

# CORN PLANTING IS OVER

THAT CANADIAN TRIP SHOULD NOW BE TAKEN.

If you had intended going to Canada for the purpose of purchasing land on which to establish a home and accompanying some land company, whose holdings you proposed to look over or to go up on your own account to select one hundred and sixty acres of land free, you should delay no longer. Corn-planting is over, your wheat crop is well ahead, and you have a few weeks' time before you are required in the fields again. Now make your intended trip. Reports at hand show that the crop prospects in Canada were never better than they are today. The cool weather has not affected the crop, but if anything, it has been a benefit. There has been plenty of moisture and those who have had their land properly prepared look upon this year as likely to be one of the best they have had. A great many are going up this season who expect to pay two or three dollars an acre more than they were asked to pay last year. Others who wish to homestead are prepared to go farther from the line of railway than would have been necessary last year. Still it is worth it. So it will be with you. Next year lands will be higher priced and homesteads less accessible. There is a wonderful tide of immigration to Central Canada now. It is expected that one hundred and fifty thousand new settlers from the United States will be numbered by the end of the present year, an increase of fifty per cent over last year. In addition to this there will be upwards of one hundred thousand from the old country, which does not include those who may come from the northern countries of the Continent. These all intend to settle upon the land. The reader does not require an answer to the questions, "Why do they do it?" "Why are they going there in such large numbers?" Western Canada is no longer an experiment. The fact that one hundred and fifty million bushels of wheat were raised there last year as against ninety-five million the year previous, shows that the tiller of the soil in Central Canada is making money and it is safe to say that he is making more money than can be made anywhere else on the Continent in the growing of grains. He gets good prices, he has a sure and a heavy crop, he enjoys splendid railway privileges, and he has also the advantages of schools and churches and such other social life as may be found anywhere. It is difficult to say what district is the best. Some are preferred to others because there are friends already established. The Grand Trunk Pacific, on its way across the Continent, is opening up a splendid tract of land, which is being taken up rapidly. The other railways—the Canadian Pacific and Canadian Northern are extending branch lines into parts inaccessible a couple of years ago. With a perfect network of railways covering a large area of the agricultural lands it is not difficult to secure a location. Any agent of the Canadian Government will be pleased to render you assistance by advice and suggestion, and a good plan is to write or call upon him. The Government has located these agents at convenient points throughout the States, and their offices are well equipped with a full supply of maps and literature.

## NECESSARY.



Swelling—Who did Miss Careless have in her auto party?  
Wellington—A lawyer, a surgeon, a nurse and a doctor.

Awful Prospect.  
One day recently a clergyman was performing a marriage ceremony at the parsonage in the presence of his little son. The boy listened very attentively while his father pronounced the couple husband and wife, then going to his mother he said:

"Mamma, when a man marries a woman, must he live with her?"  
"Yes, dear," his mother replied.  
"The boy was thoughtful for a moment and then said:

"Mamma, must papa live with all the women he has married?"

Most Useless Ever.  
"Can you imagine anything more useless than a comb without any teeth?"  
"Yes; golf links without a club house."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

### Don't Persecute your Bowels

Get relief and prevention. They are bound to come. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. For constipation, biliousness, indigestion, headache, dizziness, nervousness, and all ailments of the bowels. Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price. GENUINE. Must bear signature.

### The Old Line Banker's Life

of London, Montreal, wants a man's whole time in your neighborhood. Good pay, write us.

# THE QUICKENING

FRANCIS LYNDE

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## CHAPTER XI.

There was no one at the station to meet the negro on the news of the disaster at Beersheba being as yet only on the way. Thomas Jefferson was rather glad of it; especially glad that there was no one from Woodlawn—this was the name of the new home—to recognize him and ask discomfiting questions that Ardea was expected, and the Dabney carriage, with old Scipio on the box, was drawn up beside the platform. Tom put Ardea into the carriage and was giving her hand luggage to Scipio when she called to him.

"Isn't there any one here to meet you, Tom?"  
"They don't know I'm coming," he explained. Whereupon she quickly made room for him, holding the door open. "I reckon I'd better ride on the box with Uncle Scipio," he suggested.  
"I am sure I don't know why you should," she objected.

He told her straight, or at least gave her his own view of it.  
"By to-morrow morning everybody in Gordonia and Paradise Valley will know that I'm home in disgrace. It won't hurt Uncle Scipio any if I'm seen riding with him."  
It was the first time that he had been seen to see the Dabney imperiousness shining star-like in Miss Ardea's slate-blue eyes.

"I wish you to get your hand-bag and ride in here with me," she said, with the air of one whose wish was law. But when he was sitting opposite and the carriage door was shut, she smiled companionably across at him and added: "You foolish boy!"

When he reached the house there was an ominous air of quiet about it, and a horse and buggy, with a black boy holding the reins, stood before the door. Tom's heart came into his mouth. The turnout was Doctor Williams. "Who's sick?" he asked of the boy who was holding the doctor's horse, and his tongue was thick with a nameless fear.  
The black boy did not know; and Tom crept up the steps and let himself in as one enters a house of mourning, breaking down completely when he saw his father sitting bowed on the hall seat.

"Buddy?—I'm mighty glad," said the man; and when he held out his arms the boy flung himself on his knees beside the seat and buried his face in the cushions.  
"Is she—she going to die?" he asked, when the dreadful words could be found and spoken.  
"We're hoping for the best, Buddy. It's some sort of a stroke, the doctor says; it took her yesterday morning, and she hasn't been conscious since. Did somebody telegraph to you?"

Tom rocked his head on the cushion. How could he add to the blackness of darkness by telling his miserable story of disgrace? Yet it had to be done, and surely no hapless parent in the confession of ever emptied his soul with more heartfelt contrition or more bitter remorse.  
Caleb Gordon listened, with what inward condemnings one could only guess from his silence. It was terrible! If his father would strike him, curse him, drive him out of the house, it would be easier to bear than that stifling silence. But when the words came finally they were as balm poured into an angry wound.

"There, there, Buddy; don't take on so. You're might'n' a man, now, and the sun's still risin' and settin' just the same as it did before you tripped up and fell down. And I'll go on risin' and settin' too, long after you and me and all of us have quit gittin' to bed and gettin' up by it. If it wasn't for your poor mammy—"  
"That's it—that's just it," groaned Tom. "It would kill her, even if she was well."  
"New mind; you're here now, and I reckon that's the main thing. If she gets up again, of course she'll have to know; but we won't cross that bridge till we come to it. And Buddy, son, whatever happens, your old pappy ain't goin' to believe that you'll be the first Gordon to die in the gutter. You've got better blood in you than what that calls for."  
"Tom felt the tightening of his burden to some extent, but beyond was the alternative of suffering, or causing suffering. He had never realized until now how much he loved his mother; how low a place she had filled in his life, and what a vast void there would be when she was gone. He was yet too young and too self-centered to know that this is the mother-cross: to live for love and to be crowned and enthroned oftenest in memory.  
The fifth day after his home-coming was Christmas. Late in the afternoon, when the doctor had made his second visit and had gone away, leaving no word of encouragement for the watchers, Tom left the house and took the path that led up through the young orchard to the foot of Lebanon.  
He was deep within the winter-stripped forest on the mountain side, plunging upward through the beds of dry leaves in the little hollows, when he met Ardea. She was coming down with her arms full of holly, and for the moment he forgot his troubles in the keen pleasure of looking at her. None the less, his greeting was a brotherly reproof.  
"I'd like to know what you're thinking of, tramping around on the mountain alone," he said, frowning at her.  
"I have been thinking of you, most of the time, and wishing you could be with me," she answered, so artlessly as to mollify him instantly. "Is your mother any better this afternoon?"  
"She is just the same, lying there so still that you have to look close to see whether she is breathing. The doctor says that if there isn't a change pretty soon, she'll die."  
"Tom!"  
He looked up at her with the old boyish frown pulling his eyebrows together.  
"She's been good to God all her life; what do you reckon He's letting her die this way for?"  
It was a terrible question, made more terrible by the savage hardness that lay behind it. Ardea could not reason with him; and she felt intuitively that at this crisis only reason would appeal to him. Yet she could not turn him

away empty-handed in his hour of need.  
"How can we tell?" she said, and there were tears in her voice. "We only know that He does everything for the best."  
"I wish you'd ask Him to let my mother live!" he said, brokenly. "I've tried and tried, and the words just die in my mouth."  
There is a Mother of Sorrows in every womanly heart, to whom the appeal of the stricken is never made in vain. Ardea saw only a boy-brother crying out in his pain, and she dropped on her knees and put her arms around his neck and wept over him in a pure transport of sisterly sympathy.

"Indeed and indeed I will help, Tom! And you mustn't let it drive you out into the dark. You poor boy! I know just how it hurts, and I'm so sorry for you!"  
He freed himself gently from the comforting arms, got up rather unsteadily, and lifted her to her feet. Then the manly bigness of him sent the hot blood to her cheeks and she was ashamed.  
"O Tom!" she faltered; "what must you think of me!"  
"I think God made you—and that was one time when His hand didn't tremble," he said, gravely.  
"They had picked their way down the leaf-slippery mountain side, and he was giving her the bunch of holly at the Dabney orchard gate before he spoke again. But at the moment of leaving-taking he said:  
"How did you know what I needed more than anything else in all the world, Ardea?"  
She blushed painfully and the blue eyes were downcast.  
"You must never speak of that again. I didn't stop to think. It's a Dabney failing, I'm afraid—to do things first and consider them afterward. It was as if we were little again, and you had fallen down and hurt yourself."  
"I know," he acquiesced, with the same manly gentleness that had made her ashamed. "I won't speak of it any more—and I'll never forget it the longest day I live."  
And he went the back way to his own orchard gate, plunging through the leaf beds with his head down and his hands in his pockets, struggling as he could to stem the swift current which was sweeping him out beyond all the old landmarks. For now he was made to know that boyhood was gone, and youth was going, and for one intoxicating moment he had looked over the mountain top into the Promised Land of manhood.

CHAPTER XII.  
It was until late in the afternoon of Christmas day that Ardea was able to slip away from her guests long enough to run over to appraise herself of the condition of things at the Gordon house.  
Tom opened the door for her, and he would answer her questions. Even then he was not at all cheerful, but as if he had forgotten her presence, and she was womanly enough, or amiable enough, to let him take his own time. When he began, it was seemingly at a great distance from matters present and passing. "Saw Ardea; do you believe in miracles?" he asked abruptly. "How do you account for them. Did God make His laws so that they could be taken apart and put together again when some little human ant lost his way on a grass stalk or drops its grain of sugar?"  
"I don't know," she confessed, frankly. "I am not sure that I ever tried to account for them; I suppose I have swallowed them whole, as you say I have swallowed my religion."  
"Well, you believe in them, anyway," he said, "and that makes it easier to hit what I'm aiming at. Do you reckon they stopped short in the Apostles' time?"  
"You are the queerest boy," she commented. "I ran over here just for a minute to ask how your mother is, and you won't let me."  
"I'm coming to that," he rejoined, gravely. "But I wanted to get this other thing straightened out first. Now tell me this: did you pray for my mother last night, like you said you would?"  
"You can be so barbarously personal when you try, Tom," she protested. And then she said: "Yes, I did."  
"Well, the miracle at the Dabney's, Early this morning mother came to herself and asked for something to eat. Doctor Williams has been here, and now he tells us all the things he wouldn't tell us before. It was some little clot in one of the veins or arteries of the brain, and nine times out of ten there is no hope."  
"O Tom!—and she will get well again?"  
"She has more chances to-day of getting well than she had last night. But it's a miracle, just the same."  
"I'm so glad! And now I really must go home."  
"What's your rush? I'm not trying to get rid of you now."  
"I positively must go back. We have company, and I ran away without saying a word."  
"Anybody I know?" inquired Tom.  
"Three somebodies whom you know, or ought to know, very well: Mr. Duxbury Farley, Mr. Vincent Farley, Miss Eva Farley."  
"I'd like to know how under the sun they managed to get on your grandfather's good side!" he grumbled.  
"Why do you say that?" she retorted.  
"Eva was my classmate for years at Miss De Vallee's."  
He made a boyish face of disapproval, saying bluntly: "I don't care if she was. You shouldn't make friends of them; they are not fit for you to wipe your shoes on."  
"You ought to be ashamed of your self, Tom Gordon! Less than an hour ago, we were speaking of you, and of what happened at Beersheba. Mr. Farley and his son both stood up for you."  
"And you took the other side, I reckon," he broke out, quite unreasonably. It had not as yet come to blows between him and his father's business associates, but it made him immeasurably displeased to find them on social terms at Deer Trace Manor.  
"Perhaps I did, and perhaps I did not," she answered, matching his tartness.  
"Well, you can tell them both that I'm much obliged to them for nothing."

# When Fate Relented

By Ellen Henry

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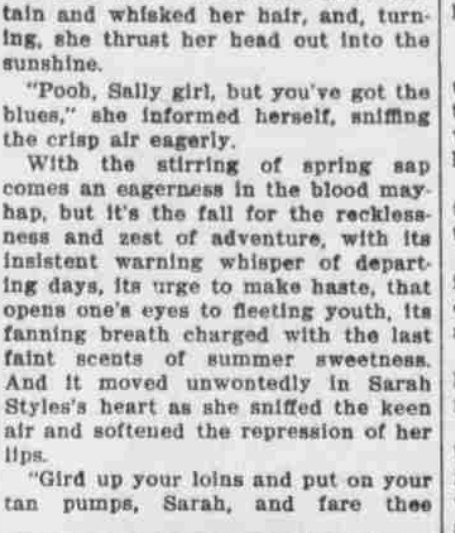
"Oh, it's a sweet little room," said Miss Stiles ironically.  
Her gaze roamed pensively over the little hall room she dwelt in, from the plump divan cushions to the book shelves above her cretonne-concealed washstand. A trunk bumped on the landing outside her door and then proceeded with a series of smaller bumps up the stairs and landed with a final crash overhead.  
"Some one new." Faint hope flickered up, to die instantly. "But of course no one worth while would come here to live," she mumbled scornfully. Bitter distaste of her surroundings, of her daily grind, of her colorless days arose within her and jugged her momentarily out of the rut of dogged cheerfulness and acceptance of environment that she had forced herself into.  
"I hate 'em," thumping her head into the pillows viciously. "I hate everybody." Rising, she faced herself accurately in the wayward surface mirror. "I hate myself, too. I'm even beginning to crook my little fingers like them—ugh, I'd rather be bad—down-right horrid—than genteel, with a cotton wool brain and a sawdust heart."  
A soft wind stirred the ruffled curtain and whisked her hair, and, turning, she thrust her head out into the sunshine.

"Pooh, Sally girl, but you've got the blues," she informed herself, sniffing the crisp air eagerly.  
With the stirring of spring sap comes an eagerness in the blood mayhap, but it's the fall for the reckless and zest of adventure, with its insistent warning whisper of departing days, its urge to make haste, that opens one's eyes to fleeting youth, its fanning breath charged with the last faint scents of summer sweetness. And it moved unwontedly in Sarah Stiles' heart as she sniffed the keen air and softened the repression of her lips.  
"Gird up your loins and put on your tan pumps, Sarah, and fare thee hence."

"Two of the most picturesque characters of Wall street lunged on the outskirts of the curb market a few years ago. One was formerly an expert telegrapher who had lost his mind after an illness. He was a thoroughly harmless fellow, giving to cracking two stones alongside his head, saying that he wanted to drown out the shouts of the noisy brokers. He seemed to have an idea what the brokers were doing and occasionally they would good-naturedly go through the form of trading with him.  
"The other character was a tramp. The only thing missing in his equipment was the proverbial tin can. But notwithstanding his lowly station in life he was a sport. Nickels and dimes were bestowed upon him by the brokers at various times and then this hobo would circle the crowd to find some one to match coins with him.  
"See that man there," the head of a large stock brokerage firm said to me one day. "The man was leaning against the ticker. The click, click of the wheel appeared to be music in his ears. Through his fingers the thin, white strip of printed quotations was sliding in the manner natural to all tape readers.  
"Well, he's a paradox in Wall street," said the broker. "He doesn't speculate. He is a strict and sincere church member, strongly opposed to anything that smacks of gambling, yet there is something in his blood that has made him come to our office almost daily for ten years, rain or shine, and never has he used the 'buy' or 'sell' pad. He turned up one day with a friend well known to us and hardly before the instructions were over he had made himself at home. The first day he annexed the stool beside the ticker, read the prices to our board boy and seemed in every way familiar with the market.  
"A week passed and to our surprise we had received no orders from him. We had an active market for several months, and the omission of orders was overlooked. In the meantime he really made himself valuable by giving unusually accurate market opinions, keeping a record of prices and statistics, so we felt that he was evening up matters. To this day he has never told us to buy or sell anything for him, but were he to go away he would be sadly missed for his friendship, his peculiarities and his singular ability to live in the atmosphere of a broker's office and never speculate."

English Names for Towns.  
Many names of towns in England have been appropriated for a similar use in this country. These names frequently indicate in themselves the origin of the towns. For instance, names ending in "chester" or "cester" or "caster," such as Dorchester, Worcester and Lancaster, undoubtedly apply to sites of old military settlements or camps, and the termination is derived from "castra," the Latin word for camp. If the name of a place ends in "coln," like Lincoln, then, too, is of Roman origin, because the Latin word for colony is colonia. When the syllable "by" ends the word, like Rugby, we then know that the Danes are responsible for the name, for the Danish word for town is by.

Family Foys.  
"When you were courting me," said his wife, "you declared there wasn't another woman in the world like me."  
"Yes," replied her husband, "and I'm glad of it—for the sake of other men."  
All the Same to Him.  
Wife—John, there's a burglar going through your pockets. John—All right! You two fight it out between yourselves.  
It isn't every family tree that bears desirable fruit.



HE LOOKS BE-INTELLIGENT-AND NICE.

forth," she murmured, "and perhaps adventure will hit you on the shoulders, you poor, lonesome thing, and introduce you to an affinity. Any way, the fall air is glorious."  
From the woods came the tingling scent of autumn leaves and sun-warmed mosses and cool-shaded depths. A woodpecker accentuated the silence in sharply tapped measures and a squirrel darted across the sun-flecked road.  
Miss Stiles kicked her heels on and in the fence she was perched on and in the uncontrollable abandon threw back her head, pursing her lips and poured forth a luring, whistling refrain of her long ago school days.  
Faintly floating from the distance another whistle chimed in, and she paused, the edges of her soul shell drawing together instinctively, but a smile lingered on her lips. Plaintively rising and falling, the notes came nearer. Softly the girl crept to the fringe of bushes overhanging the road and watched the whistler swinging along, his head tilted back, his hands buried in his pockets.  
"I wonder," she whispered nervously, "if I dare—um. He looks—er—intelligent—and nice. I believe I will." Her sweet, shrill whistle joined his; breathlessly she peered out, when suddenly the earth crumbled beneath her feet and laughing, hair-blowing, clutching the willowy saplings in her path, she descended into the very arms of the approaching whistler.  
While she put straight her hat and tucked in stray hairpins he picked up the scattered crimson leaf clusters and presented them to her.

The Artist's Compensation.  
Save in a few business concerns, great concerns, Harrod's, the army and navy stores and the like, what a strange waster is in our whole system of payment for work—more especially in the higher branches of work! Art and literary work are terrible examples of this confusion and want of science, writes a pessimist in the London Saturday Review. The payments to many of the best workers in those barren fields are so bad that a man is quite sanguine if he sees not at the end of his career the madhouse or the pauper's grave.  
If he paint without genius, a painter may, by attracting an ignorant public, make himself secure. If he write without individuality or real force, the writer may likewise make himself secure by driving hard bargains with those who buy and sell his wares. But for the most part good work in these branches is the work of sensitive men, who are still children in money matters and who shrink from bargaining. Politics and public life and business makes a much better game than art or letters.

Doctors, Parsons, Lawyers.  
For according to our old saying, it-three learned professions live by roguery on the three parts of a man. The doctor mauls our bodies, the parson starves our souls; but the lawyer must be the adroitest knave, for he has to ensnare our minds. Therefore he takes a careful delight in covering his traps and engines with a spread of dead-leaf words. Whereof himself knows little more than half the way to spell them.—Blackmore, "Lorna Doone."  
A Merger.  
Regular Customer—"There used to be two or three little bald spots on the crown of my head, away back. Are they there yet?" Barber—"No, sir; it ain't so bad as all that. Where those spots used to be, sir, there's only one now."  
Very Particular.  
Little Charles, aged four, is very fond of chicken, and when he saw the chicken pie brought in for dinner said: "Please, papa, I want some chicken, but not any of the coop." The Delicatessen.

# Libby's Food Products

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Libby's Veal Loaf makes a delightful dish for luncheon, and you will find Libby's Vienna Sausage, Corned Beef, Pork and Beans, Evaporated Milk, equally tempting for any meal.

Have a supply of Libby's in the house and you will always be prepared for an extra guest.

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Lost Bill Under a Plaster.  
The mystery of the disappearance of a \$50 bill, which has disturbed a Middletown business man and his family for a week, and which caused considerable unpleasantness, has been solved. Suspicion attached to at least two members of the man's household. A week ago he planned a business trip to New York. That evening he laid numerous bank notes on the dresser of his bedroom. A \$50 bill was on top. Next morning he missed it. That night his wife put a porous plaster on his back. This morning he wanted to get it off and called his wife to assist. When she got the plaster off the missing bill was found fast on the inside of the plaster.—Exchange.

Fido's Exercise.  
"Justin," said Mrs. Wyss.  
"Yes," said Mr. Wyss.  
"Will you speak a kind word to Fido and make him wag his tail? He hasn't had one bit of exercise today."—Scraps.

Be patient with everyone, but above all with yourself. I mean, do not be disturbed because of your imperfections, and always rise bravely from a fall.—Francis de Sales.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.  
For children teething, soothes the gums, relieves inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

The average man will not understand why he has enemies.

Dr. Fienon's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules, easy to take as candy.

How we dislike the dentist who spares no pains.

## WESTERN CANADA

What Governor Deneen, of Illinois, Says About It:  
Governor Deneen, of Illinois, says in a session of land in Saskatchewan, Canada, that he has seen a remarkable progress of civilization in that country. He says that the people are becoming more and more civilized, and that they are beginning to take an interest in their own country. He says that the people are becoming more and more civilized, and that they are beginning to take an interest in their own country.

## Work While You Sleep

Millions of people have CARETS do Health work for them. If you have never tried this great health maker—Get a 10c box—and you will never use any other bowel medicine.