

PREPARE MORE LAND -GROW MORE FOOD

"Seed and Feed" the Slogan of the Year.

The papers are filled with the appeal for soldiers, sailors and farmers, and all are timely, all are necessary. The sailor is needed to man the ships that protect the shores, police the seas and clear the ocean of tormenting and meddlesome masked buccaners, to give help to the allies, to make more efficient the present fighting units that are keeping free the seaplanes and ocean routes. The soldier is required to keep alive and intact the unity of the nation and the freedom of the world, to protect the lives of its citizens from incursions without and raids within, to guard the honor and preserve the dignity of the great United States, to render not only sentimental but practical assistance to those who for two and a half years on the battlefields of Flanders and the steppes of the East have been fighting for the freedom of the world against a dominant autocratic and militarist Prussianism, which, were it to become successful, would mean autocracy, militarism and Prussianism, and a "get-off-the-sidewalkism" over the entire world. The allies are proud to welcome these new accessions to the fighting forces, which mean an earlier termination of the war and the dawn of an era that will be historic, one that we will all be proud that we lived in. Throughout all Canada, Great Britain, France, and all the allied countries, when the news was received that the United States had entered the war, a thrill went up and down the nation's sides, and the pulses throbbed with a new life, keenly appreciative of the practical sentiment that had brought to their sides an ally of the strength and virility of the United States.

But the soldier and the sailor need to be fed, and therefore the cry for agricultural enlistment. The strength of the fighting man must be maintained. In his absence from the field there comes the necessity for provision to take his place. The appeal for farm help is well timed, opportune and important. There are vacant lands aplenty in the United States that, given a fair opportunity under competent advisement and reasonable help, will produce abundantly. Western Canada also provides an excellent field for the prosecution of work in growing wheat and other grains, and while it is not the desire of the Canadian Government to draw from the resources of the United States, believing that it is the duty of every patriotic citizen to do all he possibly can to build up the stores of depleted foods and making use of every energy at home, the wish is to lay before the public the fact that Canada has millions of acres of excellent land capable of producing wonderful crops. If for any reason the reader, having patriotism and a love of his country in his heart, and a desire to forward the cause of the allies, cannot avail himself of the opportunities afforded in the United States, Western Canada will be glad to render him any assistance it can in locating him on its vacant areas, where large crops can be grown at minimum of cost. Let us grow the grain, raise the cattle, produce the food to feed our soldiers, our sailors and provide food for our allies, no matter whether it is done to the North or to the South of the boundary line that in the object in view should not be known as a boundary. Let us keep up the spirit of patriotism, whether it be growing grain in the United States or in Canada, but Canada, fully alive to the necessity, joins in the appeal of its allies—the United States—for more food and more food.—Advertisement.

Serious Gmission.

At a camp meeting where hats were used as collection baskets, the preacher said: "Let us sing while the hats are coming in."
The pianist, after some fumbling with the pages, turned to him and said: "I can't find it."
"Beg pardon," said the preacher, not understanding.
"Why," replied the pianist, "I can't find that song. 'While the Hats are Coming In' in my book."—Christian Herald.

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Town Turns Back on Tramps.

On the ground that no man ought to be unemployed at the present time, the guardians of an English town have decided to ignore the existence of tramps and to provide neither food nor lodging for them. They will have their reward, for the fraternity will give the place a wide berth.

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HEART OF THE SUNSET

By Rex Beach

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THE RANGER SHOWS WHAT A DESPERATE MAN HE IS WHEN PROVOKED TO VIOLENT ACTION.

Mrs. Alaire Austin, a handsome young matron, gets lost in the Texas desert and after an all-day struggle wanders into the little camp of David Law, a ranger officer, hunting a Mexican murderer. Circumstances force her to stay there overnight. She finds the ranger an interesting character.

CHAPTER II—Continued.

"Bloodhounds ain't any good, outside of novels. If beef got scarce, them Greasers would steal the dogs and eat 'em." He added, meditatively, "Dog ain't such bad critter, either."
"Have you tried it?"
Mr. Law nodded.
"Did you join the Maderistas for excitement?"
"Mostly. Then, too, I believed Pancho Madero was honest and would give the peons land. An honest Mexican is worth fightin' for, anywhere. The pelados are still struggling for their land—for that and a chance to live and work and be happy."

Mrs. Austin stirred impatiently. "They are fighting because they are told to fight. There is no patriotism in them," said she.

"I think," he said, with grave deliberateness, "the majority feel something big and vague and powerful stirring inside them. They don't know exactly what it is, perhaps, but it is there. Mexico has outgrown her dictators. They have been overthrown by the same causes that brought on the French Revolution."

"The French Revolution!" Alaire leaned forward, eying the speaker with startled intensity. "What do you know about the French Revolution?"

Reaching for a coal, the Ranger spoke without facing her. "I've read a good bit, ma'am, and I'm a noble listener. I remember good, too. Why, I had a picture of the Bastille once." He pronounced it "Bastilly," and his hearer settled back. "That was some calaboose, now, wasn't it?" A moment later he inquired, ingenuously, "I don't suppose you ever saw that Bastille, did you?"

"No. Only the place where it stood."
"Sho! You must have traveled right smart for such a young lady." He beamed amiably upon her.

There was something winning about this young man's modesty, and something flattering in his respectful admiration. He seemed, also, to know his place, a fact which was even more in his favor. Undoubtedly he had force and ability; probably his love of adventure and a happy lack of settled purpose had led him to neglect his more commonplace opportunities and sent him into the Ranger service. This man had been denied what she termed education; therefore she decided to put one in his way.

"Do you like to read?" she asked him.
"Say! It's my favorite form of exercise." Law's blue-gray eyes were expressionless, his face was bland. "Why?"

"I have a great many books at Las Palmas. You might enjoy some of them."

"Now that's nice of you, ma'am. Maybe I'll look into this cattle-stealin' in your neighborhood, and if I do I'll sure come borrowin'."

"Oh, I'll send you a boxful when I get back," said Alaire, and Dave thanked her humbly.

Later, when he went to move his mare into a shady spot, the Ranger chuckled and slapped his thigh with his hat. "Bessie Belle, we're going to improve our minds," he said aloud. "We're going to be literary and read 'Pilgrim's Progress' and 'Alice in Wonderland.' I bet we'll enjoy 'em, eh? But—doggone! She's a nice lady, and your coat is just the same color as her hair."

Where the shade was densest and the breeze played most freely, there Dave fixed a comfortable couch for his guest, and during the heat of the forenoon she dozed. But one cannot sleep well with a tropic sun in the heavens, and since there was really nothing for her to do until the heat abated, Alaire, when she awoke, obliged the Ranger to amuse her.

As the morning progressed Law proved himself an interesting companion, and in spite of the discomforts of the situation the hours slipped rapidly. Luncheon was a disagreeable meal, eaten while the arroyo baked and the heat devils danced on the hills; but the unpleasantness was of brief duration, and Law always managed to banish boredom. Nor did he seem to waste a thought upon the nature of that grim business which brought him to this place. Quite the contrary, in the afternoon he put his mare through her tricks for Alaire's edification, and gossiped idly of whatever interested his guest.

Then as the sun edged to the west and Mrs. Austin became restless, he saddled Bessie Belle and led her down the gulch into a safer covert. Returning, he carefully obliterated all traces

of the camp. He watered the ashes of the fire, gathered up the telltale scraps of paper and fragments of food, and then when the place suited him fell to examining his rifle.

Alaire watched him with interest. "Where shall I go," she asked, "and what shall I do?"

"You just pick out a good cover beyond the water hole and stay there, ma'am. It may be a long wait, for something may have happened. If so, we'll have to lie close. And don't worry yourself none, ma'am; he won't make no trouble."

With the sunset the water hole lay sleeping.

Alaire's retreat was far from comfortable; there was an ant's nest somewhere near her and she thought of moving; but suddenly her breath caught and her heart jumped uncontrollably. She crouched lower, for directly opposite her position, and outlined against the sky where the sharp ridge cut it, was the figure of a mounted man. She was conscious that a keen and hostile pair of eyes was searching the coverts surrounding the charco.

Then, as silently as it had appeared, the apparition vanished beyond the ridge. Alaire lay close, as she had been directed, praying that the horseman had been warned; but shortly she heard again the rustle of stiff branches, and out into the opening rode a Mexican. He was astride a wiry gray pony, and in the strong twilight Alaire could see his every feature—the swarthy cheeks, the roving eyes beneath the black felt hat, a carbine lay across his saddle horn, a lariat was coiled beside his leg, a cartridge

belt circled his waist. There was something familiar about the fellow, but at the moment Alaire could not determine what it was.

After one swift, appraising glance the newcomer rode straight to the verge of the water hole and dismounted; then he and his horse drank side by side.

It was the moment for a complete and effective surprise, but nothing happened. Why didn't Law act? Alaire bent low, straining eyes and ears, but no command came from the Ranger. Then, as if in answer to her perplexity, a second horseman appeared, and the woman realized how simply she had been fooled.

"Oiga! Hands Up, Both of You!"

What Happened at the Water Hole.

The newcomers exchanged a word or two in Spanish, then the second rider flung himself from his saddle and made for the water. He was lying prone and drinking deeply when out of nowhere came a sharp command.

"Oiga! Hands up, both of you!"

The first arrival jumped as if a rattlesnake had buzzed at his back, the second leaped to his feet with an oath.

"Drop your gun, companero!"

Both Mexicans cried, as if at a cue, "Who speaks?"

"A Ranger."

The fellow Law had addressed let fall his rifle; two pairs of dark hands rose slowly. Then the Ranger went on in Spanish:

"Auto, lower your left hand and un-

buckle your belt." Anto did as he was told, his revolver and cartridge belt dropped to the ground. "And you, compadre, do the same. Mind you, the left hand! Now face about and walk to the charco, both of you. Good!"

Law stepped into view, his Winchester in the crook of his arm. He emptied the three discarded weapons, then, walking to Anto's horse, he removed the second carbine from beneath the saddle-flap and ejected its shells into his palm.

This done, he addressed the stranger. "Now, friend, who are you, and why are you riding with this fellow?"

"My name is Panfilo Sanchez, senior. Before God, I have done nothing." The speaker was tremendously excited. In the midst of his incoherent protestations Mrs. Austin appeared.

"He is telling you the truth, Mr. Law," she said, quietly. "He is one of my men."

Both Mexicans looked blank. At sight of the speaker their mouths fell open, and Panfilo ceased his gesticulation.

Mrs. Austin went on: "He is my horse-breaker's cousin. He couldn't have had any part in that murder in Jim Wells county, for he was at Las Palmas when I left."

Panfilo recovered from his amazement, removed his sombrero, and blessed his employer extravagantly; then he turned triumphantly upon his captor. "Behold!" cried he. "There you have the truth. I am an excellent, hard-working man and as honest as God."

"Surely you don't want him," Alaire appealed to Law. "He was probably helping his countryman to escape—but they all do that, you know."

"All right! If he's your man, that's enough," Dave told her. "Now then, boys, it will soon be dark and we'll need some supper before we start. It won't hurt Anto's horse to rest a bit, either. You are under arrest," he added, addressing the latter. "I won't tie you unless—"

"No, senior!" Anto understood perfectly, and was grateful.

"Well, then, build a fire, and you, Panfilo, lend a hand. The senora will need a cup of tea, for we three have a long ride ahead of us."

No time was lost. Both Mexicans fell to with a will, and in a surprisingly short time water was boiling. When it came Law's turn to eat, Alaire, who was eager to be gone, directed her employee to fetch the ranger's horse, Panfilo acquiesced readily and buckled on his cartridge belt and six-shooter. He was about to pick up his rifle, too, but finding Law's eyes inquiringly fixed upon him, he turned with a shrug and disappeared down the arroyo. It was plain that he considered his friendly relations well established and resented the ranger's suspicion.

"How long has that fellow been working for you?" Law jerked his head in the direction Panfilo had taken.

"Not long. I—don't know much about him," Alaire confessed. Then, as if in answer to his unspoken question, "But I'm sure he's all right."

"Is he looking up range for you?"

"No—no! I left him at the ranch. I don't know how he came to be here, unless—It is rather strange!"

Dave shot a swift, interrogatory glance at Panfilo's traveling companion, but Anto's face was stony, his black eyes were fixed upon the fire.

With an abrupt gesture Law flung aside the contents of his cup and strode to Panfilo's horse, which stood dejectedly with reins hanging.

"Where are you—going?" Alaire rose nervously.

It was nearly dark now; only the crest of the ridges were plain against the luminous sky; in the brushy bottom of the arroyo the shadows were deep. Alaire had no wish to be left alone with the prisoner.

With a gesture Law halted, then, stooping for Anto's discarded cartridge belt, he looped it over his saddle-horn. He vaulted easily into the seat, saying:

"I hid that mare pretty well. Your man may not be able to find her." Then he turned his borrowed horse's head toward the brush.

Anto had squatted motionless until this moment; he had not even turned his eyes; but now, without the slightest warning, he uttered a loud call. It might have served equally well as a summons or as an alarm, but it changed the ranger's suspicions into certainty. Dave uttered an angry exclamation, then to the startled woman he cried:

"Watch this man! He can't hurt you, for I've got his shells." To his prisoner he said, sharply: "Stay where you are! Don't move!" The next instant he had leaped into the brush on the tracks of Panfilo Sanchez, spurring the tired gray pony into vigorous action.

It was an uncomfortable situation in which Alaire now found herself. Law was too suspicious, she murmured to herself; he was needlessly melodramatic; she felt exceedingly ill at ease as the pony's hoof-beats grew fainter. She was startled by hearing other hoof-

beats now; their drumming came faint but unmistakable. Yes, there were two horses racing down the arroyo. Anto, the fugitive, rose to his feet and stared into the dusk.

"Sit down!" Alaire ordered, sharply. He obeyed, muttering beneath his breath, but his head was turned as if in an effort to follow the sounds of the pursuit.

Next came the distant rattle of loosened stones—evidently one horse was being urged toward the open high ground—then the peaceful quiet evening was split by the report of Law's thirty-three. Another shot followed, and then a third. Both Alaire and her prisoner were on their feet, the Mexican straining his eyes into the gloom and listening intently.

Alaire had begun to feel the strain of the situation and was trying to decide what next to do, when David Law came riding out of the twilight. He was astride the gray; behind him at the end of a lariat was Bessie Belle, and her saddle was empty.

Mrs. Austin uttered a sharp cry. Law dismounted and strode to the prisoner. His face was black with fury; he seemed gigantic in his rage. Without a word he raised his right hand and cuffed the Mexican to his knees. Then he leaped upon him, as a dog might pounce upon a rabbit, rolled him to his face, and twisted the fellow's arm into the small of his back. Anto cursed, he struggled, but he was like a child in the ranger's grasp. Law knelt upon him, and with a jerk of his lariat secured the fellow's wrists; rising, he set the knot with another heave that dragged the prisoner to his knees. Next he booted Anto to his feet.

"I've a notion to bend a gun over your head," Law growled. "Clever little game, wasn't it?"

"Where—? Did you—kill him?" the woman gasped.

Alaire had never beheld such a demonic expression as Law turned upon her. The man's face was contorted, his eyes were blazing insanely, his chest was heaving, and for an instant he seemed to include her in his anger. Ignoring her inquiry, he went to his mare and ran his shaking hands over her as if in search of an injury; his questioning palms covered every inch of glistening hide from forehead to withers, from shoulder to hoof, and under cover of this task he regained in some degree his self-control.

"That hombre of yours—didn't look right to me," he said, finally. Laying his cheek against Bessie Belle's neck, as a woman snuggles close to the man of her choice, he addressed the mare: "I reckon nobody is going to steal you, eh? Not if I know it. No, sir; that hombre wasn't any good, was he?"

Alaire wet her lips. "Then you—shot him?"

"I didn't say I shot him," he told her, gruffly. "I warned him first, and he turned on me—blew smoke in my face. Then he took to the brush, afoot, and I cut down on him once more to help him along."

"He got away?"

"I reckon so."

"Oh, oh!" Alaire's tone left no doubt of her relief. "He was always a good man—"

"Good? Didn't he steal my horse? Didn't he aim to get me at the first chance and free his compadre? That's why he wanted his Winchester. Say! I reckon he—needs killin' about as much as anybody I know."

"I can't understand it," Alaire sat down weakly. "One of my men, too."

"This fellow behaved himself while I was gone, eh?" Law jerked his head in Anto's direction. "I was afraid he—had try something. If he had—"

Such a possibility, oddly enough, seemed to choke the speaker, and the ferocity of his unfinished threat caused Mrs. Austin to look up at him curiously. There was a moment of silence, then he said, shortly: "Well, we've got a horse apiece now. Let's go."

The stars had thickened and brightened, rounding the night sky into a glittering dome. Anto, the murderer, with his ankles lashed beneath his horse's belly, rode first; next, in a sullen silence, came the ranger, his chin upon his breast; and in the rear followed Alaire Austin.

Under the stars, at the break of the arroyo, three hundred yards below the water hole, a coyote was slinking in a wide circle around the body of Panfilo Sanchez.

David Law's action in killing the Mexican has a more significant effect on the ranger's career and on that of Mrs. Austin than either of them can possibly foresee. Read the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Bishop's Ring.

Bishop Russell Wakefield of Birmingham, has a ring with a curious history. It is a reminder of the war, and of the wanton destruction of the beautiful cathedral of Reims. Some months ago he was allowed to visit the cathedral shortly after a bombardment. Colored glass from the famous windows and broken fragments of the richly-ornate stonework lay among the debris. The bishop picked up some scraps of stained glass, of pure ruby and sapphire color, and he has had small portions mounted in a new episcopal finger ring. He regards it as one of his most interesting souvenirs.—London Tit-Bits.

His Fatal Oversight.

He proposed to her by mail, and by letter she replied; he read her brief refusal, then committed suicide. Alas he'd be alive today, and she a happy bride, had he but read the postscript penned on the other side.

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NEW EXPLOSIVE BEING USED

Rochambolite, Introduced by French on Western Front, Has Terrible Effect on Enemy.

Rochambolite is a new and terrible explosive that has recently been introduced on the western front by the French and employed in the defense of Verdun, says the Argonaut. The explosive, when tested in action at Verdun, was found to possess a most terrible and demoralizing effect upon the Germans.

The explosive is a powder which, upon ignition, changes into a molten metal and a very large volume of gas in an infinitely small space of time. This sudden change in volume and the terrific heat which is generated cause an immense pressure on the walls of the vessel that contains it, shattering the walls and hurling the molten metal and wall fragments in all directions, spreading death and destruction in their path.

The effect of this molten metal on the Germans can hardly be imagined. Pieces of metal upon striking them immediately burn their way deep into the flesh, even to the bone, causing intense pain and suffering to the victim. So deadly and so demoralizing have the French found this explosive to be that they are now utilizing it on the entire front.

Dogs and the Dye-Pot.

The Chinese sleeve dogs, called Pekinese, are so fashionable nowadays and fetch such high prices that breeders of them are making a lot of money in the business. Also dealers.

Unfortunately the dealers are not always honest, and it is just as well to avoid buying such dogs from street vendors and other nonresponsible persons. The animals may not be exactly what they seem.

The color specially desired for a Pekinese is a delicate shade of brown. Dogs of this kind are of various hues; but an unscrupulous dealer finds no serious difficulty in making them brown, to match any shade. He simply dips doggy into a pall of hydrogen peroxide a few times until his coat is well bleached and then dyes him, by like means, of the fashionable tint.

Natural Elation.

Why the ecstatic frame of mind? asked the man he met as he stepped off the car. "You seem supremely happy. Has the beauty of spring got into your blood; has a rich uncle died and left you a million; or have you a new baby in the family, or has the boss raised your salary?"

"None of those things," answered the man who had the grin, "but something thing almost as nice. The conductor didn't take up my fare."

Seeking a Divorce.

"On what grounds do you seek a divorce, madam?"

"Incompatibility. I want a divorce, and my husband doesn't."

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If coffee was the cause change to POSTUM and sleep!

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