# Patria

by Louis Joseph Vance

## The Great Romance of Preparedness

NOVELIZATION OF THE MOTION PICTURE PLAY OF THE SAME NAME. PRODUCED FOR THE INTERNATIONAL FILM SERVICE, INC., UNDER THE DIRECTION OF WHARTON, INC.

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**THE CAST.**

MRS. VERNON CASTLE as Patria Channing.
MILTON SILLS as Donald Parr.
WARNER OLAND as Baron Huroki.
DOROTHY GREEN as Fanny Adair.

**SYNOPSIS.**

Baron Huroki, chief of the Japanese secret service in America, conspiring to embroil the United States with Mexico, desires control of The great Channing munitions plants owned by Patria—last of "The Fighting Channings" and sole executrix of the $100,000,000 trust secretly created by patriotic progenitors to combat the national perils inherent in "unpreparedness." His schemes failing through the opposition of Patria and her fiance, Capt. Donald Parr, Huroki in revenge causes the destruction by fire of vast stores of munitions in the Channing freight yards near Bayonne—a holocaust in which Patria and Donald escape annihilation by the narrowest of chances.

### NINTH EPISODE

### Cat's Paw and Scapegoat.

**THE CONVENTIONAL THING.**

That night had been sultry, a night of heat rendered the more oppressive by humidity, a true Manhattan night of August. But the day that followed broke upon the uneasy city in dew-light so pitilessly clear that at least one belated wayfarer, half dulled senses suddenly stirring to appreciate that the friendly cloak of darkness was no more for him, was seized with a little fit of shivering, as if chilled.

His trembling fingers strove to draw together the front of his coat, a fruitless effort. Looking down angrily, he discovered a wine-spattered expanse of white gaping between the edge of his dress coat—something, of course, not built to be buttoned.

Mumbling pettishly an inane oath, the belated one glanced furtively round to see whether, by mischance, anybody else were abroad to be a witness to the witlessness; then, reassured to find himself the lonely tenant of an empty side street, pulled himself together after a fashion and resumed a desultory course toward his lodgings.

This was the figure, in the role of rejected suitor for the hand of Patria Channing, cut by Mr. Rodney Wrenn—in his sober senses'not inaptly to be termed a gentleman.

As his struggling feet wove their uncertain way upon the sidewalk, a motor car of the touring type overtook him, rounded the next corner, and disappeared. Mr. Wrenn was aware of its transit, but was likewise sufficiently aware of his condition to wish not to be seen, even by strangers. He held his face averted till the car had passed. Had he looked up he would have recognized the face of the woman he loved, or thought he loved, but the recognition would have been one-sided.

She lay, with eyes closed, as if she slept, in the arms of Capt. Donald Parr, her head pillowed on his shoulder, her body enveloped in a coarse, damp blanket, her hair in a disordered tangle, framing a face whose pallor was the shade of parchment.

Donald Wrested the Instrument From Her.

Captain Parr was scarcely less pale, though his eyes were open wide and his face set in a cast of grave solicitude for the woman in his arms.

With him in the touring car were two operatives of Miss Channing's recently organized secret intelligence bureau—Mr. Ryley and a subordinate, both showing the effects of an experience scarcely less trying than that which Miss Channing and Captain Parr had patently undergone.

If any of these identified the man in the street as Mr. Wrenn, he kept it to himself.

After an indeterminate duration in his befuddled consciousness, he found himself unexpectedly at home, the door to his sitting room shutting out the wakening world.

He shivered again, bethought him of a certain decanter whose contents ought to provide temporary relief for jangled nerves, and in search for it came abruptly upon a framed photograph which decorated his study table.

The face that was pictured therein was the face of Patria, smiling, exquisite, provokingly coquettish.

A phase of mock sobriety possessed the mind of Rodney Wrenn as he picked up the photograph and stood staring benignly at it.

He recalled a day that was scarcely six weeks old, when Patria, the selfsame girl whose counterfeit presentment was smiling into his eyes, had seemed to be wholly his, pledged to become his bride by an understanding no less complete if tacit.

They had been light-hearted lovers on that day, and on many a day that had gone before.

Then, in a twinkling, Donald Parr had stepped between them.

In the opinion of Rodney his subsequent sufferings had aged him swiftly to full manhood. But he was herein self-deluded; he remained a boy, of man's stature but of youthful mentality. As he was presently to prove.

His look grew still more morose as he reviewed the events which had followed the coming of Captain Parr.

There had been a brief time when Donald had seemed to be high in the favor of the girl. So constantly were the two together that the gossip of Newport had excusably bruited their engagement. And that was something which Rodney, for all his resentment, had been able to understand. The boyish hero-worship which he had always accorded Donald Parr still maintained its sway upon his thoughts. It was quite conceivable that the girl should become—perhaps only temporarily—infatuated with such a man.

But all the time she was changing, her very nature was changing incomprehensibly. Hardly had society settled itself to accept Captain Parr as the fortunate suitor when, following one of Patria's business trips to New York, all that was off. Donald was in deep disfavor and Baron Huroki, statelsy, suave Japanese, and his constant associate, Senor Juan de Lima, the lanky, crude Mexican millionaire, were constantly at Patria's elbows, with Fanny Adair forming a triumvirate of her intimates.

Coincident had been the banishment of Rodney and his mother, who since Patria's childhood had stood in loco parentis to the girl, managing her several households in town and county, supervising her education, chaperoning her social life.

And now, but a few weeks later—weeks unmarked by any token of contrition from Patria or even of remembrance of their existence—the papers were publishing formal announcement of her betrothal to Juan de Lima!

It was all incredible to Rodney. Such heartlessness, such inconstancy, passed comprehension.

Rage clouded his wits and senses.

"Jade!" he muttered sullenly.

Heedless of risk to his hands, he shattered the glass in the frame with a blow of his fist, ripped out the photograph, and tore it across and again.

Then, as the fragments fell to the floor, he sank into a chair, dropped his head on a forearm on the table, and sobbed gustily.

Almost immediately he fell asleep.

At precisely the same time Donald was carrying the semi-conscious girl into the sitting room of his own lodgings, his assistant Ryley hovering in attendance, ready to lend assistance if needed—or permitted.

The door was opened by a half-frantic woman of middle age—Patria's maid—who took the girl to her maternal bosom as soon as Parr relinquished her.

"Oh, my dearie!" she cried. "Where have you came from in such a state?"

"Out of the jaws of death, out of the mouth of hell," Parr answered for Patria. "If you had obeyed orders, Anne, and stayed awake till she was asleep, this would never have happened. She followed me to the Bayonne docks last night; there was a fire—caused by those accursed Japs—and we were caught in it. How we escaped—ask Ryley. I don't know. . . . . But don't stand there, starting. Get Miss Channing to bed immediately—get her out of those wet clothes and wrap her up warmly. Don't talk! Do as I bid you!"

The girl had revived sufficiently to walk. As, supported by the maid, she disappeared in the direction of the bedchamber, Parr turned to Ryley.

"It's six," he announced, taking out his watch. "Don't sleep till you get hold of a magistrate and swear out warrants for the arrest of Huroki and De Lima on charges of criminal conspiracy, and causing the Bayonne explosions. Bring the warrants here to me at one o'clock. I'll execute them personally and with bitter vengeance."

"At what time?"

"One o'clock—I must get a little sleep."

"To your hotel?"

"No—here. I'll call here about twelve-thirty to take Miss Channing to breakfast. If we're not in, Anne will tell you where to find us."

"Very good, Captain Parr."

The door closed behind Ryley. Too tired to think, unconscious even of the fact that he still held his watch between thumb and forefinger, Donald dropped into a chair to await Anne's return. Naturally, it was impossible for him to leave before he received first-hand assurance that Patria was resting comfortably. His eyes closed. He was instantly asleep.

It was high noon when he awoke.

Profoundly fatigued as he had been, a constitution inured to all manner of hardship and fatigue had profited tremendously by those scanty hours of repose. If his muscles ached a trifle from resting in an unaccustomed pose, his head was clear and all his faculties alert almost with his first blink.

He started to his feet with an exclamation of dismay; by the watch that remained in his grasp the hour was twelve.

"The deuce!" he grumbled anxiously.

It was too bad; to have turned himself out of his lodgings to provide Patria with a safe hiding place from Huroki, to have moved ostentatiously to a hotel in order to forestall evil-minded gossip if it ever should by mischance transpire that the girl had used his rooms, and then to have this happen! Nothing, not even the utmost liberality in the matter of tipping, would prevail to stop the tongues of the hall attendants from clacking!

And it couldn't be remedied.

"Why didn't you awake me?" he demanded angrily of Anne when that one appeared from the direction of the bedchamber.

"You were so tired, poor dear!" she told him, with a beaming affection that disarmed his temper. "I just couldn't bear to disturb you, after all you'd been through."

"Well. . . . he grumbled uncomfortably. . . . "How is Miss Channing?"

"Still asleep—the lamb!"

"I'll run over to the hotel. . . . Or, wait a minute."

A hapchance glance at himself in a pier-glass had shown him a figure clothed in garments shockingly the worse for close contact with fire and prolonged immersion in salt water. He was in no shape to be seen in the streets.

"You'll find a change of clothes for me in that hall closet," he said. "Please fetch it instantly. I want to clear out of this with the least possible delay."

The woman bustled off, brought back all he desired, made herself scarce. He effected the change with all possible expedition, but was still in his shirtsleeves, knotting his tie, when a knock sounded on the hall door.

Donald hesitated only an instant before opening the door. This would undoubtedly prove to be Ryley, a bit ahead of time. And Ryley was both intelligent and trustworthy.

But it was Rodney Wrenn who stepped in over the threshold as Donald opened the door.

For a moment embarrassment blinded Donald to Rodney's condition. But as soon as the latter spoke, it was unmistakably manifest.

"Look here, Don; I'm sorry to trouble you, but . . . Well, it's this way, mother's all broken up about this row with Patria and . . . . And so'n I. It's driving me mad. I've always been foolish about her and—and all that—and it seemed pretty tough to be cut out even by you. But you were at least white. And now the papers say she's going to marry that damn Greaser!"

The boy paused. Donald regarded him uneasily. There was no questioning the evidence of his furred enunciation, his abnormally flushed face and unsteady eyes; he had been drinking, and drinking heavily. A dangerous caller, one to be got rid of with all possible haste.

"Well?" Donald suggested coldly.

"Well . . . I just wanted to ask you for Patria's address. She was at the Ritz, but she's left, and . . . I thought you might know where I could find here."

"I'm sorry—I can't help you out."

There was a little pause. Rodney's gaze wandered past Donald and became fixed. His face etn more deeply congested.

"You liar!" he said quickly.

With a groan of dismay Donald rounded on his heel, to see, poised lightly on the threshold of the adjoining bedchamber, Patria—a charming vision of innocent loveliness in the negligee which she had donned over her nightdress when roused by the sound of voices in the sitting room, but a vision of disastrous omen in Donald's sight.

"So this—!" Rodney began furiously.

If he failed to complete what he would have said, it was thanks only to the hand with which Donald forcibly sealed his lips.

"Be quiet, you young idiot!"

With an oath the boy broke away, aimed an uncertain blow at Donald and ran from the apartment.

Without daring to look in the direction of she girl, Donald snatched up his coat and, shrugging into it, pursued.

Overtaking the younger man on the steps outside the front door of the building, Donald caught his arm and held it against his struggles.

"Rodney!" he pleaded. "Listen to me. Be reasonable. You're wrong—all wrong! I can easily explain—"

"Liar!"

The epithet sounded simultaneously with the impact of a gloved hand on Donald's lips. Instinctively this last released Rodney who promptly took to his heels and pelted up the street.

Remembering that he was hatless and wore an unknotted cravat, Donald reluctantly relinquished further pursuit for the time being.

"I'll find him at his rooms," he reflected moodily as he turned back into the house. "I'll make him listen. It ought'nt to be difficult; Rod's sensible enough . . . sober!"

In the Wreckage of the House Lay the Body of De Lima.

**AN EXIT.**

It was nearer two o'clock than one when Mr. Ryley found Donald and Patria breakfasting in the name of luncheon in the grill room of a quiet hotel.

"I'm sorry I'm late," he apologized. "I'd have been on the dot only for Mr. Huroki. Looks as if he's got wind of these warrants already, somehow—or else he suspects it's high time we were taking some drastic action in his case."

"How so?" asked Donald.

"He's been flying around pretty lively all morning—ever since nine o'clock—calling on the Japanese consul, visiting his bank and a couple of lawyer's offices, and things like that. We had a man after him all the time, of course. Here's his report."

The detective offered Donald a leaf from a pocket notebook blackened with memoranda in a minute hand; the majority of which was a single, concise record of an active man's busy morning, all going to indicate hurried preparations toward a change of address, the final item alone excited uncommon interest on the part of Donald.

"Stopped at Walton," he read to himself—"lunched in grill with woman he picked up in lobby. Headwaiter says woman is Iris Mayne, common to the town. (Qy.: Is this the Badger Queen?) Joined at lunch by boy with hang-over whom Mayne called from the other side of the room. Couldn't find anybody who knew boy. Mayne and boy hurried away before Huroki finished. H. then returned to residence."

"Is he still there?" Donald inquired, returned the memoranda.

"That's all I was waiting for—to get him bottled up. We've got cops and plain-clothes at both ends of the block in addition to our own men. He won't get away from us so easily this time."

"And De Lima?"

"At last accounts, still abed in his hotel. If Huroki's planning an evasion, he evidently means to leave De Lima to shift for himself. . . . Here are the warrants," Ryley pursued, delivering the papers, "and here's a note that came for you just as I stopped at the house to ask Anne where to find you. Thought perhaps I'd better bring it along."

"Thank you."

With a word of apology to Patria, Donald opened the note. Written in Rodney's unsteady hand, it read as follows:

Dear Don:

I'm frightfully sorry I was such an ass. I ought to have known better. But I'm so broken up about Patria and everything I couldn't see straight. As soon as I get over this katzenjammer I'm going to ask her to forgive me. For the present, I must ask you not only to overlook my boorishness but to help me out of a bad scrape I'm in.

It's a woman, and it isn't my fault. I'm in wrong that's all. Only it'll get me in bad all round if anything gets into the papers. Please don't say anything to anybody—just come secretly to the address as soon as you can.

Respectfully yours,
Rodney.

The address was written below the signature: "Hotel Baltimore. Ask for me by my name."

Thoughtfully, Donald refolded and pocketed the note. He was fond of Rodney, and could not refuse the boy's request. At the same time, its urgency complicated matters a trifle.

Summoning the waiter, he settled his account.

"Please take Miss Channing back to my rooms," he requested Ryley. "Then go on to Huroki's. I'll join you there in the course of half an hour or so. Don't do anything pending my arrival."

The Baltimore was well-known to Donald by unsavory repute.

A sardonic clerk delivered Captain Parr to the guidance of a cynic bellboy, who left him at the door of a room on the fifth floor. His knock was answered by a handsome creature of some thirty animated years, a woman whose complete self-possession and alluring negligee assorted well with the implications latent in Rodney's note.

"Captain Parr?"

Her tones were as professionally dulcet as her smile was worldlywise. Donald bowed coolly.

"I am looking for Mr. Wrenn."

"He is expecting you. Won't you please come in?"

Donald entered. The woman closed the door and paused momentarily with back to it. He swung around sharply, suspecting that she had turned the key and withdrawn it—for the first time suspecting that Rodney's note might have been a forgery.

"Where is Mr. Wrenn?" he demanded.

"He was called away unexpectedly, but will be back at any moment. Please sit down."

"Thank you—no."

Donald moved quickly to the door. The woman sought to interpose herself between him and it, but he was too quick. A twist of the handle confirmed his surmise; he was locked in with this dangerous animal.

"Be good enough," he said brusquely, "to open without delay."

"But surely you can wait—"

"I have no time to waste. Do as I say!"

"Am I so repulsive, then?"

He shrugged impatiently. "I'm in no mood for nonsense. Open that door!"

"But listen to me . . ."

She came closer, with a sudden lithe movement threw herself upon him, arms clasping his neck.

"You're right. It is a plant, dearie. Mr. Wrenn isn't here—won't be, I sent you that note because I'm mad about you—wanted to get you here—"

"Oh—rot!" Donald ejaculated in disgust; and breaking her hold, threw her from him. "I'll give you one minute to unlock that door!"

For an answer he received a mocking laugh.

"Do you hear?" he asked.

She laughed again. Impatiently he turned from her and looked round the room for something to aid him to break open the door. A stand of fire-irons near the chimney-piece offered a substantial brass poker. Selecting this, he made for the door. Behind his back, the woman seized the telephone and screamed into the transmitter.

"Help! Help! A strange man has me locked in here!"

By the time she had said that much, Donald had wrested the instrument from her.

She relinquished it without much resistance, then darting beyond his reach, paused and again laughed in his face while hurriedly disordering her hair and attire in such manner as to indicate a struggle.

This time Donald answered her laugh with a quiet smile.

"Well," he said, dropping the poker, "you've got me—Mrs. Mayne!"

That was a shot at random, suggested by sudden suspicion; but it told. The woman's hands fell limp; she stared and gasped.

"How did you know?"

He gave a gesture, signifying that her question was immaterial. At the same instant a thunder of heavy blows sounded on the door, and it yielded to a passkey, admitting three sturdy and willing porters.

They made for Donald in a concerted rush, but only to bring up with lifted hands at the point of his pistol.

"Easy!" he ordered. "Steady! Into that room there—all of you. Step lively, and don't crowd! You, too, Mrs. Mayne!"

Herding the quartette into the adjoining bedchamber, he locked its door, and tossed the key out of the open window an instant before three policemen entered. At sight of these Donald quietly showed the badge of a special officer of the New York police department.

"You'll find the people you want in there," he said, jerking his thumb toward the bedchamber door. "Take the

"Be Quiet, You Young Idiot."

four of them to the station-house and don't let them go till you've put the fear of the law into their hearts."

He walked out, summoned the elevator, and paused on his way through the lobby long enough to communicate confidentially with the sardonic clerk.

"Just one more break like that, my friend," he said, smiling sweetly, "and you'll lose your license. Remember I have warned you."

Without waiting for response, Donald left the hotel.

As he did so, a taxicab drew up at the carriage block and Rodney Wrenn jumped out and turned to help Patria, who uttered a little cry of pleasure at sight of her betrothed—a cry that, drawing Rodney's attention to Donald, struck the former limp with surprise and dismay.

"Why, Don! I didn't expect to find you here!" Rodney persuaded me to come with him to see Mother Wrenn and—"

"Just wait!" Donald interrupted, signaling the taxi-man. To Rodney he said quietly:

"Do I understand you told Patria your mother was stopping at this hotel? Or is the truth of the matter that Huroki put you up to this trick, and you brought Patria here to see me led away under arrest—disgraced?"

The boy could neither find words to answer him with or endure his eyes, but stood with head bowed in shame.

Still no answer; but Donald knew that he had guessed shrewdly at the truth.

"Come, dear," Donald said to Patria, and assisted her to re-enter the cab.

Within ten minutes they joined Ryley at the corner of that quiet street in the Murray Hill quarter.

"You're just in time," he informed them; "the trap is ready to spring. Nobody has come out since Huroki returned over an hour ago; but De Lima has just gone in."

"Did he see you, or suspect—?"

"I think not. Only one thing worries me; he used a passkey to open the front door after ringing the bell several times and getting no answer."

"Get your men together. We'll waste no more time."

Ryley's whistle brought up half a dozen men, plain-clothes detectives and subordinates of Patria's private force. Together they moved toward the modest little residence in the middle of the block.

As they approached, Donald, searching its windows with suspicious eyes, detected a face at one—a face that peered out furtively, then disappeared. The brief glimpse he got of it reminded him of De Lima—a badly frightened and bewildered De Lima.

Then they were at the door. One of the men produced a stout jimmy and stooped to apply it to the lock.

Simultaneously a frightful detonation thundered within the building. It rocked upon its foundations. The glass panels of the door broke and fell outwards, shattered by the force of the explosion.

When Donald's party was able to enter, the entire interior of the house was found to be in ruins, completely demolished by dynamite.

Near the front door the body of De Lima lay, pinned between two great timbers, his back broken; the manis death had been mercifully instantaneous.

Further investigation established the fact that Huroki and his creatures, making their escape by way of a secret passage to a house on the downtown side of the block, had planted an informal machine at the mouth of the passage, so wired that the first attempt to follow would bring about the explosion.

De Lima, arriving too late to accompany the fugitives, and seeking to escape the police, had thus been left to bring about his own annihilation.

(END OF NINTH EPISODE.)

## WANTED TO BE INTRODUCED

**Bringing In of New Foreman Led to Strike in Munition Factory in English Town.**

A novelty in the way of strikes was described at the munitions tribunal, Caxton Hall, England, recently.

It appears that 250 men struck for two days because their employer had shown lack of courtesy in introducing a new foreman without notifying the men of the appointment, says the Chronicle. Proceedings were taken against 25 of the men.

For the workers, the court was told that it was the custom to introduce a new foreman with the remark, Mr. ——, this will be your new foreman in future." The first they heard from the new foreman was a threat to suspend a man.

Mr. Gibb (manager) said it would be impossible to introduce a foreman to 40,000 men.

The workmen replied that there were only 50 men concerned. They did not expect Mr. Gibb to introduce the man to the whole factory, or to the young ladies in the shop.

Another workman said that they did not know the foreman's name. He was ordering the men about and they thought that he was a policeman.

The court would not impose any penalty, and hoped in future things would work harmoniously.

An African frog sounds a call under water that can be heard for several miles.

## HOW TO MANICURE CANARY

**It Is a Job That Must Be Done, But Extreme Care Should Always Be Used.**

As a canary grows old, it will be noticed that its claws get long and catch on the perches and wires as it hops about the cage. In a state of nature the activity of the bird as it moves about on the ground or among twigs and limbs keeps the claws properly worn down. Confined in a cage, the bird's claws become entirely too long.

It is necessary, therefore, to trim them with a pair of sharp scissors every few months. It is important to watch the condition of the claws carefully, as by catching they may cause a broken leg. In each claw a slender blood vessel extends well down toward the tip. This may be seen on close examination through the transparent sheath of the claw. In trimming cut well beyond this canal and take special care not to break the leg while handling the bird.

In cage birds the horny covering of the bill, as well as the claws, sometimes becomes distorted through growth without sufficient wear. The tips of the mandibles may be pared down with a sharp knife, but care must be taken not to cut deep enough to reach the quick.

**Little Pitchers.**

"Mr. Smith, have you got a boy?"

"No, Tommy. Why do you ask?"

"Cause pa told me he was goin' to get it."


## BUSINESS GOOD IN CANADA

**No Financial Depression, and None Since the War Began.**

A well-known correspondent of an important Western daily paper recently made an extended visit to Western Canada, and in summing up the results, after going thoroughly into conditions there, says there is no financial depression in Canada, nor has there been anything of the sort since the war began. Anyone who has watched the barometer of trade, and seen the bank clearings of the different cities grow and continue to grow will have arrived at the same conclusion. The trade statistics reveal a like situation. The progress that the farmers are making is highly satisfactory. As this correspondent says: "It is true there have been adaptations to meet new conditions, and taxes have been revised, and that a very large burden of added expense in many lines has been assumed, but it has all been done methodically, carefully and with full regard for the resources to be called on.

"That this has been done fairly and wisely is proved by the present comfortable financial position.

"With the exception of a restricted area in the east, Canada is not an industrial country. The greater portion of the Dominion must be classed as agricultural area, with only an infinitesimal part of it fully developed.

"Lacking complete development, the agricultural resources of Canada has naturally placed its main dependence upon fewer resources than would be the case in the States. Even in peace times, business would be subject to more frequent and wider fluctuations, due to the narrower foundation upon which it rests.

"Thus, Canada has been able to come up to the war with efficiency and sufficiency and to maintain and even advance its civilian activities.

"Canada's first element of financial strength lay in its branch bank system. This system has two great advantages: It makes the financial resources of the Dominion field so that supplies of capital can run quickly from the high spots to the low spots; also, it places at the command of each individual branch the combined resources of the whole institution so that there is an efficient safeguard against severe strain at any one point.

"Here in Winnipeg, the all-Canada banking houses maintain big, strong branches and, as elsewhere in the Dominion, these held to an attitude of saneness and solidity that prevented even the start of any financial disturbance.

That business generally is now coming strong on an even keel is largely due to the absolute refusal of the banks, both branch and independent, to exhibit the slightest signs of excitement or apprehensiveness.

"For all Canada the savings bank figures are astonishing. Beginning with 1913, they are, for the fiscal year ending March 31:

| | |
|---|---|
| 1913 | $622,928,968 |
| 1914 | 663,630,230 |
| 1915 | 683,761,487 |
| 1916 | 738,169,218 |
| 1917 | 888,765,998 |

"These figures represent what Canadians have put away after paying the increased living cost, which is about the same as in the States, all increases in taxes and imports of all kinds made necessary by the war and generous subscriptions to war bond issues.

"Prohibition has helped greatly in keeping the money supplies circulating in the normal, necessary channels. Tradesmen generally attribute a large part of the good financial condition to the fact that the booze bill has been eliminated. Canada takes law enforcement with true British seriousness.

"Financially, as in every other respect, Canada has developed sufficiency. She has done it in spite of initial conditions which would not look promising in the States and she has done it in a big, strong way.

"One of the best things we did," said one of the leading Winnipeg bankers to me, "was to decide early in the game that we simply would not borrow trouble.

"We started in ignorance of how the war would develop and without knowing exactly what our resources were, and had to find the way.

"And yet Canadians are not overburdened with taxes nor are they complaining of them. For the common people there has been but a slight tax increase, if any, in a direct way. Indirect payments, of course, are made in the shape of higher prices for living commodities, but the price advance on such items is no heavier than in the States in the same period."—Advertisement.

**To Hear Her Talk.**

Willis—What is the total wealth of the United States?

Gillis—To hear Mrs. Bump talk you would think it was a combination of what her father has got, what her husband gets and what she is going to get when her rich uncle dies.—Judge.

## FRECKLES

**Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots.**

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as the prescription othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots. You only get an ounce of othine—double strength from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.—Adv.

Experience is a dear teacher—when it comes in the form of a pretty schoolma'am.

**After the Movies** Murine is for Tired Eyes, Red Eyes—Sore Eyes—Granulated Eyelids. Eyes Refreshen—Murine Relieves Irritation. Murine is a Favorite Prescription of Specialists. Used by doctors and nurses. Give your Eyes as much care as your Ears, Nose and Throat. Try it and rest with the Eyes. Murine Eye Salve in Aluminum Tubes. CARE FOR THEM. YOU CANNOT BUY NEW EYES. Sold at Drug and Optical Stores or by Mail. Ask Your Eye Specialist. Write for Book. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.