DEVELOPMENT OF CENTRAL CANADA

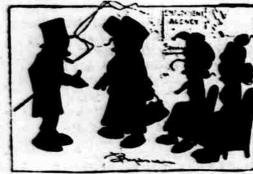
THE STORY OF BIG YIELDS OF GRAIN COMES FROM EVERY SECTION.

When the man in the States was told that he could get 160 acres of land in Central Canada-comprising the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta-that under cultivation would produce from 20 to 30 bushels of wheat to the acre, or if seeded to oats the yield would be 40 to 60 bushels, he was skeptical. The same story was told the man who wished to get nearer to existing lines of railway, and was only asked to pay \$10 to \$12 an acre. But many tried it, some one plan and some another. The man who accepted the 160 acres as a free gift, as a homestead, and was willing to put in the required residence duties of three years has now a farm worth from fifteen to twenty dollars an acre. The man who chose to purchase, and did so, took up his residence just the same. He has land, that, in many cases, is worth twice the money he paid for it. Both have found that the story of splendid yields was verified. They have had crops exceeding that promised; they have seen oats that yielded 100 bushels to the acre, and have grown wheat that averaged 40 and as high as 50 bushels to the acre. Their wheat was not a 57 lb. to the bushel article but 62 and 63 lbs. They have seen within the past year or two trunk lines of railway constructed through their district, and throwing out branch lines to the gates of their farm. They have seen schools established in their neighbourhood and the Government contributing largely to their expense. Churches have been erected, villages have been established, towns have sprung into existence and cities are rapidly springing up, as if the magic hand of some unseen conjurer was at work. But it was not; it was the legitimate offering of the wealth of the field which made all these things come about, naturally, and easy. The prairie that three years ago was merely prairie, a patch of brown, just waiting for the ploughman, is to-day dotted with tilled farms and splendid homes. The line of elevators with their glistening metalled fireproof sides and roofs, indicate the location of the town and the railroad. There is the glow of newness about it all, but the elevator, the splendid store buildings and the comfortable hostelries denote of the man who fashioned and built them but the wealth of the soil, which means that the newness will be followed by a steady growth. The writer recently was a passenger over the Grand Trunk Pacific, the latest factor in this great marvelous field of development. The rapidity with which towns were being built up, the farmsteads occupied, was something even his experienced eye had not looked for. Everywhere along the line of this new transcontinental was the distinguishing mark of progress. There was not a mile of the length of the road from Winnipeg to Edmonton and west that did not bear token of its ability to pay tribute to the revenue of the road. Mention is made of this line, not because it is the last in the field, but because it is one of the best built roads on the Continent and traverses one of the best districts of an excellent country. It is well operated, and already has gone into active service as another means of making it possible to secure more speedily transit from the grain fields to the shipping centres. It had been the intention in this article to have spoken of some of the yields of grain that have made the farmers of Central Canada contented this year, but space will not permit, so that delightful task will be taken up in another issue. In the meantime it would be well for the reader, if he is interested, to put himself in touch with some official of the Canadian Government and get information that might be useful in making a selection for a home in Central Canada, and become one of those who will be instrumental in building up a great country to the north. In doing so, you will be assisting the United States. In a few years' time the United States will be

the producers. HER HEAVY WORK.

a wheat importer. Canada will sup-

ply the wheat and you will be one of



Applicant-Will I be expected to do all the heavy work, sir? Mr. Jiggs-Oh. no. My wife always makes the biscuit!

When the Sleeper Wakes. "John!" she exclaimed, jabbing her elbow into his ribs at 2:17 a. m., "did you look at the kitchen door?" And John, who is inner guard, and was just then dreaming over last evening's lodge meeting, sprang up in bed, made the proper sign, and responded: "Worthy ruler, our portals are guarded." Oh, he hit the title right, even if he was asleep.-United Presby-

The American Passion. Knicker-What do you think of the airship in commerce? Bocker-Fine: it will give a chance for passing a lot more laws.

Hamlins Wizard Oil will knock th spots off a sore throat. It's use makes tonsilitis, quinsy and diphtheria impossi-ble. It is simply great for the relief of all pain, soreness and inflammation.

When a man trades his money for experience, it is difficult to convince him that a fair exchange is no robbery.

with Allen's Lung Balsam, the popular family remedy. It cures where other remedies fail. At dealers. Lie, 50., 51.55 buttles.

When some people talk it is a waste or time to yawn.



SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with the introduction of John Stephens, adventurer, a Massachusetts man marooned by authorities at Valparaiso, Chile. Being interested in mining operations in Bolivia, he was denounced by Chile as an insurrectionist and as a consequence was hiding. At his hotel his attention was attracted by an Englishman and a young woman.

CHAPTER II.

In Which I Meet His Lordship.

Chilean officers, largely naval, to judge from their rather resplendent uniforms, occupied this second table, and it was evident that they had been drinking to excess. It was their loud voices and boisterous laughter which first attracted my attention, and I soon caught sufficient of their incautious speech to discover they were bantering one among their number to carry into execution a tipsy boast he had just made over the wine. The special officer thus singled out as butt for the boisterous wit of his reckless companions was a naval lieutenant, a rather tall, cadaverous fellow, sallow faced, his short black hair standing erect and bristling, his mustaches drooping so as to shade the corners of his mouth. His cheeks were flushed with temper from the rough sallies at his expense, and his lips uttered a burning Castilian curse, as he arose somewhat unsteadily to his feet, and glared about into the expectant faces of his laughing tormentors.

"Sacro Cristo! you will see, camaradas; you will see!" he declared, bracing himself for the effort. "Caramba! what sailor fears in presence of beauty?-puf! not I."

He turned short about, his sword chains rattling, and strode directly across toward the unconscious Briton, who stared up at him over his roast beef in petrified astonishment. Fumbling awkwardly at his belt, the intruding officer finally brought forth a card, and placed it ostentatiously upon the table, bowing low as he did so.

"I would myself to introduce to the senor," he announced with drunken gravity, and in amazingly broken English. "I Teniente Lootenant Sanchez. Chilean navy: one of the fir-rst family in this country. Maybe you know me, hey? I was with de Almirante Cochrane, when the capitano call on you in the leetle ship. Now I would the bettar-r acq'aintance make with the gr-reat Ingles, an' the ladies, the most boot'ful ladies," and his sunken eyes rested gloatingly on the surprised face of the girl, who had half turned, the ing forward just outside the window

better to observe him. It was all so swiftly, so impudently done that the astounded Briton could only stare, his lean face reddening but into her eyes there instantly swept with annoyance. This hesitancy, as well as something in the constrained attitude of the younger woman, seemed to encourage Sanchez; his ex- part would only serve to hasten my pression changed to a satisfied smile, own fate. Yet it was not in my nature while his lank figure bent in another ceremonious bow, this time directed ing forward, I reached through the toward her.

"Ah, I knew it vould so be," he said insinuatingly. "It vas so I told it to my bravas camaradas. Si, si, it vas so ever-the uniform make us welcome vith the ladies. They lofe the brav'; in the dining hall except an overturned is it not so, senorita?"

By this time the outraged paterfamilias had stiffened into rock, his eyes cold and lard thind their glass neither wind nor opportunity for the es. In frigid contempt he deliberately slightest outcry, and once without, I furned his back upon the fellow, say. promptly throttled him, meanwhile ng icily:

"You impertinent scoundrel! I am accustomed to selecting my own guests, and you are certainly not one

The Chilean laughed, perhaps not wholly comprehending the words, and remained twisting his mustache between long white fingers. He was far too drunk for fear, besides being upheld by a military contempt for civil-

"Pah! 'tis a pig of a papa," he sputtered, half turning to witness the ap- know also how it works. Now listen proval of his laughing companions behind. "But the smile of beauty still invites, and Juan Sanchez fears not before man or devil." He strode around the table, his scab-

bard clanking on the stone floor, drew out the single vacant chair and planted himself in it, his back toward me, his impudent face leering across the white cloth toward the startled, indignant woman seated opposite. I watched her gray eyes widen from astonishment, only to darken with indignation. She pushed back her chair, half rose to her feet, and sank down again, her cheeks flushed, her bosom rising and falling tumultuously. Her evident contempt for the fellow would have utterly crushed any one less befuddled into embarrassed silence. But Sanchez merely grinned, his bands still toying with his mustaches.

"Sangre de Crisco, was it not so, mees?" he questioned, insinuatingly, utterly ignoring the helpless man sputtering at the head of the table, who could only glare at him with open mouth. "The uniform of valor is the best introduction to the favor of the I had assumed at the hotel. ladies. St. you vers soon be pretty good amiga of me, the Lootenant Juan Sanches. I show you the vera best happens to be my dinner coming you again, on the presumption that he has society in Valparaiso, the opera, the der, and I prefer eating it undisturbed. perhaps forgotten the wording of one like the sound of flutes on the water; grand ball, everything that pleases the You either go down those stairs quiet- of the footnotes in the first chapter it leaps from her heart in a clear senoritas in my country. I have the ly at once, or I'll kick you down." entree, an' it is easy. I take you to

vera fine. Si, was it not so, mees?" The young girl, her fine eyes con- bully, yet sufficiently angry and out er, to read statistics, or to play temptuous and loathing, turned aside raged to have fought gladly, if only imaginary Patience—an excellent defrom the leering, drunken face con-opportunity served. I followed him vice. fronting her. An instant only her to the head of the stairs, watching him But on the whole, we fancy that it touches with light our sleep which glance rested on the sputtering old closely while he descended, cursing few would fly to Dickens for a bed- is no more the image of death, but man at the head of the table, then fiercely to himself at every step until book; the literary soporific, par ex- gemmed with dreams that are the



"Make the Slightest Uproar and I'll / Hoist You Over the Railing."

great room. Apparently no one pres- | below. The chances were strong that were laughing uproariously over their wine, and the girl's gray eyes, now almost black from excitement, came from all my troubles on the morrow. back to her persecutor.

"The dance on the warship, senorita." he insisted, "the gran' dance of my country; it will please you mucho. Dios! w'at care we for papa?"

She perceived me plainly now, leandirectly behind the fellow's back. I know not what message of encouragement she may have read in my face, a mute, passionate appeal. For the fraction of a moment I hesitated, feeling convinced that any action on my to hold back. Half rising, and bendopen window, twisted my fingers into the fellow's coat collar, and the next instant he was lying flat upon his back on the balcony floor, nothing remaining to show his recent presence chair.

It was rather smartly, prettily done the astounded lieutenant possessing muttering a few important admonitions into his ear in well-selected Spanish.

"Le still there, you drunken idiot. Make another attempt to bite me, and I'll pound your head on these stones. Bah! save your threats, senor, and if you make the slightest uproar I'll hoist 30 feet to the pavement below. Now stand up! Do you see this, senor?" and I pressed the cold muzzle of a revolver against his swarthy cheek. "Oh, you do! Well, you probably to me-there are stairs at that corner yonder; you go down them quietly and disappear-disappear; do you understand that? If you dare return to that dining room to-night, or attempt again to address that young woman. I am going to kill you, senor."

My voice was cold and low, but it carried weight. Panting still from the flerce choking, his eyes hot with anger, his lips trembling, he endeavored to speak.

"Nombre de Dios!" he bufst forth at last, his face full of murder, yet standing helpless before my gun-barrel. "I cut your heart out! You in sult me, a Chilean sailor. I have revenge for my honor. You fight me for this, senor."

"Oh, certainly, anything to oblige," I returned, indifferently. "Only you

senor; but I know not yours." I drew a card from my pocket across

"You possess it now." I said some-

ent had taken the slightest interest in I should hear from him later, but in the affair, with the exception of the the meantime my interest veered to small party of Chilean officers who the excellent dinner being served. The lieutenant would have his turn, and perchance, bring me swift release

> The English party still remained at their table, lingering over the dessert but I noticed that conversation had lapsed, and precious little eating was being done. Evidently only the requirements of good form held them to their places, the elderly gentleman especially denoting his nervousness by continual side-glances about the long room. I overheard him mutter something indistinctly regarding having left his pistol upstairs, and it was plainly apparent he felt thoroughly ashamed of his late passiveness under insult. Madame was flushed and uneasy, angry still over the episode, and greatly inclined to sputter now that all real danger had passed; but the younger woman merely toyed with her spoon in silence, her eyes downcast, her cheeks devoid of their previous color. She made a fair picture, the brilliant light overhead flooding her dark hair, and it was not in young human nature to refrain from gazing at her through the invitingly open window. Finally they all pushed back their chairs to retire, and, as she glanced up while rising to her feet our eyes met fairly, and a warm wave of color swept across the uplifted, sensitive face. The next instant, yielding apparently to some sudden impulse of gratitude, she stepped through the open window, and stood beside me with extended hand.

"Senor," she said, speaking a broken Spanish very prettily, "it was extremely kind of you to assist in removing you over the railing yonder, and it's that horrible man, and I cannot leave without some expression of my gratitude."

I was upon my feet instantly, bowing before her as to a queen, yet feeling a strange embarrassment.

"That incident was nothing, senorita," I insisted, yet venturing to look

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

directly into the depths of those dark

gray eyes, so intensely studying my

face under the dim light of the lan-

terns. "I did no more than any man

would consider a privilege. I realized

you had no younger protector at

She glanced around toward the oth-

"No." she explained, as though in

unwilling apology; "he has passed the

age where he can safely measure

strength with rufflanism. It is not

lack of courage, senor, but of bodily

"A time of life which must come to

all of us," I returned, hastily, "and

prudence is not necessarily disgrace.

Yet believe me, senorita, I already feel

amply repaid for my little part in this

comedy of errors by your smile of rec-

ognition and words of thanks. You

Her eyes fell slightly, the long

"Yes, senor," she replied, softly, "we

are English travelers for pleasure.

Our yacht lies anchored in the harbor

I imagined she was tempted to in-

quire who I might be, but, while she

stood hesitating, uncertain of the pro-

priety of so personal a question, the

spare, stiff figure of the Englishman

appeared suddenly in the open case-

began formally; "the more so because I was so astounded by the fellow's un-

paralleled impudence as to be, for the

moment, helpless to resist insult. I

"That is most gratifying," the calm

stateliness of his features slightly re-

lieved by the flicker of a smile, as he

drew forth a gold-mounted case and

extended toward me an engraved

card. "Permit me, senor; and we

shall feel greatly honored to receive

you at any time on board our yacht

in the harbor. The length of our stay

at this post is uncertain, yet we shall

surely remain for several days. And

let me add." he concluded, drawing

himself up with an air that compelled

my admiration, "that I hold myself

personally answerable for any conse-

quences which may follow upon your

timely interference. I shall so inform

him by a special letter immediately."

I bowed, giving utterance to a word

or two of formal thanks, believing I

read a far more cordial invitation in

the depths of the suddenly uplifted

gray eyes behind his shoulder. But

he yielded her no further opportunity

for expression, and I remained there

alone, watching them move slowly

across the brightly illumined dining

room, instantly the cynosure of all

eyes at the numerous tables, my heart

pulsing to a new emotion as she

turned swiftly, beneath the half-con-

cealing shadow of the portieres, and

cast one quick, sweeping glance back-

ward. "Doris"-the name lingered

softly pleasant upon my lips in mem-

ory, seeming to bring before me the

haunting vision of her face. I held

the card up to the light and read:

THE EARL OF DARLINGTON.

THE CONSERVATIVE CLUB.

trust the senor has not suffered during

ne stood directly facing

lashes clearly outlined against the

ers of her party, now also upon their

feet, and gazing out at us in undis-

hand."

vigor."

are English?"

white flesh.

fest disapproval.

native tongue.

the encounter?"

"Not in the slightest."

below."

guised amazement.

Literature as Sleep Potion

Subject on Which Tastes Will Found to Differ Vastly.

"Give me 'Pickwick,' " said a distinguished man to an interviewer the "Caramba! you know my name, literature. There is, let it be said at heard of a rising young barrister who gradually smaller till he fades altewhich had been written the cognomen always reads Gibbon to put him to gether. sleep; he calculates that the eight volumes will last 30 years, and then, if what tartly. "Besides, senor, that he is not lord chancellor, he will start or so. Another sufferer finds no sparkling rill, and the heart that hears I was obliged to smile while watch- help in the ordinary novel—the very it feels as if bathed in the cool exthe dance on the warship-bueno! all ing him back away. Beyond question ordinary novel-of to-day; he prefers hilarating spring. How much we owe the fellow was an arrant coward and to get away from literature altogeth- to that sweet laugh! It turns the

swept. almost beseechingly, about the he finally vanished into the blackness cellence, is rather in the dull, long and shadow of immortality.—Exchange.

Be prosy biography of some great and good man, who always did what he ought to have done, from the time he marched off merrily to school as a bulgy-brained baby till the day when other day, "when I want to go to he died, having made a more or less sleep. Two pages will suffice." The virtuous pile. These are the things, remark brings one to consider the use we confess, which send us to sleep. of literature as a soporific—a chapter although they are almost amusing if get out of here now, and sober up, which is generally left unwritten in read backwards. It is like looking the critical histories of the value of through a telescope the wrong end, once, no absolute standard. We have glorious merchant prince, become

> Women's Sweet Laughter. A woman has no natural grace more bewitching than a sweet laugh. It is prose of our life into poetry; it flings showers of sunshine over the darksome wood in which we are traveling:

900 DROPS For Infants and Childre The Kind You Have **Always Bought** ALCOHOL-3 PER CENT Avegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regula-ting the Stomachs and Bowels of Bears the INFANTS CHILDREN Signature Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral NOT NARCOTIC Recipe of Old DeSAMUEL PITCHER USB Aperfect Remedy for Constipa-tion . Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions. Feverish-For Over ness and LOSS OF SLEEP. Fac Simile Signature of **Thirty Years** auffilitation: THE CENTAUR COMPANY. NEW YORK. At6 months old DOSES BECEN tranteed under the Food

WAS A CASE OF EMERGENCY

Exact Copy of Wrappet.

Here, If Ever, Was a Time When Telegraphic Limitations Were to Be Deplored.

Wilbur Wright was discussing in Dayton a very imaginative magazine story about aeroplanes.

ment. For a moment of silence his "The story," he said, "was full of cold eyes surveyed us both with manierrors. Aeroplanes can't do what this chap claims. He doesn't understand "Doris," he spoke at last, his words cold and stern, "it would have been "in fact, he's like old George Ket-

proper to permit me to express our tle of Trotwood. George rushed into natural gratitude to this young gentlethe Trotwood telegraph office the other day with a small package wrapped She drew aside quietly, making no in a newspaper under his arm. 'Telegraph this to my wife down me, bowing slightly with a stateliness to Dayton, Harvey,' he said to the of manner scarcely courteous, his lan-

guage immediately changing to Spanthrough the little window. ish, doubtless assuming that to be my "'No, no, George; we can't do anything like that,' laughed the clerk. "The gallant action of the senor was "'Drat ye,' said George, angrily, 'ye greatly appreciated by all of us," he got to do it. It's my wire's teeth.'

An Artistic Rebuke.

A well-known clergyman was traveling in a non-smoking compartment of a train going north. As soon as the train was well on its way, the only other occupant, without asking permission of his fellow traveler, coolly lit a cigarette. The reverend gentleman was relieved, as he wanted to smoke himself, but had been afraid lest his companion might object. But the opportunity was too good to be lost. Drawing out his pipe he leaned forward, and, with an ingratiating smile, blandly inquired: "Would you object if I were to smoke?"

Ready with Explanation. A rector of Eltham once gave out the words: "Who art thou?" and, as he paused for a moment, an officer in uniform, who had just entered the church, suddenly halted, and taking the question as personal, promptly replied: "Sir, I am the recuiting officer of the Sixteenth Foot, and, having my wife and daughter with me, should be glad to make the acquaintance of the clergy and gentry of the neighbor-

The Doctor's Fault. Judge-I am led to understand you stole the watch of the doctor who had just written a prescription for you at the free dispensary. What have you to say to this charge? "Well, your honor, I found myself in

a desperate quandary. His prescription said 'a spoonful every hour,' and I had no timepiece."

Then They Came to Blows. "What started the fight between Lobster and Shrimp?"

"Why, Shrimp called Lobster a 'measly little shrimp,' and he called Shrimp a 'lobster.'

Salesmen-Best Commission Offer on Earth. New-all retailers-samples, coat pocket. "Boston," Dept. C 1. Iowa City, Iowa.

Elucidated. Stella-What is the law of heredity? Bella-That all undesirable traits come from the other parent.

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS. PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

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Mrs. Window's Soothing Syrap. or children teething, softens the gums, reduces in ammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. He a bottle Gossips multiply everything they

\$170,000,000.00 ing, caule raising and dairying are all profitable. Free Home steads of 160 acres are to be had in the very best district that in the very best district the steads of 160 acres are \$3.0 00 (telegraph clerk, thrusting the package W. V. BENNETT (Use address nearest you.) (3

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Is Growing Smaller Every Day. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are only give relief-

SMALL PILL SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE GENUINE must bear signature:

Readers siring to buy having what they sak for, refusing all

Chacarets are certainly fine. I gave a friend one when the doctor was treating him for cancer of the stomach. The next morning he passed four pieces of a tape worm. He then got a box and in three days he passed a tape-worm 46 feet long. It was Mr. Matt Preck, of Millersburg, Dauphin Co. Pa. I am quite a worker for Cascarets. I use them myself and find them beneficial for most any disease caused by impure blood."

Chas. E. Condon, Lewiston, Pa., (Mifflin Co.)

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