

CANADA'S NEW DEVELOPMENT

After the War a Period of Prosperity.

It is evident that the Government of the Dominion in its programme of reconstruction and development is undertaking a work of tremendous importance. There will be available the labor for work that has been silent since 1914, and the rehabilitation of this labor will entail the thought and energy of most capable heads. The transition period from war to peace will be rapid and thorough, and, instead of Canada sinking into a state of lethargy, there will be a continued period of wakefulness that will give employment to the unemployed, and render to the capitalist and producer ample return for his money, effort and enterprise.

The agricultural potentialities of the great Canadian West possess infinite acres of the best of soil, capable of producing millions of bushels of the best of grain. The cost of growing this is lower than any place on the continent. There will be a greater demand than ever for these lands, the consequent production will be heavier and the profits attractive. Cattle industry will be one of the chief developments, and the encouragement of it will lie in the continued high prices that beef products will bring. European countries have been depleted of cattle, and the demand for beef, cattle and dairy products will tax the efforts of the producer for years to come.

Western Canada offers unequalled opportunities for development in this line.

In the Canadian West plans are being laid for the development of electrical power which can be produced cheaply. There is an abundance of coal and water power that could be used in developing this useful energy. What cheap power produced in this way will mean to the farmer and development of industrial enterprises cannot be estimated in figures.

More extensive development of the water power at Niagara on the St. Lawrence and at waterfalls all over the country, is ready to be launched.

Peace will see new mine fields opened up, and it is equally certain that shipbuilding, railway equipment, steel production, and many of the industries will go forward with a bound.

Canadian industries will be required in the reconstruction of Europe, and already the Canadian Government has sent across the seas a commission for the purpose of securing orders. Canada took an early and prominent part in the war, and in the days of peace will be found equally active. She feels that by the valor and loyalty of her people she has earned a large share of the business and prosperity that will follow the war period, and she proposes to get it.—Advertisement.

Taking No Chances.

Herman Wright of Woolwich, Me., who makes two or three trips a day over the state road while hauling wood to the Bath market, drives a horse drawn cart, but to avoid being run down by speeding automobile drivers he has a looking glass rigged on a tall rod so that he can keep an eye out behind, and when he gets anxious he sounds an auto horn beside him on the seat.

KIDNEY TROUBLE NOT EASILY RECOGNIZED

Applicants for Insurance Often Rejected

An examining physician for one of the prominent life insurance companies, in an interview of the subject, made the astonishing statement that one reason why so many applicants for insurance are rejected is because kidney trouble is so common to the American people, and the large majority of those whose applications are declined do not even suspect that they have the disease.

Judging from reports from drugists who are constantly in direct touch with the public, there is one preparation that has been very successful in overcoming these conditions. The mild and healing influence of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its remarkable record of success.

We find that Swamp-Root is strictly an herbal compound and we would advise our readers who feel in need of such a remedy to give it a trial. It is on sale at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

Bells Go to Rightful Owners.

Three huge bells formerly in the belfry of Christ church, Wellington, New Zealand, have been presented by that government to France. The bells were cast from cannon captured by the Germans from the French in 1870, and were presented to Christ church by German residents.

Use soft words and hard arguments.

Your Eyes
A Wholesome, Cleansing, Refreshing and Healing Lotion—Mucine for Redness, Soreness, Granulation, Itching and Burning of the Eyes or Eyelids.
"Drops" After the Movie, Concert or Gold will win your confidence. Ask Your Druggist for the Medicine when your Eyes Need Care. M. B. Kennedy Co., Chicago.

Father to the Man

By ARCHY CAMERON NEW
(Copyright, 1918, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate)

"Bosh, you dear little goose!"

And then, having mildly rebuked her, Carter Danbury leaned over and tried to gather the dainty little creature at his side into his arms. But she wriggled away and faced him with a determined look in her big brown eyes.

"Colonel Thomas," he began, "what is the trouble around here? What have I done?"

"What have you done?" echoed Westlake at the other end of the room.

"Too blame much. You've ruined me.

After that fool speech of yours I'll be lucky to get ten votes in the Fourth district.

"We're spending a thousand dollars today to deny your state-

"That's it," she took him up quickly.

"You're afraid, Carter—please—for my sake. I've told him you're sensible, a fine man."

Danbury frowned.

"But," he argued, "dearest, I can't take orders. I don't like—" He hesitated, fearful lest he might offend this daughter of Colonel Reuben Thomas, the "big" boss. "I don't like being bossed. I don't like the petty artifices these politicians resort to to get votes."

"But it's necessary," she argued back. "There must be leaders."

Danbury smiled. When Dorothy Thomas looked like that she reflected every feature of her father's inflexible face. Except his wrinkles, Danbury sought to soothe her, but to no avail.

"Please, Carter," she persisted, "if you love me, try it. You—might like it."

"All right," he gave in, and again leaned over towards her, this time to meet a delicious kiss full upon his lips. "But mind now, all I'm to do is to offer my services. I'll not be to blame if they refuse them and—I hope they will."

A keen-eyed youngish old man faced Carter Danbury the following morning across his flat-topped desk and stroked his bristling white goatee, as he listened to the other attentively. They were closeted alone in the inner sanctum of the campaign headquarters of "William Westlake, the People's Choice for United States Senator."

Then the "oracle" spoke.

"So my daughter persuaded you, eh?" queried the Republican leader, severely. "See here, young man, you can't take up this business as a fad. Once in love, you have to stick."

Something in the colonel's tone stung Danbury to the quick and he leaned over the desk angrily.

"I'm not a faddist, Colonel Thomas," he retorted hotly. "I've just held aloof from politics because—well, because I wanted to keep my independence, my ideals. But I'll stick."

"Huh!" grunted the other. "I suppose you realize I'm the party's leader?"

"Yes," was Carter's smiling rejoinder. "The papers have told me that much."

"Well, they haven't told you all," shot back the colonel. "I expect to have my orders obeyed." The colonel pushed a button and another man entered the office. "Burke, this is Mr. Danbury. How are you fixed for speakers tonight at East End hall?"

"Only yourself and Westlake so far," answered the other, respectfully.

"Then put him on, too," ordered the colonel, crisply. Then as the other retired from the room, he turned again to Danbury. "Be there at eight. And mind, don't get rambunctious, young feller. Use diplomacy. There'll be a lot of foreigners there, and we want to handle them gently. G'day."

Carter Danbury was facing his first political audience, and yet he felt cooler than he had expected. He had followed the candidate, Westlake, who now sat behind him, on the stage, with Colonel Thomas, wiping his perspiring brow and smirking grandiloquently at the sea of upturned faces. And much to Carter's surprise, as he proceeded, he was frequently applauded. This added to his courage and he now leaned over to deliver his final philippic.

"And, fellow Americans," he orated, "this is an American age. There can be no divided allegiance. We have come to the day when there shall be an American race, an American nation—for Americans only. We shall preserve our high ideals sacredly, and to those who are not with us in spirit, I say, we say 'get out.' Mr. Westlake stands for the principle 'pass prosperity abroad,' but we don't propose to pass it around the world. And we don't propose, therefore, to allow those men upon our shores who will accumulate a fortune here by the grace of our institutions and then spread it abroad. To those who visit our shores with that end in view, there can be but one greeting, 'Keep out.'"

Danbury felt several tugs at his coat from behind and, wheeling about, took the assembled politicians by surprise.

"You needn't pull my coat," he thundered, then waved his hand towards the vast audience. "My remarks are intended for Americans, and I know there is not an American out there who doesn't echo that thought. And if there is one who is not American present, I say to him 'get out.' Gentlemen, I pledge our candidate to full support of true Americanism in con-

gress."

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of the crowd on the stage. What had

he said? What had he done? Then, later, as he left the hall, his cheerful farewell to Colonel Thomas was answered by a surly grunt.

The next morning he was still at sea when Dorothy informed him that her father had refused him admission to the house.

He hurried to campaign headquarters and was told Colonel Thomas couldn't see him—the committee was in session. "Where was he assigned to speak that night?" he inquired, and was surprised to learn he was on the blacklist. "Why?" he demanded. The clerk couldn't tell him. Then Danbury heatedly forced his way into the committee room, and with blazing eyes confronted Colonel Thomas.

"Colonel Thomas," he began, "what is the trouble around here? What have I done?"

"What have you done?" echoed Westlake at the other end of the room.

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