

Keep Yourself Fit

You can't afford to be laid up with sore aching kidneys in these days of high prices. Some occupations bring kidney troubles; almost any work makes weak kidneys worse.

A Virginia Case Alex. Umbarger, Spiller St., Wytheville, Va., says: "I had a steady, dull ache across the small of my back. Hard work and heavy lifting brought on the trouble. The kidney secretions were irregular and a painful passage and at times, the backache was so severe, I could hardly straighten it."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

You can't win a war with a game of conversation or a guessing contest.

Only a few things that are worth having are to be had for the asking.

A woman always knows more than her neighbor and she knows that she knows it.

Constipation generally indicates disordered stomach, liver and bowels. Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills restore regularity without griping. Adv.

A Plea. "And why should I give you a kiss?" "Scientists say a man needs sweets." "What of it?" "I'm going without sugar. Now's your time to encourage patriotism, girlie."

GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER has been a household remedy all over the civilized world for more than half a century for constipation, intestinal troubles, torpid liver and the generally depressed feeling that accompanies such disorders. It is a most valuable remedy for indigestion or nervous dyspepsia and liver trouble, bringing on headache, coming up of food, palpitation of heart and many other symptoms. A few doses of August Flower will immediately relieve you. It is a gentle laxative. Ask your druggist. Sold in all civilized countries.—Adv.

Matter of Seniority. Anna and Evelyn were cousins and both had uncles in the war. Being quite little neither of the two knew much about sergeants or any other officer. One day Anna said: "My uncle is sergeant over a hundred men," and Evelyn quickly answered: "Oh, that's nothing. My uncle's top sergeant over 150 mules."

He Took His Tin Hat Off. A man staggered down the trench with blood running over his face and over his uniform. There was so little room at this point that he had to flatten against the wall to permit him to pass. Close behind was another soldier with a small red cross on his sleeve, not a Red Cross nurse as they never are at the front. He started to tell us that the wounded man had just taken his helmet off—but the wounded man preferred to tell the story himself. "I just took off my tin hat to scratch me blooming top piece when whang. Shrapnel. And now it's me back to blighty under me own power." He wobbled on.—London Chronicle.

Surely Meatless Day. They didn't violate "meatless day" after all. Food conservation hath its heroes and heroines no less than war.

A young housewife bought herself a lamb stew, and that evening set it forth for the delectation of her husband.

The stew was mostly lamb bone, the husband thought, as he searched the dish for a bit of meat. His probe proved unsuccessful. But he didn't say anything. Neither did his wife, but she was thinking a lot. All of a sudden the husband spoke up. "Why, this is meatless day!" he gasped, horror struck in remembrance. His wife looked sadly at the dish. "It is," she said, grimly.



Your comfortable, healthy well-to-do neighbor uses INSTANT POSTUM instead of coffee. Ever ask him the reason? Might be worth while—especially if you are one of those with whom coffee doesn't agree. There's a Reason

The Deep Sea Peril

By VICTOR ROUSSEAU

CHAPTER XV—Continued.

She ran unchallenged through the destroyer flotilla and came alongside the rear-admiral's flagship, a monster cruiser armed with a powerful battery, on which he had hoisted his pennant. A few minutes later Davies and Ida clambered aboard, leaving Clouts in charge of the submarine—and of the queen of the swarm.

Half an hour later Clouts received the command to take the F55 to London as best he could. Davies' interview with the rear-admiral had decided the latter to open hostilities immediately. The squadron spread out and approached the Dogger fanwise, to encircle the monsters.

MacBeard, who had just awakened aboard the motorboat, saw in terror the great shells dropping all about him. He thought this was the end of all his plans. It seemed impossible to escape.

But the monsters, terrified by the vibration, dashed wildly in all directions, and, finding themselves ringed in, churned up the water madly. The man in the chains on the flagship looked at his lead incredulously. It marked 12 fathoms, where it should have marked 25. It marked ten, seven, four—and suddenly the sea seemed to open. Half the vessels in the attacking squadron grounded. They lay on their sides in the North sea sand, one set of guns pointing heavenward, the other toward the bowels of the earth.

Then a huge, agitated wave, radiating outward from the still vortex in which the motorboat reeled, dizzily, lashed them and buffeted them about. Beyond control, the dismantled, feeling squadron drove under the pounding waves in all directions.

Out of the vapor chugged a motorboat. Slowly, as the haze subsided, she drew alongside. In her stood MacBeard, triumphant in this display of his power. Five minutes later he stood in the presence of the rear admiral, Davies and Ida, as well as of the junior officers.

The news of the expected arrival of the F55 having become public, Donald sent a wireless message to a patrol ship, ordering her to intercept the vessel and bid it anchor off the Nore, where he could go aboard without publicity. When he arrived early the same morning the first person who welcomed him from the deck was Davies.

"Do you know, sir," he said, "I think we shall checkmate that scoundrel yet." "It isn't possible," groaned Donald. "We have pledged our faith."

"I wonder if there may not be human beings under the sea, sir, who rule those devils. I wonder whether that fish-girl Clouts has got in the messroom may not have some power over them if—if we give her her head. I wonder if we couldn't use her to outwit MacBeard."

"Absurd!" said Donald curtly. "But let me have another look at her." "Clouts!" called Davies down the engine room tube. A minute later Clouts appeared, hurriedly pocketing his mouth organ and wiping his lip. "Aye, sir!" he said.

"Captain Paget wants to see you—your friend, Clouts." Donald entered alone and stood looking across the messroom toward the phantom shape at the further end. The queen shrank back against the wall and stared at Donald with her mournful eyes. The face was wavering, half-visible; but the eyes were fixed on his intently, and there was the pathos of a soul struggling for life in them, such as we see in the eyes of suffering beasts.

She came to him and put her arms about him. Her face lay for one instant against his own. And to his amazement, to his horror, Donald seemed to know that Ida was nothing, and that this woman was all.

A soft murmur came from the queen's throat. It rose and fell, and rose again until it seemed to fill the entire submarine with sound. It was the swarming call. It was the call of the queen when she has found her mate and leads forth her army to new land, new conquest, new dominion.

From the east shores and from the Baltic, from the Thames Estuary, the channel and the Seine, the monsters came. They knew that swarming call, though they had only heard it once before, and that cut short.

Sam Clouts burst open the door. Donald was lying upon the floor within, and, standing beside him, was the queen. He heard the call die on her lips. Shaking with terror, the sailor dragged Donald outside and locked the door. He carried his captain up on deck. In a few moments Donald opened his eyes.

"What happened, Clouts?" he asked. "You fainted, sir. Excuse me, sir, but you oughtn't never to have gone in there. She's a devil, sir, one of them vampires like that we used to hear about when we were children. Mrs. Clouts—"

Donald staggered toward Davies, who was running out of the conning tower. "You were right, Davies," he said. "We've got him. You heard that call?" "Listen, Davies! If I'm not mistaken that call will bring the monsters to us. Let's make for the deepest part of the sea, first, so that we won't drive on a sand bank when the water evaporates. And then—where was it MacBeard had gone?"

CHAPTER XVII.

The Pursuit. Within the conning tower Donald could hear distinctly the chugging of the engines of MacBeard's motorboat. Had he risen to the surface both vessels would have been invisible in the hydrogen gloom; but then he might have lost his quarry. Under water he could hear the sound greatly increased in volume, and could better determine its direction.

He surmised correctly that MacBeard, having followed the swarm, would attempt to lead it northward by means of his tuning-fork. And the swarm, sensing the presence of the queen, would accompany the F55, while MacBeard believed that he had himself mastered them.

With the tip of her periscope just submerged, Donald steered the F55. Never had he followed so shrewdly upon an enemy's track. Now to port, now to starboard, he followed the sound of the gasoline engines, while Clouts watched them and Davies, in the diving station, sent up an occasional cheery message.

Night fell and passed. Dawn came up, although not a vestige of light could have been seen, even afloat. A sooty column, hydrogen surcharged with atmospheric dust, was passing up the Norwegian coast.

At noon Davies, whose duties had not been constant enough to prevent him from enjoying a short slumber, begged to take Donald's place. But Donald refused.

As he ran the boat his brain hammered out the clear outlines of his plan. He would lead the herd into Skjold fjord, leave Davies in charge, kill MacBeard and rescue Ida. Then he would send her overland southward with Clouts, and remain until a ship could arrive with materials to block the passage.

The high, precipitous cliffs of the fjord would effectively bar in the monsters. For a few days or weeks the world's menace would writhe there like a wounded snake. Then it would pass. Donald had no doubt of his plan.

But he did not dare to dream of Ida; only he set himself resolutely to the pursuit. So they drove on up the Norwegian coast all day, and when night fell they were still hard on the chase.

Davies called through the engine-room tube. "There isn't much power in the batteries, sir," he said. "That salt water cut our running reserve in half, and we've been using it pretty freely. The dynamo coil was injured by the sea water."

"Go on, full speed," said Donald. "MacBeard must have been running slowly, sir, to save his gasoline. If he puts on a spurt we're done."

"Drive till the batteries fail, then we'll come up and use the petrol motors." Donald could see by the chart that they were within twenty miles of their destination when the speed of the F55 began to fall. She dropped to nine knots, to eight. The sounds of the gasoline engine were growing fainter. Donald called down the tube.

"Bring her up!" he shouted. "Aye, aye, sir!" Clouts called back. And the F55, climbing out of the water like a sea otter, seemed to shake the drops from her, and continued under the moon.

Far in the distance Donald could see the dense column of fog, as it disappeared toward the Norwegian shore. That smoky devil MacBeard had wrapped himself in obscurity to his own undoing. He did not dream of the Nemesis upon his heels.

Temperance Notes

(Conducted by the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.)

HOCH DER WHISKY!

The Kaiser's greatest ally is whisky! This I say, because whatever saves the strength of America, lowers its efficiency, and steals its wholesome food is manifestly playing into the hands of America's enemy.

Women may economize in the kitchen, can the beans and cabbage, save the crusts, and skip the butter, but one saloon will waste more human energy over the bar in one day than they will conserve in a week.

Why plant your front lawns in potatoes and raise carrots instead of geraniums in your window garden; why eat corn pone instead of white bread, and fried rice for steak, and all that sort of thing, when every pound of food you are saving to make men strong is doubly duplicated by the still, which flows to make men weak?

Every glass of booze that passes over the mahogany bar in the drinking place does as much damage to the manhood of the nation as a ten-inch shell fired from one of the Kaiser's Krupps.

For whisky never did any good and never will do any good. Every ounce of it means lowering life's efficiency. It makes the muscle flabby. It obscures the brain. It lets down the moral force.

Every drop of whisky means so much less honesty, loyal courage, and intelligence. The Kaiser could make no shrewder move than to subsidize every grog shop in America, to keep on at full blast, lulling out the stuff that takes the stamina out of this great people.

Nobody, no nation, can conquer America. But America can rot. She can guzzle her beloved poison and sink to maudlin weakness, while she prates of "personal liberty," and slobbers in congress and out, over the vested rights of poison sellers.

General O'Ryan in a recent letter to his fellow soldiers, used this language: "Our job is to whip the enemy hard and with the least loss to ourselves. In training our military machines to do this we must eliminate back-lash, rattles, and useless loads. We must have every part healthy, strong, and dependable; no part defective, diseased, or obsolete."

"This cannot be if we are to permit booze in any form to our military machine. Alcohol, whether you call it beer, wine, whisky, or by any other name, is a breeder of inefficiency. While it affects men differently, the results are the same, in that all affected by it cease for the time to be normal. Some become forgetful, others quarrelsome. Some become noisy, some get sick, some get sleepy; others have their passions greatly stimulated. When you stop to consider the thousands in a division, do you not see how vital to efficiency is the elimination of liquor? If one officer or man is permitted to use liquor, then others will claim the right to do so. How can a division of troops be ever ready to march up on the bit to drive ahead or to thrust back the enemy's drive—if through the presence of this insidious evil some soldiers forget their orders, or become noisy when silence is essential, fall asleep when every faculty should be alert, or absent from their posts?"

Hurray for the Saloon! Hoch der whisky! Dr. Frank Crane, in New York Globe.

WHAT PROHIBITION IS DOING TO WASHINGTON, D. C. In November and December, 1917, under prohibition, there were 1,197 fewer arrests for drunkenness than during November and December, 1916.

Easy to figure the Profits

Where in Western Canada you can buy at from \$15 to \$30 per acre good farm land that will raise 20 to 45 bushels to the acre of \$2 wheat — its easy to figure the profits. Many Western Canadian farmers (scores of them from the U. S.) have paid for their land from a single crop. Such an opportunity for 100% profit on labor and investment is worth investigation.

Canada extends to you a hearty invitation to settle on her

Free Homestead Lands of 160 Acres Each

or secure some of the low priced lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. Think what you can make with wheat at \$2 a bushel and land so easy to get. Wonderful yields also of Oats, Barley and Flax. Mixed farming and cattle raising.

The climate is healthful and agreeable; railway facilities excellent; good schools and churches convenient. Write for literature and particulars as to reduced railway rates to Supt. Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to

J. P. JAFFRAY, Cor. Walnut & Broad Sts., Philadelphia, Pa. Canadian Government Agent

Her Mistaken Impression. The dear old lady knew nothing about automobiles, and when her daughter, who lived in Bankton, sent the chauffeur for her she entered the car rather timidly. Everything went well until, in attempting to pass a loaded hay wagon, the car went into a ditch and its passenger was deposited in an adjoining meadow.

Recovering from the shock, though somewhat confused by this rather unusual method of alighting from a vehicle, she said to the chauffeur: "Is this Bankton?" "No, ma'am," he managed to gasp; "this is an accident."

"Oh, dear," said the old lady, "then I hadn't oughta got out here, had I?"—Boston Transcript.

"Cold in the Head"

is an acute attack of Nasal Catarrh. Persons who are subject to frequent "colds in the head" will find that the use of HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE will build up the System, cleanse the Blood and render them less liable to colds. Repeated attacks of Acute Catarrh may lead to Chronic Catarrh.

HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. All Druggists Sell. Testimonials free. \$1.00 for any case of catarrh that HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE will not cure. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Kinder Skittish.

A good old mammy of antebellum days went into a shoe shop and asked for "a pair of everday shoes—small tens." The clerk selected a pair of men's heavy plow shoes for her and she seated herself to try them on. The clerk remained standing in front of her. She glanced up and asked: "Honey, is you all gwine to stand dere while I tries 'em on?"

The clerk answered: "Why, no, auntie; I'll move on if you wish it." She said: "Please do, honey, 'cause I use white folks raised and I use kinder skittish."—Ladies' Home Journal.

RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR.

To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and 1/2 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.

Maps in Many Colors.

The United States geological survey, department of the interior, printed last year over four million copies of geological, topographic and other maps and folios, many of them in several colors. Some of the geologic maps required as many as 25 printings. The total number of impressions required was 14,000,000.

Many Children Are Sickly.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children break up Colds in 24 hours, relieve Feverishness, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the bowels, and Destroy Worms. They are as pleasant to take as children like them. Used by mothers for 31 years. All druggists, 2c. Sample FREE. Address, Mother Gray Co., Le Roy, N. Y.

New One to Pa.

Son—Pa, what is Bunker Hill? Pa—I don't know whether it's a nine or eighteen-hole golf course.

WHY NOT UTILIZE YOUR SPARE TIME

And Sell Our Fertilizers in Your Locality A large, pleasant and profitable business can be worked up with a small effort on your part. We will assist you if you wish in the sale of our brands not only by undertaking an advertising campaign but also by sending one of our representatives to help you. Write us immediately if interested, before your territory is taken.

THE HUBBARD FERTILIZER COMPANY 802-2-4-6 Keyser Building Baltimore, Maryland BRANCH: SEASIDE, ME.

W. N. U., BALTIMORE, NO. 7-1918.

To Prevent Grip Fortify the System Against Winter Cold

The strong withstand the Winter Cold Better than the Weak. If your Blood is not in a healthy condition and does not circulate properly, your system will not be able to withstand the Winter Cold. Old people who are feeble and younger people who are weak, will be strengthened and enabled to go through the cold weather by taking regularly

Grove's Tasteless chill Tonic

Contains the well-known tonic properties of QUININE and IRON. It purifies and enriches the blood and builds up the whole system, thus fortifying the system against colds and grip. Price 60c.

Whenever You Need a General Tonic Take Grove's

MULE MISSED HER TOBACCO

Temperamental Mountain Canary Not Blamed for Planting Hoofs in Back of Her Only Friend.

Thinking the animal made a mistake in not knowing whom she was kicking or it was his fault because he forgot to give her the usual chew of tobacco, Fred Wales of Grass Valley, Cal., who carried his arm in a sling for some time as the result of a kick from Bessie, excuses his partner of fourteen years for injuring him.

The mule is known to every employee of the mine, 450 in all, and while there is no affection for her among 440 of them, they all have a wholesome respect for her in spite of her contrary disposition. It is a mine classic that she kicks the airpipe two feet above her for exercise.

With Fred Wales, however, it is different. He has worked with Bessie for fourteen years and has become attached to the animal. He excuses her vagaries as an indulgent mother condones the actions of a spoiled child.

It is merely a matter of temperament, he says, and the other men do not understand her. His faith was shaken temporarily, but not for long. In the physician's office he took offense at a suggestion that the mule should be killed on account of her viciousness and rushed to her defense.

"It was perhaps my fault; it certainly was not hers. Bessie either did not know who it was when she kicked or I had forgotten to give her the usual chew of tobacco. I am willing to take all the blame."

New Use for Motorcycles.

That new uses for motorcycles are still being discovered is shown by the fact that a Californian with a big lawn to care for drives his mower with the aid of his powered cycle. After several unsuccessful attempts he devised satisfactory means of attaching the grass cutter to the front forks of his machine, and now he asserts that he can trim the lawn in about one-tenth the time formerly required. The only consideration that limits his speed apparently is the fact that the mower must be oiled frequently.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Finger Marks.

Sweet oil will remove finger marks from varnished furniture and kerosene from oil-furniture.

Injured by Prosperity.

The mind is more injured by prosperity than by adversity.