The Last Shot

FREDERICK PALMER

SYNOPSIS.

At their bome on the frontier between the Browns and Grays Marta Galland and her mother, entertaining Colonel, Westerling, of the Grays, see Captain Lanstron of the Browns injured by a fall in bis aeroplane. Ten years later. Westerling, nominal vice but real chief of staff, re-enforces South La Tir and meditates on war. Marta tails him of her teaching children the foilles of war and martial patriotism, and begs him to prevent war while he is chief of staff. On the march with the Sol of the Browns Private Stransky an archist, is placed under arrest. Colone Lanstron begs him of Estransky and retained the believes Feller, the gardener of the staff. On the march with the Sol of the Browns Feller, the gardener of the staff and Lanstron, made vice, discuss the trouble, and the Brown defenses. Particulties in army and people and strike before declaring war. Partow, Brown chief of staff, and Lanstron, made vice, discuss the trouble, and the Brown defenses. Particulties in army and people and strike before declaring war. Partow, Brown chief of staff, and Lanstron, made vice, discuss the trouble, and the Brown defenses. Particulties in army and people and strike before declaring war. Partow reveals his plans to Lanstron. The Gray army crosses the border line and attacks. The Browns check them. Artillery, Infantry, seroplanes and dirigibles eneage. Stransky, rising to make the Gray retails and the body a shranky forages. Marta sees a night attack, The Grays attack in force. Peller leaves his secret telephone and goes back to his guns. Hand to hand fighting. The Browns fall back to the Galland house and he begins to woo Marta. At their home on the frontier between the Browns and Grays Marta Galland and or mother, entertaining Colonel Wester-

CHAPTER XIV-Continued.

The subjective enjoyment of the declaration kept him from any keen notice of the effect of his words. Lanny was right. It had been a war of / deliberate conquest; a war to gratify personal ambition. All her life Marta would be able to live over again the feelings of this moment. It was as if she were frozen, all except brain and nerves, which were on fire, while the rigidity of ice kept her from springing from her chair in contempt and horror. But a purpose came on the wings of diabolical temptation which would pit the art of woman against the power of a man who set millions against millions in slaughter to gratify personal ambition. She was thankful that sie was looking down as she spoke, for she could not bring herself to another compliment. Her throat pedestrians from pickpockets without was too chilled for that yet.

"The one way to end the feud be tween the two nations was a war that found the wheat in the chaff." would mean permanent peace," he explained, seeing how quiet she was and ing something of human nature—the realizing, with a recollection of her human nature of both the Browns and children's oath, that he had gone a lit- the Grays at war. I have seen the tle too far. He wanted to retain her admiration. It had become as precious to him as a new delicacy to Lucullus.

'Yes, I understand," she managed up. "It's all so immense!" she added. Illusionment but must in the face of "Your ideas about war seem to be a logic. great deal changed," he hinted

"As I expressed them at the hotel, you mean!" she exclaimed. "That as she had when she had told him he seems ages ago-ages!" The perplexity and indecision that, in a space of clasped over her knee, her eyes burnsilence, brooded in the depths of her ing with a question. It was the attiing lights grew dim with a kind of hor- tical; the fire in her eyes had precipigiven point.

He was conscious of a thrill; the tures were moving before her vision. | swer.

"You see, I have been very much stirred up," she said half apologetical- in keeping with her mood. He was dely. "There are some questions I want tached; he was a referee. to ask-quite practical, selfish quesof property and mercy. The longer choice of skill between the two sides." the war lasts the greater will be the loss of life and the misery?"

the expense and the taxes." your flag and pay taxes to you?"

"Yes, naturally."

are a great, powerful, civilized race. They stand for civilization!"

should see where she was leading.

relations and a long peace, you think? the power of his presence. Peace—a long peace!"

Was there ever a soldier who did not fight for peace? Was there ever a peace are with you!" she declared. call for more army-corps or guns that was not made in the name of peace? den, uncontrolled gloam of victory in He had his ready argument, spoken his eyes. By this time it had become

only kind of peace that there can be." he said. "My ambition, if any glory comes to me out of this war, is to have later generations say: 'He brought

heard this, might have smiled, even grinned, he would have understood four thousand guns! Quixote and the Westerling's unconsciousness of inconsistency. The chief of staff had set fine! The golden glow of the sunset himself a task in victory which had was running in his veins in a paean no military connection. Without know- of personal triumph. The profile

Marta, her eyes opening very wide, as smile playing on the lips. It had the guns, which Lanstron had promised, stron. "She offers herself for her that cross?" "Well," replied Paddy, they would to let in the light when quality of a smile over a task comshe heard something new that pleased | pleted-Dellarme's amile. She start- drawn down his brows when he heard soldiers will give their lives by the her or gave food for thought. "The ed; she was trembling all over in the man of action, who thinks of an ideal resistance of some impulse—some imas a thing not of words but as the end pulse that gradually gained headway of action!"

"Exactly!" said Westerling, sen-

(Copyright, 1914, by Charles Scribner's Sons) us," he went on. "Indeed, no two of the big nations of Europe can afford but paused, swaying unsteadily, and to make war without our consent. We



Want to See an End of the houses are safe from burglary and

policemen? Is that it?" she asked.

"Yes, yes! You have it! You have

"Perhaps because I have been see frowns throwing hand-grenades and the Grays in wanton disorder in our dining-room directly they were out of touch with their officers!" she said to murmur; then she was able to look sadly, as one who hates to accept dis-

Westerling made no reply except to nod, for a movement on her part preoccupied him. She leaned forward. would become chief of staff, her hands eyes came to the surface in wavering tude of the prophecy. But with the lights. "Yes, ages! ages!" The waver- prophecy she had been a little mysror and she looked away fixedly at a tated an idea. Now it forged another

question. "And you think that you will win? thrill that always presaged victory for she asked. "You think that you will him. He realized her evident dis- win?" she repeated with the slow emtress; he guessed that terrible pio phasis which demands a careful an-

The deliberateness of his reply was

"Yes, I know that we shall. Numtions. You might call them questions bers make it so, though there be no

His tone had the confidence of the flow of a mighty river in its destina-"Yes, for both sides; and the heavier | tion on its way to the sea. There was nothing in it of prayer, of hope, of des-"If you win, then we shall be under peration, as there had been in Lanstron's "We shall win!" spoken to her in the arbor at their last interview. "The Browns do not increase in She drew forward slightly in her chair. population; the Grays do rapidly. They Her eyes seemed much larger and nearer to him. They were sweeping him up and down as if she were seeing "Yes, facts and the world's opinion the slim figure of Lanstron in conagree," he replied. Puzzled he might trast to Westerling's sturdiness; as if well be by this peculiar catechism. He she were measuring the might of the could only continue to reply until he | five millions behind him and the three millions behind Lanstron. She let go "And your victory will mean a new a half-whispered "Yes!" which seemed frontier, a new order of international to reflect the conclusion gained from

> "Then my mother's and my own interests are with you-the interests of

She did not appear to see the sudwith the fercible conviction of an ex- a habit for Westerling to wait silently for her to come out of her abstrac-"This war was made for peace—the tions. To disturb one might make it unproductive.

"Then if I want to help the cause of peace I should help the Grays!"

The exclamation was more to herself than to him. He was silent. This Though the premier, could be have girl in a veranda chair desiring to aid him and his five million bayonets and windmills-but it was amazing; it was ing why, he wanted to win ascendancy turned ever so little. Now it was looking at the point where Dellarme "The man of action!" exclaimed had lain dying. Westerling noted the and at last broke its bonds.

sible of another of her gifts. She cried out, turning to him in wild in- breath: could get the essence of a thing in a decision which seemed to plead for zew words. "When we have won and guidance. "It's so terrible—yet if it harm done!" set another frontier, the power of our would hasten peace-I-I know much nation will be such in the world that of the Browns' plan of defense! I had taken the Galland house, and still finger poised.

they are weak there-and a place a strrtled, boyish bound. where they are weak in the main

neither Bouchard's saturaine cunning, as vast and billowy as his body. nor bribes, nor spies could ascertain! It was like the bugle-call to the hunter. But he controlled himself. "Yes, yes!" He was thoughtful and guarded.

"Do you think it is right to tell?" Marta gasped half inarticulately. "Right? Yes, to hasten the inevit-

able-to save lives!" declared Westerling with deliberate assurance. "I-I want to see an end of the killif about to break away tumultuously,

passed her hand across her eyes. first line of defense tonight!" he exclaimed, his supreme thought leaping into words.

"And you would want the information about the first line to-night if-if it is to be of service?"

"Yes, to-night!" for a minute over the tea-table. When she looked up her eyes were calm.

"It is a big thing, isn't it?" she said. 'A thing not to be done in an impulse. ger of it I always say: 'Go by your talking at the other end; not affame must now. In a little while I will let | vealed all the latent strength of her you know my decision."

Without further formality she started across the lawn to the terrace steps. Westerling watched her sharply, passing along the path of the second terrace, pacing slowly, head bent, until she was out of sight. Then he stood for a time getting a grip on his own emotions before he went into the

CHAPTER XV.

In Feller's Place.

What am I? What have I done? What am I about to do? shot as forked shadows over the hot lava-flow of Mar ta's impulse. The vitality that Westerling had felt by suggestion from a still profile rejoiced in a quickening of pace directly she was out of sight of the veranda. All the thinking she had done that afternoon had been in pictures; some saying, some cry, some, groan, or some smile went with every picture.

The sitting-room of the tower was empty to other eyes but not to hers. The lantern was in the corner at hand. After her hastening steps had carried her along the tunnel to the telephone, she set down the lantern and pressed the spring that opened the panel door. Another moment and she would be embarked on her great adventure in the finality of action. That little ear-piece became a specter of conscience. She drew back convulsively and her hands flew to her face; she was a rocking shadow in the thin, reddish light of

the lantern. Conscious mind had torn off the mask from subconscious mind, revealing the true nature of the change that had wrought in her. She who resented Feller's part-what a part she had been playing! Every word, every shade of expression, every telling pause of abstraction after Westerling confessed that he had made war for his own ends had been subtly prompted by a purpose whose actuality

terrified her. Her hypocrisy, she realized, was as black as the wall of darkness beyond the lantern's gleam. Then this demoralization passed, as a nightmare passes, with Westerling's boast again

When war's principles, enacted by men, were based on sinister trickery called strategy and tactics, should not women, using such weapons as they had, also fight for their homes? Marta's hands swept down from her eyes; she was on fire with resolution.

Forty miles away a bell in Lanstron's bedroom and at his desk rang simultaneously. At the time he and Partow were seated facing each other across a map on the table of the room where they worked together. No persuasion of the young vice-chief, no edict of the doctors, could make the old chief take exercise or shorten his

"I know. I know myself!" he said. "I know my duty. And you are learning, my boy, learning!"

Every day the flabby cheeks grew pastier and the pouches under the eyebrows heavier. But there was no dimming of the eagle flashes of the eyes, no weakening of the will. Last night Lanstron had turned as white as chalk when Partow staggered on rising from the table, the veins on his temples knotted blue whip-cords. Yet after a few hours' sleep he reappeared with firm step, fresh for the fray.

The paraphernalia around these two was the same as that around Westerling. Only the atmosphere of the staff was different. Each man was performing the part set for him. No man knew much of any other man's part. Partow alone knew all, and Lanstron was try ing to grasp all and praying that Partow's old body should still feed his mind with energy. Lanstron was thinner and paler, a new and glittering in-

tensity in his eyes. When word of Feller's defection came, Lanstron realized for the first time by Partow's manner that the old chief of staff, with all his deprecation of the telephone scheme as chimerical,

had grounded a hope on it. "There was the chance that we might know-so vital to the defensewhat they were going to do before and

not after the attack," he said. Yet the story of how Feller yielded to the temptation of the automatic had made the nostrils of the old war-horse quiver with a dramatic breath, and instead of the command of a battery of the chief made it a battalion. He had country-for the cause for which our that Marta had asked that the wire be left intact; he had shot a shrewd, questioning glance at Lanstron and then beat a tattoo on the table and with sledge-hammer force to the table. night she asked if the dog could come "For I can help-1 can help!" she half grinned as he grumbled under his

> "She is afraid of being lonesome! No A week had passed since the Grays leaps. "Eh?" he chuckled significantly, to exclaim: "O, Bettie, don't scratch;

first line and and one place where bell brought Lanstron to his feet with on to redoubts 36 and 37, you mean?"

"Very springy, that tendon Achilles!" muttered Partow, "And, "You do!" Westerling exploded. The my boy, take care, take care!" he mand it that it is not really vital. Yes, plans of the enemy! The plans that called suddenly in his sonorous voice,

It was Marta's voice and yet not Marta's, this voice that beat in nervous waves over the wire.

"Lanny-Yes, I, Lanny! You were right. Westerling planned to make war Westerling think is weak." deliberately to satisfy his ambition. He told me so. The first general at is not necessary to start with. We can tack on the first line of defense is to- give that to her later over the telenight. Westerling says so!" She had , phone, can't we, eh?" to pause for breath. "And, Lanny, I ing! I-" She sprang to her feet as want to know some position of the Browns which is weak-not actually weak, maybe, but some position where the Grays expect terrible resistance "We intend a general attack on the and will not find it-where you will let her cards on the table; she must tell them in!"

what-"

"I am going to fight for the Browns for my home!"

In the sheer satisfaction of explainthe screen before Lanstron's amazed ruption on his part, no question or need of one. The wire seemed to I try never to do big things in an im- quiver with the militant tension of her pulse. When I see that I am in dan-spirit. It was Marta aflame who was personality and daring.

"I shall have to ask Partow, It's a pretty big thing." "Yes-only that is not all my plan,

my little plan. After they have taken the first line of defense-and they will get it, won't they?" "Yes, we shall yield in the end, yield

rather than suffer too great losses for him. there that will weaken the defense on the main line." "Then I want to know where it is

that you want Westerling to attack on shoulders in a powerful if flesh-padthe main line, so that we can get him ded grip. Then he turned Lanstron to attack there. That-that will help, around toward the door of his bedwon't it?"

"Yes." getting news from him-when I have for you. Tell her that a bearded old proved my loyalty and have his com- behemoth, who can kneel as gracefully plete confidence-and I'll telephone it to you. I am sure I can get something knees at her feet, kissing her hands worth while with you to direct me; don't you think so, Lanny? I'll hold mercy, to keep from breaking into the wire, Lanny. Ask Partow!" she concluded. Of the two she was the steadler.

the sound of Lanstron's step. Then he gave Marta Partow's message. half raised himself from his chair at sight of a Lanstron with eyes in a of victory!" daze of brilliancy; a Lanstron with his maimed hand twitching in an outstretched gesture; a Lanstron in the dilemma of being at the same time lover and chief of intelligence. Should he let her make the sacrifice of everything that he held to be sacred to s woman's delicacy? Should he not return to the telephone and tell her that he would not permit her to play such a part? Partow's voice cut in on his demoralization with the sharpness of a

blade. "Well, what, man, what?" he de manded. He feared that the girl might dead. Anything that could upset Lanstron in this fashion struck a

chord of sympathy and apprehension. Lanstron advanced to the table. pressed his hands on the edge, and, now master of himself, began an account of Marta's offer. Partow's formless arms lay inert on the table, his soft, pudgy fingers outspread on the map and his bulk settled deep in the chair, while his eagle eyes were seeing through Lanstron, through a mountain range, into the eyes of a woman and a general on the veranda of an



"I'm Going to Fight For the Browns-For My Home!"

enemy's headquarters. The plan meant much in return. Would he get the re-

"A woman was the ideal one for the task we intrusted to Feller," he mused, 'a gentlewoman, big enough, adroit enough, with her soul in the work as no paid woman's could be! There old-age pension, and wended his way seemed no such one in the world!"

offers herself? She wants no persuasion?" Partow asked sharply. "Entirely her suggestion," said Lan-

thousands. It is a time of sacrifice. Partow raised his arms. They were not formless as he brought them down

"Your tendon of Achilles? My boy, she is your sword-arm!" His sturdy er said: "Yes; but as soon as he beforefinger ran along the line of frontier under his eye with little staccato right out." Later Katharine was heard

the Browns can never afford to attack know where they are strong in the no word from Marta. The ring of the "Let them up the Bordir road and it for you."-Chicago Tribune.

asked Lanstron.

"You have it! The position looks important, but so well do we comthe Bordir road is her bait for Westerling!" Partow waved his hand as if the affair were settled. "But," interjected Lanstron, "we

have also to decide on the point of the main defense which she is to make

"Hm-m!" grumbled Partow. "That "She asked for it now."

"Why?" demanded Partow with one of his shrewd, piercing looks.

"She did not say, but I can guess," explained Lanstron. "She must put all Westerling all she knows at once. If "in the name of-Marta! Marta, she tells him piecemeal it might lead to the supposition that she still had some means of communication with the Browns."

"Of course, of course!" Partow spating herself to herself, of voicing her ted the flat of his hand resoundingly Marta brought her hands together sentiments, she sent the pictures which on the map. "As I decided the first in a tight clasp. Her gaze fluttered had wrought the change moving across time I met her, she has a head, and when a woman has a head for that vision. There was no room for inter- sort of thing there is no beating her. Well-" he was looking straight into Lanstron's eyes, "Well, I think we know the point where we could draw them in on the main line, eh?"

"Up the apron of the approach from self and think for half an hour!' So I for him, but with a purpose that re- the Engadir valley. We yield the advance redoubts on either side."

"Meanwhile, we have massed heavily behind the redoubt. We retake the advance redoubts in a counter-attack and -" Partow brought his fist into his palm with a smack.

"Yes, if we could do that! If we could get them to expend their attack there!" put in Lanstron very excitedly

"We must! She shall help!" Partow was on his feet. He had reached across the table and seized Lanstron's room and gave him a mighty slap of affection. "My boy, the brightest hope "Of course, all the while I shall be of victory we have is holding the wire as a rheumatic rhinoceros, is on both and trying his best, in the name of verse of his own composition."

Back at the telephone, Lanstron, in the fervor of the cheer and the enthu-"Well?" said Partow, looking up at siasm that had transported his chief, "You, Marta, are our brightest hope

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SEEMS THAT INSTINCT ERRS

Deluded Rabbits That Make Homes In Oil Pipes in California-Birds' Grave Error.

That almost unerring instinct which carries animals through grave dangers has led in many instances in the Midway and Sunset oil fields of California to their undoing, the Scientific American remarks. Chief among such

victims are rabbits and water fowl. A jackrabbit and a cottontall find a nice round, smooth hole. There are many such in the oil fields where oil piping is a necessity for the transportation of oil to the refineries. The rabbits decide to set up housekeeping there. The cottontail desires a permanent home, and the jackrabbit wants a refuge safe from malevolent

man. Soon they discover their habitat is being moved. No doubt they are frightened, but they instinctively stay within their retreat. One end of the hole is closed. Even then they do not leave Soon the other end of the hole is darkened. Then it is darkness

eternal for the furry pair. Some time later it is discovered that a newly laid oil pipe is choked. After a great labor the line is disjointed and the remains of many rabbits removed. Thousands of rabbits have been thus exterminated in the oil fields.

The death rate among water fowl is even greater. Again, as with the rabbits, instinct leads them to certain destruction. Every little lake of oil in the vicinity of a gusher is a trap for the unthinking birds. At twilight and dawn these tar-colored lakes appear as bodies of water to the deluded fowl.

Good Legs or Crutches.

Professor O'Shea's article, in which he speaks of parents who fail to help their children by helping them too much, points out a common weakness. It is easier for all of us to tell something than to teach it. So it is easier to tell the boy who wants to use the word "ordinary" how to spell it than to give him the help that means he will be able to spell the word again himself. But what will he do when he wants to use the word some time when no one is by to help him? He is not really learning his lesson any more than a child would be learning to walk who never let go his mother's hand. The boy or girl who leans always on some one else may get through this work, but he is not getting an education. It is no real kindness to him to teach him always to rely on others. When he gets away from school into the competitive life of men and womgiving, giving in the hope of receiving en he will find himself sadly handicapped if he must always ask some one else how his work is to be done .-Milwaukee Journal.

Aptly Answered.

Paddy Gaffney was after getting the to the post office for his first grant "But to let her do it!" gasped Lan- Paddy couldn't write his name, but managed to make a cross all right. "It is her suggestion, not yours? She The postmaster, wishing to have a joke with bim, said: "Now, Paddy, don't you think 'twas hardly worth "no cross, no crown, me boy."

> True Devotion. Little Katharine had a big dog which she loved dearly. One cold into the house for a while. Her mothgins to scratch, you must put him tell me where it itches, and I'll scratch

Plenty of Material for the "New Army."

England is the land of bachelors, so there is plenty of material for our 'new army" without any of the marexempt not only the married but the betrothed and still raise an army of 500,000 men, assuming, as we surely may, that only one man in two between the ages of twenty and thirtyfive is physically fit. One works it out in this way: In England and land in Western Canada, living in the bachelors. To give the round figures, total of 2,250,000 bachelors of all re-

million bachelors who are not engaged to be married (or rather who are certain not to marry, for the number not engaged to be married must be larger). Between twenty and twenty-five, naturally, most men are bachelors; to be exact, five out of six are unmarried. Between the ages of twenty-five and thirty one man in two is ty-five one man in four is a bachelor. Between thirty-five and forty one man in five is a bachelor, between forty and forty-five one in seven, and between forty-five and fifty one in eight. Western Canada at the present low One may consider that men who are price at which they are being offered atill unmarried between thirty-five and by land companies or private individforty are pretty confirmed bachelors, uals. These have been held for the so one may take it that one-fifth of high prices that many would have the total male population has no in- realized, but for the war and the finan-England and Wales. - Manchester Guardian.

The Latest Amusement.

a fact .- Detroit Free Press.

Man Wanted.

Representative W. R. Oglesby of New York is known to fame socially n Washington as the champion golf player in the house, and, while on the links lately he heard the following story told by a senator friend.

It seems that this senator has a sister-in-law who is a woman of some years and is much loved by her nieces and nephews, who are yet of a tender age, believing in Santa Claus. Last Christmas the kids were skirmishing around to get stockings big enough to hold the goodles and presents they

expected Santa Claus to bring. "Well, Aunt Mary," chirped one plump boy, "how big would a stocking have to be to hold all you want?" "Not very large, Charlie," laughed the aunt. "All I wish could just fit in a pair of sox nicely."

Self-Control.

One valuable way of practicing selfcontrol is in checking grumbling, and an unnecessary display of vexation at petty inconveniences. A workman has fulfilled his task imperfectly, some order is wrongly executed, some one keeps you waiting unreasonably; people are careless or forgetful, or do what they have in hand badly. Try not to be disturbed, be just, and show the persons to blame where they are wrong, even (if it be needful) make them do the thing over again proper ly; but refrain from diffuse or vehement expressions of displeasure. A naturally quick, impetuous person will find that to cultivate a calm external habit is a great help towards gaining the inward even spirit he needs .-- H. L. Sidney Lear.

The Black Sea.

The Black sea is without rival in changes of name expressive of human feelings toward it. To the ancient Greek navigators it was at first known as the Pontus Axenos, the Inhospitable sea, on account of the savagery shown by the natives of its shores. Later it became the Pontus Euxinus, the Hospitable sea; either simply for the sake of changing an ill-omened name to a flattering one, or in allusion to the growth of Greek commerce and colonization round the sea. Finally the Turks called it the Black sea, be cause its sheltered expanse, its storms and its fogs contrasted with the bright Aegean which they had previously known.

Ready Means to Identification.

Richardson Wright recently made an appointment to meet a stranger in a Hartford hotel, and over the telephone he described himself as being a round person with an incipient mustache. When the stranger finally found him Mr. Wright asked how he was able to recognize him so quickly Back came the ready answer: "Looked up 'incipient' in the dictionary."-Kansas City Star.

MANY BACHELORS IN BRITAIN TO TILL UNOCCUPIED **CANADIAN LANDS**

ried men. Indeed, we could safely THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT ASKING FOR INCREASED ACRE-AGE IN GRAIN, TO MEET EUROPEAN DEMAND.

There are a number of holders of Wales alone there are 4,250,000 men United States, to whom the Canadian between the ages of twenty and thir- Government will shortly make an apty-five, and over 2,250,000 of them are peal to place the unoccupied areas they are holding under cultivation. between the ages of twenty and twen- The lands are highly productive, but ty-five there are 1,275,000 bachelors to in a state of idleness they are not 275,000 married men; from twenty-five giving any revenue beyond the unto thirty there are 750,000 bachelors earned increment and are not of the to 750,000 married men (half and benefit to Canada that these lands half), and from thirty to thirty-five could easily be made. It is pointed there are 375,000 bachelors to 1,000, out that the demand for grains for 000 married men. This gives us our years to come will cause good prices for all that can be produced. Not cruitable ages in England and Wales only will the price of grains be affected, but also will that of cattle, It remains to show that there are a hogs and horses, in fact, everything that can be grown on the farms. When placed under proper cultivation, not the kind that is often resorted to, which lessens yield and land values, many farms will pay for themselves in two or three years. Careful and intensive work is required, and if this is given in the way it is given to the high-priced lands of older settled bachelor. Between thirty and thir. countries, surprising results will follow. There are those who are paying rent,

who should not be doing so. They

would do better to purchase lands in

tention or expectation of marrying. cial stringency. Now is the time to This gives us over eight hundred thou- buy; or if it is preferred advantage sand bachelors. Assuming half of might be taken of the offer of 160 them to be physically fit, that gives acres of land free that is made by the us 400,000 men. The remaining 100, Dominion Government. The man who 000 could be thrown in by Scotland owns his farm has a life of indepenand Ireland, representing the propor- dence. Then again there are those tion of their population to that of who are renting who might wish to continue as renters. They have some means as well as sufficient outfit to begin in a new country where all the advantages are favourable. Many of Down in New Milford, which is in the owners of unoccupied lands would Connecticut, a new form of amuse be willing to lease them on reasonable ment has been discovered. Of course terms. Then again, attention is drawn it may not appeal to all of us-but to the fact that Western Canada numthat is to be expected, you know. Not | bers amongst its most successful farmall of us believe in poker, pugilism or ers, artisans, business men, lawyers, any one of half a dozen other diver- doctors and many other professions. sions that might be mentioned, do we? Farming today is a profession. It is The new game which is to put New no longer accompanied by the drudg-Milford on the map with Petrograd, ery that we were acquainted with a Czenstochowa, Przemysl and the other generation ago. The fact that a man prominent places, is this: Catch a is not following a farming life today, nice, lively rooster. Place it in a does not preclude him from going on store window alongside a can of corn a Western Canada farm tomorrow, containing 1,000 or more kernels, and making a success of it. If he is Starve the rooster for 24 hours. Then not in possession of Western Canada register your guess as to how many land that he can convert into a farm kernels it will eat at a meal and up he should secure some, make it a set the corn. The game is said to be farm by equipping it and working it highly diverting to persons particl- himself. The man who has been holdpating. It contains an element of cruel- ing his Western Canada land waiting ty, to be sure. This is held by some for the profit he naturally expected to add zest to the game. By others has been justified in doing so. Its t is said to arouse indignation and agricultural possibilities are certain disgust. What the rooster thinks of it and sure. If he has not realized imcannot be recorded, of course. Yes—| mediately by making a sale, he should some of us are easily amused, that's not worry. But to let it lie idle is not good business. By getting it placed under cultivation a greater profit will come to him. Have it cultivated by working it himself, or get some good representative to do it. Set about getting a purchaser, a renter or some

one to operate on shares. The department of the Dominion Government having charge of the Immigration, through Mr. W. D. Scott, Superintendent at Ottawa, Canada, is directing the attention of non-resident owners of Western Canada lands to the fact that money will be made out of farming these lands. The agents of the Department, located at different points in the States, are rendering assistance to this end.-Advertisement.

A Sting in His "Compliment." "My dear," said Mr. Hawkins to his better half the other evening, "do you know that you have one of the best

voices in the world?" "Indeed?" replied the delighted Mrs. H., with a flush of pride at the compliment. "Do you really think so?" "I certainly do," continued the heartless husband, "otherwise it would have

TAKE SALTS TO FLUSH KIDNEYS IF BACK HURTS

been worn out long ago."

Says Too Much Meat Forms Uric Acid Which Clogs the Kidneys and

Irritates the Bladder. Most folks forget that the kidneys, like the bowels, get sluggish and clogged and need a flushing occasionally, else we have backache and dull misery in the kidney region, severe headaches, rheumatic twinges, torpid liver, acid stomach, sleeplessness and all

sorts of bladder disorders. You simply must keep your kidneys active and clean, and the moment you feel an ache or pain in the kidney region, get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any good drug store here, take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and is harmless to flush clogged kidneys and stimulate them to normal activity. It also neutralizes the acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending blad-

der disorders. Jad Salts is harmless; inexpensive; makes a delightful effervescent lithiawater drink which everybody should take now and then to keep their kidneys clean, thus avoiding serious complications.

A well-known local druggist says he sells lots of Jad Salts to folks who believe in overcoming kidney trouble while it is only trouble.-Adv.

He Felt for Them. "I hate to see two girls kiss each

"Envy, eh?" "Not at all-pity."-St. Louis Times.