

"I hope so," rejoined the proprietor. "Sheering up over the prospects of re-versed business activity."

His caller literally "stormed" out of the office, leaving his erstwhile host in a state of bewilderment as to what had happened.

A POSER.

Mrs. Whim—You needn't say woman has no mechanical genius. I can do anything on earth with only a hand pin.

Mr. Whim—Well, sharpen this lead pencil with it.

Apparatus to Empty Canal Boats.

Following in some ways the general lines of the car dumpers in use on the Great Lakes, an apparatus is to be built in Philadelphia for the L. B. Navigation Company which will take hold of a canal boat, elevate it 60 feet in the air, and empty its contents either on the wharf for conveyance to a storage pile, or into the hold of another vessel.

The average man has ten friends who want to sit up the first night he is sick, one who will sit up the fourth night, and so on, but it is his tenth night to hire a paid nurse the twelfth night.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

ALL KIDNEY BOLEAS. RHEUMATISM. GRAVEL. DIABETES. BACKACHE. GUARANTEED CURE.

W. L. DOUGLAS 300 SHOES \$3.50

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W. L. DOUGLAS makes and sells more other manufacturers in the world. My nature is my own. My orders for my nature are my own. My orders for my nature are my own. My orders for my nature are my own.

Raw Furs Wanted

W. L. DOUGLAS 300 SHOES \$3.50

ACTIVE AGENTS MAKE \$25 TO \$100 WEEKLY

W. L. DOUGLAS 300 SHOES \$3.50

YOUNG MAN

W. L. DOUGLAS 300 SHOES \$3.50

YOUR HIBERNATED CATS

W. L. DOUGLAS 300 SHOES \$3.50

Stop Coughing!

W. L. DOUGLAS 300 SHOES \$3.50

THE GREAT NORTHERN

ILLUSTRATED BY A. WEIS



He Swam to the Point Where the Soldier Stood.

SYNOPSIS.

"Vanishing Japan" a story of what might have happened, spins to Washington with the United States and Japan on the verge of war. Guy Hillier, secretary of the British embassy, and Norma Roberts, chief aide of inventor Norman Roberts, are on a pleasure trip to Japan. All ports are closed, Japan seizes the British embassy, and the British are taken to a state of turmoil. Guy Hillier starts for England with Norma Roberts, who with military officers escape to the Philippines. Guy Hillier is captured by the Japanese. Norma Roberts, who with military officers escape to the Philippines. Guy Hillier is captured by the Japanese. Norma Roberts, who with military officers escape to the Philippines. Guy Hillier is captured by the Japanese.

CHAPTER IX.

Barred by Bayonets.

Rested by his sea voyage, and glowing with a determined will, he flew across the border, but with his definite idea as to what method he should pursue, Guy Hillier landed in London. His first aim was to gain what details he could as to the nature of the embargo which had been placed on travelers between the two countries, after which he lost no time in personally studying the habits of the border camps. Long residence in America had lessened the broadness of his A's and with a few exceptions, he was almost those of the average New Yorker.

The meager information he succeeded in gathering, he was soon to learn. He had been told that certain Americans in Canada at the time the "line" was drawn, had been permitted to pass, and thus retain their homes, and on this he based his first ally. There was no trouble whatever in gaining the encouragement of the interviewing officers in command of that section of the defense. A smart-appearing sentry passed him over to the guardhouse, and he was off duty, who conducted him to one of the regulation tents which dotted the hillside back of the line.

On the orderly's presenting his card, a voice from within hailed: "Come in!" and he entered the little house to find the commanding officers engaged in some game of cards which he did not understand.

"What can I do for you?" the commander inquired, looking at his camp stool and still holding the visitor's card in his hand.

"I am anxious to cross the line," Hillier replied.

The officer laughed and shook his head. "In my sorry, sorry, but we have had as high as 100 applications of this nature, and we cannot issue orders for my acceding to any of your requests."

"But you pass Americans, do you not?"

Again the officer smiled tolerantly, replying with good nature: "Not under conditions like these. We have no choice in the matter. If you are an American, I thoroughly appreciate your anxiety to go home, but I cannot help you."

It began to look less easy. "Is there no way at all?" asked Hillier.

"My dear sir," the officer answered, "the prophet Moses leading his hand across the Red Sea, was no help to you, than you could make through our lines."

For a moment the courier lost patience, and then as a last resort he decided to make a clean breast of his errand. "Colonel," he said, "I am not an American, I am the secretary of the British embassy at Washington, and you are up to the time of this war I come as a special messenger from my government, bearing important dispatches, which I am to deliver to you into the hands of his excellency, the president of the United States. The accomplishment of this mission may have a grave bearing on this conflict, and it possibly may prevent bloodshed."

The colonel turned on one side and threw down the playing cards which he had been holding before making any reply. His companions looked highly interested, but their faces gave no hope.

"Mr. Hillier, there have been at least 20 men before me with similar important messages, many of whom have come direct from other foreign powers. The first of these I took from men and sent forward by special courier, and my own. In each case was given a reprimand. Come here," he said, and preceded Hillier out into the open, where a bulletin board was nailed against a tree. In the center of a collection of orders posted thereon was one which read: "General Roberts, on 17,007. Order not sufficient to stay his progress. No 16,004, which was delivered to all officers, bulletined and read to all men, permits of no modification what-so-ever. It reads: 'No one shall pass through the lines, either in or out, and under no circumstances shall any communication be passed, either in or out, save on the written permit duly issued and signed by the president of the United States.'"

That which emphatic enough," he asked, turning to Hillier, who reluctantly admitted that it allowed of no mistake whatever.

"But," said the latter half jokingly, "suppose I make a run for it?"

"No, that, Mr. Hillier," the officer answered gravely, "my men would undoubtedly drill you full of holes, and I should be sorry to see a man so brave take to a gentleman like such an attempt. This may look like play; but underneath gloved hands along this border are the claws of war, please, make me understand them."

The secretary, baffled, declined the proffer of a drink, and was promptly conveyed back across the Canadian lines, but on the way he made new plans. He was only rejoiced by his first failure, and with doggedness he set his jaw and swore that by some means or other he would go to Washington. Time was becoming more and more valuable, so much of it had been spent by the secretary, that he could not afford to lose a moment more. He would now be driven to death and disguise.

He returned to the city, bought a shabby suit of clothes from a second-hand dealer, checked his luggage in the hotel, put the precious dispatches in a pocket within his shirt, and called for an automobile. The machine carried him rapidly down a well-lit road till night fell, when he paid the chauffeur, and as an additional precaution for the sake of secrecy, he made ahead till satisfied that he had put many miles between himself and any one who might have observed his coming.

He had been enough during the day to be convinced that under ordinary circumstances it would be impossible to pass the sentries whose beats were exceptionally short, and who formed almost a continuous line as far as he had been able to observe. His inquiries had elicited the information that somewhere in the vicinity a small river flowed between the two countries, and he purposed using this tributary of St. Lawrence as a means to gain the other country. His plan was rendered more tenable because of the very fact that the sentry's beat was so short, and he was almost sure that he could get across the river by the time it should be most needed.

Cautiously he proceeded along the river bank, gaining a position in as close proximity to the sentry's beat as he dared, then slipped off his clothing, secured it into a bundle, and awaited the moment of darkness.

At the very instant when the edge of the cloud began creeping across the moon he lowered himself quietly into the water and began swimming to the bank on the other side. In his days at Oxford he had been an athlete of note, and in all his later years had maintained excellent physical condition, and was thoroughly at home in the water. He swam with a low profile, catching breath from the corner of his mouth as he turned his face sideward and exposed a little of himself to view as possible. The bundle of clothing lashed to his shoulders proved something of an impediment, and he was not sufficient to stay his progress. The current caught him now and then, throwing him out of his course, and when he discovered this to be the case he almost ceased a bank. Thereafter he lifted his head at intervals, in order that he might remain in the center of the stream. He surmised

CONSTITUTIONAL OBJECTION.

Mrs. Thrifty—Well, if you're thirsty I'll give you a glass of water to drink.

Wearily Will—I dare not touch water, mum. I've got an iron constitution and it might hurt it.

Cruel, Cruel.

The conductor on the surface car was hustling engaged, looking for something on the floor under the grating of wood. A woman sat by, gazing intently at him. By and by he looked up at her.

"Did you drop this quater, madam?" he asked.

"Yes," she said quickly.

He handed it to her and walked away and the watching passenger tried not to laugh.

It was a piece of tin.

Bessie's Task.

"Mamma," said little Bessie, at table the next day, to write something to read at school next Friday, but I've forgotten what the teacher called it."

"An essay, perhaps," suggested Bessie's father.

"An oration," offered the little maid's high-school teacher, teasingly.

"A valedictory," prompted a senior sister.

"No," said Bessie, suddenly brightening. "I remember now what it is—it's an imposition."

She Spoke Too Quick.

Mr. Crimshaw—See by this paper that women are barred from the island of Ferdinand de Noronha, belonging to Brazil.

Mrs. Crimshaw—That's like the selfish man! Don't want the women to have any privileges.

"I forgot to say, dear, that the island is only used for convicts!"

The Mistral.

The mistral is a cold northwest wind which does much damage at certain seasons in France. When it blows from the clove of autumn to the beginning of spring, it is especially violent. It dries up the soil and causes dangerous storms on the Mediterranean sea.

A Natural Cause.

"I think," said the smart child, reflectively, "that Hungary must be the most human-like of all the nations."

"Why so, my child?" asked the fond parent.

"Because," the smart child answered, "it is governed by its Diet."

ONE USE OF HIRSH'S OINTMENT.

The following is a true story, told by the proprietor of a hairdressing establishment in New York.

All the world's a stage upon which most of us make a show of ourselves sooner or later.

CASTORIA

900 DROPS

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

Wm. A. Spooner

CASTORIA

Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Colic, Stomach Disturbance, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Fac-Simile Signature of **Wm. A. Spooner**

THE CENTRAL COMPANY, NEW YORK.

40 months old **35 DROPS** **CASTORIA**

Guaranteed under the Food and Drug Act.

MAPLEINE

A Flavoring. It makes a syrup better than Maple. SOLD BY GROCERS.

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Read travel cards in book and obtain the Overland Route to the Road for a Thousand Wonders!

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SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Dis-eases from Indigestion, Biliousness and the Nervous System. For Dizziness, Head-ache, Pain in the Side, Stomach, and Head. Taste in the Mouth in the Morning. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

CARTER'S LITTLE PILL FOR COLIC, HEADACHE, BRUISES, AND INFLAMMATION OF THE BOWELS.

Genuine Must Bear Face-Simile Signature

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

45 to 50 Cts. of Wheat Per Acre

have been grown on farm land in

WESTERN CANADA

Much land would be satisfactory. The general average is above twenty bushels.

"All are lost to the farmer, and the wheat crops and that which would be profitable."

It is now possible to secure a bonanza of 160 acres for and another 160 acres at \$3.00 per acre. Thousands have paid the cost of these farms (200 acres) and also had a balance of from \$10.00 to \$12.00 per acre on one crop. Wheat, barley, oats, hay, and clover. Mixed farming is a great success and raising is highly profitable. Excellent climate, splendid schools and churches, railways long most every district within easy reach of market. Railway and land companies have lands for sale at low prices and on easy terms.

"Last Year Wheat" (average) and maple sent to Europe. For more information and maps see Circulars of the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, (Superintendent of Immigration) and apply to Canada or the International Canadian Government Agent.

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BACKACHE, Sidesache, Headache, and a Worn-out Feeling May all come from Constipation.

Lane's Family Medicine

(called also "Lane's Tea")

is a herb Tonic-Laxative and will cure constipation and the ills that come from it.

It is a great blood medicine and one of the best for all stomach, kidney and bowel complaints.

All druggists, 25 and 50 cts.