

**Mix in One Minute with Cold Water—Ready to Apply Immediately**

Let us tell you of the wonderful economy, simplicity and effectiveness of the Alabastine way of interior decoration.

The Alabastine way is simple in the extreme—You buy the Alabastine in the colors and quantities you require—it is mixed with cold water in a pail according to the directions on the package. There is no boiling water required; no glue to be added no unnecessary time. You can secure shades and tints that are individual with the Alabastine way by combining tints to produce a new shade. You need not use certain fixed colors unless you want to; and you can have an artistic color scheme on your walls entirely your own.

**Sanitary Beautiful Permanent Economical**

**Alabastine**

The Beautiful Wall Tint

What Alabastine is Alabastine is a clean, dry, sanitary, fine textured powder—ground to impalpable fineness—the colors and tints added—and then it is put up in packages.

Made and Used for 35 Years Alabastine has been used by hundreds of thousands of painters and decorators—by housekeepers and householders for thirty-five years with unqualified success.

Special Stencil Offer—Ordinarily stencils for border designs cost you from 50c to \$1.00 each. Our free book tells you how you can get the stencils you wish practically free of charge. Our color scheme cards suggest colors that harmonize for your rooms. Write for them today. Address:

THE ALABASTINE COMPANY  
383 Grandville Road  
Grand Rapids, Mich.

**The only Tool Needed to Apply**

**160 ACRE FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE**

**Three Hundred Million Bushel Crop in 1915**

Farmers pay for their land with one year's crop and prosperity was never so great.

Regarding Western Canada as a grain producer, a prominent business man says: "Canada's position today is sounder than ever. There is more wheat, more oats, more grain for feed, 20% more cattle than last year and more hogs. The war market in Europe needs our surplus. As for the wheat crop, it is marvelous and a monument of strength for business confidence to build upon, exceeding the most optimistic predictions."

**Wheat averaged in 1915 over 25 bushels per acre**  
**Oats averaged in 1915 over 45 bushels per acre**  
**Barley averaged in 1915 over 40 bushels per acre**

Prices are high, markets convenient, excellent land, low in price either improved or otherwise, ranging from \$12 to \$30 per acre. Free homestead lands are plentiful and not far from railway lines and convenient to good schools and churches. The climate is healthful.

There is no war tax on land, nor is there any conscription. For complete information as to best locations for settlement, reduced railroad rates and descriptive illustrated pamphlet, address Superintendent Immigration, Ottawa, or:

J. M. MacLACHLAN, Drawer 197, Waterdown, S. D.; W. V. BENNETT, Room 4, Bee Bldg., Omaha, Neb., and R. A. GARRETT, 511 Jackson St., St. Paul, Minn.  
Canadian Government Agents

**Exceeded Instructions.**

My little granddaughter was invited to lunch at a neighbor's. She is rather notional in her eating. On leaving I said to her: "Now, if there is anything put on your plate that you do not like, don't say anything. Just eat a little of it if you can, but make no remarks."

On her return she said: "Grandma, there was a dish that I don't like (beans). I didn't want the folks to know that I didn't like them, so I ate two dishes."—Exchange.

**Wise Youngster.**

Letitia and her six-year-old brother were ready to eat some lunch which had been placed on the table. Letitia said, "Who will ask the blessing?"

Loy looked at her seriously and then said his little prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray thee, Lord, my soul to keep," etc.

After he had finished Letitia said to him, "You are not going to bed, are you?"

"No," said Loy, "but it is better than saying nothing."

**FRECKLES**

Now is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots.

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as the prescription ointment—double strength—is guaranteed to remove them entirely.

Simply get an ounce of ointment—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little at night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength ointment, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.—Adv.

For a really fine coffee at a moderate price, drink Denison's Seminole Brand, 35c the lb., in sealed cans.

Only one merchant in each town sells Seminole. If your grocer isn't the one, write the Denison Coffee Co., Chicago, for a souvenir and the name of your Seminole dealer.

Buy the 3 lb. Canister Can for \$1.00.—Adv.

**Seasonable.**

Knicker—What is a pessimist?  
Boeker—A man who believes the snow always drifts on his side of the street.

**Throw Off Colds and Prevent Grip.**  
When you feel colds coming on, take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. It removes causes of colds and grip. Only One "BROMO QUININE" is G. W. GROV'S signature on box. See.

Some people think that discussing a thing is about the same as doing it.

Gold handed by a dentist is always at a premium.

Nailing a lie won't always keep it down.

**True.**

"It takes two to make a quarrel."  
"Yes, and very often it takes a jury to settle it."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the original little liver pills put up 40 years ago. They regulate liver and bowels.—Adv.

The United States last year imported 27,562,361 pounds of black and white pepper, valued at \$2,852,665.

There is nothing insignificant.

**Clean the Blood A NEW DISCOVERY**

"Anuric" is a recent discovery of Doctor Pierce, who is head of the Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y. Experiments at Dr. Pierce's Hospital for several years proved that "Anuric" is a wonderful eliminator of uric acid. For those easily recognized symptoms of inflammation—as backache, scalding urine and frequent urination, as well as sediment in the urine, or if uric acid in the blood has caused rheumatism, it is simply wonderful how surely "Anuric" acts; and in gravel and gout, invariably the pains and stiffness rapidly disappear.

The Mother (handing him the child, which seems to be a little more than two years old)—"Won't you hold Gottlieb a little while? I'll bring in the supper. Mother will soon be here."

The Soldier (takes the child, which begins at once to play with the buttons and braids of the uniform)—"Are you going to be a soldier, too, Gottlieb?"

The Child (nods eagerly and grasps after the whistle which hangs on the father's breast)—"Blow!"

The Soldier—When you are big you will have a fine uniform and a whistle and a horse!

The Child—Blow! Horse!

**TRANSFIGURATION.**

By Emil Locha.

The story which follows deserves a high place in the literature of the war. It is a piece of poetic symbolism, semidramatic in form. The dramatic representation of a dream is a popular literary device in Germany, and the inspiration for "Transfiguration" is undoubtedly to be found in Gerard Hauptmann's "Hannele's Himmelfahrt" and similar ventures of that order. Emil Locha is the author.

The statue of the woman descends as if she were coming from outside of the storm.

The Soldier—God greet you, mother! (He gives her his hand and helps her out of her mantle.)

The Mother—Is the child good? I have something pretty for him if he is good. (She gives him a wooden horse and wheels.) How much he looks like you! Your very image!

The Child—Horse! Horse!

A snow-covered woodland. In it stands a little chapel, open in front; in the half-darkened background a statue of the Madonna with the Child; to her right and left two saints, a man and a woman, all carved very simply out of wood. Their garments are a compromise between ordinary style and biblical tradition. A lamp hangs from the ceiling. At the entrance to the chapel stand two bushes of wild roses, whose stems shine red. It is snowing. Late afternoon.

A wounded soldier is led along by a comrade. He has not strength enough to drag himself farther.

The Soldier—Shall we be home soon, Brother?

The Soldier (hanging the whistle about the child's neck)—Now I will pull the horse and if he doesn't get up, you blow!

The Mother—Your uniform is so becoming. I love to look at you. Your father always looked so fine when he had his uniform on. But see that you become a sergeant, as he was! If you don't I shall be ashamed!

The Soldier—Don't be afraid, mother! I'll be one soon.

The Comrade.

The wife comes with a big soup bowl. The statue of the man has also come down from the pedestal. It is the Comrade. He lays aside his snowy cloak and appears in a spick and span uniform.

The Comrade—Greetings, all!

The Soldier—Leopold! How nice that you are here!

The Comrade—I'm off duty until tomorrow evening.

The Wife—There's a plate waiting for you. Just as if we had known you were coming.

The Comrade—Didn't you know that I was coming? (Suddenly in an altered tone, very solemnly)—Is that bacon there? (The lamp grows dim. Silence.)

The Soldier (standing up)—Yes, Bacon! I brought it with me. (Shudders.) From far, far away. You, you, comrade. (He brings the bacon from the bench, which now looks like a couch, and puts it on the table.)

The Wife—The lamp burns badly the evening. (She turns up; the room is again bright and comfortable.) What! Gottlieb! He has a horse and whistle.

The Comrade (lifting the child up)—Guess what I am going to give him.

The Child—Okoladi!

The Comrade—You little sly one, you'll be a minister some day. (He gives the child a piece of chocolate.)

The Wife—Wait until after the soup!

The Soldier—Is there anything to drink?

The Comrade—Still tea enough in the canteen. (He gives him a drink.)

The Soldier—Thank you, Brother. Will you stay with me?

The Comrade—I am going to the relief station. I cannot carry you by myself. And there—don't you see?—I leave my canteen near your hand. There is more tea in it. And here are bacon and bread if you want to eat.

The Soldier—You will not leave me alone?

The Soldier—Much work today?

The Comrade—Very easy. If it could only once get serious. Always to play at being soldier—that never satisfies anybody.

The Mother—Thank God, you only play at being soldier! You all don't know how terrible war is. We older people can tell you too much about that.

The Comrade—Oh, well, I'd like to get into the thick of it for once. Not always set us round and wait.

The Child—Okoladi!

The Wife—Now you get your chocolate from Uncle Leopold. But thank him first!

The Comrade—Beautiful, soft hair.

The Soldier—But, see here, Toni, isn't it better for me to bring somebody, so that you can be properly bandaged? We will have covering for you, and you will soon be in a soft, warm bed.

The Soldier (still holding the other's hand)—Brother, feel in my pocket.

The Comrade—In this one?

The Soldier—No; on the other side.

The Comrade—Here?

The Soldier—Yes, is my notebook there? Or have I lost it?

The Comrade—Oh, well, I'd like to get into the thick of it for once. Not always set us round and wait.

The Child—Okoladi!

The Wife—Now you get your chocolate from Uncle Leopold. But thank him first!

The Comrade—Don't spoil his pleasure by making him say thanks. He shall see whether he likes it.

The Child—Bacon!

The Comrade (suddenly standing up)—Is there more bacon here? (It becomes gloomier.)

The Soldier—Don't talk so!

The Comrade—I'll come right back. Are you cold?

The Soldier—A little.

The Comrade—Wait! I'll wrap you up in two coats—yours and mine. Now you will get warm again. And I'll bring you either wine or coffee.

The Soldier—Thank you, Brother! But you'll be cold!

The Comrade—Full run fast. That makes one warm. And at the relief station they will give me something to put on. So! Here is the tea—and, the bacon.

The Comrade—Friends, I must go. Out into the wood. God keep you all! (The Comrade disappears into the background, then returns.) I leave you my cloak there. So that you won't feel cold, brother. (He lays the cloak on the couch.)

The Soldier—I think you, brother; but here it is warm enough. (The Comrade disappears again.)

The Mother (getting up softly)—Farewell, my son! Sleep well, and may God protect you until now. And may it always go well with little Gottlieb! If some day he has a son, then may he also be protected when far from home! (She kisses the child, the wife and the soldier, takes her wrap and vanishes into the background. Silence.)

The wife holds the child to her breast and sings softly:

The Comrade—Must I stay here—all alone?

The Soldier—I thank you. Come back soon, won't you!

The Comrade—Certainly. God be with you! (He goes.)

The Soldier (calling)—Brother! (The comrade returns.)

The Soldier—Don't be angry!

The Comrade—Why, certainly not.

The Soldier—Tell me—you know my wife?

The Comrade—Yes.

The Soldier—Doesn't she look like the one up there holding the child? (pointing to the madonna.)

The Comrade—Very much. Do you want anything else? (The soldier shakes his head.)

The Comrade—Then I'll go, brother. (He disappears in the wood.)

The Soldier—Good luck to you!

The Soldier is lost in contemplation of the statue and makes no motion. It gets dark. Suddenly the chapel turns into a comfortable room; the chapel light into a brilliant lamp, hanging above a table already set. Four chairs are placed around the table. In the corner a fire burns in the stove. The background where the statues were becomes obscure.

**Germany's Milk Supply.**

Letter in New York World.

Does not seem appreciate that the press should at least look into a charitable propaganda before adopting it? Is it not simple justice to the public, which depends on guidance in humanitarian enterprises, that you should not permit yourself to be used in a cause which is palpable buncombe?

As to the agitation for milk to "feed the 3,000,000 starving babies of Germany." Sunday all the New York papers carried a story of a proposal to send a cargo of milk to Germany in a submarine. Articles of apparent serious import daily are seen referring to the possibility of United States and France combining to keep out of Germany a few cases of milk that may or may not be—generally are not—on board some neutral ship. Then we have goose-flesh horrors over the terrible suffering of the innocents which is to follow such barabarty.

What are the facts? I mean what are the facts as to the instigation of this palpable propaganda? The facts as to the American public? The facts as to the case in Germany are open and need but to be stated to expose the fraud.

Germany is an agricultural country. Hungary is agricultural, Austria is agricultural, Switzerland, Denmark and Bulgaria are, with the exception of Holland, Norway and Sweden, the greatest dairy countries in the world. Germany has access to all the supplies of milk that were ever available to her in time of peace. She not only has access to these sources of supply, but to those of Denmark and Bulgaria she has exclusive access, and to the supplies of Holland, the greatest of all producers, she has the easiest access of any consumer.

Now take the proposals of the propagandists. Three million babies would require at least 6,000,000 pounds of milk per day to alleviate their terrible suffering. Thirty thousand tons of milk are needed to feed these starving infants for one day. Now tens of thousands are the propagandists, who no doubt wish to take up a collection, propose to send a submarine load—two tons of powdered milk at most equivalent to 10 tons of milk—with the whole navy of the United States to see that it reaches the "3,000,000 little starving babies" as if this were a matter of the light. Stop some of this maudlin appeal to the unthinking.

New York, January 17. J. L. F.

The Comrade—Must I stay here—all alone?

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**What They Missed.**

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

Napoleon never voted the prohibition ticket.

Oliver Cromwell never rode in an automobile.

Jeane d'Arc never rode on the rear seat of a motorcycle.

Cleopatra never wore a union suit.

Julius Caesar could play anything but pinocle.

The Queen of Sheba never had to stand up in a street car.

Nero never tried to blow out the gas.

**Love Can Never End.**

The Soldier—Love can never end. It is beyond grief and death.

The Wife—And beyond tears.

The Soldier—If I ever die, you must be with me.

The Wife—We shall live always, you, I and our child.

She steps with the child into the shadows. Darkness becomes complete, except for the faint light of the hanging lamp. The chapel is again the same as at the beginning. The wild roses

**A Shade of Difference.**

From the Michigan Gargoyle.

"Willow, didn't I tell you not to play with that Wiggins boy?"

"I ain't playin' wit' him, I'm fighting wit' him."

**THE HOMELESS.**

From the Outlook.

There are houses full of conveniences and luxuries in which no one is at home; the men and women who live in them are homeless. To such men and women, as to the men and women to whom marriage is a mere social contract and the family a mere social arrangement, there is no going home, no refuge for the spirit, no place of understanding and vision. They are in the world as if they were homeless men and women; restless, discontented, and unhappy, and they are blind to the beauty of a life in which there is no going home.

**NO CONSCRIPTION IN CANADA**

No War Tax on Land—Embargo on Shipment of Live Stock Removed.

During the prevalence of the foot-and-mouth disease in some portions of the United States, an embargo was placed upon inter-state shipments. This also had an effect upon shipments to Canada, and necessarily an embargo was placed upon them, making it almost impossible for upwards of a year to ship cattle into Canada, from the United States. This was especially hard on the settler. As a result, Western Canada lost a number of settlers, they being unable to take their live stock with them. Canada is practically free from horse and cattle diseases, and the wish of the authorities is to keep it so.

Recently, though, an order has been issued by the Department of Agriculture, removing the embargo, and settlers are now free to take in the number of head of horses or cattle that are permitted by the Customs authorities and the freight regulations. This will be welcome news to those whose intention it is to move to Canada, taking with them stock that they have had in their possession for six months, and which it is the intention to use on land that they will farm in the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta.

There are thousands of splendid homesteads of 160 acres each in any of these provinces that may be had upon the payment of a ten-dollar entry fee and fulfilling the requisite living and cultivation duties. These lands are well adapted to the growing of all the small grains, and besides, having an abundance of grass, and sufficient shelter, they are well adapted to the raising of stock.

If one prepares to purchase land, there could be no better time than the present. Prices are low, and particulars may be had from any of the land companies, of which there are several, or from the Canadian Pacific and Canadian Northern railways, whose holdings are in the older settled districts, and whose terms are exceedingly easy to the settler. What these lands will do in the matter of production cannot be more strongly emphasized than in reading the reports of the crops throughout all parts of the Canadian West in 1915. Yields of 50, 60, and as high as 70 bushels of wheat to the acre were numerous, while reports of yields of from 30 to 45 bushels per acre were common. Oats as high as 130 bushels per acre are reported, 50 and 60 bushels per acre being ordinary. The prices realized by farmers have placed most of them on "easy street."

Lately there have appeared articles in a number of United States newspapers to the effect that there was conscription in Canada, or that such a law was likely to be put into effect. We have it from the highest authority in the Dominion that there is no truth in the statement. Sir Robert Borden at the opening of Canadian parliament on January 17th, said:

"In the first few months of the war I clearly stated that there would not be conscription in Canada. I repeat that statement today."

This statement should set at rest the conscription talk that has been so freely used to influence those who may be considering settling in Canada during the war.

It has also been said that there was a war tax on land. Hon. Dr. Roche, Minister of the Interior, over his own signature has denied this, and the premiers of the different provinces join in saying "such a report is absolutely untrue, and has no foundation whatever in fact, nor is there likely ever to be any such tax upon land in Canada."

The general prosperity of Western Canada farmers and business institutions is such that Canada is well able to take care of the extra war expenses without any direct war taxation. This has been well illustrated by the magnificent response to the Dominion Government's recent bond issue, which was more than doubly subscribed for within the first eight hours of its being offered to the public.

(The above appears as an advertisement and is paid for the Dominion Government which authorizes its publication.)

**The Reason.**

"It is queer you did not notice how the wind was howling last night."  
"So was the baby."

**Just So.**

"I am on the scent of success."  
"What are you doing?"  
"Raising onions."

**Not Gray Hairs but Tired Eyes.**

make us look older than we are. Keep your Eyes young and you will look young. After the Moving Murine Your Eyes. Don't tell your age. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, Sends Eye Book on request.

**A Compromise.**

"Would you class telephone operation as a profession?"  
"Isn't it a calling?"

**The Difference.**

"I'd like to get a mile away from a spoiled child."  
"I'd like to get a rod near him."

To oil automobile springs automatically there has been invented a lubricant holding pad to be strapped around them.