INCREASE IN WESTERN CANADA ACREAGE

Will Prove a Big Factor in Winning the War.

Reports to hand indicate that Western Canada has a vastly increased acreage ready for crop this year over last year. The splendid open fall of 1917, gave a better opportunity for fall plowing than for some years. Work in the fields was almost continuous until the end of November. In fact, in the neighborhood of Pincher Creek, Alberta, there was sufficient mild weather in January of this year to permit farmers to plow, and many took advantage of it. A great many Americans owning land in Canada moved up last year, and this has also helped to increase the acreage. They came into possession of the land at prices varying from $15.00 to $30.00 an acre, and with the proven yields of wheat running from twenty and as high as fifty bushels per acre, with a set price of $2.21 a bushel, they could join production and patriotism together with a big margin of profit. The Post-Intelligencer of Seattle, Wash., gives a very conservative statement of the agricultural development and opportunities in Western Canada. In its issue of December 14, 1917, it says:—

"Since the beginning of the year American emigration into Canada has been greatly stimulated according to the reports of the Dominion authorities, and has been almost entirely made up of farmers attracted by the fertile and comparatively cheap wheat lands.

"Whatever may be said of wheat culture as a profitable avocation in ordinary years, since the beginning of the war it has offered advantages quite beyond the usual opportunities. War has boomed the price of wheat until the farmer now receives around $2 for his product at his granary. Average crops, according to the adaptation of soil and climate are from 12 to 25 bushels to the acre. Even the minimum crop, at $2 per bushel, brings in these war times a reasonable profit. Before the war wheat culture was fast being abandoned by farmers who worked intelligently for results on the right side of the ledger. It has been the popular crop for new countries, but when the pioneers settled down to business it was generally corn, hogs, cattle and diversified farming that brought the profits. Iowa and the Dakotas in turn, as their prairies became settled, mortgaged the land on wheat culture and afterwards paid off the mortgages with corn and hogs.

"War is thus bringing a temporary encouragement to wheat farming. Many of the ranchers of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta laid away $20,000 to $30,000 in the banks last fall. It may be pointed out, however, that the growing of wheat is not the only inducement which is leading settlement to Canadian lands. Low taxation, favorable agricultural climate, and profitable prices not only for grain but for hogs, cattle and all forms of farm produce all contribute their share toward the rapid settlement of the fertile lands of Western Canada."—Advertisement.

Robert' Position.

Robert was an honor to the force. He did not make the acquaintance of cooks, nor did he fall asleep on duty. He was ambitious and yearned for the time when he would be able to prefix the magic words "Chief Constable" to his surname. One day recently he arrested a man on a charge of assault. On the case coming before the magistrate he inquired as to who made the allegation against the prisoner.

Forward stepped the zealous Robert, who, with a sweeping salute, replied:

"Me, your worship; I'm the alligator!"—London Tit-Bits.

Heal Baby Rashes

That itch, burn and torture. A hot Cuticura Soap bath gives instant relief when followed by a gentle application of Cuticura Ointment. For free samples address, "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston." At druggists and by mail. Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50.—Adv.

Balearic islands have an area of 1,936 square miles and 335,860 inhabitants.

Arizona is agitating for restoration of death penalty for murder.

ON GUARD

At this time of the year people feel weak, tired, listless, their blood is thin, they have lived indoors and perhaps expended all their mental and bodily energy and they want to know how to renew their energy and stamina, overcome headaches and backaches, have clear eyes, a smooth, ruddy skin, and feel the exhilaration of real good health tingling thru their body. Good, pure, rich, red blood is the best insurance against ills of all kinds. Almost all diseases come from impure and impoverished blood. It is to be noticed in the pale or pimply face, the tired, haggard appearance or the listless manner.

Drink hot water a half hour before meals, and for a vegetable tonic there's nothing better than Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the old-fashioned herbal remedy, which has had such a fine reputation for fifty years. It contains no alcohol or narcotics. It is made from Golden Seal root, Bloodroot, Oregon grape root, Queen's root, Black Cherry bark, extracted with glycerine and made into tablets and liquid.

Tablets sixty cents, at most drug stores.

In order to insure pure blood and to build up the system try this tonic known as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Get it now!

"CONTRABAND"

A Romance of the North Atlantic

By RANDALL PARRISH

AUTHOR of "MY LADY of the NORTH," "MAID of the FOREST," ETC.

COPYRIGHT A.C. McCLURG & CO.

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

—16—

Only some miracle, or the consolidation of their interest temporarily on what was being done forward, had saved us from discovery. Yet I could not remain there, almost in plain view. Where should I turn first? Bascom would be of no value, even if I released him; my only hope of assistance lay in the two seamen. Gripping the iron bar, the revolver snugly stowed away in my pocket, I crept down the black passageway leading forward, glad to escape from the light of the cabin.

McCann believed his prisoners were secure; that it was quite safe to leave them unwatched for the short period before deserting the ship. The very fact that the inefficient Dade had been left alone in the cabin to watch over Miss Vera, and myself, was evidence that he needed every seaman to carry out the work on deck. The measure of his confidence, his conceit, was what gave us this opportunity to act. My hand, fumbling for the lock encountered a bar, a stout wooden bar, extending from jamb to jamb, and my heart bounded madly. This was the place! I had found it already, and the men I came to release were imprisoned exactly as I had been. I tapped gently on the panel.

"Who is it?" Low as the whisper was, I felt convinced the speaker must be Leayord.

"Hollis. Stand by now; are you alone?"

"Yes; Olson and Masters are together in the bosun's quarters."

"Masters! when did they lock him up?"

"About an hour ago; he made quite a fight of it—that's how I knew what was going on, sir. Can you get me out?"

"Aye! I'll rip this bar off in a jiffy. Have you a light in there?"

"Black as the inside of a whale's belly, sir."

I got a purchase with my iron lever, and put my full strength to it. The bar was of oak, but the jambs soft pine, and the nails drew out, creaking slightly, but making no noise to create any alarm. It was so intensely dark I could not even perceive the outlines of the man's figure, yet felt aware that Leayord fronted me in the open door. He found my hand somehow, and gripped it.

"I'm sure glad to meet you, captain," he exclaimed heartily, "and get out o' that hole. What's the word, sir?"

"Release the others, and get busy; minutes are worth hours now. McCann and his gang are deserting ship; they have the boats provisioned, and alongside already; that is why the guards have been withdrawn."

"They were going to leave us aboard locked in?"

"Aye, and with the sea-cocks open; dead men tell no tales."

He whistled, his fist smiting the wood of the door.

"The dirty hound! And where are we, sir?"

"Off the Newfoundland coast; they think less than fifty miles, but there's nearly a hundred miles of blue water to the west of us. Here's the way of it in a nutshell: I was locked in my stateroom the same as you. It was Miss Carrington who gave us our chance. She became friendly with McCann, and agreed to go with him. She was left free on board, and managed to release me while the crew were all on deck. The steward was left on watch in the cabin, and she had to hit him with this iron."

"She did! Lord, I'd never have thought it of that slip of a thing! What's become o' the girl?"

"She's in her room, waiting for McCann to come down for her. She'll delay him all she can. Is this the door?"

"Aye, aye, sir; and give me the iron."

He was not a minute at the job, and it required scarcely longer to acquaint the other two released men with a knowledge of the situation. Olson picked up the bar of wood for a weapon, asking simply:

"Yat we do now, captain? Iss it to fight?"

"Hush!" whispered Masters, "there's someone coming up the ladder."

We crept back into the bosum's stateroom and waited breathlessly. There was scarcely room for the four of us, and the door caught, and would not wholly close. A dim light reflected along the walls of the passage, making me aware that the fellow who was slowly climbing the iron ladder from below, had a lantern with him. Leayord retained the iron leg, and I drew my gun, holding it tight gripped in one hand. The man's head and shoulders emerged through the round opening, and the dim light enabled me to recognize Tom Dugan. He paused on the edge, looking down.

"All quiet enough up here," he called. "You better draw the fires, Tony."

"No use o' that," answered a sullen voice from a distance. "The water will fix 'em in half an hour; there's two cocks open. I'm goin' on deck; that crooked millionaire don't git no chance ter drown me."

Dugan laughed.

"Always a thinkin' how to git out of a scrape safe. Yer got yer price, didn't yer?"

"Enough ter make me want ter live long 'nough ter spend it, anyhow. Are you comin' down this way agin, Dugan?"

"No; I'll have a look at the cabin on my way up; the boss doesn't want any mistake made. There's nuthin' left ter do aboard this hooker; she's ticketed for Davy Jones."

He stared below a minute, as though to make sure of what Tony was doing down in the engine room; then, apparently satisfied, swung to firm footing on the deck of the passage, flashing his light aft. The radius was small, and his glance must have revealed nothing strange, for the fellow whistled softly as he advanced.

He was almost at the stateroom door behind which we were hiding before he even noted the absence of the wooden bars which had confined the prisoners. He stopped, a look of amazement on his face, the lantern swung higher to throw the light forward. Before he could move a limb, I had stepped forth into the radiance, the muzzle of my revolver held within three inches of his eyes.

"Don't drop your hands, Dugan," I said sternly. "Not an inch, you brute. Here, Leayord, take the lantern from him. Move quietly, all of you. Now, Olson, if there is a sheet in there, or anything you can make a cord out of, bring it to me—yes, take the lantern a minute. Good! that will answer; now, lads, make it strong, a sailor's knot."

Dugan sputtered and swore under his breath, but the shock had robbed him of all power of resistance. I never saw a more amazed look in a man's eyes. He stared at us as though we were ghosts raised from the grave to haunt him.

"Anyone below beside Rapello?" I asked, gripping his shoulder so as to make him look at me. "Answer now or I'll take means to make you."

"No."

"No, what, you fool! You are speaking to the captain of this ship."

"No, sir."

"That's better; you were the two last men left aboard, I take it; it was your job to open the sea-cocks?"

He nodded sullenly, as I dug the revolver deep into his cheek.

"You dirty murderer! where did you leave McCann? Twist his neck, Leayord, until he finds his tongue."

"On deck," he sputtered, "close by the companion; he—he was going down to the cabin after the girl. Tony was the only one left in the engine room, and I was sent along to see that he left the cocks open."

"The boats were all over the side then?"

"Yes, sir."

"How many of them?"

"Four."

"Where were they?"

He set his teeth, but the pressure of Leayord's fingers compelled an answer.

"Three o' 'em had got away, lyin' maybe a hundred yards out, and the fourth was still at the ladder, waitin' fer us to come over the side."

"This last one was McCann's boat? Who were in it?"

"I didn't look over ter see, sir."

"Maybe not, but you know just the same. The men were all picked for the boats. Give me the names."

"Well, thar was Liverpool, White, Dubois, Tony an' myself, the nigger, Watson, an'—let's see—Joe Sachs."

"Seven—with McCann and the girl—nine; not overloaded surely, and quite a picked company, worthy their chief. The other boats held more?"

"About twelve men each, sir."

Leayord's eyes met mine in silent understanding. He was seaman enough to instantly grasp the purpose of this unequal division—the lighter boat would be the better sailor, the easier operated in a heavy sea.

"Which boat was it you fellows chose?" he asked.

"The port-quarter boat."

"I thought so. What'll we do with Dugan, sir?"

"Throw him into the bosun's bunk, and then nail up the door. We'll give him a dose of his own medicine. Move lively; there's another job waiting us on deck."

CHAPTER XXV.

We Capture the Ship.

They were in no way gentle about it, yet the work was noiselessly done, and with sailorlike thoroughness. Dugan undertook to curse, but was so instantly gagged that only the first muffled word reached me in the passage. Masters held the lantern, while the two mates refastened the door, driving home the nails with the iron bar. The moment this was secure I was ready for the next act.

"Give the lantern to Olson. Masters. You've got to look after the engine-room, and leave us to attend the deck anxiously. "There's only three of us now, an' forty-three o' them."

"One less—you're counting Dade, and he's safe enough. The boy Moon is of no account, and I imagine there are twenty men out in those boats who have no heart in this business. They'd be with us now if they had any chance—isn't that so, Olson?"

"Yas, sir—but they won't likely git no chance."

"True enough; yet it is something to knew that McCann and his gang cannot count on them either, if it comes to a fight. As things stand it is all a matter of luck and nerve. There are only six in the boat hanging to the foot of the ladder, with McCann left alone on deck. We ought to be able to handle that bunch."

Leayord dug the iron bar he held into the deck planks savagely.

"What did yer tell Masters to only keep up enough steam for steerageway for, sir?" he asked bluntly.

"I was afraid they might notice, if he fired up."

"Tain't likely, so the funnels don't git ter blazin'. The only fellers with eny brains are in the boat close in alongside, an' they can't see nuthin' from thar. Them common fo'castle rats in them other boats never would notice a bit more smoke."

"What is it, Leayord? You have a plan? Speak quick, man; we can't stand talking here."

"Tain't not much o' a plan, sir," he explained briefly, "only I don't see why we couldn't just naturally heave this cuss McCann overboard, er else kill him just as you please. Eny two o' us could keep that quarterboat crew from comin' up the ladder an' then, if Masters had his bollers het up, no darn rowboat could ever catch us. They would leave us one hand at the wheel."

It was true, the very simplicity of it making me curse my own stupidity. I stared into his face without uttering a word of comment, yet with my mind grasping instantly the necessary details. With a single step I was bending over the ladder peering down into the depths below. A faint far-away light appeared at the bottom.

"Masters!" I called, my voice thrown downward through hollowed hands.

I saw his shadow emerge into the circle of light.

"Aye, aye, sir."

"Have you any pressure now?"

"Fairly good, sir. The water's drawing off and the wet coal will steam up in a jiffy."

"Well, stand by for all the steam possible, and give it to her the instant you get the signal—only be careful not to flame your funnels. You hear me?"

"Every word, sir."

"All right; stand by, and don't fail us."

"Now, lads," I said, standing erect. "First it's the after cabin, and then the deck. Douse the glim, Olson; we're better off in the dark. Follow me, and mind your footing."

The gloom was no handicap in that narrow space where we could feel either wall with our fingers, but I emerged into the cabin with caution, fearing the possible presence there of McCann, who might even have brought a man, or two, back on board to assist him. The hanging lamp had been extinguished, or else it had burnt out from lack of oil, but there was a faint glimmer of light in Miss Carrington's stateroom, enough to discover at a glance that the main cabin was unoccupied. Her door stood wide open, but with no signs of confusion within.

What had happened? There was nothing to tell me the truth. Had McCann succeeded in inducing her to accompany him on deck? Had he taken her there by force? or, had the girl finally yielded to his insistence, after exhausting every form of delay, her last faith in my return having vanished? Nothing remained but to follow them, and find out what had occurred, and, if not already too late, attempt a rescue.

"There's no one here," I said in a whisper. "We'll try the deck; quiet both of you."

We reached the head of the stairs on our hands and knees. I had my revolver gripped in my fingers, Leayord his iron bar, while Olson had found a hatchet somewhere in the darkness. The companion door was but half closed, and I squeezed my body through the opening, assured no one occupied that immediate portion of deck. The other two followed noiselessly, and we huddled close together in the black shadow of the cabin. So still it was I could hear their breathing, and my eyes, trained by long service in the darkness below, were able to distinguish objects forward beyond the mainmast. There was nothing living visible; to all appearances the ship was totally deserted; the last straggliers had taken to the boats. Olson, who lay next me on the deck jerked my sleeve, his uplifted hand pointing toward the starboard rail amidships.

"There's two of 'em," he whispered.

My eyes caught the indistinct outlines, unable for the instant to make them appear human. Indeed I was still in doubt when McCann's voice, with the old hateful sound in it, called into the darkness:

"Below there; are you still fast?"

"Aye, fast enough, an' blamed tired o' holdin' 'em," grunted someone below testily. "Why don't yer come along down?"

"In a minute. Is everyone in the boats?"

"I don't know nuthin' 'bout the steward; nobody ain't seen him yet, 'less he got in somewhar else; nor Tom Dugan. Tony sez he's in the cabin."

"Well, he isn't; I just come up from there. We won't wait for the blame fool. You flooded the engineroom, Tony?"

"Sure I did, with both cocks wide open; there's five feet o' water in her by now."

"Good; then it's time we're off. Send a hand up here to help me, Liverpool—the girl won't go along."

The men below laughed at his trouble.

"Can yer handle that little bit o' a thing, mister?" sang out a new voice, "without the help o' a sailor man?"

"Stow it, Joe Sachs," roared Red, and there was the dull thud of a fist blow. "Now up yer go to give the lady a lift, me lad. Jump er I'll take the tiller ter yer next."

Sachs must have started his upward climb, for McCann drew back from the rail, and, as he did so, the girl broke free from his grasp. The man, however, although apparently taken by surprise, was quick enough to get between her and the companion. She only escaped the grip of his hand by shrinking back against the rail. I was already on my feet, and, as McCann wheeled about, we fronted each other. I gave him no time even to utter a cry of alarm, my only thought being to rid the deck of such scum. Before he could move to escape, or even throw up a hand in self-defense, I had him by the throat, my other hand twisted in his waistband. He was a man nearly, if not quite my own weight, yet, at that moment, mine was the strength of a giant, and with one mighty effort I lifted him clear off the deck, as helpless in my grip as if he had been a child, and, with one desperate heave, swung him out over the rail, and let go. I staggered back, weakened for an instant by my own violence; I heard him cry out, the sound muffled in his throat as he fell; Vera gave utterance to a sob, and the whirling body struck the black water below with a splash plainly audible. Still gasping for breath, I leaned out and looked down. The only light was a lantern held up in the hands of a man in the boat at the foot of the ladder. I could see his face, and the dim figures of three or four others; beyond that narrow radius all was black. I could not even perceive Sachs, half way up the ship's side, yet I knew he was there, clinging tight, because of the tautness of the rope strands. There was no need to conceal the facts longer; we must fight in the open now.

"Leayord, come here," I ordered. "And you, Olson, take the wheel, and ring the engineroom for full speed ahead. Jump into it lads." I sent my voice below, stern with threat.

"Get down that ladder, Sachs, just as quick as God will let you. Let go, you man with the lantern, or we'll swamp your boat alongside. Do you hear the steam, Liverpool? It's full steam ahead, you fool!"

It was Red's voice which replied:

"Is that you, captain? What happened? Who went overboard?"

"McCann; he's astern of you, and you better pick him up as you go. Move quick! You haven't a second to lose. Man, you'll be sucked under, if you don't let go!"

They were seamen enough to realize the imminent danger of their position. Liverpool and White both called out, and the others, grasping their oars, backed water furiously. I saw Sachs tumble back into the boat, and a face or two staring upward. Voices roared at us, the fellows cursing lustily; then the darkness seemed to swallow them completely, and I knew from the tremor of the deck planks that we were underway. I sprang to Vera, and lifted her to her feet.

"You are not hurt?"

"No, only frightened and bruised. He threw me to the deck. Are we safe? Have they all gone?"

"Yes, all who can make any resistance. Hold her just as she is, Olson; there's a bone in her teeth already; it will take more than oars to overhaul us. Does anyone know if those fellows picked up McCann?"

"I think most likely they did, sir; they wuz swingin' the lantern alongside."

"Bring me the night-glasses, Leayord —aye, they're on the shelf in the captain's stateroom."

He returned with them before I had finished whispering a word of hope into the girl's ear, but even that short time had so broadened the expanse of water I could conceive few details through the lens. Three of the boats were close together, bunched as though their occupants were still unaware of just what had occurred; the fourth boat—the one we had just left, no doubt—was much nearer, and must be entirely out of sight of the others. I got it fairly within my focus, but the occupants were indistinguishable at that distance; all I could be sure of was that the fellows were engaged in rigging up a jury mast for a sail, and that they were no longer attempting to pursue us, or making any effort to rejoin the other boats.

"Do you see 'em, sir?" asked Leayord, impatience overcoming him.

"Yes; Liverpool's boat is out there, heading due west, and the men are rigging a sail."

"And the others, sir?"

"To starboard, at least a quarter of a mile away."

"That's the game, then," he said, staring out into the blackness as though he saw it all. "Them fellows don't care a darn what becomes o' the three first boats so long as they git safe ashore. I'd bet they rather they wud drown than not. I wonder did they pick up that millionaire?"

"No reason why they shouldn't. He must have struck within ten feet of the boat. They wouldn't be likely to leave him behind, when he's their meal ticket if they ever get ashore."

"Where they heading for?"

"White Fish bay."

"Well, they may git thar, if it ain't too fur. That's a good boat they're in, Mr. Hollis; an' Liverpool an' White are both sailors all right. I'll say that for 'em. But just the same they're a goin' to have ter show their train's before many hours."

"You mean a storm? I don't like that mist myself."

"Tain't only that, sir; it's in the air; you kin sorter breathe it like. Besides I took a squint at the barometer when I went below—it's fallin' ter beat the band."

"Then we better look to our own safety; we are far too short handed to stand sail before a wind."

"I reckon there ain't so awful much to stow" with a glance upward into the blackness aloft. There are two men below deck you can rout out and put at work."

"Two, sir?"

"Aye, Mr. Leayord—Dugan and the steward. The latter you will find in one of the staterooms aft; here is the key. I leave it to you to persuade the fellows to take hold."

"I'll do that, sir, with pleasure; and maybe, come the need, even the owner would give us a hand?"

"We will not count on Mr. Bascom; he could scarcely keep his feet in a seaway." I answered firmly. "But we have one more in the crew, nevertheless—Miss Carrington, here."

"The lady, sir?"

"Yes," she broke in eagerly. "Captain Hollis knows, Mr. Leayord, for he has tested my seamanship. I could take the wheel such weather as this. May I not relieve Olson now?"

"Yes," I said, feeling it best to encourage her enthusiasm, and truly possessing faith in her capability to handle the ship. "I'll keep you there while we get snugged away, Mr. Olson!"

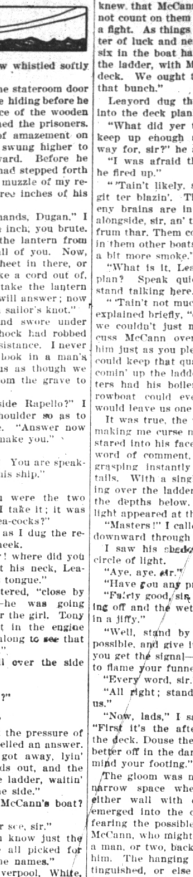
"Aye, aye, sir."

"Let Miss Carrington relieve you. Stand by a moment until certain she has the trick of it; and then come forward."

"Aye, aye, sir," but less heartily, a strong doubt in his voice.

"It's all right, Olson; she'll hold her this weather. Now, Mr. Leayord, bring the other two men on deck."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



"Don't Drop Your Hands, Dugan," I Said Sternly.

As He Did So, the Girl Broke Free From His Grasp.

AMERICANS GO THE LIMIT

Speed of Motorcycles Used by United States Soldiers Attracts Attention in Paris.

All Paris is familiar now with the sight of huge motorcycles ridden by big fellows in campaign hats and guided through the streets at alarming speeds by sure and steady hands, says a war correspondent. It seems that the ordinary French motorcycle has something like three horsepower, while these American military motorcycles develop 11 horsepower. This leads the French to observe that Americans love power and a lot of it. In their machines they must have it.

One of the Paris papers has been at pains to look up a record made in a 24-hour race on the Sheepshead Bay track not long ago. Somebody on a mechanical red devil with two wheels maintained during that period, it seems, an average speed of a hundred miles an hour. The French commentator notes the figures, and hopes that the American staff motorcyclists who carry dispatches between American officers and the various bureaus of the French war department will not make it a point of national honor to equal the Sheepshead Bay record on the Boulevard Saint-Germain. One fancies that the Frenchman who makes the suggestion—mildly, as he says—really thinks that the mad Americans are quite capable of going anywhere as fast as their machines will let them.

Greatest Electric Kitchen.

The largest and best-equipped electric kitchen in the world is that of the Siemens-Schukert Werke at Siemensstadt, near Berlin. Between noon and 2 p. m. every day three thousand persons are served from it in four relays.

Some of its features described by the Electrical Experimenter are a cold storage and refrigerating plant operated by electric compressors, electrically driven coffee grinders, knife sharpeners, meat slicers, vegetable cutters and parers. The cooking utensils, all electric, range in capacity from 50 liters to 400 liters. Many of them have electrically heated oil between the casings, making them like double boilers.

All water is heated by electricity and all dish washing is done by it. The cost per capita per day is one-half cent, and the cost for cooking alone not more than one-third of a cent.

The Squeamish Sex.

Mrs. M. had asked two little boys for luncheon, their respective mothers being far from home. During luncheon the delicate question of baths was discussed.

"Say, Freddie, do you like to take baths?"

"Gee whiz, no! Why?"

"Well, I don't either, but I think you have to."

"Oh, I take them when they make me, but I would never take 'em if they didn't make me."

"That's all right, but I think you have to take them even when they don't make you."

"Why?"

"Well, when you go to dancing school you want the girls to dance with you, don't you? Believe me, they wouldn't if you hadn't had a bath. Women are all that way!"

Just Dream of Love.

Turkish girls seem to prepare themselves for marriage in the absence of lovers. They are wooed by dreams and sweet thoughts; their faces become fuller and their voices cooing during the period when their parents are making inquiries for a suitable husband for them. But it does seem a pity that these pretty and charming girls should never experience in any degree that most delightful process of courtship. Perhaps when they emerge into the freer life that seemed preparing for them until the war arrested progress, that will be one of their gains.—Exchange.

United States and Russia.

No nation, save the United States, is so economically self-sustaining or possesses such a dearth of diversified scenery and manifold resources as Russia has. From Arctic Archangel to the sunny Crimea, from Teutonic Poland to the orientalized Pacific maritime provinces—a gigantic expanse of over eight and one-half million square miles—endless beauty and evidences of inexhaustible mineral and agricultural wealth.

HOW MRS. BOYD AVOIDED AN OPERATION

Canton, Ohio.—"I suffered from a female trouble which gave me much suffering and two doctors decided that I would have to go through an operation before I could get well.

"My mother, who had been helped by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, advised me to try it before submitting to an operation. It relieved me from my troubles so I can do my house work without any difficulty. I advise any woman who is afflicted with female troubles to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial and it will do as much for them."—Mrs. Marie Boyd, 1421 5th St., N. E., Canton, Ohio.

Sometimes there are serious conditions where a hospital operation is the only alternative, but in the other hand so many women have been cured by this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, after doctors have said that an operation was necessary—every woman who wishes to avoid an operation should give it a fair trial before submitting to such a trying ordeal.

If complications exist, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for advice. The result of many years experience is at your service.

HEAVES IN HORSES CAN BE RELIEVED

Don't worry your horses while they are suffering with Heaves. Relieve them with Dr. DAVID ROBERTS' Horse Tonic and Dyspo Healing HEAVE POWDER. Price $0.75 each. A medicine that will enable your horses to do more work with less discomfort. Send for FREE BOOKLET. DR. DAVID ROBERTS VETERINARY, Scott for free booklet. Sold by dealers. Price $1.00. If no dealer, $1.00 postpaid, or express, $1.00.

Dr. David Roberts' Vet. Co., 100 Grand Avenue, Waukesha, Wis.

Almost Saw Him.

The other day two youngsters were walking along the street together.

The father of one of the boys was a policeman, and his companion, who knew this, said to him:

"What is your father's number?"

"No. 25," replied the boy.

The questioner then said:

"I nearly saw him last night."

"How was that?" asked the policeman's son.

"I saw No. 24!"—Pearson's Magazine.

RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR.

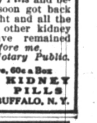
To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and ¼ oz. of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Full directions for making and use come in each box of Barbo Compound. It will gradually darken streaked, faded gray hair, and make it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off. Adv.

Cruel Facts.

He—"I could hold your hand till I die!" She—"Well, you're apt to die if you try it."

WAS DISCOURAGED

Lost 65 Pounds in Weight and Had to Give Up Work. Has Been Well Since Using Doan's.



"Being exposed to extreme heat when working as an engineer, and then going outdoors to cool off, caused my kidney trouble," says Karl Goering, 5013 N. Orkney St., Philadelphia, Pa. "In cold weather and when it was damp, my joints and muscles would swell and ache and often my limbs were so badly affected I could not walk. My greatest misery I was able to get around. For a week I was laid up in bed, hardly able to move hand or foot.

"Another trouble was from irregular and scanty passages of the kidney secretions. I became dull and weak and had to give up my work. Headaches and dizzy spells nearly blinded me and I went from 265 to 200 in weight. Nothing helped me and I felt I was doomed to suffer.

"At last I had the good fortune to hear of *Doan's Kidney Pills* and began taking them, I soon got back my strength and weight and all the rheumatic pains and other kidney troubles left. I have remained cured." *Sworn to before me,*

WM. H. M'MUNN, *Notary Public.*

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Painful Sensations

in the muscles, "neuralgia", soreness, aching back, pimples, boils, rashes and other eruptions, usually result from self-poisoning by products of imperfectly digested or non-eliminated food.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

help to restore activity of liver, bowels, kidneys, and skin, and so counteract cause and relieve symptoms.

Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the world. Sold everywhere. In boxes, 10c., 25c.

IRRITATING COUGHS

Promptly treat coughs, colds, hoarseness, bronchitis and similar inflamed and irritated conditions of the throat with a tested remedy—

PISO'S