



PRUDENCE OF THE PARSONAGE by ETHEL HUESTON

ILLUSTRATED BY W. C. TANNER

CHAPTER XI—Continued. It did look horrible, from above as well as below. But Jerry, when he felt the first light twinge as Connie lifted the rope, foresaw what was coming and was ready for it. As he went down, he grabbed a firm hold on the branch on which he had dropped, then he dropped to the next, and held again. On the lowest limb he really clung for fifteen seconds, and took in his bearings. Connie had dropped the rope when the twins screamed, so he had nothing more to fear from her. He saw Prudence, white, with wild eyes, both arms stretched out toward him.

"O. K., Prue," he called, and then he dropped. He landed on his feet, a little jolted, but none the worse for his fall. He ran at once to Prudence. "I'm all right," he cried, really alarmed by the white horror in her face. "Prudence! Prudence!" Then her arms dropped, and with a brave but feeble smile, she eyed a little. Jerry took her in his arms. "Sweetheart! Jerry!" he whispered. "Little sweetheart! Do—do you love me so much, dearest?" Prudence raised her hands to his face, and looked at him with big, blue eyes, all the sweet loving soul of her shining in her own. And Jerry kissed her.

The twins scrambled down from the maple, speeches and cold with terror, and saw Prudence and Jerry! Then they saw Connie, staring at them with interest and amusement. "I think we'd better go to bed, all three of us," declared Lark sturdily. And they set off for their quarters in the house. But at the corner Carol turned. "Take my advice and go into the woodshed," she called, "for all the Aveyers are looking out their windows. Prudence did not hear, but she drew her swiftly to the darkest corner of the side porch—and history repeated itself once more!

At twelve, Jerry went upstairs to bed, his lips tingling with the fervent tenderness of her parting kiss. He stood at his window, looking soberly out into the moonlit parsonage yard. "She is an angel, a pure, sweet, unselfish little angel," he whispered, and his voice was broken, and his eyes were wet. "And she is going to be my wife. Oh, God, teach me how to be good to her, and help me make her as happy as she deserves."

At two o'clock, thinking again the soft sky words she had said to him, he dropped lightly asleep and dreamed of her. With the first pale streaks of daylight stealing into his room he awoke. It was after four o'clock. A little later, at five minutes past five, he heard a light tap on his door. It came again, and he bounded out of bed.

"Prudence! Is anything wrong?" "Hush, Jerry, no so loud!" And what a strange and weary voice. "Come downstairs, will you?" "I want to tell you something. I'll wait at the foot of the stairs. Be quiet—do not wake father and the girls. Will you be down soon?" "In two minutes!"

"And in two minutes he was down, agonizingly anxious, knowing that something was wrong. Prudence was waiting for him, and as he reached the bottom step she clutched his hands desperately. "Jerry," she whispered, "I—forgive me—I honestly—Oh, I didn't think what I was saying last night. You were so dear, and I was so happy, and for a while I really believed we could belong to each other. But I can't, you know. I've promised papa and the girls a dozen times that I would never marry. Don't you see how it is? I must take it back."

Jerry smiled a little. It must be admitted. This was so like his conscientious little Prudence! "Dearest," he said gently. "You love me. Your father would never allow you to sacrifice yourself like that. The girls would not hear of it. They want you to be happy. And you can't be happy without me, can you?" "Suddenly she crossed close to him. "Oh, Jerry," she sobbed, "I will never be happy again, I know. But it is right for me to stay home and be the mother in the parsonage. It is wicked of me to want you more than all of them. Don't you see it is? They haven't anyone but me of course, but they would not allow it, but they will not give anything about it. I must do it myself. And father especially must never know. I want you to go away this morning before breakfast and never come again."

"She clung to him as she said this, but her voice did not falter. "And you must not write to me any more. For, oh, Jerry, if I see you again I can never let you go. I know it. Will you do this for me?" "You are nervous and excited," he said tenderly. "Let's wait until after breakfast. Then we'll talk it all over with your father, and it shall be as he says. Won't that be better?" "Oh, no. For father will say what-

ever he thinks will make me happy. He must not know a thing about it. Promise, Jerry, that you will never tell him one word."

"I promise, of course, Prudence. I will let you tell him."

But she shook her head. "He will never know. Oh, Jerry! I can't bear to think of never seeing you again, and never getting letters from you, and it seems to kill me inside, just the thought of it."

"Sit here in my lap. Put your head on my shoulder, like that. Let me rub your face a little. You're feverish. You are sick. Go to bed, won't you, sweetheart? We can settle this later on."

"You must get right away, or I cannot let you go at all!" "Do you mean you want me to get my things and go right now?" "Yes," she buried her face in his shoulder. "If—if you stay in your room until breakfast time I will look you in, so you cannot leave me again. I know it. I am crazy today."

such horrible word. "Good-by, sweetheart. Remember, I will be waiting. Whenever you send, I will come."

He stepped outside, and closed the door. Prudence stood motionless, her hands clenched, until she could no longer hear his footsteps. Then she dropped on the floor, and lay there, face downward, until she heard Fairy moving in her room upstairs. Then she went into the kitchen and built the fire for breakfast.

CHAPTER XII. She Comes to Grief. Fairy was one of those buoyant, warm-blooded girls to whom sleep is indeed the great restorer. Now she stood in the kitchen door, tall, cheeks glowing, eyes sparkling, and smiled at her sister's solemn back.

"You are the little mousey, Prue," she said, in her full rich voice. "I didn't hear you come to bed last night, and I didn't hear you getting out this morning. Why, what is the matter?" For Prudence had turned her face toward her sister, and it was so white and so unnatural that Fairy was shocked.

"Prudence! You are sick! Go to bed and let me get breakfast. Here, get out of this and I will—"

"There's nothing the matter with me. I had a headache, and did not sleep, but I am all right now. Are the girls up yet?" Fairy eyed her suspiciously. "Jerry is out unusually early, too, isn't he? His door is open."

"Jerry has gone, Fairy." Prudence's back was presented to view once more, and Prudence was stirring the oatmeal with vicious energy. "He left early this morning—I suppose he is half-way to the States by now."

"Oh!" said Fairy. "Was he non-committal. 'When is he coming back?' 'He isn't coming back. Please hurry, Fairy, and call the others. The oatmeal is ready.'"

Fairy went softly up the stairs, ostensibly to call her sisters. "Girls," she began, carefully closing the door of their room behind her. "Jerry has gone, and isn't coming back any more. And for goodness' sake don't keep asking me about it. Just eat your breakfast as usual, and have a little rest."

"A lovers' quarrel," suggested Lark, her eyes glittered greedily. "Nothing of the sort. And don't keep starting at Prue, either. And do not keep talking about Jerry all the time. You mind me, or I will tell papa."

"That's funny," said Carol thoughtfully. "We saw them kissing each other like mad in the back yard last night—and this morning he is back again to return no more. They are crazy!"

"Kissing! In the back yard! What are you talking about?" Carol explained, and Fairy looked still more thoughtful and perturbed. She opened the door, and called out to them in a loud and breezy voice: "Hurry, girls, for breakfast is ready, and there's no time to waste in a parsonage on Sunday morning." Then she added in a whisper, "And don't you mention Jerry, or don't ask Prue what makes her so pale, or you'll catch it!"

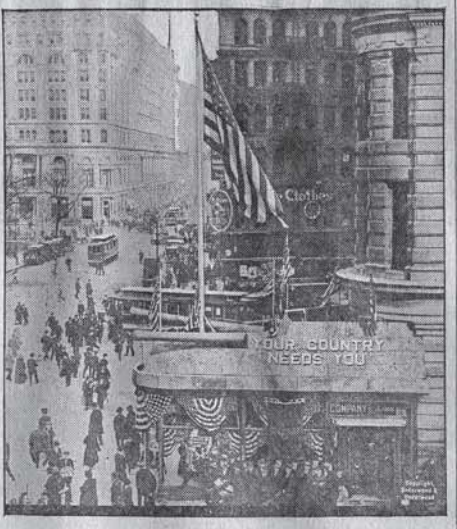
Then she went to her father's door. "Breakfast is ready, papa," she called clearly. She turned the knob softly, and peeped in. He came in a minute. Standing close beside him, she told him all she knew of what had happened.

"Prudence is ghastly, father, just ghastly. And she can't talk about it yet, so be careful what you say, will you?" And it was due to Fairy's kindly admonitions that the parsonage family took the departure of Jerry so calmly. "That was the dearest, and Prudence's bitter winter, when the coldest sunshine was cheerless and dreary, and when even the laughter of her sisters smote harshly upon her ears. She tried to be as always, but in her eyes the world was dim, and her face grew so pale and thin that her father and Fairy, anxiously watching, were filled with grave concern. She remained almost constantly in the parsonage, reading very little, sitting most of her leisure time staring out the windows.

Fairy had tried to win her confidence, and had failed. "You are a darling, Fairy, but I really do not want to talk about it. Oh, Jerry, indeed, it is all my own fault. I told him to go, and not come again. No, you are wrong, Fairy, I do not regret it. I do not want him to come any more."

"Mr. Starr, too, had tried, 'Prudence,' he said gently, 'begin know very often men do things that to women seem wrong and wicked. And maybe they are! But men and women are different by nature, my dear, and we must remember that. I have satisfied myself that Jerry is a good and clean, and manly. I do not think you should let any foolishness of his in the past come between you now.'"

RECRUITING STATION ON NOTED CORNER



The Twenty-third street corner of the famous Flatiron building in New York converted into a recruiting station for the navy. The roof is modeled after the deck of a battleship, and two gun turrets swing from a turret.

WOMEN'S BIG AID IS TO ECONOMIZE

Secretary of Agriculture Points Out How Each May Help in Crisis.

ONE OZ. IS 1,300,000 LBS. The Apron May Be Made the Real Uniform of Merit in Work for the Nation—Make Economy Fashionable.

Washington.—In an appeal to the women of the United States Secretary Houston asserts they can do their bit most effectively in the national emergency by practicing effective thrift. The appeal was prompted by many requests for a statement as to the services women can give the nation in producing and conserving agricultural products. "Every woman can render important service to the nation in its present emergency," says the appeal. "She need not leave her home or abandon her home duties to help the armed forces. She can help to feed and clothe our armies and help to supply food to those beyond the seas by practicing effective thrift in her own household."

REBUILDS RUINED TOWN



Calcutta, India.—The gift of a hundred camels from the Khan of Khalat, Baluchistan, to the viceroy of India, is a valuable war donation. The Khalat camels are considered in many respects the finest in the world, but purchase of good animals of this type has been almost impossible owing to the high value which their owners set upon them. The Khalat camels are said to be exceptionally swift, and so temperate in their drinking as to be almost total abstainers.

Miss Polk is in charge of the entire reconstruction work, having been chosen by the American benefactress. She is in Vitrimont supervising the work. The inhabitants, scattered by the German invasion, have returned and have entered into the spirit of the work and are doing much to help the Americans in building the new village.

Vitrimont, a village of Lorraine, lying between Nancy and Lunéville, France, is being rebuilt at the expense of Mrs. William Henry Crocker, wife of William Henry Crocker, the prominent banker of San Francisco, Cal. Mrs. Crocker has already donated \$300,000 to begin the work of reconstruction. The village is being rebuilt on a new plan which will produce a model village.

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The picture shows one cottage in the ruined town which has already been repaired and made habitable. In the doorway stands a French soldier, home on short leave, with his wife and child. Over the entrance the American flag hangs in company with the French emblem, an evidence of the gratefulness

and encourage thrift among your neighbors.

"Make saving rather than spending your social standard." "Make economy fashionable lest it become obligatory." "Every ounce of food the housewife saves from being wasted—all food which she or her children produce in the garden and cans or preserves—every garment which care and skillful repair make it unnecessary to replace—all less than household's draft on the already insufficient world supplies. To save food the housewife must learn to plan economical and properly balanced meals which, while nourishing, do not encourage overeating or offer excessive and wasteful variety. It is her duty to use all effective methods to protect food from spoiling by heat, dirt, mice or insect larvae. She must acquire the culinary ability to utilize every bit of edible food.

"Waste in any individual household may seem to be insignificant, but if only a single ounce of edible food, on the average, is allowed to spoil or be thrown away in each of our 200,000,000 homes over 1,300,000 pounds of material would be wasted each day. It takes the fruit of many acres and the work of many people to raise, prepare and distribute 20,000,000 pounds of food a year. Estimating costs that food thrown away, therefore, tends also to waste the labor of an army of busy citizens.

"Clothing is largely an agricultural product and represents the results of labor on the sheep ranges, in cotton fields and in mills and factories. Whenever a useful garment is needlessly discarded material needed to keep some one warm or dry may be consumed needlessly to gratify a passing fancy. Women would do well to look upon clothing more particularly from the utilitarian point of view.

"Leather, too, is scarce, and the proper shoeing of armies calls for great supplies of it. There are only so many pairs of shoes in each hide, and there is a shortage of animals for leather as well as for meat. Anything that can be done to encourage adults or children to take care of their shoes and make them last longer means that so much more leather is made available for other purposes.

"Employed women, especially those engaged in the manufacture of food or clothing, also directly serve their country and should put into their tasks the enthusiasm and energy the importance of their product warrants."

BOY GARDEN ARMY OF 3,000 IN SUPERIOR, WIS.

Superior, Wis.—The schools of Superior, Wis., furnish a number of agricultural army. Fully 3,000 boys are to be marshaled to attack the high cost of living. An elaborate plan has been formulated to utilize hundreds of acres within the corporate limits will be under cultivation. Arrangements are also being made to "enlist" girls.

The young gardeners will be divided into shifts on the same plan as the assignment of soldiers to guard duty, each shift taking turns in working the tract. Land, seed and farming implements have all been donated.

MOTHER'S LOVE STAYS DEATH

Woman With Incurable Malady Refuses to Die Until She Sees Son.

Saratoga, N. Y.—One of the most remarkable cases of mother love known to this section is attracting attention at the Saratoga hospital. Physicians and nurses, inured to pitiful scenes, are touched by the case of a woman, who they declare, "refuses to die" until she has seen her son once more.

Mrs. Z. Shanks arrived at the hospital a short time ago suffering from an incurable malady. Pronouncement of her condition came early to Mrs. Shanks and with it a desire to see her son, "Willie," who left home five years ago. Prayers and cries for her missing child's return aroused the hospital staff day and night.

The boy traces his ancestry to the British and has a belief that he may have enlisted in the allied forces. Medical authorities are astounded that Mrs. Shanks has not succumbed to the fatal malady. They can explain it only by saying that her mother love has made her will triumph temporarily over her ill.

CHAIR IS TREASURE CHEST

Piece of Furniture Found to Be Stuffed With \$5,000 in Bonds and Cash.

San Rafael, Cal.—Concealed in an armchair in San Rafael's "House of Mystery," the former home of the late Mrs. Helene Saunders, searchers found bonds worth \$5,000. Mrs. Saunders, who was killed in an automobile six months ago, lived in the old house in strict seclusion for 25 years. During the latter part of her life the woman was known for her eccentricities. Besides the bonds and personal effects, Mrs. Saunders left two pieces of real property here worth \$7,000. No will was found, nor have the authorities been able to learn of any relatives

SANDALS FOR FARMERS, PENNSYLVANIA PROJECT

Sunbury, Pa.—The footwear of the ancient Greeks may become the fashion in Northumberland county during the summer. Farm clubs have been discussing the price of leather and have asked dealers to ascertain the cost of sandals. With some modern improvements, the promoters figure that sandals will be not only cheaper but more comfortable and beautiful in warm weather. An additional saving will be effected by the absence of hoistery. By no means an idea being taken up only by the sterner sex.

THE REASON WHY!

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Yours very truly,

CHICAGO EXAMINER
J. M. KENNEY
Manager Country Circulation.

This is our reason for discontinuing handling the Chicago Examiner, after today June 1st, as we feel that this increase in price is not justified.

We take this opportunity of thanking our customers for their past patronage.

BELAND & McCOY



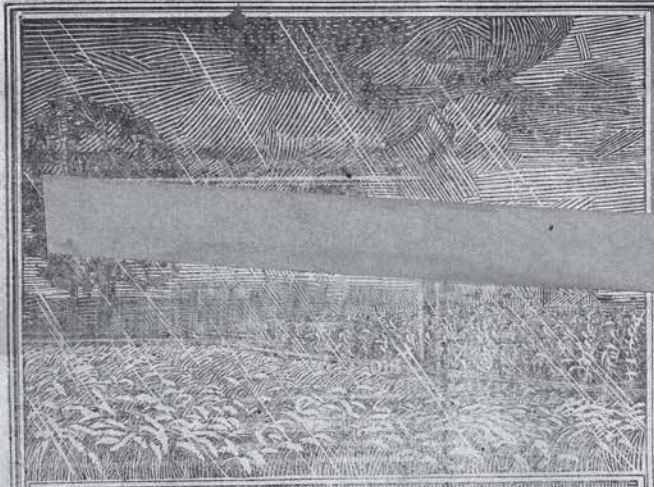
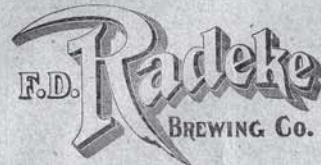
Stage Coach and Tavern Days

Back in the stage coach days one had to go to a tavern to find solacing beverages and incidental sociability. Today, the progress of brewing and the art of bottling, have made possible all the joys and comforts of the old time inn right at home with that beverage of health and wholesomeness, of content and good cheer.

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HOW TO WIN THE PIRATE'S GOLD

(From HARD CASH)

CHARLES READ

T six twenty-five, the grand orb set calm and red, and the sea was rorpeous with miles and miles of great ruby dimples; it was the first glowing smile of Southern latitude. The night stole on so soft, so clear, so balmy, all were loth to close their eyes on it; the passengers lingered long on deck, watching the Great Bear dip, and the Southern Cross rise, and overhead a whole heaven of glorious stars most of us have never seen, and never shall see in this world. So the night passed.

Now carnal streaks tinged the eastern sky at the water's edge; and that water blushed; now the streaks turned orange, and the waves below them sparkled. Thence splashes of living gold flew and settled on the ship's white sails, the deck and the faces; and with no more prologue, being so near the line, up came majestically a huge, fiery, golden sun, and set the sea flaming like topaz.

Instantly the lookout at the foretopgallant-masthead hailed the deck below. "Strange sail! Right ahead!" The strange sail was reported to Captain Dodd, then dressing in the cabin. He came soon after on deck and hailed the lookout: "Which way is she standing?" "Can't say, sir. Can't see her more any."

Dodd ordered the boatswain to pipe to breakfast; and taking his deck glass went lightly up to the foretopgallant-mast cross-trees. Thence, through the light haze of a glorious morning, he espied a long low schooner, lateen-rigged lying close under Point Leat, a small island about nine miles distant on the weather bow; and nearly in the Agra's course, then approaching the Straits of Gaspar, a latitude S.

"She is hoive to," said Dodd, very gravely. At eight o'clock, the stranger lay about two miles to windward; and still hoive to. To this time all eyes were turned upon her; and a half dozen glasses, everybody, except the captain, delivered an opinion. She was a Malay coming for water; she was a Malay coming north with canvas.

The captain leaned silent and sombre with his arms on the bulwarks, and watched the suspected craft. Mr. Fullalove, however, of his own volition, took his telescope to his eye, and in a few minutes, while the glass was at his eye, Sharpe asked him half in a whisper, could he make out anything? "Well," said he, "the varmint looks considerably manky. I don't know, but moving his glass he let drop a word at a time, as if the facts were trickling into his telescope at the lens, and out at the sight. "One—two—four—seven false ports."

edged away from her and entered the straits between Long Island and Point Leat, leaving the schooner about two miles and a half distant to the N. W. Ah! The stranger's deck swarms black with men. . . .

"Steer due south!" And, with these words in his mouth Dodd dived to the gun deck. By this time elastic Sharpe had recovered the first shock; and the order to crowd sail on the ship galled his pride and his manhood; he muttered, indignantly, "The white feather!" This eased his mind, and he obeyed orders briskly as ever. While he and his hands were setting every rag the ship could carry to the wind, the other officers having unluckily no orders to execute, stood gloomy and helpless, with their eyes glued, by a sort of somber fascination, on that coming fate.

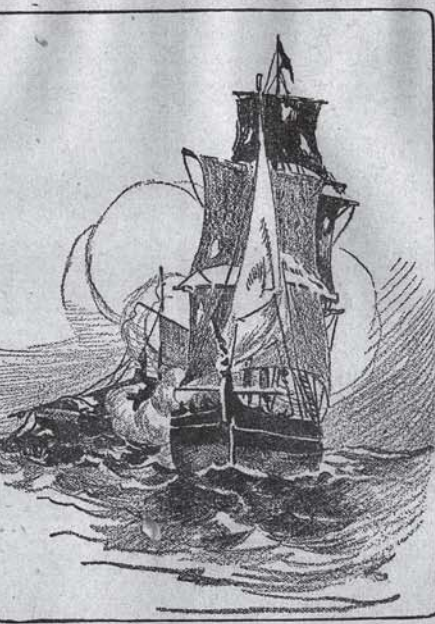
But now the captain came bustling on deck, eyed the loftier sails, saw they were drawing well, appointed four midshipmen a staff to convey his orders; gave Bayliss charge of the carronades, Grey of the cutlasses, and Mr. Tuckell to break the bad news gently to Mrs. Beresford, and to take her below to the orlop deck; ordered the purser to serve out beef, biscuit, and grog to all hands, saying, "Men can't work on an empty stomach, and fighting is hard work." This beckoned the officers to come round him. "Gentlemen," said he, confidentially, "in crowding sail on this ship, I had no hope of escaping the fellow that struck her but was, and I am, most anxious to gain the open sea, where I can square my yards and run for it, if I see a chance. At present I shall carry on till he comes up within range; and then, to keep the company's canvas from being shot to rags, I shall shorten sail; and to save ship and cargo and all our lives, I shall fight with a hand that is not blood than with the plank in cold."

The officers cheered faintly; the captain's dogged resolution stirred their spirits, and then, to keep the company's canvas from being shot to rags, I shall shorten sail; and to save ship and cargo and all our lives, I shall fight with a hand that is not blood than with the plank in cold."

"Shorten sail to the tangles and jib, get the colors ready on the hal-yards, and then send the men aft. . . .

Sail was no sooner shortened, and the men were at their posts, than the schooner came briskly on deck, saluted, jumped on a carronade, and stood erect. He was not the man to show the crew his forebodings.

"Silence fore and aft!" (Pip.) "Men, the schooner coming up on our weather quarter is a Portuguese pirate. His character is known; he scuttles all the ships he boards, murders the women, and maims the crew. We cracked on to get out of the narrows, and now we have shortened sail to fight this blackguard, and teach him not to molest a British ship. I promise, in the company's name, to give him money to every man before the mast if we beat him off or outmaneuver him; thirty if we sink him; and forty if we tow him astern into a friendly port. Eight men, and the ball they were on the weather side, five on the lee; for if he knows his business, he will come up on the lee quarter; if he doesn't that is no fault of yours nor mine. The muskels are all loaded, the cutlasses ground like razors."



"Lie down forward!" shouted Dodd, through his trumpet. "Bayliss, give him a shot." The carronade was fired with a tremendous report, but no visible effect. The pirate crept nearer, steering in and out like a snake to avoid the carronades, and fired those two heavy guns alternately into the devoted ship. He hailed the Agra now nearly eye to eye, and the two available carronades replied noisily, and jumped as usual; they sent one 32-pound shot clear through the schooner's deck and side; but that was literally all they did worth speaking of.

"Curse them!" cried Dodd: "load them with grape! They are not to be trusted with ball. And all my 15-pounders dumb!" The coward went come alongside and give them a chance."

At the next discharge the pirate chipped the mizzen mast, and knocked a sailor into dead pieces on the fore-castle. Dodd put his helm down close the smoke cleared, and got three carronades to bear, heavily laden with grape. Several pirates fell, dead or wounded, on the crowded deck, and some holes appeared in the fore-castle; this one interchange was quite in favor of the ship.

But the lessons made the enemy more cautious; he crept nearer, but secured so ably, now right astern, now on the quarter, that the ship could seldom bring more than one carronade to bear, while he raked her fore and aft with grape and ball.

In this alarming situation, Dodd kept as many of the men below as possible; but for all he could do four were killed and seven wounded. Fullalove's word came too true; it was the swordfish and the whale.

At last, when the ship was cloven with shot, and peppered with grape, the channel opened; in five minutes more he could put her dead before the wind. No, the pirate, on whose side luck had been from the first, got half a broadside to bear at long musket shot, killed a midshipman by Dodd's side, cut away two of the Agra's mizzen shrouds, wounded the staff, and cut the jib away; down fell the powder sail into the water and dragged across the ship's forefoot, stopping her way to the open sea she panted for; the mates grunted, the crew cheered, and the man at the rudder's helm jumped into the air and fell dead; both theorists claimed him. Then the three carronades peppered him hotly, and he hurried an iron shower back with fatal effect. Then at last the long 15-pounders on the gun deck got a word in. The old Niler was not the man to miss a vessel alongside in a quiet sea; he sent two round shots clean through him, the third splintered his bulwark and swept across his deck.

"His masts! fire at his masts!" roared Dodd to Monk, through his trumpet; he then got the jib clear

ment, lay the destroyer, buffeting and wriggling—like a heron on the water with its long wing broken—an utter cripple.

The victorious crew raised a stunning cheer. "All hands make sail!" He set his courses, bent a new jib, and stood out to windward close-hauled, in hopes of making a good thing, and then, out his ship dead before the wind, which was now rising to a stiff breeze. In doing this he crossed the crippled pirate's bows, within 80 yards, and was the temptation to raze him; but his ammunition being short, and his danger being imminent from the other pirate, he had the self command to resist the great temptation.

He hailed the mizzen top: "Can you two hinder them from firing that gun?"

"I rather think we can," said Fullalove, "eh, colonel?" and tapped his long rifle.

The ship no sooner crossed the schooner's bows than a Malay ran forward with a linstock. Pop went the colonel's ready carbine, and the Malay fell over dead, and the linstock flew out of his hand. A tall Portuguese, with a look of rage snatched it up, and darted to the gun, the Yankee rifle cracked, but a moment too late. Bang! went the pirate's bow-chaser, and crashed into the Agra's side, and passed nearly through her.

"Ye missed him! Ye missed him!" cried the rival telescope, joyfully. He was mistaken; the smoke cleared, and there was the pirate captain leaning forward, the white eyeballs of the Malays and Papuans glittered fendishly; and the wounded captain raised his sound arm and had a signal hoisted to his consort, and the fore up in chase, and flanking her fore-toft and aft, with jay nearer the wind than the Agra could, and sailed three feet to her two besides. On this superiority being made clear, the situation of the merchant vessel, though not so utterly deplorable as Monk had his luck shot, became pitiable enough. If she ran before the wind, the fresh pirate would cut her off; if she lay to windward she might postpone the inevitable, but she could not stand a foe as strong as that she had only escaped by a rare piece of luck, but this would give the crippled pirate time to refit and unite to destroy her. Add to this the falling ammunition, and the thinned crew."

Dodd cast his eyes all round the horizon for help. The sea was blank.

The bright sun was hidden now; drops of rain fell, and the wind was beginning to sting, and the sea to rise a little.

"Gentlemen," said he, "let us kneel down and pray for wisdom, in this sore straits."

He and his officers knelt on the quarter-deck. When they rose, Dodd stood rapt about a minute; his great thoughtful eye saw no more the enemy, the sea, nor anything external; it turned inward, and he saw the pirates looked at him in silence.

"Sharpe," said he, at last, "there must be a way out of them with such a breeze as this is now, if we could but . . ."

"Ay, ay, sir!" "Steer due north!" said he, still like one whose mind was elsewhere.

While the ship was coming about he gave minute orders to the mates and the gunner, to insure co-operation in the delicate and dangerous maneuver that were sure to be on hand.

The wind was W. N. W.; he was standing north; one way lay on his lee beam stopping a leak between wind and water, and hacking the deck, the other a Portuguese head and span it coming swiftly up on his lee quarter.

It was a schooner. Was she coming to his aid? Horror! A black flag floated from her foremast head.

While Dodd's eyes were staring almost out of his head at this deathblow to hope, Monk fired again, and just then a pale face came close to Dodd's ear: "Our ammunition is nearly done!"

all looked lacer, lanes of dead and wounded lay still or writhing on his deck, and his lee scuppers ran blood into the sea. Dodd squared his yards, and rose away.

The ship dashed down the wind, leaving the schooner staggered and all abroad. Not for long; the pirate wore and fired his bow chasers at the now flying Agra, split one of the carronades in two and killed a Lascar, and made a hole in the fore-castle; this done, he hoisted his mainsail again in a trice, sent his wounded below, flung his dead overboard, to the horror of their fore; and came after the flying ship, yawning and denting his bow chasers. The ship was silent. She had no shot to throw away. Not only did she take these blows like a coward, but all signs of life disappeared on her except two men at the wheel, and the captain on the main gangway.

Dodd had ordered the crew out of the rigging, armed them with cutlasses, and laid them flat on the fore-castle. He also compelled Kennedy and Calloway to con down on the fore-castle way, no wiser on the smooth-bore question than when they went up.

The great patient ship rita envinced by her force; one destroyer right in her course, another in her wake, following her with yells of vengeance and pounding away at her—but no reply.

Suddenly the yells of the pirates on both sides ceased, and there was a moment of dead silence on the sea.

Yet nothing fresh had happened; the pirates to windward, and the pirates to leeward of the Agra, had found out at one and the same moment that the merchant captain they had lashed and flogged, and tortured, was a patient but tremendous man. It was not only to raze the fresh schooner he had put his ship before the wind, but also by a double, daring, master-stroke to hurl his monster ship bodily on the other without foresight, and could never get out of his way. Her crew had stopped his jib and cut away and unshipped the broken foremast, and were stepping a new one, when they saw the huge ship bearing down in full sail. Nothing easier than to slip out of her way could they get the fore-sail to draw; but the time was short, the deadly intention manifest, the coming destruction, swift. After that solemn silence came a storm of cries and yells, as the seamen went to work to tie at the yard and raise the sail, while their fighting men seized their matchlocks and trained the guns. They were well commanded by a heroic able officer, Astors, the consort thundered, but the Agra's response was a dead silence more awful than broadsides.

For then was seen with what majesty the enduring Anglo-Saxon fights. One of the schooner's broadsides; down the gangway, one at the foremast, two at the wheel, coned and steered the great ship down on a hundred matchlocks, and a grinning broadside, just as they would have coned and steered her late into a British harbor.

"Starboard!" said Dodd, in a deep calm voice, with a motion of his hand. "Starboard it is."

The pirate wriggled ahead a little. The main forward made a silent signal to Dodd.

"Port it is!" "Port it is!" Dodd quietly.

But at this critical moment the pirate turned his matchlock on shot, and knocked one of the men to atoms at the helm.

Dodd waved his hand without a word, and another man rose from the deck, and took his place in silence, and laid his arms on the wheel, the man's stained with the man's warm blood whose place he took.

The high ship was now scarce 60 yards distant, she seemed to know, she reared her lofty fore-castle with great awful shouts into the air.

But now the panting pirates got their new fore-sail hoisted with a joyful shout; it drew the schooner gathered round, and their furrows consisted close off the Agra's heels; they then scourged her deck with grape.

"Port it is!" "Port it is!" The giant prow darted at the escaping pirate ship, the crew of coming and was took the wind out of the swift schooner's fore-sail, it flapped, oh, then she was doomed! . . . Crash! The Indian's cut-water in thick smoke beat the schooner's broadsides; down went her masts to leeward like fishing-rods whipping the water, there was a horrible shrieking yell, wild forms leaped off on the Agra, and were hacked to pieces almost as they reached the deck—except a chasm in the air filled with an instant rush of engulfing waves, a long, awful, grating, grinding noise, never to be forgotten in this world, all along under the ship's keel, and their fearful majesty master passed on over the blank she had made, with a pale ever staming shout and avestruck on her deck; a cluster of wild heads and staring eyeballs bobbing like corks in her scumming head walls, sole relic of the lashed-out destroyer, and a wounded man staggering on the gangway, with hands up lifted and staring eyes.

CANADA'S IMMIGRATION

increased by About Sixty Per Cent in Past Six Months.

That Canada is at war is now more fully appreciated on this side of the boundary line, now that the United States has stepped alongside its northern neighbor and linked hands in the great struggle for a freer democracy throughout the civilized world. As a result of this a greater interest than ever is seen in the mutual effort to develop both the United States and Canada. Recently, just before the war, it was that the United States declared its intention to enter the contest and contribute of its resources to the defeat of the autocracy, whose design was to permeate the world. Western Canada made an appeal for farm labor to till the fields and prepare the soil for the crops of grain that were necessary to feed the fighting forces and keep up the required supplies for the Allies. The responses were so great that before half the time limit had expired, over six thousand laborers were secured. This was not sufficient, since the United States was determined to be in a condition of war, and farm labor required here to meet any exigency as to short rations that might arise, the labor to the north, withdrew from attempts, which might mean a restriction of the farm labor supply in the United States. But even with this it is thought Canada will now be fairly well supplied.

Apart, however, from the farm labor proposition, it is gratifying from both a United States and Canadian point of view that the immigration of farmers to take up homestead lands and to purchase improved and better lands in Canada, has shown such a wonderful increase in the past three months. The great struggle for increasing the food supply has a broader and greater significance than ever. The food must come into existence, whether the rich soils of the United States or those of Canada be the factor.

It is altogether probable that the action of the Canadian Government in taking the duty off wheat going into Canada, thus automatically lifting the duty off that coming into the United States, may not be responsible for an increased immigration to Canada. Canada's reputation for yielding the average yields and a better quality of grain, and on lands, many of which are as well as those that range from 20 to \$35 an acre, is an appeal that is being responded to by farmers who are now renting the fertile lands. It is the reason for expecting an increasing number of farmers from the United States.

Mr. W. D. Scott, Superintendent of Immigration at Ottawa, Canada, recently gave out figures concerning immigration from the United States, which shows that the increase in the last three or four months was 50 per cent over the same period last year. Mr. Scott forecasts that during the calendar year of 1917 there will be an increase of one hundred per cent increase over the same period for many years past. Mr. Scott declares that Canada this spring more settlers' effects have entered Canada than passed during the whole of last year, and the movement has just merely started. The new settlers are coming from numerous states through the ports of person, North Portal and Coult, as well as from Oregon and Washington, through Kingsport and Vancouver. There arrived in Saskatchewan during the year ending December 31, 1916, a total of 8,138 persons as compared with 5,812 during the twelve months previous. At the same time there were as many immigrants passed through the immigration department at Edmonton, Alberta, in the last twelve months as for the same period of the year before.

The number of settlers from Eastern Canada migrating to the west also increased. From January 1 to March 31, 1917, the number of cars of stock that passed through the Winnipeg yards was 750, as compared with 361 last year. A fair estimate of the value of each car would be about \$2,000, which means that the west has secured additional live stock to the value of \$1,500,000 or more, during the first three months of 1917, not taking into account that brought in by immigrants from the United States.—Advertisement.

Explosion Averted.

"I hear you have been very sick man," said the manager of the garage. "Yes sir," replied Mr. Erastus Pinkley. "Dey mo' despaired of my recovery. But I never had no doubt about it myself. I jes' had to get well."

"Why?" "Well, suh, I knowed I wasn't good enough to go to heaven. An' workin' in de garage has got me soaked so chock-full of gasoline, dat de chance of der wantin' me aroun' do' other place."

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DOES A DOG REASON?

Who can say whether or not a dog thinks? Could scientists say that a dog's thinking processes are merely the operation of instinct. Those of us who have now or have had in youth one or more dogs in the close circle of our friendship will be apt to say that an intelligent dog can be considered really intellectual—that he reasons things out for himself and quite as often follows the course of reason as the average fool man or woman! But what we started out to say was this: That "Kazan" is one of the best animals that has been written in many years; ranking with "Rab and His Friends" by Dr. John Watson, and old, old "Black Beauty." It has no element of obvious humor, but devotion, courage, sacrifice, resignation, love and pathos are woven into the tale with utmost skill. James Oliver Curwood is to be congratulated for his authorship of this story, and we feel that we can congratulate ourselves in the possession of it for serial use.

THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER I.

The Miracle. Kazan lay mute and motionless, his gray nose between his forepaws, his eyes half closed. Yet every drop of the wild blood in his splendid body was racing in a ferment of excitement, every nerve and fiber of his wonderful muscles was tense as steel wire. Quarter-strut wif, three-quarters 'nasty' he had lived the four years of his life in the wilderness. He had felt the pangs of starvation. He knew what it meant to freeze. He had listened to the wailing wails of the hunted Arctic night over the terrible blue-throat and sides were scarred by bullet and his eyes were wild with the blister of the snows. He was called Kazan, the Wild Dog, because he was a giant among his kind and as fearless, even as the men who drove him through the perils of a frozen world.

He had never known fear—until now. He had never felt in him before the desire to run—not even on that terrible day in the forest when he had fought and killed the big gray lynx. It was his first glimpse of civilization. He was back in the strange room where he had left him. It was a room filled with hideous things. There were great human faces on the wall, but they did not move or speak, never did they look more.

Suddenly Kazan lifted his ears a little. He heard steps, then low voices. One of them was his master's voice. But the other sounded a little tremor through him! Once, so long ago that it must have been in his puppyhood days, he seemed to have had a dream of a laugh that was like the girl's laugh—a laugh that he had never heard at once filled with a wonderful happiness, the thrill of a wonderful love, and a sweetness that made Kazan lift his head as they came in. He looked straight at them, his red eyes gleaming. He knew that she must be dear to his master, for his master's arm was about her. In the glow of the light he saw that her hair was very bright, and that there was a color of the crimson he had seen in her face and the blue of the bud-neck flower in her shining eyes. Suddenly she saw him, and with a little cry darted toward him.

"Stop!" shouted the man. "He's dangerous." She was on her knees beside him, all fluffy and sweet and beautiful, her eyes shining wonderfully. He saw the man running forward, pale as death. Then her hand fell upon his head, and she touched him with a thrill through him that quivered in every nerve of his body. With both hands she turned up his head. Her face was very close, and he heard her say, almost sobbingly, "And you are Kazan—dear old Kazan, my Kazan, my hero dog—who brought him home to me when all the others had died! My Kazan—my hero!"

And then, miracle of miracles, her face was rushed down against him, her sweet, warm touch, momenta Kazan, did not breathe! It seemed before the girl lifted her hand. And when she did, in her blue eyes, and standing above them, his tight, his jaws set. "You are Kazan, my hero dog," he said, wondering voice, "I heard his name dead!" "I heard his name dead!" she said, softly, his bloodshot eyes. He wanted to say "I heard his name dead!" he would beat him as he wondered, if he dared!

He meant no harm now. He would kill for her. He cringed toward her, inch by inch, his eyes never faltering. He heard what the man said—"Good heaven! Look at that!"—and he shuddered. But he bowed fell to drive him back. His cold muzzle touched her filmy dress, and she looked at him, without moving, her wet eyes blazing like stars.

"See?" she whispered. "See?" Now his muzzle traveled slowly upward—over her foot, to her lap, and at last touched the warm little hand that lay there. His eyes were still on her face; he saw a queer throbbing in her hair, white throat, and then a trembling of her lips as she looked up at the man with a wonderful look. He, too, knelt down beside them, and put his arm about the girl again, and patted the dog on his head. Kazan did not like the man's touch. He mist, he trusted it, as a nature had taught him to mistrust the touch of all men's hands, but he permitted it because he saw that it in some way pleased the girl.

"Kazan, old boy, you wouldn't hurt her, would you?" said his master softly. "We both love her, don't we, boy? Can't help it, can we? And she's ours, all ours! She belongs to you and to me, and we're going to take care of her all our lives, and if we ever have to, we'll fight for her like a—won't we? Eh, Kazan, old boy?" For a long time after they left him where he was lying on the rug, Kazan's eyes did not leave the girl. After a time his master said something, and with a little laugh she jumped up and ran to a big square, shining thing that stood crosswise in a corner, and which had a row of white teeth longer than his own body. He had wondered what those teeth were for. The girl's fingers touched them now, and all the whispering of winds that he had ever heard, all the music of the waterfalls and the rapids and the trilling of birds in springtime, could not equal the sounds they made. It was his first music. Slowly he began sinking toward the girl. He felt the cool set upon him, and he stopped, the man upon him, and stopped.



It Was His First Music.

Then a little more—inches at a time, with his throat and jaw straight out along the floor! He was half-way there—half-way across the room—when the wonderful sounds grew very soft and very low. "Go on!" he heard the man urge in a low, quick voice. "Go on! Urge!"

The girl turned her head, saw Kazan cringing there on the floor, and continued to play. The man was still looking, but his eyes could not keep still. He saw the girl's hand, Kazan back now. He went nearer, his muzzle touched her dress where it lay plied on the floor. And then—he lay trembling, for she had begun to sing. He had heard a Cree woman croon in front of her tepee; he had heard the wild chant of the caribou song—but he had never heard anything like this wonderful sweetness that fell from the lips of the girl. He forgot his master's presence now. Quietly, entranced, so that she would not notice, he lifted his head. He saw her looking at him; there was something in her wonderful eyes that gave him confidence, and he laid his head in her lap. For the second time he felt the touch of a woman's hand, and he closed his eyes with a long, sighing breath. The music stopped. There came a little fluttering sound about him, like a laugh and a sob in one. He heard his master cough.

"I've always loved the old rascal—but I never thought he'd do that," he said; and his voice sounded queer to Kazan.

CHAPTER II.

Into the North.

Wonderful days followed for Kazan. He missed the forests and deep snows. He missed the daily strife of keeping his teammates in trace, the yapping of his heels, the straight, long pull over the open spaces and the barrens. He missed the "Koooh—koooh—Hoo-yah!" of the driver, the spiteful snarl of his twenty-foot caribou-whip, and the jangling and straining behind him that told him he had his followers in line. But something had come to take the place of that which he missed. It was in the room, in the air all about him, even when the girl or his master was not near. Whenever she had been, he found the presence of that strange thing that took away his loneliness. It was the woman scent, and sometimes it made him white with fear when the girl was actually with him. He was not lonely, nights, when he should have been out howling at the stars. He was not lonely, because one night he prowled about until he found a certain door, and when the girl opened that door in the morning she found him curled up tight against it. She had carried all down and hugged him, the thick smother of her long hair falling all over him in a delightful perfume; thereafter she placed a rug before the door for him to sleep on. All through the long nights he knew that she was just beyond the door, and he was content with his own thoughts and the less of the wild places and more of her.

Then there came the beginning of the change. There was a strange hurry and excitement around him, and the girl paid less attention to him. He grew uneasy. He sniffed the change in the air, and he began to study his master's face. Then there came the morning very early, when the babble of the girl and her mother's voice fastened to him again. Not until he had followed his master out through the door and into the street did he begin to understand. They were sending him away! He sat suddenly back on his haunches and refused to budge.

"Come, Kazan," coaxed the man. "Come on, boy." He hung back and showed his white fangs. He expected the lash of a whip or the blow of a club, but neither came. His master laughed and took him back to the house. When they left it again, the girl was with them and walked with her hand touching his head. It was she who persuaded him to leap up through a big, dark hole into the still darker interior of a car, and it was she who lured him to the darkest corner of all, where his master fastened his chain on his neck, and he fastened to him again. For hours after that Kazan lay still and tense, listening to the queer rattle of wheels under him. Several times those wheels stopped, and he heard voices outside. At last he was sure that he heard a familiar voice, and he strained at his chain and whined. The closed door slid back. A man with a lantern climbed in, followed by his master. He paid no attention to them, but he glared out through the opening into the gloom of night. He almost broke loose when he leaped down upon the white snow, but when he saw no other there, he stood rigid, sniffing the air. Over him were the stars he had howled at all his life, and about him came the forests, black and silent, shutting them in like a wall. Vainly he sought for that one scent that was missing, and Thorpe heard the low note of grief in his shaggy throat. He came up and looked at him above his head, at the same time loosening his hold on the leash. At that signal there came a voice out of the night. It came from behind them, and Kazan whined so suddenly that the loosely held chain rattled on the man's hand. He saw the glow of other lanterns. And then, once more, the voice—"Kaa-aa-zan!"

He was off like a bolt. Thorpe laughed to himself as he followed. "The old pirate!" he chuckled. When he came to the lantern-lighted space back of the caboose, Thorpe found Kazan crouching down at a woman's feet. It was Thorpe's wife. She smiled triumphantly at him as he came up out of the gloom. "You've won!" he laughed, not unhappily. "I'd have wagered my last dollar he wouldn't do that for any voice on earth. You've won! Kazan, you brute, I've lost you!" His face suddenly sobered as Isabel stopped to pick up the end of the chain.

"He's yours, Issy," he added quickly. "But you must let me care for him until—we know, give me the chain. I won't trust him even now. He's a wolf. I've seen him take an Indian's hand off at a single snap. I've seen him tear out another dog's jugular in one leap. He's an outlaw—a bad dog—in spite of the fact that he has to be in the dog house and brought me out alive. I can't trust him. Give me the chain!" He did not finish. With the snarl of a wild beast, Kazan had leaped to his feet. His lips drew up and bared his long fangs, and he made with his head a sudden cry of warning. Thorpe dashed a hand to the revolver at his belt.

Kazan has good reason to hate McCready—so have the others. This dog's vision penetrates deeper than mere eyesight, and he does his best to warn his friends.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A woman had wonderful self-control. It never bothered her anything at a bargain sale that she...

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 HERMAN WORMAN, Editor & Publisher
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 A local newspaper devoted to the interests of Bradley.
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Inducements
 Quality Cleanliness
 Moderate Prices
 Quick Service.

CATCH ON TO THESE
 Fresh vegetables, new potatoes, cauliflower, radishes, carrots, turnips, green onions, lettuce.
Fruits
 Nice choice apples, bananas, oranges, pineapples, and strawberry short cake made out of Big Jo flour. Can't be beat.
CLAMBOUR—One hanging tablespoonful of butter and two of flour, rubbed to a cream. Melt in a saucepan over the fire and add slowly a quart of rich milk, stirring constantly; when it thickens, add celery salt, a bit of cayenne, and a cup of minced chives with their juice; let it boil up once and serve.

A. C. BEARDSLEY & SONS

—THE FIRST CHANCE—
 FINE WHISKIES—GOOD SERVICE—CIGARS and TOBACCO
 GENE RICHARD, Prop.

Fashionery
 QUALITY CLOTHES FOR BOYS
 252 East Avenue, Kankakee, Ill.

IF IN NEED
 Call on
David Lavery
 160 Merchant St. KANKAKEE, ILL.

FRIEND:

Before you complain about the high price of gasoline stop throwing it away. Stop and investigate the

Franklin Chandler Automobile

F. A. BABEL
 KANKAKEE, ILLINOIS

PUGH STORES COMPANY

Paint and Varnish AT BIG MONEY SAVING PRICES

Throu standardization and distribution we are enabled to offer at retail complete stock of paint and varnish at prices that are fully one-third less than usually asked by the retail store. Look over these prices—

WHY PAY MORE?

Pugh Stores House Paints lavendre, pink, oxide red, leather brown, beaver, seal brown, light gray, green, lawn, yellow drab, light blue, green tint, sea green, Nile green, willow green, inside and outside white and black. The prices are only 1 gallon can.....1.50c 1 gallon can......51c 1 gallon can......97c	Pugh Stores Gloss Enamel For interior finishes is guaranteed to produce a perfectly smooth glossy finish and may be washed with luke warm soap and water without injury to the paint. It will dry in 24 hours. The colors include Ivory, cream, apple green, pea green, pink, light blue, pearl gray and Nile green and the the prices are only 1 gallon can......20c 1 gallon can......32c	Pugh Stores Flat Wall Paint Made from a fine linseed oil base, it has no equal and is truthfully the master painter's flat wall paint. The colors include cream, brown, light blue, pea green, Nile green, light gray and moss green at prices very reasonable. 1 gallon can......52c 1 gallon can......97c	Pugh Stores Barn Paint Will insure a good gloss and a lasting wearing surface. For colors we have yellow, oxide red, brown, dark gray and green and the prices are only 1 gallon can......95c 5 gallon can.....4.75	Pugh Stores Shingle Stain Will increase the life of any shingle roof and improve its appearance 100 per cent. We have brown, red, moss green and a willow green stain at 1 gallon can......95c 5 gallon can.....4.80c	Pugh Stores Varnish Stain Will give you a lasting surface in the following colors: light oak, dark oak, walnut, cherry, mahogany and ground color, at 1 us 100 can......52c 1 gallon can......97c
Pugh Stores Floor Paint gray, maroon and green. These prices 1 gallon can......43c 1 gallon can......77c	Pugh Stores Varnish Stain A quick drying product of the highest quality that will look better and wear longer than any other floor paint now on the market. The colors are buff, yellow, light brown, Try it and be convinced at these prices 1 gallon can......43c 5 gallon can......70c	Pugh Stores Varnish Stain 1 us 100 can......52c 1 gallon can......97c	Pugh Stores Varnish Stain 1 us 100 can......52c 1 gallon can......97c	Pugh Stores Varnish Stain 1 us 100 can......52c 1 gallon can......97c	Pugh Stores Varnish Stain 1 us 100 can......52c 1 gallon can......97c

We Issue A Positive Guarantee With All Paint Sold
 Send For Color Cards and Price Lists

It is the aim of this store to deliver everything to the consumer at a less cost than is possible elsewhere and to do so we eliminate the jobber and middleman and in many cases to become our own manufacturers. Try us and be convinced.

PUGH STORES COMPANY

243 S. Schuyler Ave., Kankakee, Ill. H. B. MENARD, Manager

DO LITTLE MEN EAT MORE THAN BIG?

Midgets have excellent appetites, as a rule. Tom Thumb got a move on Chang, the Chinese giant. Any of the little folk will eat as much dinner as a man six feet high. Giants, as a rule, have small appetites. When Chang was boarded at one of the large hotels in China they thought he would eat a good deal, and so they charged him as much as if he were three men. Instead of going thru the bill of fare from beginning to end and then repeating the same no more than the average boarder. He took three meals, however, to make one to him to sleep in. A very grotesque looking South American dwarf, who used to be exhibited as a wild man without language, who fed on raw meat, and who was incapable even of understanding signs, would, after the exhibition was through every night go over to a restaurant and order all the French dishes on the bill of fare, read a Spanish newspaper, talk French to the waiters, and ask questions of Americans in fluent English. He had an enormous appetite. He didn't weigh much, but he ate like an elephant. He used to polish off three apple dumplings for dessert.

How Needles are Made

The steel wire from which needles are made is cut into proper lengths, and these are put into the furnace, after which they are rolled perfectly straight. Next they pass to the "beehive pointer," who takes a dozen or so, rolling them between his thumb and finger, with their ends on a grinding stone. When pointed, they are put into a machine that flattens and gutters the heads, lastly punching the eyes. The result is a complete needle, but one that is rough and easily bent. By a process of heating and sudden cooling, they are given the proper temper.

In giving them polish, 50,000 needles are spread out on coarse cloth with emery dust, oil and soft soap strewn over them. The cloth is tightly rolled and thrown into a pot, where it is kept in constant motion for twelve hours. The last process consists of washing and drying the needles, making them ready for sorting and packing.

Trifles that Cripple

A small weakness may neutralize great powers. No matter what eloquent thoughts surge in the brain of the man who stammers, he will not make a success as a public speaker. Many a business man fails, not because his judgment is poor, or his capital insufficient, but because he has a manner which repels. A foolish habit of boastfulness may make a well appearing youth a failure socially. Indeed even smaller things, trifling mannerisms, little nervous eccentricities have discounted the usefulness of many a one.

Do not ignore a weak point because it is small thing. For the trifling fault which obscures the main interest in yourself, is not as trifling as it appears.

The Art of Letter Opening

Secret service agents of several of the foreign offices and police departments of foreign countries have raised letter opening to a fine art. Some kinds of paper can be steamed open without leaving any trace, and this simple operation is followed by reburial of the flap with a bone instrument. In the case of a wax seal, it is taken by means of a new bread-bore breaking the wax. When other methods fail the envelope is placed between pieces of wood, with edges projecting one twentieth of an inch. The edge of the envelope is first flattened then roughened and finally slit open. Later a hair line of strong white gum is applied and the edges are united under pressure.

The Apprentice Today

Twenty years ago an apprentice boy on entering the average shop, like those of the railroads, was instructed. He was given rough work to do, and no one paid much attention to him for the first six months, as he was not considered of much account. Now he is often got discouraged. Now all has changed. Apprentices are given the individual attention of shop instructors, who are competent mechanics, and who have nothing else to do. In addition, a comprehensive general training is given. Under this system the young men frequently advance in older ones, who had led in the old way and have spent their lifetime in the trade.

Power of Starlight

Astronomers now say that the total light of all the stars seen from the earth is about one eighth of the light of the full moon. The brightness of the stars is Sirius. The shining out of the stars is Sirius. The shining out of the stars of the orb of what is known as the "sixth magnitude," that is the smallest would lessen our starlight by one twentieth, which indicates how much the brilliancy of stars increases in is debited to billions of these mere points of light.

A Reasonable Explanation

One of the questions in the San Francisco Examiner's animal story, content upon which children are asked to write, is: Why does a cow need two stomachs? Sad experience evidently had much to do with the deductions of little Mark Schey of Fruitvale, he is replied: "So when she has an ache in one of her stomachs, she can use the other one."

EXPERT RELATES OLD ANIMAL LIFE

TELLS OF MANY CREATURES IN PREHISTORIC DAYS

Asserts Primitive Man Lived in West When "Thunder Birds" Winged Thru Air.

Altho the wild life of North America is more abundant than that of the other continents of the northern hemisphere and has only Africa as a world rival, yet the present-day richness in this respect is decidedly poor compared with the abundance and variety of mammalian life that roamed the plains before the advent of the white man, while the vast number of species which disappeared even before the Indians came to inhabit the land is even more astonishing.

In a communication to the National Geographic Society, E. W. Nelson, E. W. Nelson, Chief of the United States Geological Survey, gives an amazing account of North American wild life in prehistoric times.

A portion of the communication has been made public by the society in the following bulletin:

"The original buffalo herds have been estimated to have contained from 30,000,000 to 60,000,000 animals (the latter figure is 6,000,000 greater than the total number of cattle in the United States, according to the last Census), and in 1870 it was estimated that about 5,500,000 still survived—exceeding by 1,400,000 the number of mules in the United States in 1910. A number of men now living were privileged to see some of the great herds of the past before they were finally destroyed. Dr. George Bird Grinnell writes:

"In 1870, I happened to be on a train that was stopped for three hours to let a herd of buffaloes pass. We supposed they soon would pass by, but they kept on coming. On a number of occasions in earlier days the engineers thought they could run thru the herds, and that, seeing the locomotive, the buffaloes would stop to turn aside, but after a few locomotives had been ditched by the animals the engineers got in the way of respecting the buffaloes' idiosyncrasies."

"Chronicles of the colonial days give many interesting accounts of the number of other wild animals, including bears, wapiti, white-tailed deer, and turkeys, on which the wolves made fierce war. One writer narrates that during the winter of 1610-11 fully 2,400 moose were snared on the Great Manitoulin Island, at the head of Lake Huron.

"The fossil beds of the Great Plains of North America and other parts of the West contain eloquent testimonies of the richness and diversity of different periods in the past. Perhaps the most wonderful of all these ancient faunas was that revealed by the bones of birds and mammals which had been trapped in the asphalt pits recently discovered in the outskirts of Los Angeles, California.

"These bones show that prior to the arrival of the present fauna the plains of southern California swarmed with an astonishing wealth of strange birds and beasts. The most notable of these are saber-toothed tiger, horns much larger than those of Africa, giant wolves, several kinds of bears, including the huge cave bears, even larger than the gigantic brown bears of Alaska; large wild horses, camels, bison (unlike our buffalo, tiny antelope, the size of a fox; mastodons, mammoths with tusks fifteen feet long and giant ground sloths.

"There is reason for believing that primitive man occupied California and other parts of the West during at least the latter part of the period when the fauna of the asphalt pits still flourished. The folklore of the locally restricted California Indians contains detailed descriptions of a beast which is unmistakably a bison, probably the bison of the asphalt pits. "The discovery in these pits of the bones of gigantic vulture-like bird of prey far greater size than the condor is even more startling, since the folklore of the Eskimos and Indians of most of the tribes from Bering Straits to California and the Rocky Mountains region abound in tales of the "thunder bird"—a gigantic bird of prey like a mighty eagle, capable of carrying away persons in its talons. Possibly the accounts of the bison and the "thunder bird" are really based on the originals of the asphalt beds and have been passed down in legendary history thru many thousands of years. "Among other marvels our fossil beds reveal the fact that both camels and horses originated in North America."

Twenty years ago Wilbur Penfield left his home in Springfield, Mass., and went west. Shortly afterward he read a notice of another's death in a Springfield paper and he always supposed it was true until he met her the other day in Bridgeport, Conn., where he has been working for the last fifteen years.

The Pennsylvania System has had a 100 per cent safety record for passengers for the past three years in which time they have carried over 550,000,000 persons.

Occasionally riches fly away from an honest man and roost on the perch erected by the other fellow.

SEA FRUIT

Fruits de mer (sea fruit), this is the comprehensive name by which the numerous little shellfish of the Mediterranean are known; the term, affectionate as it may well be, which the French speaking of these contributions of the sea which are at their best in Marsailles and all along the Riviera, over the border into sunny Italy.

Marsailles is the great fish market of southern France and Leghorn of northern Italy, while Naples of course is the center for southern Italy. Along the quays of all three cities an epicure on his rambles will find much of interest and many a new sensation for his palate. Bouillabaisse, even before it was made famous in literature by Thackeray, was considered the piece de resistance of southern France and maitelot de poisson a close second. But for my part the most luscious morsels of the fruits of the blue Mediterranean are the little shellfish which are sold from the booths along the quays or in the open air kitchens where amid odors of garlic and oil, a whiff of the salt air from the sea, and of great masses of wet seaweed upon which the shellfish are temptingly arranged make the nostrils dilate even as the sight of the seductive wares tickle the palate and force one to stop and investigate.

Snake Killing Birds

A number of birds throughout the world are known to be enemies of reptiles, and several varieties make a regular search for snakes and other creeping things.

In South Africa it is to be found the champion snake killer of the bird family. It is known as the secretary bird.

The name seems an odd one but the bird received its name from a crest of feathers rising from the back of its head, which reminds one of a secretary or bookkeeper with a bunch of quills stuck behind his ear.

The bird has ashen gray plumage, and its tail feathers are often two feet in length. The male bird stands as gung as four feet in height, but a great portion of this is neck and legs. Its wings are long when outstretched, and it is strongly built and is adapted for the peculiar work of destroying large reptiles.

As a rule it attacks smaller snakes in preference to the very powerful ones, and in doing so uses every precaution against contact with the poisonous fangs or strong coils. It does not attack its prey suddenly, but after walking around the spot occupied by the reptile suddenly spreads its wings and gives the reptile a sudden but sharp blow on the head with its very long and sharp talons. This is done so quickly that the reptile has no chance to resist.

Elephant's Toothache

It is not easy to tell when an elephant has a toothache. It is said that a London surgeon, who had been for many years in India, would sooner risk a railway accident than meet an elephant with a toothache.

It appears that a toothache affects an elephant in a more severe manner than it does any other animal. Elephants have very sensitive nerves, and a touch of toothache often brings on madness.

Providing you are able to chain down an elephant and draw out the offending tooth the brute is certain to be affectionate to you afterward. There is an instance:

An elephant in Bengal, India, became affected with toothache, but the keepers managed to secure it while a dentist drew a decayed tooth—the cause of the trouble. After a time the elephant seemed to understand that the dentist was trying to do something for his pain, and he gave every evidence of appreciating the attention. When the operation was over he circled around the dentist like a young lamb.

Better Off Working

Lives these the man who has not sighed for leisure? And lives there the man who, in his more sober moments has not been honestly glad that he must work? Human nature, which sweetens under toil, souars in leisure, and it is by no means sure that the fall from innocence which brought work into the world "and all our woe" was not bringing salvation disguised as labor. Faithfulness will dignify and beauty even drudgery; no matter what the work is, provided it is honest, if it is well done, it commands our instinctive respect. Besides if we did not all have to work so hard to keep alive the jails would have standing room only.

The Largest Flower

The largest of all the flowers of the world is said by the Scientific American to be the Rafflesia, a native of Sumatra, so called after Sir Stamford Raffles. It is composed of five round petals, each measuring a foot across. These surround a huge cup, the upper surface of which is covered with projections like a miniature cow's horns. The flower weighs about fifteen lbs. and is very thick.

The Soil and Man

The Kansas Farmer says: "Aside from the vicissitudes of the weather, practically all of the misfortunes that come to the farmer or his farm can be traced to the haste to secure the present dollar without providing for the future good of his soil. Take care of the soil and it will take care of you, and any other method is a downhill pull."

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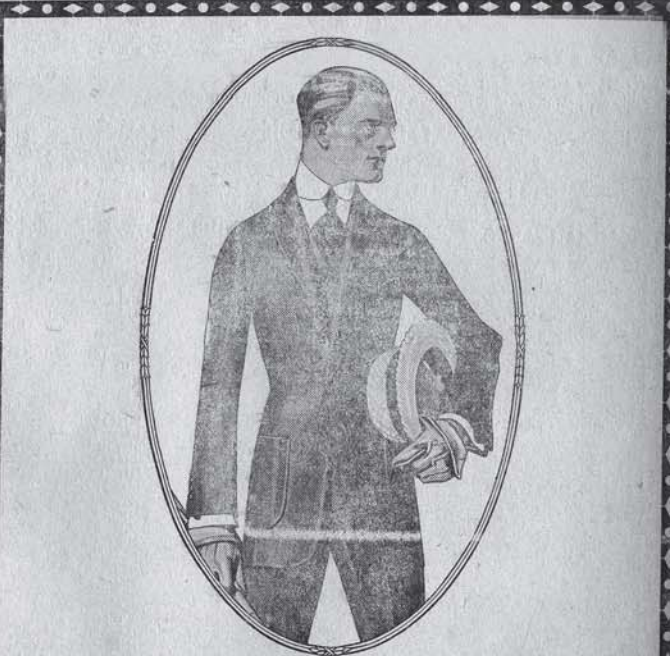
We are offering at greatly reduced prices a full and complete line of Ladies and Gents hats; Prices reduced to one-half and less.

Children's Wash Suit - - - 48c up
Men's Work Shirt - - - 48c

FLOUR SALE

Be sure and take advantage of price
Citadel 50 lb. Sack Flour at : : \$3.59

West Side Department Store
C. & M. SADDLER
204-220—WEST COURT STREET



Fashion! Perfection in those little essentials that men of taste demand, has given the leadership in Men's Fashions to

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You can see why—and feel it—in the new Spring and Summer models we're now displaying. \$20.00 to \$40.00.

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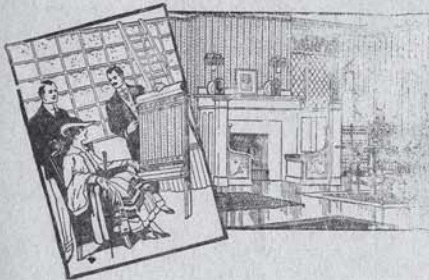
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HONEST WORK

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Both Phones 45

PRESERVATION OF WOOD

There are now employed a number of processes whereby wood can be so altered in character that it becomes almost fireproof, and is no longer liable to dry rot of the disintegrations that come under the head of decay.

Unfortunately many of these systems have a disadvantage in the matter of expense or in the difficulty of working the material with ordinary tools, and so the inventions are neglected.

Under what is probably the best method, the wood, after having its sap extracted by air suction in a closed vessel, is charged with a solution of metallic salts, the entire treatment occupying about four hours. It is said that the green wood thus treated neither shrinks nor warps, thus obviating the seasoning generally necessary, and that soft woods become so hardened that they can be utilized for purposes for which they were quite unsuited in their original conditions, and become almost incombustible and capable of receiving a high polish.

Smoky Achill

One of the smokiest places on earth is undoubtedly Achill, of the coast of Mayo, Ireland. A smoky atmosphere is not an unknown thing in any Irish cabin, but in Achill the greatest smoke the higher the satisfaction of the natives, for there smoke means potatoes, and potatoes mean food.

It is to one of the methods of procuring food that the islander owes the smoky condition of his cabin. Root he must have, or the potatoes will not grow. In the tiled fields he erects little huts called scawhogs, formed by a frame of sod of heather from the mountains. Within these huts he keeps a fire of peat burning for six weeks or two months at the end of which period the scaws are, from their continual impregnation with smoke, transformed into root.

Turf or peat is abundant on the island, and the large fires coat nothing.

Dark Smoke No Fun

Funny thing about smoking! If a man were compelled to puff a good cigar with his eyes shut the operation would lose its zest. A man who had undergone a slight operation upon one of his eyes had to stay in a darkened room for a week with his optics bandaged. After a few days his doctor told him he could take a gentle smoke if he liked. He jumped at the chance, and to his amazement found it afforded not the slightest pleasure. To be sure, men often smoke in the dark, but there's always the rosy glow of the lighted end to be seen and the faint outline of the cloud of smoke in the air. There's no more fun in a cigarette smoke than a saltless egg or a kiss implanted upon your own hand. What is the psychology of it?

Accurate Instruments

For exact punctuality there are few things in the possession of the United States government that approach the big telescope in the Washington observatory, and its partner, the sidereal clock that hangs on the wall near it. By the aid of this telescope and the clock, it is possible to locate a star in the heavens on the exact instant predicted by astronomers a score of years ago and set down in the almanac. A strand of spider web wire across the field of the telescope marks the passage of a star. It is seldom that the telescope and the clock vary as much as a quarter of a second in verifying the astronomical calculations. The clock is one of the most perfect timekeepers in the world today.

The Only Tree in Shetland

Up a little lane of Lerwick, one street says the London Globe, there is a garden—at least it is an enclosed space. In the middle of this space there is a tree. It is not a very tall tree; you could in fact, toss a biscuit over its branches, but still it is a tree—the only tree in Shetland, and Shetland is proud of it. Children who are brought for the first time to see the wonders of one streeted Lerwick are shown this tree. This is not fiction. It is the only tree in Shetland. As there are no trees in Shetland, there are no birds, except of course, the searush which you can number by the thousand.

People With Keen Eyesight

The best eyesight is possessed by those peoples whose lands are vast and barren, and where obstacles tending to shorten the sight are few. Eskimos will detect a white fox in the snow at a great distance away, while the Arabs of the deserts of Africa have such extreme powers of vision that on the vast plains of the desert they will pick out obstacles invisible to the ordinary eye at ranges from one to ten miles distant. Among civilized people the Norwegians have better eyesight than most, if not all others as they more generally fulfill the necessary conditions.

Are Fishes Mirrors

A scientist says he always thought little fish were protected against the mouths of the big fish chiefly by their markings looking like the stones and reefs in the water, but he now concludes that all shining, silvery fish are mirrors reflecting the dark bottom of the pond, and it is only when such fish come to the surface that the light shines on them, and they become visible to the big fish that prey on little fish. So long as the little, silvery fish stay close to the bottom they look like mud and stones, only showing their shining silver when they come near the top, and so are soon swallowed down.

CODE TELEGRAMS WIN MAN DIVORCE

"KANGAROO LAUGHTER," THAT'S KIND OF MESSAGES WIFE GETS

Finding "Kangaroo" Means "I Love You," and "Laughter" "You Love Me"—He Goes to Court.

When her former fiancé, a man whose name is said to be Elliott, desired to communicate with Mrs. Harriette Sweet of Winnetka, Ill., he sent telegrams like this:

"Kangaroo rabbit showers bowling salt laughter."

One day Mrs. Sweet's husband, Harry J. Jr., discovered several telegrams of this nature. Then he found what he believed was a key to the mysterious words and after deciphering the telegrams went to a Chicago court and obtained a divorce.

Both the telegrams and code were presented in evidence. The code, which accounted for nearly all the strange words, is as follows:

ALGEBRA—I am broke.

BUBBLES—Hold on tight, finances but be careful.

BOWLING—I want to be your sweetheart forever.

GYMNASIUM—I am flirting, but I love only you.

GOLDS—Hope you are well, happy, and still love me.

GLEE—I am well and feel good today.

GOLF—I love you, love you, love you.

GERIENNA—I no longer love you. Good-by.

INSURANCE—When will you start? KANGAROO—I love you better than all else.

LAUGHTER—Hope you are well, happy and still love me.

PARADISE—Have met my Waterloo at last and am "this'n" forever.

PEPPER—I think you have found some one you love better than me.

PROSPERITY—Had a delightful trip. Didn't flirt.

PRIMROSE—Flirted a little but did nothing really bad.

PERDITION—I have skipped with the one I love.

RABBIT—I am lonesome, longing for you.

RAINING—You are the dearest, sweetest girl in the world.

SERENES—Just to have you in my arms tonight would make me happy.

SPINACH—I am planning to leave in a few days.

SALT—There isn't another girl like you on the earth.

SHOWERS—I if you were but here I would be happy.

TENNIS—I am miserable and unhappy.

VIOLET—After all you are the best and only one.

YELLOW—I have been flirting again.

Here are some of the telegrams: "Spinach book yesterday sensation serene Portland Pasadena pearl golden golf. Elliott."

"I am planning to leave in a few days. Green sends best wishes to tennis. Elliott."

"If you read that Friday letter again you will feel ashamed of the telegram you sent. You should always count 500 before you write or wire. The parachute is liable to land in Poland. Eat more candy and you won't be so peppery. I prefer salt and soda."

"Of course, you didn't try to decipher any of the telegrams!"

Birds on the Wing.

Twice every year a wave of living birds, almost inconceivably grand in the number of birds involved, surges over North America. The autumn wave rools from the arctic tundras of Canada and Alaska to the torrid waters of the Amazon and the great pampas of the La Plata, only to roll back again to the ice-bound northern ocean with the northward progression of the sun. And almost as ceaseless as the ever rising, ever falling swell of the ocean tides is this marvellous tide of beating wings and pulsating little hearts. The last stragglers of the northward migration do not reach their northern home before the early part of June; but in July the southward setting tide has begun again.

The number of birds that make up this mighty wave almost passes comprehension. Probably more than 95 per cent of all birds making their summer home between the northern boundary of Mexico and the Arctic ocean, that is in the United States and Canada, help to swell the great bird-tide that moves southward in autumn and northward in the spring with the regularity of a pendulum. Allowing a little less than one migratory bird to an acre, we get the enormous number of 4,200,000,000 birds, whose wingbeats follow with rhythmic precision the southward and northward movement of the sun.

How It Was.

Brother Hestock—How did you all get you nose busted?

Brother Tump—I done slipped down an' plumb lit on my back.

Brother Lobatoek—But, name o' goodness, sah!—you nose isn't located on yo' backer.

Brother Tump—No, sah; an' needer was Brudder Wade.

Women would be happy if they could live long without getting old.



Let Us Help You

Select Your Graduation Gift

COME in and look at our large assortment of jewelry and objects of art suitable for graduation gifts. We will gladly assist you in selecting something that is suitable and appropriate.

It is not necessary for you to pick out something expensive. Although we have rare jewelry of high cost, we also have hundreds of charming things at just the price you want to spend.

Rings, for instance, such as the famous W-W-W Gem Set Rings, can be secured as low as \$3. These rings are of rare beauty and design and have the appearance of being worth many times their actual cost. All are solid gold.

These rings have an added value of being permanent gifts. The stones never come out or break. If they do they are replaced free of charge.

SPEICHER BROS. JEWELERS Schuyler Ave.



Everywhere under the sun—wherever roofs are laid—Certain-teed stands for these two things: Efficiency Economy

CERTAIN-TEED roofing is the most efficient and economical type of roof for factories, office buildings, farm buildings, garages, etc., because the first cost is less than that of metal, wood shingles, or tar and gravel. This is particularly so now, because of the present high prices of some of the materials. CERTAIN-TEED costs less to lay than any other kind of roof. It will not rust, is not affected by fumes, gases and acids, coal smoke, etc.; it is light weight and fire retardant. Every rain washes it clean; and it does not melt or run under the hot rays of the sun, nor can it clog gutters and down spouts.

Certain-teed Roofing

is the best quality of prepared roofing. It pays to get the best. The only difference between the first cost of a good roof and a poor one is in the material—the labor, freight, etc., costs the same in both. As CERTAIN-TEED Roofing is guaranteed for 5, 10 or 15 years according to thickness (1, 2 or 3 ply) it will be in splendid condition years after a poor quality roof has to be replaced.

For residences, Slate Surfaced Asphalt Shingles have all the advantages of CERTAIN-TEED Roofing, plus artistic beauty, not bulky, and are uniform in weight, quality and appearance. They need no paint, are fire proof, eliminate waste and mist, cannot catch, burn, rot or crack. Guaranteed for ten years. Investigate CERTAIN-TEED before deciding on any type of roof. For sale by dealers everywhere.

Certain-teed Paints and Varnishes are good, reliable products made by a chemist of high standing, who has been concerned with the manufacture of chemical products for many years. They are economical as well as the extensive testing and analysis of the various products of the Certain-teed Co. are guaranteed to give satisfaction. It will pay you to see that you get CERTAIN-TEED Paints and Varnishes. They are sold everywhere in the U.S.A. and Canada.

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Roofing at \$1.25, \$1.75, \$2.25, \$2.75 per roll
Red or green slate surfaced roofing.....\$2.75 per roll
Red or green slate surfaced shingles.....\$5.50 per square

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Certain-teed Products CHAS. WERTZ CO.

Both Phones 150

What He Wanted. "You have written a good, strong, logical play," and the young dramatist's learned friend, after he had finished the manuscript. "For Heaven's sake, don't tell me that! I want to be a success."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Wireless Divorce. One of the strangest things in the world is how willing a girl who is sworn in to embark on the sea matrimony without a lifeboat—Creston News.

DAISY FLY KILLER placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies, mosquitos, etc. Kills all insects. One box of Tut's Pills save many dollars in doctor's bills. A remedy for the liver, sick headache, dyspepsia, constipation and biliousness, a million people endorse.

Tut's Pills

Correct.
"Now, Thomas, tell me what animal is web-footed."
"The spider."

GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER has been the most successful family remedy for the last fifty-one years for biliousness and stomach troubles, to which the American people are addicted, causing sick headache, nervous indigestion, sour stomach, coming up of food and a general physical depression. 25 and 50c.—Adv.

Save Your Money.
"I see there is a proposal that no more whisky should be made until after the war, in order to save the foodstuffs used."
"That so?" But what of the men who like to take their food in liquid form?"

COVETED BY ALL but possessed by few—a beautiful head of hair. If yours is streaked with gray, or is harsh and stiff, you can restore it to its former beauty and luster by using "La Creole" Hair Dressing. Price \$1.00.—Adv.

MUCH WASTE IN GARDENING Necessity May Force Americans to Adopt Economical Fertilizing Methods Used by Belgians.

Shortage in the supply of fertilizer is a situation of great gravity that confronts the amateur gardener whose patriotic spirit is impelling him to till city lots and suburban plots. City staples, which formerly supplied fertilizer to farms in the neighboring states, have been turned into camps, with the result that manures can be obtained only in small quantities, if at all. To obtain the results to which their labors and their enthusiasm entitle them the home lot and suburban gardener must husband their resources, abandon the wasteful American method of enriching the soil and turn to the system that gave Belgium pre-eminence in intensive farming, according to the New York Herald.

The American method of placing fertilizer is to spread it entirely over a plot or field. The Belgian method is to place the fertilizer only under the spot where the plant is to grow, wasting none of the valuable plant-food between rows or between plants. The European gardener turns over the earth, harrows or rakes it and they dig a trench or series of holes about eight inches deep where he desires to plant a row of corn, peas or beans. Into this trench he spreads the fertilizer, covers the latter with an inch of earth and on top of this places the seed, covering all with a deeper layer of earth. When the seed germinates the roots quickly reach the fertilizer and the plant grows with great rapidity. Thus all the fertilizer is utilized and none is wasted between the rows where none is needed.

Intensive farming was forced on Belgium through necessity. Necessity of the world is urging America to intensive methods, and the cardinal principle of the system is the elimination of waste.

Suitable Crew.
"How is that bark manned?"
"As a bark should be manned—with old sea dogs."

Plan to See.
"There is something very transparent about that girl."
"I guess it is her glass eye."

Fads and Fancies Of Fashion



For the Business Girl.

Business women have become so accustomed to the blouse and skirt for daily wear that it is almost a uniform to them. But, as warm weather comes and coats may be discarded, the business girl is more than likely to indulge in a change of dress and come out in a one-piece frock. Among them are models especially suited to the big and growing army of women who go to business every day.

Whoever designed the frock shown above had in mind that it needed to be practical as well as smart. For every day wear it will be made in one of the strong new weaves in silk, or in lightweight serge or equally durable mohair. It suggests possibilities in remodeling suits and giving good materials a new lease on life by changing a suit of antiquated style into an up-to-date frock. It is made in two pieces, joined at the waist, under a soft belt of the material. The belt overlaps at the front, one side slipping through a slash in the other, and the ends fasten down with buttons.

Deep pockets at each side provide two style features of the season; the emphasis of the hips, and the use of wide tucks for decoration. The bodice might fasten along the shoulder and under-arm or up the back.

Collar and cuffs of organdie are indispensable in a frock of this kind. They provide the touch of fresh daintiness, that makes the shirtwaist so dear to the heart of women in the work-day world. The triple tucks of this set are made without lace or embroidery, having their edges finished with narrow bands, or with beehamitching. One only needs to look at them to sense their charm for summer wear.



The Bridesmaid's Crowning Glory

Here comes the bride, along about this time, with her maids, waiting into the milliner's to discuss the momentous question of their hats. And perhaps the milliner is all ready for her; for hats especially designed have been supplied in plenty by those who welcome each June with a new array of bridal millinery. It is easy enough to make a selection when there is opportunity to see them.

Designers one and all appear to have been captivated by the fitness of a ruffled crepe for making the loveliest headwear that sun, or electric lights, ever shone on. All the chances are that crepe it will be when the decision is made and everybody pleased. But there are also hats of millinery lace, hair braid and the well-loved leg-horn among candidates for favor.

In the group of three hats shown above, only hats made of crepe (including one of crepe and ribbon) appear. They are sponsored by the best designers so that there is no question as to their good style, and they speak for themselves as to their beauty. At the right a wide-brimmed sailor eye-crowed with white crepe has over the brim an overlay made of lengths of narrow ribbon feather-tipped together with heavy white silk floss.

At the left another sailor shape, with soft crown tip, makes place for a row of French knots on a narrow silk ribbon about the crown. Four camellias, with white foliage, are set, at a special advantage, on the brim. Both these hats might be made in a light color. The lovely hat at the center is in male pink and has a wreath of small, plastic flowers across it and a bride and ties of narrow velvet ribbon in orchid pink.

Julie Bottomley

Gowned for War.

Now that it seems likely that women may be engaged in the preparation campaign an enterprising firm has devised suits of khaki whose lines are particularly appropriate for drilling, hiking and other military incidents. A woman may have a suit, consisting of coat and skirt, or she may acquire merely the camp skirt to be worn with the middie blouse. There also is a cavalry skirt to go with a smart, mannish shirtwaist. All of these garments are made with the object of service. They can be worn for a considerable time without showing soil, and then they may be laundered, if care is taken in the process. It is also possible for the woman motor driver, the Red Cross assistant and those who may aim to enter the cavalry or infantry corps to get suitable uniforms.

For Straw Hats.

To keep your new sailor, or any other straw hat having a flat crown and brim, fresh and unfaded looking up to the end of the season, brush it occasionally with ammonia water (about a teaspoonful to a cupful of water) and while still damp lay over it a dry cloth and press with a moderately hot iron. The ammonia restores the color and the moisture and pressure will give it its original stiffness.

IMITATION IS SINCEREST FLATTERY but like counterfeit money the imitation has not the worth of the original. Insist on "La Creole" Hair Dressing—It's the original. Dams your hair in the natural way, but contains no dye. Price \$1.00.—Adv.

No Chance.
"So the Judge sent your husband to prison for ten years, Mandy?"
"Yes, he did. Dat's a powerful long time to have to get along without a husband, Mandy?"
"It does seem like a long time, out, maybe, he can shorten it by good behavior."
"Good behavior, missus! If my husband's getting out of prison depends on good behavior he'll be dere ten years 't de minit!"

Whenever You Need a General Tonic Take Grove's

The Old Standard Grove's Tasteless Chilli Tonic is equally valuable as a General Tonic because it contains the well known tonic properties of QUININE and IRON. It acts as a Powerful Stimulant on Malaria, Enriches the Blood and Builds up the Whole System. 50 cents.

Be Adaptable.
"Don't be obstinate."
"Huh?"
"Some men spend their lives trying to make silk purses from cows' ears."
"Well?"
"They might take the same material and get rich manufacturing leather specialties."

Pass Onward, Auntie.
Time—Sunday morning. Place—Bridge near the old swimming hole.
Horried Old Lady—I say, little boys, what's coming off down there?
Voice From Below—Why, my shirt and Jimmie's pants. We're the last ones in.

SOFT, CLEAR SKINS

Made So by Daily Use of Cuticura Soap and Ointment—Trial Free.

The last thing at night and the first in the morning, bathe the face freely with Cuticura Soap and hot water. If there are pimples or dandruff smears them with Cuticura Ointment before bathing. Nothing better than Cuticura for daily toilet preparations.

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Their Predicament.
"It seems that the people in nations on short rations are not following the usual order."
"What is that?"
"They are whining but not dining."

YES! LIFT A CORN OFF WITHOUT PAIN!

Cincinnati man tells how to dry up a corn or callus so it lifts off with fingers.

You corn-pestered men and women need suffer no longer. Wear the shoes that nearly killed you before, says this Cincinnati authority, because a few drops of freestone applied directly on a tender, aching corn or callus, stops soreness at once and soon the corn or hardened callus loosens so it can be lifted off root and all, without pain.

A small bottle of freestone costs very little at any drug store, but will positively take off every hard or soft corn or callus. This should be tried, as it is inexpensive and is said not to irritate the surrounding skin.

If your druggist hasn't any freestone tell him to get a small bottle for you from his wholesale drug house.—Adv.

Hunger is the best sauce.

Attending to one's own business gives one a good steady job.

Women of Middle Age

Many distressing ailments experienced by them are Alleviated by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Here is Proof by Women who Know.

Lowell, Mass.—"For the last three years I have been troubled with the Change of Life and the bad feelings common at that time. I was in a very nervous condition, with headaches and pain a good deal of the time so I was unable to do my work. A friend asked me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which I did, and it has helped me in every way. I am not nearly so nervous, no headache or pain. I must say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the best remedy any sick woman can take."—Mrs. M. W. HAZEN, Quinn, Rear 250 Worthen St., Lowell, Mass.

She Tells Her Friends to Take Lydia E. Pinkham's Remedies.

North Haven, Conn.—"When I was 45 I had the Change of Life which is a trouble all women have. At first it didn't bother me but after a while I got bearing down pains. I called in doctors who told me to try different things but they did not cure my pains. One day my husband came home and said, 'Why don't you try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Sensitive Wash?' Well, I got them and took about 10 bottles of Vegetable Compound and could feel myself regaining my health. I also used Lydia E. Pinkham's Sensitive Wash and it has done me a great deal of good. Any one coming to my house who suffers from female troubles or Change of Life, I tell them to take the Pinkham remedies. There are about 20 of us here who think the world of them."—Mrs. FLORENCE ISLELL, Box 197, North Haven, Conn.

You are Invited to Write for Free Advice.

No other medicine has been so successful in relieving woman's suffering as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Women may receive free and helpful advice by writing the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. Such letters are received and answered by women only and held in strict confidence.

Back to the Soil.
The young k-nut, unfit for general service, volunteered for work on the land. He went down to his father's "place" and began "farming." A friend passing that way spied him in leggings and Norfolk jacket striding across a wide stretch of moorland. He halted him.
"Hello, Smutty?" he cried as he came up. "What are you doing in this forsaken land?"
"Farming. I've gone back to the land."
"Any good at it?" grinned the friend.
"I should think not! See this piece of moorland? Before I came it was going to waste—no use at all; but with a lot of work I've turned it into a rip-pin' golf links."—New York Globe.

USE ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

The antiseptic powder to shake into shoes and sprinkled into the foot-bath. It relieves itching, swollen, smarting feet and takes the sting out of corns and bunions. The greatest comfort ever discovered for all foot-aches. Sold everywhere. See "Trial package" FREE. Address, Allen B. Olinsted, Le Roy, N. Y.—Adv.

She's Found a Place to Start.
"Now that we are at war we shall have to practice rigid economy."
"All right, my dear, I looked at your last year's hat this morning, and I am sure it will do again for this summer."

You can't distinguish sinners from sinners by their shiny hats.

WALTON E. COLSWAN, Washington, D.C. Sole Free. High-class millinery. Best results.

PATENTS

ABSORBINE
Reduces Stained, Puffy Ankles, Lymphangitis, Puff Swellings, Cellulitis, Boils, Swellings; Stops Lameness and Sore Feet. Heals Sores, Cuts, Bruises, Boil Chafes, It is a SAFE ANTISEPTIC AND GERMICIDE. Does not blister or remove the hair and hair can be worked. Pleasant to use, \$2.00 a bottle, delivered. Describe your case for special instructions and Book 5 M Free. ABSORBINE, JR., antiseptic solution for mouth, wounds, burns, etc. Price 50c. Write for literature—only a few drops required on an application. Price for bottles, 50c. W. F. YOUNG, P. O. F., 315 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

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is excellently attained by adding to the daily menu a ration of

Grape-Nuts

Goodness—Energy—Ease of Digestion—Excellent Flavor—are all found in this truly remarkable wheat and barley food.

Children Cry For Fletcher's CASTORIA

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

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The Kind You Have Always Bought

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AND SAVE MONEY

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NUFORM CORSETS



"Sports" models provide the necessary pliancy and freedom for skating, dancing, riding and golfing, and combine height of style with supreme comfort; exclusiveness of design, with graceful figure lines and Fashion's modes in dress-silhouette, at modest price.

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CORSETS

Are your idea of Style, Comfort, Fit and Taste. The average woman feels better in the embrace of a W. B. Nuform Corset than corsets.

W. B. NUFORM CORSETS are the corsets to buy and wear, conferring delightful figure-benefits; substantial quality; economical to the purse; comfortable, and wonderful refinements of making and trimming.

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CORSETS

Whether short, tall, heavy or plump, will improve your figure at first wearing, and show delightfully slender results.

Black and Front-Lace
Either model will give stout figures modish lines and the new fashion silhouette. Elastic inserts over groin, give proper fullness at bottom of corset and assure comfort in any position.

\$3.00 AND \$3.50

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Men's Black Elk Outing Bals, Goodrich Flexible Soles, Rubber Heels, A light work Shoe for tender feet. PRICE - - \$3.00

We sell Shoe Soles and Sole Leather Strips for Shoe Repairing.

At the Shoe and Harness Store

John Umbach & Son

139 East Court Street

Registration Day

Don't forget that Tuesday, June 5th, is registration day, and that trouble awaits all who fail to register. T. B. McCoy is chief registrar for Bradley and will gladly furnish any information that may be desired.

New Recruits

Fred Hut, Tom McAndrews, Bernice Switzer and Frank Ramsey are the new recruits from Bradley, who have joined Co. L during the past week. Let the good work go on.

When you have backache the liver or kidneys are sure to be out of gear. Try Sanol it does wonders for the liver, kidneys and bladders. A trial 35c bottle of Sanol will convince you. Get it at the drug store. 6-18.

Grandma Berry is seriously ill at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Mathew, on North Grand Ave.

The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schubert will regret to hear of the death of Mr. Schubert's father in Chicago recently.

Messrs. Timberlake and Lindsey of Chicago spent Wednesday of this week with Rev. John Codd and family.

Sanol Eczema Prescription is a famous old remedy for all forms of Eczema and skin diseases. Sanol is a guaranteed remedy. Get a 35c large trial bottle at the drug store. 6-18

Bert Adams of Peoria was a business caller here Thursday.

C. W. Smith of Chicago was a business caller here Thursday.

Do you get up at night? Sanol is surely the best for all kidney and bladder troubles. Sanol gives relief in 24 hours from all backache and bladder trouble. Sanol is a guaranteed remedy. 35c and \$1.00 a bottle at the drug store. 6-18

Judge W. T. Cary has returned home from an extended visit with relatives in Nebraska and Gary, Ind.

Mrs. Jos. Pire is spending the week in Baldwin, Mich., visiting her mother.

Arsene Brosseau of Kansas City visited friends and relatives here and in Bourbonnais during the week.

Mrs. Roy Walls has been on the sick list for the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Clark expect soon to go to Michigan for an extended visit with their daughter, Mrs. Chester Patchett.

Mr. Nelson's new home on the east side is nearly completed and will be ready for occupancy soon.

Mrs. Mary Chaney of Golconda is visiting her son, Jesse Chaney and family and daughter, Mrs. Frank Swinford and family.

William Daily and family spent Wednesday here with relatives.

George Walters of Rensselaes, Ind., spent several days the past week with relatives here.

Rev. and Mrs. Iver Johnson have returned home from Chicago where they spent several days with friends.

The United Brethren and Methodist churches will hold union services next Sunday evening at the M. E. church.

Mrs. William Murphy (nee Rose McGovern) a former teacher in Bradley, was in the cyclone swept district on Saturday. Her husband was severely injured while herself and child suffered less injuries. Their home and farm buildings were all blown down, hogs, calves and chickens all killed, but cattle and horses escaped from being killed.

Mrs. Dan Callahan was on the sick list during the week.

Mrs. Edw. Delong was numbered among the sick during the week.

Annett Roy left for St. Anna Monday of this week to visit her grandparents. She will spend the summer there.

Mrs. Wm. Ralph has returned home from an extended visit with relatives and friends in Indiana.

Joe Metz of Gibson was a week end visitor here.

FOR REAL ESTATE

see

STULL and MAGRUDER
The Land Men

Capital, \$100,000.00
Surplus \$180,000.00



Capital \$100,000.00
Surplus \$125,000.00

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Patriotism and Production

It is of vital importance that every acre be planted and made fully productive this year.

Experts say that our nation's food supplies are short—that everyone must help grow banner crops or else citizens in many communities will suffer actual want.

The patriot can serve his country behind the plow as well as behind the canon. We lend money to help our farmers secure the largest results from their farms.

May we HELP YOU?

FOUR PER CENT ON SAVINGS

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