

## HAZEL, LOST IN WOODS, STUMBLES ON CAMP OF "ROAR-ING BILL" AFTER WANDERING FOR HOURS IN THE DARK

Synopsis.-Miss Hazel Weir is employed as a stenographer in the office of Harrington & Bush at Granville, Ontario. She is engaged to Jack Barrow, a young real estate agent. Mr. Bush, Hazel's employer, suddenly notices her attractiveness and at once makes her his private stenographer. After three months Bush proposes marriage. Hazel refuses, and after a stormy scene, in which Bush warns her he will make her sorry of her action, Hazel leaves the office, never to return. Shortly after this Bush is thrown from his horse and killed. Publication of his will discloses that he left Hazel \$5,000 in "reparation for any wrong I may have done her." Jack Barrow, in a jenious rage, demands an explanation, and Hazel, her pride hurt, refuses. Hazel's engagement is broken and, to escape from her surroundings, she secures a position as schoolteacher at Cariboo Meadows, in a wild part of British Columbia. There, at a boarding house, she first sees "Roaring Bill" Wagstaff, a well-known character of that country.

She kept on. The wavering gleam

halted, smitten with a sudden panic.

This endured but a few seconds. Ali

that she knew or had been told of

She moved cautiously, however, to

turned to retrent. In the same instant

Roaring Bill reached to his rifle and

Around the Woods at Night?"

Come on-show yourself."

"Well-for the-love of-Mike!"

Wagstaff drawled the exclamation

out in a rising crescendo of astonish-

"For the love of Mike!" Roaring Bill

Even in her fear, born of the night,

the circumstances, and partly of the

man, Hazel noticed that his speech was

days. His enunciation was perfect.

He dropped no word endings, nor

woman that the small matter of a little

"Easy thing to do when you don't

would have done

said again. "What are you doing wan-

"Hold on there!" he said coolly.

wander about all night.

## CHAPTER IV-Continued

"Ronrin' Bill's goin' to get himself

billed one uh these days." Hazel started, but it was only Jim Briggs in the doorway beside her.

"I guess you ain't much used to see the Meadows unknowingly. in' that sort of exhibition where you you. honey?"

shocked," Hazel laughed. "It was done so quickly."

"If them fellers would leave Bill like a hair-trigger gun, and he'd scrap ture the fact that it was indeed a light. a dozen quick as one. I'm lookin' to see his finish one uh these days."

"That's him-Roarin' Bill Wagstaff." Briggs answered. "If he takes a few drinks, you'll find out tonight how he got the name. Sings-just like a bull frontier men reassured her. She had "Isn't it nice? No, I've read of hunters moose-hear him all over town. Prob- found them to a man courteous, awkably whip two or three men before wardly considerate. And she could not this is my first taste. Indeed, I've mornin'.

His spouse calling him at that moment. Briggs detailed no more infor- the edge of the thicket, to a point sat looking across the way with con- sat humped over the glowing embers. siderable interest at the specimen of whereon sizzled a piece of meat. His a type which hitherto she had encoun- head was bent forward, as if he were altogether different, and the few fron tier specimens she had met at the Briggs' dinner table had not im- stood up. pressed her with anything except their shyness and manifest awkwardness in her presence. The West itself appealed to her, its bigness, its nearness to the absolutely primeval, but not the people she had so far met. And so she looked at Roaring Bill Wagstaff, over the way, with a quite impersonal

He came into Briggs' place for supper. Mrs. Briggs was her own wait-Briggs himself sat beside Hazel. She heard him grunt, and saw a mild look of surprise flit over his countemance when Roaring Bill walked in and coolly took a seat. But not until Hazel glanced at the newcomer did she recognize him as the man who had fought in the street. He was looking straight at her when she did glance up, and the mingled astonishment and frank admiration in his clear gray eyes made Hazel drop hers quickly to her plate. Since Mr. Andrew Bush. she was beginning to hate men who looked at her that way. And she could not help seeing that many did so look, The next Saturday Hazel went for

a tramp in the afternoon. The few walks she had taken had dulled all sense of uneasiness in venturing into the infolding forest. She felt that those shadowy woods were less sinister than look at you, old feller, whoever you man. And since she had always kept her sense of direction and come straight to the Mendows whenever she went abroad, she had no fear or thought of losing her way.

To reach her objective point, she crossed a long stretch of rolling land. It by the arm and yanked her bodily last rope end, he turned to her, well timbered, dense in parts with into the firelight. thickets of berry bushes. Midway in this she came upon a little brook, purring a monotone as it crawled over pebbled reaches and bathed the tangled ment. Then he laid his gun down she sat a while. Then she idled along, looking at her in speechless wonder, coming after considerable difficulty to abruptly rising ground. She could not see the town, but she could mark the dering around in the woods at night? low hills behind it. At any rate, she Good Lord! Your teeth are chattering. knew where it lay, and the way back. Sit down here and get warm. It is sort

So she thought. But the short after- of chilly." noon fled, and, warned by the low dip of the sun, she left her nook on the hillside to make her way home. Though it was near sundown, she fe't northern twilight gave her ample time to cover the distance.

But once down on the rolling land, among the close-ranked trees, she began to experience a difficulty that had not hitherto troubled her. With the refinement of speech put Hazel Weir sam hanging low, she lost her absolute rectainty of east and west, north and explanation or protest on his part you suppose Cariboo Meadows could

She blundered on, not admitting to to find Cariboo Meadows. As best she and lost my way." rould, and to the best of her belief, the held in a straight line for the town. know timber," Bill remarked. "And in what old granny gossips we wild West- his ax, he busied himself with gathereverrun it, and was yet upon unfamil- per; you've been scared almost to concerned."

for ground. The shadows deepened until she Meadows is out looking for you. Well, tripped over roots and stones, and you've had an adventure. That's worth discussing her with such freedom. sangged her hair and clothing on something. Better eat a bite, and branches she could not see in time to you'll feel better."fend off. As a last resort, she turned He turned over the piece of ment on araight for the light patch still show- the coals while he spoke. Hazel saw This time he came pack with the ranges.

to travel these woods in the dark. You Meadows. How did it come you didn't yell once in a while?"

"I didn't think it was necessary," Hazel admitted, "until it began to get dark. And then I didn't like to."

"I'd rather be home," she confessed.

rally. I'll see that you get there,

fire seemed good. But-

He dug some utensils out of his pack layout-two plates, knife, fork and spoons, and laid them by the fire. Opposite the meat a pot of water bubbled. bucket, black with the smoke of many an open fire, and a package, and make coffee. Then he spread a canvas sheet, and laid on that bread, butter, salt, a jar of preserved fruit.

"How far is it to Cariboo Meadows?" Hazel asked. Bill looked up from his supper prep-

arations. "You've got me," he returned carelessly. "Probably four or five miles.

I'm not positive; I've been running in circles myself this afternoon." "Good heavens!" Hazel exclaimed.

"But you know the way?" "Like a book-in the daytime," he replied. "But night in the timber is another story, as you've just been finding out for yourself."

ing in the northwest, hoping thus to "I thought men accustomed to the cross the wagon road that ran from wilderness could always find their way Soda Creek to the Meadows-it lay about, day or night," Hazel observed west, and she had gone northeast from tartly. town. And as she hurrled, a fear be-

"They can-in stories," Bill answered dryly.

gan to tug at her that she had passed She had to be satisfied with his as Presently it was dark, and darkness surance that he would see her to Carlcome from, Miss Weir," Briggs' wife in the woods is the darkness of the boo Meadows. And, accepting the situput in over his shoulder. "My land, pit itself. She found a fallen tree, and ation with what philosophy she could it's disgustin'-men fightin' in the climbed on it to rest and think. After command, Hazel proceeded to fall tostreet where everybody can see 'em. what seemed an age she fancied she and soon discovered herself relishing Thank goodness, it don't happen very saw a gleam far distant in the timber. the food more than any meal she had 'Specially when Bill Wagstaff She watched the spot fixedly, and eaten for a long time. Hunger is the min't around. You min't shocked, are thought she saw the faint reflection of king of appetizers, and food cooked in a light. That heartened her. She ad- the open has a flavor of its own which "Why, I didn't have time to be vanced toward it, hoping that it might no aproned chef can duplicate. Roarbe the gleam of a ranch window. Her ing Bill put half the piece of meat on progress was slow. She blundered her plate, sliced bread for her, and set over the litter of a forest floor, trip- the butter handy. Also, he poured her next instant he caught her under the Briggs remarked, "there ping over unseen obstacles. But ten a cup of coffee. He had a small sack arms, and, with the leverage of her wouldn't be no fight. But he goes off minutes established beyond peradven of sugar, and his pack boxes yielded one foot in the stirrup, set her gently condensed milk.

"What sort of meat is that?" Hazel came from behind a thicket-an open asked after a few minutes of silence. "What a name!" Hazel observed, fire, she saw at length. Beyond the It was fine-grained and of a rich fla- long. Put your feet in the leather caught by the appellation Briggs had fire she heard a horse sneeze. Within vor strange to her mouth. She liked first used. "Is that Roaring Bill over a few yards of the thicket through it, but it was neither beef, pork nor which wavered the yellow gleam she mutten, nor any meat she knew.

"Venison. Didn't you ever eat any before?" he smiled.

"Never tasted It," she answered. cooking venison over an open fire, but never seen a real camp fire before." "Lord-what a lot you've missed!"

There was real pity in his tone. "I mation about Rearing Bill. And Hazel where she could see the fire. A man killed that deer today. Have some more coffee,'

He refilled her tin cup, and devoted himself to his food. Before long they tered in the pages of fiction-a fight- listening. Suddenly he looked up, and had satisfied their hunger. Bill laid ing man, what the West called a "bad she gasped-for the firelight showed a few dry sticks on the fire. The flames actor." She had, however, no wish the features of Roaring Bill Wagstaff. | laid hold of them and shot up in bright, for closer study of that particular. She was afraid of him. Why, she did wave ing tongues. It seemed to Hazel She that the had stepped utterly out of her world. Cariboo Meadows, the schoolhouse, and her classes seemed remote. She found herself wishing she were a man, so that she could fare into the "You're had a look at me-I want a wilds with horses and a gun in this capable man fashion, where routine went by the board and the unexpected hovered always close at hand. She looked up suddenly, to find him regarding her with a whimsical smile.

"In a few minutes," said he, "I'll pack up and try to deliver you as per contract. Meantime, I'm going to smoke."

He did not ask her permission, but filled his pipe and lighted it with a conl. And for the succeeding fifteen minutes Roaring Bill Wagstaff sat staring into the dancing blaze. Hazel watched him uneasily after a time. He seemed to have forgotten her. His pipe died, and he sat holding it in his hand. She was uneasy, but not afraid. There was nothing about him or his actions to make her fear. On the contrary, Roaring Bill at close quarters inspired confidence.

In the midst of her reflections he

got up. "Well, we'll make a move," he said, and disappeared abruptly into the

darkness. She heard him moving around at "What Are You Doing Wandering leading three horses. One he saddled. The other two he rigged with his pack outfit, storing his varied belongings in grew he piled on larger sticks till the accorded the victorious Roman general the two pair of kyaks, and loading He stepped sidewise out of the light kyaks and bedding on the horses with as he spoke. Hazel started to run, a deft speed that bespoke long prac-The crack of a branch underfoot be- tice. He was too busy to talk, and trayed her, and he closed in before she | Hazel sat beside the fire, watching in | paid no attention to Hazel until she from Macedonian cities. On the next took three steps. He caught her rudesilence. When he had tucked up the

"There," he said; "we're ready to hit the trail. Can you ride?"

"I don't know," Pazel answered dublously. "I have never ridden a horse." "My, my!" he smiled. "Your educaroots of trees along its brink. By this across a roll of bedding, and stood tion has been sadly neglected—and you n schoolma'um, too!"

> neglected," Hazel retorted. "I don't you." need to ride, thank you." "Yes, and stub your toe and fall

"No, Miss Welr, your first lesson in horsemanship is now due-if you aren't wonder in Cariboo Meadows." afraid of horses." "I'm not afraid of horses at all,"

of a different order from that to which Hazel declared. "But I don't think it's no particular concern. The long she had been listening the past ten a very good place to take riding lessons. I can just as well walk, for I'm the world, anyway." not in the least afraid." And then she slurred his syllables. And cast in so added as an afterthought: "How do odd a mold is the mind of civilized you happen to know my name?"

"In the same way that you know mine," Bill replied, "even if you haven't more at her ease than a volume of mentioned it yet. Lord bless you, do import a lady school teacher from the "I got lost," she explained, growing civilized East without everybody in he took an ax and rustled a pile of where she came from, and what she fire and chopping them into short

denth-and probably all of Cariboo "Well," said Ja, "we won't argue the

point."

that it lay on two green sticks, like a crown of his hat full of water, which steak on a gridiron. It was quite he sprinkled over the dwindling fire. simple, but she would never have As the red glow of the embers faded thought of that. The ment exhaled in a sputter of steam and ashes, Hazel savory odors. Also, the warmth of the realized more profoundly the blackness within reaching distance of the woodof a cloudy night in the woods.

"It's going to be nasty traveling, "Sure! I guess you would-natu- Miss Weir," Roaring Bill spoke at her elbow. "I'll walk and lead the packs. though it won't be easy. It's no snap You ride Silk. He's gentle. All you have to do is sit still, and he'll stay couldn't have been so far from the right behind the packs. I'll help you mount.'

If Hazel had still been inclined to insist on walking, she had no chance to debate the question. Bill took her by the arm and led her up beside the horse. It was a unique experience for her, this being compelled to do things. No man had ever issued ultimatums to her. But here was Roaring Bill Wag-Roaring Bill produced a small tin staff telling her how to put her foot in the stirrup, putting her for the first time in her life astride a horse, warning her to duck low branches. In his mind there seemed to be no question as to whether or not she would ride. He had settled that.

Unused to mounting, she blundered at the first attempt, and flushed in the dark at Bill's amused chuckle. The



Will You Fall Off, or Will You Be Lifted Off?" He Said Cheerfully.

in the sent of the saddle.

"You're such a little person," he said, "these stirrups are a mile too above-so. Now play follow your leader. Give Silk his head."

He moved away. Obedient to Bill's command, she let the reins dangle, and Silk followed close behind his mates. Hazel lurched unsteadily at first, but presently she caught the swinging motion and could maintain her balance

derness itself. Unused to riding, she became sore, and then the sore muscles stiffened. The chill of the night air intensified. She grew cold, her on out-of-doors; he sees the weak fingers numb. She did not know where she was going, and she was assailed whom he is planning punitive expediwith doubts of Roaring Bill's ability to tions; and he is delightfully conscious find Cariboo Meadows. "Mr. Wagstaff!" she called.

"Yours truly " his voice hailed back,

In less time he appeared beside her, "Will you fall off, or be lifted off?" he said cheerfully.

"Where are we?" she demanded. "Ask me something easy," he returned. "I've been going it blind for an hour, trying to hit the Soda Creek trail, or any old trail that would show me where I am. It's no use. Too but unless he confines his attention to dark.

"What on earth am I going to do?" Hazel cried desperately.

"Camp here till daylight," Roaring Bill answered evenly. "The only thing to do. Good Lord!" His hand acciice. I didn't think about you getting cold riding. Get down and put on a coat, and I'll have a fire in a minute."

can get off without any help, thank he must, forsaking all others, cleave you," Hazel answered ungraciously,

stood back, and when her feet touched become one kind of a man and is able solid earth he threw over her shoulders to do one kind of work. the coat he had worn himself. Then he turned away, and Hazel saw him stooping here and there, and heard the crack of dry sticks broken over of Rome did not pay taxes. The third his knee. In no time he was back to some distance. Presently he was back, the horses with an armful of dry stuff, the Romans and brought to an end and had a small blaze licking up the ancient kingdom of Macedonia in through dry grass and twigs. As it 168 B. C., In describing the triumph bright flame waved two feet high, it is related that the celebration conlighting up the nearby woods and tinued for three days. On the first day shedding a bright glow on the three 250 wagons carried the statutes and horses standing patiently at hand. He came tinddly up to the fire. Then he day there passed many wagons, carrylooked up at her with his whimsical ing Macedonian standards and armor,

"That's right," he said; "come on and get warm. No use worrying-or which had been secured in the booty, getting cross. I suppose from your On the third day came a procession of civilized, conventional point of view men carrying gold spoil, followed by It's a terrible thing to be out in the woods all night alone with a strange Rome so filled her coffers with treas-"My walking education hasn't been man. But I'm not a bear-I won't eat

"I'm sorry if I seemed rude," Hazel said penitently; "I can't help thinking ly true, the fact that there was no taxdown every ten feet," Bill observed, of the disagreeable side of it. People ation in the ancient Roman republic talk so. I suppose I'll be a nine days' Bill laughed softly.

"Let them take it out in wondering," he advised. "Cariboo Meadows is a very small and insignificant portion of He went to one of the packs, and

came back with a canvas cover, which he spread on the ground.

"Sit on that," he said. "The earth's always damp it, the woods," Then he stripped the horses of their burdens and tied them out of sight among the trees. That task finished, herzelf the possibility of being unable suddenly calm. "I was out walking, Efty miles knowing who she was, and wood, dragging dead poles up to the They sought safety in the numerous looked like? I guess you don't realize lengths. When finally he laid aside police compelled all excursionists to But she walked far enough to have consequence you haven't had any sup- erners are. Especially where girls are ing grass and leaves and pine needles and Tarobo. Relief parties were sent until he had several armfuls collected out but were unable to get through the Hazel stiffened a trifle. She did and spread in an even pile to serve as drifts. Anxiety was felt for the food not like the idea of Cariboo Meadows a mattress. Upon this he laid his bed- supply, but the adventurers came ding, two thick quilts, two or three down safely. For two days the peopairs of woolen blankets, a pillow, the ple in the snow were incommuniwhole inclosed with a long canvas endo, owing to the destruction of the He disappeared the tark again, sheet, the bed tarpaulin of the cattle telephone wires. These will be buried before next season.

"There," he said; "you can tu- in whenever you feel like it."

For himself he took the saddle blankets and laid them close by the fire pile, taking for cover a pack canvas. He stretched himself full length, filled his pipe, lit it, and fell to staring into the fire while he smoked.

Half an hour later he raised his head and looked across the fire at

"Why don't you go to bed?" he asked.

"I'm not sleepy," she declared, which was a palpable falsehood, for her eyelids were even then drooping. "Maybe not, but you need rest," Bill

said quietly. "Quit thinking things. It'll be all the same a hundred years from now. Go on to bed. You'll be more comfortable.' Thus peremptorily commanded, Ha-

zel found herself granting instant obedience. She got into the blankets just as she stood, even to her shoes, and drew the canvas sheet up so that It hid her face-but did not prevent her from seeing. In spite of herself she slept fitfully. Now and then she would wake with a

start to a half-frightened realization of her surroundings and plight, and whenever she did wake and look past the fire it was to see Roaring Bill Wagstaff stretched out in the red glow, his brown head pillowed on one folded

Then all at once she wakened out of sound slumber with a violent start. Roaring Bill was shaking the tarpaulin over her and laughing.

"Arise, Miss Sleeping Beauty!" he sald boyishly. "Breakfast's ready." He went back to the fire. Hazel sat up, patting her tousled hair into some semblance of order. Off in the east a reddish streak spread skyward into somber gray. In the west, black night gave ground slowly.

"Well, it's another day," she whis pered, as she had whispered to herself once before. "I wonder if there will ever be any more like it?"

"Roaring Bill" finally admits he is taking Hazel to his cabin in the mountains. Hazel protests indignantly, but is helpless and is compelled to accompany him. The next installment has to do with this startling development.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MAKING A MAN OF THE BOY

Schoolmaster Has the Great Task in Hand, and on Him Depends the Final Important Outcome.

The sum of all admonitions is that the schoolboy must pay attention. That is precisely what he is doing, writes without holding stiffly to the saddle S. M. Crothers, in the Atlantic. He is paying attention to a variety of things The night seemed endless as the wil- that escape the adult mind. As he wriggles on the bench in the schoolroom he pays attention to all that is going on. He attends to what is going points of his fellow pupils against of the idiosyncrasics of the teacher. Moreover, he is a youthful artist and his sketches from life give acute for away to one side. "I'll be there in a to his contemporaries when they are furtively passed around.

But the schoolmaster says sternly: "My boy, you must learn to pay attention; that is to say, you must not pay attention to so many things, but yeu must pay attention to one thing, namely the second declension."

Now the second declension is the least interesting thing in the room, it he will never learn it. Education demands narrowing of attention in the interest of efficiency.

A man may, by dint of application to a particular subject, become a successful merchant or real estate man or dentally rested on hers. "You're like chemist or overseer of the poor. But he cannot be all these things at the same time. He must make his choice. Having in the presence of witnesses "I suppose if I must, I must; but I taken himself for better or for worse to that alone. The consequence is Roaring Bill made no reply, but that by the time he is forty he has

> Taxation in Rome. During a certain period the republic Macedonian war resulted in victory for paintings which had been plundered followed by 3,000 men loaded with the silver money and silver plate the conqueror in a splendid charlot. ure by this plunder that the republic never thereafter taxed her citizens. Thus, while the statement is historicalfor a period of several years is not at all creditable to the Romans, for the condition was the result of plunder instead of the economical administration of public affairs.

> Climbers Imprisoned Atop Fuji. The wisdom of erecting buts on Full for refuge in case of suddon storms of snow and rain was proved recently when a violent fall of snow and hal burst upon the crest of the sacred mountain. During two days more than 10,000 climbed the mountain and sudden arrival of the storm caught several hundred of them upon the hilltop. refuges. When the storm burst the wait for better weather at Gotemba

One of the most attractive booklets issued recently is the year book put out by Swift & Company, covering the activities of the big packing concern during the year 1917. Serving as an introduction is the address of the vice president, E. F. Swift, to the stockholders, in which he tells of the abnormally high prices paid for live stock in Chicago and of the prices obtained for meat; of the investigation by the federal trade commission, and the licensing by the government of food distributing agencies and the limiting of profits on slaughtering and meat packing to 9 per cent on money employed. Mr. Swift also told with pride of the 2,800 employees who had entered the various branches of the United States service, and concluded with the statement that Swift & Company would do their utmost to help win the war.

An interesting and illuminative section of the booklet is that devoted to statistics of live stock prices and production, and another is given up to telling "the packer's service to producer and consumer." Figures are given showing that the net profit of the company per head, 1912 to 1916, averaged \$1.22 for cattle, less than 15 cents for sheep and less than 58 cents for hogs. It is explained that the large aggregate profits are due to the immense volume of business done.

The booklet is handsomely illustrated with photographs and color prints and the cover illustration, made from a photograph of a corn farm in Ohio, is especially attractive.

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stand up.
"I had dizzy spells and dreadful aches and flery flashes passed before my eyes. Had a heavy weigh been resting on my head, the ing. The least noise startled me the kidney secretions and the pain

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Western Canada has an enormous acreage to be seeded, but man power is short, and an appeal to the United States allies is for more men for seed-

Canada's Wheat Production Last Year was 225,000,000 Bushels; the

Demand From Canada Alone for 1918 is 400,000,000 Bushels To secure this she must have assistance. She has the land but need the men. The Government of the United States wants every man who cal effectively help, to do farm work this year. It wants the land in the United States developed first of course; but it also wants to help Canada. When

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