

# There is No Sacrifice

in giving most of our abundant wheat crop to our valiant soldiers and their fighting allies. For we have substitutes in Rye, Corn, Barley and Oats, as wholesome and tasty as any Bakery Goods ever made from wheat flour.

We know how to mix them—how to bring out the delicious flavor and genuine goodness of every Pie, Cake or Loaf we bake. Try a fresh, golden brown loaf of our BEST Bread today.

## CITY BAKERY

PHONE 30

## PURE MILK

is a relative term and is frequently used indiscriminately

PASTEURIZED MILK is milk absolutely free from harmful and delirious germs.

WE PASTURIZE OUR MILK

Minot Pure Milk Co.

PHONE 1199

## SPECIALS

### FOR SATURDAY ONLY

Beef Roast.....	25c
Boiling Meats.....	22c
Pork Steaks.....	35c
Pork Chops.....	38c
Veal Stew.....	20c and 25c
Veal Roast.....	25c and 30c
Sirloin Steak.....	35c
Porterhouse.....	38c
Round Steak.....	33c
Head Cheese.....	20c
Weiners.....	25c
Bologna.....	25c
Home Made Pork Sausage.....	30c
Lard in 3-lb. and 5-lb. pails, per lb.....	33c
Hamburger Steak.....	30c

We invite your inspection of our market. Bring your basket and make your own selection.

## Independent Meat Market

A. F. Nitch, Prop.  
Telephone 707

### RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

WHEREAS: Death has again entered the home of our Sister member, Inez Dolloff Moe, and called to her well deserved reward, her Mother, Synthia M. Thornton,  
RESOLVED, That we as members of Abraham Lincoln Relief Corps No. 22, Minot, North Dakota, extend to her our heartfelt sympathy and trust God in his love may heal the broken ties which are severed; and be it further  
RESOLVED, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to her and one recorded in the minutes of this meeting.  
Dated at Minot, North Dakota, August 6th, 1918.

MAE PALDA,  
NELLIE HENDRIX,  
METTA McKOANE,  
Committee.

### HANS, HANSON TAKES BRIDE

Well Known Shoe Repairer Weds Mrs. Anna Blenck — Marriage Took Place Sunday at Stanley

The marriage of Mrs. Anna Blenck of Ross, N. D. to Hans Hanson, a well known Minot shoe maker, occurred at Stanley last Sunday morning, Rev. Nelson, the Lutheran pastor performing the ceremony.

The wedding dinner was served at the home of the bride's daughter, Mrs. Ike Molzahn, two miles west of Ross, fifty guests enjoying the splendid feast. The bride was attired in a blue

## AFTER THE YEARS

By WALLACE A. MARTIN.

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"Everything satisfactory, Mr. Bliss?"  
"Better than that. You've done wonderfully fine. Twelve thousand dollars out of an investment of four! What's your bill?"  
"The usual five per cent on the original capital."

John Bliss pocketed the draft that had just arrived from New York by mail, and drew out his own check book, filled out a blank and handed it to the broker.

"Oh, say!" in sincere surprise exclaimed the latter—"a thousand dollars!"

"It's worth it to me," averred his generous client. "There's a restriction I want to make: I don't want the public, and especially my wife, to know of this transaction. Of course, it was open and above board, and square and legitimate, but I don't want to be classed as a speculator. It places me at a point I've been trying to reach for years. I intend to make things a little more comfortable for Nancy. Comfort—I'll make it luxury, if the dear thing will let me!"

It had excited and enthused him to make a big stake all at once. It had warmed his heart to think of Nancy. They had been married for thirty years. They only boy had just enlisted for the war. During the thirty years, husband and wife had been real workers. For ten years both had settled down into a routine existence. With daylight John was at his farm work. Before daylight Nancy was up and around, preparing breakfast and starting the manifold household duties of the day.

So it had come about that greetings had become purely informal, and companionship unconventional and commonplace. He had long since forgotten to kiss her, and she had accepted the lack of demonstrative affection as latent sentimentality obscured by pressing demands for labor. She was firm at times, stern, but never cross or perverse, while he valued her sterling qualities of sacrifice and toil at their true worth.

But now with a positive relief from the fear of old age, penury, a new spirit was born in John. He was quite gay and light-footed as he proceeded to the bank to deposit his draft. He was clear-eyed and smiling as he entered the house, inspired with secret plans for giving Nancy the surprise of her life when the right moment arrived. She was keen-minded enough to note his unusually jubilant mood.

"Letter from Arnold," he announced.  
"Just got it at the post office. He's been promoted to a sergeantcy."  
"He deserves it, and won't it—I am proud of the boy," commented Mrs. Bliss, with feeling. By the way, Miller was here today with his estimate for painting the house."

"We'll let the man we sell it to arrange that," observed John, and Nancy stared at him.

"You're not thinking of that, are you?" she inquired, eyeing him closely.  
"Why, yes. Tell you, Nancy: I've been saving up and accumulating. I've had a little business windfall, and I see my way clear to build on the village lot. It's your right, girl, to have it a little better and easier. You've done more than your duty all these years, and I want to see you have a little comfort and happiness."

Her faded cheeks glowed momentarily. The lines of her face softened. He had not called her "girl" for twenty years! His hand rested reverently upon her arm and she quivered.  
"I'd like to have some of our old friends to a sort of party, soon," proceeded John. "We'll have to go out more than we do, when we live in town, you know, and get into the new house."

"Don't go beyond your depth," she said.

"I'll not, did I ever? I'm thinking of how you will enjoy having a little rest from the grind, and a hired girl, and the right kind of clothes. You ain't as young as you once was, but you're as straight as an arrow, and I always held, was a pretty woman."

"Nonsense!" derided Nancy, but the compliment was sweet to her. Then, a week later, when some dozen or more friends passed a social evening at the old farmhouse, and John danced twice, bright and sprightly, with two of his boyhood flames, Nancy experienced quite a pang of jealousy, and was duly startled at the growing high spirit of her usually preoccupied helpmeet.

One day she rested a hand on his shoulder to reach over and adjust a window shade. Her cheek was temptingly near to him. He uttered a chuckle and kissed her.

Smack! He drew back with a tingling cheek from the impetuous slap. Poor soul! Infinite modesty, prim disdain of sentiment through twenty years had made her take even the congenial salute as an unwarrantable liberty! Then, overcome with a mighty revulsion in feeling, she burst into tears.

He caught her hand and pulled her to his knee. "Reckon I deserve it—neglecting you so long, Nancy," he said in a low, intense tone; "but that dear cheek is just as velvety to me now as when I courted you in 1885, and I love you ten times more!"

She hid her face on his shoulder with a sigh of ineffable rest and trust. Her lips rested upon the still tingling cheek and soothed it, and the old love awoke like some new spirit of delight in her lonely soul.

## A CHERISHED KISS

By MIRABEL LEE.

(Copyright, 1918, by Western Newspaper Union.)

A series of rapid occurrences aroused Walter Adsit from the humdrum career of an average young man, and within a week tested ingenuity, courage and the timber he was made of in a signally exciting way.

He had dallied in the train shed of a big railroad to wave a departing adieu to a friend just as another train pulled in. He stood for a moment, casually watching the passengers alight.

"Oh, Harry! I am so glad!" and from the hand of a daintily dressed miss a suit case dropped impulsively, a pair of arms encircled his neck and right on his lips a kiss was imprinted. Then, with a dismayed cry, the bestower of the precious favor flushed scarlet and incoherently stammered: "I thought it was my brother—I—"

Her embarrassment was relieved as a man approached her, and Walter started away, lifting his cap, not one bit sorry for the mistake, but too much of a gentleman to remain and further confuse the young lady.

"This is Miss Ward," he heard the man say, as he tendered a card to the young lady which she glanced at casually and listened closely to an evident explanation. She picked up her suit case and with the man walked through the gates and out upon the side depot platform. He signaled a cab and helped the young lady into it. She dropped something white as she crossed the platform. Walter picked it up. It was a printed card, bearing the name, "Harry Ward," and an address.

A shriek echoed out. It was followed by a crash. As the vehicle whizzed around a corner there was a clatter of glass as the pane in the door was pushed through.

Walter ran to the corner. The cab was proceeding more rapidly. As it passed under an electric lamp he caught a full view of the face of the driver.

"I'd know him again," soliloquized Walter, and "and I wonder what this all means?" Within half an hour he was at the address given by the card—a respectable boarding house.

"Mr. Ward? Yes, sir," spoke the maid who answered his summons. "He is ill, but I think he can see you." She led Walter up a flight of stairs, tapped at a door and left him to his own devices.

"Come in," spoke a masculine voice. "Who is it?"  
The moment Walter's eye rested on the occupant of the bed he traced a close resemblance to the girl on the train.

"You will pardon me for intruding," he said, "but an incident has transpired that has caused me some alarm and has led me to seek you out," and briefly but clearly Walter narrated the circumstances of the hour.

Harry Ward looked curious, suspicious and then deeply alarmed. His face grew pale and troubled.

"I must get up at once," he spoke excitedly. "Estelle, my sister! Oh! I see it all. She has been kidnapped to prevent—but you are a stranger and it cannot interest you. I met with a bad fall today and one foot is crippled. That was why I was unable to meet my sister. I counted on her being safe to come here alone."

"You mistake if you think I am not sufficiently interested to wish to be of some practical help to yourself and your sister," observed Walter, earnestly. "It is plain to me that mystery, villainy is involved. You are helpless to pursue the man who has seemingly deluded Miss Ward into believing that you sent him to represent you. Tell me as little or as much as you choose, but let me try to aid you."

It was a somewhat remarkable story that Harry Ward recited. He was engaged in prosecuting a claim of his dead father. The opposition had fought the case. A final decision in court was now pending and the evidence of Miss Ward, her brother's lawyer had told him, would win the case.

The other side in some way had ascertained this. Bold, unscrupulous, they had intercepted the star witness, doubtless intending to hold her as a captive until the case was ended, which would fall flat without her evidence.

The memory of a kiss impelled Walter Adsit to put in three whole days watching everywhere for a clue he had in mind. One day he came to a sudden standstill at a cabstand. A newly glazed window in a cab gave him hope. A little later the driver appeared.

In twenty words Walter satisfied this man that if he did not give the details of the abduction of Miss Ward and her whereabouts he was headed for the penitentiary. The cab driver was, in fact, only a hired tool, but he knew enough to post Walter as to the best course for him to pursue.

An hour later, armed with names and details the cab driver had given him, Walter rushed unceremoniously in upon an old hag in a wretched tenement house.

"From Devonoy!" he exclaimed. "The police are on the track of the girl—get her, quick! I must hurry her to better hiding."

The alarmed woman acted on the fear imposed. An hour later Estelle Ward was in the arms of her brother. A week afterward the case at law was decided in his favor, and later still—

Walter Adsit became a suitor, but not in the courts—that is, except the court of love, where his earnest plea was met with the favor it deserved.

**Women Workers Satisfactory.**  
More than 500 girls already have supplanted men in clerical positions in St. Louis banks. Women are more than making good in their new positions. St. Louis bankers declare. They say the women are more efficient than the men were. The only objections of employers to female help, according to St. Louis men, is a state law prohibiting more than an eight-hour day for women.

### So to Speak.

"Don't you tell me you were Miss Pert's first choice?" "In a way, I was; I had the refusal of her hand."

We are giving our work, our time and our money, but "they" are giving their lives.

Subscribe for the Ward County Independent—\$1.00 per year.

WANTED—To hear from owners of improved and unimproved farms for sale. Give full description of land, improvements and price wanted in first letter. THE MINOT UNDERWRITERS CO., Minot, N. D. 8-29d

### SHELDON CHILD WAS

KILLED IN MISHAP  
J. G. Brown, Marlborough apartments, Eighth street south, received a telegram this morning from his son-in-law, Martin J. Boyle, of Sheldon, N. D., announcing the death in St. Paul of Wendell Boyle, 3 years old, from injuries received Tuesday.

The child was run down by a team on his father's farm, a wheel of the wagon drawn by the horses passing over the boy's face. He was being taken to Rochester, Minn., when death occurred.

### FORKS WOMAN FOUND DEAD.

Grand Forks, N. D., Sept. 4.—Mrs. John H. Owen, well known Grand Forks woman, died Saturday evening in a local hospital after a brief illness. She is survived by seven children, two sons being in the service. One is Tudor Owen, former business manager of The Minot Daily News.

### Anton Jacobson's Wife Died

The many friends of Anton Jacobson of Sweet Grass, Mont., formerly of this city, will regret to learn of the death of his wife, which occurred recently. Mr. Jacobson accompanied the remains to the old home in Virginia for burial. Mr. Jacobson was married about two years ago and visited this city on his honeymoon, many from this city becoming acquainted with the bride. Mr. Jacobson is the son of C. T. Jacobson and a brother of Bertel and D. R. Jacobson, well known Minot merchants. He has the sincerest sympathy of all.

### WOMAN KILLED BY BOLT.

Jamestown, N. D., Sept. 4.—At Kensal occurred the funeral of Miss Bird Thompson, who was killed by lightning on her claim in Montana. She was 29 years old and had been a resident of this county for many years.

### Rev. J. N. Mac Kenzie Resigns

Rev. J. N. Mac Kenzie, Rector of the Episcopal church for the past four years, has resigned, and will leave early in October. The Reverend recently returned from the east where he has received several splendid offers but has not made a selection as yet. He has made a host of friends in Minot and our people will sincerely regret to lose the pastor and his good wife.

### Newsboy Nearly Killed

Sam Swiver, a Minot newsboy, was knocked down by an automobile and nearly killed Wednesday. The lad's head was pushed along the pavement for several feet by the front wheel of the machine and for a time it was feared his neck had been broken.

### Would-Be Suicide Girl Sent to Reform School

Glady's Ness, whose home was formerly in Montana, but who has been working in Minot for a few weeks, was sentenced to the reform school until she is twenty-one years old. She says she is now nineteen. A few days ago she attempted to commit suicide by taking a quantity of strychnine, but prompt administration of antidotes prevented her from accomplishing her purpose.

### Good Wheat Yield

Wheat is being threshed on the Peterson farm west of Minot today. The wheat is turning out exceptionally well. One field averaged 31 bushels per acre and the entire yield will average 26 or 27 bushels per acre.

### Lano Is Largest Man Enlisting at Minot Recruiting Station

Chas. Lano, the "tall pine" from Mohall, who has been engaged in publishing the Mohall News-Tribune for years, has answered our country's call and passed thru Minot Monday afternoon enroute to Camp Dodge, Iowa, where he has entered the Quarter Master's department.

Mr. Lano is the largest man enlisting in the service from the Minot recruiting station. He stands 6 feet two inches and weighs 230 pounds. While he may be a "high private in the rear ranks" at the start, he'll make a splendid war record, his many friends predict, and his promotion ought to be rapid. Friend Lano will probably be used in a regiment of picked shock troops to take care of the Kaiser on the finish.

### Lafe Flaten Leaves

Lafe Flaten, manager of the Minot Cloak & Suit Co., departed at noon today for Camp Grant, Ill., where he will enter the U. S. service. Mr. Flaten is one of Minot's most popular and prominent young business men. He returned Saturday from a visit in Montana points.

### Minot Woman's Brother Lost on the Joseph Cudahy

Mrs. Leo P. Golisch, wife of the manager of the Twin City Paper News, received the sad news that her brother, Andy Schudera, who was one of the armed guard on the Joseph Cudahy, which was torpedoed and sunk 700 miles off the English coast,

on Aug. 17, is among the missing. Twenty-three of the guard are believed to have perished. The deceased was 27 years of age. He enlisted at Winona, Minn., and had been in the service 15 months.

Mrs. Golisch has another brother serving with the American forces in France. She has the sympathy of many friends over the loss of her brother.

### Former President Hill Sends Greetings.

The writer met Louis Hill, former president of the Great Northern Railway Co., at Glacier Park Friday night and he sent greetings to R. E. Barron and other Minot friends. Mr. Hill and family are spending the summer at the Park, occupying apartments at the Many Glacier Hotel and a portion of the time they live in their Chalet at Going-to-the-Sun camp. Mr. Hill just now is engaged in exploring a portion of the park hitherto unvisited, with a view of opening up a new trail or two. Mrs. Hill is doing much Red Cross work at the Park, seeing that all of the women connected with the hotels, as well as the visitors do their share of Red Cross sewing and knitting.

### Former Minot Man Writes of Life in the Trenches.

W. W. Tyler, secretary of the Minot Council U. C. T., received a most interesting letter from Sergt. Chas. Council, who is evidently doing some mighty good work in the trenches in France. The letter follows: July 28, 1918.

Mr. W. W. Tyler,

Dear Sir and Brother:  
Assuming that I can be forgiven for my failure to write sooner, I ask your kind consideration of the many difficulties that arise to bar ones good intentions, especially so when a fellow is bending every effort to learn the business of making war as she is made these days.

Yes, that and a craving desire to write you from the "front line," has balked my itching fingers, when the inclination to write was the strongest.

Now, that desire sees its fulfillment, for we are again in the trenches for our second time. And I'm happy to report that as I write all is quiet and to a degree, provokingly peaceful. This state of affairs is, however, not unwelcome, after days of living under the uncertainty of bursting shrapnel, whining steel from sputtering machine guns, and the dread of gas. And it rains! Good Lord, does all the rain in the world fall over here. Now I know why North Dakota is so dry! The rain all falls over here.

But, with pitter of rain outside and the squalor of a passing sentry's boots sucking thru the mud coming in thru the half open door of my dugout, I rise to remark that this is the life!

Time was when I thought life was but a disagreeable way of spending the time between eternities. But the experiences of the past few weeks have opened up vast possibilities and convinced me that we are allowed this short span we call life, for a purpose.

But, no, this is a letter, not a sermon. There is much I would like to tell you, but time and paper is limited and then the censor must be reckoned with. With one fell swoon, he may undo the results of hours of laborious effort.

Be advised that I am well, thriving on this army diet, making fair headway as regards soldiering. For proof of this be informed that I've been a sergeant for a month now. Am acting as supply sergeant for my company. At this rate of progress I hope soon to be in command of the allied forces.

I trust that good fortune has favored you and ask that you remember me to all good U. C. T.'s. Tell 'em I'm doing my damndest and in return, ask that they buy another Liberty Bond, mention me in their prayers (if they pray) and direct the young, healthy and free on the shortest road to France.

Write me when you can and tell me how many stars now?

Address me:  
SGT. CHAS. A. JOHNSON,  
Co. E, 139 Inf., A. E. F.,  
P. S. Saw Cozy at Camp Mills,  
Not since.)



## Mr. Merchant

That those additional FALL STOCKS should be protected by

## Fire Insurance

and that NOW is the time to have us write the policies.

You will secure the very best of expert insurance service here—and, of course, courteous, painstaking attention.

Have us write your insurance—and feel and be safe.

## Minot Insurance Agency