

DRINK HOT WATER BEFORE BREAKFAST

Says you really feel clean, sweet and fresh inside, and are seldom ill.

If you are accustomed to wake up with a coated tongue, foul breath or a dull, dizzy headache; or, if your meals sour and turn into gas and acids, you have a real surprise awaiting you.

Tomorrow morning, immediately upon arising, drink a glass of hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it. This is intended to first neutralize and then wash out of your stomach, liver, kidneys and thirty feet of intestines all the indigestible waste, poisons, sour bile and toxins, thus cleansing, sweetening and purifying the entire alimentary canal.

Those subject to sick headaches, backache, bilious attacks, constipation or any form of stomach trouble, are urged to get a quarter pound of limestone phosphate from your druggist or at the store and begin enjoying this morning inside-bath. It is said that men and women who try this become enthusiastic and keep it up daily. It is a splendid health measure for it is more important to keep clean and pure on the inside than on the outside, because the skin pores do not absorb impurities into the blood, causing disease, while the bowel pores do.

The principle of bathing inside is not new, as millions of people practice it. Just as hot water and soap cleanse, purify and freshen the skin, so hot water and a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate act on the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels. Limestone phosphate is an inexpensive white powder and almost tasteless—Adv.

Although the dignified man may not know much, he has to be very careful of what little he does know.

See Marine after Exposure to Cold, Cutting Winds and Frost. It Restores Effluence and Promotes Eye Health. Good for all Eyes that Need Care. Marine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago. Send Eye Book on request.

Blucked by Her Think. "I once thought seriously of marrying for money." "Why don't you, then?" "The girl in the case did 'come thinking' too."

Modern Superiority. "Of course you admire Abraham Lincoln's speeches." "Yes," replied the orator, "he talked well, but he had his limitations. A man of his compact and thoughtful style could never have held his own in a filibustering campaign."

More Woman Farmers. Statisticians declare that Pennsylvania last year had 7,000 woman farmers. In Georgia during the last three years the number of woman farmers has more than doubled. The majority of the women go in for raising hogs, cattle and fowls, leaving cotton planting to the men.

Information Wanted. The Holy—Say, mister, be youse de teller or dis bank? "Teller—Yes. What can I do for you?" The Holy—Kin youse tell me where I kin get work at my trade? "Teller—What is your trade?" The Holy—Brewin' foam off de tops av de big seaboaters.

Not So Much. "My name is Jones and I'm from New York," announced the traveler to the keeper of a hotel in Minot, N. D. "That's funny," remarked the landlord. "I know a man by that name out in Notre, Mont."

Whereupon the New Yorker realized that this is indeed a small world and that he was about the smallest thing in it.

Everything in Crock. A general merchant from Havre, Mont., in New York this week learned the latest wrinkles in the art of selling crocks. The merchant's line of goods at home includes lightning rods, chewing tobacco, crackers, hot hatters, rope, molasses, fat traps, canned goods, matches, tallo, assorted nails and corns. And it is a good bet that if the truth were known, prunes, shad, and mackerel are also included in his store—or if he didn't have them he could order 'em for you.

THE FIRST TASTE

Learned to Drink Coffee When a Boy.

If parents realized the fact that coffee contains a drug—caffeine—which is especially harmful to children, they would doubtless hesitate before giving them coffee to drink.

"When I was a child in my mother's arms and first began to nibble things at the table, mother used to give me sips of coffee. And so I contracted the coffee habit early.

"I continued to use coffee until I was 27, and when I got into office work I began to have nervous spells. Especially after breakfast I was so nervous I could scarcely attend to my correspondence.

"At night, after having had coffee for supper, I could hardly sleep, and on rising in the morning would feel weak and nervous.

"A friend persuaded me to try Postum. "I can now get good sleep, am free from nervousness and headaches. I recommend Postum to all coffee drinkers."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Postum comes in two forms: Postum Cereal—the original form—must be well boiled, 15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum—a soluble powder—dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins.

Both forms are equally delicious and cost about the same per cup. "There's a Reason" for Postum.

—sold by Grocers.

The BALL of FIRE of GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER and LILLIAN CHESTER ILLUSTRATED by C.D. RHODES

CHAPTER XXIX—Continued.

"The decision does not lay in your hands, Doctor Boyd," drawled a nasal voice with an unceasing sneer in it. It was clear-shaven old Joseph G. Clark, who was not disturbed, in so much as the putting of one hair, by all the adverse criticism of him which had filled column upon column of the daily press for the past few days. "The rector has never, in the history of Market Square church, been given the control of its finances. He has invariably been hired to preach the gospel."

Sargent, Cunningham, Manning, and even Van Ploon looked at Clark in surprise. He was not given to open reproach. Chisholm manifested no astonishment. He sat quietly in his chair, his fingers idly drumming on the edge of the table, but his mutton-chop beard was pink from the reddening of the skin beneath.

"The present rector of Market Square church means to have a voice in its deliberations so long as he is 'the rector,'" announced that young man emphatically, and Jim Sargent looked up at him with a jerk of his head. Rev. Smith Boyd was pale this afternoon, but there was a something shining through his pallor which made the face alive; and the something was not temper. Rufus Manning, clasping his silvery beard with a firm grip, smiled encouragingly at the tall young orator. "I have said that I have, so far as I am concerned, relinquished the building of the cathedral," the rector went on. "For this there are two reasons. The first is that its building will bring us further away from the very purpose for which the church was founded; the worship of God with a humble and a contrite heart! I am ready to confess that I found, on rigid self-analysis, my leading motive in urging the building of the new cathedral to have been vanity. I am also ready to confess, on behalf of my congregation and vestry, that their leading motive was vanity."

"You have no authority to speak for me," interrupted Chisholm, his mutton-chops now red. "Splendor is no longer the exclusive property of religion," resumed the rector, paying no attention to the interruption. "If I thought, however, that the building of that cathedral would promote the spread of the gospel in a degree commensurate with the outlay, I would still be opposed to the erection of the building; for the money does not belong to us!" "Go right on and develop our conscience," approved Manning, smiling up at the old walnut-beamed ceiling with its carved cherub brackets.

"The money belongs to Vedder court," declared the rector; "to the distorted moral cripples which Market Square church, through the accident of commerce, has taken under her wing. Gentlemen, in the recent revelations concerning the vast industrial interests of the world, I have seen the whole blackness of modern corporate methods; and Market Square church is a corporation! I wish to ask you, in how far the Market Square church has been swayed, in its commercial dealings, by moral considerations?"

He paused, and glanced from man to man of his vestry. Sargent and Manning, the former of whom knew his plans and the latter of whom had been waiting for them to mature, smiled at him in perfect accord. Nicholas Van Ploon sat quite placidly, with his hands folded over his cross-glass vest. Willis Cunningham, stroking his sparse brown Vandycie, looked uncomfortable, as if he had suddenly been introduced into a rude brawl; but his eyes roved occasionally to Nicholas Van Ploon, who was two generations ahead of him in the acquisition of wealth, by the brilliant process of allowing property to increase in valuation. Chisholm glared.

"You'll not find any money which is not tainted," snapped Joseph G. Clark, who regarded money in a strictly impersonal light. "The very dollar you have in your pocket may have come direct from a brothel."

"Or from Vedder court," retorted the rector. "We have brothels there, though we do not officially know it. We have saloons there; we have gambling rooms there; and from all these intrigues Market Square church reaps a profit! For the glory of God? I dare you, Joseph G. Clark, or W. T. Chisholm, to answer me that question in the affirmative! No decent man would conduct the business

we do, for the reason that it would soil his soul as a gentleman; and it is a shameful thing that a gentleman should have finer ethics than a Christian church! In the beginning, I was a coward about this matter! It was because I wished to be rid of our responsibility in Vedder court that I first urged the conversion of that property into a cathedral. We cannot rid ourselves of the responsibility of Vedder court! If it were possible for a church to be sent to hell, Market Square church would be eternally damned if it took this added guilt upon it!"

"This talk is absurd," declared Chisholm. "The city has taken Vedder court away from us."

"Only the property," quickly corrected Rufus Manning, turning to Chisholm with sharpness in his deep blue eyes. "If you will remember, I told you this same thing before Doctor Boyd came to us. I have waited ever since his arrival for him to develop to this point, and I wish to announce myself as solidly supporting his views."

"Your own will not bear inspection!" charged Clark, turning to Manning with a scowl.

"I'll range up at the judgment seat with you!" flamed Manning. "We're both old enough to think about that!" Joseph G. Clark jumped to his feet and, leaning across the table, shook a thin forefinger at Manning.

"I have been attacked enough on the point of my moral standing!" he declared, his high-litened nasal voice quavering with an anger he had held below the explosive point during the most of his life. "I can stand the attacks of a sensational press, but when spiteful criticism follows me into my own vestry, almost in the sacred shadow of the altar itself, I am compelled to protest! I wish to state to this vestry, once and for all, that my moral status is above reproach, and that my conduct has been such as to receive the commendation of my Maker! Because it has pleased Divine Providence to place in my hands the distribution of the grain of the fields, I am constantly subject to the attacks of envy and malice! It has gone so far that I, last night, received from Rev. Smith Boyd, a request to resign from this vestry! He paused in triumph on that, as if he had made against Rev. Smith Boyd a charge of such ghastly infamy that the young rector must shrivel before his eyes. "I have led a blameless life! I have never smoked nor drunk! I have paid every penny I ever owed and fulfilled every promise I ever made. I have obeyed the gospel and partaken of the sacraments, and the Divine Being has rewarded me abundantly! He has chosen me, because of my faithful stewardship, to gather the food of earth from its sources and feed it to the mouths of the hungry; and I shall not depart from my stewardship in this church, because I am here, as I am everywhere, by the will of God!"

Perhaps W. T. Chisholm was not shocked by this blasphemy, but the dismay of it sat on every other face, even on that of Nicholas Van Ploon, who was compelled to dig deep to find his ethics.

"You infernal old thief!" wondered Manning, recovering from his amazement. "Was it Divine Providence which directed you to devise the scheme whereby the railroads paid you two dollars rebate on every car of wheat you shipped, and a dollar bonus on every car of wheat your competitors shipped? I could give you a string of sins as long as the catechism and you dare not deny one of them because I can prove them on you! And yet you have the effrontery to say that a Divine Providence would establish you in your monopoly, by such scoundrelly means as you have risen to become the greatest dispenser of self-advertising charities in the world! You propose to ride into heaven on your universities and your libraries and on the fact that you never smoked nor drank nor swore nor gambled; but when you come face to face with this horrible new god you have created, a deity who would permit you to attain wealth by the vile methods you have used, you will find him a piteous in his hands! I am glad that Doctor Boyd, though knowing your sordid record, has had bravely enough to demand your resignation from this vestry! I hope he receives it!"

Joseph G. Clark had remained standing, and his head shook as with delay, while he listened to the charge he can speak to everybody whether he's met 'em or not."

Fate so ordered it that ere our ears had ceased to tingle we met three other young women strolling in the same direction as the former three. And, mindful of our regrettable break, we scanned them closely and decided that we did not know them. Therefore we passed them as if they had been trees. And again we heard one inquire, "Who's that?"

"His name's Robinson," was the answer. "He's a stuck-up feller from the city that goes along with his nose in the air and don't speak to nobody."

O, dear! O, dear! We are neither of those things they said, but what shall we do?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Working Both Ends. "My friend," said the long-haired passenger to the young man in the seat across the aisle, "to what end has your life work directed?"

"To both ends," answered the young man. "I'm sole proprietor of the only first-class hat and shoe emporium in our village."

COULDN'T SATISFY THEM ALL. First Group Calls the Visitor "Fresh" and the Second Pronounces Him "Stuck Up."

First comes the introduction, in which it is necessary to consider three things—the way sounds carry in a summer evening in a village, the fact that one's own name, spoken by another, can be distinguished, though the rest of the conversation is unintelligible; and, thirdly, the difficulty in remembering just whom you've been introduced to in a strange town. Then comes the incident, leading up to the moral, which is: What's the Use?

Walking down the street the other evening we met three young women. Their faces were familiar, and we said "Good evening." They stared, but did not answer, and we moved rapidly on, musing. And we heard one say in a loud whisper: "Well, who's your friend?"

"No friend of mine," asserted another. "His name's Robinson, and he's a fresh feller from the city that thinks

of Manning. He was a very old man, and it had been quite necessary for him to restrain his passions through out his life.

"You will go first!" he shouted at Manning. "I am impregnable; but you have no business on this vestry! You can be removed at any time an examination is ordered, for I have heard you, we have all heard you, deny the immaculate conception, and thereby the divinity of Christ, in whom alone there is salvation!"

A hush like death fell on the vestry. Rev. Smith Boyd was the first to break the ghastly silence.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I do not think that we are in a mood today for further discussion. I suggest that we adjourn."

His voice seemed to distract the attention of Clark from Manning at whom he had been glowering. He turned on Rev. Smith Boyd the remainder of the wrath which marked his first break into senility.

"As for you!" he snarled, "you will keep your fingers out of matters which do not concern you! You were hired to preach the gospel, and you will confine your attention to that occupation, preaching just what you find sanctioned in this book; nothing more, nothing less!" and taking a small volume which lay on the table, he tossed it in front of Rev. Smith Boyd.

It was the Book of Common Prayer, containing, in the last pages, the articles of Faith.

Clark seized his hat and coat, and strode out of the door, followed by the red-faced Chisholm, who had also been asked to resign. Nicholas Van Ploon rose, and shook hands with Rev. Smith Boyd.

"Sargent has told me about your plan for the new tenements," he stated. "I am in favor of buying the property."

"We'll swing it for you, Boyd," promised Jim Sargent. "I've been talking with some of the other members, and they seem to favor the idea that the new Vedder court will be a great monument. There'll be no such magnificent charity in the world, and no such impressive sacrifice as giving up that cathedral! I think Cunningham will be with us, when it comes to a vote."

"Certainly," interposed Nicholas Van Ploon. "We don't need to make any profit from those tenements. The normal increase in ground value will be enough."

"Yes," said Cunningham slowly. "I am heartily in favor of the proposition."

"Coming along, doctor?" invited Manning, going for his coat and hat. "No, I think not," decided Rev. Smith Boyd quietly.

He was sitting at the edge of the table facing the Good Shepherd, at the edge of whose robe still sparkled crystalline light, and in his two hands he thoughtfully held the book of Common Prayer.

CHAPTER XXX.

Hand in Hand.

Rev. Smith Boyd walked slowly out into the dim church, with the little volume in his hand. The afternoon sun had sunk so low that the illumination from the stained-glass windows was cut off by the near buildings, and the patches of ruby and of sapphire of emerald and of topaz, glowed now near the tops of the slender columns, or mellowed the dusky spaces up amid the arches.

It was hushed and silent there, deserted, and far from the thoughts of men. The young rector walked slowly up the aisle to a pew in the corner near the main entrance, and sat down, still with the little Book of Common Prayer in his hand, and, in the book the Articles of Religion. From them alone must he preach; nothing more and nothing less. That was the duty for which he was hired. His own mind, his own intelligence, the reason and the spirit and the soul which God had given him were for no other use than the clever support of the things which were printed here. And who had formulated these articles? Men; men like himself.

Rev. Smith Boyd suddenly made the discovery that he was not preaching God! He was preaching the church and its creed!

Startled, now, he went through the thirty-nine Articles of Religion, one by one, slowly, thoughtfully, and with a quickened conscience. Reason knocked at the door of Faith, and entered; but it did not drive out Faith. They sat side by side, but each gave something to the other. No, rather, Reason stripped the mask from Faith, tore away the disguising cloak, and displayed her in all her simple beauty, sweet and gentle and helpful. What was the faith he had been called upon to teach? Faith in the thirty-nine Articles of Religion! This had been cleverly substituted by the organizers of an easy profession, for faith in God, which latter was too simple of comprehension for the purposes of any organization.

For a long time Rev. Smith Boyd sat in the corner pew, and when he had closed the book, all that had been behind the wall of his mind came out.

WANTED TO SHOW LOYALTY. Pathos in Offer of Burmese Villagers to Come to the Assistance of Great Empire.

L. P. Jacks tells this well-authenticated story in the Yale Review. It comes from a civil officer in a remote part of Burma.

One early morning not long ago this officer found an ancient Burman squatting on his heels in front of the unction whom he recognized as the head man of a village distant 50 miles away in the hills.

Questioned by the officer as to the purpose for which he had undertaken so long a journey through the jungle, the old man replied as follows:

"Thakin master, my villagers wish to make some return for the favors bestowed upon us by the British government."

"And now I am come to tell you that we have in our village eight guns, ancient and well tried, and all held under a license granted by the most honorable Thakin; we have also four pounds of excellent gunpowder in a

bottle and a bag of bullets; these being neither more nor less than the Thakin's license permits us to hold. "Moreover, there are in our village two trackers who have proved their skill in the capture of dacoits. Thakin, we have heard a rumor that the British government is in great trouble with its enemies.

"Wherefore, our villagers have empowered me to say that the eight guns, bottle of gunpowder, the bag of bullets and the two trackers are freely at the disposal of the British government."

Cause for Bellicosity. "Well, I'll be damned," ejaculated Lester Green-haw of Petunia in the midst of his perusal of the village newspaper. "The Weekly Palladium has all along been for peace at any price, and here, this week, every editorial is in deifying somebody and yelling that everybody must apologize to us!"

"Yep!" returned Hod Durmill. "A feller paid the editor two years subscription in hard cash day before yesterday!"—HARRIS, City Star.

and was sorted into heaps, and the bad discarded and the good retained. He found a wonderful relief in that. He had lived with a secret chamber in his heart, hidden even from him self, and now that he had opened the door, he felt free. Above him, around him, within him, was the presence of God, infinite, tender, easy of understanding; and from that God, his God, the one which should walk with him through life his friend and comforter and counselor, he stripped every shred of pretense and worthless form and useless ceremony!

"I believe in God the Creator; the Maker of my conscience; my Friend and Father." The creed of Gail!

For a moment the rector stood, tall and erect, then he stretched forth his arms:

"I know that my Redeemer liveth!" he said, and sank to his knees.

Two high points he had kept in his faith, points never to be shaken; the existence of his creator, his mercy and his love, and the divinity of his son, who died, was crucified and buried, and on the third day arose to ascend into heaven. Reason could not destroy that citadel in a man born to the necessity of faith! Man must believe some one thing. If it was as easy, as he had once set forth, to believe in the biblical account of the creation of the world as to believe in a pre-existent chaos, out of which evolved the spirit of life, and all its marvels of growing trees and flying birds and reasoning men, it was as easy to go one step further, and add the son to the father and to the holy ghost! Even chaos must have been created!

Fully satisfied, Rev. Smith Boyd walked into the vestry, and wrote his resignation from the rectorship of Market Square church, for he could no longer teach, and preach, faith—in the thirty-nine articles of religion! With in his grasp he had held a position of



He Folded Her in His Arms.

wealth, of power, of fame! He scarcely considered their loss; and in the ease with which he relinquished them, he knew that he was self-absorbed from the charge of using his conscience as a ladder of ambition! In his desire to build the new cathedral, it had been incidental, not fundamental. It made him profoundly happy to know this with positiveness.

He called up the house of Jim Sargent, and asked for Gail.

"Come over," he invited her. "I want to see you very much. I'm in the church. Come in through the vestry."

"All right," was the cheerful reply. "I'll be there in a minute."

He had been very shy! He was tremendously pleased with himself! He had kept out of his voice all the longing, and all the exultation, and all the love! He would not trust even vibration of his secret to a cold telephone wire!

He set the door of the vestry open wide. Within the church, the organist had conquered that baffling run in the mighty prelude of Bach and the great dim spaces up amid the arches were pulsing in ecstasy with the tremendous harmony. Outside, upon the back ground of the celestial strain, there rose a fluttering, a twittering, a cooing. The doves of spring had returned to the vestry yard.

Just a moment and Gail appeared, poised in the doorway, with a filmy pink scarf about her shoulders, a slimy frock of delicate gray upon her slender figure, her brown hair waving about her oval face, a faint flush upon her cheeks, her brown eyes sparkling her red lips smiling up at him.

He had intended to tell her much, but instead, he folded her in his arms, and she nestled there, content. For a long, happy moment they stood, lost to the world of thought; and then she looked up at him, and laughed.

"I knew it from your voice," she said. He laughed with her; then he grew

travels, but there was the light of the great happiness in his gravity. "I have resigned," he told her. "That was a part of what she had known."

"And not for me!" she exclaimed. It was not a question. She saw that in him was no doubt, no quandary, no struggle between faith and disbelief. "I see my way clearly," he smiled down at her; "and there are no thorns to cut for me. I shall never change."

"And we shall walk hand in hand about the greatest work in the world," she softly reminded him, and there were tears in her eyes. "But what work shall that be, Ted?" She looked up at him for guidance, now.

"To shed into other lives some of the beauty which blossoms in our own," he replied, walking with her in-own. "I shall go, walking with her in-own to a great dim nave, where the shadows still quivered with the under-echoes of the mighty Bach prelude. "I have been thinking much of the many things you have said to me," he told her, "and particularly of the need, not for a new religion, but for a re-birth of the old; that same new impulse towards the better and the higher life which Christ brought into the world. I have been thinking on the mission of him, and it was the very mission to the need of which you have held so firmly. He came to clear away the thorns of creed which had grown up between the human heart and God! The brambles have grown again. The time is almost ripe, Gail, for a new quickening of the spirit; for the second coming."

She glanced at him, startled.

"For a new voice in the wilderness," she wondered.

"Not yet," he answered. "We have signs in the hearts of men, for there is a great awakening of the public conscience throughout the world; but before the day of harvest arrives, we must have a sign in the sky. No great spiritual revival has ever swept the world without its attendant supernatural phenomena, for mysticism is a part of religion, and will be to the end of time. Reason, by the very nature of itself, realizes its own limitations, and demands something beyond its understanding upon which to hang its faith. It is the need of faith which distinguishes the soul from the mind."

"A sign," mused Gail, her eyes aglow with the majesty of the thought.

"It will come," he assured her, with the calm presence of prophecy itself. "As no great spiritual revival has ever swept the world without its attendant supernatural phenomena, so no great spiritual revival has ever swept the world without its concrete symbol which men might wear upon their breasts. The cross! What shall be its successor? A ball of fire in the sky? Who knows! If that symbol of man's spiritual rejuvenation, of his renewed nearness to God, were, in reality, a ball of fire, Gail, I would hold it up in the sight of all mankind though it shriveled my arm!"

The thin treble note stole out of the organ loft, pulsing its timid way among the high, dim arches, as if seeking a lodgment where it might fasten its tiny thread of harmony, and grow into a song of new glory, the glory which had been born that day in the two earnest hearts beneath in the avenue of slender columns. The soft light from one of the clerestory windows flooded in on the compassionate son of man above the altar. The very air seemed to vibrate with the new inspiration which had been voiced in the old Market Square church. Gail gazed up at Smith Boyd, with the first content her heart had ever known; content in which there was both earnestness and serenity, to replace all her groping. He met her gaze with eyes in which there glowed the endless love which it is beyond the power of speech to tell. There was a moment of ecstasy, of complete understanding, of the perfect unity which should last throughout their lives. In that harmony, they walked from the canopy of dim arches, out through the vestry, and beneath the door above which perched the two gray doves cooing. For an instant Gail looked back into the solenn depths, and a wistfulness came into her eyes. "The ball of fire," she mused. "When shall we see it in the sky?"

THE END.

Flying War Horses.

A correspondent of the Milan "Corriere della Sera" reports the following story:

"An Italian lieutenant recently rode through one of the villages on the Isonzo front. He dismounted before the temporary quarters of the command of his regiment and tied his horse to a tree. When he entered the house he heard the humming noise of a large Austrian shell and a moment later a terrible explosion followed. The shell had struck a small building on the opposite side of the street. An immense cloud of smoke and dust rose and when it disappeared the horse of the officer was gone.

"The air pressure caused by the explosion had lifted the animal from the ground and thrown it on the flat roof of a nearby house, where it was found almost unhurt. It was no easy job to get the horse to the street again, as this could only be accomplished with the aid of a large crane."

Are You Operating a Mosquito Farm? Do you know that you are probably a breeder of mosquitos? Many a man keeps a regular mosquito farm and does not know it. Are you one of this kind? You are, if on your premises you have open water barrels, empty tin cans, open water tanks, marshy or low ground that holds the water after rain. Of course, if you like being bitten by mosquitos and like to run the risk of having them carry to you some-thing of disease, why you will not do anything to destroy the mosquito breeding places. If the people of every community would get together on the mosquito question, the "domestic" mosquito could be eliminated.

Field Spiders. If you took out upon your lawn any early morning in the summer you will see here and there glistening with dew-drops perhaps a score of tents about as big as one's hand. These are the tents of the funnel web weavers, the oglegged spiders of field and meadow. In the middle of these flat or concave horizontal webs in the grass is a silken tube leading down, anchoring the fabric to the ground.

CANADA'S PLANS FOR WAR REVENUE

So Wisely Distributed That Taxation Will Affect Farmers to a Degree Practically Unnoticeable.

So many rumors have been circulated regarding war taxation in Canada that the statement made by Sir Thomas White, Canadian Minister of Finance, of the Government's plans for raising war revenue should be given the widest circulation. Sir Thomas made it clear that the revenue will be raised by taxing the profits of incorporated companies whenever those profits exceed seven per cent, and the profits of unincorporated firms or partnerships when the profits exceed ten per cent. On all such excess profits these companies or firms will have to contribute one-quarter to the Government. Transportation companies, banks, mining, milling, and other companies will be subject to this taxation, but life insurance companies, and companies with less than fifty thousand dollars capitalization, and companies, firms, or individuals engaged in agriculture or stock raising, are exempt, and pay no part of this taxation. The only other additional taxation proposed is an increase of fifty cents a barrel in the customs duty on apples, and one-half cent a gallon in customs duty on certain kinds of oils.

It will be noticed that this taxation is being applied in such a way that it does not affect farmers in the slightest degree, except, perhaps, through a small increase in cost of apples and oil. The war revenue is to be paid out of the profits of the big firms and companies with capital of over fifty thousand dollars, and even these are allowed seven per cent in some cases, and ten per cent in others, of clear profits before they have to pay any part of this taxation. It will be seen that the whole policy is to place the war expenditure taxation on those who have been making big profits and are able to pay it, and to encourage farming and stockraising by exempting farmers and stockraisers from the taxation. This ought to set at rest every rumor that the farmer or the farmer's land is being taxed to pay the cost of the war.—Advertisement.

A recently invented electric fan for use on tables has horizontal blades and a dish on top for flowers or fruit.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets are best for liver, bowels and stomach. One little Pellet for a laxative—three for a cathartic.—Adv.

General von Hindenburg, chief of the German army, is an expert chess player.

Throw Off Colds and Prevent Grip. When you feel a cold coming on take LAXA-TIVE BILMO GUMMIES. It removes excess of Colds and Grip. Only One BILMO GUMMIE. B. W. GROV'S signature on each box.

The Experienced One. Hello—is he a man of affairs? Anne—Mercy, no! He never had a chance. The first girl he proposed to accepted him.—Judge.

RHEUMATISM—ITS CAUSE AND TREATMENT. The cause of Rheumatism is excess of uric acid and no real relief can be expected until this is eliminated. Many chronic sufferers find permanent relief after taking Rheumacide, do sale at your druggist.—Adv.

A Projecting Personality. "Cap, we have to let this recruit go." "Why?" "He weighs 320 pounds, mostly bay window. If we put him in the front rank it kills the alignment. And if we stick him in the rear rank he's in the front rank, too."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

In Eoston, Too. Joe Hazard, the comedian, has a letter from a friend in Boston which he treasures. The letter contains a bona fide account of an answer made by a grammar school pupil in Boston during the course of an examination in English.

The youngster, a boy, was called on to spell and define the word hazardous. This was his reply: "H-a-z-a-r-d-o-u-s—a female hazard."—Saturday Evening Post.

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