

YOUNG WOMEN MAY AVOID PAIN

Need Only Trust to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, says Mrs. Kurtzweg.

Buffalo, N. Y.—"My daughter, whose picture is herewith, was much troubled with pains in her back and sides every month and they would sometimes be so bad that it would seem like acute inflammation of some organ. She read your advertisement in the newspapers and tried Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. She praises it highly as she has been relieved of all these pains by its use. All mothers should know of this remedy, and all young girls who suffer should try it."—Mrs. MATILDA KURTZWEG, 529 High St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Young women who are troubled with painful or irregular periods, backache, headache, dragging-down sensations, fainting spells or indigestion, should take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Thousands have been restored to health by this root and herb remedy.

If you know of any young woman who is sick and needs helpful advice, ask her to write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. Only women will receive her letter, and it will be held in strictest confidence.

CANCER

Tumors and Lupus successfully treated without knife or pain. All work guaranteed. Come, or write for Free Illustrated Book Dr. WILLIAMS SANATORIUM 2900 University Av., Minneapolis, Minn.

SIoux CITY Ptg. Co., No. 22-1916.

Two Dollars, Please. "What would you recommend for somnambulism, doctor?" "Well, you might try insomnia."

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE FOR THE TROOPS Many war zone hospitals have ordered Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder, for use among the troops. Shaken into the shoes and used in the foot-bath, Allen's Foot-Ease gives rest and comfort and makes walking a delight. Sold everywhere, 25c. Try it today, Adv.

Proof Wanted. Father sat in his study one afternoon writing out a speech, when his son called shrilly from the garden: "Dad! Look out of the window!" "What a nuisance children are at times!" grumbled the parent as he put down his pen and advanced to the window. With a half-smile he raised the sash and stuck forth his head. "Well, Harry, what is it?" he asked. The boy, from a group of youngsters, called out, "Dad, Tommy Perkins didn't believe that you had no hair on the top of your head."—Harper's Magazine.

Sorry She Spoke. Two girl friends met in the street and stopped to shake hands. "So glad to see you, Grace," said the tailor-made Alice. "Was just on my way to ask you, as my oldest friend, to be one of my bridesmaids." "Bridesmaids! How lovely! I did not know you were engaged," replied Grace. "It's sudden—very sudden; but he's awfully in love, and is just too lovely to live. Will you act?" "Act? Of course, I'll be charmed. But," moving forward and speaking in an undertone, "do come around the corner and tell me all about it. Here comes that idiotic, irrepressible donkey, Jim Berton. He's grinning as though he meant to stop, and I don't care to be seen talking to him." "Jim Berton! He's the man I'm going to marry!"

"He who has health has hope, And he who has hope has everything." (Arabian Proverb)

Sound health is largely a matter of proper food—which must include certain mineral elements best derived from the field grains, but lacking in many foods.

Grape-Nuts

made of whole wheat and malted barley, supplies all the rich nourishment of the grains, including their vital mineral salts—phosphate of potash, etc., most necessary for building and energizing the mental and physical forces.

"There's a Reason" Sold by Grocers everywhere.

The Heroes of '76. We are fortunate that we behold this day. The heavens bend benignly over us; the earth blossoms with renewed life; and our hearts beat joyfully together with one emotion of filial gratitude and patriotic exultation. Citizens of a great, free and prosperous country, we come hither to honor the men, our fathers, who, upon this spot and upon this day, a hundred years ago, struck the first blow in the contest which made that country independent. Here, beneath the hills they trod, by the peaceful river on whose shores they dwelt, amidst the fields that they sowed and reaped, proudly recalling their virtue and their valor, we come to tell their story, to try ourselves by their lofty standard to know if we are their worthy children; and, standing reverently where they stood and fought and died, to swear before God and each other, in the words of him upon whom in our day the spirit of the revolutionary fathers visibly descended, that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

The ancient town, with its neighbors who share its glory, has never failed to fitly commemorate this great day of its history. Fifty years ago, while some soldiers of the Concord fight were yet living; 25 years ago, while still a few venerable survivors lingered—with prayer and eloquence and song, you renewed the glorious vow. But the last living link with the revolution has long been broken. Great events and a mightier struggle have absorbed our own generation. Yet, we who stand here today have a sympathy with the men at the old North Bridge, which those who preceded us here at earlier celebrations could not have. With them war was a name and a tradition. So swift and vast had been the change, and the development of the country, that the revolutionary clash of arms was already vague and unreal, and Concord and Lexington seemed to them almost as remote and historic as Arbelo and Sempach. When they assembled to celebrate this day, they saw a little group of tottering forms, eyes, from which the light was fading, arms nerveless and withered, thin white hairs that fluttered in the wind; they saw a few venerable relics of a vanished age, whose memories, that, before living memory, they had been minute men of American independence. But with us how changed! War is no longer a tradition, half-romantic and obscure. It has ravaged how many of our homes! It has wrung how many of the hearts of our North and South, we know the pain. Our common liberty is consecrated by a common sorrow. We do not count around us a few feeble veterans of the contest; but we are girt with a cloud of witnesses. We are surrounded everywhere by multitudes in the vigor of their prime. Behold them here today, sharing in these pious and peaceful rites, the honored citizens, legislators, magistrates—yes, the chief magistrate of the republic—whose glory it is that they were minute men of American liberty and union. These men of today interpret to us with greater eloquence the men and the times we commemorate. Now, if never before, we understand the revolution. Now we know the secret of those old hearts and homes.

No royal governor, indeed, sits in your stately capital; no hostile fleet for many a year has vexed the waters of our coast; nor is any army but our own ever likely to tread our soil. Not such are our enemies today. They do not come proudly stepping to the drum beat, with bayonets flashing in the morning sun. But with reverent party spirit shall strain the ancient guarantees of freedom; or bigotry and ignorance shall lay their fatal hands upon education, or the arrogance of caste shall strike at equal rights, or corruption shall poison the very springs of national life; there, the minute men of liberty, are your Lexington, Green and Concord Bridge; and as you love your country and your kind, and would have your children rise up and call you blessed, spare not the enemy! Over the hills, out of the earth, down from the clouds, pour in resistless might. Fire from every rock and tree, from door and window, from hearthstone and chamber; hang upon his flank and rear from morn to sunset, and so, through a land blazing with holy indignation, hurl the hordes of ignorance and corruption and injustice back, back, in utter defeat.

George William Curtis.

Love of Country. In these days of rapid national growth, when the citizen of today is supplanted by the youth and franchised emigrant tomorrow; when 1,000,000 voters cast their ballots with no higher motive than compliance with a custom or the dictates of party benchesmen; when one-fourth of our benchmen; have no stronger ties of residence than avarice, whose strength varies with the financial fluctuations of the business world; when year by year our shores witness the restless spirits of other lands who acknowledge no higher authority than their own caprice; when so many of our youth are growing into manhood ignorant of everything save the means of licensed indulgence and frivolity our liberty affords; when, as partakers of the grandest political inheritance ever transmitted from one generation to another, we are all about to forget the fearful responsibilities thrust upon us in our acceptance of the blessings of liberty we enjoy, it is time to halt.

"Let us gather the fragments that nothing be lost, To tell the next ages what liberty cost." Let us teach the coming citizen that, next to the love of God—implanted at the mother's knee and cultivated by daily acts of piety and benevolence—is the love of country, its flag, the martyrs who tell in its defense, and last, but not least of all, an abiding faith in its institutions and an undying devotion to its peace, happiness and perpetuity. Let the examples of patriots, in deeds of heroism and self-sacrifice, be our theme of meditation and discussion. Let our literature gleam with the noble efforts, the grand achievements of those who gave their all that we, their children, might taste the sweets of freedom undisturbed. Let us realize that this grandest heritage of earth's martyrs came to us, not alone through the business tact and prudent foresight of our sires, but by years of toil and suffering, of cold and hunger, of want and privation, and by the generous sacrifice of precious blood; and that, though it be vouchsafed to us through blessings of a noble ancestry, its possession implies no permanence to an unworthy race. It is ours, not alone to enjoy, but to foster and protect; ours to purify from selfishness, vice and crime; ours to purify, exalt, ennoble; ours to prepare a dwelling place for the purest, fairest, best of earth's humanity. I. H. Brown.

History of Our Flag. The history of our glorious old flag is of exceeding interest, and brings back to us a throng of sacred and thrilling associations. The flag of St. Andrew was blue, charged with a white saltire or cross, in the form of the letter X, and was used in Scotland as early as the 11th century. The banner of St. George was white, charged with the red cross, and was used in England as early as the first part of the 14th century. By a royal proclamation, dated April 12, 1700, these two crosses were joined together upon the same banner, forming the ancient national flag of England.

It was not until Ireland, in 1801, was made a part of Great Britain, that the present national flag of England, so well known as the Union Jack was completed. But it was the ancient flag of the cross of St. Andrew, the banner of our American banner. Various other flags had indeed been raised at other times by our colonial ancestors. But they were not particularly associated with, or at least were not incorporated into and made a part of the destined Stars and Stripes.

It was after Washington had taken command of the first army of the revolution, at Cambridge, that he unfolded before them the new flag of 13 stripes of alternate red and white, having upon one of its corners the red and white cross which we see in the flag of Andrew, on a field of blue. And this was the standard which was borne into the city of Boston when it was evacuated by the British troops and was entered by the American army.

On the 14th day of June, 1777, it was resolved by congress, "That the flag of the 13 United States be 13 stripes, alternate red and white, and the union be 13 white stars in the blue field." This resolution was made public September 3, 1777, and the flag that was first made and used in pursuance of it was that which led the Americans to victory at Saratoga. Here the 13 stars were arranged in a circle, as we sometimes see them now, in order better to express the unity of the states.

In 1794, there having been two more new states added to the union, it was voted that the alternate stripes, as well as the circling stars, be 15 in number, and the flag, as thus altered and enlarged, was the one which was borne to the very hour of its birth in 1812. But it was thought that the flag would at length become too large if a new stripe should be added with every freshly admitted state. It was therefore enacted, in 1818, that a permanent return should be made to the original resolution, and that the number of stars should henceforth correspond to the growing number of states.

Thus the flag would symbolize the union as it might be at any given period of its history, and also as it was at the very hour of its birth. It was at the same time suggested that these stars, instead of being arranged in a circle, should be formed into a single star—a suggestion which we occasionally see adopted. In fine, no particular order seems now to be observed with respect to the position of the constellation. It is enough if only the whole number be there upon that azure field—the blue to be emblematical of perseverance, vigilance and justice, each star to signify the glory of the state it represents, and the whole to forever affirm a union that must be "one and inseparable."

What precious associations cluster around our flag! Not alone have our fathers set up this banner in the name of God over the well won battlefields of our revolution, but above the mists of Erie by Commodore Perry, just above the eve of his great naval victory—the same old flag which our great chieftain bore in triumph to the proud city of the Aztecs, and planted upon the hands raised in above the eternal regiments of ice in the Arctic seas and have set it up on the summits of the lofty mountains of the distant west.

Where has it not gone, the pride of its friends and the terror of its foes? What an effort, what seas has it not visited? Where has not an American citizen been able to stand beneath its guardian folds and defy the world? With what joy and exultation seamen and tourists have gazed upon its stars and stripes, read in it the history of the full sense of duty, received from it the full sense of sacrifice, and drawn from it the inspirations of patriotism! By it, how many have sworn fealty to their country!

What bursts of magnificent eloquence it has called forth from Webster and from Everett! What lyric strains of poetry, from Drake and Holmes! How many heroes its folds have covered in death! How many have lived for it, and how many have died for it! How many, living and dying, have said, in their enthusiastic exultation, that that young wounded sufferer in the streets of Baltimore, "Oh, the flag? The Stars and Stripes!" and, wherever that flag has gone it has been the herald of a better day—it has been the pledge of freedom, the banner of order, of civilization, and of Christianity. The enemies of mankind have hated it, and the enemies of mankind alone have trampled it to the earth. All who sigh for the triumph of truth and righteousness love and salute it. Rev. A. P. Putnam.

Our Centennial Celebration. Extract of a speech delivered by the Hon. Orestes Cleveland, at the closing of the preliminary session of the Centennial commission. Fellow Commissioners: When we were welcomed to Independence Hall, and again in visiting our Carpenters' hall, I was impressed with the grand and glorious memories clustering round about Philadelphia, all pointing with solemn significance to the occasion. May we not all prepare to celebrate, and we all have light and strength to appreciate that occasion as it approaches. No such family gathering has ever been known in the world's history, and we shall have passed away and been forgotten when the next one recedes. May we not all permit to rise up to the grandeur and importance of the work before us, so that the results and lessons of our labor may bless and last until our descendants shall celebrate in a similar manner the next centennial.

The grand and varied and marvelous results of inventive industry, from the world shall gather here, and it is fitting—for here, upon this continent, in this new country, under the fostering care of the wise and beneficent provisions of our patent laws, is the freest, in fact, the raucous, the libels are attached to such simple things as porridge, stewed cabbage and a mild, homebrewed refreshment.

At least, is to take a new departure, and we hope the effect will be felt also, in some measure, by every civilized nation. Here will be spread out before us the manufactures of Great Britain, the will be of all her power. From France will come articles of taste, of utility, exquisite in design and perfect in execution. From Russia, iron and leather no nation has yet learned to produce. From Berlin and Munich, artistic productions in iron and bronze. From Switzerland, her unequalled wood carvings and delicate watch work. From Bohemia shall come the perfection of glass blowing, and musical instruments from the Black Forest.

From the people of poor old Spain, to whose daring and public spirit nearly four centuries back we owe the possibilities of this hour, shall come the evidence of a foretime greatness, now unhappily faded away for the want of education amongst the mass of her people. From Nineveh and Pompeii the evidences of a buried past. The progress of the applied arts will be shown from all Europe. From China, her curious workmanship, the result of accumulated ingenuity reaching back beyond the time when history began. Matchless woodwork from Japan, and from far India her treasures rare, shall bring their gorgeous fabrics to diversify and stimulate our taste. The queen of the east, passing the Suez canal, shall cross the great deep and bow her turbid head to this young giant of the west, and he shall point her people to the source of his vast powers—the education of all her people.

One of our noted orators laid before us the other night such evidence as he could gather of the lost arts of the ancients, and he demands to know what we have to compensate for the loss. I claim that we have produced some things, even in this new country, worthy of that orator's notice. Instead of tearing open the bosom of mother earth with the root of a tree, that he may feed upon the bounties of nature, as the ancients did, we are covering rolls away with the perfection and grace of art itself from the polished moulding board of the Pittsburgh steel plow. Machinery casts abroad the seed and a reaping machine gathers the harvest. Whitney's cotton gin prepares the fiber; Lyall's positive motion boom takes the place of the old wheel, and a sewing machine fits the fabric for the use of man. What had the ancients, I demand to know, that could compensate them for the wants of the modern world? I do not speak of the American inventions; I speak of the general government to make the international exhibition known to other countries, to the end that all civilized people may meet with us in 1876 in friendly competition in the progress of the arts of peace. It is our duty now to arouse our own people to a sense of its great value. I know that we go out with our hearts full—let our minds be determined and our hands ready for the labor.

The Yankees in Battle. For courage and dash there is no parallel in history to the action of the Spanish admiral. He came, as he knew, to absolute destruction. There was one single hope. That was that the Spanish ship Cristobal Colon would steam faster than the American ship Brooklyn. The spectacle of two torpedo boat destroyers, paper shells, deliberately steaming out in broad daylight in the face of the fire of battle-ships, can only be described in one way. It was Spanish, and it was ordered by the Spanish General Blanco. The one may be said of the entire movement.

In contrast to the Spanish fashion was the cool, deliberate Yankee work. The American squadron was without sentiment apparently. The ships went at their Spanish opponents and literally tore them to pieces. Admiral Cervera was taken aboard the Iowa by the Gloucester, which had rescued him, and he was received with a full admiral's guard. The crew of the Iowa crowded aft over the turrets, half naked and black with powder, as Cervera crept over the side bareheaded. The crew cheered vociferously. The admiral submitted to the fun of a war with a grace that proclaimed him a thoroughbred. The officers of the Spanish ship Vizcaya said they simply could not hold their crews at the guns on account of the rapid fire poured into them. The decks were flooded with water from the fire hose, and the blood from the wounded made this a dark red. Fragments of bodies floated in this along the gun deck. Every instant the crack of exploding shells told of new havoc. The English ship, the Essex, was sent by the flagship to the help of the Iowa in the rescue of the Viscaya's crew. Her men saw a terrible sight. The flames, leaping out from the huge shot holes in the Viscaya's sides, licked up the decks, sizzling the flesh of the wounded who were being worked for help. Between the frequent explosions there came awful cries and groans from the men pinned below. This carnage was chiefly due to the rapidity of the American fire.

Two six-pounders 400 shells were fired in 50 minutes. In the tops the marines banged away with one-pounders, too excited to step back to duck as the shells whistled over them. One gunner of a secondary battery under a 12-inch gun was blinded by smoke and melted from the turret, and his crew were driven off, but sticking a wet handkerchief over his face, with holes cut for his eyes, he stuck to his gun. Finally, as the six-pounders were so close to the eight-inch turret as to make it impossible to stay there with safety, the men were ordered off, but before the big gun was fired, but they refused to leave. When the three-inch gun was fired, the concussion blew two men of the smaller gun's crew 10 feet from their guns and threw them to the deck as dead as posts. Back they went again, however, and were again blown away from their stations. Such bravery and such dogged determination under the heavy fire were of frequent occurrence on all the ships engaged.

Astronomers are already beginning to make plans for observing the total eclipse of the sun which will occur June 8, 1918. The path of totality extends diagonally across the whole United States, as the shadow, after crossing the North Pacific ocean, will enter the country in the neighborhood of Chehalis, Wash.; pass over Baker City, Ore.; Halley and Montpelier, Id.; Rock Springs, Wyo.; Steamboat Springs, Central City, Golden and Denver, Colo.; Lakin and Ashland, Kan.; Enid, Okla.; Jackson, Ark.; Orlando, Fla. Along the easterly part of the route the sun will be too near setting for the best observations.

Shahi, kaswa and kvass are the three staple dishes of the Russian peasant, yet death by choking is not inordinately frequent. In fact, the raucous libels are attached to such simple things as porridge, stewed cabbage and a mild, homebrewed refreshment.

Understood. "Strike three," said the umpire. "Batter up!" "Whaddye mean, out?" protested the batter. "Yuh big stiff, that last one was a mile outside." "You're fined ten dollars," said the umpire. "Do you understand that?" "Sure, I get you now. Money talks."

DON'T LOSE YOUR HAIR

Prevent it by Using Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Trial Free.

If your scalp is irritated, itching and burning and your hair dry and falling out in handfuls try the following treatment: touch spots of dandruff and itching with hot shampoo of Cuticura Soap. Absolutely nothing better. Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

A preferred creditor is one who is willing to wait until you get ready to settle.

The heires makes a poor investment when she purchases a title.

Rest Those Worn Nerves

Don't give up. When you feel all unstrung, when family cares seem too hard to bear, and backache, dizzy headaches and irregular kidney action mystify you, remember that such troubles often come from weak kidneys and it may be that you only need Doan's Kidney Pills to make you well. Don't delay. Profit by other people's experiences.

A South Dakota Case. Mrs. M. Cook, Sisseton, S. D., says: "Several years ago, I had a steady, dull ache in the small of my back. This was soon followed by terrible dizzy spells. If I tried to walk, I had one of these spells and staggered. My head ached a great deal, and the kidney secretions were irregular in passage. I used Doan's Kidney Pills and they completely cured me."

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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 of ointment—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots. Simply get an ounce of ointment—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it 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.

That's What. "What is an ultimatum, pa?" "It's when your mother says she wants a new hat."

Your Liver Is Clogged Up

That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts—Have No Appetite. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS will put you right in a few days. They do their duty. Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion and Sick Headache. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

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The Wheat Yield Tells the Story

of Western Canada's Rapid Progress

The heavy crops in Western Canada have caused new records to be made in the handling of grains by railroads. For, while the movement of these heavy shipments has been wonderfully rapid, the resources of the different roads, despite enlarged equipments and increased facilities, have been strained as never before, and previous records have thus been broken in all directions.

The largest Canadian wheat shipments through New York ever known are reported for the period up to October 15th, upwards of four and a quarter million bushels being exported in less than six weeks, and this was but the overflow of shipments to Montreal, through which point shipments were much larger than to New York.

Yields as high as 60 bushels of wheat per acre are reported from all parts of the country; while yields of 45 bushels per acre are common.

Thousands of American farmers have taken part in this wonderful production. Land prices are still low and free homestead lands are easily secured in good localities, convenient to churches, schools, markets, railways, etc.

There is no war tax on land and no conscription. Write for illustrated pamphlet, reduced railroad rates and other information to Superintendent Immigration, Ottawa, Canada.

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