

A Modern Cain

A TRUE STORY OF THE SECRET SERVICE

By COL. H. C. WHITLEY Former Chief United States Secret Service



HE barren, rocky little farm in Northern Vermont, a mile or two out from the village of Newtown, near the Derby line, was suggestive mainly of hard work and small returns, to the ordinary observer. Its buildings were small and old and out of repair; its fences were sagging in places; the orchard, long past its prime, was dying out, and the lack of money to buy new trees had prevented the filling up of the vacant places. But in spite of all its drawbacks, the barren, rocky little farm was a glorified place to John Barrows that day in early spring in the fifties; for that day Jane Heath had promised to be his wife. Jane had lived alone in the little house in the village, left to her on the death of her father and mother several years before, and always the families had been friends. She was a beautiful girl, with the glossy black hair, the dark and sparkling blue eyes, the firm apple cheeks and the sunny nature and undaunted courage of her Irish ancestors. She had never been afraid to live alone—neither fear of possible physical peril nor of the mental attitude that sometimes is more to be dreaded even than thieves or wandering beggars, by people who have too much of their own society, ever had disturbed her. She possessed a strength of character which she herself did not realize but which, in promising to marry John Barrows, meant that she gave him her undying devotion.

She had known John Barrows long and intimately—since the days when they went to the little village school together. In later years, often she had been a guest at the Barrows farmhouse, wherein the family was made up of John and his mother and his brother Andrew. Mrs. Barrows loved the sunny-faced girl as a daughter, and Andy—Andy was the one source of apprehension to the otherwise entirely happy young couple. An amicable agreement as to the division of the farm had been reached, but lately Andy had seemed moody and despondent, and often he watched John and Jane with jealous eyes. A few days before John's proposal, Andy had asked Jane to marry him, but she had gently refused.

"Yes, I know why you won't marry me. You're in love with John. He's younger than I, and better favored, and you've fallen in love with his handsome face. But you're mine by rights—I'm the oldest I should have as the first choice. Oh, do say you love me, Jane!"

"Why, Andy, you know I couldn't say that. You know I do not care for you in that way. I'm so sorry—"

"I don't want your pity. Even if you don't love me, I love you enough for both—can't you marry me? I could fix it so we'd have all the farm, and you need never want for anything."

"No, Andy, I don't love you, and I never shall, and I'm not going to marry you. I'm sorry you feel so bad; can't we be friends?"

"Yes, we can be friends, but even if you won't marry me, neither shall you ever marry John. Mark my words."

Andy Barrows had an intimate friend, Malcolm Thomson, a close-mouthed, crafty Scot, and to him Andy confided his troubles. Thomson considered the matter, then advised Andy to be friendly to his brother and thus lead him to think that he—Andy—was reconciled, but to hide his time.

Plans for the marriage were discussed, and Thanksgiving day was decided on for the wedding. The sale of John's share of the season's crops and livestock, with the money—the bank account due to the heart of every New Englander—which John had in the bank, would be enough to build the little house, on the opposite side of the field from the old one, on which the young couple had centered their dreams. John was working his hardest to coax the old farm to yield, and hauling logs and lumber in odd hours for the new house and outbuildings. One day, early in the fall, the brothers were working in the field near the house. The days were growing shorter, and Andy suggested that he remain in the field, working as long as there was light, and that John go to the house to do the chores. John agreed, and went to his chores with a happy heart, thinking that Andy hadn't really been so greatly disappointed, after all.

"Mother," he said, as he brought in the pails of foaming milk, "I believe Andy's got all over being jealous of me. He's so pleasant and agreeable lately that I can't help thinking he has forgiven me."

"He had nothing to forgive, my son," said Mrs. Barrows; "but I'm as glad as you are to see him in a more reasonable frame of mind. I only wish there were two Janes. She is a good, sweet girl, fit to be the wife of any man."

"Bless you for saying that, mother."

You don't know how happy you make me. I'll go and whistle for Andy—I see supper's nearly ready."

Andy, however, did not respond to repeated whistlings, and finally John went to the field to search for him, but could not find him and returned to the house. "I guess he's gone to the village, mother," he said, "and I suppose he will eat supper there. You know he often does that." His mother was satisfied, and Andy's absence caused no alarm. Later in the evening a haystack, that stood in the field near the place where the brothers had been at work, was discovered to be on fire. John went out to try to save it, but it seemed to be burning all over at the same time, and he could do nothing. The fire was attributed to some malicious or thoughtless boys, and no one thought of connecting it with Andy's disappearance.

Several days elapsed, and Andy did not return. His mother and brother thought he might have gone to visit his friend, Malcolm Thomson, who lived a short distance over the line in Canada. Nearly a week later Thomson appeared at the Barrows farm to transact some business, he said, with Andy. He seemed greatly surprised and disappointed at Andy's absence, and expressed anxiety lest some accident had befallen him. The following day Thomson went to the village and in the stores and shops he discussed the disappearance of Andy, and stirred up considerable comment among the villagers who had thought, with his mother and brother, that Andy was visiting Thomson. The Scotchman appeared much concerned and, while expressing no opinion, kept up the gossip he had started until at last suspicion was aroused. That which had been a commonplace circumstance at first became a mystery that grew deeper and deeper each hour, until finally someone suggested foul play. This suggestion rapidly took root and gathered credence until the entire neighborhood was sure that Andy Barrows had been murdered.

John Barrows and his mother, of course, were the last to hear these stories, and when they finally reached his ears, John started an immediate investigation, in which nearly all the men of the village willingly joined. They searched every out-of-the-way place, every abandoned well, every possible nook and cranny on the farm. At night the men looked puzzled and were ready to go home, and allow the search to go over until the next day, when Thomson casually mentioned the burning of the haystack.

Here the searchers were horrified to find a partly burned body. Raking in the ashes, someone found a bunch of keys and a pocketknife, which were recognized at once as having belonged to Andy Barrows. The blood-stained ax, with some light red hairs, exactly the shade of Andy's hair, adhering to the blade, was found in the grass near by. These discoveries seemed to solve the mystery of Andy's disappearance. A cowardly murder had been committed, the body hidden in the stack, and the stack burned to conceal the crime. There seemed no doubt as to the identity of the body, and the next thing was to discover the criminal.

Suspicion at once pointed to John Barrows. Who else could have committed the awful deed—who else could have had an object in doing it? Thomson, while expressing doubt as to John's guilt, said he knew there had been some misunderstanding between the brothers, but did not think it ever would reach such a stage. Several persons who had heard, or heard of, the quarrel between the brothers, came forward to tell what they knew or imagined, and things began to look pretty dark for John. He was as much puzzled as anyone by the discovery made in the ashes of the haystack, and could offer no explanation of the mystery.

John Barrows was formally charged with the murder of his brother, and a warrant was sworn out by Thomson for his arrest. Thomson took this step most unwillingly, he said, but felt he must see justice done his old friend. No denial on John's part made the slightest impression on the minds of the excited people. They wanted an immediate trial, but were compelled to wait a few weeks for court to convene, and after a brief preliminary hearing, John was taken to the county jail.

Jane Heath, when the first suspicion of her lover was made public, declared her faith in him, and told him she would stand by him and eventually would see the criminal punished. No one could shake her faith in John, and her friends regarded her as a little short of demented when she declared she never would forsake John Barrows. No one else had the slightest faith in his innocence. Even his mother, although not expressing her opinion, was prostrated by the grief and the disgrace, and refused to see her son. She believed him guilty, and could not bear to see the son who had killed another son equally dear.

When the case came to trial there was little evidence in behalf of the accused. Old neighbors, ready to believe in his guilt, testified unwillingly of his previous good character, but

took every possible opportunity to impress on judge and jury that circumstances were mighty against John Barrows. These old neighbors always had been his friends and were not really malicious, their action being merely the result of the well-sown seeds of distrust scattered by Malcolm Thomson. John was adjudged guilty of murder in the first degree.

Jane Heath vowed she would move Heaven and earth to free her lover, and through her efforts he was granted a short respite by the governor of the state, and he was to remain a few months in jail before the execution. With renewed hope, she determined to prove his innocence and save his life. She insisted that there was no proof whatever that Andy Barrows was not alive; that all the evidence was purely circumstantial, and she earnestly persisted in her theory, and cast so much doubt on the guilt of John, that she finally prevailed upon the governor to commute his sentence to life imprisonment.

Soon after the trial of John Barrows, Malcolm Thomson determined to leave that neighborhood. Before doing so, he called on Miss Heath and talked so her most consolingly. But Jane was suspicious, and his professed solicitude caused her to believe his declarations of sympathy and friendship were not genuine. His talk lacked sincerity. Jane made up her mind to watch him, if possible to do so, as she believed he held the key to the mystery of Andy Barrows' disappearance.

Two years later—years in which John Heath, though not inactive, had accomplished practically nothing toward the release of her lover—a young soldier returned to northern Vermont from the south on a furlough. From him Jane learned that Thomson was in New Orleans. She decided to go to that city, making the long journey as did Evangeline—not to find her lover, but to accomplish his freedom. Travel



scarcely realize that the handsome youth was in reality a refined young woman.

Not long after this Miss Heath reported to me that she had discovered Malcolm Thomson, and was sure he was engaged in some kind of crooked business. I sent a skilled man to the neighborhood where Thomson was living, to cultivate that gentleman's acquaintance. Soon he discovered that Thomson was carrying on a thriving business smuggling goods across Lake Pontchartrain into the Confederacy. Also it was found out that Thomson was greatly afraid of detection by the federal authorities. Like all crooks he deemed everyone else crooked, and was seeking an alliance with someone who could "fix" the ruling powers. This timidly led him to take into his confidence the detective in my employ, Colonel Monocossus.

Monocossus easily arranged a partnership with Thomson, after convincing him of his—Monocossus's—great influence with the federal authorities and his ability to obtain the necessary permits for taking out goods and bringing in cotton. Thomson was to furnish the money, while Monocossus was to take charge of the little schooner employed, and manage the authorities. There also was a third partner in the scheme, a man named Hopper, who was located at Mandeville, just across Lake Pontchartrain and inside the Confederate lines. Colonel Monocossus wished to meet this partner, to whom he was a stranger, and Thomson furnished him with a photograph of the man, that there might be no trouble in identifying him. Monocossus brought the photograph to me, and I left it on my desk without thinking much about it. Miss Heath, happening in soon after, saw the photograph and recognized it as a picture of Andy Barrows. The mythical scheme that had been planned by

was badly wounded, and seemed to realize that the end was near. He appeared to be a man of some education and refinement. His high cheek bones, his coarse features and pale blue eyes, however, were indicative of his wicked nature. The tightly drawn lines about his mouth showed inflexibility of will and iron nerve to carry out whatever he undertook.

When I went forward to speak to him I recognized Hopper as a man who had been tried and convicted for passing counterfeit money at New Orleans several months before. He had been sent to the penitentiary at Baton Rouge, but had escaped during a battle at that point in which the prison was partially destroyed. He made his way across the Atchite river into the Confederacy where, by standing in with the commanding Confederate officer at Mandeville, he was enabled to handle and ship out cotton.

I seated myself beside the wounded man and took his hand, and never will I forget the ghastly stare with which he regarded me as I endeavored to impress upon him the full realization of his condition and the duty incumbent upon him. My urgent appeal had its effect. Hopper admitted that his mind was burdened with a great crime, which he was willing to confess. I had set him down as a scoundrel, but was not quite prepared to be brought face to face with one whose heart was so inhuman as to liberately to plan to hang his own brother.

"A few years ago," he said, "I, with my younger brother, lived with our widowed mother on a little farm in northern Vermont. There lived near us a most estimable young woman. I paid her some attention, and in time fell madly in love with her. When I supposed I had won her affections I asked her to marry me. She refused and did not deny that she loved my brother when I charged her with that as being the reason for her refusing me. She was not to blame. She had made no promises. I had merely mistaken her sisterly regard and kindness to me for affection. I alone was responsible for the error."

Here he paused for a moment as if to gather courage for what was to follow. Up to this time he had met my eyes frankly, but now he shifted his gaze, and continued:

"When she told me she could not marry me, and made no denial of her regard for my brother, I was filled with unutterable rage. Calling her a fearless girl, I seized my hat and left her. I was furious, desperate, and determined to be revenged. While my heart was filled with rancor and my mind with spiteful thoughts, I confided my troubles to Malcolm Thomson. He always was an evil counselor, but a cunning one. He dissuaded me from my plan for immediate revenge, and advised me to appear friendly with my brother in order better to carry out a plot which he revealed to me."

"Soon after this my brother announced his engagement to marry Miss Heath, and I wished him well with bitterness in my heart. Plans were made for the marriage, and I seemed to take an interest in them, and to have forgiven my brother and his fiancée my fancied wrongs. But I was only biding my time."

"When the time was ripe for executing the plot we had arranged, I managed to be at work with my brother in a field on our farm. On the previous night Thomson and I had placed the body of a man about my size in a haystack, which stood near where we were at work repairing a fence. Thomson had obtained the body from a pauper's burying ground on the Canadian side."

"My brother left the field that day just before dark. I remained for the purpose of completing the work. When the sun had set and it was dark, I punctured a small vein in my arm, and with the blood beamed the bit of the ax we had been using. I cut off a lock of my hair and scattered it on the bloody blade, and then pitched the ax into the grass. Reaching beneath the body in the hay I deposited my pocketknife and bunch of keys. Then I set fire to the stack and hurried near by with a horse and buggy. We drove rapidly away, and I soon was on my way to New Orleans, where Thomson was to join me in a few weeks."

"It was agreed that Thomson should first return to the village and stir up suspicion, which would result in a search for me and the discovery of the burned body. Everything turned out thus far as we had planned. My brother was accused and convicted."

"It was my purpose, when my rival should be out of my way, to return home, and after a time renew my attentions to Miss Heath, but I put off going from time to time. I could not face my old friends and neighbors. Through Thomson I learned that my brother's sentence was commuted. I was thankful for that. No one ever will know the remorse I have suffered for my crime. My name is Andy Barrows."

Death came soon to Andy Barrows, and he was beyond the jurisdiction of a mortal tribunal. Thomson, who in some way got an inkling of the turn of affairs, disappeared—he whose wicked brain had devised and managed the entire plot.

Miss Heath, with documents fully verifying the experiences through which she had passed, hastened home to lay before the governor the proofs of the truth of her intuition. A pardon was promptly issued, and she was given the well-earned privilege of carrying it to the lover whose innocence had been established by her faith and untiring devotion.

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BOY HAD A MANIA FOR KILLING CATS

THIS SAID TO HAVE MADE 18 YEAR-OLD YOUTH A MURDERER.

FLEES INTO THE MOUNTAINS

Expert Slaughterer Shoots Detective When Trapped as Freight Car Robber—Son With Father Afterwards Overtaken by Rangers and Shot.

El Paso, Tex.—A mania for killing cats is said by Robert Howe, wounded and captured bandit, to have made his brother Guy, eighteen years old, a murderer.

As a sequence, Guy and his father, sixty-four years old, have just been shot to death. The other son, Robert, has two bullets in his body, but will recover and will be tried for a murder to which he has confessed.

Before the father and his younger son were killed as they lay in ambush they murdered Customs Guard Tom O'Connor and shot Justice of the Peace Hemley in the arm.

The Howes lived near Abilene, Mo., on a ranch, and were suspected of robbing merchandise cars set out at Belen Junction.

When several of these robberies had been reported, I. H. McClure, a Santa Fe railroad detective went to Belen Junction and secured evidence against the Howes. Trailing the tracks of a wagon from a car standing on a siding to the Howe ranch, he found some of the merchandise in the Howe home.

McClure tried to arrest the elder Howe and his son Guy, and was shot by Guy. Robert Howe, the surviving brother says:

"This was the first time Guy ever shot at a man, but he was death on a torture on them in the way of a lingering death, and I guess his practice of killing cats kind of made him anxious to get this railroad detective."

After the killing of McClure, the Howes started over the river into Mexico. At Fort Hancock, O'Connor



In a Mountain Ambush.

tried to arrest the Howes and was killed. Robert Howe, the living brother, confesses to shooting O'Connor. He was twice wounded in the fight and left by his father and brother as they hurried over the river into Mexico and started for shelter in the Sierra Blanco mountains.

Two posses of rangers started after the fugitives and found them in ambush. The Howes were armed only with revolvers while the rangers carried rifles. Standing out of revolver range, the officers shot down the father and son with bullets after they had refused to surrender. How many times they were shot is not known. The rangers were good marksmen and the fired into the clump of sage brush where the fugitives were trying to hide 150 times, many of the bullets taking effect.

Robert Howe is in jail at El Paso. His father and brother were buried at Fort Hancock. The Santa Fe railroad offered \$500 reward for the capture of the Howes on account of the killing of McClure, and this amount has been divided among members of the rangers who took part in the Sierra Blanco fight.

SAYS BIG HAT DESTROYED EYE

Nebraskan Blames Size of Headgear for Carrying Hatpin to Injury Point.

Humboldt, Neb.—James C. Kilgore has sued Mrs. Mary R. Poindexter for \$5,000 damages in the circuit court here, charging that her very large hat was the cause of his losing his right eye.

Kilgore's petition recites that on a windy afternoon he was walking along the principal street of this town; that ten feet in front of him Mrs. Poindexter was walking, wearing a hat which was at least three feet in diameter; that the wind plucked the hat from Mrs. Poindexter's head and that it sailed toward him like an inflated balloon and that the point of a pin that passed through its crown, pierced his right eye, completely destroying the sight.

Blondes Are Preferred.

Philadelphia.—Blondes in Philadelphia have just three times as many chances to be married as have brunettes, according to the records kept at the license bureau. During the last year the clerks have kept careful tab on the complexion of women applicants for licenses and Robert E. Ferguson, chief clerk, announces that out of 16,000 couples applying for licenses in the last 11,000 cases the women had light hair.

The clerks in the divorce courts here now have decided to keep a similar record to ascertain whether blondes or brunettes are the more peaceable.

WESTERN CANADA COUNTING ITS GOLD

THE GRAIN CROP OF 1910 WAS A GOOD PAYING ONE.

Crop conditions throughout the west of Canada were not ideal, but notwithstanding there were excellent crops. Reports come from different parts to the agents of the Canadian government, whose literature tells a good part of the story, that the crops in most places were splendid.

At Castor, Alta., F. Galloway's oat crop threshed 35 bushels to the acre, machine measure, and 44 bushels by weight. Alex Robertson, of Dells, Alta., had 20 bushels to the acre on 875 acres. W. & H. Clark, 17 bushels to the acre on 77 acres. Sheldon Ramsey, 20 bushels on 160 acres. J. Lane threshed 8,500 bushels of 200 acres; J. Hamilton, 5,200 bushels of 264 acres. Mrs. Headley had an average of 25 bushels per acre on 160 acres. Chambers Bros. got 13,270 bushels of 650 acres.

Fertile Valley district, G. Rollo, had an average of 25 bushels to the acre on a total crop of 10,000 bushels. E. Brown of Pincher Creek had a yield of 23 bushels on his winter wheat; W. Walker, Miss Walker and John Goberts all had an average yield of 25 bushels; Mr. Fitzpatrick, 23, and Mr. Freebairn, 20. Charles Nelson of Bon Accord, Alberta, threshed his crop of 5,000 bushels of grain, wheat, oats and barley, from 210 acres of old ground.

Wm. Logan of Bon Accord is reported to have threshed 400 bushels of wheat from 9 acres of new breaking. His oats it is said yielding over 100 bushels to the acre. Robert Martin of Bellevue, Sask., from 100 acres got 3,740 bushels of wheat. Geo. A. Campbell of Caron, Sask., from 130 acres summer fallow got 40 bushels per acre, and from 50 acres stubble got 24 bushels per acre. One of the farmers of Colonsay threshed out 35 bushels of wheat per acre from 150 bushels per acre. James Glen of Drikwater, Sask., had 56 1/2 bushels per acre; 40 acres summer fallow, 31 bushels per acre; 40 acres stubble, 27 bushels per acre; total, 6,880 bushels off 200 acres. Abe Winters of Fleming has 39 bushels of wheat per acre. At Govan, Benjamin Armstrong had 33 bushels to the acre. John Glumlin, 34 bushels. Charles Latta, 35 bushels. J. K. Taylor, 35 bushels. W. Small, 2,060 bushels on 90 acres. J. F. Moore, 6,500 bushels on 215 acres. J. Maclean, 1,500 bushels on 63 acres. W. Hopwood, 1,750 bushels on 60 acres. W. Gray, 950 bushels on 30 acres. John Meyers, Jr., of Grand Coulee, reports 34 1/2 bushels to the acre. P. P. Epp of Langham, Sask., has 35 1/2 bushels per acre. J. J. Thiessen, 31 bushels per acre. Chris Dear, 25 bushels per acre from 90 acres. Wm. Thiessen, 18 1/2 bushels from 100 acres. P. P. Schultz, 18 bushels per acre from 100 acres. Robt. H. Wiggins of Manor, Sask., had 39 bushels wheat and 75 bushels of oats per acre. Fred Cobb, 80 bushels of wheat and 75 bushels of oats per acre. Jack Robinson, 39 bushels of wheat per acre. Wm. Kindel of Milestone, Sask., had 38 bushels of wheat per acre. R. J. Moore, 40 bushels of wheat per acre. Martin Roddy, 38 bushels of wheat per acre. J. D. Sifton of Moose Jaw had 37 bushels wheat per acre; oats, 16 bushels per acre. John L. Smith of New Warren had 35 bushels of wheat per acre. At Regina H. W. Laird had 35 bushels to the acre; W. H. Duncan, wheat, 22 bushels to the acre, flax, 16 bushels; G. M. Bell, wheat, 35 bushels to the acre, oats, 70 bushels; O. E. Rothwell, 25 bushels to the acre; J. McKinnis, wheat, 35 bushels summer fallow; 20 bushels stubble; oats, 80 bushels; J. B. Mooney, 31 bushels of wheat; 80 bushels oats on 44 bushels wheat to the acre. Sep. Latraco, 25 bushels per acre. 31 bushels. These were all on summer fallow. Major Bras' stubble went 14. At Tuxford, James C. B. Dunning had 37 bushels. James Bain, 41 bushels summer fallow. At Yellow Grass, Wm. Robson, off one half section, had 45 bushels wheat to the acre, and 40 bushels off another averaged 37 bushels to the acre. Geo. Steer, off a twenty-acre field, threshed half. M. A. Wilkinson, off 160 acres, 62 bushels wheat to the acre. His whole crop averaged over 40. Jas. A. R. Cameron's half section averaged over 36 bushels to the acre. D. McNeven, who has two farms, averaged about 40 bushels. W. A. Cooper got 47 bushels to the acre off 71 acres; his whole crop went about 40. John Murray, 35 per acre off 160 acres. Hockley Bros., 35 per acre off a half section. W. Ransom, 35 per acre of the Cathcart farm. N. Dunne, 35 to the acre. S. C. Hart, 33 per acre. T. Murray, Jr., 36 to the acre. A. E. McEwan, 38 to the acre. Mayor Taylor, 32 to the acre.

Climatic Convention.

"The weather is always a convenient topic of conversation."

"I don't think so. You are so often compelled to think twice in order to select polite phraseology."

ONLY ONE "BROMO QUININE" THAT IS LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. See the World over to cure a Cold in the Head.

And many a man never realizes the value of his home until he has occasion to collect the fire insurance.

Better health is sure to follow the use of the natural Herb Laxative, Garfield Tea. All druggists.

Intervention in love is equivalent to a declaration of war.

Nothing Too Good

for you. That's why we want you to take CASCARETS for liver and bowels. It's not advertising talk—but merit—the great, wonderful, lasting merit of CASCARETS that we want you to know by trial. Then you'll have faith—and join the millions who keep well by CASCARETS alone.

CASCARETS are a box for a week's treatment, all fruit, all laxative, all in one. Millions bow to a

Sure to Find His Level

Real Worth, Not Brag or Bluster, Must Give a Man Permanent Position.

Many persons are so carried away by their own importance that they lose sight of the fact that the world sees through its own eyes. It may be persuaded to accept for a time at least a man's estimate of himself, and may

even allow him the opportunity of living up to that estimate, but in the end the world forms its own opinion, unaided and unbiased, and the amazing demagogue of many of life's puppets as they strut across the stage does not deceive it in the least. It is a matter for consideration whether or not the man who makes the most noise in the world is really not ashamed of the

part he is playing. Into every man's life there must come times when it is necessary for him to turn on the light of truth and examine into his conduct. Some of us may delay this ordeal as long as possible, but in the end, whether we are ready for it or not, we must hear its inquisition. The man, however, who has won high station through mere bluff is very likely to continue to hold it by bluff, and the chances are that he realizes the danger of his position. There are times, possibly, when the noise a man makes

confuses the world's estimate in general of him, but there is no question that there are men everywhere who have taken his measure again and again, and who some day may deliberately or, perhaps, unconsciously, jeopardize the position he imagines is so secure. The bluster and pomposity of the man who vainly believes he is indispensable to the world's progress is of too thin a texture to veil his real self, and sooner or later the world at large will learn to know him for what he really is.

Food Importance.

"Why is it," asks the modern novelist, "that a woman always says she isn't hungry, and that a man never says he is?" Which brings us to the question of food and its rational appreciation. Not to care about what we eat is either genuine or hypocritical. If genuine it betokens a defect of which we ought to be ashamed; for surely the stomach is as noble an organ as the face, and deserves as much earnest attention. If hypocritical it is a most absurd affectation.