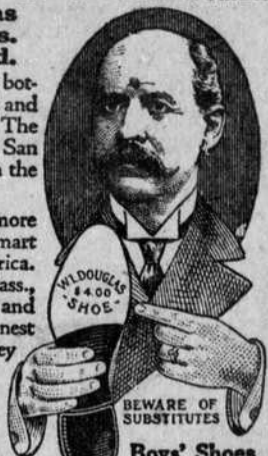


W. L. DOUGLAS

"THE SHOE THAT HOLDS ITS SHAPE"
\$3 \$3.50 \$4 \$4.50 \$5 \$6 \$7 & \$8 FOR MEN AND WOMEN
 Save Money by Wearing W. L. Douglas shoes. For sale by over 9000 shoe dealers. The Best Known Shoes in the World.
 W. L. Douglas name and the retail price is stamped on the bottom of all shoes at the factory. The value is guaranteed and the wearer protected against high prices for inferior shoes. The retail prices are the same everywhere. They cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York. They are always worth the price paid for them.
 The quality of W. L. Douglas shoes is guaranteed by more than 40 years experience in making fine shoes. The smart styles are the leaders in the Fashion Centres of America. They are made in a well-equipped factory at Brockton, Mass., by the highest paid, skilled shoemakers, under the direction and supervision of experienced men, all working with an honest determination to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy.
 Ask your shoe dealer for W. L. Douglas shoes. If he cannot supply you with the kind you want, write for interesting booklet explaining how to get shoes of the highest standard of quality for the price, by return mail, postage free.
LOOK FOR W. L. Douglas name and the retail price stamped on the bottom.
 W. L. Douglas \$3.00 \$2.50 & \$2.00
 President W. L. Douglas Shoe Co., 185 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.



Raise High Priced Wheat on Fertile Canadian Soil

Canada extends to you a hearty invitation to settle on her FREE Homestead lands of 160 acres each or secure some of the low priced lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. This year wheat is higher but Canadian land just as cheap, so the opportunity is more attractive than ever. Canada wants you to help feed the world by tilling some of her fertile soil—land similar to that which during many years has averaged 20 to 45 bushels of wheat to the acre. Think of the money you can make with wheat around \$2 a bushel and land so easy to get. Wonderful yields also of Oats, Barley and Flax. Mixed farming in Western Canada is as profitable an industry as grain growing.
 The Government this year is asking farmers to put increased acreage into grain. There is a great demand for farm labor to replace the many young men who have volunteered for service. The climate is healthful and agreeable, railway facilities excellent, good schools and churches convenient. Write for literature as to reduced railway rates to Sup't. of Immigration, Ottawa, Can., or to
 M. J. Johnston, Drawer 197, Waterville, S. D.
 W. V. Bennett, Room 4, Bee Building, Omaha, Neb., and R. A. Garrett, 311 Jackson Street, St. Paul, Minn.
 Canadian Government Agents

Small Pill
 Small Dose
 Small Price

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

FOR CONSTIPATION
 have stood the test of time. Purely vegetable. Wonderfully quick to banish biliousness, headache, indigestion and to clear up a bad complexion.
 Genuine bears signature
Brewster's

PALE FACES
 Generally indicate a lack of iron in the blood
Carter's Iron Pills
 Will help this condition

DAISY FLY KILLER
 placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies. Neat, clean, ornamental, convenient, cheap. Lasts all season. Made of metal, can't spill or slip over; will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. Sold by dealers, or 6 sent by express prepaid for \$1.00.
 HAROLD SOMERS, 150 DE KALE AVE., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

FLORIDA OIL Invest with owners: 2,000 acres lease; entire drilling outfit paid for; need money to drill. Fine prospects; big operators drilling. Write Fitzgerald Pecos Claim Agency, Indianapolis, Ind.

PENSIONS Widows! New laws. Regulars. State Militia. Indian War Soldiers. Write Fitzgerald Pecos Claim Agency, Indianapolis, Ind.

SIoux CITY PTC. CO., No. 21-1917.

Indeed They Do!
 Little Willie, although not much of a singer, has the spirit all right. He was rendering an especially erratic version of "Columbia, Gem of the Ocean," the other evening, and an entirely new, though suitable, interpretation of the words of the song. He began:
 "O Columbia, gem of the ocean,
 The home of the brave and the free—"
 The listeners withstood several painful lines of this and there wasn't a break.
 "A world offers homage to thee," he screamed.
 Then came the triumph of the song:
 "Thy banners make Germany tremble."
 And the little group of listeners broke out into cheers.—Indianapolis News.

Encouraging Outlook.
 "Well, old man, how are you getting along with your poultry raising? making expenses?"
 "Not yet; but my hens have taken to eating their own eggs, so I hope that they will soon become self-supporting."

How lucky some men would be if they should lose their reputations!

Bearing part of our neighbors' cares makes our own load lighter.

After the Murine is for Tired Eyes.
 Red Eyes—Sore Eyes—Itchy Eyes—Granulated Eyelids. Rest—Refreshes—Restores. Murine is the favorite treatment for eyes that feel dry and smart. Give your eyes as much of your loving care as your teeth and with the same regularity. **CARE FOR THEM. YOU CANNOT BUY NEW EYES!** Sold at Drug and Optical Stores or by Mail. Ask Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, for Free Book.

UNCLE WIGGLY AND NANNIE'S PAINTS.

Uncle Wiggly Longears, the rabbit gentleman, had been out for a ride in his automobile, looking for an adventure one day, when he stopped behind a green, mossy log in the woods, while his machine took a drink of water from a bubbling spring. All of a sudden the bunny rabbit gentleman heard some one saying:
 "Oh, dear! I never can get it right! It's worse than ever! I'm going to tear it up!"
 "Ha! That sounds as though some one were sort of peeved and in trouble," said Uncle Wiggly to himself. "I must see who it is, and if I can help them," for you know Mr. Longears, as I call him when I want to be stiff and formal like, was always trying to help some one.

So the bunny rabbit gentleman pecked over the top of the log, and on the other side he saw Nannie Wartall, the little goat girl, painting a picture. Or as least Nannie was trying to paint one.
 Now it may seem queer to you, to speak of a goat girl drawing a picture, but I do assure you it can be done. Nannie had a little tin box of paints, such as she and the other animal girls used in the hollow stump school, where they were taught by the mouse lady. And for a brush, Nannie had tied a piece of her hair ribbon around the little bunch of whiskers that grew on her chin, and this made a very proper brush, indeed.

Nannie would dip her chin-brush in the water of the spring at which Uncle Wiggly's automobile had taken a drink, and then Nannie would rub her whiskers on some red, green, yellow or pink paint—whatever color she wanted to see. Then she would rub her whiskery paint brush on a piece of white paper she had fastened to a free with sticky pine gum, and in this way she could really paint a pretty picture.

"At least that's what I'm trying to do," said Nannie when Uncle Wiggly looked over the top of the log and asked her what was the matter. "But, oh, dear!" cried Nannie, "I can't make it come right!"
 "What's wrong?" asked Uncle Wiggly, looking at the picture which was partly finished. "It seems to me to be very nice indeed."

"Oh, but it isn't at all," said Nannie. "I've made the tree pink, instead of brown, and the sky is black instead of being blue, and the leaves and grass are purple when they should be green."
 "You see," she went on, "my chin whisker brush is so short that I can't get everything wrong. The lady mouse teacher told me to take my paper in the woods and paint what I saw, but this picture looks like a sunset turned upside down. All the colors are wrong. Oh, dear! What shall I do?"

"I wonder if I could help," said Uncle Wiggly. So he made a brush of a bunch of grass tied on a stick, and he tried to make Nannie's painting better, but the old gentleman rabbit had forgotten his spectacles, and he made the grass blue, the sky green and the trees pink, spotted with lollypop color.

"Is it any better, Nannie?" asked the bunny.
 "Well, a little, I guess," said the goat girl, not wanting to make Uncle Wiggly feel any. "But it isn't just right yet. Oh, dear! There's no use of me trying to paint, I'll never be an artist! All I can do is to wash dishes and sew buttons on Billie's coat!"

"Well, that's a very good thing to do," said Uncle Wiggly. "Not all of us get on buttons, and that's just as useful as painting. But take your paints and come with me. Maybe we'll find some use for your pretty colors after all. No matter if you do get the wrong ones on the sky and trees, they are bright and jolly, and that's something."

So the rabbit gentleman took Nannie and her box of paints for a ride in his automobile, and pretty soon they came to a little house in the woods.
 Oh, it was a very old and shabby old house, indeed, sort of dark brown and moldy, and it gave one the figlets to look at it, and the doodle-oodleums, too.

"Who lives there?" asked Uncle Wiggly of a busy little bee lady who was gathering honey.
 "Oh, an old fox man, as cross as two sticks and a scuttle of coal," was the answer. "He's cross and mean and always unhappy."

"No wonder! Living in such a colorless hole," said the busy gentleman.
 "Quick, Nannie!" he called. "I have a plan! Take your box of paints and splash them on this house. Use your brightest colors—pink, green, yellow, red, blue, purple, white and spotted. Dash all your pretty paints all over this dull, dreary, brown house!"

So Nannie did this, painting the chimney a bright red, the shutters blue, the porch pink, the back steps green, and so on, until she had used up all the paints in her box. And when the house was finished it looked like two bright sunsets stirred into one with a scrambled egg beater.

And then, along came the cross old fox man, sort of grumbling and growling and saying:
 "What's the use of living! I can't dance, my teeth are almost gone and I can't chew gum, nobody loves me and—"
 Just then he caught sight of his pink, green, blue, yellow, red and purple house. The sun shone on its bravely and brightly, and a breeze from the trees on the face of the fox until he just had to smile, though he didn't want to, and he cried:
 "Oh, joy! Some good fairy must have made my house over for me! Now I feel so happy! Whoop! Whoop!" And he danced a fox trot then and there.

"See, your paint did some good after all, Nannie," said Uncle Wiggly, where he and the goat girl were hidden behind the bushes, waiting to see what would happen. "You have made the fox happy!"
 "I'm glad," said Nannie, and the next day she learned in the hollow stump school to paint a fine picture of a rose. So this teaches us if we can't do one thing we should try to do another. And if the dining room table doesn't stand on its head and make the red cross kidney beans jump down in the salt cellar, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggly and the old goose.

Wit in the Trenches.
 From the Boston Globe.
 Wit is often shown in the notice boards which our soldiers set up in the trenches. Thus a frequently shelled trench junction bears the legend: "Don't stand about here—there's a war on." A writer in the Cornell Magazine has collected a number of these, one of the best being a spot which had once been used by the Germans as a dump for stores, now labeled: "Fritz's dump. Under Enemy New Arrangement." A siege battery had the whole side of their mess knocked out—you could drive a gun team in the hole where the door had been. On a bit of remaining wall are the words: "Don't Stand Out There Knocking—Come Right In."

The Causus Belli.
 O'Rourke—Oh, Davis, Davis, me and Mike's broke! Me boy Mike's run away and enlisted. It was the fighting blood in him.
 McIntyre—Well, what's the use worrying, Pat? I always told yez the boy took after his mother.
 When the police arrived both were disabled.

CANADA'S IMMIGRATION

Increased by About Sixty Per Cent in Past Six Months.

That Canada is at war is now more fully appreciated on this side of the boundary line, now that the United States has stepped alongside its northern neighbor and linked hands in the great struggle for a freer democracy throughout the civilized world. As a result of this a greater interest than ever is seen in the mutual effort to develop both the United States and Canada. Recently, just before the time that the United States declared its intention to enter the contest and contribute of its resources to the defeat of the autocracy, whose design was to permeate the world, Western Canada made an appeal for farm labor to till the fields and prepare the soil for the crops of grain that were necessary to feed the fighting forces and keep up the requirements necessary for the Allies. The responses were so great that before half the time limit expired, over six thousand laborers were secured. This was not sufficient, but once the United States was declared to be in a condition of war, and farm labor required here to meet any exigency as to short rations that might arise, the sister to the north, withdrew from attempts, which might mean a restriction of the farm labor supply in the United States. But even with this it is thought Canada will now be fairly well supplied.

Apart, however, from the farm labor proposition, it is gratifying from both a United States and Canadian point of view that the immigration of farmers to take up homestead lands and to purchase improved and unimproved land in Canada, has shown such a wonderful increase in the past three months. The great struggle for increasing the food supply has a broader and greater significance than ever. The food must come into existence, whether the rich soils of the United States or those of Canada be the factor.

It is altogether probable that the action of the Canadian Government in taking the duty off wheat going into Canada, thus automatically lifting the duty off that coming into the United States, may not be responsible for an increased immigration to Canada. Canada's reputation for growing larger average yields and a better quality of grain, and on lands, many of which are free, as well as those that range from \$15 to \$35 an acre, is an appeal that is being responded to by farmers who are now renting high-priced lands, is another reason for expecting an increasing number of farmers from the United States.

Mr. W. D. Scott, Superintendent of Immigration at Ottawa, Canada, recently gave out figures concerning immigration from the United States, which shows that the increase in the past three or four months was 60 per cent over the same period last year, and Mr. Scott forecasts that during the calendar year of 1917 there will be over one hundred per cent increase and be much heavier than for many years past. Mr. Scott declares that already this spring more settlers' effects have entered Canada than crossed during the whole of last year, and the movement has just merely started.

The new settlers are coming from numerous states through the ports of Emerson, North Portal and Couits, as well as from Oregon and Washington, through Kingsgate and Vancouver.

There arrived in Saskatchewan during the year ending December 31, 1916, a total of 8,136 persons as compared with 5,812 during the twelve months previous. At the same time nearly twice as many immigrants passed through the immigration department

No Chance.
 "So the judge sent your husband to prison for ten years, Mandy?"
 "Yes, he did. Dat's a powerful long time to have to get along without a husband, missus."
 "It does seem like a long time, but, maybe, he can shorten it by good behavior."
 "Good behavior, missus! If my husband's gittin' out o' prison depends on good behavior he'll be dere ten years 't de minit!"

No Result.
 "Fishin', little feller?"
 "Nope; est baitin' and yankin'!"
 Indianapolis News.

In being nice to his wife's family a man knows that he is acquiring virtue in his wife's eyes.

Women of Middle Age

Many distressing Ailments experienced by them are Alleviated by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Here is Proof by Women who Know.



Lowell, Mass.—"For the last three years I have been troubled with the Change of Life and the bad feelings common at that time. I was in a very nervous condition, with headaches and pain a good deal of the time so I was unfit to do my work. A friend asked me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which I did, and it has helped me in every way. I am not nearly so nervous, no headache or pain. I must say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the best remedy any sick woman can take."—Mrs. MARGARET QUINN, Rear 259 Worthen St., Lowell, Mass.

She Tells Her Friends to Take Lydia E. Pinkham's Remedies.

North Haven, Conn.—"When I was 45 I had the Change of Life which is a trouble all women have. At first it didn't bother me but after a while I got bearing down pains. I called in doctors who told me to try different things but they did not cure my pains. One day my husband came home and said, 'Why don't you try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Sanative Wash?' Well, I got them and took about 10 bottles of Vegetable Compound and could feel myself regaining my health. I also used Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash and it has done me a great deal of good. Any one coming to my house who suffers from female troubles or Change of Life, I tell them to take the Pinkham remedies. There are about 20 of us here who think the world of them."—Mrs. FLORENCE ISELLA, Box 197, North Haven, Conn.

You are Invited to Write for Free Advice.

No other medicine has been so successful in relieving women's suffering as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Women may receive free and helpful advice by writing the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. Such letters are received and answered by women only and held in strict confidence.

Patents for Poets.
 "You are a spring poet, I believe?" began the intruder.
 "I am," sadly responded the gentleman of the third-floor back; "although, I must confess—"
 "Exactly!" broke in the intruder. "That is why I called."
 "You are a publisher?" cried the spring poet.
 "No, sir," responded the caller; "but I am general agent for one of the greatest money-making inventions of the age!"
 "Alas! I have no money to save!" moaned the man of sonnets.
 "But listen," replied the caller. "My invention is bound to suit you. It is a little rubber-stamp with the words 'Declined with thanks' upon it. You write your poem, put it in an envelope, slip in a piece of paper with those words on it, address the envelope to yourself, open the envelope, read the slip, throw the whole business into the waste-paper basket, and by these very simple means," concluded the man of genius, "you may save ten times the cost of my invention in a single week!"

Quid Pro Quo.
 "It's a raw deal I got from you."
 "Well, ain't you giving me a roast?"
 —Baltimore American.

Recently invented kitchen dishes made of glass re-enforced with wire are intended to be durable as well as sanitary.

Children Cry For

Fletcher's CASTORIA

What is CASTORIA
 Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of
Charles H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years

The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Net Contents 15 Fluid Ounces
900 DROPS
CASTORIA
 ALCOHOL—3 PER CENT.
 A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food by Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of
INFANTS & CHILDREN
 Thereby Promoting Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.
 Recipe of Old Dr. SAMUEL PITCHER
 Pumpkin Seed
 Licorice
 Rochelle Salt
 Aromatic Sassafras
 Bitter Root
 Castor Oil
 Stearic Acid
 Hydrogen Peroxide
 A helpful Remedy for Constipation and Diarrhoea, and Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP resulting therefrom in Infancy.
 Fac-Simile Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher
 THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK.
 At 6 months old
35 DROPS—35 CENTS
 Exact Copy of Wrapper.