

IN WESTERN CANADA

"He Who Will and Does Work Will Not Want."

As in the United States it is said, that the Mennonites in Canada are very much oppressed, and have to suffer from a great deal (on account of the War in Europe) and I have been requested to write something about this, I will do so.

I came with my parents A. D. 1874, from Southern Russia to America, South Dakota, and A. D. 1907 I came with my family here to Western Canada, here we have found a healthy climate; the acre yields on an average more and wheat is better than in South Dakota. What concerns the Government, up to now we have had a good one, have been able to live according to our creed and have not been oppressed in any way, and I believe: All Mennonites, who live according to the fundamental beliefs of the Mennonites and to God's word, as their guide, will agree with me.

He, who, here in Canada, will and does work, will not want. So much as an answer.

Remain your friend, (Sgd.) DIETRICH GOOSSEN.

Very few farmers cultivate the habit of keeping careful accounts of their receipts and expenditures, showing at the end of the year a balance, either for or against. The farmer of Western Canada is no exception to this. It is felt if more careful book-keeping were resorted to there that much better results would be obtained and shown.

Statistical Statement Shows a Dividend of 58% in 1915.

It has just issued a certified statement of its operations for the years 1912, 1913, 1914 and 1915. This Company has had for the past few years about 1300 acres in wheat and between 200 and 250 in oats. The total operating and general expenses for 1912, including interest at 6% and depreciation at 15%, were \$12,587, for 1913 \$17,506, for 1914 \$18,729, and for 1915, \$29,804.43. Expense per acre of land in crop was \$7.80 in 1912, \$11.57 in 1913, \$11.70 in 1914, and \$17.87 in 1915. Total receipts were \$15,531 in 1912, \$30,661 in 1913, \$31,589.87 in 1914, and \$62,520.26 in 1915. The percentage earned upon capital invested was 6 1/4% in 1912, 30% in 1913, 23 1/3% in 1914, and 50% in 1915, in which year it paid a cash dividend of 58%.

The Company's statement shows that the average dates of finishing seeding was April 20th; the average date commenced cutting was August 18th.—Advertisement.

Alas for the intellect when the understanding is limited only by the size of the feet!

FRECKLES

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 ethine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots. Simply get an ounce of ethine—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.

Good-Buy Birch. Bill—Is the school up-to-date? Jill—Yes; they use an electric switch in the building.

SALTS IF BACKACHY OR KIDNEYS TROUBLE YOU

Eat Less Meat if Your Kidneys Aren't Acting Right or if Back Hurts or Bladder Bothers You.

When you wake up with backache and dull misery in the kidney region it generally means you have been eating too much meat, say a well-known authority. Meat forms uric acid which overworks the kidneys in their effort to filter it from the blood and they become sort of paralyzed and loggy. When your kidneys get sluggish and clog you must relieve them like you relieve your bowels; removing all the body's urinous waste, else you have backache, sick headache, dizzy spells; your stomach sour, tongue is coated, and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine is cloudy, full of sediment, channels often get sore, water scalds and you are obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night.

Either consult a good, reliable physician at once or get from your pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to clean and stimulate sluggish kidneys, also to neutralize acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder weakness. Jad Salts is a life saver for regular meat eaters. It is inexpensive, cannot injure and makes a delightful, effervescent lithia-water drink.—Adv.

Theatrical managers and astronomers are always trying to discover new stars.

The THOUSANDTH WOMAN BY ERNEST W. HORNING Author of 'The AMATEUR CRACKSMAN, RAFFLES, Etc.' ILLUSTRATIONS by O. IRWIN MYERS

CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

And yet he seemed to make no secret of it; and yet—it did explain his whole conduct since landing, as Toye had said.

She could only shut her eyes to what must have happened, even as Cazalet himself had shut his all this wonderful week, that she had forgotten all day in her ingratitude, but would never, in all her days, forget again!

"There won't be another case," she heard herself saying, while her thoughts ran ahead or lagged behind like sheep. "It'll never come out—I know it won't."

"Why shouldn't it?" he asked so sharply that she had to account for the words, to herself as well as to him.

"Nobody knows except Mr. Toye, and he means to keep it to himself."

"Why should he?"

"I don't know. He'll tell you himself."

"Are you sure you don't know? What can he have to tell me? Why should he screen me, Blanche?"

His eyes and voice were furious with suspicion, but still the voice was lowered.

"He's a jolly good sort, you know," said Blanche, as if the whole affair was the most ordinary one in the world. But heroics could not have driven the sense of her remark more forcibly home to Cazalet.

"Oh, he is, is he?"

"I've always found him so."

"So have I, the little I've seen of him. And I don't blame him for getting on my tracks, mind you; he's a bit of a detective, I was fair game, and he did warn me in a way. That's why I meant to have the week—"

He stopped and looked away.

"I know. And nothing can undo that," she only said; but her voice swelled with thanksgiving. And Cazalet looked reassured; the hot suspicion died out of his eyes, but left them gloomily perplexed.

"Still, I can't understand it. I don't believe it, either! I'm in his hands. What have I done to be saved by Toye? He's probably scouring London for me—if he isn't watching this window at this minute!"

He went to the curtains as he spoke. Simultaneously Blanche sprang up, to entreat him to fly while he could. That had been her first object in coming to him as she had done, and yet, once with him, she had left it to the last! And now it was too late; he was at the window, chuckling significantly to himself; he had opened it, and he was leaning out.

"That you, Toye, down there? Come up and show yourself! I want to see you."

He turned in time to dart in front of the folding doors as Blanche reached them, white and shuddering. The flush of impulsive bravado fed from his face at the sight of hers.

"You can't go in there. What's the matter?" he whispered. "Why should you be afraid of Hilton Toye?"

How could she tell him? Before she had found a word, the landing door opened, and Hilton Toye was in the room, looking at her.

"Keep your voice down," said Cazalet anxiously. "Even if it's all over with me but the shouting, we needn't start the shouting here!"

He chuckled savagely at the jest; and now Toye stood looking at him.

"I've heard all you've done," continued Cazalet. "I don't blame you a bit. If it had been the other way about, I might have given you less run for your money. I've heard what you've found out about my mysterious movements, and you're absolutely right as far as you go. You don't know why I took the train at Naples, and traveled across Europe without a handbag. It wasn't quite the put-up job you may think. But, if it makes you any happier, I may as well tell you that I was at Uplands that night, and I did get out through the foundations!"

The insane impetuosity of the man was his master now. He was a living fire of impulse that had burst into a blaze.

"I always guessed you might be crazy, and I now know it," said Hilton Toye. "Still, I judge you're not so crazy as to deny that while you were in that house you struck down Henry Craven and left him for dead?"

Cazalet stood like red-hot stone.

"Miss Blanche," said Toye, turning to her rather shyly. "I guess I can't do what I said just yet. I haven't breathed a word, not yet, and perhaps I never will, if you'll come away with me now—back to your home—and never see Henry Craven's murderer again!"

"And who may he be?" cried a voice that brought all three face-achingly.

The folding-doors had opened, and a fourth figure was standing between the two rooms.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Person Unknown.

The intruder was a shaggy elderly man, of so cadaverous an aspect that

his face alone cried for his death-bed; and his gaunt frame took up the cry, as it swayed upon the threshold in dressing-gown and bedroom slippers that Toye instantly recognized as belonging to Cazalet. The man had a shock of almost white hair, and a less gray beard clipped roughly to a point. An unwholesome pallor marked the fallen features; and the envenomed eyes burned low in their sockets, as they dealt with Blanche but fastened on Hilton Toye.

"What do you know about Henry Craven's murderer?" he demanded in a voice between a croak and a crow. "Have they run in some other poor devil, or were you talking about me? If so, I'll start a libel action, and call Cazalet and that lady as witnesses!"

"This is Scruton," explained Cazalet, "who was only liberated this evening after being detained a week on a charge that ought never to have been brought, as I've told you both all along."

Scruton thanked him with a bitter laugh. "I've brought him here," concluded Cazalet, "because I don't think he's fit enough to be about alone."

"Nice of him, isn't it?" said Scruton bitterly. "I'm so fit that they wanted to keep me somewhere else longer than they'd any right; that may be why they lost no time in getting hold of me again. Nice, considerate, kindly country! Ten years isn't long enough to have you as a dishonored guest. Won't you come back for another week, and see if we can't arrange for a nice little sudden death and burial for you? But they couldn't you see, blast 'em!"

He subsided into the best chair in the room, which Blanche had wheeled up behind him; a moment later he looked round, thanked her curtly, and lay back with closed eyes until suddenly he opened them on Cazalet.

"And what was that you were saying—that about traveling across Europe and being at Uplands that night? I thought you came round by sea? And what night do you mean?"

"The night it all happened," said Cazalet steadily.

"You mean the night some person unknown knocked Craven on the head?"

"Yes."

The sick man threw himself forward in the chair. "You never told me this!" he cried suspiciously; both the voice and the man seemed stronger.

"There was no point in telling you."

"Did you see the person?"

"Yes."

"Then he isn't unknown to you?"

"I didn't see him well."

Scruton looked sharply at the two mute listeners. They were very intent, indeed. "Who are these people, Cazalet? No! I know one of 'em," he answered himself in the next breath. "It's Blanche Macnair, isn't it? I thought at first it must be a younger sister grown up like her. You'll forgive prison manners, Miss Macnair, if that's still your name. You look a woman to trust—if there is one—and you gave me your chair. Anyhow, you've been in for a penny and you can stay in for a pound, as far as I care! But who's your American friend, Cazalet?"

"Mr. Hilton Toye, who spotted that I'd been all the way to Uplands and back when I claimed to have been in Rome!"

There was a touch of Scruton's bitterness in Cazalet's voice; and by some subtle process it had a distinctly mollifying effect on the really embittered man.

"What on earth were you doing at Uplands?" he asked, in a kind of confidential bewilderment.

Toye himself could not have cut and measured more deliberate monosyllables.

"Craven?" suggested Scruton.

"No; a man I expected to find at Craven's."

"The writer of the letter you found at Cook's office in Naples the night you landed there, I guess!"

It really was Toye this time, and there was no guesswork in his tone. Obviously he was speaking by his little book, though he had not got it out again.

"How do you know I went to Cook's?"

"I know every step you took between the Kaiser Fritz and Charing Cross and Charing Cross and the Kaiser Fritz!"

Scruton listened to this interchange with keen attention, hanging on each man's lips with his sunken eyes; both took it calmly, but Scruton's surprise was not hidden by a sardonic grin.

"You've evidently had a stern chase with a Yankee clipper!" said he. "If he's right about the letter, Cazalet, I should say so; presumably it wasn't from Craven himself?"

"No."

"Yet it brought you across Europe to Craven's house?"

"Well—to the back of his house! I expected to meet my man on the river."

"Was that how you missed him more or less?"

"I suppose it was." Scruton ruminated a little, broke into his offensive laugh, and checked it instantly of his own accord. "This is really interesting," he croaked. "You got to London—at what time was it?"

"Nominally three-twenty-five; but the train ran thirteen minutes late," said Hilton Toye.

"And you're on the river by what time?" Scruton asked Cazalet.

"I walked over Hungerford bridge, took the first train to Surbiton, got a boat there, and just dropped down with the stream. I don't suppose the whole thing took me very much more than an hour."

"Aren't you forgetting something?" said Toye.

"Yes, I was. It was I who telephoned to the house and found that Craven was out motoring; so there was no hurry."

"Yet you weren't going to see Henry Craven?" murmured Toye.

Cazalet did not answer. His last words had come in a characteristic burst; now he had his mouth shut tight, and his eyes were fast to Scruton. He might have been in the witness-box already, a doomed wretch cynically supposed to be giving evidence on his own behalf, but actually only baring his neck by inches to the rope, under the joint persuasion of judge and counsel. But he had one friend by him still, one who had edged a little nearer in the pause.

"But you did see the man you went to see?" said Scruton.

Cazalet paused. "I don't know. Eventually somebody brushed past me in the dark. I did think then—but I can't swear to him even now!"

"Tell us about it."

"Do you mean that, Scruton? Do you insist on hearing all that happened? I'm not asking Toye; he can do as he likes. But you, Scruton—you've been through a lot, you know—you ought to have stopped in bed—do you really want this on top of all?"

"Go ahead," said Scruton. "I'll have a drink when you've done; somebody give me a cigarette meanwhile."

Cazalet supplied the cigarette, struck a match, and held it with unflinching hand. The two men's eyes met strangely across the flame.

"I'll tell you all exactly what happened; you can believe me or not as you like. You won't forget that I

know every inch of the ground—except one altered bit that explained itself."

Cazalet turned to Blanche with a significant look, but she only drew an inch nearer still. "Well, it was in the little creek, where the boat-house is, that I waited for my man. He never came—by the river. I heard the motor, but it wasn't Henry Craven that I wanted to see, but the man who was coming to see him. Eventually I thought I must have made a mistake, or he might have changed his mind and come by road. The dressing-gong had gone; at least I supposed it was that by the time. It was almost quite dark, and I landed and went up the path past the back premises to the front of the house. So far I hadn't seen a soul, or been seen by one, evidently; but the French windows were open in what used to be my father's library, the room was all lit up, and just as I got there a man ran out into the flood of light and—"

"I thought you said he brushed by you in the dark?" interrupted Toye.

"I was in the dark; so was he in another second; and no power on earth would induce me to swear to him. Do you want to hear the rest, Scruton, or are you another unbeliever?"

"I want to hear every word—more than ever!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Poor Speculation.

In theory it is good to go about shedding sunshine and making two smiles grow where one groan grew before, but in practice the pursuit is sometimes unpleasantly painful. Should you, at the dinner table in the boarding-house which you infest, humorously request the waitress to fetch you a few capsules in which to take your butter, or inform the landlady that she does not really keep her boarders longer than any other reduced gentlewoman in that part of town, but instead keeps them so much thinner that they look longer, you may win a few pale smiles from your fellow guests, but the mistress of the mansion will soak you two dollars more per week for your wit.—Kansas City Star.

Apt to Be Costly.

Wife—Oh, Tom, I dreamed last night that you bought me a beautiful automobile.

Hub—Good heavens! You'll ruin me with your extravagant dreams.

CASTORIA 900 DROPS. ALCOHOL—3 PER CENT. Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regularizing the Stomach and Bowels of INFANTS / CHILDREN. Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC. A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP. THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK.

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If you want anything done well, do it yourself. That is why most people laugh at their own jokes.

SAVED MINISTER'S LIFE.

Rev. W. H. Warner, Route 2, Myersville, Md., writes: My trouble was sciatica. My back was affected and took the form of lumbago. I also had neuralgia, cramps in my muscles, pressure or sharp pain on the top of my head, and nervous dizzy spells. I had other symptoms showing my Rev. W. H. Warner kidneys were at fault, so I took Dodd's Kidney Pills. They were the means of saving my life. On Feb. 16th, 1916, I write to say that undoubtedly your medicine restored me to perfect health.

Dodd's Kidney Pills, 50c per box at your dealer or Dodd's Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets for indigestion have been proved. 50c per box.—Adv.

The Last Man. Little Lemuel—Say, paw, who do you suppose will be the last man on earth? Paw—Some shoemaker, probably.

LADIES CAN WEAR SHOES One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder for the feet. Shaken into shoes and used in foot-bath, Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight shoes feel easy, and gives instant relief to corns and bunions. Try it today. Sold everywhere. For FREE trial package, Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y. Adv.

We never have much use for people who are smarter than we are.

New Strength for Lame Backs and Worn-out Conditions

Dear Mr. Editor: I suffered from lame back and a tired, worn-out feeling. Was unable to stand erect and scarcely able to get around. It would usually come on at first with crick in small of my back. I took Anuric Tablets and my back commenced to get better. I did not have to walk doubled over as I did before using the "Anuric." It is the best remedy I have ever taken for what it is intended to relieve.

A. G. DRAKE.

NOTE:—When your kidneys get sluggish and clog, you suffer from backache, sick-headache, dizzy spells, or the twinges and pains of lumbago, rheumatism and gout. "Anuric" is the most powerful agent in dissolving uric acid, as hot water melts sugar. Ask the druggist for "Anuric," put up by Dr. Pierce, in 50-cent packages.

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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that make a horse Wheeze, Roar, have Thick Wind or Choke-down, can be reduced with

ABSORBINE also other Bunches or Swellings. No blister, no hair gone, and horse kept at work. Economical—only a few drops required at an application. \$2 per bottle delivered. Book \$3 in free.

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At the first symptoms of any derangement of the feminine organism at any period of life the one safe, really helpful remedy is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for every conceivable ailment and disease of a womanly nature. It is a woman's temperance medicine and its ingredients are published on wrapper.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a true friend to women in times of trial and at times of pain when the organs are not performing their functions. For headache, backache, hot flashes, catarrhal conditions, bearing down sensations, mental depression, dizziness, fainting spells, women should never fail to take this tried and true women's medicine.

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To replace the young farmers who have enlisted for the war. Good wages and full season's work assured.

There is no danger or possibility of Con-scription in Canada.

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