

FIND WEALTH IN WINTER.

Canadian Farmers Turn Winter Months to Good Account.

Large crops and good prices for the wheat, oats, barley and flax from Canadian farms have made the winter resorts in California at times resemble a meeting of a Canadian farmers' institute, but the practice among successful farmers of spending their winter holidaying seems to be on the wane. After all, nothing can be more tiresome than having nothing to do, and the farmers of Western Canada are now finding winter employment right on their farms which rivals the attractions of the sunny South.

Live stock is the explanation, according to a six-foot Westerner who dropped into the Canadian Government Information Bureau at 311 Jackson street, St. Paul. He was on his way back to Western Canada with a carload of selected breeding stock which had carried off blue ribbons at several state fairs in 1919. "We have found," said he, "that there is just as much pleasure and a great deal more profit in developing a herd of prize stock as in listening to the murmur of the sea waves. Where we used to grow grain exclusively now we are raising stock as well. The fact that steers raised in Western Canada took the grand championship at the International Live Stock Show at Chicago two years in succession shows how well we are getting along. And instead of depleting our bank rolls we add a tidy sum to them."

"But don't you find the life monotonous?"

"Not in the least. You see, we have a rural club which meets in our school house, where we thrash out all kinds of problems. Here we exchange ideas and also have occasional talks from government experts, and the man who goes abroad for the winter only realizes how much he has missed when at a summer picnic he hears an address by a neighbor that would do credit to a college graduate."

"It was at one of these meetings that we decided to import a prize-winning stallion, and today our district is raising some of the best draft horses in Canada. The carload of breeding stock which I am now shipping to my farm is indirectly the result of our club meetings. We are going to make that little corner of Saskatchewan one of the big stock centers of America. Why shouldn't we? Everything is in our favor—climate, fertility, cheap land, free grazing land adjoining lots of farms, creameries, government supervision. You know how energetic the northern climate makes a man? Well, it's just like that with stock. They get to be great, husky fellows, hardy and big-framed—and that counts on market day."

"Come up and see me some time," were his parting words as he left to catch his train. "I'll show you some of the finest land and live stock out of doors, and treat you to a real farm meal—everything but the coffee and sugar grown right on my farm. That counts some in these days of high prices."—Advertisement.

Both Overestimated.

"The roses of pleasure," didactically began Professor Pate, "seldom last long enough to adorn the brow of him who plucks them."

"Yes," replied J. Fuller Gloom, "and those who have attempted to rest on their laurels tell me they make a very poor bed."—Kansas City Star.

Eases Colds

At once! Relief with "Pape's Cold Compound"

The first dose eases your cold! Don't stay stuffed-up! Quit blowing and snuffing! A dose of "Pape's Cold Compound" taken every two hours until three doses are taken usually breaks up a severe cold and ends all gripe misery.

Relief awaits you! Open your clogged-up nostrils and the air passages of your head; stop nose running; relieve the headache, dullness, feverishness, sneezing, soreness and stiffness.

"Pape's Cold Compound" is the quickest, surest relief known and costs only a few cents at drug stores. It acts without assistance. Tastes nice. Contains no quinine. Insist on Pape's!—Adv.

There may be a wrong way to do right, but there is no right way to do wrong.

Cuticura for Sore Hands.

Soak hands on retiring in the hot soda of Cuticura Soap, dry and rub in Cuticura Ointment. Remove surplus Ointment with tissue paper. This is only one of the things Cuticura will do if Soap, Ointment and Talcum are used for all toilet purposes.—Adv.

Happy is the man who sees things as they should be instead of as they

Belgium Sketches

Glory of the Morning

By Katharine Eggleston Roberts

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The world was opaline. From high up in the citadel I looked down into the heart of it. The sun, half hidden by a cloud, sent streaks of flame across the pearl-gray sky. Within the shadowy girdle of the hills a rainbow haze enmeshed the valley. It melted the red and yellow of the peaked roofs that crowded by the streams of flowing gold, thinning where the waters met. There in the weird and mystic light lay the unreal earth, and I was far away—up there alone in reality. Suddenly I longed for some one else to look with me and feel the eerie beauty of it all. The loneliness pinched at my heart and made it ache.

And then a voice within the stones behind me cried: "I built this citadel long centuries ago, and every day I've watched the journey of the sun from morn till night. I've watched the people living underneath those peaked roofs. You cannot see them; you have not my eyes. Always I watch the people of Namur."

The voice did not seem strange to me. It was an answer to my longing for some one. I feared that it might go—might leave me there alone above the wonderland. I begged it: "Tell me what you've seen, what you are seeing now."

"Oh, I can't tell you. It takes too long; but something—yes. You see that house down near the church, the

one who passed, hoping to find the features of Marcel. A spy might not be in Germany; he might be here amidst the army of the conquerors in Belgium, in Namur, and any time. But all her hopes were vain and, as the months dragged into years and no news came, she ceased to look at every passerby, for disappointment only emphasized her fear.

"Then one night, when the lights were out and all was still, she heard a gentle tapping at the door. Her mother opened it a little way, and through the space a man's voice whispered: "I'm weary; I have traveled far today. Once, long ago, they told me if I visited Namur, I'd find safe shelter in your home." Her heart beat quickly as they let him in. Was it Marcel? At least, perhaps some news. But no, the stranger knew only that once—two years ago—he and Duval had been together on a bit of work in Austria. Duval had said that if he chanced to reach Namur, they'd give him lodging in that house. Duval had sent a message, but that was long ago, and since then—well, no one had heard from him. The stranger hid there all next day, and then at night departed and was swallowed by the dark.

"Five years of hopeful tomorrows turned to dreary yesterdays. To me, who has lived for centuries, five years are like a minute of the day. To Jeanne, each year out of the five was like a century. It was the imprisoning silence, not the Boche, that crushed her soul. The Huns were driven back to their own land. Namur was free and, one by one, the soldiers who had lived returned, to stay at home again. And still no one could tell the fate of lost Marcel Duval. And then—"

The voice broke off, for down below the bells began to ring, the chimes that drove the cloud from off the sun. The opalescent sky turned turquoise blue; the sunlight tore the rainbow haze and sent a golden shower across the world. And from the church door came a bridal pair. I heard a whisper



"Won Their Entrance Into Old Namur."

white one with green shutters and red roof? It's just a little higher than the rest. You cannot see the canopy before the door. I'll tell you why it's there.

"Five years ago the troops were ordered out to fight invaders from across the Rhine. To that house came Marcel Duval to tell his Jeanne 'Good-by.' They were to have been married the next month, and it was very hard for them to part. Marcel had light hair and blue eyes; he could talk German better than the rest, and he was not to fight with gun and sword, but with the cunning of his mind—to be a spy.

"I looked down at them as they stood before the house. The evening wrapped them close, but I could see Jeanne's eyes were wet—gray, like the twilight woven through the mist. Her dark head pressed against his coat. The circle of her arms gleamed white about his neck. They kissed. She choked her sobs and smiled. He looked just once—a long time—then he turned



"House Down Near the Church."

and ran. He dared not look again. The smile died on her lips. She sank upon the door step and her shoulders shook.

"It wasn't long before the German horde came to the hills about the town. They stormed the forts for three days, till at last they won their entrance into old Namur. They occupied the place. They took the best and sold the leavings to Namur folk at triple price. They occupied my home, paraded round about my walks. I knew them well, and I was sorry for the people in the city down below. I saw Jeanne and her mother trying to live on nothing, but it wasn't only lack of food that made Jeanne's eyes so big and dark in the pale ivory of her face. Always her quick glance searched each

of the voice again: "The eyes of Jeanne are gray morn lit with dawn." My loneliness was gone. The earth was real! And from the citadel above Namur I looked down on the glory of the morning.

MANY VILLAGES NOW IN DUST

Not Even Walls Remain to Mark Towns That Existed Before Arrival of Spiked Helmet Men.

Of many smaller villages not even the ruins remain, the walls having long since been reduced to stone dust. Of old magnificent forests there are only occasional naked tree stems, with a few leafless branches. There is no living tree for miles and miles. German gas did it.

The old inferno of sound has given place to a more terrible silence—a silence unbroken by living creature. No birds, no moving things in the grass, nothing but the absolute silence of a man-made desert.

From the agricultural point of view the country is years in the future. Every square foot must be leveled and restored. The undertaking is infinitely difficult. Any moment the workman may run into an unexploded shell or a hidden death trap.

Every farm will have to be equipped with a complete new drainage system. The old pipes were ripped out during the early part of the bombardment, allowing the waste water to spread out over the flat countryside and collect in depressions.

AS BELGIUM APPEARS TODAY

Country's Condition as War-Torn and Barren as When the Armistice Was Signed.

Although small armies of men, mostly German prisoners, have been working nearly a year, devastated Belgium looks today just as barren and war-torn as when the armistice sent the German armies hurrying back into the distance from which they had come. So immense is the reclamation task before them, it is not noticeable that the workers have made any impression at all.

Ypres itself, a collection of ruins has hardly been touched. The debris has been swept from the streets and a lean-to station put up near the site of the old. A few restaurants have been reopened for tourists and relatives of fallen soldiers visiting the zone.

A small gantlet of postal card sellers and curio vendors forms regularly outside the station a few minutes before train time. Several livermen and garage owners do a fine business driving sightseers over the battlefields.

SALTS IF BACKACHE AND KIDNEYS HURT

Stop Eating Meat for a While if Your Bladder Is Troubling You.

When you wake up with backache and dull misery in the kidney region it generally means you have been eating too much meat, says a well-known authority. Meat forms uric acid which overworks the kidneys in their effort to filter it from the blood and they become sort of paralyzed and loggy. When your kidneys get sluggish and clog you must relieve them, like you relieve your bowels; removing all the body's urinous waste, else you have backache, sick headache, dizzy spells; your stomach sours, tongue is coated, and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine is cloudy, full of sediment, channels often get sore, water scalds and you are obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night.

Either consult a good, reliable physician at once or get from your pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to clean and stimulate sluggish kidneys, also to neutralize acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is a life saver for regular meat eaters. It is inexpensive, cannot injure and makes a delightful, effervescent lithia-water drink.—Adv.

Hasty Figuring.

"I took Professor Jiggs out for a ride in my car the other day."

"Yes?"

"He's fully as absent-minded as you said he was. He was thinking about something at the time we were riding and never once opened his mouth."

"I think I can explain that. He was probably counting the number of jolts you were giving him and calculating how much energy was wasted every time he was hurled into the air."

RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR.

To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and ¼ oz. of glycerine. Apply to the hair twice a week until it becomes the desired shade. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. It will gradually darken streaked, faded gray hair, and will make harsh hair soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off.—Adv.

The Reason.

"That supposed burglar-proof safe I bought for a bargain is a joke."

"Maybe that is why the crook cracked it."

How's This?

We offer \$100.00 for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. Sold by druggists for over forty years. Price 50c. Testimonials free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

God makes the pure air, but unless we breathe it freely it profiteth us nothing.

When fines fail to deter lawbreakers it is high time to try jail sentences.

WRIGLEYS

For mother, father, the boys and girls. It's the sweet for all ages—at work or play.

When you're nervous or tired, see how it refreshes!

The Flavor Lasts

SEALD TIGHT—KEPT RIGHT

London Tiring of the Dance.

London jazz band proprietors are somewhat gloomy just now, fearing that the dancing boom may not last much longer. One proprietor says that the men he sends out nightly return with very gloomy reports. The attendance is not so good recently in the suburbs, but in the West end proprietors of large dancing halls say the craze will last for at least five years.

Unjustly Accused.

Mamma—Bobby, why did you clean your shoes on this towel?

Bobby—Why, mamma, I only wiped my face and hands on it!

Half the troubles we complain of are troubles because we complain of them.

All Going Smoothly.

The chaplain came plodding along the road coming back from the front lines several hours after the infantry had gone over the top.

"How are things going up there?" inquired an artillery lieutenant.

"Fine, fine," said the chaplain. "We're knocking them for a goal."

"Haven't seen many prisoners," said the lieutenant skeptically.

"No, I guess you won't," replied the chaplain, "our machine guns haven't jammed all morning."—The Home Sector.

Too much "uplift" is keeping many people down.

Some men succeed in spite of themselves.



GOOD IDEA! Open your Lucky Strike package this way—tear off part of the top only.

Protects the Lucky Strike cigarette—a cigarette made of that delicious real Burley tobacco. It's toasted.

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