

CANADA'S PLANS FOR WAR REVENUE

So Wisely Distributed That Taxation Will Affect Farmers to a Degree Practically Unnoticeable.

So many rumors have been circulated regarding war taxation in Canada that the statement made by Sir Thomas White, Canadian Minister of Finance, of the Government's plans for raising war revenue should be given the widest circulation.

It will be noticed that this taxation is being applied in such a way that it does not affect farmers in the slightest degree, except, perhaps, through a small increase in cost of apples and oil.

Although the dignified man may not know much, he has to be very careful of what little he does know.

FRUIT LAXATIVE FOR SICK CHILD

"California Syrup of Figs" can't harm tender stomach, liver and bowels.

Every mother realizes, after giving her children "California Syrup of Figs" that this is their ideal laxative, because they love its pleasant taste and it thoroughly cleanses the tender little stomach, liver and bowels without griping.

When cross, irritable, feverish, or breath is bad, stomach sour, look at the tongue, mother! If coated, give a teaspoonful of this harmless "fruit laxative," and in a few hours all the foul, constipated waste, sour bile and undigested food passes out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again.

Millions of mothers keep "California Syrup of Figs" handy; they know a teaspoonful today saves a sick child tomorrow. Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages and grown-ups printed on the bottle. Adv.

The inexperienced One. Belle—Is he a man of affairs? Anne—Mercy, no! He never had a chance. The first girl he proposed to accepted him.—Judge.

IF BACK HURTS CLEAN KIDNEYS WITH SALTS

Drink Lots of Water and Stop Eating Meat for a While if the Bladder Suffers You.

Meat forms uric acid which excites and overworks the kidneys in their efforts to filter it from the system. Regular eaters of meat must flush the kidneys occasionally. You must relieve them like you relieve your bowels; removing all the acids, waste and poison, else you feel a dull misery in the kidney region, sharp pains in the back or sick headache, dizziness, your stomach sour, tongue is coated and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine is cloudy, full of sediment; the channels often get irritated, obliging you to get up two or three times during the night.

To neutralize these irritating acids and flush of the body's urinous waste get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any pharmacy; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine and bladder ailments disappear. This famous salt 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 and stop bladder irritation. Jad Salts is non-toxic; harmless and makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which millions of men and women take now and then, thus avoiding serious kidney and bladder ailments.

Unpleasant Experiences. Mrs. DeLish in her father was a...

NEAL of the NAVY

By WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE. AUTHOR OF "RED MOUSE," "RUNNING FIGHT," "CATSPAW," "BLUE BUCKLE," ETC. NOVELIZED FROM THE PHOTO PLAY OF THE SAME NAME PRODUCED BY THE PATHE EXCHANGE, INC. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE.

THIRD INSTALLMENT THE FAILURE

May the Best Man Win. Neal Hardin, clad in his life-saving uniform, sat upon the gunwale of his lifeboat gazing seaward every-ward. He was seeing visions—always visions of the sea. He caught Annette's hand in his own. He turned to her. "Annette," he cried, "I've got to do it—I can't help it. It calls to me—the sea. It's in my blood."

CONGRESSMAN PRIME ANNOUNCES PRELIMINARY ANNAPOLIS EXAMINATIONS.

Congressman James J. Prime of Seaport announces that the preliminary examination for candidacy for Annapolis finals will be held at the High School here on Thursday next at 9 a. m. The congressman's privilege is limited to but one appointment. May the best man win.

"It's your chance, Neal," said the girl. She placed a hand upon his shoulder, and at her touch the blood ran through his veins like wine. "You're the best man, Neal," she whispered, "always the best man. You're bound to win." Congressman James J. Prime was a Seaport man—and the biggest man in that shore town. He had sprung from boatbuilding, seafaring ancestors; he knew seafaring folk; he liked them. And he liked the sea. And the pleasant thing he did, he was wont to tell his friends, was to recommend clear-eyed, clean limbed young fellows for Annapolis. At the very time that Annette and Neal were sitting in the lifeboat gazing seaward, the congressman was at the post office, surrounded by a circle of old cronies, holding forth upon the navy. As he talked he examined his mail, opening it with a clammy forefinger. He had a mail plenty—small envelopes and big ones, long and short. Three times he dropped a letter, once he dropped a check—somebody picked them up for him.

CHAPTER XIII. The Spider and the Fly.

Back in the Hardin cottage by the sea, Miss Irene Courtier—known in other and less reputable circles by the name of Inez Castro—lapsed (not ungracefully) downstairs from the room she had been occupying for some time, and entered the living room. "Under your kind care," she said to Mrs. Hardin, her hostess—and in her tone was the slightest foreign accent—"I am so well again, that I must leave you."

CHAPTER XIV. Wind and Limb.

Dress suit case in hand Neal stepped in front of a cigar store in New York. Next to the cigar store was an entrance to a stairway that led to the second floor above. In front of this entrance paced an officer in uniform. "Recruiting station?" queried Neal, saluting.

CHAPTER XV. Finess.

It was somewhat early in the morning. Joe Welcher, seated at a round table in the Seaport house bar, still celebrated with three boon companions, his success as a passer of com-

gregated about the steps of the school building in Seaport, N. J. Neal was there. Some of the thirty he knew and some he didn't. Neal started suddenly. A hand was laid upon his shoulder. He turned. Joey Welcher, his foster brother, faced him. Joey smiled. "Neal," he said, "I think I'll take a hack at this Annapolis exam myself."

"With the aid of Mr. Joey Welcher," she proceeded to consult the tables, and I find very good connections on the next train."

CHAPTER XVI. Peril.

Annette woke, choking. Smoke poured into her room. She realized at once that the house was burning. She heard the nearby crackling of flames—she saw the nearby glare of flame. Without the village going—she heard the shouts of volunteers coming down the road. She ran to Mrs. Hardin's room. The door was locked; smoke was creeping from underneath the door. "Mother—Mother Hardin," cried Annette. There was no response. In a frenzy Annette rushed back to her room, seized a chair and returned to the locked door. With a sudden twist of her little body she raised the chair above her shoulders and brought it crashing against the door. A volume of smoke poured out. Regardless of it, Annette pushed in, dragged Neal's mother—unconscious as she was—from the bed, out of the room and down the stairs. "Joey," gasped Annette, "Joey Welcher—he's in there. We must save him, too."

CHAPTER XVII. Powder Hard to Obtain.

Into the manufacture of shells and cartridges there enter metals and explosives. The metals are easy to obtain and the means of working them is not difficult. Companies engaged in other lines of manufacture can make the metal parts of shells, but only powder manufacturers can make the necessary explosives, says Engineering Magazine. It would seem probable that the production of ammunition has been limited by the supply of powder rather than by the capacity

Again a friendly hand was placed upon his shoulder. Again it was Joe Welcher. He sighed with relief. "Look here, Joe," he pleaded, "you don't think I did this thing?" Joe shrugged his shoulders. "It's all right, old man," he said finally, "remember, no matter what has happened I'm your friend."

"How goes it?" asked the congressman. "I've only had the chance to look over young Hardin's papers as they came in—he's been the first to finish. They look good to me. They're well-nigh perfect. There he is now. He's all through."

CHAPTER XVIII. "I'm Disgraced," Cried Neal. "You Tell Them, Joe."

This is what it said—and Neal signed it as requested: "I do solemnly declare on my honor as a gentleman that I have neither obtained nor given aid of any kind during the course of this examination." Neal Hardin, Candidate.

CHAPTER XIX. The Honer Slip.

A crowd of thirty—more or less—will be a standard for the army, the plans for which were secured from England. This gun overcomes the difficulties of jamming experienced in both the 1904 Maxim and the Benet-Mercier machine gun now used by the army, it being possible to fire 16,000 rounds without jamming. This has been demonstrated by elaborate tests made in Texas. The new gun has already been adopted by the English army, and is now being used in the European war. In fact, several improvements have been suggested as a

CHAPTER XX. Coffins are being made of paper in France.

As in the case of the Benet-Mercier. The increased weight is not so great as to detract seriously from its increased advantages. In the opinion of experts, the only serious handicap over the Benet-Mercier being in the water-cooling device which will require additional equipment for transportation. The gun will fire 800 rounds a minute, whereas the older types now in use shoot about 700 a minute.—Springfield Republican.

CHAPTER XXI. Bottles in a Trunk.

If you have to pack bottles in a trunk, tie in the corks and wrap them in soft towels, garments, etc., and place in the middle of the trunk away from anything the contents would rain if leakage occurs.

petitive examinations. Suddenly the window was raised—swiftly but noiselessly, and from without. One of Joe's friends across the table rose, with terror written on his face. He pointed with his finger at the window. "Look, look," he cried. They looked. A long thin, gristly brown arm with long clawlike fingers, thrust through the window and thrust a fold of piece of paper into the breast pocket of Joe Welcher's coat. Joe sprang to his feet, crouched terror-stricken in the corner, shielding his face with his arm. His three cronies leaped to the window, and looked out. There was a moon. But there was no one to be seen. The owner of the hand and arm had disappeared. Welcher, coming to himself, clutched at the neck, and unfolded it and read.

"What's that to you," said Mulligan. Welcher produced his note—it no longer produced an unusual effect upon Mulligan. He dropped his surliness, and with a wink beckoned to Welcher, leading him down a dim corridor. "Go up that there staircase," he commanded, "and knock at Number Seven."

CHAPTER XXII. "Somebody will come," she told herself, "somebody will come."

"Without the word passed that Annette had rushed into the house—was inside now. A huge figure leaped into the crowd, parting it right and left and bounded into the doorway of the house. Whimper with fear, the Brute ran thither, through the living room, and entered the hall—finding the staircase a mass of ruin. He leaped and clutched the landing up above. Some instinct led him to Annette's room. He saw and found her—clutched her unconscious form in his huge arms and leaped with her to the floor beneath and, unseen, laid her unconscious form down at the feet of Mrs. Hardin. Then black, burned, and unrecognizable, he sped away into the night. Hernandez gritted his teeth. "I thought I had that brute trained," he exclaimed wrathfully, as he realized that Annette had waited until he had escaped him, "and I thought he was afraid of fire. In both I was mistaken. We must take it out of his hide, Ponton—next time he must make no mistake." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER XXIII. "Somebody will come," she told herself, "somebody will come."

"Without the word passed that Annette had rushed into the house—was inside now. A huge figure leaped into the crowd, parting it right and left and bounded into the doorway of the house. Whimper with fear, the Brute ran thither, through the living room, and entered the hall—finding the staircase a mass of ruin. He leaped and clutched the landing up above. Some instinct led him to Annette's room. He saw and found her—clutched her unconscious form in his huge arms and leaped with her to the floor beneath and, unseen, laid her unconscious form down at the feet of Mrs. Hardin. Then black, burned, and unrecognizable, he sped away into the night. Hernandez gritted his teeth. "I thought I had that brute trained," he exclaimed wrathfully, as he realized that Annette had waited until he had escaped him, "and I thought he was afraid of fire. In both I was mistaken. We must take it out of his hide, Ponton—next time he must make no mistake." (TO BE CONTINUED.)



"I'm Disgraced," Cried Neal. "You Tell Them, Joe."