## BEGIN HOT WATER DRINKING IF YOU DON'T FEEL RIGHT

Bays glass of hot water with phosphate before breakfast washes out poisons.

If you wake up with a bad taste, bad breath and tongue is coated; if your head is dull or aching; if what you eat sours and forms gas and acid in stomach, or you are bilious, constipated, nervous, sallow and can't get feeling fust right, begin drinking phosphated hot water. Drink before breakfast, a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it. This will flush the poisons and textus from stomach, liver, kidneys and bowela and cleanse, sweeten and purify the entire alimentary tract. Do your inside bathing immediately upon arising in the morning to wash out of the system all the previous day's poisonous waste, gases and sour bile before putting more food into the stomach.

To feel like young folks feel; like you felt before your blood, nerves and muscles became loaded with body impurities, get from your druggist or storekeeper a quarter pound of limestone phosphate which is inexpensive and almost tasteless, except for a sourish tinge which is not unpleasant,

Just as soap and hot water act on the skin, cleansing, sweetening and freshening, so het water and limestone phosphate act on the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels. Men and women who are usually constipated, billous, headachy or have any stomach disorder should begin this inside bathing before breakfast. They are assured they will become real cranks on the subject shortly,-Adv.

A wise man will always agree with his wife rather than waste time argu-

## INTELLIGENT DRUGGISTS KNOW WHAT KIDNEY MEDICINE TO USE

I have been selling Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root for six and one-half years and my customers are always satisfied with the results obtained from the use of the medicine and speak favorably re-garding it. I have used it for "pain in the back" and a bottle or two put me in good shape and made me feel fine again. I believe Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Boot will cure any cases for which it is recommend-ed if they are not of too long standing. Very truly yours.

FRANK JENKINS, Druggist, Pilgrim, Texas.

November 11th, 1915. Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You Send ten cents to Dr. Eilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample size bot-tie. It will convince anyone, You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling about the kidneys and blad der. When writing, be sure and mention this paper. Regular fifty-cent and one this paper. Regular fifty-cent and one dollar size tottles for sale at all drus stores.—Adv.

Interviewing a Humorist.

"Good morning, Wange. What's or the carpet today?" asked Bingleton. "Dust," said Wagge.

you on foot?"

"Shoes," said Wagge, selemnly, up to these days:

"Date," sighed Wagne.

"I'll give you just one more chance

you poor Frivol, you. What are yodoing now?" "Everyboffy," said Wange.

"As usual, ch?" said Bingleton, as he shoved the remains down the near est available conthole.-New York

Strenuous.

"What do you mean by referring to Wingins as an athlere? The only game he can play is pinochile, and you'd hardly call that an athletic

"It is the way Wiggins plays it. You ought to see him pound the table wher he trumps the other fellow's ace."

Heard in the Hutel Barber Shop. Porter-Boss, you sho' am dusty-Parron of the Hotel-All right George; you may brush off about ter cents' worth.

Sultable.

"I want to sweep the cobwebs from

"Why not use a vacuum cleaner?"

EXPERIMENTS Teach Things of Value.

Where one has never made the experiment of leaving off coffee and drinking Postum, it is still easy to learn something about it by reading the experiences of others.

out of coffee troubles. A Penn. man

"My wife was a victim of nervousness, wenk stomach and loss of appetite for years; and although we resorted to numerous methods for retief, one of which was a change from coffee to ten, it was all to no purpose.

"We knew coffee was causing the trouble but could not find anything to take its place until we tried Postum. Within two weeks after she quit coffee and began using Postum almost all of her troubles had disappeared as if by magic. It was truly wonderful. Her nervousness was gone, stomach trouble relieved, appetite improved and, above all, a night's rest was complete. and refreshing.

"This sounds like an exaggeration, as it all happened so quickly. Each day there was improvement, for the Postum was undoubtedly strengthe... ing her. Every particle of this good work is due to drinking Postum in place of coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Postum comes in two forms: Postum Ceceal-the original formmust be we'l boiled. 15c and 25c okgs. Instant Postum-a soluble powderdissolves quickly in a cup of hot water, and, with croam and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly, 30c

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

-solf by Grocers



and eight Indians, all armed and walt-

ing for anything that might develop.

But Hampden had no notion of meet-

and it seemed as if all was to go

tically abreast of the mill at Toledo

the Yellow Pines owner was conspicu-

ous on the dock, though he did not ap

of raw, bright lumber he was marking.

years an' a dark night to do it."

and by four o'clock the ebb of the tide,

the raft, head and tail on both sides,

cooked supper ashore and Sardry

of the young financier and his last

drowsy thoughts were of the steamer

Portland to meet them, the huge check

that would follow his delivery of the

He waked to see the heavy chains

strained upstream, and knew that the

The casting loose, the slow start,

the moving of the night shores-San-

in the little south room. His mind

"Go Back to Ma Daily, Child,"

Those were the last words that the

night and the world was not.

in point of time.

tie us up some way.

SYNOPSIS.

Stletz of Daily's lumber camp directs stranger to the camp. Walter Sandry niroduces himself to John Pally, fore-man, as "the Dillingworth Lumber Co., r most of it." He makes acquaintance ind warns and treet. The men pull down ager compares Silter and it and framplen's men files and framplen's men files and framplen's men files to the treet.

CHAPTER XV-Continued.

"Why-why," stammered Siletz, "I line of color. Triumph filled the heart hardly know. Yet-there is something She fell silent a moment, standing that was even now plowing down from

beside him. 'The winds of God are heavy on my soul, Sandry," she said at last, earneatly, "and they tell me that you mortgage of the load that hung upon are sad. What can I do-oh, what can the Dillingworth, its greatest menace

I do to help?" There was in her voice the simple i cry of a sympathy so intense that it drawn taut, to hear the mass of timwas anguish, and Sandry's lips tight bers creaking and grumbling as it ened in the darkness.

For a heady moment he could scarce tide was in. The Siwash cook waked resist the bidding of the lawless thrill the men by moonlight for breakfast. that she was ever capable of sending They must be ready to take advantage through him, to take her into his arms, of the first motion toward the sea. as he had done that day when she beheld the sea. But a tardy thought themselves and steadled his voice. He put his hands upon her shoul- the mysterious book she was writing

ders and turned bor round. "Go back to Ma Daily, child," he said, but his voice had falten to a whisper, a whisper that was a caresa laden as heavily with wistful sudness as a whisper might be, "and don't fret 1 am all right."

Without a word, obedient to him as the primal woman ever is to man. "Clever boy! But I mean what have Siletz went away in the night toward the cook-shuck

As she passed up the path she al-"O, come off, Wagge. What are you most brushed the garments of Poppy bands shut in the folds of her gown. her rose lips nahen, her eyes strained

> "Fool! Fool! Fool!" the woman was thinking in a rage of passion. Why didn't I suspect? She is some thing to him-she has her charm There is danger in her to me-ob Sandry, you stupid, simple heart! For Poppy Ordway had heard the ca ress of that lowered voice. The new passion in her took fright, and a furious, choking rare sent the blood hot upon her heart.

The next morning he found upon his window-ledge a handful of fern and a spray of tiny, yellow, waxlike flowers went over that little room. He saw that were beginning to show where the stand with the ancient Bible. He tains, lining their rocky beds. He as he saw again the words, "Oh, Abtook them in and put them away in a salom! My son, my son!" drawer among his papers, silent voice

she gave her covered a sudden hatred night opened, flame shot upward from with Sandry day an' night till I get that had aprung, full grown, from a the dark waters, immeasurable sound back. Hurry now," man's low whisper; and the bad times smote his eardrums to silence, pain

CHAPTER XVI.

On the fourteenth of March the water, landing in a tangle of blueberry wheery tag pulled the great, brown vines, and screamed a curse at the sling was ready. ogar-shaped monster that meant so serene heavens. out to the sarrow, deep neck of the prayer; "he's blowed her up at last!" falls." bay that would take it to the sea (elt the slow, silding motion as the grouning of the timbers. The wrecked hollow of the blankets, creeching tug and the ebb tide.

'Amphibioua" Motor Bost, Invention of Austrian, Seems to Have Been Proved a Success.

A number of people have been work ing of inte years to solve the problem of constructing a vehicle capable of traveling upon both fand and water. More than one has had some degree of success, but none is better, perhaps than that invented by a Viennese engiueer named L. Zeiner.

This "land motor boat" resembles an ordinary touring car in appearance except that the body is rather higher But besider fts wheels, it is provided with a propeller placed at the rear The power of the motor can be switched from the running gear to the propeller screw and vice versa. It is built so as to take quite steep grades with ease. Hence one may ride down the sloping bank of a river, plunge into the current, switch the power to the propeller and cross the stream in a practicable motor bont. Arriving at

the journey continued without more

The vehicle has made good under practical tests and is expected to be particularly valuable for military use It is so built as to go well in swampy and muddy country. In shallow water wheels and propeller may be used at multaneously; this is a particular advantage when a sand bank is accidentally encountered in a stream, since it removes the danger of "getting stuck."

The power is supplied by a 16-horse power, four-cylinder motor which gives speed on land of 45 miles per hour. This speed is diminished in water to about twelve miles per hour .-- Literary Digent

Queer Lack. "Wouldn't you like to visit the great the good angels that goard us against still boot, finally drawing a bead on

"Indeed I would, but I haven't got the sand. - Exchange.

An international exposition of electrical appliances and a general Spanthe other side, the engine is switched | ish exposition will be held in Barce

strong tide urged it hard upon itself. | jammed raft. He studied the problem | thing than to face this little group of Above it Daily lifted his voice and from all sides. Then he took his recalled his Indians, and there was an maining Indians, for none of them her art. guish in his heart.

"Koottah! Snamishta! Memmiloo!" up, got off the mooring chains and From here and there voices an snubbed the monster to the shore swered, some far, some near, and pres- pines fore and aft. Then he calmly ently figures crept fearfully into the prepared to wait the turn of the tide. moonlight from the matted ferns, gath- She would loose herself. ering about the foreman.

another stanched the blood from a to hurt the big raft much. Several of ragged scalp with his hands, and there the binding chains at the extreme one wavered drunkenly from the fall head of her had been broken, loosenhe had got, but all eight accounted for ing the ends of the logs which slid stood plainly out, fallen apart and colthemselves.

"Boys," said Daily tensely, "all who can swim get into the water quick! Sandry was standin' alone at her nose. It's a hundred to one he's done for!" ing John Daily in his present mood

tongues of white men flying. smoothly. As the raft drew majes-Silently the five who were unharmed except for bruises slipped into the heavily running tidewater and disappeared amid the flotsam and jetsam of pear to see anything beyond the pile aimlessly back and forth.

His forid face were a sardonic grin. "John," said Sandry, "it's a wonder Hampden didn't do something surer to hinder us-jam the bay with logs or "Might, only I've had John Teeterhe called upon Sandry's name. From end. pole an' Klamath Sam walkin' th' time to time he listened. Then he shores fer five days-an' they're the lighted a torch and widened his circle. two worst Siwashes on th' reservation: peering into every covert of fern, be- line to the shore ends and dropped many. It is the way of the outside Hampden knows they're workin' fer hind every log, and even searching the them into the water. The line was world." S'letz, an' that when I said shoot or cut they'd shoot or cut-ef it took four two when a blast of giant powder had prow. That first day drifted by very swiftgone wrong. ly, soft and sunny between showers.

After a long time he straightened and his muddy face was blanched. grown slower and slower, had ceased "Done for!" he said aloud to the altogether. altogether. Daily and the rest tied up dusk of the forest, bitterly, "Down an' done for-an' him so damned good for using heavy steel ropes and chains, to an Easterner!"

which they gave plenty of slack. They But even as he spoke a cry sounded from the water far ahead-another anthought he had never tasted better swered, another and another, as the fare. Afterward they lay about the Siletz drew in to each other somefire all together, smoking, and only where out in the dim moonwash, and the silence of the Siletz marked the he knew they had found him.

So they had-a limp body lying bent back across a floating log, the pearl buttons on its breast shining and its hair dabbling in the water. They pushed the log with its burden in to logs-how he would lift a certain picked up his employer as a mother lifts a child, carried him back up the bank and bent to listen for life in the still breast. It was there. The timberman ran a great hand, experienced and gentle, over the sprawling arms.

"Busted!" he said bitterly, "legs too! He's crumpled like a broken tule! If I don't take this out of Hampden, I hope I'll burn in hell!"

He gathered the scattered blankets from bush and tree branch and laid the Easterner upon them. Then this of Miss Ordway shut his hands upon dry wished Miss Ordway might see simple son of the big country went off it-it might be a bit of local color in by himself into the shadows to think, What should he do?

Here was his employer, this Easterner who was going through the ordeal by fire to win his right to live and fight in the wild land, and he was all but worsted, down and out. His life was not worth a copper-that coin of which the large West takes no notice-and far on the shores of the other ocean was that old father of whom he had told Daily in the quiet Riverside drive—mute evidence of the talks at night. It would take quick work to get Sandry to a doctor and word should be sent East at once.

On the other hand, if Sandry should live and the contract had been lost his fight would be over. Those mortgages of which he had spoken vaguely past, the East Belt go by the board and vivid valley, Hampden would be supreme in the

"No, by heaven, he'd want her to go there!" was Dally's ultimatum as he rose from the log in the pink flare of sunrise, and could be have known all that Sandry would lose with that contract and the Dillingworth his hatred still, for Sandry was his friend,

He went back to the huddled Indians the little streams tore down the moun- shuddered a bit with the night chill and the silent figure on its blankets. "Memmileo," he said decisively, make quick a pole sling. You an' big Bill an' Multoowah an' Jim Pineof a sympathy that was as delicate as mind of the Easterner were to know tree will take Sandry back to camp. for many days. The nose of the raft | Go first to Tolodo an' get Doc Hooker That morning when Poppy Ordway where he was standing suddenly rose |-have him do what he can there an' encountered Siletz the bright smile under him like a thing of life. The go along to camp. Tell him to stay

Without a word, the four Indians that followed for the girl bad their that was unendurable stretched and picked out by name set about their white man would take to begin they When the thing was over John Daily | had laid clean saplings along blankers' picked himself up from where he had edges, warped a short spreader at top been blown clear of the raft and the and bottom to hold the poles the width of a man's shoulders apart, and the dling eyes, stepped forward.

"Now," said Daily grimly, "travel nuch to Sandry and the fortunes of "Oh, God damn his soul to hell!" he like hell, boys, but carry him soft, for Drinking Postum is a pleasant way the Dillingworth from its moorings cried, half after the manner of a he's broke like the ferns when a pine also-had not intended to make known the work except under the supervision

Tenderly they lifted the owner of In the awful silence that fell in the Sandry for the first time in his life first moments there set up a great the Dillingworth and laid him in the charge of him."

great oval floor responded to the and opened prow of the rait slewed. His foreman cast one look at him as chances, sharp chances, fraught with taken alive, and transferred to other to the right Jammed into the shore, the Indians swung away on the back swift danger and trying to nerve and parts of the country for restocking

TRAVELS ON LAND OR WATER | more, the bank is easily climbed, and | PARISIANS IN SOBER MOOD | many hotels and clinics now converted into Red Cross hospitals. All traverse

War Has Wrought an Immense Change

In the Life of the "Gay

Capital."

"Many of the leading French artir's.

says a writer in Cartoons Magazine.

'are at the front, painting war as it is

Others have remained at home to por

tray little incidents of Paris. Among

the latter is L. Sabattler, for many

years cartoonist of Le Figaro, and who

style in crayon.

is remembered for his broad, sweeping

"Perhaps the most notable of his

Paris streets in war times. In the before.

recent drawings is 'Les Matinales'-

small hours of the long night they

pars by, these women, as unnoticed as

evil. Under the vells that shroud their

faces-somewhat drawn by the long

vigil-one perceives the white hair of

mother, or the blonde or brown locks

of a young girl. Some are returning

from a night's watch at the bedside of discharged ne wifted.

The damage at the prow was slight. Here one dragged an injured ankle. The lift had come a moment too soon downward and apart, giving her the appearance of a ranged broom.

were beyond work from their shaking-

Snamishta, like all the coast Indians, was a good waterman. He offered to dive for the broken chains No one asked a question, the Indians and Daily let him go. In three hours accepting with their pathetic fatalism he had found all the ends, fastened this disaster which would have set the to them hauling lines, which the others hushed room like the snapping of a used to bring them up, the breakage taut wire. was repaired, and Daily was ready to mend the broken nose as well as he test. "No! He kissed me and I am could. He needed to circle the loos- his woman!" ened logs with the chains again, and the long bay which traveled always he went about it in a simple manner.

There was no getting under the raft two women from the ends of the earth. The groaning of the raft grew in vol- from the front because of the jam and war raised its banner between ume for a few minutes, then subsided against the shere, even if Snamishts them. Unnoticed, the four ladiens as it locked and settled. Daily on the could have managed the tide and en shifted gently until they stood, a back nore began threshing the ferns, filling dured the time under water. There- ground for the pallid girl in the rough the night with his stentorian voice as fore it must be done from the other western garb. Miss Ordway smiled. So Daily laid the chains across the face.

branches of the trees. He had seen then led to the stern, under the moorthe pines bear ghastly fruit a time or ing chains, around and forward to the He then lay down for a needed rest until the sucking green water grew slower and slower and finally stopped

spreading nose, attached a long tow-

With the first insidious movement of the flood tide the groaning and creaking set up again throughout the giant. and the foreman was on his feet at once as she began, almost imperceptibly, to back out from the shore. The ends of the chains were hauled up slipped forward and fastened securely after the logs had been coaxed together as much as was possible with

rope and peavey and cant book. "By jingo!" said Dally, "but that was a blast. The son-of-a-gun must have had a wagon-loan o' sticks. An' shore and big John Dally, wading out, it was a 'plant,' all right. Must've had some batt'ries an' a trigger wire. But he hain't smart enough to figger out such things. Twa'n't th' right slaut, or she'd a hit us amidships an' opened us up proper-an' we'd a gone to sea in pieces."

The hours of the flood tide were irk some to him, waiting, wondering how it fared with Sandry swinging between the Indians, and thinking bit terly of Hampden, who was proving himself a dangerous enemy.

But he thought also of the steamer plowing down from Portland, which would stand in at Yaquina, and he knew he would be ready to turn over the raft in spite of all. "Be a damn hard matter to tow by

we can drift her out an' turn her tail Then he fell to woudering if Sandry would ever know of the big check. or if it would travel east with him to gasps, like that of a doe mortally

that head," he told himself; "guess

the old man in the wheeled chair on tenderfoot's first and last fight!

CHAPTER XVII. A Hard Kneck.

It was a sweet spring day, blue herself on her knees, gripping her arched and fitful-aired, with a riot of, braids in savage fingers, and for a wild would be foreclosed and the Dilling bird songs in the pines when the little space something within her that she worth would become a thing of the cavalcade bore Walter Sandry up the had never known in all her life arose

They took him up the slope and thousand years. Blind rage was upon into the office and held him while Si- her-she wanted to fight as the preletz flew to the house for many more historic female fought for her mate. through dead or alive, an' I'll see her blankets to pile high on the spring | So she knelt and rocked in the lust cot, and presently they laid him, a of fury while the little clouds sailed sadly broken thing, upon it. The color in an azure sky and the hill streams had drained from the dark face of the trickled to the valleys, and suddenly girl, and her hands shut hard, hung a bird in a high plac top dropped a tensely in the folds of her skirt as a string of notes, clear, silvery, sparof Hampden would have been deeper silence fell with the easing of the man | kling, for all the world like the disupon the bed.

"Doctor-" she said hoarsely; "doc | cowered under them covering her eyes tor-" and could get no further. The doctor had known her for the several years he had been in the coun-

try and he studied her face a moment before answering. "Close call, S'letz," he said gently;

"maybe he'll live-maybe not." For a mement she swayed upon her tiply so rapidly during this summer feet, flinging her hands across her that crops in the fields and in orchards

eyes, while her breath came in catch- and gardens in various forest regions ing gasps. "But God sits above the sea!" tore his limbs. He sailed away into appointed task. In less time than a cried at last, tragically. "Oh, Father, ment authorities are now killing rab spare him, for he is an unbeliever!" bits, hares, pheasants and other ani-

At this tense moment Poppy Ord- mais and birds which have fed upon way, who had been watching from the the growing crops. The killing is done background with parted lips and kin- on specified days by those in the com-"Doctor-Mrs. Daily," she said. The huntsmen act collectively, no indi-"this terrible thing forces me to speak vidual sportsman being allowed to go of something which I-and Walter out for game. Guns are not used in

at present. I am Mr. Sandry's prom of gendarmen, and then only when othised wife and as such I will take er means of disposing of the game,

All her life had this woman taken able. Wherever possible, the game is On hoard with Sandry were Daily and was holding the rest, while the trail and turned his face to the skill, but never had she done a harder purposes.

Paris at the hour when not so long age

they used to return from the ball or

satisfaction of duty accomplished."

Shot Squirrel With \$10 Bill.

one of the marauders. He shot it, and,

having scared the others away, re

The guest arrived and asked for the

gun. When he discovered it had been

"I stock a \$10 oill in the barrel for

turned home.

the theater. No more of the gay night | empire

American Meat Products in China. The Chinese people very rarely eat beef, and its use is practically con-

The Chinese are extremely fond of flaneurs in evening dress, who hailed a taxi while they finished a cigar. The pork, but it would be impossible for morning wanderers pass in silence American firms to, ship barreled pork alone with their thoughts, theirs the to China and meet the competition of the native-grown article. Good Chi nese pork sells at retail at a far cheap er rate than it can possibly be put or the market in the United States, to Ground squirrels were damaging say nothing of the freight cost hall grain left in a field by Winfield Scott. way around the world. 'The new trade manager of the San Fernando botel in Chinese pork which has sprung on in the town of that name, says the Los Angeles Times. A guest had tert a between southern China ports and the early morning wanderers of the loaded shotgun at the nouse a few days | England is a profitable one, owing to the cheap price of the nog Pork grown in South China is said to be a very Manager Scott decided to put an good article, comparing favorably with end to the squirrels and started on a American pork .- Consul General Sam uel S. Knabenshue.

fined to the foreign residents of

How Grese Are Fattened. Geese are fattened for market it some parts of Europe by confining them in dark rooms, to which light is admitted at intervals, causing them

A LAND PROBLEM AHEAD

Westerners whose instinct matched

They turned upon her in thunder-

stricken silence—the doctor with a

clean amaze, the Indians in stoical

quiet. Ma Daily with an astonishment

that was only the forerunner of untag-

onistic reaction. But of them all it

was the face of Siletz, fallen upon her

knees beside the cot, that shook the

It lifted itself, panting, white and

awful, its lips where the broken Sign

orless. The dark eyes stared upon her

with an uncomprehending horror that

"I know something of nursing and

But here Siletz sprang up to her

slim height and her voice smote the

"No!" she cried in anguished pro-

They faced each other across the

unconscious form of the man, these

though a hard brilliance came into her

"Perhaps," she said. "He has kissed

"When do you think he will recover

Her cool voice terminated the scene

With both hands extended before

her Siletz went blindly out into the

sunlight. She stood a moment, her

"No, by Heaven, He'd Want Her to

Go Through."

breath coming and going to great

wounded, and in her eyes was no light.

reached the great fir stump on the

and shook her. She had gone back a

mond notes of a flute and instantly she

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Wild Things a Pest in France.

French government upon hunting has

caused wild animals and birds to mul-

have been ravaged. The merace has

become so serious that the govern-

munes who have proper authorization

such as traps and ferrets, are not avail-

The prohibition imposed by the

in instinctive guilt.

Like the wounded dee, she fled to

She turned to the physician

She was mistress of the hour.

consciousness?"

irritated her.

we'll do out best-"

heart in her, chilled her bold spirit.

(FROM THE PEORIA JOURNAL)

The Nebraska State Journal calls attention to the fact that Uncle Sam's opening of a 4,000-acre tract in the North Platte irrigation district for settlement practically winds up the "free land distribution" of the nation. It

"Free or cheap land has been the American safety valve. A population straining for self-betterment has had its own remedyto go west and grow up with the country. With the government reduced to advertising an opening of forty-three farms, the safety valve may be considered forever closed. The expansive energy formerly exerted outward, must hereafter work itself out intensively. Increasing land speculation, with rapidly rising prices of land and proportionately increasing dissatisfaction among the landless would seem inevitable. The tone of our politics and the intensity of our social problems cannot but be vitally changed under the strain of dealing internally with a social pressure which hitherto has had the wilderness to vent itself upon.

"'Land hunger' will soon become a reality in this rapidly growing country and the constant pressure of population, increasingly higher than the ratio of production, is bound to bring us face to face with economic problems that we have heretofore considered remote. The far-sighted statesman and publicist must devote his thought earnestly to the consideration of these questions if we are to escape the extremes which curse the older nations of the world."

In the above will be found one of the reasons that the Canadian Government is offering 160 acres of land free to the actual settler. There is no dearth of homesteads of this size, and the land is of the highest quality, being such as produces yields of from 20 to 60 bushels of wheat per acre, while oats run from fifty to over hundred bushels per acre. It is not only a matter of free grants, but in Western Canada are also to be had other lands at prices ranging from \$12 to \$30 per acre, the difference in price being largely a matter of location and distance from railway. If one takes into consideration the scarcity of free grant lands in the United States It is not difficult to understand why there has been most material advances in the price of farm lands.

A few years ago, land that now sells for two hundred dollars an acre in Iowa, could have been bought for seventy-five dellars an acre or less. The increased price is warranted by the increased value of the product raised on these farms. The land that today can be had in Western Canada at the low prices quoted will in a less time than that taken for the lowa lands to increase, have a proportionate increase. In Nebraska the lands that sold for sixteen to twenty dollars per acre seven years ago, find a market at one hundred and seventy-five dollars an acre, for the same reason given for the increase in Iowa lands. Values in these two States, as well as in oththe hills for sanctuary. Coosnah ers that might be mentioned, show swung into his pace behind her; and presently, after an hour's climb, they that Western Canada lands are going at a song at their present prices. In many cases in Western Canada today, creat of the ridge. Here the girl flung there are American settlers who realize this, and are placing a value of sixty and seventy dollars an acre on their improved farms, but would sell only because they can purchase unimproved land at such a low price that in another few years they would have equally as good farms as they left or such as their friends have in the United States.

The worth of the crops grown in Western Canada is of higher value than those of the States named, so why should the land not be worth fully as much. Any Canadian Government Agent will be glad to give you information as to homestead lands or where you can buy.-Advertisement.

Keep a-Moving Along.

There never was a time in the history of the world in which there was so violent a passion of movement as today. We are none of us content to live our lives in one place. We must all be going somewhere in search of new sights. The railroad no longer keeps pace with our desires. The neatly laid rails which traverse our continent seem too formal in the rapldity of our thought. It irks us to present ourselves at a railway station in time for the express.

We must settle our own hour and take our journey as we list. So motor cars come to the aid of railway trains. and for those who cannot bear the sioth and solidity of the earth on which they were born there is the flying ma-

Alaska is the great fur-bearing sec-

tion of the United States. It produces about \$1,000,000 worth of furs annually. These include all varieties from squirrel pelts of an average value of 8 cents each to black fox pelts at from \$250 to \$1,250 each. The fur output in 1913 included 2,600 bear skins valued at over \$33,000 at from \$9 for brown bear skins to \$40 for the grizzly or polar bear. The greatest fur market of the United States is at St. Louis, but of the world is in London. The war in Europe has cut the price of Alaska furs about 50 per cent this year. Some for pelts bring very high prices and are much sought after. -Leslio's.

Spain is credited with supplying more than three-quarters of the world's olive oil,

There were temale matchmakers thousands of years before matches were invented.

The uses of whale oil are more numerous at the present time than ever She is a wise weman who can laugh

or cry just at the psychological mo-

Worry wears worse than work.

a wounded soldier; others are on their to put the wheels in commission once | tons in 1917. way to duty as surses in one of the sale keeping," he said. to eat seven or eight meals a cay.