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Student Who Agreed. Socialists Agitate. Think of the potential musicians who lack the money to buy an instrument; think of the artists who will never have the opportunity to paint; think of the great untold ones who cannot study.

Important to All Women Readers of This Paper

Thousands upon thousands of women have kidney or bladder trouble and never suspect it.

Many want for a simple bottle to see what Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder medicine, will do for them.

Break Up, Tom. Why is it, asks a rural exchange, that a chicken makes two scratches with one foot and one scratch with the other and then reverses the feet next time? There's one for Mr. Editor to answer. -Boston Transcript.

Nothing great was ever accomplished without enthusiasm. -Emerson.

Decorate Now colors on your walls to harmonize best with your rugs and draperies - artistic effects always come out of the package with the cross and circle printed in red.

GATHER IN WHEAT

Farmers of Western Canada Rejoice at Harvest.

Largest Crop in the History of the Fertile Provinces May Be Considered Assured.

Reports of Western Canada's wheat crop, which may be considered fairly accurate, as they are made at the end of the season, when the crop is fully harvested, would indicate a yield of between 350,000,000 and 400,000,000 bushels from a total acreage of 21,471,000. This is the greatest yield in the history of the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

As a result of this combined effort the largest wheat crop in the history of the West was successfully harvested.

Portions of Saskatchewan that had suffered from drought for the past two or three years reaped a crop that largely made up for past disappointments.

In Alberta there was a strange condition in the central district, always noted for its heavy yields, where there was considerable of a falling off. Instead of the 35 and 40 bushel yields the average ran from 10 to 12, while in southern portions, where drought had affected the country for some time past, there were exceptionally high yields.

Reports of individual yields in selected portions of the three provinces lead to the impression that when threshing returns are in there will be found to have been a much better crop than at present seems possible. Some of these returns show that in some cases as getting as high as 45 bushels others 35, and so on, while in some districts, where in early August not more than 8 or 10 bushels might be looked for, 15 and 18 bushels are reported.

The weather at the time of writing is threatening for a rainy spell, which may interfere with threshing, and prolong it somewhat.

Most of the newcomers from the States have excellent crops. During August, the trains to Western Canada carried hundreds of capitalists and others interested in Western Canada and their desire to take care of the crop that they had arranged to have put in on the land they owned. Very few of them will be disappointed. -Advertiser.

Point Sometimes Overlooked. He that fancies himself very enlightened because he sees the deficiencies of others may be very ignorant because he has not studied his own. -Bulwer-Lytton.

Cuticura Comforts Baby's Skin. When red, rough and itching, by hot baths of Cuticura Soap and touches of Cuticura Ointment. Also make use now and then of that exquisitely scented dusting powder, Cuticura Talcum, one of the indispensable Cuticura Toilet Trio. -Advertiser.

Doubtful Compliment. Wife: Whenever I sing the dog howls. Hub: The instinct of imitation, my dear. -Boston Evening Transcript.

No man ever becomes too shiftless to give advice.

The MARDI GRAS MYSTERY

by H. Bedford Jones

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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"UPON MY HONOR!"

SYNOPSIS - During the height of the New Orleans carnival season Jackin Fell, a wealthy though somewhat mysterious citizen, and Dr. Anselmy, are discussing a series of robberies at an individual known as the Midnight Masquer. Mr. Anselmy, who is an actor, has been defied by the police. Joseph Mallard, wealthy banker, is giving a ball that night, at which the Masquer has threatened to appear and rob the guests. Fell and Anselmy, on their way to the ball, find a girl dressed as Columbine, seemingly known to Fell, but masked. She accompanies them to the ball. Lucie Ledoncia, recently the ward of her uncle, Joseph Mallard, is the Columbine. At the ball both Mallard, son of the banker, again proposes to her and is refused. He offers to buy some of her property. A Frenchman monk interests her. He turns out to be Prince Gramont, who is an old friend of her parents and deeply interested in the girl. Prince Gramont, really the Prince of Gramont, is enamored of Lucie. Lucie takes with her a small box and the Masked Masquer. Gramont's chauffeur, Hammond, is present in the ball. Where Han pond had been a robber for his father, Gramont, of course, is not. He refuses to return the "box" to those who he has robbed. Gramont's chauffeur, Hammond, is present in the ball. Where Han pond had been a robber for his father, Gramont, of course, is not. He refuses to return the "box" to those who he has robbed. Gramont's chauffeur, Hammond, is present in the ball. Where Han pond had been a robber for his father, Gramont, of course, is not. He refuses to return the "box" to those who he has robbed.

CHAPTER VII - Continued.

For a moment Gramont found himself unable to speak. He was thunderstruck by a sight of those unmistakable boxes. A glance at the features of the girl showed him that this was no chance meeting. He was making to be concealed from her, he had wished it. He was further unnerved by this realization. He cut it not understood how the packages and came here. Recovering his voice with an effort, he managed to break the heavy silence.

"Well? I suppose you know what is in those parcels?" She nodded. "Yes. One of them was opened and the note inside was discovered. Of course, it gave a general explanation. Will you sit down, please? I think that we had better talk to over quietly and calmly."

Gramont obeyed, and dropped into a chair. He was hardly conscious of his own confusion. How had Lucie come into the affair? This staggered him. Above all else, he was helped the theft of the box. It must be! How long had she suspected him, then? He had thought J. Chin Fell the sole danger point—he had never dreamed that this gray-eyed Athlete could be so cunning. He was a mystery. He tried to visualize the situation more clearly and his brain whirled. He knew, of course, that she was fairly intimate with Fell, but he was not aware of any particular connection.

He glanced up at her suddenly, and surprised a glint of laughter in her eyes as she watched him. "You seem to be rather astonished," she observed. "I am," Gramont drew a deep breath. "You do you know that those boxes are taken from my car."

She nodded again. "Certainly. They were brought to me."

"Then you had someone on my trail?" Gramont flushed a little as he put the question to her.

"No. I have been chosen to settle affairs with you, that is all. It has been learned from the note in the opened box that you were not a criminal in what you did."

"She leaned forward, her eyes searching him with a steady scrutiny. "Tell me, Henry Gramont, what had impelled you to all this? Was it a silly, boyish effort to be recognized?"

"It was not for the sake of robbery, as the note explained very clearly. But why then? Why? There must have been a definite reason in your mind. You would not have taken such dangerous chances unless you had something to gain."

Gramont nodded slightly. A slight smile touched his lips. "I was not going to send me to prison. I was not going to let the girl be taken into a laugh. 'Why, I can hardly yet believe that I was really you to were

borned to me that if Jackin Fell had brains enough to run down the Midnight Masquer, he would be a mighty good business partner; because I'm poor on business detail. Also, I think Fell is to be trusted. He's very strong physically, I have found—although few people know it."

"But he's not interested in oil, is he?"

"I don't know; I take for granted that he's interested in making money. Most men are. The only way to make money in oil is to have money—and he has some! I have a little. I can put in twenty-five thousand. With an equal amount from him, we can sink a couple of wells, perhaps three. If we go broke, all right. If we find oil, we're rich!"

"But, my dear Henry, if he knew you to be the Midnight Masquer, do you think he'd want to go into business with you?"

"Why not?" Gramont laughed. "If he knew that I had brains enough to pull off that stunt and keep all New Orleans up in the air—wouldn't I make a good partner? Besides, I believe I have some notion where to go after oil. I'm going to examine your land first."

"My good piece, you surely have no lack of audacity!" She broke into a peal of laughter. "Your argument about inducing Mr. Fell to go into business with you is a confusion of your crimes against society—are you going to propose that she go into business with you? Doesn't the argument hold good with her?"

"No. Oil is no woman's game, unless she can well afford to lose. I imagine that you cannot, Lucie."

"You're right, I can't put in any money. I'm land poor. Unless I were to sell that Bayou Terrebonne land—it's an old farm, abandoned since before father died—"

"Don't sell it!" he exclaimed, quickly. "Don't consider any dealings with it until I have looked it over, will you?"

"Since you ask it, no. If there's gas near by, there must be oil."

"Who knows?" he shrugged. "No one can predict it."

"When you still mean to go to Jackin Fell with your scheme?"

Gramont nodded. "Yes. See here, Lucie—it's about noon. Suppose you come along and lunch with me at the Louisiana. If you see no engagement, we can put those boxes in the mail en route, and after luncheon I'll try and get hold of Fell."

She put her hand on one side and studied him reflectively.

"You're sure you'll not kidnap me or anything like that? It's risky to become a friend of hardened criminals, even if one is trying to uplift them."

"Good! You'll come in ten minutes—" "If you can give me ten minutes—" "My dear Lucie, you are the most charming object in New Orleans at this minute! Why attempt to make yourself still more attractive? Gliding the city is an impossible task."

"Well, wait for me. Is your car here? Good! I want to see Hammond's face when he sees us carrying out those boxes."

Laughing, the girl started toward the stairs. At the doorway she paused. "One thing, Mr. prince! Do you solemnly promise, upon your honor, that the Midnight Masquer is dead forever?"

"Upon my honor!" said Gramont, seriously. "The force is ended, Lucie. All right. I'll be right down. Smoke if you like."

In her own room upstairs Lucie closed the door and sat down before her dressing table. She made no move toward the array of toilet articles, however. Instead, she took a desk telephone from the table, and called a number. In a moment she received a response.

"Uncle Jackin!" she exclaimed. "Yes—it's just as we thought; it's all a joke. No, it was not a joke, either, because he had some motive behind it, but he won't tell me what it was. I'm terribly glad that you opened one of those boxes and found the letter—if you had done to the police it would have been perfectly dreadful."

"I never go to the police," said Jackin Fell with his dry chuckle. "You are quite satisfied that there is nothing serious in the affair, then?"

"Absolutely! He told me that he had accomplished his purpose, whatever it was, and that it's all ended. He just gave me his word that the Masquer was dead forever. Now, aren't you glad that you confided in me?"

"Very," said Jackin Fell. "Very glad, indeed!"

"Now you're laughing at me—never mind! We're going to lunch downtown, and we'll mail those boxes on the way, by parcels post. Is that all right?"

"Quite all right, my dear. Del your gown come for tonight?"

"It's to come this afternoon."

"I don't care to have you offer any reflections on my actions, Mallard," said Gramont, evenly.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Says Indigestion Is Entirely Ended

Victims of stomach trouble, indigestion, dyspepsia, and their allied complaints find Tanlac an ever-ready source of relief and comfort. These ailments of people have refused joys of health by not eating every thing else they tried had failed. Mr. Joseph Heckell, of West Oak St., South Bend, Ind., says: "I couldn't eat a thing but what hurt me. I got to having from two to three fainting spells a day, and wasn't expected to live much longer. But now I eat anything, never have a fainting spell and can do as big a day's work as the best of them. I give Tanlac all the credit."

Tanlac helps the stomach digest the food properly and eliminate waste. Soon the whole system is built up, the blood is purified and the entire body takes on new tone, vitality and energy. Get a bottle today and start on the road to health. For sale by all good druggists. -Advertiser.

Offer Declined. Coddie—I got that ball, we lost this morning. I got it from a small kid. Goller—Good! I'll hand you what you gave him for it.

Coddie—No, thanks. I gave him a punch in the eye. -Boston Transcript.

DYED HER SKIRT, DRESS, SWEATER AND DRAPERIES WITH "DIAMOND DYES"

Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple any woman can dye or tint her worn, shabby dresses, coats, suits, coats, stockings, sweaters, coverings, draperies, hangings, everything, even if she has never dyed before. Buy "Diamond Dyes"—no other kind—no perfect home dyeing is sure because Diamond Dyes are guaranteed not to fade, streak, or run. They dye the material you wish to dye in wool or silk, or whatever it is, linen, cotton or mixed goods. -Advertiser.

Age brings wisdom, but the trouble is it doesn't leave us much time to use it.

A FRIEND IN NEED A FRIEND INDEED

Writes Mrs. Hardee Regarding Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Los Angeles, Calif.—"I must tell you that I am a true friend to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I have taken it off and on for twenty years and it has helped me change from a delicate girl to a stout, healthy woman. When I was married I was all the time until I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I was in bed much of my time with pains and had to have the doctor every month. One day I found a little book in my yard in Guthrie, Oklahoma, and I read it through and got the medicine—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—and took eight bottles and used the Sensitive Wash. After once began to get stronger. I have got many women to take it just by telling them what it has done for me. I have a young sister whom it has helped in the same way it helped me. It was you to know that I am a 'friend indeed' for you were a 'friend indeed.'"

—Mrs. GEORGE HARDEE, 1043 Blynn St., Los Angeles, California.

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