

"THE GRANARY OF NORTH AMERICA."

GOVERNOR SULZER SAYS THAT OF WESTERN CANADA.

The close ties of friendship existing between the United States and Canada were dwelt upon in addresses by Premier Robert L. Borden, of Canada, and Governor Sulzer, at the annual dinner of the University Club of Albany.

"Canada and the United States," said Premier Borden, "have a common heritage in the language, the literature, the laws, the institutions and the traditions which have come down to them from the men of bygone days."

"Perhaps no more instructive object lesson ever has been given to the world than the four thousand miles of undefended boundary line from the Atlantic to the Pacific, which bears silent but eloquent testimony to the mutual confidence and respect of the two nations. Time will shortly place upon the brow of each nation the laurel of one hundred years of peace. It matters not so much as to the form of the outward celebration, but let us hope that its full significance may sink deep into the hearts of both nations, and that, whether north or south of the boundary, we may stand with bowed and reverent heads, offering grateful thanks for the Divine blessing of peace, and earnest prayers that in the century to come, mutual confidence, good-will and respect may truly animate the ideals and aspirations of both nations."

Referring to the natural resources possessed by the United States and Canada, particularly along the St. Lawrence River, the premier urged that they be "preserved and developed for the people."

Governor Sulzer predicted that the "Great Canadian Northwest is destined to become, before long, the granary of North America."

"Many of our best citizens, I regret to say," said the governor, "are leaving the States of the west and going into the Canadian northwest, because of the fertility of its soil, the liberality of the Canadian government and the ability of those people to better their conditions here."

"We should extend to them a helping hand in their onward march of progress. Instead of closing our doors by tariff barriers against these countries and their products, in my opinion, we should open them wider and do everything in our power to facilitate closer commercial relations. We want their products and they want our products, and all restrictions to prevent a fairer and freer exchange of goods, wares and merchandise should, in so far as possible, be eliminated."—Advertisement.

Good Evidence.

Katherine had been brought up to believe that tale-bearing was despicable, but there were times when her greedy twin strained her principles to the snapping point.

"Katherine," said her mother one day, "it is possible that you and Howard have eaten that whole bag of peppermints that I meant to take to grandmother, just because I left the bag on the table?"

"I didn't take one of them, mother," said Katherine, indignantly, "but Howard—well, I shan't tell tales, but you just smell him!"—YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Paternal Wisdom.

"Pa, what is a classic?" "That depends, my son. A classic in Kentucky is a horse race."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, etc. a bottle 25c.

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WAS SHY OF WOMEN

So He Unsuccessfully Tried to Cut a Wide Swath Around Girls.

By LOUISE OLNEY.

Like other humans, Jerry McFarland longed for adventure. Like them he looked afar and not near for its coming, forgetting that it comes of tenest clad as love, frequently as business, seldom in distant places. At thirty he had come by the prosaic paths of a country rearing, school, a boy's pranks and dreams, a business course, loss of his parents, and a bookkeeper's job with Stanley & Stanley, to a small silent partnership in the firm—and a healthy theory that a married man was as good as dead.

Uprighting, merry, noticeable by reason of his height his Irish blue eyes and dark hair, courteous, pleasant, he was still as shy of women as a pheasant of guns. He had seen three good friends lost in the maw of marriage. Kennedy was become a money-machine for an extravagant wife; Harrison talked baby-talk and discussed breakfast foods and betrayed no interest in manly sports. "Constance was tied to a pretty, ailing, jealous plaything of a woman. So McFarland deliberately cut a wide swath around girls.

Here enters Mary Fetterling. Now a man avoids a great danger more carefully than a small one. Wherefore McFarland instinctively sidestepped the elder Stanley's new secretary, a tall, quiet, dark girl with a wide comprehensive gaze and a disconcertingly amused look in her deep eyes. She never paid the slightest attention to McFarland, but he avoided her. He overdid the matter. Which is where his downfall begins.

One vile, windy March morning it chanced that McFarland entered breezily, found her alone in the office, and was fairly fleeing past her with an aloof "Good morning," when he received, with a shock, the first end of his yet unrecognized adventure.

"Mr. McFarland," said the girl's even, rich voice, "please come here a moment." Wondering, he stepped back and faced her across her desk. Anger lit her face to great beauty. "Mr. McFarland, I want you to understand that it is unnecessary and a little insulting for you to avoid me as you do. It is too patent. I assure you that I do not like you in the least. I have no designs upon you. I wouldn't—marry you for worlds. You are cold and self-centered and not—generous enough to take a risk with a woman for the sake of possible—great happiness. You couldn't—love if you wanted to—it isn't in you."

The young man caught his breath at this low-spoken, astonishing tirade, but the girl went on unmercifully.

"Is this all?" he asked gravely. She shook her head. "Not quite. I care so little what you think of me that I dare speak like this! Your avoidance brings unpleasant comment on me here. Mr. Stanley remarked yesterday that you seemed to think I might eat you; Mr. Rogers and Miss Mason wondered how you managed to cut such a wide circle around me. I overheard. They laid a—bet that you would never even go down the same elevator with me—and that finally I would succeed in—landing you," was her word.

"You—mistake my attitude," he said, but she interrupted. "Excuse me—your attitude is nothing to me. All I ask is that you treat me no worse than the rest of the office fixtures. You don't swerve three yards around a chair. Yet the chair is less indifferent to you than I am. I am not a menace—you needn't flee from me—visibly. It makes it—embarrassing for me." Her sweet voice made her words seem unreal, but she finished by swinging her machine into place and sitting down to work just as Miss Mason entered with a knowing glance at the two.

All day Mary Fetterling felt watched, and McFarland was coldly, furiously uncomfortable. How dared she speak so? And—was she right. He knew she was.

Things happened right along after that. First, McFarland had night sessions of reckoning with his own thoughts. Was he selfish, was he incapable of—loving—well, not Mary Fetterling, of course, but any woman? His mind went over her hot attack, remembering the fire in her deep eyes, the tremble of her lip, the bite of her words. What a virago of a wife she would make for—some other fellow! And yet—! He laughed in his lonely room one night as March was raging its lion-like way out into April to think of her courage in berating him. He should have repented her. She had the best of him. Now he wanted to look at her and dared not. When he did, he no longer found the little amused gleam in her eyes. He thought her pale. Once he deliberately waited and went down to the street with her, he addressed commonplace remarks to her—always her that made him fear to face her alone—she might drive him away.

One shining April morning Stanley, Sr., made trouble. Old eyes are unseeing. He called McFarland to the inner office and talked over a big deal. The young man's clear head took it in perfectly and added strength to the scheme. His elder, with delight, shifted the matter to younger shoulders. "Now," he finished, "you know the dozen firms we have to get, McFarland. You have a captivating style—in letters. Get busy. I'll sign them in the morning. Call Miss Fetterling

in and dictate—I have to go to a board meeting. What's up?"

"Can I have Miss Mason instead?" Stanley stared and then laughed.

"Miss Mason?" His look made the young man angry. "They, if you must choose someone who is class. She isn't quality. Miss Fetterling, joking aside, must take these letters. They are important and she has a long head—and a short tongue—" Fetterling thought he knew something about her tongue. "What ails you, McFarland? Your face is black—"

"You are mistaken," McFarland said coldly. "Any stenographer will do. It was simply that Miss Fetterling dislikes me extremely, and—"

The older man laughed amusedly, incredulously. "Clever girl," he commented while McFarland's wrath mounted high. "Clever girl and sweet, but dislikes and business don't go together. She can take her evenings to hate you in. Now about those letters?" He went out with some details of instruction on his lips.

"Miss Fetterling," he said, passing her, "please go directly to my office and take some dictation from McFarland. Get them out, if you can, today so I can sign them in the morning. They are important," he added confidentially.

Without a word the girl took her book and marched in to face McFarland. Her eye met his coolly, and she sat down and poised her pen waiting for him to begin. Something about her maddened and embarrassed him, he set his teeth with a desire to shake her, make her cry. He would have liked to see her cry. With a wish to be cruel he began dictation at a speed that would have swamped a less rapid stenographer.

He kept her a good two hours of hard labor, reading back, erasing, altering, till his letters suited him. Finally he was so cross that he begged pardon and received a cool little bow. But he had the satisfaction of seeing her grow pale, and watching a line deepen between her level brows. He noted the fine symmetry of her cheek and chin, the heavy hair, the trim, elegant figure. She, at any rate, was certainly "class." And he noted bitterly that when he was through her exit had the air of a triumphal escape. She always got the best of him. He was going to call her back and berate her as she had him, but he didn't—she wouldn't care. In that moment he knew that he wanted her to care. His misery was conscious.

No torture lasts always. It fades, or dies, or changes into another form—or into bliss and peace. The end of things came suddenly as they had begun. One late Sunday morning in April when the sun was hot after a quick rain, and the buds were bursting green, McFarland flung into a car and betook himself to the ends of the earth in an effort to get away from himself. A strange heat and weakness was upon him. He kept thinking that presently his senses would return, that he would free himself from this obsession about a girl who despised him. Now he proposed to walk it off in the solitude of a little wood where a small stream purred its way among stones.

There was scant shade as yet, but birds thrilled about, and the willows leaned over the brook wrapped in a tender green mist as delicate as smoke. It seemed strange to McFarland that no one else had cared to come to so pretty a place. What if he had asked her to come with him? The daring thought overwhelmed him. Why not have done so? She might have come. Even kindness from her would have helped his self-respect. She needn't love him but she might have been kind. He longed for kindness from her.

Just there Jerry McFarland met his adventure. Coming sharply around a high little hill and some great trees he walked almost into a tall, white-clad young girl leaning her dark head on her arm against a gray trunk. She started in terror.

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" he cried, and stood looking down at Mary Fetterling. Tears rolled down her clear cheeks, and her hands hung helplessly at her side. She made no effort to hide the tears, or to flee, or to send him away. A great wave of rose-color swept her face and neck, but somehow she could not take her gaze from his eyes and what she read there. Then he did the most foolish, sweetest thing that he could have done.

He took her two willing hands in his, and bent his head over them. "Oh, Mary! Oh, Mary!" he breathed. "Oh, Mary! If you could only—care." She gave a queer little sob of a sound in her throat.

"If I could—only—help caring," she said.

"Mary!" he said again. "Yes," she answered. "Yes—yes!" The tone of her voice satisfied even him just then.

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Water Eight Times Used.

A part of the water of the Santa Ana river in southern California is used eight times, as follows: From a reservoir in the San Bernardino mountains it is diverted through two electric power plants and then used for irrigation purposes about Redlands and Highlands. The water not absorbed by the ground is recovered through springs and used for irrigating the land about San Bernardino. Some of it reappears in the Riverside Narrows and is utilized for power purposes. It is then returned to the river above Corona and distributed by canals to the Orange groves around Santa Ana. Some of the water is once more recovered by the pumping plants west of this city and used for the eighth time.—Popular Mechanics.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. SELLERS, Director of Evening Department, The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)

LESSON FOR MAY 4

JOSEPH INTERPRETS DREAMS.

LESSON TEXT—Gen. 40:9-23.
GOLDEN TEXT—"The breath of the Almighty giveth them understanding." Job. 32:8, R. V.

In teaching this lesson we must not overlook the intervening events which are other illustrations of the truthfulness of the biblical narrative in that the sinful failures as well as the successes of families and of chosen individuals are presented.

Joseph began life in Egypt as a serf. Potiphar, who bought him, was the chief marshal of the empire, the lord high executioner. What Joseph's feelings must have been we are left to infer, but we believe he accepted his humiliating position with resignation and resolved to adjust himself to his new environment. Thus it was that Potiphar found in Joseph an honest servant. Joseph served ten years, years of constant promotion, when he encountered the ordeal related in chapter 29.

Crime and Sin.

The breaking point had to come when he exclaimed: "How can I do this wickedness and sin against God?" Gen. 39:9. A crime is committed against a man or against society; the same act against God is a sin. Joseph's only safety was in flight (v. 12), to parley would have meant defeat. Between the ages of seventeen and thirty, Joseph lived a life of slavery and imprisonment. But God was with him and his faithfulness was rewarded by being promoted to the position of warden. "Our religion should recommend us, therefore itself, to those who have to do with us." (MacLaren.) Joseph has been referred to as "the optimist," not as one who believes that all will come right, but that all is right now.

So much by way of introduction. The lesson proper divides itself naturally into two divisions:

I. The Chief Butler's Dream, vv. 9-15. As we have seen Joseph's purity of life and loyalty to God had brought upon him the bitter hatred of an unprincipled woman (cf. 2 Tim. 3:12), but as we shall see, the sequel was his exaltation. (See Matt. 5:11, 12.) By inference we are led to believe that Potiphar had not altogether believed the story of his wife, else he would have exercised his right as an official, also as a slaveowner, and summarily executed Joseph. But Joseph had one friend from whom he could not be separated. (Jehovah, 39:21.)

In the providence of God two men who stood nearer the King in the discharge of their duties than did Potiphar are brought into close contact with Joseph. It was through one of these men Jacob was afterwards given his opportunity which led to the salvation of many, including those of his own families. (Esterh. 9:1, Rom. 8:28, Ps. 76:10.)

An Enlightened Age.

We cannot of course lay the same emphasis upon dreams today as at the time of Joseph, nor is there need of such revelations from God, for we live in the enlightened age of the Holy Spirit and ever have easy access to the word. But trivial as these dreams may have seemed, God was using them to change the course of history. Verse seven gives us an intimation of this, also a hint of Joseph's heart of compassion and sympathy. Had Joseph been a selfish man, slow to notice the sorrows of others and still slower to make any endeavor to relieve their suffering, he would have missed the very opportunity God intended to use in the effecting of his escape from prison.

II. The Chief Baker's Dream, vv. 16-23. This dream also was connected with the dreamer's avocation in life and hence along the most natural lines. Again Joseph's cherished conviction produced by his own dreams induces him to offer an interpretation of the baker's dream. Had he lost this conviction due to the circumstances of the hour or questioned the validity of God's revelation or that he was a called man in God's plan, he would not have attempted any interpretation. Again we emphasize the fact that dreams are of a negligible value in this present age. They usually come from poor digestion or else a sinful tendency to worry. They have nothing of the divine about them. (See Eccl. 5:3, Jer. 23:28.) We have a better revelation from God, his word; are we familiar with it? It is foolish for us to put any dependence upon dreams today. Joseph's interpretations which came from God were fulfilled, yet the butler forgets.

The Lessons of the Lesson.

For the younger pupils the story tells itself and will hold enthralled attention. For old and young there is the lesson of Joseph's serviceableness, he was a "helpful man." Joseph bought up his opportunities and later reaped his reward. Here is the lesson of the forgetfulness of the chief butler. Must we censure him entirely for his ingratitude? Joseph's gift of leadership, 'twas not the occasion that made the man, but the man made the occasion. The lesson of Joseph's faithfulness in the obscurity.

A Hundred Years Ago.

There were strong indications that Europe would become involved in a disastrous war.

It was feared by some people that the government at Washington was going to wreck things beyond the possibility of repair.

Hetty Green hadn't saved a cent. Indiana had less than twenty successful authors.

It was generally believed that the rich were getting richer and the poor poorer.

Old inhabitants were insisting that the climate had changed for the worse since they were boys.

No Englishman had considered it necessary to write his impressions of the United States.

May Have Cure for Neuralgia.

One never gets such sympathy for neuralgia—nor seasickness, presumably because they do not kill. But people have died from the results of seasickness and the list of those who have been driven to suicide by neuralgia would be a startling one. Now comes Dr. Rudolph Matas of New Orleans with a statement that neuralgia may be cured by injections of alcohol into the nerve ganglia at the base of the skull. This gratifying discovery justifies the hope that the triumphant progress of medical science will presently enable our physicians to alleviate headaches and colds.

Queer Arrangement.

"I am not going to take a sleeper for this one trip."

"But isn't part of the journey at night?"

"Well, what of that?"

"How can you make a night journey in a day coach?"

Many have smoked LEWIS' Single Binder cigar for the past sixteen years. Always found in reliable quality. Adv.

Shorter engagements, if followed by longer marriages, would help some.

No, Alonzo, you cannot always tell a belle by her rings.



Corn Planting is here—Disaster among the horses may be near also—Distemper have Distemper.
SPOHN'S DISTEMPER CURE is your true safeguard—a cure as well as preventive—50c and \$1.00 bottles—40c and \$1.00 dozen, delivered. Large is more than twice the smaller size. Don't put off. Get it. Druggists—or send to manufacturers, Spohn Medical Co., Chemists and Bacteriologists, Goshen, Ind., U.S.A.

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