ANTAGER THE ATHERS INABINE STREET STREET

Somewhat Peculiar Appeal Made by Small Maid, Touched by Sadness of Her "Dumb" Pet

This summer, Mr. Oakes, an eminent lawyer, sent his wife and young daughter to a farmhouse in the White mountains for a vacation. Shortly after, he received an urgent request from the little girl to send her a pet donkey to use while there. She had read about donkeys and heard about them, but was not at all familiar with their peculiar vocalism.

The donkey arrived and the child had many rides around the vicinity. She enjoyed it all hugely except the animal's strange noises, which inspired her with the profoundest pity for his worth, each with his last chip in the

One day, after vainly trying to subdue his vocalism, she wrote a letter and he, the big winner of the evening, to her father, in which she said:

"Dear Father: I do wish you would come up here soon; my donkey is so very lonesome."-National Monthly.

FACE ITCHED AND BURNED

day after I could not see out of my staring into vacancy. right eye. I was unable to get any bandaged.

"I was given two jars of salve but thing like a running sore because neck to keep the water and pus from stake and then swear off forever." running down my body. I wrote for a ment and in a few days I received these and washed my face with the Cuticura Soap and put on some Cuti- man." Merry laughed mirthlessly. cura Ointment and the next morning my face felt cool and somewhat relieved. After using the sample I ment at the drug store. I followed this treatment just twenty-six days and after using one cake of Cuticura Soap and two boxes of Cuticura Ointment I was cured." (Signed) George Miller, Jan. 1, 1913.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postpard "Cuticura, Dept. L. Boston."-Adv.

Butterfly Decoration. Many artists have employed the but-

terfly in decoration, but neither brush can do justice to the gorgeous colors vours?" of the tropical butterfly. One might as well try to reproduce a rainbow in mine." oils. A most effective novelty—a butterfly tray-was shown me yesterday it amuses you. I ought to be willing by a charming North side hostess. It to stake my life against yours on any was made on the same principle as band, if you say so." the tapestry tray. A glittering butterfly, the spread of whose wings must have been all of ten inches mounted on a stalk of milkweed. The pressed butterfly was then covered with glass and hemetically sealed in. To say that the tray was stunning is to speak very feebly of its attractiveness. With this objet d'art as a centerplece a clever hostess could easily arrange a "butterfly luncheon."-Chicago Inter Ocean.

Forever Parted. George, who lives in London, happened to meet the vicar of his native parish the other day, and eagerly asked for some of his old acquaintances

"And old Mr. Jones?" he aske "Have you seen him lately?" The vicar shook his head. "I shall

never see him again," he answered, slowly. "Mr. Jones has gone to heaven." That Ought to Do It.

Mother-What are you doing, just sitting there singing? Daughter-Oh, only trying to kill

A good dentist spares no pains to make his work satisfactory.

LIVING ADVERTISEMENT Glow of Health Speaks for Postum.

It requires no scientific training to

discover whether coffee disagrees or Simply stop it for a time and use

Postum in place of it, then note the beneficial effects. The truth will ap-

"Six years ago I was in a very bad condition," writes a Tenn. lady. "I suffered from indigestion, nervousness and insomnia.

"I was then an inveterate coffee drinker, but it was long before I could be persuaded that it was coffee that hurt me. Finally I decided to leave it off a few days and find out the truth.

"The first morning I left off coffee I had a raging headache, so I decided I must have something to take the "There's no use in showing down," place of coffee." (The headache was he said. "I haven't even one little caused by the reaction of the coffee pair.'

"Having heard of Postum through a friend who used it, I bought a package | friend's admission gave him. "I'm only and tried it. I did not like it at first but after I learned how to make it right, according to directions on pkg., I would not change back to coffee for anything.

When I began to use Postum I weighed only 117 lbs. Now I weigh 170 and as I have not taken any tonic in that time I can only attribute my present good health to the use of Postum in place of coffee.

"My husband says I am a living advertisement for Postum." Name given by the Postum Co., Bat-

tle Creek, Mich. Postum now comes in two forms

Regular Postum - must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages. Instant Postum-is a soluble pow

A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly 30c and 50c tins. The cost per cup of both kinds is

"There's a Reason" for Postum -sold by Grocers

The Lapse of Enoch Wentworth

Into a fairly decent career there comes occasionally a moral lesion. Temptation comes, and the man, heretofore honorable and honest, falls as though his backbone were

CHAPTER I.

The Bond.

Of course the game ended with a consolation pot. Merry and Wentmiddle of the table, called for a showdown. All but Singleton dropped out, took the pot. Wentworth and Merry were broke.

The game had been played in Went worth's library. Before its close the gray light of the morning began to steal past the curtains and the glow of each electric lamp took on a murky haze. Enoch Wentworth, acting as 383 No. Union St., Aurora, Ill.-"My banker, cashed in the chips of the ailment started with a little pimple winners. Three of the men put on and it always itched and burned ter- their hats, said "Good morning," and ribly. I scratched it and in a few went out. Andrew Merry sat beside days my face was all covered with the baize-covered table with its litter sores. It ran up to my eyes and the of chips, pulling slowly at a cigar and

"Do you mind if I rest. I couldn't go to bed, being dow?" asked Wentworth. "There's a afraid of getting the clothing all chill in the air outdoors that will feel soiled, although I had my face all good. I've swallowed so much smoke my throat feels raw."

"Open every window in the room if It kept getting worse. It was some you like, old man. I'm going home." "Hold on a minute," cried Went-*every time I used some of the salve worth unexpectedly. "I'll go you just had to wrap bandages around my one more hand. Let's play one big

"I tell you, Enoch, I haven't a cent. sample of Cuticura Soap and Oint Heaven knows how I can tide over these months until the season opens. It's a good thing I'm not a married "One last hand!" pleaded Went-

worth. "What do you want to play for?" bought some Cuticura Soap and Oint. Merry turned up a coat sleeve and stared at his cuff buttons thoughtfully. "I have nothing left but these. I don't think I'll put them up."

"We've thrown away enough money and collateral tonight," Wentworth replied. "Let's make this stake something unique-sentimental, not financial. Why not make it your future against mine?"

"That's a great stake! Sha'n't I throw in my past!" "No, let each of us play for the

other's future. It is a mere fancy of mine, but it appeals to me." "Are you serious? What in God's nor crayon is as effective as nature name would you do with my future if itself. No imitation, however good, you won it-what should I do with

> "I tell you, it's a mere fancy of "All right. Carry out your fancy, if

"Do you mean that?" "Yes, if you want to call me." Andrew Merry smiled and blew a flurry of smoke rings into the marble face of the Shakespeare, while he

watched Wentworth's pen hurry across a sheet of paper. The newspaper man handed it to him with the ink still "There," he said, "we'll play for

that document, the winner's name to be written at the top, the loser to write his name at the bottom." Andrew Merry read it aloud:

I hereby pledge myself until death -to do your every bidding-to obey your every demand-to the extent of my physical and mental ability-you to furnish me with support.

"Will that hold good in law?" "Just so long as the loser is a man of honor-no longer. Are you going to weaken?"

"I'll be damned if I am. I'll put this bit of paper in my scrapbook." "The man who wins, keeps that bit of paper," Wentworth answered with

whimsical smile. He tossed the unsigned bond into the center of the table and shuffled the cards with grave deliberation. Merry lit a fresh cigar and puffed it meditatively. Upon each listless brain began to dawn the realization that this. was a stake of greater import than the rolls of bills which had grown lighter and lighter till the last greenback van-

"Who'll deal?" asked Wentworth. "We'll cut." Merry spoke quietly. Low deals, ace low."

Enoch Wentworth cut a tray, Merry a seven spot. Wentworth shuffled the cards again and held them out to his pponent.

"Does one hand decide it?" "Yes, one hand. Each man to dis card, draw, and show down." Wentworth dealt with noticeable

deliberation. They picked up their "Give me four cards," said Merry. "I'll take three." Wentworth's face

was as solemn as his voice. For a moment each man sat staring at his hand. Then Merry spoke.

"Hold on," expostulated Wentworth, scarcely concealing the relief which his

ace high. Does that beat you?" Merry's face also told its story of reaction. "Same here," he said, laying the card on the table face up, "and a

jolly king to follow it." "King for me, too." Wentworth's face flushed and his voice grew impatient. "What's your next card?" "A ten," Merry replied tranquilly,

too tense to wonder why Enoch awaited his declaration "Ten here. My God! are they all alike?"

"Seven next." "And mine's a seven!" Both men paused, each with hi yes on the other's card.

"And a four," cried Wentworth He passed his hand across irritably. his forehead; it was moist and cold. "You win." When Merry tossed down his hand a tray turned over-it was the same tray which gave Went-

Wentworth had drawn to an ace and

younger man lifted a pen, dipped it | in the ink, and scrawled Enoch Wentworth across the slip of paper. At the bottom he wrote with grave deliberation, Andrew Merry, and handed the paper to Wentworth. The newspaper man stared at it for a moment, then dropped it on the table, laid his cheek on the palm of his hand, and, looking straight in the face of the actor, asked: "Merry, do you realize

what this means?" "Not yet, perhaps; still I wish you more luck of my life than I've had. Now, since I'm to look to you for support, could you scare up a nickel? I've got to ride home, you know." Before Wentworth could reply, the

curtains parted, and a girl's figure showed itself for a brief moment. "I beg your pardon, Enoch, I thought you were alone," she said, and the figure vanished as suddenly as it had ap-

"Who's that?" Merry demanded. Wentworth's only answer was to pull out the lining of his pockets. From one he produced a quarter and



selves."

handed it to the actor. Merry pocketed it without further questioning, and pulled on his gloves. "Good night," he said, "or good

morning, whichever you choose." "Say, old man." Wentworth held

breast. "Cross my heart," he added in a sepulchral tone.

Wentworth started at the sound of an opening door. A girl entered. "For heaven's sake, Dorry! What are you doing up at this unearthly hour?"

"I've had my sleep, you haven't," she answered with a laugh. "Dorcas, sit down," said her brother.

"Do you see that fellow on the bench under a tree?" The girl leaned a hand on Wentworth's shoulder while she turned her

eyes in the direction his finger pointed. "Yes! What's the matter with him? Is he anybody you know? Is he in

"He's an old friend of mine. It's Andrew Merry, the comedian." Wentworth sat for a moment gazing into his sister's beautiful face. She was a child in spite of her eighteen years. He felt like an ancient, sinbattered, soiled, city-worn hulk of humanity as he returned the straight-

forward gaze of her gray eyes. "Tell me about him, Enoch." "I ran across him when I was doing dramatics on the Pittsburgh Union. He was a gental lad, but there wasn't much for him to tell an interviewer.

He had been born and raised in a western town and then apprenticed to a country bank. He hated figures and loved the stage. He stuck to the ledgers for a while because he was all his mother had, I guess she worshiped

"How did he happen to go on the stage?"

"Came on to New York, as they all do sooner or later, and began with a turn in a vaudeville house. He had reached a salary of fifty a week. He was perfectly happy except for one thing-he couldn't get the mother's loneliness out of his mind. They wrote

to each other every day." "I think I should like him," suggested Dorcas.

"I gave Merry all the space next morning instead of the dancer, and he wrote me a grateful letter. I didn't see him again until two years later, when I came to New York. I found his name in the cast of a light opera company on Broadway. He was pretty far down the list, but before the thing had run two weeks he was moved up to second place. His work was unusual. He's the funniest Merry Andrew I ever saw, yet once in a while there's a touch of whimsical, tearful pathos in his antics that makes a man-wink."

"Take me to see him," cried the girl eagerly. "We'll go tomorrow. It's his closing

night in 'The King at Large.' He's a bigger favorite than several of the big stars, yet-it's the queerest thing-in all these years he's never taken the step that would bring him to the top." "Why?"

"The Lord knows. One manager dled, another went under. It's the uncertainty of stage life." "And his mother?" asked Dorcas.

"She died suddenly last season. A the middle of a performance, when he he'd been shot. They rang down the curtain until the understudy could get into his togs. He didn't act for two months. I thought he would never

By ISABEL GORDON CURTIS

Author of "The Woman From Wolvertons," "The Congress Woman," Etc.

(Copyright, 1913, by F. G. Brown.)

ter trying to cheer him. He gave me the dumps." "Poor fellow," cried Dorcas "I roused him through his pride. He hadn't a cent to his name, so I shamed him into going back to work.

> away from him." Wentworth's gaze turned to the litter of chips on the table. His sister's eyes followed.

"Is it that?" she asked. "Partly." The girl rose to her feet. She put

her hands on her brother's shoulders and gazed down into his face. "Enoch," she said hesitatingly, "I wish you wouldn't. You could help

new leaf yourself." "We both swore off tonight for good and all, little girl." Wentworth took her hands between his own and looked into her eyes with a resolute look. "I want you to help both of us-Merry and me. The evil of the world was never whispered inside convent walls. You've left a quiet, simple life-for a very different world. There's more mission work waiting you right here than if you had taken the veil."

"Enoth," the girl's face was grave and earnest, "Enoch, nothing would ever make me take the veil. I have only one ambition-I want to go on the stage."

"Good Lord!" cried Wentworth, "I never dreamed of such a future-for

"You don't know stage life as I do," he continued seriously. "There are women-and men for that matterwho go into the profession clean skinned, clean souled. They spend their lives in it and come out clean; but there are experiences they never

"Is life as bad as that?" the girl asked simply. "Life is as bad," her brother answered slowly, "and yet I would as

willingly see you go on the stage as into society-I mean fashionable society, as I know it here in New York. A newspaper man sees the under side of life."

"It would not hurt me." The girl tossed back a heavy braid of hair which fell over her shoulder, and knelt at Wentworth's knee,

"I have you always to turn to, big brother," she whispered. She laid her cheek fondly against his hand. "Don't the door for a moment half closed you remember that used to be the only while he spoke. "Say, if you don't name I had for you? You were so big, mind, let's keep this transaction to so strong, so wise and so-old. I used to sit on the gatepost, waiting for you "I'm willing." Merry paused to to come home. Don't you remember strike a light for his last cigar, then our Saturday tramps, how we used to play 'I spy' in the orchard, and bird's-nesting, picnicking and fishing, or playing Indian camp on the island?" Enoch clasped her hands tightly. "I remember, little Dorry. They were

the happiest days in my life " "Let us get out of the city," cried the girl. Their eyes turned to the sunlit square below. The morning rush of New York life had begun, with its clang of bells and thunder of vehicles. "Dorcas, I'm off to bed. I haven't rect a new emotional actor, no matter shut an eye for 24 hours."

CHAPTER II.

The Measure of a Man A week later Wentworth and his sis ter left town for a vacation. They had discovered an old-fashioned farmhouse on a quiet stretch of shore, and settled down contentedly to a simple, outdoor life. One morning a telegram broke their eclitude.

"I have half an hour to catch a train to the city," said Enoch, as he tumbled out of a hammock. "You may drive me to the depot if you wish, Dorcas." "You're not called back to that hot office," she cried wistfully, "after a

vacation of only three days?" "It isn't the paper, Dorcas: it's Merry. Get into the buggy; I'll tell you about it on our way to the station.



Half-Dazed Fashion He Shook Hands.

You may drive." He leaned back comfortably in the wide seat. "You like driving, I don't."

"What's the matter with Mr. Merry?" Dorcas asked. "Is he ill?" "Not that, but he's in danger of killfool usher gave Merry the telegram in | ing his career. He'e going up the state to a little one-horse town to play leadwent off the stage. He dropped as if ing roles in a ten, twenty, thirty stock company. "Why does he do that?"

ten. Merry held up a king. The brace up. I had him here half the win- tomorrow at the latest. I'll wire you jagged walls of a narrow cove.

what train. You'll meet me, won't |

"Of course," she promised.

Next morning the two men stood on the platform of the smoker on a shore shoes? Let me help you down." He accommodation train, which sauntered | began to climb the uneven steps. from one small station to the next, skirting the water for miles.

Andrew Merry tossed a half-smoked cigar into a swamp beside the track hind her. Then resting one hand on where the thin, green blades of cat- his shoulder, she leaped past him tails were whipped by the breeze. "I don't believe I want to mix odors this morning," he said.

"It is great ozone." Wentworth lifted his hat to let the wind cool his head. "There's the little station now! He earns lots of money, but it gets I'll bet that speck of white is Dorcas!" "How queer that I've never met your sister," Merry suggested. "Is she

Wentworth laughed. "Almost," he

admitted. "You did see her once." Merry followed Wentworth as the train stopped. In a half-dozed fashion he shook hands with a tall young woman in a white linen gown. Was this the child-long limbed, gawky and

grown up?"

shy-he had imagined he might meet? your friend if you would turn over a Somewhere back in his mind lay an impression that Enoch had referred to his sister as a young colt. The thought was so absurd that he smiled; any coltish awkwardness must have disappeared with short frocks! Merry stared at the girl with bewildered admiration, wondering now why he had never felt the mildest curiosity about Wentworth's sister. He became conscious that he was making a mental analysis; she had black-fringed gray eyes; warmth and dancing blood glowed in her face, for she had the

> auburn hair was coiled in a loose knot at the back of her head; she wore no hat; a band of dull-blue velvet was tied about her head and fell in a loose bow over her ear, but strands of hair, which glowed like copper in the sunshine, had escaped and blew about her your life. You don't!" face; she had the tender mouth of a child. In the straightforward eyes into her eyes with flushed face. He was sweet womanliness, gentle determination, and a lack of feminine vanity which Merry had seldom seen in the face of a beautiful woman. He even forgot to drop her hand while he gazed into her face, half admiringly,

coloring of a Jack rose; a mass of

half perplexedly... "I've brought Mr. Merry down to stay with us till we go home," Wentworth announced.

"I'm delighted," cried Dorcas cor-Next morning after breakfast Enoch and his sister rowed out to deep water with their fishing outfit. Merry still

was in bed; he was tired, he pleaded, and could not immediately acquire the habit of early rising. "What do you think of Andrew?" asked Wentworth abruptly. He lifted his head after the task of baiting a

"I think he ought to be waked up." "To join our fishing trip?" "I mean waked in his ambitions. He seems to me like a man who has no work for. He spoke last night of one ambition he has-"

hook and looked into his sister's face.

"Sort of moonlight confidences?" queried her brother. "No-not that. He's determined to jump straight into a part that will wring the heart out of his listeners." "That's foolish. The public wants just so much versatility. You can't

kill off a beloved comedian to resurhow good he may be. People won't stand for it." "He isn't satisfied." The girl pulled up her line and tossed away a morse

of nibbled bait, covering the hook with a fresh clam. "Some greedy fish had a square meal off your balt and never got the hook in his gullet. He'll come back for more, then get caught. It's the same way with human beings."

"Philosopher!" laughed Dorcas, She dropped her line again into deep water and waited for her brother's prediction to come true. Merry had breakfasted before their

return. He sat upon the vine-grown plazza, gazing at the sparkle of the ocean, when the two agile figures stepped across his vision. "Well, Sir Lazy, so you're up!" cried

the girl. "You should have been with us to find an appetite. See our fish! Here's a dinner for you!" "I'm going to turn over a new leaf," said Merry. His eyes were fixed on the girl's glowing face, and for a mo-

ment he shared her intense enjoyment

of life. "Will you turn it over tomorrow morning at sunrise?" she demanded. "Even so soon, most gracious lady. He swept her a stage bow, his soft hat trailing the ground as if it had been a cavalier's cap loaded with plumes.

Matching his grace, the girl turned to him, laughing, with the mock dignity of a queen. "I command that at early dawn, when the tide goes out, ye hie three to yon flats and dig clams for our savory

"I shall obey, most royal highness," answered Merry solemnly. "I believe he is waking up," thought Dorcas as she ran upstairs to dress for

the noon dinner. "If he does that, I'll believe he has some backbone." When Dorcas and her brother came down next morning for breakfast Merry had disappeared.

"I'm glad I'm not your victim," said Wentworth, with a note of sympathy in his voice. "Enoch," the girl turned to him gravely, "I told you he needed waking up, and this is a good start. It won't

hurt him a bit.'

"Poor Merry! What a sight!" They watched him come tramping over the beach. He wore Farmer Hutchins' overalls rolled up to his kness and a flapping cow-breakfast hat. He carried a clam fork and occa- it with this salutation: sionally shifted a heavy basket of clams from one arm to the other.

CHAPTER III.

Cassiopea's Chair. Doreas Wentworth stopped on the crest of a cliff and looked down. A few feet below her, on a ledge like a "I guess he's broke. I can't tell wide shelf, Merry lay watching the until I see him. I'll be back tonight, or waves as they broke against the "Day-dreaming, Mr. Merry?" cried

the girl. He sprang to his feet. "Why, I never heard you. Do you wear velvet

"The idea of helping me down, after I have made my way alone over these chasms!" She pointed to the wall belightly.

"What a heavenly retreat!" "Yes," answered Merry, dreamlly. "I found it several days ago. I've called it Cassiopea's Chair."

"I've forgotten. Some satellite creature, I believe. Her name has a restful sound, and this place is restful and lonely."

"Who was Cassiopea?"

The girl laughed. "Were you day-

dreaming?" "I suppose so. I was watching these waves. Most of them break without a splash; then once in a while, away out as far as your eye can reach, you see one roll up, gathering force from you can't imagine where, and it comes on tempestuously through a calm sea, to crash against the cliffs. Sometimes it throws its spray up here." He pointed to a wet line on the rock just below them. "Then again, one which promises to be a ripper amounts to nothing when it breaks."

"Yes it is fascinating," she agreed. Yesterday I spent an hour watching them. It makes me think of people." "What people?" he demanded, not

understanding. "All sorts. People who never do anything, who saunter through life and are the failures, and the few who live after their work is done. "Merry," in her intensity the girl

addressed him as her brother did, "they make me think of you. You could make a towering big wave of The man turned quickly and looked

did not speak "I wish-oh, I do wish"-Dorcas



"I wish I could rouse you to make the best of yourself. There is so much you could do!"

"Do you really think so?" "No, I don't think it, I know it. You are two people; one is lazy and indifferent, with just ambition enough to do the work you have to do. You can't help doing it well-you could not do it hadly. Then there is the othera man with vivid imagination, feeling, emotion, and ability; but it is so hard

to wake him up!" Merry jumped to his feet and stared down into the girl's face. "How did learn this-about me?

Enoch laid my soul bare to you?" "Enoch told me something of your ter than he does."

· (TO BE CONTINUED.)

NEAT, EVEN FOR FRENCHMAN Typically Parisian Was the Witty, If Ironical, Rebuke Administered

Mean House Mistress. The Parisian is proverbially polite, although he may and often does impart a flavor of ironical mischief to his courtesy. The following incident

is typically Paristan. It is the custom in the French capital for the cook to do all the marketing. This adds considerably to the cook's income, for every dealer allows her about 1 cent on every 20 cents that she spends. So French cooks insist on their marketing prerogative, and the mistress who denies it to

Well, a person of this sort, an elderly woman, was in the habit of doing her own marketing in a long duster. The duster hid her purchases. While she was usurping her cook's rights, it kept her from being detected in the

them is held to be a very mean per-

As this woman, one hot morning, was walking homeward in her duster from the St. Honore market, she stumbled and a leg of mutton fell and rolled across the sidewalk. A passing stranger, sizing up the

and, with a bow and smile, returned "Permit me, Madame-your fan."

situation, picked up the leg of mutton

Only One. She (gazing at the view)-What a magnificent scene! He (an auto flend)-You mean that limousine?

Vast Continent of Asia. Asia, which is the largest of the con tinents, has an estimated area of 17,-057,666 square miles.

WESTERN CANADA'S PROSPECTS FOR 1914

Excellent Spring for Work and Wheat Seeding About Finished.

The writer has just returned from an extensive trip through the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, in Western Canada. The crop conditions are the very best, and no one locality seems to have an advantage over another in this respect. The uniformity in growth is remarkable, and in all parts of the three provinces spring wheat at the time of writing, May 10th, is well above the ground from two to three inches. Considerable fall plowing was done last year, and this, with the summer fallow, is already seeded; so that practically wheat seeding is over by this date. Everywhere the farmers are busy and the whole country presents one great scene of activity-three-horse, fourhorse and five-horse teams are busy preparing land for barley, oats and flax. On some of the larger farms batteries of steam and gasoline outfits are at work, but in a great many districts where these have been operated in the past they are being displaced by horses, owing no doubt partially to the difficulty of securing experienced men to operate them. Anyway, there is being put into agriculture in Western Canada, greater effort with more promise than for some years past. The soil is in the best possible condition: moisture has been sufficient, there have been no winds to dry out the soil, and if the farmers have had to lay up for a day or so now and again, it was merely that the ground might have the advantage of the rain and an occasional snow, which promise so much for the growing crop. With some warm weather the grain will come along in a manner that will equal the best years

Western Canada has ever had. It must not be thought from this that the farmers are full bent on securing a grain crop alone. In nearly every district there is more and more the indication and inclination to go into mixed farming. Herds of cattle now dot the plains that up to the present had been fully given up to grain growing, hogs and sheep are in evidence. New buildings are to be seen on a great many places, these being pig houses and cow stables, although protection of cattle is not regularly required, excepting for calves and such cows as it may be necessary

to house from time to time. The growing of alfalfa and other fodder grasses is an industry that is

being rapidly developed. During this spring a splendid class of new settlers have gone in, many of them from the eastern states. These have seen what success the western and central states man has achieved in Western Canada, and are now going in in hundreds. The movement from Montana, Oregon and Washington to Canada continues without any patement as to numbers and value effects, while the central and eastern states are still sending an excellent class of farmers with means sufficient to begin farming on a scale that will

pay from the start. Those who contemplate visiting the Panama Exposition next year will find that one of the most interesting trips they can make will be via the Canadian West. There will be three lines of railway they can use-the Canadian Pacific, Canadian Northern and Grand Trunk Pacific, all of which will have through to coast lines completed. Thus will be given a view of prairie, woodland and mountain scenery unexcelled in America.-Advertisement.

Bankruptcy Decision. The supreme court of New Jersey holds in Bolton vs. Bolton that when a wife goes into bankruptcy the trustee in bankruptcy is entitled to take possession of arrears of allmony due her for the benefit of the creditors.

The court said: "When it is considered that during the period of non-payment the wife has in all probability been contracting debts for her support on the faith of recovering these payments, and that allmony is awarded for the express purpose of her support by paying in career, that was all. I know you bet cash as she goes along, and when it is considered further that by her discharge in bankruptcy these debts are wiped out, it seem manifestly unjust that the creditors should have no recourse to the very fund that the di-

vorce court provided to pay them."

Pleasant for Preacher. A mother sent her little daughter down to open the door and entertain the minister, Mr. Black, while she finished dressing. When she appeared the little kitten ran in ahead of her. and the tiny maiden jumped up and down and screamed at the top of her voice: "Oh, kitty, kitty, go out, quick." The mother was horrified, and said: "Daughter, what makes you act so?"

"Well, mother, dad said last night

to make a cat sick,' and I don't want

'that Mr. Black's sermons were enough

mine sick."

Line of Duty. Uncle Luke had been over into Calhoun county to see the son of his old master, now grown to ripe age and

judicial office. "Luke, how does Mr. John look?" asked the old gentleman. "He's get-

ting stout, ch?" "Yas, suh," agreed Luke. "Ah will say dat w'en Ah saw Mas'r John ev'y buttin on his wais'coat was doin' its duty, sah."

She Knew What She Meant, "Miss Ethel," he began, "or Ethel, I mean-I've known you long enough to drop the 'Miss,' haven't I?"

She fixed her lovely eyes upon him with a meaning gaze. "Yes, I think you have," she said. "What prefix do you wish to substitute?"-Catholic Citizen.

"That girl has shocking ways." "Maybe that's the reason she married an electrician."

Suitable Match.

Many a friendship has been cut short by a long tongue.