THE LONE WOLF

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

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SYNOPSIS.

After stealing the Omber jewels and the Huyssman war plans in London, Michael Lanyard returns to Troyon's, a Paris inn for the first time in many years, where he thinks Roddy, a Scotland Yard man, is on his trail. Lanyard dresses and goes out, leaving Roddy snoring in the next room, then comes back stealthily, to find in his room Mlle. Bannon. In the apartment near the Trocadero he finds an invitation from The Pack to dine at Voisin's to join them. Lanyard attempts to dupe of the Omber jewels, but finds that The Pack has forbidden the buyers to deal with him. He meets The Pack, but refuses alliance with them. On his return to his room he is attacked in the dark, but knocks out his assailant. He discovers that Roddy has been murdered in his bed and starts to leave the house. In the corridor he encounters Louis Bannon, who insists on leaving with him. Having no money Lucis is obliged to take refuge with Lanyard in the studio of an absent artist "friend of his." He puts her in a room alone. After sleep Lanyard finds his viewpoint changed. He tells Lucis who he is. Mutual confessions follow. She is Lucy Shannon, not Bannon, and has been used as a tool by Bannon, the crook. The American murderer of Roddy was Bannon's accomplice. Lucy agrees to go with him to return the London loot. A newspaper wrapped in a brick is thrown through the skylight. The paper has an account of the total destruction by fire of Troyon's. They start out on their errand of restoration.

CHAPTER XXVIII—Continued.

He had shown foresight in paying when served, and was consequently able to leave abruptly, without giving Ekstrom time to shy. Rising smartly, he pushed the table aside. The girl was no less quick and little less sensitive to the strain of the moment; but as she passed him her lashes lifted and her eyes were all his for the instant.

"Good night," she breathed—"good night—my dear!"

She could have guessed no more shrewdly what he needed to nerve him against the impending clash. He hadn't hesitated as to his only course, but till then he'd been horribly afraid, knowing too well the desperate cast of the outlawed German's nature. But now, since she had spoken, he couldn't fail.

He strode briskly toward the entrance from the boulevard, out of the corner of his eye aware that Ekstrom, taken by surprise, had half started from his chair, then sunk back.

Two paces from the door the girl checked herself, murmured in French, "Oh, my handkerchief!" and turned briskly back.

Without pause, as though he hadn't heard, Lanyard threw the door wide and swung out, turning directly to the spy. At the same time he dropped a hand into the pocket of his raincoat, where nestled his automatic.

Fortunately Ekstrom had chosen a table in a corner well removed from any in use. Lanyard could speak without fear of being overheard.

But for a moment he refrained. Nor did Ekstrom speak or stir—sitting sidewise at his table, negligently, with knees crossed, the German likewise kept a hand buried in the pocket of his heavy dark ulster. Thus neither could doubt the other's ill will or preparedness.

"Ekstrom," the adventurer said quietly, "if you fire, I'll get you before I fall. That's no boast—a simple statement of fact."

The German hesitated, moistened the corners of his lips with a nervous tongue, but contented himself with a nod of acknowledgment.

"Take your hand off that gun!" Lanyard ordered. "Remember—I've only to cry your name aloud to have you torn to pieces by these people. Your life's not worth a moment's purchase in Paris—as you should know."

The German hesitated; but in his heart conceded that Lanyard didn't exaggerate. The murder of the inventor Huyssman had exasperated all France; and though tonight the weather had kept a third of Paris within doors, there was still a tide of pedestrians fluent on the sidewalk, beyond the flimsy barrier of firs that would thicken to a ravening mob upon the least excuse.

He had mistaken his man; he had thought that Lanyard, even if aware of his pursuit, would seek to shake it off in flight rather than turn and fight—and fight here, of all places!

"Do you hear me?" Lanyard continued in the same level and unyielding tone. "Bring both hands in sight—upon the table!"

There was no hesitation. Ekstrom obeyed, if with the sullen grace of a wild beast that would and could slay its trainer with one sweep of its paw—if only it dared.

For the first time since leaving the girl Lanyard relaxed his vigilant watch over the man long enough for one swift glance through the window at his side. But she was already gone from the cafe!

He breathed more freely now.

"Come!" he said peremptorily. "Get up. We've got to talk. I presume—thrash this matter out—and we'll come to no decision here."

"Where do we go, then?" the German demanded suspiciously.

"We can walk."

Irresolutely the spy uncrossed his knees, but didn't rise.

"Walk?" he repeated. "Walk where?"

"Up the boulevard, if you like—where the lights are brightest!"

With a grunt the spy got upon his feet, while Lanyard stood back against the window sill, affirming, made him free of the narrow path between the tree-tubs and the tables.

"After you, my dear Adolph!"

The German paused, half turned toward him, choking with rage, his suffused face darkly relieving the white scars he had won on Heldenberg. At this, with a graceless nod of unmistakable significance, Lanyard advanced the muzzle of his pocketed weapon. And with an ugly growl the German moved on and out through the break in the artificial hedge—Lanyard at his elbow respectfully an inch or two behind.

"By the way," the adventurer presently pursued, "you might be good enough to inform me how you knew we were dining at Bolvin's—eh?"

"If it interests you—" the spy began, but paused.

"I own it does—tremendously!"

"Pure accident. I happened to be sitting in the cafe and caught a glimpse of you through the door as you took the young woman upstairs. Therefore I waited till your waiter called for your bill at the caisse, then stationed myself outside."

"But why? Can you tell me what you thought to accomplish?"

"You knew well," Ekstrom muttered. "After what happened in London—it's your life or mine!"

"Spoken like a true villain of melodrama! But it seems to me you overlooked a conspicuous chance to accomplish your hellish design back there in the side streets."

"Would I be such a fool as to shoot you down before finding out what you've done with those plans?"

"You might as well have," Lanyard informed him lightly. "For you won't know otherwise."

With an infuriated oath the German stopped short; but he dared not ignore the readiness with which his tormentor imitated the maneuver and kept the pistol trained through the fabric of his raincoat.

"Yes?" Lanyard inquired with an exasperating accent of surprise.

"Understand me," Ekstrom muttered vindictively; "next time I'll show you no mercy—"

"Pray if there is no next time! We're not apt to meet again, you know."

"That's something beyond your knowledge—"

"You think so? But shan't we resume our stroll? People might see us standing here—you of with your teeth bared, like an ill-tempered dog. Oh, thanks you!" as they moved on. Lanyard continued: "Shall I explain why we're not apt to meet again?"

"If it amuses you, you may tell me why you think so."

"Thanks once more! For the simple reason that Paris satisfies me; so here I stop."

"Well?" the spy asked, with a blank, sidelong look.

"Whereas you, mein herr, leave Paris tonight."

"What makes you think that?"

"Because you value your thick hide too highly to remain, my dear captain."

Leaving gained the corner of the Boulevard St. Denis, Lanyard pulled up.

"One moment, by your leave. You see yonder the entrance to the Metro—don't you? And here, a dozen feet away, a perfectly able-bodied sergent de ville! Let this fateful conjunction impress you properly, for five minutes after you have descended to the Metro—or as soon as the noise of a train advises me you've had one chance to get away—I shall mention casually to the sergo that I have seen Captain Ek—"

"Hush!" the German protested in a blaze of fright.

"Certainly. I've no desire to embarrass you—publicity must be terribly distasteful to one of your reserved and sensitive nature, I know. But I trust you understand me? There's the Metro; on the other hand, there's the police; while here, you must admit, am I, as urge as life—and very much on the job! And inasmuch as I shall certainly mention my suspicions to the minion of the law—as aforesaid—I'd advise you to be well out of Paris before dawn!"

There was murder in the eyes of the spy as he lingered, truculently lowering at the smiling countenance of the adventurer; and for an instant Lanyard was well persuaded he'd gone too far, that even here, even at this busy junction of two crowded thoroughfares, Ekstrom would let his temper get the better of his judgment and risk everything in an attempt on the life of his despoiler.

But he was mistaken.

With a surly shrug the spy swung about and marched straight to the kiosk of the underground railway, into which, without one backward glance, he disappeared.

Two minutes later the earth quaked beneath Lanyard's feet with the crash and rumble of a north-bound train.

He waited three minutes longer; but Ekstrom didn't reappear; and at length, convinced that his warning had proved effectual, Lanyard turned and made off.

CHAPTER XIX.

En Route.

For all the success that had ostensibly rewarded his efforts, Lanyard's mind was far from easy during that hour which he devoted to dodging, ducking, and doubling across Paris and back again before attempting to join Lucy Shannon. He hoped to confuse and confound any jackals of the Pack that might have picked up his trail as adventitiously as Ekstrom had.

His delight, indeed, in discontinuing his dupe and enemy was quite chilled by an apprehension that it were madness, simply because the spy had proved unexpectedly tractable, to consider the Bannon affair closed. In the very fact of that docility inhered something strange and ominous, contemplation of which distilled a potent premonition of evil hardly mitigated by Lanyard's relief on finding the girl awaiting him, as per program, safe and sound under the wing of madame la concierge, in the little court of private stables wherein he rented space for his car, off the Rue des Acacias.

Monsieur le concierge, it appeared, was from home, and madame, thickwitted, warm-hearted, simple body that she was, discovered a phase of beaming incuribosity most grateful to the adventurer, enabling him as it did to dispense with more embarrassing mendacity in support of his original lie as to their relations and to whisk the girl away as soon as he liked.

This last was just as speedily as personal examination had reassured him with respect to his automobile—superficially an ordinary motor-cab of the better grade, but with an exceptionally powerful engine hidden beneath its hood. A car of such a character, passing readily as the town car of any family in modest circumstances, or else as what Paris calls a voiture de remise—a hackney car without taximeter—was a tremendous convenience, enabling its proprietor to scurry at will about cab-ridden Paris without exciting comment; but it couldn't be left standing in public places at odd hours, or for long, without attracting the interest of the police, and so was useless to Lanyard at present. But he entertained a shrewd suspicion that his plans might all miscarry and the command of a fast-traveling car ere long become a necessity to his salvation, so he cheerfully devoted a fair half-hour to plotting the motor in prime trim for the road.

With this accomplished—and the fact established through discreet, objective interrogation of madame la concierge that conditions in that quarter were normal; that no inquiries had been made after the whereabouts of Pierre Lamier, and no strange or otherwise questionable characters had been seen loitering in the neighborhood of late—he was ready for his first true step toward rehabilitation.

Thus it was past one in the morning when, with the girl on his arm, he issued forth into the dark and drowsy Rue des Acacias, moving swiftly, crossed the Avenue de la Grande Armee, and thereafter, avoiding main-traveled highways, struck southward through tangled side streets to the aristocratic quarter of Passy.

Here, skirting the boulevards of the fortifications, they approached the private park of La Muette.

The home of that wealthy and amiable eccentric, Mme. Helene Omber, was a souvenir of those days when Passy had been suburban. A survival of the revolution, a vast, dour pile that had known few changes since the days of its construction, it occupied a large, unkempt park, irregularly triangular in shape, bounded by two streets and an avenue, and rendered private by high walls crowned with broken glass. Carriage-gates opened on the avenue, guarded by a porter's lodge, while of the three posterns that pierced the walls on the side streets one only was in general use by the servants of the establishment; the other two were presumed to be permanently sealed.

Lanyard, however, knew better.

When they had turned off from the avenue he slackened pace and moved at caution, examining the prospect narrowly.

On the one hand he had the wall of the private park, topped by naked, scourging limbs of neglected trees. On the other, across the way, a block of tall old buildings, withdrawn behind jealous garden walls, showing—at that hour at least—stupid, sleepy faces and lightless eyes to passers-by.

Within the perspective of the street but three shapes stirred—Lanyard and the girl in the shadow of the wall, and a disconsolate, misprized cat that promptly on their appearance vanished like a terror-stricken ghost.

Overhead the sky was breaking, showing shoals patches and infrequent stars through a storm-harried wrack of cloud. The night had grown sensibly colder and noisy with the rushing sweep of a new-sprung wind.

Several yards from the postern-gate Lanyard paused definitely and spoke for the first time in many minutes, for the knowledge of their errand's gravity had oppressed the spirits of both and enjoined an unnatural silence ever since their departure from the Rue des Acacias.

"This is where we stop," he said, with a jerk of his head toward the wall; "but—it's not too late—"

"We're wasting time," she returned steadily.

Without further remonstrance, if with a mind beset with misgivings, he led on to the gate, a blank door of wood, painted a dark green, deeply recessed in the thickness of the wall.

In support of his promise that he had made every preparation to attack the premises before the sudden departure of Madam Omber for England, Lanyard had a key ready and in the lock almost before they reached it. And the door swung on well-greased hinges. As silently it shut them in.

Beyond the fact that they stood upon a weed-grown gravel path, hedged about with thick masses of shrubbery, the girl was unable to make much of the general aspect of their surroundings. The park was as black as a pocket, and the heavy effluvia of wet mold, decaying weeds and rotting leaves choked the air seemed only to render the murk still thicker.

But Lanyard evidently knew his way blindfold; though motives of prudence bade him refrain from using his flash-lamp, there wasn't the least uncertainty in his actions. Never once at loss for the right turning, he piloted the girl swiftly through a bewildering black labyrinth of paths and lawns and thickets.

In due course he pulled up and she saw that they had come out into a clear space of lawn and stood close beside the featureless, looming bulk of a lightless building.

His grasp tightened, admonitory, upon her fingers, and she caught his curiously penetrating yet guarded whisper:

"This is the back of the house—the service entrance. From this door a broad path runs straight to the main service gateway; you can't mistake it; and the gate itself has a spring lock easy enough to open from the inside. Remember this in event of trouble. We might become separated in the darkness and confusion."

Gently returning the pressure, "I understand," she said in a whisper.

Immediately he drew her on to the house, pausing but momentarily before a wide doorway, one-half of which promptly swung open and, as soon as they had passed through, closed with no perceptible jar or click. And then Lanyard's flash-lamp was lancing the gloom on every hand, swiftly raking the bounds of a large, paneled servants' hall, until it picked out the foot of a flight of steps at the farther end. To this they moved stealthily over a tiled flooring.

The ascent of the staircase was accomplished, however, only with infinite care. Lanyard testing each rise before trusting it with his weight or the girl's. Twice he bade her skip one step lest the ancient woodwork betray them with its complaints. In spite of all this, no less than three hideous squeals of protest were evoked before they gained the top, each indicating a pause and a wait of several breathless seconds.

But it would seem that such servants as had been left in the house, in the absence of its chatelaine, either slept soundly or were accustomed to discount the midnight concert of those age-old timbers; and without mischance, at length, through a swinging door they entered the main reception hall, revealed by the dancing spotlight as a room of noble proportions and furnished with somber magnificence.

Here the girl was left alone for a few minutes, while Lanyard darted abovestairs for rapid reconnaissance of the state bedchambers and servants' quarters.

CHAPTER XX.

Off With the Old.

With a sensation of being crushed and suffocated by the encompassing dark mystery, she nerved herself against a protracted vigil. The obscurity on every hand seemed alive with stealthy footsteps, whisperings, murmurings, the passage of shrouded shapes of silence and of menace. Her eyes ached, her throat and temples throbbed, her skin crept, her scalp tingled. She seemed to hear a thousand different notes of alarm.

The only sounds she did not seem to hear were those—if any—that accompanied Lanyard's departure and return. Had he not been thoughtful enough, when a few feet distant, to give warning with the light she might well have greeted with a cry of fright the consciousness of a presence near her; so silently he moved about. As it was, she was startled, apprehensive of some misadventure, to find him back so soon, for he hadn't gone three minutes, long though her nervousness had made that period seem.

"It's quite all right," he announced in hushed accents—no longer whispering. "There are just five people in the house aside from ourselves—all servants, asleep in the rear wing. We've a clear field—if no excuse for taking foolish chances! However, we'll be finished and off again within ten minutes. This way."

As he spoke the light of the flash-lamp was blotted out. An instant later the girl heard a little clashing noise of curtain rings sliding along a pole, and this was thrice repeated. Then, following another brief pause, a switch clicked, and, streaming from the hood of a portable-electric desk lamp, a pool of light flooded the heart of a vast place of shadows.

Reviewing it swiftly, the girl found herself in an apartment whose doors and windows alike were cloaked with heavy draperies hanging from floor to ceiling in long, shining folds. Immense black bookcases lined the walls, their shelves crowded with volumes in rich bindings; from their tops pallid, sculptured masks peered down inquisitively, leering and scowling at the intruders.

A huge mantelpiece of carved marble, supporting a great, dark mirror, occupied the best of one wall; beneath it a wide, deep fireplace yawned, insufficiently shielded by a screen of wrought brass and crystal. In the middle of the room stood a library table of mahogany; huge leather chairs and couches encumbered the remainder of its space. And one corner, that to the right of the fireplace, was shut off by a high Japanese screen of cinnabar and gold.

To this Lanyard moved confidently, carrying the lamp. Placing it on the floor, he grasped one wing of the screen with both hands, and at cost of considerable effort swung it aside, uncovering the face of a huge, old-style safe, of which the body was buried in the wall.

"For several seconds—but not for many—Lanyard studied this problem intently, standing quite motionless, head lowered and thrust forward, hands resting on his hips. Then, turning, he nodded an invitation to come nearer.

"My last job," he said, with a smiling countenance oddly lighted by the lamp at his feet—"and my easiest, I fancy. Sorry, too, for I'd rather have liked to show off a bit! But this old-fashioned tin bank gives no excuse for spectacular methods!"

"But," the girl objected, "you've brought no tools!"

"Oh, but I have!" And fumbling in a pocket, Lanyard produced a pencil. "Behold!" he laughed, brandishing it. She knitted thoughtful brows. "I don't understand."

"All I need—except this."

Crossing to the desk, he found a sheet of note paper and, folding it, returned.

"Now," he said, "give me five minutes."

Kneeling, he gave the combination knob a smart preliminary twirl, then rested a shoulder against the sheet of painted iron, his cheek to its smooth, cold cheek, his ear close beside the dial, and with the practiced fingers of a master locksmith and an authority on strong-box construction, began to manipulate the knob.

Gently, tirelessly, to and fro he twisted, turned, raced and checked the combination, caressing it, humoring it, wheedling it, inexorably questioning it in the dumb language his fingers spoke so deftly. And in his ear the click and whir and thump of shifting wards and tumblers murmured artful late response in the terms of their cryptic code.

Now and again, releasing the knob and sitting back on his heels, he would bend grave scrutiny to the dial, note the position of the combination, and with his pencil jot memoranda on the folded sheet of paper. This happened perhaps a dozen times, spaced by intervals of increasing length.

But it had only been a premonitory rumble in the inwards of a tall old clock, about to strike, in the reception hall. And as its sonorous chimes heralded two deep-toned strokes Lanyard laughed quietly, intimately, into the girl's startled eyes and sank back before the safe.

And now his task was nearly finished. Within another minute he sat back with face aglow, uttered a hushed exclamation of satisfaction, studied his memoranda for a space, then swiftly and with assured movements threw the knob and dial into the several varying positions of the combination, grasped the lever handle, turned it smartly and swung the door wide open.

"Simple, eh?" he chuckled, with a glance aside at the girl's eager face, bewitchingly flushed and shallowed by the lamp's upthrown glow—"when one knows the trick, of course! And now—if one were not an honest man—a fortune's ours for the taking!"

A wave of his hand indicated the rack of pigeonholes with which the cavity of the safe was fitted—wide spaces and deep, stored tight with an extraordinary array of leather jewel cases, packet of stout paper bound with tape and sealed, and boxes of wood and pasteboard of every shape and size.

"They were only her finest pieces, her personal jewels, that Madam Omber took with her to England," he explained; "she's mad about them—never separated from them. Perhaps the finest collection of priceless stones in the world for size and purity of water. She had the heart to leave these—all this!"

Lifting a hand, he chose at random, dislodged two leather cases, placed them on the floor, and with a blade of his penknife forced their fastenings.

From the first the light smote radiance in blinding, scrutcant welter; here was nothing but diamond jewelry, mostly in antique settings.

He took up a piece and offered it to the girl. She drew back her hand involuntarily.

"No!" she protested in a whisper that sounded like one of fright.

"But just look!" he urged. "There's no danger—and you'll never see the like of this again!"

Still she stubbornly withheld her hand. "No, no!" she pleaded. "I—I'd rather not touch it. Put it back. Let's hurry. I—I'm frightened."

He shrugged and, acquiescent, replaced the jewel; then yielded again to impulse of curiosity and lifted the lid of the second case.

It contained nothing but pieces set with colored stones of the first order—emeralds, amethysts, sapphires, rubies, topaz, garnets, lapis-lazuli, spinthis, jades—fashioned by master craftsmen into rings, bracelets, chains, brooches, lockets, necklaces of exquisite design—the whole thrown heedlessly together, without care or arrangement.

For a moment the adventurer stared down moodily at this priceless hoard, his eyes narrowing, his breathing perceptibly quickened. Then, with a slow gesture, he reclosed the case, took from his pocket that other case which he had brought from London, opened it, and held it aside, beneath the light, for the girl's inspection.

He locked not once either at its contents or at her, fearing lest his countenance betray the truth, that he had not yet succeeded completely in exorcising that mutinous spirit, the Lone Wolf, from the tenement over which it had so long held sway; and content with the sound of her quick, startled sigh of amaze, that what she now beheld could so marvelously outshine what had been disclosed in the other boxes, he withdrew his hand, shut the case, found place for it in the safe, and without pause closed the door, shot the bolts, and twirled the dial until the tumblers fairly sang.

One final twist of the lever handle convincing him that the combination was effectively dislocated, he rose, picked up the lamp, replaced it on the desk with scrupulous care to leave no sign that it had been moved, and looked round to the girl.

She was where he had left her, a small, tense, vibrant figure among the shadows, her eyes dark pools of wonder in a face of blazing pallor.

With a high head and his shoulders well back he made a gesture signifying more eloquently than any words: "All that is ended!"

As though thereby released from chains of some strange enchantment, she started and came swiftly toward him.

"And now—" she asked breathlessly.

"Now to make our getaway," he replied with assumed lightness. "Before dawn we must be clear of Paris. Two minutes, while I straighten this place up and leave it as I found it."

He moved back to the safe, restored the wing of the screen to the spot from which he had moved it and, after an instant's close scrutiny of the rug, began to explore his pockets.

"What are you looking for?" the girl inquired, coming over to him again.

"My memoranda of the combination—"

"I have it." She indicated its hiding place in a pocket of her coat. "You left it on the floor, and I was afraid you might forget—"

"No fear!" he laughed. "No"—as she offered him the folded paper—"keep it and destroy it once we're out of this. Now those portieres."

Extinguishing the desk-light, he turned attention to the draperies at doors and windows.

Within five minutes, leaving everything as they had found it, the two were once more in the silent streets of Passy.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Bring Both Hands in Sight—Upon the Table."

Swiftly and With Assured Movements Threw the Knob.

ONE MAY BEAT A DONKEY

"It is the Will of God," Says an Eastern Legend, Reported by Traveler.

In his article on his journey to Babylon, in Harper's, William Warfield told a legend prevailing among the natives by which they justify beating of donkeys but not horses.

"We stopped to change our mules. In the roadway before the khan sat a group of Arabs. A servant supplied them with little cups of tea from a nickel samovar. We saluted them, and, taking our places in the circle, we were served in turn. Someone in the dark doorway was thumping away on a drum. A boy came out of the khan beating a poor lame donkey covered with fly-infested sores. I turned to one of my neighbors:

"'Is it true, sir, for that boy to beat a lame ass in that way?'

"'Effendim, it is the will of God!'

"'But you do not allow horses or camels to be beaten thus.'

"'Effendim, the donkey is not like the horse, nor yet is he like the camel. The reason is that God created the donkey were served in turn. Someone in the dark doorway was thumping away on a drum. A boy came out of the khan beating a poor lame donkey covered with fly-infested sores. I turned to one of my neighbors:

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IN WESTERN CANADA

"He Who Will and Does Work Will Not Want."

As in the United States it is said, that the Mennonites in Canada are very much oppressed, and have to suffer from a great deal (on account of the War in Europe) and I have been requested to write something about this, I will do so.

I came with my parents A. D. 1874, from Southern Russia to North America, South Dakota, and A. D. 1907 I came with my family here to Western Canada, here we have found a healthy climate; the acre yields on an average more and wheat is better than in South Dakota. What concerns the Government, up to now we have had a good one, have been able to live according to our creed and have not been oppressed in any way, and I believe: All Mennonites, who live according to the fundamental beliefs of the Mennonites and to God's word, as their guide, will agree with me.

He, who, here in Canada, will and does work, will not want. So much as an answer.

Remain your friend,

(Sgd.) DIEDRICH GOOSSEN.

Does not Fear Oppressions.

Very few farmers cultivate the habit of keeping careful accounts of their receipts and expenditures, showing at the end of the year a balance, either for or against. The farmer of Western Canada is an exception to this. It is felt if more careful book-keeping were resorted to there that much better results would be obtained and shown. There is the case of the Crowfoot Farming Co., of Crowfoot, Alberta, it has just issued a certified statement of its operations for the years 1912, 1913, 1914 and 1915. This Company has had for the past few years about 1300 acres in wheat and between 200 and 250 in oats. The total operating, and general expenses for 1912, including interest at 6% and depreciation at 15%, were $12,587, for 1913 $17,506, for 1914 $18,729, and for 1915, $29,804.43. Expense per acre of land in crop was $7.80 in 1912, $11.57 in 1913, $11.70 in 1914, and $17.87 in 1915. Total receipts were $15,531 in 1912, $30,661 in 1913, $31,589.87 in 1914, and $62,520.26 in 1915. The percentage earned upon capital invested was 6½% in 1912, 30% in 1913, 23 1-3 in 1914, and 59% in 1915, in which year it paid a cash dividend of 58%.

Statistical Statement Shows a Dividend of 58% in 1915.

The Company's statement shows that the average dates of finishing seeding was April 20th; the average date commenced cutting was August 18th.—Advertisement.

Force of Habit.

Lady (calling up for matinee seats)—Please save three in the G row left. And be sure they're fresh!—Judge.

SALTS IF BACKACHY OR KIDNEYS TROUBLE YOU

Eat Less Meat If Your Kidneys Aren't Acting Right or If Back Hurts or Bladder Bothers You.

When you wake up with backache and dull misery in the kidney region it generally means you have been eating too much meat, says a well-known authority. Meat forms uric acid which overworks the kidneys in their effort to filter it from the blood and they become sort of paralyzed and loggy. When your kidneys get sluggish and clog you must relieve them like you relieve your bowels; removing all the body's urinous waste, else you have backache, sick headache, dizzy spells; your stomach sours, tongue is coated, and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine is cloudy, full of sediment, channels often get sore, water scalds and you are obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night.

Either consult a good, reliable physician at once or get from your pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to clean and stimulate sluggish kidneys, also to neutralize acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is a life saver for regular meat eaters. It is inexpensive, cannot injure and makes a delightful, effervescent lithia-water drink.—Adv.

If the phoenix of common sense rises from the ashes of a fool's money the conflagration has not been in vain.

TENDER SKINNED BABIES

With Rashes and Irritations Find Comfort in Cuticura. Trial Free.

Baby's tender skin requires mild, soothing properties such as are found in the Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Cuticura Soap is so sweet, pure and cleansing and Cuticura Ointment so soothing and healing, especially when baby's skin is irritated and rashy.

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

There is nothing quite so monotonous as the smile that won't come off.

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