## **HUSBAND** OBJECTS TO OPERATION

Wife Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Des Moines, Iowa .- "Four years ago I was very sick and my life was nearly spent. The doctors stated that I would



never get well without an operation and that without it I would not live one year. My husband objected to any operation and got me some of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I took it and commenced

to get better and am now well, am stout and able to do my own housework. I can recommend the Vegetable Compound to any woman who is sick and run down as a wonderful strength and health restorer. My husband says I would have been in my grave ere this if it had not been for your Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. BLANCHE JEFFERson, 703 Lyon St., Des Moines, Iowa.

Before submitting to a surgical operation it is wise to try to build up the female system and cure its derangements with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; it has saved many women from surgical operations.

Write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for advice-it will be confidential.

Legal Day of Rest.

The New York court of appeals has given a decision sustaining the "oneday-rest-in-seven" law that meets the strong approval of progressively minded citizens. The following sentences are worth quoting: "We have no power of decision of the question whether it is the wisest and best way to offset these conditions and to give employees the protection which they need, even if we had any doubt on that subject. Our only inquiry must be whether the provision on its face seems reasonable, fair and appropriate, and whether it can fairly be believed that its natural consequences will be in the direction of the betterment of public health and welfare, and therefore that it is one which the state for its protection and advantage may enact and enforce."-Chicago Evening Post.

Tearful Note.

tell you how to find relief. Here's a case to guide you. And it's only one of thousands. Forty thousand American people are publicly praising Doan's Kidney Pills. Surely it is worth the while of any one who has a bad back, who feels tired, nervous and run-down, who and tread in the sure of the

who endures distressing urinary disorders, to give Doan's Kidney Pills a trial. A South Dakota Case

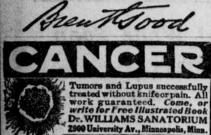
Mrs. O. Hanson, 158
Second St., Brook.
ings, S. D., says:
"For three or four
years I had spells of
kidney complaint and
last fall I suffered
the worst attack of
any. There were
two spots over my
kidney sort and ached
until I thought I
couldn't stand the
misery. The kidney
secretions were unnatural and caused
meno end of annoyance. After trying everything I knew
of without avail, I heard of Doan's
Kidney Pills. They improved my condition and continued use cured me. I
don't suffer now." A South Dakota Case

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box DOAN'S HIDNEY FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

The Army of Constipation ls Growing Smaller Every Day. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are

hot only give relief
— they permanently cure Constipation. Millions use
them for CARTERS

adigestion, Sick Headache, Sallow Skin. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE Genuine must bear Signature



ESIN A FEW DAYS RED operation—No pay urless cured. Write

## RUSSIA CRIPPLED BY HYPHENATED CITIZENS

Petrograd, Russia, Jan. 17.-The Russian ters, field marshals and governors in and foreign press have mentioned lately the German intrigues that are carried on to induce Russia to make separate peace, and special attention has been drawn to Mme. Vasilichikoff's mission from Vienna to Petrograd. In reality the arrival of this woman, who for the last 10 years has been living in Vienna was not very im-portant and ended in a complete fiasco because she addressed herself to Rodzianko, the president of the duma, an enthusiastic supporter of the war, who promptly in-formed the police of her mission.

But Mme, Vasilichikoff and the persons behind her—the court of Berlin is said to be as interested in her success as is the court of Vienna-did not wholly miscalculate, as in Russia, and especially in Petrograd, from the beginning of the war there has been a fairly strong party of high officials and aristocrats, in close touch with the court and ministers, who all the time are pleading for an immediate and separate peace with Germany.

Russia Has 5,000,000 Germans. Without speaking of a few archreaction aries and clericals whose direct influence on Russian business is not great, there is the powerful German nobility of Livonia and Courland, which for the last two centuries has played the greatest role in the bureaucratic and military organization of Russia. Besides, it must not be forgotten that Russia has nearly 5,000,000 Germans, who, with the exception of about 200,000 dissenters (Mennonites and others) in southern and southeastern Russia Transcaucasia, are all Germans in customs, anguage and sympathy.

These are even more pro-German and pro-fatherland than the Germans in the United States. The latter are citizens who in some towns and localities by their vote may have a certain influence and a few thousands may be ready to go to extreme measures to promote what they believe to be Germany's interests. But the American democracy is well able to deal with such cases.

Petrograd Under German Influence. Quite different is the condition in Rusof Peter the Great, and especially from the reign of the three empresses in the reign of the three empresses in the reign of the three empresses in the splendid patriotic work of the municipalities, high officialdom and ministers have life, high officialdom and ministers have the request of the reactionaries and put the request of the reactionaries and put the request of the reactionaries and put the request of the reaction arises are requested as a second representation of the results of the reaction arises are requested as a second representation of the reaction arises are requested as a second representation of the reaction arises are requested as a second representation of the reaction arises are requested as a second representation of the reaction arises are requested as a second representation of the reaction arises are requested as a second representation of the reaction arises are representation of the reaction arises are requested as a second representation of the reaction arises are requested as a second representation of the reaction arises are representation. life, high officialdom and ministers have life, high officialdom and ministers have the request of the reactionaries and potential personal provinces under the control of the local provinces under the control of the local provinces and police. present oppressive governor general), are governors and police.

some of the long list of German minis-

By Warlam Tcherkesoff, Special Correspondent of Chicago News.

Petrograd life always has been under German domination. Except for two short periods of liberal reform, at the begin-nings of the reigns of Alexander I and Alexander II, when English and French influence dominated, Russian education, in order to paralyze all fiberal aspirations, was modeled on the German system with its methods of crushing individuality and independence.

Germans, masters of Russian education, bureaucracy and court, have had their powerful influence on the whole Russian state machinery. When the war broke out they found themselves in a very awk-ward position, but they set to work at once to obtain a speedy peace and to par-alyze the awakening of the national spirit and the collective effort of the Russian nation, which has done such wonderful work under the guidance of Moscow and

German Influence Against Democracy. To obtain the support of the court and of high circles the German elements threw suspicion on the work of the towns and zemstvos and intimated that only a speedy peace could save autocracy from the demands of the awakening national spirit. The sowing of distrust against the nation has been successful. The ferspirit. mer minister of justice, Shekeglovitoff; the archbishop of Kiev; Dr. Dubrovin, eader of the ultrareactionaries, and Maklakoff, the former minister of the interior, publicly anathematized in the congress of eactionaries the work of Mescow and other towns and zemstvos, and called upon he minister to suppress it.
The deputy, Alexandroff, said to the

budget commission: "The war has taught much to the Russian people and now politics is discussed in the street. You ministers are afraid of public forces, of the unions of the towns and zemstvos, who during the terrible retreat of our troops came forward. not for a political fight, but in order to support our army, which had to retire. Instead of appealing to the nation, you followed the advice of former reactionary

ninisters." This reproach was well merited, as the

A fire is a great event in Japan. One would think that, inasmuch as the flimsy construction of the Japanese houses and their packing together make fires of almost daily occurrer.ce—in the cities, at any most daily occurred ce-in the cities, at any Germany keep the upper hand in this rate-fires would have lost a portion of matter of weapons and munitions. Al-

Presently the firemen came Presently the firemen came. They dashed in from all quarters of the city, dragging little hose carts painted red and flying white and red flags.

The hydrants in Yokohama are in manholes below the surface of the street. The firemen joined in the milling throng. They ran back and forth, too, and the spectators ran back and forth after them. There was much shouting and gestleulation. Every fireman, whether regular or volunteer, seemed to be a chief. They all gave orders that nobody obeyed, like a volunteer fire outfit in a country village at home.

home.

There was 10 or 15 minutes of this running back and forth and shouting by the firemen; then some tiny streams of water began to sprinkle on the fire. Also, a few big engines began to squirt. Meantime the firemen were paying no attention to the houses on fire, but were trying to keep other houses from burning. A few of them tore states from adjacent roofs and cast them indiscriminately into the crowd. Women with bundles of household belongings straggled out of the houses that might catch fire. More thousands came ings straggled out of the houses that might catch fire. More thousands came. For four blocks each way the streets were packed from wall to wall with excited people, all running back and forth, and all shouting.

The Essential of Sovereignty.

From the Kansas City Star. "You are no king at all," said the Earl of Salisbury to King Louis IX, of France.

een invaded. There are those who say that justice to all in allotment of food or the distribution of clothing and houses be free and be taken out or the fed of individual effort. But these do not see that justice is the very breath of society, or its life verest character.

blood. Then do not see that justice should be free in courts of law; and that, in the field of individual effort, it should be free in this parallel sense—that every man, woman, and child should enter the lists for food and shelter and clothing and happiness unhandicapped by conditions which he does not control.

The Russian Retreat

### The Russian Retreat. Charles Johnston in the North American Review.

Russia has no intention of letting rate-fires would have lost a portion of their novelty durin; the 10 or 15 centuries Japan has regularly been burning down. They have not, though. When the fire bell begins to toll the whole population goes to the fire.

I was in a jinrikisha in Yokohama, on my way to the railroad station, when I heard the clangor of a bell, and the coelle who was drawing me shouted: "Kwaji!" heard the clangor of a bell, and the coelle who was drawing me shouted: "Kwaji!" the wounded like that—and displayed strong evidences of breaking into a gallop.

"Sore wa nani desu ka?" I inquired politicly, remembering, from my phrase book—"What is that?"

"Kwaji!" he shouted—"Kwaji!"

And so it fell out that we went to the fire—the coolie, the jinrikisha and myself—road, a supply steadily increasing in The Texas onion crop will be 187,220 bushels short of the 1915 crop, though mate of the department of agriculture just made public here. The department predicts that the state will produce 1,935,972 bushels this year, about acreage of the state in 1915 was 8,943 and this year is 10,057.

A man who thinks the world is growing worse imagines he is growing better.

Thousands Tell If Why daily along with backache and biglings on them, pushing against them.

The Coole and the whole population goes to the fire.

I was in a jinrikisha in Yokohama, on my way to the railroad station, when I heard the clangor of a bell, and the coolie who was drawing me shounded like that—and displayed strong evidences of breaking in the Lapland coast, kept open all the year by the warm current of the gulf by war by the warm current of the gulf stram which bends round the north of Norway, and in process of being in a gallop.

"Kwaji!"—or what sounded like that—and displayed strong evidences of breaking in to a gallop.

"Kwaji!" he shouted—"Kwaji!"

A man who thinks the world is growing better.

The coolie galloped down one street and up another, and in 10 minutes I was in the midst of 20,000 people clad in every style of Japanese deres, and all running backine shops and factories of Russia berself, which are being pressed to the machine shops and factories of Russian chiefers in the shantles which were burning.

A man dashed wildly to one end of the street, elbowing people out of his way, stepping on them, pushing against them; stepping on them, pushing against them.

A man dashed whally to the chart street, elbowing people out of his way, stepping on them, pushing against them; and then he stopped emitted a wild screech and dashed back again. I say one man did that; in reality a thousand did it on each side of the four sides of the block in which the fire was unconcertedly and in a casual and unhampered manner, demolishing some small houses.

Other thousands—many of them—ran this way a few steps and that way a few steps and that way a few steps, all hy-ah-ing. Not a man stood still except my self, and I soon got away, for the Japanese, frenzied with exchement, were bumping into me from all sides.

Which lies in the lap of the gods.

A concluding word: Such is the retreat, as Russians see it. How, in their treat, as Russians see it. How, in their treat, as Russians see it. How, in their treat, as Russians see it. How, in their days provide men in Germany see it? What face does it bear to them, with the direct and face does it bear to them, with the direct face does it bear to them. supply of men is well nigh inexhaustible, while they themselves are near the bottom of the purse. Do they foresee already, with startling clarity, that their army of invasion has come to stay?—that the world war, as they prophesied, is really being decided on the eastern front, though not in the sense of their prophesies? If there men in Germany with genuine fore-sight and wisdom, I think they regard the retreat of Russia's armies with a dismay akin to terror.

The Fusiliers Marins.

Arthur Gleason, in the Century.
"These sailor lads thrive on from the Germans their nickname of 'Les demoiselles au pompon rouge.'
The saucy French of that has a touch The saucy French of the beyond any English rendering of 'the beyond any English rendering of 'the girls with the red pompon.' 'Les de-moiselles au pompon rouge' paints their picture at one stroke, for they thrust out the face of a youngster from under a rakish blue sailor hat, crowned with a fluffy red button, like a blue flower with a red bloom at its heart. I rarely saw an aging marin. There are no seasoned troops so boyish. I came to know their youthful throats. came to know their youthful throats. They wear open dickies, which expose the neck, full, hard, well rounded. The older troops, who go laggard to the spading, have beards that extend down the collar; but a boy has a smooth, clean neck, and these sailors have the throat of youth. We must once have had a such a race in our cow-boys and Texas rangers—level eyed, careless men who know no masters, only equals. The force of "Tou are no king at all," said the Earl of Salisbury to King Louis IX, of France. "Since you cannot enforce justice."

The enforcement of justice has been regarded always as the hall mark of sovereignty. There is really no other function of organized society than to see that justice is done between man and man, and between man and the state. Certainly, the ideal of justice and the fact of justice vary with varying times and civilizations. But the sovereign power (which may be a pure democracy) lacks sovereignty in just the degree that one man or set of men can take an unfair advantage of another. If a child does not get the pure air and food that is requisite to an equal chance for sfrength and life that any other child has, the reproach can rightly be made to "King People" that was made to Saint Louis: "You are no king at all, since you cannot enforce justice."

And so one could go up and down the line in that broader conception of justice. But even in the restricted sense of justice enforced in courts of law, the people is a king at all if they do not have the draw the collar; but a boy has a smooth, clean neck, full, hard, well rounded. The older troops, who go laggard to the spading, have beards that extend down the collar; but a boy has a smooth, clean neck, and the sex all-own the collar; but a boy has a smooth, clean neck, and the sex all-own the collar; but a boy has a smooth, clean neck, and the sex all-own the collar; but a boy has a smooth, clean neck, full, hard, well rounded. The older troops, who go laggard to the spading, have beards that extend down the collar; but a boy has a smooth, clean neck, and the spading, have beards that extend down the collar; but a boy has a smooth, clean neck, and the spading, have beards that extend down the collar; but a boy has a smooth, clean neck, and the spading, have beards that extend down the collar; but a boy has a such a race in our cow-boys and Texas rangers—level eyed, careless men who know no masters, only equals. The force of the form and the state. Ce

"What do you wish me to do?"
"Speak a good word for me."
"My friend, I'd do anything in my power for you. But if you realized how little influence I have with mother and the girls, you'd realize that you are playing mighty poor politics."

A German substitute for sole leather withstood six weeks' test of the se-

# THE GLOVED HAN

A Detective Story

By BURTON E. STEVENSON Author of "The Holladay Case," "The Marathon Mystery," "The Mystery of the Boule Cabinet," etc.

CHAPTER XXVII (Continued.)

Godfrey walked to it, picked up blotting book, which lay upon it, and turned over the leaves.

"Ah," he said, after a moment. "I was sure of it. Here is the final link. Have you a small hand mirror, Miss

Vaughan? She brought one from her toilet table

and handed it to him in evident as-

"What do you see in the mirror?" he asked, and held a page of the blotting book at an angle in front of it. Miss Vaughan uttered an exclama-tion of surprise, as she read the words

reflected there: Mr. Frederic Swain, 1010 Fifth Avenue New York City. If not at this address,

please try the Calumet club. ""Tall oaks from little acorns grow,"" quoted Godfrey, tossing the book back upon the desk. "But for the

fact that you blotted the envelope, Miss Vaughan, young Swain would never have been accused of murder." do not understand," she mur-

"Don't you see," he pointed out, "the one question which we have been unable to answer up to this moment has been this: how did Silva know you were going to meet Swain? He had to know it, and know it several hours be-fore the meeting, in order to have those finger prints ready. I concluded, at last, that there must be a blotting book and there it is."

Miss Vaughan stared at him. "You seem to be a very wonderful an!" she said.

Godfrey laughed.

"It is my every day business to reconstruct mysteries," he said. "Shall I reconstruct this one?"

"Please do!" she begged, and motioned us to be seated.

Godfrey's face was glowing with the sort of creative fire which, I imagine, illumines the poet's brow at the moment of inspiration. "Where did you first meet Silva?" he asked.

"In Paris." "What was he doing there?"

"He was practicing mysticism. My father went to consult him; he was much impressed by him, and they be-came very intimate."

"And Silva, of course, at once saw the possibilities of exploiting an imsely rich old man, whose mind was ng. So he comes here as his instructor in orientalism; he does some very marvelous things, by continued hypnosis, he gets your father completely under his control. He secures a promise of this estate and a great endowment; he causes your father to make a will in which these bequests are specially stated. Then he hesitates, for during his residence in this house, a new desire has been added to the old ones. It had not often been his the old ones. It had not often been his fortune to be thrown in daily contact with an innocent and beautiful girl, and he ends by falling in love with you. He knows of your love for Swain. He has caused Swain to be forbidden the house; but he finds you still indifferent. At last, by means of his own entreaties and your father's, he secures your consent to become nis disciple. He knows that, if once you consent to sit with him, he will, in the end, dominate your will, also.

"But you ask for three days' delay,

the blotter. He follows you into the grounds, he sees you throw the letter ever the wall, and suspects that you are calling Swain to your aid. More than that, Lester," he added, turning to me, "he saw you in the tree, and so kept up his midnight fireworks, on the off chance that you might be watch-

ing!"
"Yes; that explains that, too," I

agreed thoughtfully. "When he realizes that you are asking your lover's aid," Godfrey continued to Miss Vaughan, "a fiendish idea springs into his mind. If Swain answers the call, if he enters the grounds, he will separate him from you once for all by causing him to be found guilty of killing your father. He hastens back to the house, tears the leaf from the album of frager prints and prepares the rubber gloves. That night, he follows you when you leave the house; he overhears your talk in the arbor; and he finds that there is another reason than that of jealousy why he must act at once. If your father is found to be insane, the will drawn up only three days before will be invalid. Silva will lose everything—not only you, but the fortune already within his grasp.

"He hurries to the house and tells your father of the rendezvous. Your father rushes out and brings you back, after a bitter quarrel with Swain, which Silva has, of course, foreseen. You come up to your room; your father flings himself into his chair again. It is Silva who has followed you—who has purposely made a noise in order that you might think it was Swain. And he carries in his hand the blood soaked handkerchief which Swair dropped when he fled from the arbor.

"Up to this point," Godfrey went on, more slowly, "everything is clear—every detail fits every other detail perfectly. But, in the next step of the tragedy, one detail is uncertain—whose hand was it drew the cord around your father's throat? I am inclined to think it was Mahbub's. If Silva had done the deed, he would probably have chosen a method less oriental; but Mahbub even under hypnotic suggestion, would only in the way to which he was ustomed—with a noose. Parden "he added, quickly, as she shrank her chair, "I have forgotten accustomed-with into her chair, "I have forgotten how repellent this must be to you. I

have spoken brutally."
"Please go on," she murmured. "It is right that I should hear it. I can bear

"There is not much more to tell," said Godfrey, gently. "Whoever it was that drew the cord, it was Silva who moistened the glove from the blood-soaked handkerchief, made the marks upon your father's robe, and then dropped the handkerchief beside his chair. Then he returned softly to his room, closed the door, put away the glove, cleaned his hands, made sure that Mahbub was in his closet, took his place upon the divan, and waited. I

take my leave, but Miss Vaughan, her eyes shining, stopped me with a hand upon the sleeve.

"I should like to go with you, Mr. Lester," she said. "May I?"

The color deepened in her cheeks as she met my gaze, and I understood what was in her heart. So did God-

'I'll have my car around in 10 minutes," he said, and hastened away.
"I have only to put on my hat," said
Miss Vaughan, and I found her waiting for me in the library, when I en-tered it after arranging with Simmonds and Goldberger to appear with me in the Tombs court and join in

asking for Swain's release.

Godfrey's car came up the drive a moment later, and we were off.

The hour that followed was a silent one. Godfrey was a silent Godfrey was soon sufficiently occupied guilding the car through the tangle of traffic. Miss Vaughan leaned back in a corner of the tonneau lost in thought. It was just six days since I had seen her first, but those six days had left their mark upon her. Perhaps, in time, happiness would banish that shadow from her eyes, and that tremulousness from her lips. Every battle leaves if battle leaves it mark, even on the vic-tor; and the battle she had fought had been a desperate one. But, as I looked at her, she seemed more complete, more desirable than she had ever been; I

could only hope that Swain would measure up to her,
At last, we drew up before the grey stone building, whose barred windows and high wall marked the prison.

"Here we are," I said, and helped her to alight. her to alight.

Godfrey greeted the door keeper as an old friend, and, after a whispered word, we were allowed to pass. A guard showed us into the bare waiting room, and Godfrey hastened away to the worder. word,

to explain our errand to the warden.
"Won't you sit down?" I asked, but
my companion shook her head, with a
frightened little smile, and paced nervously up and down, her hands against her heart. How riotously it was beat-ing I could guess—with what hope,

what fear.

There was a quick step in the corridor, and she stood as if turned to

Then the door was flung open, and, with radiant face, she walked straight into the outstreached arms of the man who stood there. I heard her muffled sob, as the arms closed about her and she hid her face against his shoulder; then a hand was laid upon my sleeve. "Come along, Lester," said Godfrey, softly. "This case is ended!"

(The End.)

How the Submarine Fails.

Arthur H. Pollen, in the North American Review. The most questionable elment in the American program is the very large provision of submarines. Fifty fleet submarines and 85 coast submarines, which are to cost in all nearly \$80,000,-000 make a vast hole in the half bilion that it is proposed to spend. As it is in many respects the most striking, so in another it is the most difficult item

your consent to become his disciple. He knows that, if once you consent to sit with him, he will, in the end, dominate your will, also.

"But you ask for three days' delay, and this he grants. During every moment of those three days, he will keep you under surveillance. Almost at conce, he guesses at your plan, for you return to the house, you write a letter, and, the moment you leave your room, he enters it and sees the impression on the blatter. He follows:

The use of nets, of mines and of patrols—especially when assisted by air-craft—these at any focal point which submarines coming or going must pass, can do much to obstruct their passage

The highest submerged speed does not exceed the half-power speed of the

slowest warship.

The point is that if the ship is armed the submarine must keep submerged, and if it keeps submerged, and if it keeps submerged is low, its capacity to get within striking distance is very limited, and its weapon very uncertain. If the ship it intends to strike is both at speed and accompanied by de-stroyers or fast craft, the area of danger of the submarine and the intensity of the vigilance are increased, and the danger from submarines becomes altogether negligible.

"Distance Makes Heart Grow Fonder."

In the Woman's Home Companion appears an account of a husband who recently spent \$375 in travel. From the standpoint of culture the travel probably did not do him any good, but from it he gained one thing of importance a better appreciation of his home. Folan extract from article

'He and she had reached that state of mutual boredom that comes some-times to people who have lived too close together and known each other too well. It seemed before he left as too well. It seemed before he left as though they could not get on together, and she saw him leave without regret. But to her surprise the place seemed very lonesome after he had gone; and to his surprise he found himself roaming hotel corridors, restlessly, vaguely yearning for the companiship that had so long been his life. And when at last he came home it was to discover that his home was the neatest, her cooking the finest, and she herself the most beautiful woman in the world.
"We sometimes wish that the posi-

tion of 'traveling salesman' were not conferred on one man for life, but could be passed around, so that the lawyer, the doctor, and the preacher who have lived at home forever might each be separated from home at least once in a lifetime. It would add a wonderful freshness and zest to the comforts that

"Freedom of Seas" In Baltic.

too often become commonplace.

From the Springfield Republican. From the Springfield Republican.
One exasperation we have been spared because of distance is the mining of our coast. To appreciate the feelings of European neutrals we should imagine a fleet of mine sweepers having to go out from New York every day to clear the channels for shipping. Sweden has just undertaken this dangerous task in order to clear the outlet of the Baltic from the mines laid by the German navy which have blown up several Swedish ships, one of them in territorial Swedish waters.

Exporters of flour have little trouble think we know the rest. And now.

Lester," he added, turning to me, "we would better be getting to town. Remember, Swain is still in the Tombs."

"You are right," I said and rose to has been below contract grade,

## Look and Feel Clean, Sweet and Fresh Every Day

Drink a glass of real hot water before breakfast to wash out noisons.

Life is not merely to live, but to live well, eat well, digest well, work well, sleep well, look well. What a glorious condition to attain, and yet how very easy it is if one will only adopt the morning inside bath.

Folks who are accustomed to feel dull and heavy when they arise, splitting headache, stuffy from a cold, foul tongue, nasty breath, acid stomach, can, instead, feel as fresh as a daisy by opening the sluices of the system each morning and flushing out the whole of the internal poisonous stagnant matter.

Everyone, whether ailing, sick or well, should, each morning, before breakfast, drink a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it to wash from the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels the previous day's indigestible waste, sour bile and poisonous toxins; thus cleansing, sweetening and purifying the entire alimentary tract before putting more food into the stomach. The action of hot water and limestone phosphate on an empty stomach is wonderfully invigorating. It cleans out all the sour fermentations, gases, waste and acidity and gives one a splendid appetite for breakfast. While you are enjoying your breakfast the water and phosphate is quietly extracting a large volume of water from the blood and getting ready f a thorough flushing of all the inside organs.

The millions of people who are bothered with constipation, bilious spells. stomach trouble, rheumatism; others who have sallow skins, blood disorders and sickly complexions are urged to get a quarter pound of limestone phosphate from any store that handles drugs which will cost very little, but is sufficient to make anyone a pronounced crank on the subject of internal sanitation.-Adv.

Statistics on Baths.

In kinship to godliness, the Bronx eads. In estrangement from cleanliness, Manhattan goes farthest. So stated the reports of the sanitary bureau, submitted to the board of health. An inspection of all lodging houses except the municipal lodging house, where baths-alas for Manhattan lodgers-are compulsory, revealed the fact that Bronx lodgers faithfully take their daily baths; Brooklyn lodgers take one in five days; and Manhattan lodgers take one in eight days. There were 3,000 inspections.-New York Times

## SPEAKS UP FOR GANADA

And No Wonder-Renting His Land He Made \$8.50 Per Acre.

So many Americans now have personal knowledge of Canada that false reports concerning this country are being continually corrected by Americans themselves who know the facts, and who are too fair-minded to let a false statement go unchallenged. A case in point arises out of a statement supposed to be made by a resident of Alberta, and published recently in the Spokesman-Review, of Spokane, in which the condition of settlers in this country was painted in a very bad way indeed. The writer of this attack on Canada refused to let his name be known, so it can be taken for what it is worth, but Mr. S. L. Wallace, of N 4723 Crestline, Spokane, who lived for some years in Western Canada, came to the defense of the country in the following letter which was published in the Spokesman-Review of February 11, 1916:-

"To the Editor of the Spokesman-Review:

"In Sunday's Spokesman-Review was a letter from a man in Alberta to the chamber of commerce, asking that something be done to keep Americans from going to Canada, and saying that that government was run by the railroads, banks and manufacturers; that once a man got there he never could get away. Had this man published that letter over his own signature there is no coubt but he could get out of Canada.

No country will do as much to help a man to get on his feet, if he tries to help himself, as Canada. I know of the government helping people to provisions, feed, seed grain and fuel, and charging only cost of delivery to the nearest town and 6 per cent. What more could a man ask?

I lived five years in Southern Saskatchewan and earned a patent to 320 acres of as good land as I ever saw. I have raised over 80 bushels of oats on sod, 40 bushels of wheat, and 20 of flax to the acre. Until I lost my health I never was better satisfied anywhere. I had my land rented this last year for one-third. It brought me almost \$8.50 per acre, or \$1,143.91 for 135 acres.

This man says he loves the land his fathers died for. So do I, and I love the land that gave me my home. "S. L. WALLACE."

N4723 Crestline, Spokane.-Advertise ment.

The leap-year girl who proposes to a wine bibber wins if she loses.