

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM
HOMESEEKERS EXCURSIONS

To Points in ALBERTA, MANITOBA, SASKATCHEWAN & BRITISH COLUMBIA, Via COCHRANE and "THE NATIONAL ROUTE" or CHICAGO, NORTH BAY, SARNIA OR TORONTO. Round trip tickets will be sold at

LOW FARES
Going each TUESDAY from MAY 27th to OCTOBER 30th, 1917. Return limit of two months, excluding date of sale. An extension of time limit, not exceeding two months, on Homeseekers' tickets sold in May, June, and July only, can be had on payment of \$5.00 for each month or part thereof. Stop-over privileges may be had at Winnipeg and West, also between Cochrane and Hearst. For full particulars, apply to J. P. Havelly, Agent, Corner Johnson and Ontario streets.

HOMESEEKERS' EXCURSIONS



MAY 8th to OCTOBER 30th
Every **TUESDAY**
"ALL RAIL" - also by **THURSDAY'S STEAMER**
"Great Lakes Route"
(Season Navigation)
Your Future is in the West

The fertile prairies have put Western Canada on the map. There are still thousands of acres waiting for the man who wants a home and prosperity. Take advantage of Low Rates and Travel via **Canadian Pacific**
Particulars from F. Conway, C. P. R. City Ticket Office, corner Princess and Wellington streets. Phone 1197.

CUNARD LINE

Passenger Service
Between **Montreal and London**
(Callings Falmouth to land passengers) - and -
Montreal and Bristol
For particulars of sailings and rates apply to local agents or to T. W. Rober, Reford-Bowling-Brimley (General) Agents, 40 King Street East, Toronto.

IMPERIAL LIFE

The Imperial Life was the first Canadian company to place its entire policy reserves upon a 3 1/2 per cent. interest basis—the present Government standard. It was also the first, and so far is the only company, to value its total surpluses on the more stringent 3 per cent. reserve basis.
J. B. Cooke, Dis. Mgr.
332 King St.,
Phone 503; Residence 812.

"I FEEL LIKE A NEW BEING"

"FRUIT-A-LIVES" Brought The Joy Of Health After Two Years' Suffering



MADAM LAPLANTE
85 St. Rose St., Montreal, April 4th.
"For over two years I was sick and miserable. I suffered from constant Headaches, and had Palpitation of the Heart so badly that I feared I would die. There seemed to be a lump in my stomach and the Constipation was dreadful. I suffered from Pain in the Back and Kidney Disease. I was treated by a physician for a year and a half and he did me no good at all. I tried "Fruit-a-lives" as a last resort. After using three boxes, I was greatly improved and twelve boxes made me well. Now I can work all day and there are no Headaches, no Palpitation, no Pain of Kidney Trouble and I feel like a new being—and it was "Fruit-a-lives" that gave me back my health."
MADAM ARTHUR LAPLANTE,
50c. a box, \$ for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

CITY TAXISTAND

285 King Street.
Opposite Custom House
Phone 749
Boat, Train and All City Calls Promptly Attended to. All modern five and seven passenger cars used.

When You Feel It Coming

When that old Headache sends its warning that you are going to suffer—take ZUTOO. When you feel a Cold coming on take ZUTOO. At the first sign of a pain—at the first feeling of sickness—take ZUTOO.
You will be all right in 20 minutes if it's a headache, or the next morning if it is a cold. Pain all gone, and the whole body refreshed.
Don't wait—don't take chances. Get ZUTOO Tablets to-day—and have them ready to take at the first sign of a Headache or cold and TAKE THEM.
25c a box—at dealers or by mail postpaid B. N. Robinson & Co. Regd., Coaticook, Q.
People who are full of their own conceit prove their emptiness by giving out hollow noises. A lean woman and a fat one nearly always envy each other.



Copyright, 1913, by Doubleday, Page & Co.

CHAPTER IX. We Compare Notes.

When he saw me coming he pulled a fat buckskin bag from his breeches pocket, opened its contents by guess into the palm of his hand.
"There you are," said he: "that's near enough. I'm a pretty good guesser. I hope you took care of the mules all right. You ought to, you're from a farm."
"I fixed 'em."
"And the mud? How many times did you get stuck?"
"Not at all."
He looked at me with surprise.
"Would you think of that now?" said he. "You must have loaded her light."
"I did."
"Did you get all the goods over?"
"Yes."
"Well, I'll acknowledge you're a judgmental young man. If you want a job with me I'll let that lawyer go I spoke to the judge about. He handed it to me then, didn't he?" He laughed heartily. "No? Well, you're a man's a fool to work for any one but himself. Where's your bag? Haven't any? How do you carry your dust? Haven't any? I forgot; you're a tenderfoot, of course." He opened his buckskin sack with his teeth and poured back the gold from the palm of his hand. Then he searched for a moment in all his pockets and produced a most peculiar chunk of gold metal. It was nearly as thick as it was wide, shaped roughly into an octagon, and stamped with initials. "It's about a fifty dollar slug," said he: "you can get it weighed. Give me the change next time you see me."
"But I may leave for the mines tomorrow," I objected.
"Then leave the change with Jim Recket of the El Dorado."
"How do you know I'll leave it?" I asked curiously.
"I don't," replied McGlynn bluntly. "But if you need \$25 worse than you do a decent conscience then John A. McGlynn isn't the man to deny you!"
"Johnny and I left for the hotel."
"I didn't know you expected any mail," said I.
"I don't."
"But thought I saw you in line"—
"Oh, yes! When I saw the mail sacks it struck me that there might be quite a crowd; so I came up as quickly as I could and got in line. There were a number before me, but I got a place pretty well up in front. Sold the place for \$5, and only had to stand there about an hour at that."
"Good head," I admired. "I'd never have thought of it. How have you gotten on?"
"Pretty rotten," confessed Johnny. "I tried all morning to find a decent opportunity to do something or deal in something, and then I got mad and plunged in for odd jobs. I've been a regular errand boy. I made \$2 carrying a man's bag up from the ship."
"How much all told?"
"Fifteen. I suppose you've got your pile."
"That twenty-five you saw me get is the size of it."
Johnny brightened. We moved up closer in a new intimacy and sense of comradeship over delinquency. It relieved both to feel that the other, too, had failed. To enter the Plaza we had to pass one of the larger of the gambling places.
"I'm going in here," said Johnny suddenly.
He swung through the open doors, and I followed him.
The place was comparatively deserted, owing probably to the distribution of mail. We had full space to look about us, and I was never more astonished in my life. The outside of the building was rough and unfinished as a barn, having nothing but stucco to attract or recommend. The interior was the height of lavish luxury. A polished mahogany bar ran down one side, backed by huge gilt framed mirrors before which were pyramided fine glasses and bottles of liquor. The rest of the wall space was thickly hung with more plate mirrors, dozens of well executed oil-paintings and strips of tapestry. At one end was a small raised stage on which lolled a half dozen darkies with banjos and tambourines. The floor was covered with a thick velvet carpet. Easy chairs, some of them leather upholstered, stood about in every available corner.
The game was roulette. Johnny and the dealer evidently recognized each other, for a flash of the eye passed between them, but they gave no other sign. Johnny studied the board a moment, then laid \$22 in coin on one of the numbers. The other players laid out small bags of gold dust. The wheel spun and the ball rolled. Two of the men lost. Their dust was emptied into a drawer beneath the table and the bags tossed back to them. The third had won. The dealer deftly estimated the weight of his bet, lifting it in the flat of his left hand, then spun several gold pieces toward the winner. He seemed quite satisfied. The gambler stacked a roll of twenty dollar pieces, added up to them and thrust them at Johnny. I had not realized that the astounding luck of winning of a single number had befallen him.
"Ten to one—\$220!" he muttered to me.
The other three players were laying their bets for the next turn of the wheel. Johnny swept the gold pieces into his pocket and laid back the original stake against even. He lost. Thereupon he promptly arose and left the building.
I followed him to the hotel somewhat gloomily. I'm now the only member of our party who had not made good the agreed amount of the partnership. It is significant that never for a moment did either Johnny or myself doubt that Talbot would have the required sum. Johnny, his spirits quite recovered, whistled like a lark. We arrived just in time for the first supper call and found Talbot and Yank awaiting us. Yank was as cool and taciturn as ever: Talbot, however, was full of excitement. His biscuit brown complexion had darkened and flushed until he was almost Spanish black, and the little devils in his eyes led a merry dance between the surface and unexpressed depths. He was also exceedingly voluble and, as usual when in that mood, aggravatingly indirect. He joked and teased and carried on like a small boy and insisted on ordering an elaborate dinner and a bottle of champagne in the face of even



"Ten to one—\$220!" he muttered to me.

Johnny's scandalized expostulations. When Johnny protested against expenditure it was time to look out. We lit our pipes and sat down at one end of the veranda, where we would not be interrupted.
"Fire ahead, Yank," advised Talbot.
"There's two ways of going to the mines," said Yank. "One is to go overland by horses to Sutter's Fort or the new town of Sacramento and then up from there into the foothills of the big mountains way yonder. The other is to take a boat and go up river to Sacramento and then pack across with horses."
"How much is the river fare?" asked Talbot.
"You have to get a sailboat. It costs about \$40 apiece."
"How long would it take?"
"Four or five days."
"And how long from here to Sutter's Fort by horse?"
"About the same."
"Depends, then, on whether horses are cheaper here or there."
"They are cheaper there. Or we can get our stuff freighted in by Greasers and hoof it ourselves."
"Then I should think we ought to have a boat."
"I got one," said Yank.
"Good for you!" cried Talbot. "You're a man after my own heart! Well, Johnny?"
Johnny told his tale a little proudly and produced his required \$220.
"You had luck," said Talbot noncommittally, "and you ran a strong risk of coming back here without a cent, didn't you? I want to ask you one question, Johnny. If you had lost would you have been willing to have taken the consequences?"
"What do you mean?" asked Johnny blankly.
"Would you have been willing to have dropped out of this partnership?" Johnny stared.
"I mean," said Talbot kindly, "that you had no right to try to get this money by merely a gambler's chance unless you were willing to accept the logical result if you failed. It isn't fair to the rest of us."
"I see what you mean," said Johnny slowly. "No; I hadn't thought of that way."
"Well, as I said, you had luck," repeated Talbot cheerfully, "so we needn't think of it further." It was characteristic that Johnny took this veiled rebuke from Talbot Ward in a meek and chastened spirit. From any one else his high temper could never stand even a breath of criticism. "How about you, Frank?" Talbot asked me.
I detailed my experiences in a very few words and exhibited my gold slug.

CHAPTER X. Talbot Deserts.

Talbot leaned forward, and all the animation of the dinner table returned to his manner and to his face.
"Boys," said he earnestly, "this is the most wonderful town that has ever been! There has been nothing like it in the past, and there will never be anything like it again. After I had sold out my papers I went wandering across the Plaza with my hands in my pockets. Next the El Dorado there is a hole in the ground. It isn't much of a hole, and the edges are all caving in because it is sandy. While I was looking at it two men came along. One was the owner of the hole, and the other said he was a lawyer. The owner offered to rent the hole to the lawyer for \$250 a month, and the lawyer was inclined to take him up. After they had gone on I paced off the hole just for fun. It was twelve feet square by about six feet deep. Then I walked on down toward the water front and talked with all the storekeepers. They do a queer business. All these goods we see around came out here on consignment. The local storekeepers have a greater or lesser share and sell mainly on commission. Since they haven't any adequate storehouses and can't get any put up again, they sell the stuff mainly at auction and get rid of it as quickly as possible. That's why some things are so cheap they can make payments of them when a ship happens to come in loaded with one article. I talked with some of them and told them they ought to warehouse a lot of this stuff so as to keep it over until the market steadied. They agreed with that, but pointed out that they were putting up warehouses as fast as they could, which wasn't very fast, and in the meantime the rains and dust were destroying their goods. It was cheaper to sell at auction."
"And a heap more exciting," put in Johnny.
"Well, I wandered down to the shore and looked out over the bay. It was full of shipping, riding high at anchor. I had an idea. I hired a boat for \$5 and rowed out to some of the ships. Believe me or not, most of them were empty, not even a watchman aboard. I found some of the captains, however, and talked with each of them. They all told the same story."
"Crew skipped to the mines, I suppose," said Yank.
"Exactly. And they couldn't get any more. So I offered to hire a few of them."
"The captains?" I inquired.
"No; the ships."
"The what?" we yelled in chorus.
"The ships."
"But if the captains can't get crews—"
"Ah, I don't want to call them," went on Talbot impatiently. "It was hard work getting them to agree. They all cherished notions they could get crews and go sailing some more—good old salts! But I hired four at last. Had to take them for only a month, however, and had to pay them in advance five hundred apiece."
"I beg your pardon," said Johnny softly, "for interrupting your pleasing tale, but the last item interested me. I do not know whether I quite heard it right."
(Continued Next Saturday.)

Men who have seen better days as a rule looked at them too often through the bottom of whiskey glasses.
Most of our mistakes would never be noticed if we did not call attention to them.
Success never comes to a man who is afraid to risk failure.



Let the **Chocolate Girl** Serve You
Buy **Baker's Cocoa**
MADE IN CANADA

All of our products sold in Canada are made in Canada, in our mill at Montreal. There we utilize the results of our 136 years successful experience in the manufacture of cocoa to furnish you with good cocoa of absolute purity, high quality and delicious flavor.

Choice Recipe Book sent free.
WALTER BAKER & CO. LIMITED
Established 1780
Montreal, Canada - Dorchester, Mass.

Krumbles scores a home run with the boy of today. You can't put it over the plate too often for him. He likes the flavor and you know that every dish of Krumbles adds to his health and strength.



© 1917, W.T.C.F. Co. TORONTO (Canada)

Mathieu's SYRUP OF TAR & COD LIVER OIL STOPS COUGHS
Sold in generous size bottles by all dealers.
THE J. L. MATHIEU CO., Props., SHERBROOKE, P.Q.
Makers also of Mathieu's Nervine Powders the best remedy for Headaches, Neuralgia, and feverish colds.

Labatt's HIGH GRADE, Ale, Porter and Lager
I beg to advise my patrons throughout the city and district that I am prepared to supply the trade and private families with the above goods, delivered at their doors, which are decidedly the best brands on the market in these lines.
THE OLD NAME
The old fame, the new quality. Canada's greatest malt beverage of the day, highly recommended by the medical faculty as an appetizing, healthful and strengthening 3 1/2 % tonic.
JAMES McPARLAN'S
76 Brock Street. Phone 274

Redpath SUGAR
In Individually Wrapped Lumps
First as usual
The newest REDPATH introduction is this dainty wrapped portion of pure lump sugar. Prepared throughout by machinery, no hand touches it at any time. It is the last refinement of cleanliness, and one more convincing evidence of REDPATH leadership.
"Oh, isn't this just the cleanest, nicest way you ever saw to serve Sugar Lumps!"
"Yes, it certainly is a good idea. It's Redpath's, as of course one would expect. Nobody's hands have touched this sugar!"
"Let Redpath Sweeten It!"