

BUSINESS GOOD IN CANADA

No Financial Depression, and None Since the War Began.

A well-known correspondent of an important Western daily paper recently made an extended visit to Western Canada, and in summing up the results, after going thoroughly into conditions there, says there is no financial depression in Canada, nor has there been anything of the sort since the war began.

"With the exception of a restricted area in the east, Canada is not an industrial country. The greater portion of the Dominion must be classed as agricultural area, with only an infinitesimal part of it fully developed.

"Lacking complete development, the agricultural portion of Canada has naturally placed its main dependence upon fewer resources than would be the case in the States. Even in peace times, business would be subject to more frequent and wider fluctuations, due to the narrower foundation upon which it rests.

"Thus, Canada has been able to come up to the war with efficiency and sufficiency and to maintain and even advance its civilian activities.

"Canada's first element of financial strength lay in its branch bank system. This system has two great advantages: it makes the financial resources of the Dominion fluid so that supplies of capital can run quickly from the high spots to the low spots; also, it places at the command of each individual branch the combined resources of the whole institution so that there is an efficient safeguard against severe strain at any one point.

"Here in Winnipeg, the all-Canada banking houses maintain big, strong branches and, as elsewhere in the Dominion, these held to an attitude of saneness and solidity that prevented even the start of any financial disturbance.

"That business generally is now coming strong on an even keel is largely due to the absolute refusal of the banks, both branch and independent, to exhibit the slightest signs of excitement or apprehensiveness.

"For all Canada the savings bank figures are astonishing. Beginning with 1913, they are, for the fiscal year ending March 31:

Table with 2 columns: Year and Amount. 1913: \$822,928,968; 1914: 663,850,230; 1915: 683,761,432; 1916: 738,169,212; 1917: 888,765,698

"These figures represent what Canadians have put away after paying the increased living cost, which is about the same as in the States, all increases in taxes and imports of all kinds made necessary by the war and generous subscriptions to war bond issues.

"Prohibition has helped greatly in keeping the money supplies circulating in the normal, necessary channels. Tradesmen generally attribute a large part of the good financial condition to the fact that the booze bill has been eliminated. Canada takes law enforcement with true British seriousness.

"Financially, as in every other respect, Canada has developed sufficiency. She has done it in spite of initial conditions which would not look promising in the States and she has done it in a big, strong way.

"One of the best things we did," said one of the leading Winnipeg bankers to me, "was to decide early in the game that we simply would not borrow trouble.

"We started in ignorance of how the war would develop and without knowing exactly what our resources were, and had to find the way.

"And yet Canadians are not overburdened with taxes nor are they complaining of them. For the common people there has been but a slight tax increase, if any, in a direct way. Indirect payments, of course, are made in the shape of higher prices for living commodities, but the price advance on such items is no heavier than in the States in the same period."—Advertisement.

A Question of Time. She—Albert, don't you think it is about time I had a new hat? He (absent-mindedly)—I really don't know, my dear; I—er—seem to have allowed my watch to run down.

Shortage Creates Longing. Knicker—Funny thing about food. Becker—Yes; a shortage and a longing exist at the same time.

After the Marine is for Tired Eyes. Red Eyes—Sore Eyes—Granulated Eyelids, Etc.—Treatment for Eyes that Feel Dry and Smart. Give your eyes as much of your loving care as your watch and with the same regularity.

Shortage Creates Longing. Knicker—Funny thing about food. Becker—Yes; a shortage and a longing exist at the same time.

LIBERTY A ROMANCE OF OLD MEXICO

BY H. VAN LOAN

NOVELIZED FROM THE PHOTOPLAY SERIAL OF THE SAME NAME, RELEASED BY THE UNIVERSAL FILM MANUFACTURING COMPANY

NINTH EPISODE.

A Daughter of Mars.

Liberty now had two weapons, the guard's rifle and the revolver she had found under the blanket. The sight of Lopez and Manuel laughing as they talked beside the cases of ammunition gave her an idea.

Slowly she raised the rifle between the bars of the cell window and pulled the trigger.

A tremendous explosion followed as the bullet struck a case of dynamite. Lopez and Manuel were buried beneath a mountain of sand. Attracted by the mysterious explosion, a hundred soldiers came running to their aid.

They helped carry Lopez into the hut which he made his quarters.

"A few bad cuts, but otherwise neither of them are seriously injured," remarked the surgeon after a cursory examination.

A half mile from the explosion Pedro and Rutledge lay snuggled behind a sand mound.

"That's strange," remarked Rutledge. "I was just drawing a bead on that pile of cases when up she went."

Bob and Pedro had tethered their horses to a sturdy cactus not far from where they lay hidden.

"I guess we had better get back to the horses," remarked Rutledge. "They will be investigating soon, and we don't want to be caught without our mounts."

Upon reaching the top of the next sand knoll Rutledge made a disheartening discovery. Their horses were gone!

"Now we are up against it," declared Rutledge savagely.

The Mexicans, never suspecting that Liberty had fired the shot which blew up their ammunition, had now separated into bands and were scouring the surrounding desert for the Americans whom they suspected of being in the vicinity. Two of Lopez' horsemen topped the rise a hundred feet from Rutledge and Pedro.

Pedro and Bob hurriedly scurried across the sand and without waiting a moment jumped to the backs of the horses. The two Mexicans cried out in fright as the Americans sprang up behind them. Pedro, with his superior strength, was able to grasp his man with a strangle hold which prevented the latter from putting up a fight, but Rutledge had his hands full. His man turned upon him savagely, whipping out his knife at the same moment.

A terrific struggle followed. The Mexican succeeded in reaching his revolver after Rutledge had wrenched his knife from him. Before Rutledge could prevent him the Mexican had fired a warning shot, which attracted the attention of the Mexicans in the valley.

Some miles farther on Pedro's Mexican also began to show fight. The wiry young scout made short work of him, however.

Bob now realized that it was his life against the Mexican's, and when the latter, after firing a shot to attract his fellow bandits, turned the barrel on him, Rutledge shot without hesitation and ducked as the Mexican's bullet whizzed by his head. The Mexican dropped dead.

Using the bandit's body as a shelter, Bob now turned his attention to the Mexicans who were drawing in upon him.

"This is the finish," thought Rutledge, "unless Pedro gets back in time with Winston and the boys."

Liberty, waking from her afternoon siesta, walked to the window of her cell to gaze upon the havoc created by the explosion of the ammunition and dynamite. Across the sands she saw a body of Mexicans lending a familiar figure toward the hut which Lopez made his headquarters.

"Bob Rutledge!" she gasped, as the figures drew closer.

The bandits halted in front of Lopez's cabin where Liberty could see and hear everything that passed.

"Well, my gallant American captain," sneered Lopez, "I suppose you are after Liberty over there in the hut?" Lopez pointed to the white-faced girl who peered out from behind

Americanism. That in us which more distinctively than anything else we can call Americanism—our faith in humanity, our love of equality. One cannot claim that Americans of English origin are alone the depositaries of this belief, this passion.

Idea of Ancient Origin. All peoples in all times have seen an intimate connection between the moon and fruitfulness, both animal and vegetable. "Even now," says the New York Medical Journal, "the notions which come to our city market owe their excellence to the farmer's careful conjunction of planting time with the phases of the moon."

His Ambition. "I'll be glad when I get big enough to wash my own face," said little Bobby, as his mother finished the operation. "Why so, dear?" she asked. "Cause then I won't wash it," he replied.

Indian Red Dye. Dogwood was the source of the "Indian red" with which the warriors at one period dyed their eagle feathers and buckskin clothes. They procured the dye from the roots of the tree.

the bars of her prison. "Well, tell me what I want to know and I will let you go. If you tell me enough, maybe I will let her go with you. That would be nice, wouldn't it?"

"Save your wind," replied Rutledge. "Take him out," ordered Lopez. "Give him a little Mexican inquisition. And do it so that tiger cat over there can see it." Lopez pointed to Liberty, who stood white faced with her brow pressed against the bars of her cell.

Meanwhile Pedro rode madly across the desert. Toward three o'clock he raced down the last sand hill which separated him from the American encampment. Breathlessly he rode up to Major Winston's tent.

"They've got Rutledge, major," he panted.

Without an instant's hesitation Major Winston seized a bugle that lay on a camp chair and shrilled out a blast that brought the entire camp to its feet. Throwing the bugle to the ground Winston leaped to his horse and was off before his own men had thrown saddles on their mounts.

Lopez stood to one side as his bandits led Bob out to the wall of a white-washed adobe hut.

"Some of you fellows that are handy with your knives show us what you can do at long-distance throwing," commanded Lopez. "See how thick the American's hide is."

"Stop it!" Lopez wheeled around to find himself looking into the barrel of Liberty's rifle.

"Pancho Lopez," shouted Liberty, her voice hoarse with determination, "the first knife that is flung at Rutledge means a bullet through your miserable head."

That night there went forth from Washington the definite order for the withdrawal of American troops.

Alone of all the American officers, Major Winston, leader of the most advanced outpost, disobeyed orders. With a hundred-odd bronzed cavalymen following close behind, the late afternoon of the day Pancho Lopez stood Bob Rutledge up against a whitewashed 'dobe wall, found the grizzled old major and his troopers still fighting their way through the desert sand.

"We may be too late to get Rutledge alive," declared the Major, "but, by God, we'll get Lopez and his skunk-colored gang."

Lopez stood irresolute, his hands raised high in the air while Liberty continued to point her short-barreled shotgun at him.

"Now, order one of your men to open the door of this hut," shouted Liberty, "or I'll blow the few brains you have out on the sand."

Lopez, knowing well that the American girl meant every word, reluctantly gave the order. Liberty stepped forth from the hut.

"Take these ropes off Rutledge," Liberty then commanded, "and remember, Lopez, if you or any of your men make the slightest suspicious move I will let you have the contents of this gun."

Lopez sullenly unbound Rutledge and then, upon Liberty's orders, pushed on ahead, while Rutledge and Liberty followed, Rutledge covering the Mexican bandits with his rifle and Liberty with the barrel of her shotgun close against Lopez' ribs.

Immediately after Rutledge, Liberty and Lopez had disappeared over the sand dunes on horseback Lopez' followers held a council of war to decide how to rescue their leader. Finally Manuel mounted a horse and, taking a circuitous route, rode off with the intention of waylaying Rutledge and Liberty at a bend in the desert trail.

Rutledge anticipated some such move on the part of the Insurrectos and whispered his suspicions to Liberty. "You had better ride on ahead, my dear," he said. "I will take my chances with Lopez. Try to pick up Pedro. I am sure he escaped, and if he did he will be on the way back by now with some of the boys."

Two miles down the trail Liberty thought she heard a shot. Rutledge and Lopez were invisible in the long sandy hollow behind her.

Liberty had heard a shot. Rutledge, jogging along with Lopez a few feet in front of him suddenly felt a burning sensation in his right arm.

"Winged!" Rutledge hastily shifted his revolver to his left hand. Several hundred yards to the left a crumbling 'dobe shelter gave him an idea. Realizing that his profusely bleeding wound might put him at Lopez's mercy in a few minutes, Rutledge seized the bride of the latter's horse.

"Beat it!" he ordered. "And beat it quick."

Lopez, glad to escape under any conditions, roweled his mount and slid to the opposite side in Indian fashion, fearing that Rutledge would give him a parting shot. The American, however, cantered slowly to a 'dobe hut, binding his wound on the way with a bandanna handkerchief. Another shot, and then a score sputtered on the walls of the hut as Rutledge changed the metal door shut behind him, leaving his horse outside.

He knew that either Liberty or

Pedro would be along with help soon, and in this he was not disappointed. Pedro, with four daring riders, in fact already was on his way, intent upon rescuing Bob Rutledge. Meanwhile the rest of the cavalymen were riding ahead to round up the band of Insurrectos at their desert retreat.

Pedro and his men had gone only a few miles along the trail when they came upon Liberty, who quickly gasped out her story to them. In the distance, even as she talked, they could hear faint reports.

Topping the last rise which lay between them and the hollow which marked the bed of a "lost" river, they saw faint puffs of smoke coming from the 'dobe hut in which Rutledge had taken refuge. On the crest of the opposite hill came answering puffs.

"Let's make for the hut," advised Pedro. "That's Bob down there."

Bob threw open wide the door of his refuge.

"I'm glad you came," he whispered faintly. "My wound has made me a bit sickish."

Liberty rushed to Bob's side and, tearing her skirt into strips, quickly bound up her sweetheart's bleeding arm.

The cavalymen had tethered their horses and Bob's, which had been roaming about near the hut, on the side of the cabin which was protected from the Mexican bullets. Now the encircling movement of the bandits threatened the horses.

"Pedro and I will make a break," said Liberty. "Stick it out and we'll have the cavalry back here in an hour."

A moment later, with bullets flicking the sand on all sides of them, Pedro and Liberty rode madly away. Liberty's horse whinnied once in pain, and a moment later she felt him stagger under a second shot.

"He's done for," cried Liberty. "And we're done for, too!"

Lopez leaped from his pony, seized Liberty by the arm and almost threw her into the saddle of his own mount.

"I'll use the dead pony for a breastwork," shouted Pedro. "Ride for your life, Liberty."

Pedro put the point of his bayonet into the flanks of Liberty's mount and the frothing beast fairly leaped out of sight with Liberty clinging desperately to its mane.

(END OF NINTH EPISODE.)

LOST ENTHUSIASM FOR JOB

Question Caused Colored Boy to Reconsider Request for Employment in Munition Works.

George Ade says that a friend of his in Bridgeport, Conn., had a negro boy working for him as janitor. One morning the darky announced that he was about to quit.

"I larks you, boss," he explained to Ade's friend, "and I ain't got no fault to find wid dis heab job. But dey tells me dat over heah at dese munitions works dees payin' fo' dollahs a day. And I 'dows to git some of dat easy money."

Being paid off, he departed. Two days later he came back and applied for his former place.

"Didn't you care for the new job?" asked Mr. Blank.

"I quit befo' I got dat far," stated the negro. "Yistiddy mornin' I goes over to dem munitions works and I tells de man in de little office at de gate in de big high wall outside dat 'I'se done come to get one of dem fo' dollar-a-day jobs of his'n. He says 'all right,' and den he gits out a book and he axes me wnut is my name. I tells him wnut is my name, and den he says: 'Whar do you want de remains sent? And I look him in de eye and I say: 'Boss, don't you pester yo'self 'bout de remains, c'se 'I'se gwine take 'em with me right now.'"—Saturday Evening Post.

Warning to Kickers. A sad-eyed mule stood in the rain, tired was he and sick, but proffered sympathy gave him pain, and against it he did kick. A cat came up to share his woes, with mew and gentle purr. She was transformed from head to toes into fiddle strings and fur. A yellow dog next offered up himself these woes to share. Soon sausage meat, a la pup, was flying through the air. Then little Jack, the farmer's son, attempted, to his sorrow, under shelter the mule to run. His funeral is tomorrow. An awful roar, a blinding flash; he hadn't time to duck it; so the mule so rude and rash finally kicked the bucket.—Indianapolis Star.

Value of Breathing Rightly. Thomas Kane, a Chicago business man, tells how he regained his health after a nervous breakdown when he was forty-eight. He says: "Just three things are absolute necessities for the smooth running and longevity of these human machines of ours: They are pure air, pure water and plain food. Food alone has a price. Both air and water are God's free gifts. And yet not one person in 10,000 breathes enough pure dry air; not one in a thousand drinks enough pure water, and nearly all of us eat too much."—American Magazine.

MILLIONS USE RED CROSS. Millions of good housewives use Red Cross Ball Blue. Each year its sales increase. The old friends use it and tell others. Red Cross Ball Blue will make your old clothes look like new. Ask your grocer.—Adv.

Would Have Doctors Exempted.

Many members of the medical profession are indignant at the fact that medical students have not been exempted from military service under the compulsory-service bill, although theological students have been exempted. Also, the number of students in this country has been reduced in recent years by the strict standards imposed upon schools, which has put many of them out of business and increased the length of time required for a physician to qualify for practice.

With the Fingers! Says Corns Lift Out Without Any Pain

Sore corns, hard corns, soft corns or any kind of a corn can shortly be lifted right out with the fingers if you will apply on the corn a few drops of freezone, says a Cincinnati authority.

At little cost one can get a small bottle of freezone at any drug store, which will positively rid one's feet of every corn or callus without pain or soreness or the danger of infection.

This new drug is an ether compound, and dries the moment it is applied and does not inflame or even irritate the surrounding skin. Just think! You can lift off your corns and calluses now without a bit of pain or soreness. If your druggist hasn't freezone he can easily get a small bottle for you from his wholesale drug house.—adv.

A Foe to Gardening. "How's your garden getting along?" "I'm having a hard fight of it. I planted a lot of vegetable seeds, but my neighbors own chickens, and, confound it, I believe every one of those hens is working for the kaiser."

Twenty-Five Years' Experience With This Kidney Medicine

It is a quarter of a century since I introduced Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root to my trade and they all speak very favorably regarding it, and some friends said it is the best medicine they have ever used. The sale we have enjoyed on the preparation and the splendid reputation that it feels is a positive proof that it is one of the most meritorious remedies on the market. Very truly yours, F. E. BRITTON, Druggist, Nov. 28th, 1918. Jonesboro, Tenn.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You. Send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample size bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention this paper. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.—Adv.

Will Have to Dig. They are talking in Washington about putting a heavy tax on idle lands. In other words, the landholders will have to dig one way or another.—Houston Post.

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Fletcher. In Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Half a loaf is better than none, but a whole loaf is twice as bad as nothing.

Canadian Farmers Profit From Wheat

The war's devastation of European crops has caused an unusual demand for grain from the American Continent. The people of the world must be fed and wheat near \$2 a bushel offers great profits to the farmer. Canada's invitation is therefore especially attractive. She wants settlers to make money and happy, prosperous homes for themselves by helping her raise immense wheat crops.

You can get a Homestead of 160 acres FREE and other lands at remarkably low prices. During many years Canadian wheat fields have averaged 20 bushels to the acre, many yields as high as 45 bushels to the acre. Wonderful crops also of Oats, Barley and Rye.

Wheat farming as profitable an industry as grain raising. The excellent grasses full of nutrition are the only food required for beef or dairy purposes. Good schools, churches, markets convenient, climate excellent.

There is an extra demand for farm labor to replace the men who have volunteered for the front. The Government is urging farmers to put extra acreage into grain. Write for literature and particulars as to reduced railway rates to Dept. of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or G. A. COOK, 2012 Main St., Kansas City, Mo. Canadian Government Agent

Protect Your Farm Buildings. Life-time Protection From Thieves for \$2 WITT Burglar Alarm \$2

Protect your farm buildings and use the WITT Burglar Alarm. It is the only reliable burglar alarm made for homes, barns, stables, chicken coops or outbuildings. Can be easily attached to a child's toy wagon or to doors or windows. Whether open or closed, slightest disturbance warns you immediately. Same also for wire the tree fence. Write—do you want to be the first to see it? WITT ALARM MFG. CO., 1318-C Fifth Ave., PITTSBURGH, PA.

CLIMBED STAIRS ON HER HANDS

Too Ill to Walk Upright. Operation Advised. Saved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

This woman now raises chickens and does manual labor. Read her story: Richmond, Ind.—"For two years I was so sick and weak with troubles from my age that when going up stairs I had to go very slowly with my hands on the steps, then sit down at the top to rest. The doctor said he thought I should have an operation, and my friends thought I would not live to move into our new house. My daughter asked me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as she had taken it with good results. I did so, my weakness disappeared, I gained in strength, moved into our new home, did all kinds of garden work, shoveled dirt, did building and cement work, and raised hundreds of chickens and ducks. I cannot say enough in praise of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and if these facts are useful you may publish them for the benefit of other women."—Mrs. M. O. JOHNSTON, Route D, Box 190, Richmond, Ind.

She Knew. Sailor—Yes, ma'am, them's men-o'-war. Girl—How interesting. And what are the little ones in front? Sailor—Oh, them's just tugs. Girl—Oh, yes, of course; tugs of war. I've heard of them.

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

Be sure to ask for the double strength ointment, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.—Adv.

Cynical Descendant. "Remember it was one of your forefathers who pledged his sacred honor for his country?" "Yes, and how much did he raise on it?"

ECZEMA Money back without question. EUCY'S CURE fails in the treatment of ITCH, ECZEMA, RINGWORM, TETTER or other itching skin diseases. Price, 50c. Sold by druggists, or direct from A. B. Richards Medicine Co., Sherman, Tex.

GREEN MOUNTAIN ASTHMA TREATMENT This treatment is the result of many years of study and experiment. It is the most effective treatment of disease of the lungs and throat by Dr. J. H. Guild, graduate of New York Medical College and New York Chemical Laboratory, a practitioner in Bellevue and New York Charity Hospitals, and an eminent physician. Price, 50c. Sold by druggists, or direct from A. B. Richards Medicine Co., Sherman, Tex.

DAISY FLY KILLER placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies. Fast, clean, germicidal, odorless, cheap. Lasts all season. No food waste. High quality. No fly over; will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. Sold by dealers, or 5 cent by express prepaid for \$1.00. HAROLD SOMERS, 150 DE KALE AVE., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Washington, D. C., has the best references. Best results.

FARM HANDS BIG PAY. Write WILLIAM HANLEY, Broadway, Mont.

W. N. U., KANSAS CITY, MO. 25-1917.