

Back Lane and Achy?

There's little peace when your kidneys are weak and while at first there may be nothing more serious than dull backache, sharp, stabbing pains, headaches, dizzy spells and kidney irregularities, you must act quickly to avoid the more serious trouble, dropsy, gravel, heart disease, Bright's disease. Use Doan's Kidney Pills, the remedy that is so warmly recommended everywhere by grateful users.

A South Dakota Case

Wm. H. Shaff, 222 W. Second St., Canton, S. D., says: "For years my kidneys were in a bad shape and I had a dull pain in my back. Being out in all kinds of weather made the troubles worse. At times the kidney secretions were scanty, then again profuse and there was much sediment in them. Doan's Kidney Pills brought me relief from all these ailments after every thing else failed."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Old Newfoundland. Newfoundland this year celebrates the four hundred and twentieth anniversary of her discovery. In 1497 John Cabot sailed from Bristol on a voyage which was made famous by the finding of Newfoundland. It was not until 1582 that it was formally taken possession of in the name of Queen Elizabeth. Many of the fishing boats from that ancient colony took part in the defeat of the Spanish armada. In the present war Newfoundland has given 10,000 men to the service of Britain.

GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER

Has been used for all ailments that are caused by a disordered stomach and inactive liver, such as sick headache, constipation, sour stomach, nervous indigestion, fermentation of food, palpitation of the heart caused by gases in the stomach. August Flower is a gentle laxative, regulates digestion both in stomach and intestines, cleans and sweetens the stomach and alimentary canal, stimulates the liver to secrete the bile and impurities from the blood. Sold in all civilized countries, 30 and 90 cent bottles.—Adv.

He Eats White Meat Now

After James E. Watson had concluded his address in a little town down South he was escorted to the only restaurant in the place by the committee on entertainment, muses a writer in the Indianapolis News. The proprietor, strong for conservation, had only one kind of meat to offer—pickled pigs' jowls. "This reminds me," said the chairman of the committee, after numerous apologies had been made, "of a little story. Several days ago we were visited by a severe windstorm, which caused considerable damage in this neighborhood. In addition to several trees, several rods of fence were blown down on my place about three miles from town. Meeting old Pete, the colored man of all work of our town, I asked him to go out and repair the fence. "There is no particular hurry about it," I told him, "but we are going to butcher on Tuesday, and if you can be there on that day we will give you the pig jowls." "Mistah Charles," said Pete with an injured look on his face, "I sho' will help yo' all wid de work, but since I'se got my pension I eat fudder back on de hog."

According to Evidence. Mrs. Bilson (sentimentally)—It's love that makes the world go round. Mr. Bilson (a lawyer)—No wonder it gets dizzy.

God helps them that helps themselves.

There's "Body" To Instant Postum

and "snap" to its taste.

Try a cup and notice the charming flavor and substantial character of this table beverage.

Postum is a true "man's" drink, and women and children delight in it.

"There's a Reason" for POSTUM

Sold by Grocers Everywhere!

The DESTROYER

By BURTON E. STEVENSON

CHAPTER XXX.—(Continued.)

"I have said the same thing 100 times; and yet, at the bottom of my heart, I know we cannot fight—not while this cloud of uncertainty hangs over us. To fight, with this power in the hands of Germany, would mean more than defeat—it would mean annihilation. There would be other statues to be draped with black!"

Delcasse's face was livid; he removed his glasses and polished them with a shaking hand, and, for the first time, Lepine saw his blood shot eyes. Delcasse noticed his glance, and laughed grimly. "Only to you, Lepine, do I dare to show them," he said. "Before others, I must crush this fear in my heart, bite it back from my lips; I must appear unconcerned, confident of the issue. Only to you may I speak freely. That is one reason I called you here. I felt that I must speak with some one. Lepine, I foresee for France a great humiliation."

Lepine looked at his companion with real concern. "You exaggerate," he said. "You have been brooding over it too long." Delcasse shook his head. "I do not exaggerate. This thing is so terrible that it cannot be exaggerated. Even at this moment, Germany is preparing the blow. For the past week, she has been extraordinarily active. Her fleets have coaled hurriedly and put out to sea—for maneuvers, it is said; but this is not the season for maneuvers. Her shipyards have been cleared of all civilians, and a cordon of troops posted about each one. The garrison of every fortress along the frontier has been at least doubled, and the most rigid patrol established. The police regulations are being enforced with the greatest severity. Every city of the frontier swarms with spies; even here in Paris we are not safe from them—my desk was rifled two nights ago. I live in dread that any day, any hour, may bring the news of some fresh disaster!"

"And do our men learn nothing?" "Nothing! Nothing! All they can tell me is that something is preparing, some blow, some surprise. Whatever the secret, it is well kept; so well that it can be known only to the emperor and one or two of his ministers. We have tried every means, we have exhausted every resource, all in vain. We know, in part, what is being done; of the purpose back of it we know nothing. But we can guess—the purpose is war; it can be nothing else!"

Lepine sat silent and contemplated the rugged face opposite him—the face which told by its lined forehead, its worried eyes, its savage mouth, of the struggles, rebuffs and disappointments of 30 years. Always, out of disaster, this man had risen unconquered. Upon his shoulders now was placed the whole of this terrific burden. He alone, of the cabinet, was fit to bear it; beside him, the others were mere pigmies: Premier Caillaux, an amiable financier; Foreign Minister de Selves, a charming amateur of the fine arts; War Minister Messimy, an obscure army officer with a love for uniforms; Minister of Commerce Couyba, a minor poet, tainted with decadence—above all these, Delcasse loomed as a Gulliver among Lilliputians. But greatness has its penalties. While the minister of foreign affairs spent his days in collecting plaques, and the minister of war in strutting about the boulevards, and the minister of commerce his in composing verses, Delcasse labored to save his country—labored as a colossus labors, sweating, panting, throwing every fibre of his being into the struggle—which was all the more trying, all the more terrific, because he felt that it must go against him!

"What would you suggest, Lepine?" Delcasse asked, at last. "Is there any source of information which you can try?" Lepine shook his head doubtfully. "It is not a question of expense," Delcasse went on, rapidly. "A million francs would not be too much to pay for definite information. We have spent that already! We have had a prince babbling in his cups; we have had I know not how many admirals and generals and diplomats confiding

in their suddenly complaisant mistresses; we have searched their hearts, shaken them inside out—but they know nothing. Such and such orders have been issued; they obey the orders, but they do not know their purpose. They all talk war, shout war—Germany seems mad for war—and the government encourages them. Their inspired journals assert over and over that Germany cannot recede—that its position is final—that hereafter it must be paramount in Morocco. And today—or tomorrow at the latest—France must send her ultimatum."

"What will it be?" "God knows!" and Delcasse tugged at his ragged moustache. "If it were not for one thing, Lepine, I should not hesitate; I should not fear war. France is ready, and England is at least sympathetic. But there is La Liberte. What if Germany can treat our other battleships as she treated that one? Yes, and England's, too! And if our battleships, why not our forts, our arsenals? * * * Lepine, and Delcasse's lips were twitching, "I say to you frankly that, for the first time in my life, I have fear!" He fell a moment silent, playing nervously with a paper knife he had snatched up from his desk. "What would you suggest?" he asked again. And again Lepine shook his head. "What can I suggest?" he protested. "Where you have failed, what is there I can do?" The knife snapped in Delcasse's fingers, and he hurled the fragments to the floor. "There is one thing you can do," he said. "Find Crochard and bring him to me." Lepine arose instantly. "I will do my best," he said, reaching for his hat. "If he is in France, rest assured * * *"

There was a tap at the door, and it opened softly. "I am not to be disturbed!" snapped the minister, and then he stopped, staring. For there appeared on the threshold the immaculate figure, the charming and yet impressive countenance, for a sight of which the great minister had been longing; and then his heart leaped suffocatingly, for with the first figure was a second—a man with white hair and flaming eyes and thin, eager face * * *

with emotion; and he shivered a little at the thought that here was the man who had struck a terrible blow at France.

"I can see what you are thinking," Vard burst out. "You will pardon me, if I speak English? I am more familiar with it than with French. I see what you are thinking. You are thinking, 'Here is the miscreant, the scoundrel, who destroyed our battleship! Well, it is true. I am a scoundrel—or I should be one if I permitted that deed to go unrevengeed. I was betrayed, sir, as this gentleman has said. I offered to Germany the leadership among nations. But the emperor is consumed with personal ambition—his one desire to exalt his house, to establish it more firmly. Instead of leading, he wished to conquer. I refused to be his tool. Thereupon I was deceived by a trick, I was imprisoned—I and my daughter also. We were threatened with I know not what—with starvation, with torture—but this gentleman rescued us, and I came here with him in order to place before France the same proposal I made to Germany.'"

Delcasse had listened closely; but he was plainly confused and astonished. "Before going further," he suggested, "I should very much like to hear M. Crochard's story. There is much about this extraordinary affair which I do not understand—and I desire to understand everything. Will you not begin at the beginning, my friend?"

"It was very simple," said Crochard, and told briefly of the pursuit, of the encounters on the Ottilie, and of the final struggle in New York. "After our escape," he concluded, "we hastened to M. Vard's residence, where, as I anticipated his daughter and that admirable M. Webster whom she loves, soon joined us. It was a most happy reunion, and in the end, M. Webster forgave me for the theft of the little box. Of our plans we said nothing, except that M. Vard was journeying back with me to Paris, and we were aboard the Lusitania when she sailed next morning. We arrived at Liverpool last night, and here we are!"

Lepine's face was shining with a great enthusiasm. "Permit me to congratulate you, sir," he said. "It was finely done. I realize that the more deeply because I myself was completely baffled; and yet it should have occurred to me that the captain of the Ottilie might wish to deceive me. My theory was, however, that the tickets had been purchased to throw me off the scent. M. Vard had, of course, as I supposed, sought refuge in Germany. Even yet I do not understand why he should have gone to America."

The remark was, in a way, addressed to the inventor, but he had fallen into reverie and paid no heed to it. "He is often like that," said Crochard, in rapid French. "I suspect that something is wrong here," and he touched his forehead. "The trip to America was, as I understand it, a matter of sentiment with him. He insisted that this great treaty, which was to bring about world wide peace and the brotherhood of man, should be signed on American soil."

"He is really in earnest about that treaty?" asked Delcasse. "He is not a mercenary?" "Mercenary? Far from it, sir. Why, M. Delcasse, he was asked to choose his own reward, and he refused. He is utterly in earnest—he asks nothing for himself. And I believe his idea practicable. I hope that you will consider it carefully, sir. The emperor refused because of his conditions. One was the reconstitution of Poland—he is himself a Pole. The other was the restoration of Alsace-Lorraine to France. Pachtmann did at last agree to give up Poland—and to make him king of it, if he chose!—but the other condition was too much for him. Besides, he thought the game was in his hands—he saw his emperor ruler of the world! Permit me to outline for the plan of this remarkable man."

And clearly but briefly, Crochard laid before the astonished minister the plan for world wide disarmament, for universal peace, for the freeing of subject peoples, for the restoration of conquered territory, and for the gradual establishment of representative government, to the exclusion of all hereditary rulers, great and small. "And I see no reason," Crochard concluded, "why France should hesitate to give herself wholeheartedly to this plan. With all of these things she is in sympathy; Liberty, equality, fraternity, has been her watchword for 100 years. Once we regain Alsace-Lorraine, we can be well content to lay down our arms. I believe that we can secure the support of the United States and perhaps of England. To the United States, a project so idealistic would be certain to appeal; and as for Eng-

land, she is terrified at heart, she fears the future, she staggers under the burden of her great armaments—which yet are not great enough. Yes, we could win England!"

Delcasse had listened with gleaming eyes, all the dreamer within him afire at the splendid vision which Crochard's words evolved. "You are right!" he cried, and sprang to his feet and approached the inventor, his hands outstretched. "M. Vard," he said, "on behalf of France, I accept your proposal!"

Vard was on his feet also, and his whole frame was shaking. "You are sincere?" he stammered, peering into Delcasse's eyes. "You are in earnest? You are not deceiving me?"

"No!" said Delcasse, solemnly. "I am not deceiving you. I swear it, on my honor. France will be proud to take her place at the head of this great movement." And then he stopped, and a shadow flitted across his face. "There is but one condition," he added. "You must prove to us that this power really exists."

"I agree to that!" cried Vard, eagerly. "I agree to that—yes, yes, I even wish it. Any proof, any test—it shall be yours to choose. And remember—the Germans were not merciful!"

"I shall remember!" said Delcasse hoarsely, his face quivering; and he caught himself away and stood for a moment at the window, struggling for self control. Through the square below all Paris poured, on its way to drive in the Bois, careless, happy, all unconscious of the crisis in its country's history which the moment marked. And then, by habit, Delcasse's eyes wandered to that great statue by Pradier, with the pile of mourning wreaths before it. * * *

"I have chosen!" he said, in a choked voice. "The test shall be made at Strasbourg!"

The inventor bowed. "If I may retire," he said, "I will begin my preparations at once. I shall need to work for a day, or perhaps two days, in some well equipped wireless laboratory. All other arrangements I shall leave to you. It will be necessary to secure two stations in sight of the arsenal, and within five miles of it, where we can work without fear of being disturbed."

"I will attend to all that," agreed Delcasse, and touched a bell. "If General Marbeau is in his office," he added to his secretary, "please say that I wish to see him at once."

The door had closed behind the French chief of wireless and the white haired enthusiast, and for a moment the three men who were left behind gazed at each other in silence.

"Do you believe in this power?" asked Delcasse, at last. "There was La Liberte," Crochard reminded him. "True," and the minister fell silent again.

(Continued Next Week.)

The New French "37."
From the Spokane Spokesman-Review. The French have introduced a new, easily portable cannon to combat German machine guns. It is a 7 millimeter caliber, has every feature of the famous "75," and on open ground two men can fire as many as 35 high explosive shells a minute, a few shots sufficing to put machine guns out of action. It can be readily taken apart and carried by six or eight men, and it can be used in advanced positions as well as in the open.

War Slogans.
Can the Kaiser! Tin the Teut! Pickle the Prussian! Brine the Brute!
—Boston Herald.

HE KEEPS ENGLAND POSTED ON RUSSIA



Sir George Buchanan, British ambassador to Russia, keeps England posted on the fast-changing conditions at Petrograd and on his reports the Britons rely for guidance in their actions towards their slumping ally.

TWO DOLLAR WHEAT

This Price Will Hold For Some Years.

A well advised commercial authority gives it as his opinion, "as a slow descent may be counted on in the prices for grain when the war ends—it may take several years to restore the world's stock of foodstuffs to normal—there is good ground for confidence in the outlook for rapid development in agriculture."

If this be correct, it follows that the profession of farming will materially increase its ranks in the next few years.

Today, the price of wheat is set by the United States government at \$2.20 per bushel, and in Canada the price has been set at \$2.21. This, of course, is less freight and handling charges which brings the average to the farmers at about \$2.00 per bushel. This price will pay so long as land, material and labor can be secured at reasonable prices. It remains for the would-be producer to ascertain where he can secure these at prices that will make the production of grain profitable. He will estimate what price he can afford to pay for land that will give him a yield of wheat which when sold at \$2.00 per bushel, will return him a fair profit. Local and social conditions will also enter into the consideration. Finding what he wants he would be wise to make his purchase now. Land prices in some portions of the country are low, certainly as low as they will ever be. City property and town property will fluctuate, but farm property will hold its own. The price of grain is as low as it will be for some years. Therefore it would be well to look about, and find what can be done.

There are doubtless many opportunities in the United States, especially in the Western States, to purchase good agricultural lands, that will produce well, at reasonable prices. If the would-be buyer has the time to investigate, and that is needed, for these lands do not exist in any considerable area, he would be well repaid. Not only will his land certainly increase in value—the unearned increment would be an asset—while under cultivation he can find nothing that will give better results. He will at the same time be performing a patriotic act, a needful act, one that would meet with the food controller's plea to increase agricultural production and assist in reducing the deficit of 75 million bushels of wheat reported by the controller.

In addition to the vacant lands in the United States which should be brought under cultivation, Western Canada offers today the greatest area of just the land that is required, and at low prices—prices that cannot last long. Even now land prices are increasing, as their value is daily becoming more apparent, and their location desirable.

As to the intrinsic value of land in Western Canada, hundreds of concrete cases could be cited, which go to prove that at fifty and sixty dollars per acre—figures that have recently been paid for improved farms—the crops grown on them gave a profit of from twenty to thirty per cent and even higher, on such an investment. One instance, is that of a young Englishman, unaccustomed to farming before he took his seat on the sulky plow with which he does most of his work, after allowing himself \$1,000 for his own wages last year, made a profit of \$2,200 on a \$20,000 investment. His total sales amounted to \$5,700 and his expense, which included the \$1,000 wages for himself, was \$3,500. This interest was 11½ per cent.

To the man who does not care to buy or who has not the means to purchase, but possesses wealth in his own hardihood, his muscle, and determination, there are the thousands of free homesteads of which he may have the pick on paying an entry fee of ten dollars. These are high class lands and adapted to all kinds of farming. Send to your nearest Canadian Government Agent for literature, descriptive of the splendid opportunities that are still open in Western Canada. Adv.

Instinct of the Profession.
According to his mother, William, just turned four, is a prospective physician. The following conversation recently occurred between them:

"Muvver, may I be two doctors?" "I don't see how you could be, son." "May I have two autobeebs?" "Maybe so." "May I have a knife?" "What do you want with a knife, son?" "I want to cut into folks to see if they are sick."—Indianapolis News.

Homicidal Language on Rifle Range.
Officer—"Have you anyone else to shoot, sergeant?" Sergeant—"No, sir. I'll shoot myself now."—Exchange.

With a man an effect must have its cause; with a woman it must have its because.

It doesn't pay to bunk a woman whose only asset is a gift of gab.

Always sure to please, Red Cross Ball Blue. All grocers sell it. Adv.

What we call fine enough always proves little enough.

MURINE Granulated Eyelids,

Sore Eyes, Eyes Inflamed by Sun, Dust and Wind quickly relieved by Murine. Try it in your Eyes and in Baby's Eyes. YOUR EYES No Smarting, Just Eye Comfort

Murine Eye Remedy At Your Druggist's or by Mail, 50c per bottle. Murine Eye Salve, in Tubes 25c. For Sale by the Doan Family. Ask Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.