

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 illimitable 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 automobilists 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 druggists 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—Murine for Redness, Soreness, Granulation, Itching and Burning of the Eyes or Eyelids.
"3 Drops" After the Movies, Morning or Evening—Murine for Redness, Soreness, Granulation, Itching and Burning of the Eyes or Eyelids.
Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

Father to the Man

By ARCHY CAMERON NEW

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"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.

"I'm not a little goose," she retorted, poutingly. "And father is right. You're a man and politics is a man's game, a man's duty. You ought to pitch in—you're a Republican."

"On election day," he admitted, "but ordinarily a plain everyday business man. And I'm no speaker. I—I!"

"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—"

Danbury smiled. When Dorothy Thomas looked like that she reflected every feature of her father's indelible 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."

"High!" 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 fellow. Use diplomacy. There'll be a lot of foreigners there, and we want to handle them gently. G'by."

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 around,' 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 congress."

Danbury turned to resume his seat and was struck with the angry tenor 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. "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 statements."

"To deny your Americanism?" demanded Carter, and he now turned wrathfully towards the candidate. "Why not call a spade a spade? See here, you call yourself statesmen. I call you traitors. You're afraid to acknowledge the country you gave you birth, who gives you a living, to back it up to the full, just because it might lose you votes. You're yellow—yellow lower than those poor people whose votes you're after. They're Americans—every one of them. And they're glad of it. They, or their forbears came to this country to seek liberty, to seek the right to live and enjoy our freedom. And now they're proud of it—they, who have been here months—while you, who have enjoyed those rights all your lives, and your people before you, haven't courage enough to protect the country that protects you. Who's the worse—they with their hopes, their ideals, or you who turn your backs upon the hopes and ideals your forefathers fought for and left to your keeping? Where's your Americanism—the Americanism of courage, of decency, of truth? And now, Colonel Thomas, you didn't want me to enter this campaign—afraid I wouldn't stick. But I'm just beginning to see my duty—I want to stick—I demand the right to stick. And I call upon the members of this committee to sustain me with their votes. Do I get them or not?"

At the end of the table a tall, white-haired old man, who stroked his bristling white goatee, rose and rapped for order. Then he bent his full gaze on Danbury.

"You do," he answered, sharply, and then the corners of his mouth quivered. "Gentlemen of the committee, the son again is father to the man. I was the one who pulled his coat last night, and I rise with shame to acknowledge it. Either we're Americans, or we're God only knows what—and I prefer the former." He turned to Danbury. "Years back, son, my grandfather's father gave him his sword. 'Keep this, my son,' says he, 'an' nevah use it except foah two purposes, either t' kill some beastly enemy, or t' kill yosef foah not doin' it. An' if I had that sword now, son, I'd feel mighty tempted t' use it on myself. But I'll do th' next best thing.' He turned again to the committee. 'Gentlemen, I move th' committee extend a risin' vote of invitation to ouah friend, Mr. Danbury, Mr. Carter Danbury—American, t' speak at th' big meetin' at th' Academy tonight. What's youah pleasur'?"

As the members of the committee rose to their feet, en masse, the colonel turned his back on them and motioned to Danbury to come to him.

"You've seen th' vote, Carter," he whispered, laying his hands affectionately on the young man's shoulder. "And you know what it means. But, and his voice sank lower still, 'come up t' th' house t' dinner before you go. Dorothy—might like to have you.'"

How to Test Colors.

If the color is solid or with little white-plait a sample of it with a strip of white material. Make a strong soap solution. Have it warm but not hot. Rub and squeeze the goods in this for ten minutes. Rinse in cold water, let it dry. If the color holds fast, the water not colored and the strip of white not stained one may be pretty sure of the color. To test for light; expose a piece of material, in both a wet and dry condition, to strong sunlight for a week. If the goods do not show signs of fading it is reasonably sure they will not do so. If you want various colors for a cotton rug at small expense use Easter egg dyes.

Bomb-Dropping Balloons.

The first bomb-dropping balloons were humble enough, and equally futile. Balloons had been used in war as early as the siege of Maubeuge by the Austrians for observation purposes.

The first talk of bomb-dropping was in 1812, when the Russians were said to have a huge balloon for that purpose, but nothing was done with it.

In 1847, however, the Austrians, when attacking Venice, sent up paper fire balloons, which were to drop shells into the town. But they forgot to allow for contrary air currents. The balloons got into one, drifted back toward the Austrians and bombed them instead of Venice.

Where Did He Get It?

Flatbush—Did you hear about Bushwick? Bensonhurst—No; what? "He's in trouble with the government."

"No; really?"

"Yes; it got reported around that he was eating too much."

ON THE FUNNY SIDE



Again the H. C. L.

"My income is suffering," moaned the moving picture star. "Isn't business good?"

"Splendid. But my manager is compelled to spend so much for lunch and lodging I'm afraid he won't be able to make up my annual million-dollar increase of salary."

Foresight.

"I understand that de gemman you's ginetar marry is a cook."

"Yes," replied Miss Miami Brown. "I picked him out. De rule of dat happy home is ginter be, 'Any gemman dat find fault wif de cookin' kin do de cookin' hisself.'"

A Lonely Life.

"Flubdub always seems so lonesome."

"Why, he married a fashionable beauty."

"Yes, he married her, but he has never succeeded in getting into the set she belongs to."

When They Lean Over the Rail.

"I see by the papers that aviators frequently suffer from a malady very like seasickness, due to the pitching of the plane."

"H-m. That's going to be mighty unpleasant for us pedestrians below."

The Arts.

"Of course, you admit the necessity of using alcohol in the arts."

"Yes," replied Uncle Bill Bottletop; "and just between ourselves I regard mixing a drink as an art."

Catty.

Belle—George thinks I'm easy to please.

Nell—No wonder, after so many of us had turned him down.

VERY LIKELY.



First Congressman—He wants to be considered a giant in debate.

Second Congressman—I reckon that's why he uses such blamed long words.

A Race.

There seems but little to be praised in fortune's strange devices. For every time your pay is raised There comes a jump in prices.

Liked to Have Seen It.

The Gossipy One—Say, old man, they tell me your wife was run down at the club this afternoon.

The Long-Suffering One—My goodness! Why wasn't I there?

An Apprentice's Work.

"What in the world makes Crank-smith so peculiar?"

"Oh, some years ago he flew all to pieces over something and the doctor put him together wrong."—Judge.

Alienation.

"I hear that Mr. Young Husband has gone back on his mother-in-law."

"Yep, that's because his wife went back to her."

Sense of Superiority.

"Is Bliggins patriotic?"

"Yes, but egotistic as usual. He is inclined to assume that nobody else can be as patriotic as he is."

Goes Without Saying.

Artist—Sir, I will make you a speaking likeness of your wife.

Patron—It wouldn't be a likeness if you didn't.

Quite So.

Fat Man (after squeezing through)—Confound it! The turnstile is a relic of the dark ages.

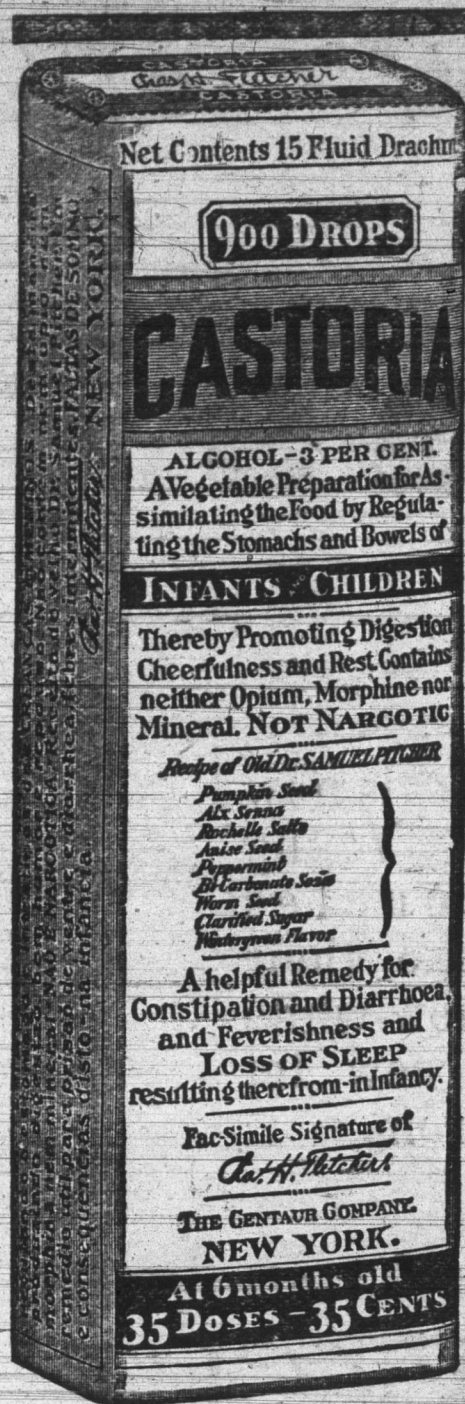
Gateman (smiling)—But you can't deny, old top, that it's one of the things that really count!

The Goose Step.

Mrs. Flatbush—What new step was that you were trying last night?

Mr. Flatbush—That's the goose step. Didn't you know it?

Mrs. Flatbush—I never saw a goose do it before.



Exact Copy of Wrapper.

Mutual Suspicion.
Mistress—"Why did you leave your last place?" Applicant—"Why did your last cook leave hers?"

How's This?
We offer \$100.00 for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. Sold by druggists for over forty years. Price 75c. Testimonials free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

A man is sometimes his own worst enemy, but he is more likely to be his own best friend.

Every married man can tell you that peace terms usually are harsh and expensive.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria

Always Bears the Signature of

J. C. Hitchcock
In Use For Over Thirty Years
CASTORIA
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Resourceful Landlord.

"By what stretch of the imagination can you call this a bachelor apartment?"

"Why, it's a single room, isn't it?"—Buffalo Express.

Keep your liver active, your bowels clean by taking Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets and you'll keep healthy, wealthy and wise. Adv.

Might Finish Him.

"Shall I tell you how he has done in your will?" "No; the cooking is bad enough as it is."

It's pretty hard for any man to make a success of a job he doesn't like to do. Martin's Ferry, O., prohibits signs in foreign languages.

HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES IF YOUR BACK ACHES

Do you feel tired and "worn-out"? Are you nervous and irritable? Don't sleep well at night? Have a "dragged out" unrested feeling when you get up in the morning? Dizzy spells? Bilious? Bad taste in the mouth, backache, pain or soreness in the loins, and abdomen? Severe distress when urinating, bloody, cloudy urine or sediment? All these indicate gravel or stone in the bladder, or that the poisonous microbes, which are always in your system, have attacked your kidneys.

You should use GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules immediately. The oil soaks gently into the walls and lining of the kidneys, and the little poisonous animal germs, which are causing the inflammation, are immediately attacked and chased out of your system without inconvenience or pain.

Don't ignore the "little pains and aches," especially backaches. They may be little now but there is no telling how soon a dangerous or fatal disease of which they are the forerunners may show itself. Go after the cause of that backache at once, or you may find yourself in the grip of an incurable disease.

Do not delay a minute. Go to your druggist and insist on his supplying you with a box of GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules. In 24 hours you will feel renewed health and vigor. After you have cured yourself, continue to take one or two Capsules each day so as to keep in first-class condition, and ward off the danger of future attacks. Money refunded if they do not help you. Ask for the original imported GOLD MEDAL brand, and thus be sure of getting the genuine.—Adv.

Acid-Stomach Makes Millions Suffer

Indigestion—dyspepsia—sour stomachs—bloated gassy stomachs—belchy, miserable-feeling stomachs—these are Acid-Stomachs.

What a lot of misery they cause! How Acid-Stomach, with its day-after-day sufferings, does take the joy out of life! Not only that—Acid-Stomach is always undermining one's health. Think of what acid does to the teeth—how the acid eats through the enamel, causing them to decay. Is it any wonder, then, that Acid-Stomach saps the strength of the strongest bodies and wrecks the health of so many people?

You see ACID-STOMACH victims everywhere always ailing. They can't tell exactly what is the matter; all they say is, "I don't feel well." "I'm all in; tired, sickly." If they only knew it, nine times out of ten it is Acid-Stomach that is ailing them. It surely makes good digestion difficult, causes food to sour and ferment in the bowels, weakens the blood and fills the system with poisons. It prevents one from getting the full strength out of their food.

Take EATONIC and get rid of your Acid-Stomach. This wonderful modern remedy actually takes the excess acid out of the stomach. It quickly and positively relieves bloated, heartburn, belching, food repeating, sour, gassy stomach, and the pains of indigestion. Makes the stomach cool and comfortable—keeps it sweet and strong. Banishes all stomach troubles so completely that you forget you have a stomach. You can eat what you like and digest your food in comfort, without fear of distressing after-effects. EATONIC helps you get full strength out of every mouthful you eat—and that is what you must have to be well and strong—full strength from your food.

Get a big box of EATONIC from your druggist TODAY. We authorize him to guarantee EATONIC to please you. If it fails in any way, take it back; he will refund your money. If your druggist does not keep EATONIC, write to us and we will send you a big 50¢ box. You can send us the 50¢ after you receive it. Address H. L. Kramer, President, Eaton Remedies Company, South Wabash, Chicago, Ill.

EATONIC
FOR YOUR ACID-STOMACH
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