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

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

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

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

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

A Stranger.

"Tomorrow will be the first Sunday of the year, and I propose to commence the new year by going to church," announced Mr. Gibbs, reverently.

"You'd better take me with you," calmly rejoined Mrs. Gibbs. "What for?"

"You may need somebody to identify you."-Judge.

# "CASCARETS" ACT

No sick headache, biliousness. bad taste or constipation

by morning. Get a 10-cent box.

Are you keeping your bowels, liver, and stomach clean, pure and fresh ets, or merely forcing a passageway every few days with Salts, Cathartic Pills, Castor Oil or Purgative Waters?

Stop having a bowel wash-day. Let Cascarets thoroughly cleanse and regulate the stomach, remove the sour and fermenting food and foul gases. take the excess bile from the liver and carry out of the system all the constipated waste matter and poisons

A Cascaret to-night will make you feel great by morning. . They work while you sleep-never gripe, sicken or cause any inconvenience, and cost only 10 cents a box from your store, Millions of men and women take a Cascaret now and then and never have Headache, Billiousness, Coated Tongue, Indigestion, Sour Stomach or

Constipation. Adv.

Inculcating Morals. Mr. Johnson-I'll teach de young varmint to lie! He said a fish got away from him in de millpond today dat was as big as de fish dat got away from me down dar last week. Mr. Jackson-Wal, p'raps dat's de

Mr. Johnson-Nonsense! Dar nin't no sech size fish as dat in dat millpond, an' dar nevah wuz!

#### QUIT MEAT IF KIDNEYS BOTHER AND USE SALTS

Take a Glass of Salts Before Breakfast If Your Back Is Hurting or Bladder Is Irritated.

If you must have your meat every day, eat it, but flush your kidneys with salts occasionally, says a noted authority who tells us that meat forms uric acid which almost paralyzes the kidneys in their efforts to expel it from the blood. They become sluggish and weaken, then you suffer with a dull misery in the kidney region, sharp pains in the back or sick headache, dizziness, your stomach sours, tongue is coated and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine gets cloudy, full of sediment, the channels often get sore and irritated, obliging you to seek relief two or

three times during the night. To neutralize these irritating acids. to cleanse the kidneys and flush off the body's urinous waste get four ounces of Jad Salts from any pharmacy 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 acids of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush and stimulate sluggish kidneys, also to neutralize the acids in urine, so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder

Jad Salts is inexpensive; cannot injure, and makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink.-Adv.

"Soldiers in Europe are fighting with gas bombs and liquid fire."

"What are we coming to?" "I don't know, but so long as there are places in the world where a man may hide himself, I know I'm not com-

The new leaf possibly needs to be fastened down with fool-proof cement.

THE HEART OF NIGHT WIND

A STORY OF THE GREAT NORTH WEST By VINGIE E. ROE COPYRIGHT BY DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY

SYNOPSIS.

Siletz of Dally's lumber comp directs a stranger to the camp. Walter Sandry introduces himself to John Daily, foreman, as "the Dillingworth Lumber Co., or most of it," He makes acquaintance introduces himself to John Daily, foreman, as "the Dillingworth Lumber Co., or most of it." He makes acquaintance with the camp and the work. He gives Siletz permission to ride Black Bolt, his saddle horse. In an emergency he proves to the foreman that he does not lack judgment. Siletz tells him of the Preacher. He discovers that Bletz hears the sign of the Siletz tribe of Indians and wonders what her surname is. In the flush of a tender moment he calls her "the Night Wind in the Pines," and kinsea her. Poppy Ordway, a magazine writer from New York, comes to Daily's to get material for a romance of the lumber region. Hampden of the Yellow Pines Co. wants Sandry to keep off a tract of stumpage he claims title to and Sandry thinks he has bought as the East Belt. Hampden sets up a cabin on the East Belt and warms trespassers off. Sandry can find no written evidence of title to the tract. His men pull down the cabin. Sandry compares Siletz and Poppy. Sandry's and Hampden's men fight ever the disputed tract. The Preacher stops the light. Sandry finds that the deed to the East Belt has never been recorded. He decides to get out his contract first and fight for the stumpage afterward. Poppy scents trickery and first with Hampden to gain his confidence. She tells Sandry that Hampden is crooked and that she'll get him. Poppy goes to Salem in search of evidence against Hampden. Sandry and get him. Poppy goes to Salem in search of evidence against Hampden, Sandry and Siletz ride to the seashore and Siletz sees the ocean for the first time.

CHAPTER XIII .- Continued.

shelf. Without heed she gathered her- shadow. self, threw back her braids and rushed on, leaping downward like a deer.

When Sandry reached her she was ankle deer in the surf, gazing with all her starved nature in her eyes, that yet shone with a martial fire. Then, suddenly, through some rent in the sodden sky, a beam of light shot through the mist, transfiguring it.

Sandry saw the look of intoxication creep into her eyes, the drunkenness of emotion that dulled them drowsily. Lines drew in her oval cheeks and slowly her face broke into a look of anguish. She put up an arm and covered it, turning toward the beach. held her, weeping hard, against his breast.

"I cannot bear 'It!" cried Siletz from this shelter, "oh, I hurt! I hurt!"

"S'h! S'h!" whispered Sandry huskily, "it is too great-too great-for the Night Wind to behold."

The ride home was silent, with San dry in the lead, his spirit still stirred and shaken by what he had beheld. They did not speak again until the

camp lay before them, at the big bend. "S'letz," said Sandry then, "Black Bolt is yours. None other shall ever ride him again."

She said nothing, but her fingers tightened in the gallant crest tossing before her.

When they rode up across the small bridge that spanned the slough below beside the hammer-block. He reached up huge, bare arms and swung the girl lightly down, sending a glance across her shoulder that arrested the owner's attention instantly.

"Mr. Sandry," he said "Hampden's got us. There hain't a jack in the camp but Collins. He's bought the mill at Toledo an' offered a two-dollar-a-day raise to every timberjack an' riverhog in the county. Even Harris," Daily's big voice deepened with bitterness, "that we was payin' seven dollars a day-an' he was him this side o' 'Frisco-has gonefor nine! Hampden come to the very Wind's man?" gate up there on the road an' gathered 'em out fer a talk-an' they come back an' packed like sheep! Damn chance! An' some of 'em's ben fighto' the read-ready to move 'em that had cabins! Burson an' Glick an' McMasters-they all loaded their duffle an' hiked. An' I don't know of

Portland!" Sandry, his face gone white as sand under his hat brim, stared at the blank windows of the cabins.

another bunch o' loggers this side o'

"Eat, son," said Ma Daily firmly when he entered the long room, "eat first an' think after. A empty stommick's a poor boiler for workin'

steam. And Sandry, looking into her kindly

also-holding it tight in his own for "Right you are, ma," he answered. and sat him down.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Call of the Wind. The night lay thick over the Siletz country. High above, the pine tops sang with a roar, soft-voiced but farreaching as thunder. Mystery and loneliness pressed upon the wilderness like a finger. It quivered the sharp cars of Black Bolt, pricked forward, listening, it padded the feet of Coosnah running ahead in the trail. but upon Siletz its touch was lost. She, too, was of the forest on a night like this; she, too, was free of its hidden paths. Hour after hour they threaded the familiar way, and presently the forest lightened, fell away. left them at the steep shore of the Siletz river, gurgling along in the darkness, swift and shallow.

Fields and pastures lay here upon right and left and cabins stood squat in the shadows. This was the headquarters of the reservation. Through the small settlement, up a lane and across a woods lot went the trio, and pres-Even as he spoke she lost her footing ently Siletz drew rein where a sorry and went headlong down the cliff, roll- shack crouched forlornly beneath a ing over and over in the sliding sand, mammoth fir. The sound brought to you men would say it?-that I had a woman." to bring up fifteen feet below where its door a bent figure that came and the path turned sidewise on a little stood at Black Bolt's head like a a homestead in Arizona-and the of his hair. Some way, somehow.

Siletz spoke in jargon, slid down, trailed the reins on the earth and entered the little house.

An hour later she stood against its closed door, facing a dusky circle of on the price of my 'patent' two hunsquatting figures, her trim form dred dollars-of course clandestine;y; straight in the lamplight, her shirt open a bit at the throat, her slim hands eloquent in quiet gestures.

Near the pine table that held the man's ways.

He might have been fifty years of age, he might have been a hundred. Pure blood of chiefs ran in his veins. Sandry caught her in his arms and and he had memories of the time when the Oregon country reached from the Sacramento. About him gathered a backwater. silent circle, young men who could

To them Siletz was speaking. "Trouble has fallen upon the Night Wind," she said sweetly, "and she comes to her friends for help. Sandry at the camp is deserted by his men. The camp fails, the work is stopped, the engines are silent at their posts. and a big contract that means much is ready to be lost-and Hampden of the Yellow Pines laughs in glee, for he has done this thing. Men there are not in the country-and to go to Portthe foot-log the foreman was standing land means loss of time on the great contract. Therefore Sandry sits with

his head in his hands, thus-" With swift art she bent her dark head forward upon her palms, drooped her slim shoulders, and instantly Despair loomed before the dusky circle.

"For which the heart of S'letz sickens, for she is Sandry's woman." There was silence for a space. The

girl was an artist. "She would help him. Therefore she comes to her friends, whose hearts are large with friendship, though their hands are soft with leisure. The Siworth it, for there hain't a filer like letz need not work. Will they give the free gift of labor for the Night

It was a heart-speech, it was in jargon and it was successful, for with the early dawn, blue-gray with mist their hides! He had contracks fer and sun shot with crimson, Sandry, two years at them wages-an' they who had not slept, standing with fursigned like fools-scrambled fer the rowed brows on the office step, heard sounds of hoofs at the valley's head. in' him a couple o' years! He had He looked and beheld a cavalcade of wagons waitin' in a string at the bend horsemen, riding with ease on their Black Bolt, who still stepped proudly after his day-and-night's journey. while Coosnah rolled with swinging ears at his side.

"Here," said the girl as she rode up. "they will work for the big contract." And she slid down with a little sigh of weariness before Sandry could of-

"Gosh!" said Daily to himself in the shadow of the office, "the Siwashes!" "Mr. Sandry," he said to the owner when the long tables were filled in every place with the best of the vanold face, saw the sanity of her adlishing tribe that Siletz could pick, vice. He took her fat hand-and a "I'm kickin' myself that I didn't think spoon and the end of a dish towel of the Indians myself, though Lord

make a Siwash work."

had given a command which a quiet his toil-worn soul with peace.

saved," he said; "in giving to you we promise to return-"when you shall give to S'letz, who is your woman." need me, my children." And Sandry, astounded beyond measure, opened his mouth and closed it

And it was work indeed for all. Sandry himself, as he had grimly threatened once, "learned how" and tended the roading donkey, selecting a slim, brown boy as fireman, while the foreman proved his worth a dozen times by filing things down to the most rigid system, by planning, executing, an artist.

It would have been contrary to human nature if Sandry had not felt a thrill of triumph when he next ran across Hampden at Toledo.

The Yellow Pines owner grinned. "Siwashes?" he said insolently. "Si-

vashes! "Yes," flamed the younger man, "Sivashes-but I have five million feet of logs at the mouth of my slough! I'll float my contract on time, Mr. showed the warning. Hampden-and then I'll look into the little matter of my East Belt."

That day he got his first letter from satiny and it breathed an insidious perfume.

Also it was brilliant with excitement and hinted at great things.

"I'm certain Hampden's crooked." she wrote; "I've found a man who knows him-and he's in the commissioner's office. He's young and he's susceptible and he thinks I'm one of upon them with a wide tolerance. the 'ring!' Oh, but it's exciting. I in my case, specially-to come down of the blood.

I'm to say nothing about it to the the length of track patrolled, he came 'ring!' Ye gods! I'm wild with the in tired, worn to a thin edge with luck. More later." February was passing. The days of ing wire, to meet Mics Ordway. fitful light stood old Kolawmie, a fitful sunlight were becoming more splendid illustration of the white frequent. The camp was humming with business. Silent, bent on the turned him about. thing in hand, the Indians worked

without need of encouragement. The slough was bank-full and its northern sound to the valley of the ing on every tide downward to the spring as is the way with the coast

At the slough's mouth a huge cradle speak good English and write essays was slowly forming in its braces. on the evolution of man, older ones | Here the little loading donkey puffed who accepted the modern modes with and tooted, grappling many-ton tim- deserted and I have things to tell reservations, and a few like himself of bers with its two drag-hooks, placing you-oh, many things!" chains covered the bottom of the cradle a few feet apart.

Twelve men worked continually at the great marine monster, packing the logs inside the cradle, carrying the



the Wilderness.

giant chains up and over as the snug the breast of her princess gown. ragged ponies, and led by Siletz upon | floor reached the top, lacing the whole likeness to a vast cigar. A timber-scaler, sent down by the

Portland firm, was constantly in attendance.

by day and night. "We can't trust Hampden a minute.

Eastern take his rough knocks and Hampden is rich!" come up with his teeth set.

But it did not take his majesty. It little rocker and Siletz braided her certain hands of sixteen men. ook only the word of Kolawmie, who mats with Coosnah beside her filled

the crew artlessly repeated to Sandry | silently and mysteriously as he had "We will work till the contract's come, with a blessing upon all and a

CHAPTER XV.

"There is No Law for a Genius." delicate' weather, crystal clear and hook. Collins took Hastings' place at opal bright, and with it came Miss Ordway. Sandry was glad to see her. but the critical point was at hand and he scarce took time to eat or sleep over, by being everywhere at once, from the great work of the contract. The mammoth raft was ready, the largest, according to Daily, that the finishing, with the hand and mind of camp had ever sent out in all its life. and a special boat from the Portland Mills company would lay off Yaquina to receive it on the sixteenth.

> On the night of the second, Daily caught a glimmer of white on the lintel. It was a paper, stuck in with a thumb-tack.

"Watch your raft," It said, "for pow der.

That was all, and it was unsigned. Daily told Sandry of the incident and

So for the remaining nights the great raft was lighted from end to end and four of the Indians patrolled Poppy Ordway. It was heavy and it in shifts, armed with rifles and under orders to shoot at the first sign of trouble

The work went forward rapidly. The Siwashes, born and raised in the timber country, knew all the work of the camp and they needed no driving They were a godsend to Sandry in the pressing days and he came to look

"In serving you we serve S'letz," 'passed him a tip'-isn't that the way he quoted to himself, "'for she's your And an odd sensation 'snap' in view, but that I already had prickled his skin, tingled at the roots thing progresses. The mention of these were Siletz' people-these silent, Hampden and 'snap' did for him-and shiftless, well-taught creatures, who I'm all but over the brink of a fraudu- made no use of their talents, yet who lent entry even now! He's offered- | did hard, unnecessary labor at the call

That night, with the raft and even the two engines under guard and all sleeplessness, tense and taut as a sing-

She slipped her hand into his arm with a little, familiar gesture and

"Come along and relax," she said, "you're almost hysterical." "I believe I am," said Sandry weasurface was covered from dawn to rily, though as he stepped out into the dark with a floor of logs slowly drift- night, soft already with the breath of country, where the seasons shoulder

> each other suddenly for place, he looked uneasily for Siletz. "Let's go up to the old rollway. It's

She laughed, her little rippling laugh that was so soft and rich, and it soothed the man's strained nerves like

a narcotic. Miss Ordway sat down, or rather climbed up, on a log that lay beside

the rollway and drew her gray broad-Sandry settled himself beside her and took off his hat. The soft, changed

breath of the night air was grateful to him. "Whe-ew! I'll be thankful when this strain is over, that raft headed out to sea and my contract fulfilled! I never

knew business was so strenuous." Miss Ordway looked at him through

the dusk with admiring eyes. "But look how you're succeeding! Why, it's great!"

"Yes-but for how much of it can I thank myself? Hampden has me in a bad hole about my great East Beltthe best timber in the region and the base, practically, of the Dillingworth's future-and but for these Indians i

would be now-well, I hate to think "S'h!" said Miss Ordway; "not so fast about that bad hole. Instead, Mr. Walter Sandry, we've got your friend East Belt with both hands."

Sandry held out a hand and Miss Ordway took it, not after her usual manner of half-fellow, but with a the shoulder of the beloved. gentle, proprietary motion. She tapped

"I have right here copies of filings together and at last lifting the center on sixteen claims, all duly put through gently, thus giving to the thing its by 'cash entry' by as many different men-and I know that Hampden owns all these numbers, that he furnished der, almost as light and soft as that the money for building the cabins, for of the mist upon his face. filing fees, for advertising, for final A shack had been thrown up at the proofs at the land office and for the head of the raft and a watch was kept government price of the land. In return for all this these bogus entrymen-your drifting gentry of the John," said Sandry; "I'm learning sus | spiked boots and the 'turkey' in most picion." Indeed he was learning many cases-received four hundred dollars things. Only John Daily in the sanity each for the breaking of their faith nearness of this girl who typified the of his just nature watched this Johnny | with the government. No wonder

For a long moment Sandry sat in Little S'letz?" silence so deep that he ceased to

into Red Cross hospitals. All traverse

knows if we can whip 'em in line, for a slow affection. The big room had, breathe. He was grasping the magniit would take the devil himself to in a sense, become home to Sandry tude of the man's daring—the gigantic and the evenings when Ma sat in her risk he ran with his safety in the un-

And also be was beginning to comprehend, wonderingly, the daring of half-breed who seemed the leader of The Preacher had slipped away as this woman, her finesse, her cleverness and her success.

"Wonderful!" he said at last: "It is past belief! And how, for the love of heaven, did you ever wind up that commissioner to put his own head in the noose by giving you those proofs?"

Miss Ordway looked away down the fast darkening slough, and there was March came in like a lamb with that in her narrowed, smiling eyes which, had Sandry seen, would have shocked him from her.

"He didn't give," she said oddly; "I

And something in the speech st lenced the man.

"Sometimes," went on this clever woman, "one will take - providing



Under Orders to Shoot at the First Sign of Trouble.

there is a great enough incentive. I had a great incentive."

She ceased, waiting, and against his will Eandry supplied the question. "What?"

"You," said Miss Ordway in a whis-

With her pretty, inimitable gesture of daring she put up a hand, taid it against his cheek and drew h's face toward her.

"Boy," she said in a curiously choked tone, as if emotion dominated her, "oh, boy! With your youth and your eagerness, your inherent strength and your losing battle! Did you not know that you were as fire to me?" She slipped off the log and stood be

fore him, her hands clasped across her breast and all her magnificent beauty a lure in the spring dusk. "Ah!" she laughed recklessly, "you

at night! And I care nothing that I tell you-there is no law for a gen lus!'

the slope, away from him, leaving him as she had done once before with his head whirling under the spell of her beauty and her daring. But this time she had left far more, for within him there surged and rioted emotions that defled control-joy and triumph and savage desire to even scores with the man who had so cruelly pressed him. relief at the prospect of saving so eas ily his East Belt and his future; and bursting through the rest, the tingie of her words, the amazed comprehes

sion of them. The days that followed were here ones for the young owner of the DH lingworth. He did not see that he had taken the silent little girl of the bills and that the dominant, clever woman of the world had taken him. Yet such were the facts in the vague, half formed shape that affairs had as sumed

With a splendid tact Miss Ordway kept away from him, presenting at such times as they chanced to meet a serene poise that was as charming Hampden in the deepest hole he was as her abandon had been that night ever in in all his life. In fact, when by the rollway. On the other hand we say the word, he'll turn over the Siletz watched him with troubled eyes There was that in features and voice that frightened her, as a loving woman is ever frightened when trouble rides

Therefore one night soon after San dry's talk with Miss Ordway, Silets followed him as he went to the office and Sandry was not aware of her pres ence until a touch fell on his shoul

"Sandry," said Siletz, He turned swiftly and all the vex ations ache of his heart seemed to culminate suddenly in a desire to take

"Yes?" he said, yielding to the in fluence of the misty darkness and the wild so alluringly, "the Night Wind breathes upon my heart. Why is it.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Chinese people very rarely eat beef, and its use is practically con they used to return from the ball or fined to the foreign residents of the empire.

The Chinese are extremely fond of pork, but it would be impossible for American firms to ship barreled pork to China and meet the competition of the native-grown article. Good Chinese pork sells at retail at a far cheaper rate than it can possibly be put on the market in the United States, to say nothing of the freight cost balf way around the world. The new trade in Chinese pork which has sprung up between southern China ports and England is a profitable one, owing to the cheap price of the hog. Pork grown in South China is said to be a very good article, comparing favorably with

How Geese Are Fattened.

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

## **WONDERFUL PROGRESS** IN CANADA

It is Over the Hill-Splendid Bank Clearings, and the Crop Returns Reveal Vast Possibilities for the Future.

"There are opportunities for investment in Canada now that may prove attractive to American capital. Land prices in the west are low and wages less than on this side of the line, and whatever the outcome of the war, the future of the Dominion is assured as one of prosperity in the development

of its vast resources." Chicago Tribune. A short time ago the Canadian government asked for private subscriptions to a loan of fifty million dollars. Less than a month was given for completion of the subscription. On November 30th, the day upon which subscriptions were to cease, it was found that 110 million of dollars had been subscribed or 60 million dollars more than the amount asked. If there were any so pessimistic as to imagine that Canada was passing through a period of hard times the wonderful showing of this subscription should put aside all doubts of Canada's rapidly increasing prosperity.

The bank clearings of Winnipeg for 1915 were a billion and a half of dollars, Think of it. Then, in addition, there were the bank clearings of the other cities throughout Western Canada. Regina, Saskatoon and Moose Jaw also show big increase in clearings. The Winnipeg statistics show that the city has done the biggest financial, commercial and industria! business in its history in 1915. A billion and a half are big clearings, representing business on a per capita basis of over \$7,000 per head for every man, woman and child in the city, and has gone ahead of big manufacturing cities like Buffalc, and runs a close second to Detroit. It has shown bigger bank clearings than the middle west cities of Minneapolis and Duluth, and has exceeded Los Angeles, Seattle and other noted shipping centers. It is now side by side with the ten biggest cities in North America in amount of bank clearings. But because the war helped Canada recover quickly from a natural economic depression it does not follow that, at the end of the war, the country must suffer a relapse, and straightway return to a state of inactivity and hard times.

A Winnipeg paper, with a wellknown reputation for conservatism in

economic matters says: Canada's undeveloped fields should prove a mighty factor after the war in adjusting the country's business from one period to another. The staggering figures of this year's crop, showing increases in production of 50 per cent over last year, give a slight idea of the have set me flaming, like a line of fire future wealth stored in vast stretches of prairie plain yet untouched by the plow. The Northwest Grain-Dealers' Association on September 1 estimated that the wheat crop of the three Prairie Provinces would amount to 250,800,000 bushels. On November 10 that estimate was increased to 307,230,600 bushels. The Dominion government on September 13 estimated the Western wheat crop at 275,772,200 bushels, but on October 15 those figures were changed to 304,200,000 bushels.

Monetary Returns for the Western Crop.

And the amount of money which the west is receiving for its grain has not yet been wholly appreciated. Up to the 10th of December the Canadian west had received some 170 million dollars for 182 million bushels of its grain crop, of which 149 million bushels was wheat. The average price of No. 1 Northern wheat for September was 93% cents; for October 98% cents, and for the first three weeks of November \$1.03%. On the 10th of December there was fully 120 million bushels of wheat to be marketed. This would leave about 30 million bushels for local consumption in the Prairie

Bradstreet says:

"Confidence seems to have returned in Canada; grain crops are exceptionally large, prices pay the farmer, and the war-order lines provide work and aid in circulating much money. Credit is more freely granted, and interior merchants are disposed to buy rather liberally."-Advertisement.

Naturally. Noah (just before the storm)-All the animals on board? Shem-All but the leopards, but I'll soon spot them.

## **OLD PRESCRIPTION** FOR WEAK KIDNEYS

'A medicinal preparation like Dr. Kil-mer's Swamp-Root, that has real curative value almost sells itself. Like an endless chain system the remedy is recommended by those who have been benefited to those

who are in need of it. Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is a physifor years and has brought results to countless numbers who have suffered.

The success of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is due to the fact that it fufills almost ev ery wish in overcoming kidney, liver and bladder diseases, corrects urinary troubles and neutralizes the uric acid which causes

Do not suffer. Get a bottle of Swamp Root from any druggist now. Start treatment today. However, if you wish first to test this

great preparation send ten cents to Dr.

Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a

sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper .- Adv. This is the glad season of the year when the plumber gets square with

## PREPAREDNESS 1

the ice man.

To Fortify The System Against Grip when Grip is prevalent LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE should be taken, as this combination of Quinine with other ingredients, destroys of Quintes with Green ingredients, acts as a Tonic and Larative and thus germs, acts as a Tonic and Larative and thus keeps the system in condition to withstand Colds, Grip and Influenza. There is only one "BROMO QUININE." E. W. GROVE'S significant control of the Colds of the C

A minister says the right path is often left.

Amphibious" Motor Boat, Invention of Austrian, Seems to Have Been

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

This "land motor boat" resembles an ordinary touring car in appearance except that the body is rather higher. But besides its wheels, it is provided with a propeller placed at the rear. The power of the motor can be switched from the running gear to the propeller screw and vice versa. It is built so as to take quite steep grades | desert?" with ease. Hence one may ride down the sloping bank of a river, plunge into the current, switch the power to the propeller and cross the stream in a practicable motor boat. Arriving at the other side, the engine is switched | ish exposition will be held in Barceto put the whoels in commission once lona in 1917.

TRAVELS ON LAND OR WATER | more, the bank is easily climbed, and | PARISIANS IN SOBER MOOD the journey continued without more

> The vehicle has made good under practical tests and is expected to be particularly valuable for military use It is so built as to go well in swampy and muddy country. In shallow water wheels and propeller may be used stmultaneously; this is a particular advantage when a sand bank is accidentally encountered in a stream, since it removes the danger of "getting stuck. The power is supplied by a 16-horse power, four-cylinder motor which gives

> about twelve miles per hour .- Literary Digest. Queer Lack. "Wouldn't you like to visit the great

a speed on land of 45 miles per hour.

This speed is diminished in water to

the sand, "-Exchange, trical appliances and a general Span-

"Indeed I would, but I haven't got

War Has Wrought an Immense Change in the Life of the "Gay

Capital."

"Many of the leading French artists." says a writer in Cartoons Magazine, "are at the front, painting war as it is. Others have remained at home to portray little incidents of Paris. Among the latter is L. Sahattier, for many years cartoonist of Le Figaro, and who s remembered for his broad, sweeping "Perhaps the most notable of his

recent drawings is 'Les Matinales'the early morning wanderers of the Paris streets in war times. In the small hours of the long night they pass by, these women, as unnoticed as the good angels that guard us against evil. Under the veils that shroud their faces-somewhat drawn by the long vigit-one perceives the white hair of a mother, or the blonde or brown locks of a young girl. Some are returning from a night's watch at the bedside of a wounded soldier; others are on their way to duty as nurses in one of the safe keeping," he said.

Paris at the hour when not so long ago the theater. No more of the gay night flaneurs in evening dress, who hailed a taxl while they finished a cigar. The morning wanderers pass in silence. alone with their thoughts, theirs the satisfaction of duty accomplished."

Shot Squirrel With \$10 Bill. Ground squirrels were damaging grain left in a field by Winfield Scott, manager of the San Fernando hotel in the town of that name, says the Los Angeles Times. A guest had left a loaded shotgun at the house a few days

Manager Scott decided to put an end to the squirrels and started on a still hunt, finally drawing a bead on American pork.-Consul General Samone of the marauders. He shot it, and, having scared the others away, returned home. The guest arrived and asked for the

"I stuck a \$10 bill in the barrel for

gun. When he discovered it had been

to eat seven or eight meals a day.