

Backache Is a Warning

Thousands suffer kidney ills unaware that the backache, headache, dizziness, all tired condition are often due to kidney weakness alone.

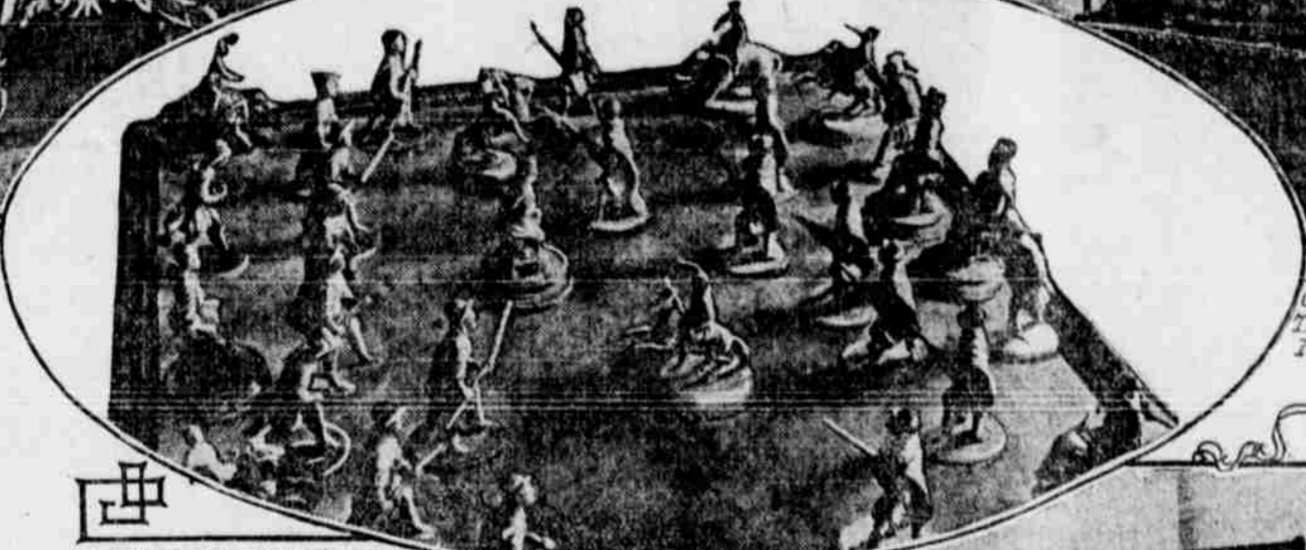
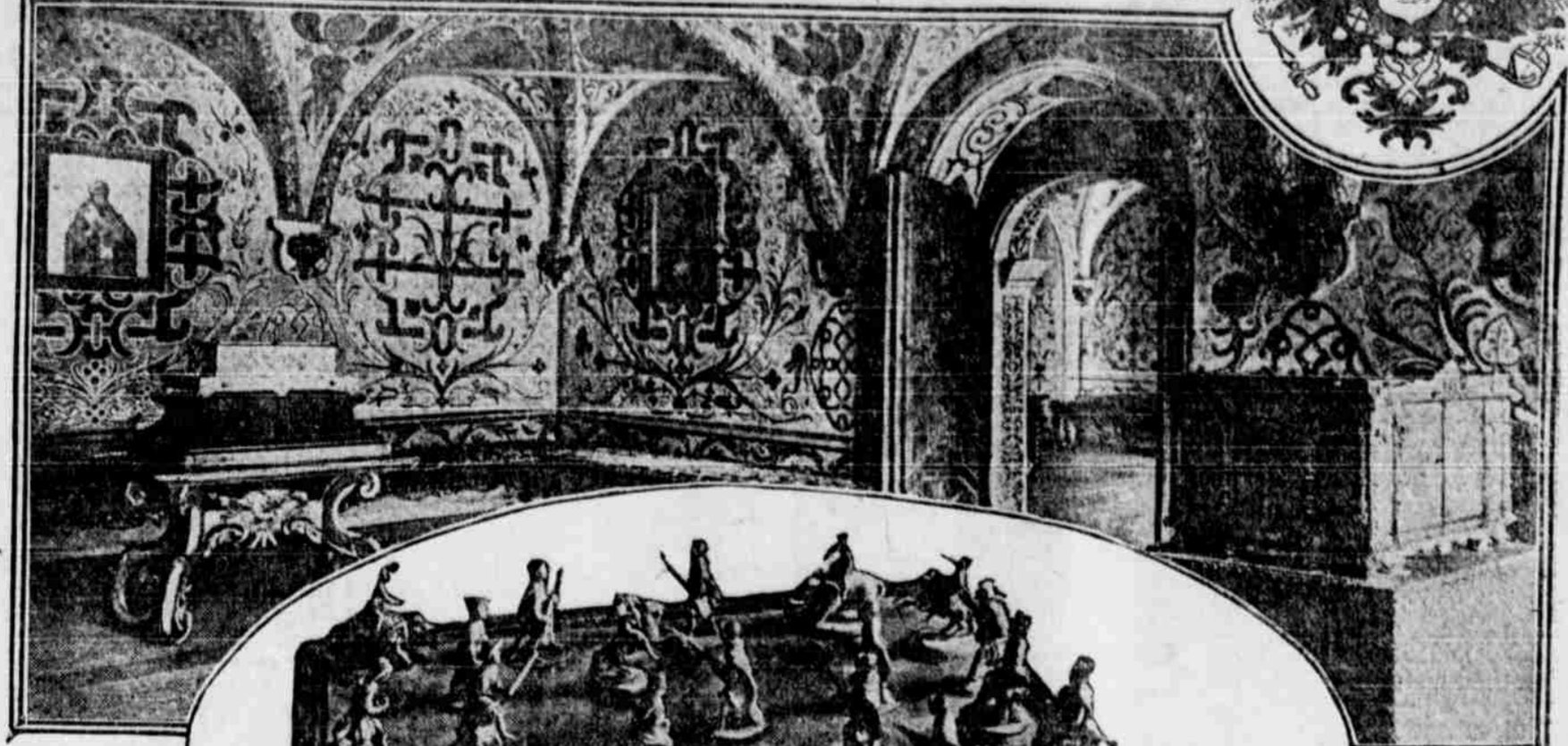
Anybody who suffers constantly from backache should suspect the kidneys. Some irregularity of the secretions may give just the needed proof.

Doan's Kidney Pills have been curing backache and sick kidneys for over fifty years.

A North Dakota Case
Mrs. C. J. Pyle, Canada, N. D., writes: "My feet and limbs were swollen and I could not sleep on account of kidney trouble. My back was lame and sore and I felt miserable. Doan's Kidney Pills cured me and I have had no return to my usual state since they have never failed me."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

The BEGINNINGS of MODERN RUSSIA



CHICKENS OWNED BY MICHAEL ROMANOFF



THE CRADLE OF THE FIRST CZAR OF RUSSIA AT MOSCOW

Saskatchewan

Your Opportunity Is Now
In the Province of Saskatchewan, Western Canada
Do you desire to get a Free Homestead of 160 ACRES of that well known Wheat Land? The area is becoming more limited but is still available.
NEW DISTRICTS have recently been opened up for settlement, and into these railroads are now being built. The day will soon come when there will be no more land for sale.
Free Homesteading
A Swift Current, Saskatchewan, farmer writes: "I came on my homestead, March 1900, with about \$1,000 worth of horses and machinery, and just \$5 in cash. Today I have 160 acres of wheat, 500 acres of alfalfa, and 100 acres of corn. I had for six years, but only an inch of snow in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta. I am now sending at once for literature, maps, railway rates, etc., to J. H. Redden, Room 378, Waterloo, S. & W. Canada Government Agents, address superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada."

HUBBY WAS LEFT GUESSING

And at This Date He Still Is Wondering Just Who Was the Unkissed Female.

Mr. Brown issued forth from Fairbank Terrace and wended his way towards the village inn. An insurance agent named Dawson was holding forth.
"Do you know Fairbank Terrace?" Several nodded assent, and Mr. Brown became more deeply interested.
"Well, believe me, gents, I've kissed every woman in that terrace except one."
Mr. Brown's face assumed a purple hue, and hurriedly quaffing his ale he quitted the barroom. Rushing home, he burst in at the door.
"Mary," he shouted, "do you know that insurance chap, Dawson?" Mary nodded assent. "Well," he continued, "I've just heard him say he's kissed every woman in this terrace except one."
Mary was silent for a moment, and then with a look of womanly curiosity said:
"I wonder which one that is."

Only Make Believe.

A visitor at the home of a famous author was greeted by a little daughter of the latter. Engaging the little girl in conversation, the visitor observed:
"Aren't you proud to think your papa is famous?"
The little girl nodded.
"He writes stories, doesn't he?"
Lowering her voice, the child replied:
"They're not real stories; he just makes them up himself."

Scientific Point Cleared Up.

A German astronomer has published a series of tables which seem to show a connection between the appearance of sun spots and the wabbling motion of the earth on its axis, due, perhaps, to a variation in the sun's magnetism.

Love may laugh at the locksmith,

but it will refuse to smile over a lock of the wrong woman's hair.

Sweet Bits of Corn

Skilfully cooked—

Post Toasties

—At Your Service.

Ready to eat direct from tightly sealed sanitary package.

From our ovens to your table Post Toasties are not touched by human hand.

Delicious with cream and sugar or fruits.

For sale by grocers everywhere.

Post Toasties have Distinctive Flavor

It would have been a bold man indeed who had foretold in the year 1613 that the future held greatness for Russia and utter ruin for her adversary, Poland. Indeed, it seemed somewhat doubtful whether Russia could even maintain her independence. The story of how a line of men, resolute to shrink from no means, even the most shameful, in the pursuit of their end, built up after the havoc of the Mongol fury a new state around the obscure city of Moscow, is one of the most remarkable in history. Yet in 1611 all their work seemed undone. Ivan IV, prematurely aged, worn out, broken-hearted, having murdered his eldest son in a fit of maniacal fury, passed away in circumstances of the utmost horror in 1584. For the next twenty years the real ruler of Muscovy was Ivan's great minister, Boris Godunov, one of the "new men" whom his reforming zeal had called to the front. Godunov was in many ways an excellent ruler—he was perhaps the most enlightened of the pre-Petrine monarchs of Russia. But the great nobles disliked him, and there is little doubt that he cleared his path to the throne by making away with Dmitri, the half-brother of the nominal Czar, Feodor I, and his natural heir. The great family of the Romanoffs stood near the throne, for Feodor's mother had been a Romanoff. While Feodor lived Godunov dared not attack them, but when the weak monarch died in 1598 and the minister, despite his more or less feigned reluctance, was elected his successor, the whole family was banished.

Suspicion was the bane of the otherwise beneficial rule of Boris. Finally, an adventurer named Gregory Otrepev gave out that he was Prince Dmitri, who had escaped from the assassins of Boris, and raised a formidable insurrection, aided by Sigismund III, king of Poland. In the midst of the war Boris died, and the fatal "period of troubles" of Russia began.

The supposed Dmitri soon overthrew the youthful Feodor II, son of Boris. He proved an admirable ruler, but he was a Roman Catholic and was murdered by the nobles. Shuiski, one of the conspirators, was elected Czar under the title of Vassili V, but obtained no firm footing. Revolt everywhere broke out in every direction, raised armies of miscellaneous ruffians and Polish adventurers, and spread terror and devastation to the gates of Moscow. For years this anarchy lasted. The worst of the pretenders was "the Thief," whose lair was at Tushino, near Moscow, but everywhere the wretched country was overrun and wasted by gangs of Cossacks, i. e., robbers. The desolation was fearful; in five years the fruits of a century of effort appeared to have been hopelessly lost. The wretched Shuiski purchased, by the surrender of territory in the Baltic provinces, the aid of Sweden; but the result was to bring about a Polish invasion. In 1609 Smolensk was besieged; next year the great Polish general, Zolkiewski, defeated and captured Shuiski, entered Moscow, and proclaimed Wladislaw, son of Sigismund III, czar. By skilful diplomacy he occupied the Kremlin, and gained some measure of support for Wladislaw.

Russia seemed lost. Smolensk held out with bitter desperation for two years, but was at last taken. "The Thief" was murdered, but his followers held together and contested the possession of Moscow desperately with the Poles. Half the wretched city was destroyed in the course of the struggle but the famous Troitsa monastery near the capital resisted siege after siege during the anarchy and refused to submit.

Here the movement to put an end to the prevailing misery first took definite shape. The abbot, Dionysius, and the administrator, Abraham Paltin, took the lead. In October, 1611, letters were sent all over Russia calling upon the people to unite in defence of their religion. Nijni Novgorod, led by Kuzma Minin, a master butcher, at once responded with enthusiasm. Kazan, jealous of Nijni Novgorod, held back, but all down the Volga the towns joined the movement, and men and money came pouring into the patriot city. Prince Dmitri Mikhailovich Pozharski, a brave noble who had consistently opposed the Poles and had been wounded almost to death in the fighting round Moscow, was elected to the command. Minin was appointed treasurer. They issued an appeal to the people at large refusing to recognize either the Polish Czar or the Demetrius pretenders. Early in 1612 the patriot army took Kostroma and advanced to Yavoslavl, where by means of skilful negotiations Pozharski withheld the Swedes, who were overrunning the northwest, from occupying more territory. Meanwhile the Cossack hordes were wasting to the southward, and the small Polish army at Moscow was practically besieged in the Kremlin. These brigands simply fought for plunder; they hated the patriots more than the Poles and actually tried to murder Pozharski in July.

On August 18 Pozharski, intending to coerce the Cossacks, arrived outside Moscow, and three days later Chodkiewicz, the Polish general, came up from the west. Fighting went on intermittently until the middle of October. The Cossack host simply looked on, but Chodkiewicz could not break through Pozharski's blockade of the Kremlin, neither could Pozharski drive away Chodkiewicz. At last, on October 15, the Russians made a night attack on the Polish entrenched position. They were repulsed, but Chodkiewicz had lost nearly half his small Polish corps, and next morning he retreated. On October 22 the Polish in the Kremlin, who were expecting on human flesh, capitulated.

The Russian patriots in the ruins of Moscow then called a national assembly for the purpose of electing a native sovereign. There was great confusion and much fruitless discussion. Princes Pozharski and Matiaslavski declined the crown, and it appeared that nothing would be decided upon, when two delegates—one Russian, one Cossack—independently suggested a Romanoff, that family being nearest of kin to the old Rurikovich house. The head of the family had been banished by Boris and was a prisoner in Poland. He was a man of great ability and vigor, and perhaps the assembly thought that by choosing his son as sovereign government would be insured once they could release the father. On February 21, 1613, Michael Feodorovich was elected by the nobles, and on his name being proposed to the army and burghesses of Moscow he was chosen with enthusiasm.

On his way to Moscow the youthful Czar encountered nothing but misery and horror, and at last stopped at Frolta, unable to face the wretchedness of Moscow, where even in the Kremlin the palaces were roofless. His own guards were starving and in rags, and their needs were supplied by gifts from the great merchant house of the Strogonova. Something was done to alleviate the distress, and on May 13 Michael was escorted into Moscow by the entire male population. On July 13 he was solemnly crowned. The troubles of Muscovy were not yet over. Years of effort were needed before the bandit hordes were finally put down. Sweden had to be bought off with cessions of territory. In 1617 a great Polish army under the titular Czar Wladislaw invaded Russia, captured town after town, and marched against Moscow in 1618. Prince Pozharski was once more called to the command, and saved the capital by defeating the Poles in an assault on October 18. A truce was concluded at Deulino near the famous Troitsa monastery. Poland kept her conquests but acknowledged Michael as Czar. Also Philaret was released and returned to reorganize his country. For nearly fifteen years he was practically the Czar, and did much to bring peace and order out of the chaos that still existed. He was the true founder of the Romanoff dynasty. Michael himself was a gentle, pious, and amiable man; his merit is that he had the sense to accept the direction of other men than himself. His wife, the ancestress of the present emperors, was Eudoxia, the daughter of one of the poorer nobles. He died in 1645, and within a generation Russia, aided by the increasing anarchy in Poland, was able to turn the tables on her old antagonist and to commence a process of expansion that has continued until the present day.

The Russian patriots in the ruins of Moscow then called a national assembly for the purpose of electing a native sovereign. There was great confusion and much fruitless discussion. Princes Pozharski and Matiaslavski declined the crown, and it appeared that nothing would be decided upon, when two delegates—one Russian, one Cossack—independently suggested a Romanoff, that family being nearest of kin to the old Rurikovich house. The head of the family had been banished by Boris and was a prisoner in Poland. He was a man of great ability and vigor, and perhaps the assembly thought that by choosing his son as sovereign government would be insured once they could release the father. On February 21, 1613, Michael Feodorovich was elected by the nobles, and on his name being proposed to the army and burghesses of Moscow he was chosen with enthusiasm.

Michael—he was only sixteen years of age—was sheltering with his mother in the Spasovki monastery near Kostroma. He was not discovered until March 24, and then shrank from assuming the crown. His mother supported the shrinking boy; she must have felt that only misery and a violent death awaited whoever dared to call himself Gosudar of Muscovy in those terrible days, but at last Michael gave way. The delegates told him that on his head would be the blame for the utter destruction of his country if he refused to accept the crown.

The state of the country was fearful; in many places it was a desolate wilderness. Travelers from the west passed horror-stricken through village after village containing not a living soul. derived an annual income of \$500,000,000—say, roughly, £100,000,000 from this source, and Italy a fifth of that sum. American tourists in England are credited with spending annually \$5,000,000 in the country. Switzerland's revenue from tourists last year is said to have been about \$20,000,000. Florida gets more from its tourists than from oranges and all the other products of the soil put together. More than \$1,000,000 is spent each year in the Adirondacks, and about £8,000,000 pounds in the

pine woods of Maine. The president of the American Civic Federation calculates that American tourists in 1910 spent the equivalent to £70,000,000 abroad—Country Life.

pine woods of Maine. The president of the American Civic Federation calculates that American tourists in 1910 spent the equivalent to £70,000,000 abroad—Country Life.

pine woods of Maine. The president of the American Civic Federation calculates that American tourists in 1910 spent the equivalent to £70,000,000 abroad—Country Life.

pine woods of Maine. The president of the American Civic Federation calculates that American tourists in 1910 spent the equivalent to £70,000,000 abroad—Country Life.

pine woods of Maine. The president of the American Civic Federation calculates that American tourists in 1910 spent the equivalent to £70,000,000 abroad—Country Life.

pine woods of Maine. The president of the American Civic Federation calculates that American tourists in 1910 spent the equivalent to £70,000,000 abroad—Country Life.

IDEAS FOR HOME BUILDERS

BY WM. A. RADFORD

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 175 West Jackson boulevard, Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

All the essentials of a home are embodied in this little cottage. "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home" applies with especial force to a neat little cottage that is built for comfort and surrounded by well-kept grounds. A cottage house well kept looks a great deal better, and it generally contains a great deal more comfort than a larger house that is in a measure neglected.

In building a small house, it is customary with some builders to slight the work in certain directions, because it is only a cheap affair anyhow; but this is a mistake. It does not pay, for instance, to use outside doors that are less than one and three-quarter inches in thickness. You can put on cheaper ones, and dress them up so that they look all right for a while; but after a time the panels split and the doors warp until it is an aggravation to open or shut one. Then repairs are necessary, and you put more expense on the job than would be necessary to do it right in the first place.

If you are building a house to sell, sometimes you can skip it in places and get out from under; but it is a poor way to do business. If you want to drink from a sieve, you must drink

quickly. Sometimes a house built for sale does not sell right away. If it is well built, it may be rented to advantage until a purchaser comes along; but you must not rent a poorly built house unless you are looking for trouble.



2001x

The cheapest way to build a house is to put up a box like this, and put a straight roof over it. It makes all straight work. Stock sizes of all kinds of material work in without waste, and cheap labor can be used to advantage in putting it together. Everything for the house may be purchased ready to go together, at the building supply dealer's.

Years ago it was considered necessary to put up some fancy design in

way in making a start for a home. Of course a little money is necessary; but the amount paid out for rent each month would soon pay for a \$1,200 cottage, and leave the owner in position to go ahead on something larger if he needs it. Sometimes people get so attached to a little home which is comfortable and convenient, that they are in no hurry to leave it. My advice has always been to make a start, and make it modest enough so that you are not embarrassed in making your payments; and I believe it is a great deal better to be a good deal too slow than to go a little bit too fast.

I like to see good houses; and when a person can afford it, I like to see them living in an expensive house; but I do not like to see young fellows start in with a property a good deal larger and more expensive than they need, when they have not the means to pay for it, because I know it means many months and years of hard work and a good many nights of worry—all of which may be avoided by making the proper start.

A little house may be buried in vines partially hidden by shade trees and beautified by a yard full of flowers, until the house is forgotten and the cozy home only is remembered.

Big Business in Brazil.
The Canadian, Farquhar, who has been exploiting all kinds of big schemes in Brazil, seems to have found an unsparing antagonist in Le Brasil Economique of Rio de Janeiro, the great commercial paper of South America, and the big banks of Paris and Brussels will probably go no

Calendar of Conscience.
Charles IX. of France caused his brother-in-law, Henry III., to be summoned to him in the night about eight days after the massacre of Saint Bartholomew, in August, 1572. He found him as he had sprung from his bed, filled with dread at a wild tumult of confused voices which prevented him from sleeping. Henry himself heard these sounds. They appeared like distant shrieks and howlings, mingled with the indistinguishable ragings of a furious tumult, and with groans and curses, as on the day of the massacre.

Messengers were sent to the city to ascertain whether any new tumult had broken out, but the answer returned was that all was quiet in the city, and that the commotion was in the air. Henry, the king, could never recall this incident without a horror that made his hair stand on end.

"Big Peas."
An English farmer, up in town, went into a first class hotel for dinner. As an appetizer, the waiter placed a tray of large olives before him. Giles eyed them critically for a while, and then motioned for the waiter.

"Say," he began, "I don't want to trouble the likes of ye that has plenty to do, but if you wouldn't mind, I'd like to see one of them."
"One of what, sir?"
"One of the pods that their green peas came in," explained Giles.

Canada Growing in Riches.
There were approximately nineteen billion acres of land under cultivation in the prairie provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta in 1912. From this area it is estimated that \$200,000,000 will be realized by the farmers for their crops.

Cruel Woman.
Woman is essentially cruel as well as thoughtless, also she would never force father to beat carpets in the spring time, before he gets a chance to get his muscle up attending a summer school in the baseball bleachers.—Toronto Star.

Mean Enjoyment.
"Mrs. Miggles has returned from abroad. You should hear her talk about the Riviera."
"Does she describe it well?"
"Oh, it isn't the way she describes it that entertains me, but the way she pronounces it."

Might Have Been Worse.
"What are you swearing about?" inquired the farmer. "Oh," growled the motorist, "this machine got broke down, and I can't get it to go." "You're in luck," said the farmer; "the last man I saw round here got it all broke because he couldn't get his to stop."

A little determination goes a long

order to have it look right when finished; but this was a mistake. Nothing looks better than a plain house if the proportions are right. Of course you must have a relief of some kind in this case you get it in the veranda, which reaches clear across the front. It is not a large veranda and not expensive; but it makes a finish for the front of the little house, and it provides a very comfortable open-air sitting room in summer, and it is a protection from snow and other storms in winter. The money that this veranda costs is money well spent. No matter how cheap the house, you do not want the front door to look bare and unprotected; and you cannot protect it in any other way quite so well as by building a solid-looking, comfortable veranda.

In size, the plan is 30 by 40 feet; and in this space the architect has planned and laid out five rooms, all large enough to hold the necessary furniture. To save expense in first cost, the house is set on cedar posts instead of having a cellar. This is done because there are men who could afford to build a cottage house costing \$1,200 or \$1,400, when it would be impossible for them to raise the money for a house costing \$2,000. It is better to build in this way, and put a cellar under the house afterwards, than to keep on paying rent year after year with the expectation of building just as you want to in three or four years' time, because the three or four years slip away quickly, and you are in no better position to build them than you are now.

A little determination goes a long