

When Work Is Hard

That kidney troubles are so common is due to the strain put upon the kidneys in so many occupations, such as: Jarring and jolting on railroads, etc. Cramp and strain as in barbering, moulding, heavy lifting, etc. Exposure to changes of temperature in iron furnaces, refrigerators, etc. Dampness as in tanneries, quarries, mines, etc. Inhaling poisonous fumes in painting, printing and chemical shops. Doan's Kidney Pills are fine for strengthening weak kidneys.

An Iowa Case

O. W. Emery, retired farmer, West Des Moines, Iowa, says: "My back, so bad I couldn't get much rest and often had to be propped up with pillows. The pain was terrible and it seemed as if my kidneys were being torn loose. The kidney secretions were painful in passage and I lost weight until I was but a shadow of my former self. Doan's Kidney Pills restored me to good health and I haven't had any kidney trouble since."

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



Mr. Witz—"Do you know what's good for rats?"
Miss Stone—"Why, poison, of course."
Mr. Witz—"No, that would kill them—cheese."

Do you know what's good for a cough, throat and lung troubles, that will allay inflammation and insure a good night's sleep with free and easy expectoration in the morning? The answer always the same year after year. Is

Boschee's German Syrup

Soothing and healing to bronchial and throat irritation. 25c. and 75c. sizes all Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Your grandfather used it 51 years ago. Try it yourself and see how it stops a hacking cough like magic.

CANCER

and Tumors successfully treated (removed) without knife or pain. All work guaranteed. Come or write for free Sanatorium book. Dr. WILLIAMS' SANATORIUM, 1025 University Av., Minneapolis, Minn.

"ROUGH ON RATS" Ends Rats, Mice, Bugs

Half Starved Tramp Shod in Moccasins Is Elevated to the "Movies."

A man was strolling, or rather, cringing up Broadway the other afternoon, writes a New York correspondent of the Pittsburgh Dispatch. He had high cheek bones, black hair and wore moccasins. He had no overcoat and the collar of his thin sack coat was turned up about his neck and held with a hand blue with cold. Three men standing at the curb saw the man and noted his moccasined feet. "By George," said one, "there's a bit of luck. Go after him, Tony, and tell him to come over to the studio. He's down on his luck and we need an Indian." Tony pursued the shivering figure and told him about the chance at the studio. "Sure, I'll come," said the alleged redskin. "I look like one, but my name is Schwartz. A fellow gave me these moccasins, and I'd be willing to wear a chief's hat and a red blanket if it would keep me warm." And so another Indian went straight to the "movies."

Consequences.
"I notice that young man is settling down."
"Exactly, and the old man is settling up."
The Conebo, Shippo, Cococamo and Yahua tribes of Amazon Indians are still wearing clothes of grass.

Before Drinking Coffee, You Should Consider Whether Or Not It Is Harmful

"There's a Reason" for **Possum**

THE BEST MAN

By Grace Livingston Hill Lutz

Author of "Marcia Schuyler," "Dawn of the Morning," "Lo, Michael!" etc.

Philadelphia & London, J. B. Lippincott Company.

1914.

CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

"Why, I don't know. Couldn't we get along without announcements? You can explain to your intimate friends, and the others won't ever remember the name after a few months—we'll not be likely to meet many of them right away. I'll write to my chief and tell him informally leaving out the date entirely. He won't miss it. If we have announcements at all we needn't send them. We'll have a very hard time to see one any other way, or to notice the date. I think we can manage that matter. We'll talk it over with your—"

She hesitated and then smilingly added, "we'll talk it over with mother. How good it sounds to say that. I never knew my mother you know."

Celia nestled her hands in his and murmured, "Oh, I am so happy—so happy! But I don't understand how you got a wedding trip without telling your chief about our marriage."

"Easy as anything. He asked me if I would mind running across the water to attend to a matter for the service and tend to a matter for the service and said I might have extra time while there for a vacation. He never suspects that vacation is to be used as a wedding trip. I'll write him, or phone him the night we leave New York. He'll be glad to stay in the city two or three days to get this Holman matter settled, and then we can be off. In the meantime you can spend the time reconciling your mother to her new son. Do you think we'll have a very hard time explaining matters to her?"

"Not a bit," said Celia, gaily. "She never did like George. It was the only thing we ever disagreed about, my marrying him. She suspected all the time I wasn't happy and couldn't understand why I insisted on marrying him when I hadn't seen him for 10 years. She begged me to wait until he had been back in the country for a year or two, but he would not hear to such a thing and threatened to carry out his worst threat."

Gordon's heart suddenly contracted with righteous wrath over the cowardliness of the man who sought to gain his own ends by intimidating a woman, and this woman, so dear, so beautiful, so lovely in her nature. It seemed the heart beat in his breast as he blacked to have done what he did. He mentally resolved to search him out and bring him to justice as soon as he reached New York. It puzzled him to understand how easily he seemed to have abandoned his purpose. Perhaps after all he was more of a coward than he thought, and had not dared to remain in the country when he found that Celia had braved his wrath and married another man. He would find out about him and set the girl's heart at rest just as soon as possible, that any embarrassment at some future time might be avoided. Gordon stooped and kissed his wife again, a caress that seemed to promise all reparation for the past.

"There suddenly occurred to the two that trains did not wait for lovers loitering, and with one accord they went to work. Celia of course had very little preparation to make. Her trunk was probably in Chicago and would not be wired for. Gordon attended to that, the dress things, looking up the number of the checks and ordering back to New York by telegraph. Turning from the telephone he rang for the man and asked Celia to give the order for lunch while he got together some things as soon as possible, that any stay of several weeks would necessitate a little more baggage than he had taken to New York.

He went into the bedroom and began pulling out things to pack, but when she turned from giving her directions she found him standing in the bedroom doorway with an old-fashioned velvet jewel case in his hand which he had just taken from the little safe in his room. His face wore a wonderful tender light as if he had just discovered something precious.

"Dear," he said, "I wonder if you will care for these. They were mother's. Perhaps this ring will do until I can buy you a new one. See if it will fit you. It was my mother's."
Celia put out her hand with its wedding ring, the ring that he had put upon her finger at the altar, and he slipped the other jeweled one above it. It fitted perfectly.

"It is a beauty," breathed Celia, holding out her hand to admire it, and I would rather have it than a new one, your dear little mother!"

"There's not much else here but a little string of pearls and a pin or two. I have always kept them near me. Somehow they seemed like a link between me and mother. I was keeping them for—"

Her answering look was eloquent, and needed no words which was well, for Henry appeared at that moment to serve luncheon and remind his master that his train left in a little over two hours. There was no further time for sentiment.

And yet, these two, it seemed, could not be practical that day. They idled over their luncheon and dawdled over their packing, stopping to look at this and that picture or bit of crockery that Gordon had picked up in some of his travels; and Henry finally had to take things in his own hands, pack them off and send their baggage after them. Henry was a capable man and rejoiced to see the devotedness of his master and his new mistress, but he had a practical head and knew where his part came in.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The journey back to New York seemed all too brief for the two whose lives had just been blended so unexpectedly, and every mile was filled with a new and sweet discovery of delight in one another; and when they reached the city they rushed in on Mrs. Hathaway and the eager young Jeff like two children who had so much to tell they did not know where to begin.

But his mother gently reproved him "Hush, my son, let us hear the story." Celia sat quietly, watching her husband with pride, two bright spots of color on her cheeks, and her hand clasping each other tightly. She was hearing many details now that were new to her. Once more, when Gordon mentioned the dinner at Holman's Jeff interrupted with:

"Holman! Holman! Not J. P.? Why of course—we know him! Celia was one of the daughter's bridesmaids last spring! The old lynx! I always thought he was crooked! People hit a lot of things about him—"

"Jeff, dear, let us hear the story," again insisted his mother, and the story continued.

Gordon had been looking down as he talked. He dreaded to see their faces as the truth should dawn upon them but when he had told all he lifted honest eyes to the white faced mother and pleaded with her:

"Indeed, indeed, I hope you will believe me, that not until they laid your daughter's hand in mine did I know that I was supposed to be the bridegroom. I thought all the time he brother was the bridegroom. If I had not been so distraught, and trying so hard to think of ways to escape, I suppose I would have noticed that I was standing next to her, and that everything was peculiar about the whole matter but I didn't. And then when I suddenly knew that she and I were being married, what should I have done? Do you think I ought to have stopped the ceremony then and there and made a scene before all those people? What was the right thing to do? Suppose my commission had been entirely out of the question, and I had had no duty toward the government to go keep entirely quiet about myself, do you think I ought to have made a scene? Would you have wanted me to for your daughter's sake? Tell me, please," he insisted, gently.

And while she hesitated he added: "I did not mean to say anything during that first quarter of a second that I realized what was happening, and I tell you honestly I didn't know what was the right thing to do. It seemed awful for her sake to make a scene, and to tell you the truth, I worshipped her from the moment my eyes rested upon her. There was something sad and appealing as she looked at me that seemed to plead my very life to save her from trouble. Tell me, do you think I ought to have stopped the ceremony then at the first moment of my realization that I was being married?"

The mother's face had softened as she watched him and listened to his tender words about Celia, and now she answered gently:

"I am not sure—perhaps not! It was a very grave question to face. I don't know that I can blame you for doing nothing. It would have been terrible for her and us and everybody and have made it all so public. Oh, I think you did right not to do anything public—perhaps—and yet—it is terrible to me to think you have been forced to marry my daughter in that way. Please don't say forced, mother," said Gordon laying both hands earnestly upon hers and looking into her eyes. "I tell you one thing that held me back from doing anything was that I so earnestly desired that I was being loving through might be real and lasting. I have never seen one like her before. I know that if the mistake had been righted and she had passed out of my life I should never have felt the same again. I am glad with all my heart that she is mine—and mother—I think she is glad, too!"

The mother turned toward her daughter, and Celia with stary eyes came and knelt before them, and laid her hands in the hands of her husband, saying with ringing voice:

"Yes, dear little mother, I am gladder than I ever was before in my life."

And kneeling thus, with her husband's arm about her, her face against his shoulder, and both her hands clasped in his, she told her mother about the torture that George Hayne had put her through, until the mother turned white with horror at what her beloved and cherished child had been enduring, and the brother got up and stormed across the floor, vowing vengeance on the luckless head of poor George Hayne.

Then after the mother had given her blessing to the two, and Jeff had added an original one of his own, there was the whole story of the eventful wedding trip. All which they told by solos and choruses until the hour grew alarmingly late and the mother suddenly sent them all off to bed.

The next few days were both busy and happy ones for the two. They went to the hospital and gladdened the life of the little child, who had been so toys and many promises; and they brought home a happy white dog from his boarding place, whom Jeff adopted as his own. Gordon had a trying hour or two at court with his one time host, the second who had stolen the cipher message and the third man, who had at him from a cell window as he passed along the corridor of the prison whither he had gone in search of George Hayne.

Gordon in his search for the lost bridegroom for many reasons had desired to find as soon as possible, he had asked the help of one of the men at work on the Holman case, in searching for a certain George Hayne who needed very much to be brought to justice.

"Oh, you won't have to search for him," declared the man with a smile. "He's safely landed in prison three days ago. He was caught as neatly as rolling off a log by the son of the man whose name he forged several years ago. It was not money of the buckle is so long after the side. The strap fastens under the shoe. Box cloth is the material; preferable colors gray and light tan. The garters are leather bound and have what is known as the waving top—higher in the back than in the front. They come in sets. They are combined with fur—sealskin the favorite. There is the close fitting hat which resembles the stove pipe; the pointed cape with the chin-chin collar, and the quaint hand bag."

Some Hints About the Fashions.
Grace Margaret Gould, the fashion editor of the Woman's Home Companion, says in the January issue: "Afternoon tea veils are the loveliest ever! They are black mesh, some embroidered in gold threads and others in gray worsted. The embroidered portion is draped over the hat, really forming a fascinating hat trimming. In the latest gaiters the buckle is so longer at the side. The strap fastens under the shoe. Box cloth is the material; preferable colors gray and light tan. The garters are leather bound and have what is known as the waving top—higher in the back than in the front. They come in sets. They are combined with fur—sealskin the favorite. There is the close fitting hat which resembles the stove pipe; the pointed cape with the chin-chin collar, and the quaint hand bag."

TESTS FOR GOOD BREAD.
Salt is used for flavor. Americans demand salt in all starchy foods. Too much salt retards the growth of yeast. The proportions are as important as the ingredients. Too much flour or too little water gives a coarse, crumbly, dark and tasteless bread. Too little flour or too much water gives a soggy, dark, flat bread. Too much yeast gives a "yeasty" taste, while too little yeast will not raise the bread sufficiently. Too much fat or sugar have about the same effect as too much flour. Any one in excess gives a dense dough in which the yeast finds difficulty in growing. We say "the bread doesn't rise well."

"Dear," he said, as he arranged her steamer rug more comfortably about her, "has it occurred to you that you are probably the only bride who ever married the best man at her wedding?" Celia smiled appreciatively, and after a minute replied mischievously: "I suppose every bride thinks her husband is the best man."

(THE END.)

AMERICAN GIRL MAKES HER BOW IN FRENCH DRAMA



Miss Katherine Rush.

Miss Katherine Rush, the daughter of Captain Rush, U. S. N., has invaded the difficult field of the French drama by becoming a member of the Theater Francaise company, at the Garrick theater, New York. Miss Rush has already created several small parts and she is now appearing, in support of Miss Yvonne Garrick in "Petachon." She was educated in France, Italy and Germany and speaks all three languages fluently. She spent five years in Paris, part of which time she devoted to the study of dramatic art.

City Wealth a Menace.

From the Chicago Tribune.
Ten families own a very large part of Chicago real estate. Five families control—and are supported by enormous and holdings. One estate owns 4 per cent of all Chicago real estate. Each year sees additions to the holdings of those estates. During 1916 more than \$1,000,000 worth of land, the best land for commercial purposes, was added to them. Between these 10 families most loop property is monopolized. The 10 families themselves are scattered all over the world. Few members of them personally care for anything in Chicago. They are able, because Chicago is a profitable and prosperous enterprise, to build palaces abroad. They can buy peaches if they like. They can live in California or Florida, or England or Italy. They can forget all about Chicago.

Large fortunes in the hands of men who live in Chicago and work in Chicago are not especially dangerous. The interests of such men run parallel with the interests of the city. Their personal happiness depends somewhat on their relations with less pecunious Chicagoans.

But the beneficiaries of "estates" do not have to come into contact with Chicago opinion at all. They are out of reach. So long as the checks continue to arrive and the coupons are paid at the banks, they are not aware of Chicago one way or another. Their estates are enormous impersonal things. They are operated in the interests of Chicago only as the interests of Chicago are profitable to them. And Chicago is in their hands.

Every other city in the United States is faced with the same problem. New York tenements build palaces for owners on the English Astor estate, contributors to English war funds, buy peaches. New York society supports a pillar of English society and gets snubbed in return. There is a way out for Chicago and for New York. We must impose an inheritance tax so graduated that no family or group of families can ever accumulate so much property as to destroy the fact of our republic.

Unbreakable Windows.
Repeated coats of raw or boiled linseed oil applied to a newly meshed wire fabric will give a good substitute for window glass. The wire may be used for many purposes, and is especially good where glass might easily be broken. The fabric may be dipped in the oil instead of applying it with a brush.

CUTICURA COMPLEXIONS
Are Usually Remarkably Soft and Clear—Trial Free.
Make Cuticura Soap your every-day toilet Soap, and assist it now and then as needed by touches of Cuticura Ointment to soften, soothe and heal. Nothing better to make the complexion clear, scalp free from dandruff and hands soft and white.
Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postpaid, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Justification.
"Jinks drinks like a fish."
"Why, I thought he was strictly temperate."
"So he is, but then fishes, you know never drink anything but water."
Garfield Tea Was your Grandmother's Remedy for every stomach and intestinal ill. This good old-fashioned herb home remedy for constipation, stomach ills and other derangements of the system so prevalent these days is in even greater favor as a family medicine than in your grandmother's day.—Adv.
A plank road in portable parts is being laid in the California deserts for economy and convenience.
Pimples, boils, eruptions, dry up and disappear with Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. In tablets or liquid.—Adv.
A scamp which also a scab has been invented by a man in Mobile, Ala.

OPPORTUNITIES THAT ARE MISSED

Why Wait? Why Not Go to Western Canada Now?

The writer has frequently heard the remark that "after the war we will go to Western Canada." It does not occur to those making the remark that if they wish to secure lands in Western Canada, whether by homestead or purchase, the best time to go is now. After the war the welcome will be just as hearty as ever, but the chances are that land values will increase and today homesteads are plentiful and land is reasonable in price. There is no question about what the land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta will do, what it will give under proper cultivation.

Farmers in Western Canada are paying for their land holdings with the proceeds of last year's crop. That this is no idle statement may be gleaned from the three following items, which are picked out at random:

"In the spring of 1916 a half-section of land was offered for sale at \$17.00 per acre. There were 105 acres of summer-fallow, which, because the owner could not at the time find a buyer, were seeded to wheat. A yield of 40 bushels per acre, 4,200 bushels all told, grading No. 1, was obtained. The price the day the grain was sold (which was very early in the season, before grain prices advanced) to round about \$2.00, was \$1.60, which brought the handsome total of \$6,720.00. Three hundred and twenty acres at \$17.00 equals \$5,440.00, so that a buyer, by placing less than half of the whole under crop, would have made a profit of \$1,280.00."—Robson Messenger, Robson, Sask.

"That the 'Indiana Boys' farm this year raised sufficient crop to pay for the land, all the machinery and all overhead expenses as well as make a handsome profit, is the information given by N. B. Davis, the manager. The wheat yield was over 23,000 bushels. Of twelve cars already sold, nine graded No. 1, and Mr. Davis has sold over 2,000 bushels locally for seed at \$2.00. Naturally, when he gets to Indiana he will be a big booster for Alberta."—Bassano Mail, Bassano, Alta.

"Oscar Castalar, who bought land at Blusson after the crop had been put in last spring, for \$3,800.00, has threshed 3,900 bushels of wheat, which is worth at present prices about \$7,500.00. He refused an offer of \$5,000.00 for the land after the crop had been taken off."—Rethbridge Herald, Lethbridge, Alta.

Reports from the wheat fields are highly encouraging and show that the wheat crop of many farmers in Western Canada was highly satisfactory.

Colden, Sask.—W. A. Rose has threshed an average of 33 bushels per acre and \$3 bushels of oats.

Gleichen, Alberta.—Up to date 237,312 bushels of grain have been received by local elevators, of which nearly 180,000 bushels were wheat. Seventy-one cars of grain have already been shipped.

Stoop Creek, Sask.—James McTear has threshed 5,400 bushels of grain, 2,000 bushels of which were wheat, grading No. 1 Northern. One field averaged 44 bushels per acre, and a large field of oats averaged \$3 bushels.

If information as to the best location is required, it will be gladly furnished by any Canadian Government Agent, whose advertisement appears elsewhere.—Advertisement.