

### PAINT EVERY YEAR.

No One Wants to Do It, But Some Paint Will Wear No Longer.

When you have a job of painting done you don't expect to have it done over again very soon. But to make lasting job, several things must be taken into consideration—the proper time to paint—the condition of the surface—the kind of materials to use, etc. All these matters are fully covered in the specifications which can be had free by writing National Lead Company, 1902 Trinity Building, New York, and asking for Houseowner's Painting Outfit No. 49. The outfit also includes a book of color schemes for both interior and exterior painting, and a simple instrument for detecting adulteration in the paint materials. The outfit will solve many painting problems for every houseowner.

Meantime while buying paint see that every white lead keg bears the famous Dutch Boy Painter trademark, which is an absolute guarantee of parity and quality. If your paint dealer cannot supply you National Lead Company will see that some one else will.

### SHE KNEW.



The Masher—Does your sister know I am waiting out here for her?  
The Boy—Yes! She gave me a nickel to tell her when you had gone.

### RASH ALL OVER BOY'S BODY.

Awful, Crusted, Weeping Eczema on Little Sufferer—A Score of Treatments Prove Dismal Failures.

### Cure Achieved by Cuticura.

"My little boy had an awful rash all over his body and the doctor said it was eczema. It was terrible, and used to water awfully. Any place the water went it would form another sore and it would become crusted. A score or more physicians failed utterly and dismally in their efforts to remove the trouble. Then I was told to use the Cuticura Remedies. I got a cake of Cuticura Soap, a box of Cuticura Ointment and a bottle of Cuticura Resolvent, and before we had used half the Resolvent I could see a change in him. In about two months he was entirely well. George F. Lambert, 139 West Centre St., Mahanoy City, Pa., Sept. 26 and Nov. 4, 1907."  
Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

### The Way It Appeared to Her.

When she was five years old her aunt took her to church; it was her first experience.  
When she got home her mother asked her how she liked the service.  
"Oh, well, God was there in a white nightgown, and he didn't speak loud enough for the people to hear what he said; so they kept saying over and over: 'We beswitch thee to let us hear thee, good Lord.' I didn't like it very much."—Judge's Library.

Sheer white goods, in fact, any fine wash goods when new, owe much of their attractiveness to the way they are laundered, this being done in a manner to enhance their textile beauty. Home laundering would be equally satisfactory if proper attention was given to starching, the first essential being good Starch, which has sufficient strength to stiffen, without thickening the goods. Try Defiance Starch and you will be pleasantly surprised at the improved appearance of your work.

### A Little Slip.

Rev. Mr. Spicer had for three days enjoyed the telephone which had been his last gift from an admiring parishioner. He had been using it immediately before going to church.  
When the time came for him to announce the first hymn, he rose, and with his usual impressive manner, read the words. "Then in a crisp, firm tone, he said: 'Let us all unite in hymn six double o, sing three.'—'South's Companion."

### A Cure For Colds and Grip.

There is inconvenience, suffering and danger in a cold, and the wonder is that people will take so few precautions against it. One of two Lane's Pleasant Tablets (be sure of the name) taken when the first sniffle feeling appears, will stop the progress of a cold and save a great deal of unnecessary suffering. Druggists and dealers generally sell these tablets, price 25 cents. If you cannot get them send to Orator F. Woodward, Le Roy, N. Y. Sample free.

### And Saves Time.

"He lets his wife do just as she pleases."  
"Nothing startling about that."  
"No; but he does it without an argument."

Take Garfield Tea! Made of Herbs, it is pure, potent, health-giving—the most rational remedy for constipation, liver and kidney diseases. At all drug stores.

After having been so mad he couldn't say things a man begins to boast of his wonderful self-control.

Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c. You pay for cigars not so good. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Feoria, Ill.

The population of Russia is increasing at the rate of 2,500,000 per year.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. Use a bottle.

As soon as a man marries, his sins decrease.

# The Brass Bowl

PICTURES BY A. WEIL  
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BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

### SYNOPSIS.

"Mad" Dan Maitland, on reaching his New York bachelor club, met an attractive young woman at the door. Janitor O'Hagan assured him no one had been within that day. Dan discovered a woman's finger prints in dust on his desk, along with a letter from his attorney.

### CHAPTER I.—Continued.

Further and closer inspection developed the fact that the imprint had been only recently made. Within the hour—unless Maitland were indeed mad or dreaming—a woman had stood by that desk and rested a hand, palm down, upon it; not yet had the dust had time to settle and blur the sharp outlines.

Maitland shook his head with bewilderment, thinking of the gray girl. But no. He rejected his half-formed explanation—the obvious one. Besides, what had he there worth a thief's while? Beyond a few articles of "virtue and bigotry" and his pictures, there was nothing valuable in the entire flat. His papers? But he had nothing; a handful of letters, cheque book, a pass book, a Japanese tin dispatch box containing some business memoranda and papers destined eventually for Bannerman's hands; but nothing negotiable, nothing worth a burglar's while.

It was a flat-topped desk, of mahogany, with two pedestals of drawers, all locked. Maitland determined this latter fact by trying to open them without a key; failing, his key-ring solved the difficulty in a jiffy. But the drawers seemed undisturbed; nothing had been either handled, or removed, or displaced, so far as he could determine. And again he wagged his head from side to side in solemn stupefaction.

"This is beyond you, Dan, my boy." And: "But I've got to know what it means."

In the hall O'Hagan was shuffling impatiently. Pondering deeply, Maitland unlocked the desk and got upon his feet. A small bowl of beaten brass, which he used as an ash receiver, stood ready to his hand; he took it up, carefully blew it clean of dust, and inverted it over the print of the hand. On top of the bowl he placed a weighty afterthought in the shape of a book.

"O'Hagan!"  
"Wait'n', sor."  
"Come hither, O'Hagan. You see that desk?"  
"Yissor."  
"Are you sure?"  
"Ab, faith—"  
"I want you not to touch it, O'Hagan. Under penalty of my extreme displeasure, don't lay a finger on it till I give you permission. Don't dare to dust it. Do you understand?"  
"Yissor. Very good, Mr. Maitland."

### CHAPTER II. Post-Prandial.

Bannerman pushed back his chair a few inches, shifting position the better to benefit of a faint air that fanned in through the open window. Maitland, twisting the sticky stem of a liqueur glass between thumb and forefinger, sat in patient waiting for the lawyer to speak.

But Bannerman was in no hurry; his mood was rather one contemplative and genial. He was a round and cherubic little man, with the face of a guileless child, the acumen of a successful counsel for soulless corporations (that is to say, of a high order), no particular sense of humor, and a great appreciation of good eating. And Maitland was famous in his day as one thoroughly conversant with the art of ordering a dinner.  
That which they had just discussed had been uncommon in all respects; Maitland's scheme of courses and his specification as to details had roused the admiration of the Primordial's chef and put him on his mettle. He had outdone himself in his efforts to do justice to Mr. Maitland's genius; and the Primordial in its deadly conservatism remains to this day one of the very few places in New York where good, sound cooking is to be had by the initiate.

Therefore Bannerman thoughtfully sucked at his cigar and thought fondly of a salad that had been to ordinary salads as his 80-horse-power car was to an electric buckboard. While Maitland, with all time at his purchase, idly flicked the ash from his cigarette and followed his attorney's meditative gaze out through the window.

Because of the heat the curtains were looped back, and there was nothing to obstruct the view. Madison square lay just over the sill, a dark wilderness of foliage here and there made livid green by arc lights. Its benches teemed with humanity, its fountains, in lulls that fell unaccountably in the roaring rustle of restless feet. Over across, Broadway raised glittering walls of glass and stone; and thence came the poignant groan and rumble of surface cars crawling upon their weary and unvarying rounds.

And again Maitland thought of the City, and of Destiny, and of the gray girl the silhouette of whose hand had



"The Loss of a Cool Half-Million, While It's a Drop in the Bucket to You, Would Cripple Him."

imprisoned beneath the brass bowl on his study desk. For by now he was quite satisfied that she and none other had trespassed upon the privacy of his rooms, obtaining access to them in his absence by means as unguessable as her motive. Momentarily he considered taking Bannerman into his confidence; but he questioned the advisability of this. Bannerman was so severely practical in his outlook upon life, while this adventure had been so madly whimsical, so engagingly impossible. Bannerman would be sure to suggest a call at the precinct police station. . . . If she had made way with anything, it would be different; but so far as Maitland had been able to determine, she had abstracted nothing, disturbed nothing beyond a few square inches of dust. . . .

Unwillingly Bannerman put the salad out of mind and turned to the business whose immediate moment had brought them together. He hummed softly, calling his client to attention. Maitland came out of his reverie, vaguely smiling.

"I'm waiting, old man. What's up?"  
"The Graeme business. His lawyers have been after me again. I even had a call from the old man himself."  
"Yes? The Graeme business?"  
Maitland's expression was blank for a moment; then comprehension informed his eyes. "Oh, yes; in connection with the Dougherty investment swindle."  
"That's it. Graeme's pleading for mercy."

Maitland lifted his shoulders significantly. "That was to be expected, wasn't it? What did you tell him?"  
"That I'd see you."  
"Did you hold out to him any hopes that I'd be easy on the gang?"  
"I told him that I doubted if you could be induced to let up."  
"Then why?"  
"Why, because Graeme himself is as innocent of wrong doing and wrong intent as you are."  
"You believe that?"

"I do," affirmed Bannerman. His fat pink fingers drummed uneasily on the cloth for a few moments. "There isn't any question that the Dougherty people induced you to sink your money in their enterprise with intent to defraud you."  
"I should think not," Maitland interjected, amused.

"But old man Graeme was honest, in intention at least. He meant no harm; and in proof of that he offers to shoulder your loss himself, if by so doing he can induce you to drop further proceedings. That proves he's in earnest, Dan, for although Graeme is comfortably well to do, it's a known fact that the loss of a cool half million, while it's a drop in the bucket to you, would cripple him."

"Then why doesn't he stand to his associates, and make them each pay back their fair share of the loot? That'd bring his liability down to about fifty thousand."  
"Because they won't give up without a contest in the courts. They deny your proofs—you have those papers, haven't you?"  
"Safe, under lock and key," asserted

Maitland, sententiously. "When the time comes I'll produce them."  
"And they incriminate Graeme?"  
"They make it look as black for him as for the others. Do you honestly believe him innocent, Bannerman?"  
"I do, implicitly. The dread of exposure, the fear of notoriety when the case comes up in court, has aged the man ten years. He begged me to drop tears in his eyes to induce you to try it and accept his offer of restitution. Don't you think you could do it, Dan?"  
"No, I don't." Maitland shook his head with decision. "If I let up, the scoundrels get off scot free. I have nothing against Graeme; I am willing to make it as light as I can for him; but this business has got to be aired in the courts; the guilty will have to suffer. It will be a lesson to the public, a lesson to the scamps, and a lesson to Graeme—not to lend his name too freely to questionable enterprises."  
"And that's your final word, is it?"  
"Final, Bannerman. . . . You go ahead; prepare your case and take it to court. When the time comes, as I say, I'll produce these papers. I can't on this way, letting people that I'm an easy mark just because I was unfortunate enough to inherit more money than is good for my wholesome."

Maitland twisted his eyebrows in deprecation of Bannerman's attitude; signified the irrevocability of his decision by bringing his flat down upon the table—but not heavily enough to disturb the other diners; and, laughing, changed the subject.

For some moments he gossiped cheerfully of his new power boat, Bannerman attending to the inconsequent details with an air of abstraction. Once or twice he appeared about to interrupt, but changed his mind; but because his features were so wholly infantile and open and candid, the time came when Maitland could no longer ignore his evident perturbation.

"Now what's the trouble?" he demanded with a trace of asperity. "Can't you forget that Graeme business and—"  
"Oh, it's not that," Bannerman dismissed the troubles of Mr. Graeme with an airy wave of a pudgy hand. "That's not my funeral, nor yours. . . . Only I've been worried, of late, by your utterly careless habits."

Maitland looked his consternation. "In heaven's name, what now?" And grinned as he joined hands before him in simulated petition. "Please don't read me a lecture just now, dear boy. If you've got something dreadful on your chest wait till another day, when I'm more in the humor to be fondly fault with."

"No lecture." Bannerman laughed nervously. "I've merely been wondering what you have done with the Maitland heirlooms."  
"What? Oh, those things? They're safe enough—in the safe out at Greenfields."  
"To be sure! Quite so!" agreed the lawyer, with ironic heartiness. "Oh, quit." And proceeded to take all Madison square into his confidence, addressing it from the window. "Here's

a young man, sole proprietor of a priceless collection of family heirlooms—diamonds, rubies, sapphires galore; and he thinks they're safe enough in a safe at his country residence, 50 miles from anywhere! What a simple, trustful soul it is!"  
"Why should I bother?" argued Maitland, sulkily. "It's a good, strong safe, and—and there are plenty of servants around," he concluded, largely.

"Precisely. Likewise plenty of burglars. You don't suppose a determined criminal like Anistey, for instance, would bother himself about a handful of thick-headed servants, do you?"  
"Anistey?"—with a rising inflection of inquiry.

Bannerman squared himself to face his host, elbows on table. "You don't mean to say you've not heard of Anistey, the great Anistey?" he demanded.  
"I dare say I have," Maitland conceded, unperturbed. "Name rings familiar, somehow."

"Anistey"—deliberately—"is said to be the greatest jewel thief the world has ever known. He has the police of America and Europe by the ears to catch him. They have been hot on his trail for the past three years, and would have nabbed him a dozen times if only he'd had the grace to stay in one place long enough. The man who made off with the Bracegirdle diamonds, smashing a burglar-proof vault into scrap iron to get 'em—don't you remember?"

"Yes; I seem to recall the affair, now that you mention it," Maitland admitted, bored. "Well, and what of Mr. Anistey?"  
"Only what I have told you, taken in connection with the circumstance that he is known to be in New York, and that the Maitland heirlooms are tolerably famous—as much so as your careless habits, Dan. Now, a safe deposit vault—"  
"Um-m-m," considered Maitland. "You really believe that Mr. Anistey has his bold burglarious eye on my property?"

"It's a big enough haul to attract him," argued the lawyer, earnestly. "Anistey always aims high. . . . Now, will you do what I have been begging you to do for the past eight years?"  
"Seven," corrected Maitland, punctiliously. "It's just seven years since I entered into mine inheritance and you became my counselor."

"Well, seven, then. But will you put those jewels in safe deposit?"  
"Oh, I suppose so."  
"But when?"  
"Would it suit you if I ran out tonight?" Maitland demanded so abruptly that Bannerman was disconcerted. "I—or—ask nothing better."  
"I'll bring them in town to-morrow. You arrange about the vault and advise me, will you, like a good fellow?"  
"Bliss my soul! I never dreamed that you would be so—so—"  
"Amenable to discipline?" Maitland grinned, boy-like, and, leaning back, appreciated Bannerman's startled expression with keen enjoyment. "Well, consider that for once you've scared me. I'm off—just time to catch the 10:20 for Greenfields. Walter!"

He scribbled his initials at the bottom of the bill presented him, and rose. "Sorry, Bannerman," he said, chuckling, "to cut short a pleasant evening. But you shouldn't startle me so, you know. Pardon me if I run; I might miss that train."  
"But there was something else—"  
"It can wait."  
"Take a later train, then."  
"What! With this grave peril hanging over me? Impossible! Night."

Bannerman, discomfited, saw Maitland's shoulders disappear through the dining room doorway, meditated pursuit, thought better of it, and reseated himself, frowning.

"Mad Maitland, indeed!" he commented.  
As for the gentleman so characterized, he emerged, a moment later, from the portals of the club, still chuckling mildly to himself as he struggled into a light evening overcoat. His temper, having run the gamut of boredom, interest, perturbation, mystification, and plain amusement, was now altogether inconsequential—a dangerous mood for Maitland. Standing on the corner of Twenty-sixth street he thought it over, tapping the sidewalk gently with his cane. Should he or should he not carry out his intention as declared to Bannerman, and go to Greenfields that same night? Or should he keep his belated engagement with Cressy's party?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Arabs Overtake Eskimo.

While it may be true that the white man loses in intellectual and bodily power in the tropics, Dr. Luigi Sambon maintains, as a result of recent researches, that the average Arab lives 25 years longer than the average Eskimo; that the coast people of South America are longer lived than the mountain people; that old age is much commoner in the southern countries of Europe than in the northern countries, and that Spain (with a population smaller by 9,000,000) has 401 centenarians to England's 146.

## DOLLAR WHEAT HAS COME TO STAY

IN LESS THAN FIVE YEARS CENTRAL CANADA WILL BE CALLED UPON TO SUPPLY THE UNITED STATES.

A couple of years ago, when the announcement was made in these columns that "dollar wheat" had come to stay, and that the time was not far distant when the central provinces of Canada—Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta—would be called upon to supply a large part of the wheat consumption in the United States, there were many who laughed at the predictions and ridiculed the idea of wheat reaching the dollar point and staying there. Both of these predictions have come to pass. Dollar wheat is here—and it is not only here, but is here to stay; and at the same time, whatever unpleasant sensations it may arouse in the super-sensitive American, Central Canada is already being called upon to help keep up the bread supply, and within the next five years will, as James J. Hill says, literally "become the breadbasket of our increasing millions."

There are few men in the United States better acquainted with the wheat situation than Mr. Hill, and there are few men, if any, who are inclined to be more conservative in their expressed views. Yet it was this greatest of the world's railroad men who said a few days ago that "the price of wheat will never be substantially lower than it is today"—and when it is taken into consideration that at that time wheat had soared to \$1.20, well above the dollar mark, the statement is peculiarly significant, and doubly significant is the fact that in this country the population is increased at the ratio of 65 per cent., while the yield of wheat and other products is increasing at the rate of only 25 per cent. For several years past the cost of living has been steadily increasing in the United States, and this wide difference in production and consumption is the reason.

This difference must be supplied by the vast and fertile grain regions of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. There is now absolutely no doubt of this. Even the press of the country concedes the fact. Results have shown that no other country in the world can ever hope to equal those provinces as wheat producers, and that no other country can produce as hard or as good wheat. Said a great grain man recently, "If United States wheat maintains the dollar mark, Canada wheat will be well above a dollar a bushel, for in every way it is superior to our home-grown grain."

With these facts steadily impinging their truth upon our rapidly growing population, it is interesting to note just what possibilities as a "wheat grower" our Northern neighbor possesses. While the United States will never surrender her prestige in any manufacturing or commercial line, she must very soon acknowledge, and with as much grace as she can, that she is bound to be beaten as a grain producer. It must be conceded that a great deal of the actual truth about the richness of Canada's grain producing area has been "kept out of sight," as Mr. Hill says, by the strenuous efforts of our newspapers and magazines to stem the exodus of our best American farmers into those regions. It is a fact that up to the present time, although Canada has already achieved the front rank in the world's grain producers, the fertile prairies of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta have as yet scarcely been scratched. Millions of acres, free for the taking, still await our American farmers; and when these millions are gone there are other millions in regions not yet opened up to immigration. A few years ago the writer, who has been through those wheat provinces several times, laughed with others of our people at the broad statement that Canada was bound to become "John Bull's Bread Basket." Now, after a last trip (and though he is a staunch American) he frankly believes that not only will Canada become John Bull's bread-basket, but it will within the next decade at least BECOME THE BREAD-BASKET OF THE UNITED STATES. Perhaps this may be a hard truth for Americans to swallow, but it is a truth, nevertheless. And it is at least a partial compensation to know that hundreds of thousands of our farmers are profiting by the fact by becoming producers in this new country.

The papers of this country have naturally made the most of the brief period of depression which swept over Canada, but now there is not a sign of it left from Winnipeg to the coast. Never have the three great wheat raising provinces been more prosperous. Capital is coming into the country from all quarters, taking the form of cash for investment, industrial concerns seeking locations, and, best of all, substantial and sturdy immigrants come to help populate the prairies. Towns are booming; scores of new elevators are springing up; railroads are sending out their branch lines in all directions; thousands of prosperous farmers are leaving their prairie shelters for new and modern homes—"built by wheat;" everywhere is a growing happiness and contentment—happiness and contentment built by wheat—the "dollar wheat," which has come to stay. Notwithstanding this, the Canadian government is still giving away its homesteads and selling pre-emption at \$3.00 an acre, and the Railway and Land Companies are disposing of their lands at what may be considered nominal figures.