As he stepped into the cage he pressed a dollar into the operator's palm.
"Down," he demanded; "ground floor. And don't stop for anybody."
A single minute later he was in the street. Haste being the prime essential of the situation, he dodged round the corner into Sixth avenue, walked a block uptown and turned through to Broadway.

There suddenly, as he paused at the upper end of Longacre square, doubting which way to turn, what do, he quickened to sensibility of his solitude, and knew himself more utterly alone in that hour than ever he had been throughout his days.
A passing handsome pulled in to his signal. He entered, giving the address of Katherine Thaxter's home.
There was a crimson glare of sunset down the street when he alighted and paid his fare.

"Just in time," said Coast; "I was to come to tea today—I begged the privilege only yesterday."
He paused, silenced by a presentiment of the aspect of the house. At every window the shades were drawn level with the sills. The flight of brownstone steps, littered with wind-swept dust and debris, ran up to heavy oaken doors, tight-closed. The seal of a burglar-protective concern stared at him from a corner of one of the drawing-room windows. Only in the old-fashioned basement were there signs of life; the area-gateway stood open; a gas jet glistened through sash-curtains.

Heavily Coast turned into the area, and rang the basement bell.
After some time the door was opened to him and he entered, to have his hand caught and fawned upon by the aged butler who had smuggled him sweets when Coast in the pride and pomp of his first knickerbockers had come to stay with Katherine in her nursery.
"Oh, Mr. Garrett, Mr. Garrett!" the old voice quavered. "God bless the day, sir! I've seen the papers and I said that you'd be here, sir, as soon as ever you got back home. I knew 'twould turn out so, sir, from the first; I've never failed to stand up for you and say you never done it."
But a black shame it is justice was so long in coming—
Soames rambled on, garrulous in semi-sense. Coast leaned wearily against the wall of the gloomy base-

ment hallway, with no heart to listen. At length, however, he spoke his own.
"Thank you, Soames," he said, gently. "But—Miss Katherine?"
The answer he had expected, hesitantly. "Gone, sir—gone this many a day. You know what happened, sir?"
"I can guess. But tell me." He steeled himself against the disclosure of what he already knew with intuitive certainty.
"Mrs. Gresham died—you know that, sir?" Soames named Katherine's aunt, with whom she had lived after her parents' death.
"During my trial—yes, I knew."
"She never believed you guilty, sir. Perhaps you'd like to know—"
"But Miss Katherine?"
The old man shook his head mournfully. "Mad, sir, mad . . ." he mumbled.

Coast caught his wrist fiercely. "What's that you say?"
"I say she was mad, sir, to do what she done, and that I'll say though it cost me my place. . . . It wasn't a decent three months after Mrs. Gresham passed away, sir—you'd been—been sent away barely a month—when she married him—"
"Blackstock?"
"Yes, sir. . . . She didn't know what she was doing, sir. I've thought it was what I've heard called infatuation. She didn't know her own mind when he was talking to her. He carried her clean off her feet, so to speak. . . . So they were married and went away."
"To Germany, I understood, sir."
"You've heard—"
"Never a word—not a line. I sometimes wonder at it, sir. She left me a bit of money to run things on till she returned, but that's gone long ago."

He declined to throw his shadow athwart the door of the chandlery. Huxtable glanced up from the middle of papers on his desk. Coast lounged easily in the doorway, with one shoulder against the frame; a man notably tall and slender and graceful, besides, with a simple dignity of manner that asserted oddly, in the Huxtable understanding, with clothing well-worn and travel-stained. Out of a face moderately browned, his dark eyes glistened with a humor whimsical, regarding Huxtable.
The object of their regard pushed up his spectacles for a better view. "Well?" he inquired, not without a suspicion of grim resentment, who was not weathered to laughter at his own expense.
It happened, however, that Coast's amusement sprang from another cause; his own utter irresponsibility, which alone had led him to the chandlery, he considered hugely diverting. "I was just thinking," he said, smiling, "that now would be a useful time to buy a boat."
Huxtable, possessed of an inherent predilection for tactfulness, liable, ever and anon, to be sore beset if not wholly put to rout by the demon Curiosity (a familiar likewise legitimately handed down to him by several generations of New England forebears), with a mute nod to signify that he had heard and now awaited without prejudice a more explicit declaration.



Carried Her Clean Off Her Feet, So to Speak.

Coast added, "preferably of the center-board cat type, with a hard-working motor auxiliary."
The Huxtable mind, which you are to believe typical of its caste, like a ship wisely navigated, moved cautiously in well-buoyed channels. It clung to tradition, whether in the business of boat building, which it pursued to admiration, or in the lighter diversion of humor, to which its attitude resembled that of the ancestor worshipping heathen Chinese. Premonitory symptoms of a reversion to type in the matter of wit were betrayed by the corrugation of the Huxtable wrinkles.
"To go sailin' in?"
After this utterance, tradition flapped its wings and screamed; Huxtable himself condescended to chuckle; Coast, to a tolerant smile.
"Possibly," he conceded. "Have you such a boat?"
"I might have," Huxtable admitted cautiously. "Come along." He rose and led the way through a back door into the boat yard.
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Take Your Choice.
"Don't you think, Dr. Fourthly," said his literary parishioner, "that the larger, fuller intellectual life of the present day, with its freedom from the baseless fears and superstitions that have kept the human soul in bondage through the centuries, has been a potent agency in bringing about the demonstrated and well-established increase in the average duration of human life?"
"O, yes, to be sure," said the Rev. Dr. Fourthly; "and then people take better care of their teeth nowadays than they used to, you know."
He Needed One.
She—"Jack has a strong face." He—"It has to be. You should see his wife."—Fort Worth Record.

MAN A GIANT

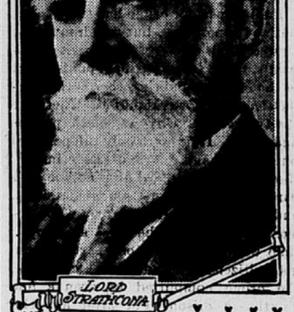
Marvelous Career of a Poor Scotch Laddie.

The Struggles and Successes of Lord Strathcona, Formerly the Wealthiest of Canada and Empire Builder.

Ottawa, Canada.—In the closing days of the rebellion of '38, when affairs were in a turmoil, there landed on the shores of Canada a poor, friendless Scotch laddie, alone and new in a new land. He was tall and spare, but the square of his jaw told of Scotch courage and the manly gleam from his determined eyes. He was not more than 17, but he was big and inherited the brawn of a fine ancestry of Scots. This humble, friendless lad was Donald Smith, the man of whose brains, energy and sacrifices Canada owes much for her present prosperity.

In the early days, when Smith—now Lord Strathcona—began his life in the employ of the Hudson Bay company, the Canadian north was a country of the terrible. For thirty years, isolated on the ice-bound coast of Labrador, he labored in the hardest service on the continent, that of the Hudson Bay company. In his strapping days, as a trader, he tramped the mighty, silent north from end to end, planning, bartering and bargaining with the grim and stolid natives of the wild. From the time that Smith, a sturdy "highland laddie," left Montreal for his labors in the north his life was one of hardship, suffering and sacrifice.

The lessons in the school of suffering which awaited this lonely but courageous boy were hard ones, but Donald Smith learned them all. When he was 29 years old a romance of the heart came to lighten his years of banishment. A girl of the wild, fair as a rainbow on the snow, crossed his path and from then the bleakness of his life began to lose its austerity. She was the daughter of a trader



and an Indian woman and he married her.

Throughout his 30 years in the northland Smith gave his leisure to reading and studying. He became a thinker and a reasoner and in his work he learned to use his power of brain. From this point his advance was gradual but sure and in 1865, when he was 43 years old, he was appointed governor of the company with head offices at Montreal. He was well equipped for his mighty duties. He had learned the lessons of generalship and in the years that followed he proved himself a commander of forces, primal and artificial. Many times during his governorship crises arose that put his powers to test.

The activities of Donald A. Smith outside the Hudson Bay company brought him into the politics of Canada. His political creed was a disregard for party interests and, while at the outset he was a staunch supporter of Macdonald, the Conservative premier, later on, because of the severe criticism and accusations laid against the party and because he was convinced that the party was not conducting itself strictly along square lines he withdrew his support and brought about the first defeat of Macdonald.

Donald A. Smith, silent, reserved but powerful, was one of the great legislators that ever had a seat in the Canadian house of commons. His career as a lawmaker was one of honesty and genius.
In 1896 Lord Strathcona received the culminating honor of his great career. He was made the first holder of the newly-created office of high commissioner for Canada in London. Four years later he received world fame through his gift of the Strathcona horse, a body of 28 mounted officers and 512 men, enrolled from all over the Canadian west, for service in the Boer war.

In private life this great man is a considerate husband and father and a most engaging host. One of the greatest tributes he ever received was from the father and mother of King George V., the late King Edward and Queen Alexandra. They always called him "Uncle Donald."
At the advanced age of ninety-one he is still a marvelous man. His talk is bright and he is equally at home in America, Canadian or English politics.

THE LETTERS MIXED

Garret's Mistake Resulted in Giving Decided Surprise to Ogdin and Archibald.

One of the most surprising stories which the Hon. Liberal M. McManis told in "Nuts and Crumbs" in that entitled, "The Wrong Envelope." Mr. M.—a missionary, shortly before leaving for his regular duties in one town, Archibald, and another in the territory of a religious society, a very old friend, asking him to preach. He accepted the archbishop's invitation, and at the same time wrote to the secretary, but put the letters into the wrong envelopes.
After the dinner at Lambeth the archbishop said to him: "Mr. M.—do you always answer your dinner invitations in the same way?"
"I do not understand, your grace."
The letter, which was then shown to the missionary, ran thus: "You old rascal! Why did you not ask me before? You know perfectly well that I shall be on the high seas on the date you name."—London Tit-Bits.

VERY NATURALLY.



She—I wonder who originated the saying, "There is always room at the top?"
He—Some hotel clerk, I guess.

IT IS CRIMINAL TO NEGLECT THE SKIN AND HAIR

Think of the suffering entailed by neglected skin troubles—mental because of disfigurement, physical because of pain. Think of the pleasure of a clear skin, soft, white hands, and good hair. These blessings, so essential to happiness and even success in life, are often only a matter of a little thoughtful care in the selection of effective remedial agents. Cuticura Soap and Ointment do so much for poor complexions, red, rough hands, and dry, thin and falling hair, and cost so little, that it is almost criminal not to use them. Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold everywhere, a postal to "Cuticura," Dept. 21 L, Boston, will secure a liberal sample of each, with 32-page booklet on skin and scalp treatment.

By Way of Excuse.
"Youngleigh has some singular ideas."
"What, for instance?"
"Well, he says it is mean to profit by other people's experience after they've been at all the trouble and expense of collecting it."

The Farmer's Son's Great Opportunity

Why wait for the old farm to become your inheritance? Begin now to prepare for your future prosperity. A great opportunity is offered you in the purchase of a 160-acre farm in Western Canada. The price is \$100.00, and the land is high and fertile. The profits accrued from the abundant crops of wheat, oats, and barley, as well as the steady advance in price, government returns show that the number of settlers in Western Canada from the U. S. was 80 per cent larger in 1910 than the previous year. Many farmers have paid for their land out of the proceeds of one crop. Free Homesteads of 160 acres and pre-emption of 160 acres at \$3.00 an acre. Fine climate, good schools, excellent railway facilities, low freight rates; wood, water and lumber easily obtained. For pamphlet "Last Best West," particulars as to suitable location and low settlers' rate, apply to "Buy of Immigrants," 1100 Broadway, N. Y., or to Canadian Gov't Agent, CHAS. PILLING, Clifford Block, Grand Forks, N. Dak. Please write to the agent nearest you.

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, Sick Headache, Yellow Skin. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

