

## MUST PROVIDE FOOD

Duty Devolving on Farmers of This Continent.

Western Canada Well Prepared to Meet the Needs of the Old World—"The Earth is a Machine Which Yields Almost Gratuitous Service to Every Application of Intellect"—Emerson.

Speaking with one of the commissioners appointed to make a survey of the food situation in the battle-torn countries of Europe the writer was told that the depletion and shortage of food was far greater than anyone had expected. With the investigation, which at that time had merely started, much had been brought to light that had only been surmised. Herds of live stock were completely wiped out, fields that had been prolific yielders of grain, roots and vegetables were terraced and hummocked by bombs and shells, many of them still lying unexploded and dangerous. Until this land can be gone over and cleaned nothing in the way of cultivation can be carried on, and even where that is done the work of leveling and getting under cultivation will take a long time.

Much more devolves upon the farmer on this side of the Atlantic than was at first supposed. Herds of live stock will have to be replenished, and this will take years; the provisioning of the people in the meantime is the task the farmers here will be asked to undertake. Producing countries will be taxed to their utmost to meet this demand; all that can be provided will be needed. This need will continue for some time, and during this period prices will be high. The opinion of those who have given the question most careful thought and study is that food scarcity will be greater than ever before. The Allies will have to feed Germany, Austria, Turkey and Russia and this in addition to the requirements of European neutrals for increased supplies now that there is no submarine menace.

To the Canadian and American farmer this means a demand for his grain fully as great as at any time in the past. Wheat will be needed, meat will be required. The slogan "don't stop saving food" is as necessary today as ever. The purpose of this article is to direct attention to the fact that hundreds of thousands of acres of land in Western Canada are still uncultivated, and this land is capable of producing enough to supply all needs. On its rich grasses are easily raised—and cheaply too—the cattle that will be sought; in its soil lies the nutriment that makes easy the production of the grain that will be needed, and in both the farmer will be assured of a good profit on his investment. The land can be purchased at low prices, on easy terms, and with the abundance of returns that it will give, it does not mean a matter of speculation. The facts as set out are known, and certainly are guaranteed.

These facts, the low cost of the land, and its great productivity, combined with the admirable marketing and transport facilities at the disposal of the farmer make farming in Western Canada an attractive proposition.—Advertisement.

## Disappearing.

Crossroads Merchant—My wife is a victim of relations in the city. Travelling Salesman (with a wink)—Having a good time during her absence, I suppose? Crossroads Merchant—Well, to tell the truth, it was darn close to eight o'clock before I got the store opened this mornin'.—Buffalo Express.

To Have a Clear Sweet Skin. Touch pimples, redness, roughness or itching, if any, with Cuticura Ointment, then bathe with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Rinse, dry gently and dust on a little Cuticura Talcum to leave a fascinating fragrance on skin. Everywhere 25c each.—Adv.

## Surprise Natural.

"You ought to have seen the surprised look on the cop's face when his prisoner suddenly scooted." "That was natural. A bolt from the blue is always surprising, you know."—Boston Transcript.

Keep clean inside as well as outside by taking a gentle laxative at least once a week, such as Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. Adv.

## Unkind.

Howell—What do you think of him? Powell—If he should stand on his head he would be flat-footed.

## RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR.

To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and 1 oz. of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Full directions for making and use come in each box of Barbo Compound. It will gradually darken streaked, faded gray hair, and make it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off.

Nothing can be done for the man who has made up his mind that he won't be happy.

Before selecting the seed be sure of your soil.

**Your Eyes** Granulated Eyelids, Eyes inflamed by exposure to Sun, Dust and Wind quickly relieved by **Barbo Compound**. Just Eye Comfort. At Your Druggist or by mail 60c per Bottle. For Sale at the Eye Free White Wash. Barbo Eye Free White Wash, Chicago.

## The Plain Kind

By R. RAY BAKER

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There was no question about it, Martha Bain was not beautiful. Freckles are not necessarily rocks on the road of romance. Neither is a pug nose, nor stringy hair of a rusty taw. But Martha had them all, and was not given a part in Cupid's drama. That is, she had no part in it until—well, this was the way of it:

Perched behind the desk in Eagle Heights hotel Martha watched the summer lads woo the summer lassies, and her little heart, which really was very big, thumped away unnoticed and neglected. Perhaps if she had obtained a polished personality at a finishing school she might have made herself interesting to the knights from the big town; but Martha's father considered a high school education sufficient for his hotel clerk, specially since people went there in quest of the rustic.

Nevertheless, Martha often dreamed when she sat at the edge of Walloon lake in the light of the moon, that she had a knight of her own—sometimes two of them.

Harold Kingsley came to Eagle Heights for a month's recreation from his literary labors. He was tall and slim, almost to the point of lankness, and he had black hair and deep brown eyes from which a soul seemed to shine.

When he came along the beach Martha was throwing sticks into the water for a white fox terrier to chase. Harold stopped and watched, standing some distance behind the girl, so she did not become aware of his presence.

"Come on, Knight," she admonished, and the dog emerged from the water holding a jagged stick, which he dropped at the girl's feet. Then Knight spied Harold and went to him just as a shaking spell seized him.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," Martha exclaimed, when she turned and saw Harold brushing drops of water from his clothes. "That is, Knight begs your pardon."

Harold laughed lightly and reaching down, patted the terrier regardless of the latter's dripping skin.

"Don't bother about the apologies," he remonstrated. "I can dry out again. Besides, this is not my best suit. I have another—honest."

From that time they were friends, the three of them. Nearly every evening they were together, walking along the tanbark paths in the woods or seated in a secluded nook on the lake shore.

Sometimes he talked to her of the big town and the sights he had seen on his travels; at other times he read or recited poetry.

As the days rolled past their relations became more intimate, and frequently they talked of personal things. The man proved fascinating beyond her most imaginative dreams of knights, and she held an attraction for him to which none of the patrons of the hotel, who were bound to notice what went on, could reconcile themselves, especially the feminine element, which was in the majority.

One night Harold grasped Martha's hand and told her:

"Martha, somehow, I've come to care for you a lot."

"Why?" she wanted to know. "Why do you like me? I know I am not good looking, and I have just loads of freckles."

He was silent, while he watched a star blink from afar and wondered whether people lived on it.

"Because you are so natural," he finally said. "You're not the least bit artificial, like most girls I know. You are not tainted from contact with the world. You are just yourself, and you don't try to be anything else. And do you know, I'm rather fond of freckles, particularly that one on the end of your nose."

The next night—it was nearly a month since his first appearance at Eagle Heights—his manner was entirely different. He answered her in monosyllables and appeared wrapped in thought.

"Why are you so very different tonight?" she asked. They walked on and came to the steps of the hotel veranda before he answered:

"I'll tell you. Today I received word that Elizabeth Ross, the girl I am engaged to marry, is coming here tomorrow. She expects to stay several days, and then I am to go back with her. I hated to tell you."

She left him there on the steps and went to her bed, where soon she was sobbing herself to sleep. He went out on the dock and found a bench and sat smoking his pipe for a full hour, thinking.

Elizabeth Ross took the place by storm. Attired in clothes that were the latest in style, she swept into the hotel, greeted Harold with an embrace and a kiss, and complained because the best room already was occupied and she had to put up with the second best.

She was a pronounced blonde, with a clear, olive complexion and dreamy gray eyes. She was nearly as tall as Harold, and, if anything, slimmer.

Watching from behind her desk, the lady clerk had all she could do to keep the tears away when the new-comer assumed possession of Harold.

"I hate that girl!" said Martha, and she meant it so much she broke the point of the pen when she jabbed it into the potato that served as a holder.

Martha's feelings toward Elizabeth Ross were not improved by an incident which took place the day after the latter's arrival. Knight, the terrier, liked to be friendly with all the guests, and he tried to be with Miss Ross when the latter ascended the steps to the veranda after a walk with Harold along the shore.

Did Miss Ross stoop and pat Knight as he frisked about her? Decidedly she did not. Instead, she kicked him with her dainty foot, and Knight went away with his tail between his legs, surprised and mortified.

Came the day when Harold and his bride-to-be were to leave. Martha had her eyes open for a last glimpse of him, and she finally spied him through a window, coming toward the hotel, in company with Miss Ross. They were talking earnestly—at least, the girl was—and Martha rejoiced that there might be some kind of a dispute.

Slowly the sun crept out of sight behind the rim of Walloon lake, leaving a streaked blaze of blended red, gold and blue. In a secluded dell, fringed with faintly rustling maples, stood a freckled-faced, pug-nosed girl, one arm against a tree, her gaze following a little steamboat that was lazily puffing a path through the placid water.

A shrill scream pierced the sky as a seagull, circling overhead, spied a dinner and swept down to snatch it from the blue. The little boat plugged steadily onward, the sound of its exhaust carried distinctly on the clear air. The waves lapped against the shore at the girl's feet. From the hotel came the phonographic notes of a jazz band melody.

The girl stooped and patted the head of the white dog, which stopped snapping at a fly long enough to caress the hand with his tongue.

"He's gone, Knight," she said. "He's on that boat, see?" And she turned the animal's head toward the ferry, which just then uttered a hoarse blast and glided behind a point that shut it from the view of the watchers. Tears could not be kept from Martha's eyes, and Knight sniffed as though he were crying, too.

"Now you're my only Knight," she told the dog.

Something rustled behind them and the dog growled as he sprang toward the sound; but the growl was smothered in his throat and his tail began to wag furiously.

Martha looked and her eyes met those of Harold Kingsley, standing with his hands in his coat pockets, a queer little smile curving his mouth.

For a moment Martha was too astonished for words.

"Why, why—I thought you and Miss Ross left on—that boat," she finally managed to stammer.

He reached and picked a leaf from a tree, and crumpled it in his hand.

"You thought right, partly," he said.

"Miss Ross is on that boat, but we—well, we had a disagreement after she made a show—after she kicked this little dog, and so things are not—they are different now. You see, she's one of the artificial kind; and I rather prefer girls like—well, the natural, the plain—yes, the freckled kind."

## "BUCK UP" AND KEEP GOING

World Has Little Use for Man Who Wastes His Time and Theirs Talking Hard Luck.

"Bad luck never comes singly," is an old proverb and an untrue one. Its fallacy lies in the word luck. A man invites most of his misfortunes. Let fate hand him one body blow and he proclaims the fact that something has gone wrong. Men are so busy at their own affairs in the world, so engrossed in the struggle of accomplishing what they have set out to do, that a hanging head and a dismal countenance as a rule only serve to send them on faster about their business. They have no time to stop and ask what is wrong. They are apt unwittingly to jostle anyone who stumbles in their path. But let the man who has incurred one body blow at the hands of fate remain indomitable, let him continue his course aggressively, and he will find that those about him are as ready as ever to greet him. He will not be jostled because he is not in the way. How many college football players have been badly bruised when they were holding off because they felt a bit tired? And how seldom is one injured when he huris himself full tilt into the opposition interference? The same rule applies to life.

## First Fresh Air Crank.

Methuselah was the first real fresh-air crank, according to the version presented by Dr. Vincent Y. Bowditch of Boston. The reason why Methuselah lived so long, he said, was that he knew enough to get all the fresh air that he could and to live out of doors day and night. Hippocrates, the famous early Greek physician, recommended fresh air as a cure for many diseases, and a number of ancient and medieval writers in medicine follow his suggestion.

Benjamin Franklin, in an article written in 1776, extolled the virtue of fresh air and emphasized how easy it was to prolong one's life by living in the open.

## Starfish.

Starfishes have a considerable power of reproducing lost parts, a single arm having been known to grow up into a new starfish.

## PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

## AMERICAN PRINCESS OF WALES?



The matrimonial future of the prince of Wales is much discussed in London these days. The Daily Express, for instance, recently devoted two columns to the subject, pointing out that the war has narrowed the choice for the royal marriage. There is no possibility now of a German princess becoming queen of England, and a vast tragedy has obliterated the Russian royal family.

As regards marriageable princesses in other European countries, the Express says that Princess Yolanda of Italy is ineligible on religious grounds. Princess Helena of Greece is no longer talked of as the future queen, and although one of the Roumanian princesses might be chosen, the prospect would arouse little enthusiasm.

"The fact is," says the Express, "that there is a keen desire that the prince shall be allowed to choose for himself a British wife—if not an American. His marriage with a British bride would be exceedingly popular. If he should choose an American bride, the enthusiasm on both sides of the Atlantic would be unbounded, and dramatic possibilities would be opened up."

"The example would be infectious, and there is no telling where the consequences would end."

The Express says the idea of royal caste marrying within itself is no part of English law and forms no written part of any continental constitution. "There is nothing whatever to prevent King George giving his consent to the marriage of the prince of Wales to anybody who is not a Roman Catholic," it adds.

## PLEA FOR DISCHARGED WOMEN

"Thousands of women will automatically step out of positions and part with pay envelopes as each homecoming troopship discharges its human freight on our shores. It is the business of this country to see that those women are protected in their retirement and that an exchange to another industrial front be effected without appreciable loss to the pay envelope."

Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, national suffrage president, thus summed up recently the threefold problem of the readjustment of the labor situation from the war to the peace basis.

"We are entering our protest against discharge of women without proper warning and without help in finding other positions. We have asked the federal employment agencies established throughout the country to find work for soldiers to do the same for women. Our state suffrage associations act as our local representatives in bringing pressure to bear and the national association uses what federal influence it can command. Our state associations also investigate special cases."

"Should there be failure to act on the part of the federal employment agencies it may become necessary to call together the organizations now working on the different phases of the reconstruction of industry as they affect women. The Women's Trade Union league concerns itself with the wage scale and conditions of labor. The Young Women's Christian association specializes on the care of women out of positions. Others attack the question from different angles."

## LIEUT. RENE FONCK IS COMING



Lieut. Rene Fonck, the French ace of aces, is soon to visit the United States. Lieutenant Fonck is the incredible youngest of twenty-four who winged 125 German flyers during the war, 75 of them officially scored and within the French lines.

You may expect to see a slim and wiry chap with the flaming eyes of a fanatic, yearning for the abnormal. But he is not like that. He is rather a squat boy, with broad shoulders, grave features, steady, serious eyes, and a large head full of common sense—in appearance exactly what he was before the war, a village schoolboy in the Vosges with a knack for machinery. He is a good boy, more jealous of his reputation as a clean man than of his fame as a scourge of the skies.

A vast caution, he says, explains his success as an airman, a caution tempered by confidence. Unusual eyes, an uncanny facility in marksmanship, and a constant variation of tactics, never fighting twice in the same way, and a paradoxical and scrupulous prudence are in his list of assets.

## CHIEF OF CHILDREN'S BUREAU

"The time has come when the whole subject of child labor should be considered anew with reference to education as the most effective and profitable means of control," Miss Julia Lathrop declared in her annual report as chief of the children's bureau. In co-operation with state officials, the bureau is preparing a plan of uniform reporting on work certificates issued to children in states having certificate requirements, which, it is believed, will furnish much valuable information regarding child labor.

More than 6,500,000 children have been weighed and graded in the bureau's children year campaign to save at least 100,000 babies who die from preventable diseases. The report said widespread interest was being shown in the campaign and many eminent physicians were giving their services to aid in raising the physical standard. Public health nurses and adequate care for mothers and infants were urged by the bureau. Juvenile delinquency was increased in many cities by war conditions. Especially notable was the growth in the number of cases of carrying concealed weapons.



## WOMEN OF MIDDLE AGE

Need Help to Pass the Crisis Safely—Proof that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Can be Relied Upon.

Urbana, Ill.—"During Change of Life, in addition to its annoying symptoms, I had an attack of grippe which lasted all winter and left me in a weakened condition. I felt at times that I would never be well again. I read of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and what it did for women passing through the Change of Life, so I told my doctor I would try it. I soon began to gain in strength and the annoying symptoms disappeared and your Vegetable Compound has made me a well, strong woman so I do all my own housework. I cannot recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound too highly to women passing through the Change of Life."

—Mrs. FRANK HENSON, 1316 S. Orchard St., Urbana, Ill.

Women who suffer from nervousness, "heat flashes," headache, dizziness and "the blues" should try this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

## Tony Seeks Escape.

Officer (at medical inspection)—"Say a-a-a-ah!" Tony—"No speak-a de English!"—Corp. T. W. Cullen in Judge.

## 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

## Age Makes a Difference.

Small Son—"Mamma, is 'darn it all' swearing?" Mother—"Yes; for a child of your age it is."

## Stop the Pain.

The hurt of a burn or a cut stops when Cole's Carboline is applied. It heals quickly without scars. 25c and 50c by all druggists. For free sample write The J. W. Cole Co., Rockford, Ill.—Adv.

## His Status.

"Bill seems to be pulling himself together again." "Oh, then he is a Bill collected."

## INDIGESTION, GAS, UPSET STOMACH

HURRY! JUST EAT ONE TABLET OF PAPE'S DIAPEPSIN FOR INSTANT RELIEF.

No waiting! When meals don't fit and you belch gas, acids and undigested food. When you feel indigestion pain, lumps of distress in stomach, heartburn or headache. Here is instant relief.



Just as soon as you eat a tablet of Pape's Diapepsin all the dyspepsia, indigestion and stomach distress ends. These pleasant, harmless tablets of Pape's Diapepsin always make sick, upset stomachs feel fine at once and they cost so little at drug stores.—Adv.

True contentment is founded on what you have and never on what you may some day possess.

## Confined to Her Bed Days at a Time

But Doan's Brought a Quick and Lasting Cure.

Mrs. Herrman Ruechke, 177 Fourth St., Long Island City, N. Y., says: "The pains in my back were almost unbearable. I always felt tired and listless and found it almost impossible to attend to my housework. Gradually the pains increased—day by day my suffering became worse. Often flashes of light and black specks would appear before my eyes and dizzy spells would come over me. My hands and feet were swollen and my head pained me so at times I thought it would split. My kidneys annoyed me, too. I became dependent. Sometimes I would have to take to my bed for three or four days at a time. I had the good fortune to hear of Doan's Kidney Pills, so I began using them and was soon back in perfect health again. My cure has stood the test of time, so I am only too glad to recommend Doan's to other kidney sufferers."

Mrs. Ruechke gave the above statement in April, 1916, and on April 4, 1917, she added: "I gladly repeat all I have said about Doan's Kidney Pills, for they have cured me of kidney complaint."

Get Doan's at Any Store, or a Box

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

## Baby Colds

Give treatment with a remedy that has been used for years. Pilo's is mild but does more than to take. Ask your druggist for

**PISO'S**