

WESTERN CANADA AND THE LAND-HUNGRY

It Is Essentially an Agricultural Country.

Western Canada is the Mecca of the land-hungry man who wishes to earn a good living from the soil and save up money to take care of him in his old age without paying a fancy price for the privilege.

Western Canada is the great wheat producing section of the North American continent, with an average production of more than 30 bushels to the acre as compared with an average of 17 bushels to the acre in the States.

Wheat raising can hardly be made profitable on land that costs from \$50 an acre up unless such land will produce a much higher than a 17 bushel average, or unless the price of the cereal reaches an excessive figure.

The initial investment of \$50 an acre is more than the average man can afford to make if he expects to raise wheat and to make a success of it.

A good homestead of 100 acres can still be secured free in Western Canada and additional land admirably suited to the raising of wheat can be secured at so low a cost per acre that it can be made extremely profitable.

No other part of the world offers such tremendous opportunities at the present time to the ambitious young farmer as the three great provinces of Western Canada.

It is worth the while of the land-hungry man to cease his depressing search for local cheap land or for land that is not entirely worked out by long cropping and to look outside his own district. Western Canada is a country that should receive the consideration of all such men. The Western Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta are essentially agricultural territory.

Out of 478 million acres there are 180 million acres of first-class agricultural land actually available for development—a block three and a half times as large as the total land area of Minnesota, and equal to the combined land areas of Minnesota, Iowa, Wisconsin, Illinois and Indiana.

But whereas the population of the five states mentioned is fifteen million people, the population of Western Canada is only about one and three-quarter millions.

It has been said that the average yield per acre of wheat in the United States last year was 17 bushels. This average does not, of course, represent the efficiency which may have been reached by individual farmers or by individual states. However, place against this figure the fact that the 1915 Western Canadian average—the average from nearly twelve million acres—was over 30 bushels. In the case of the Province of Alberta, the average reached 32.84 bushels per acre.

There are already a large number of American farmers in Western Canada, so that the newcomer could never-overlooking the fact that the same language is spoken—feel himself in an alien country. There seems, in fact, a tendency to establish little colonies composed of those coming from the same sections. The characteristics of the country, and the climate and season, are very much the same as in Minnesota or North Dakota. Social conditions bear a family resemblance. Education is free, and is good; its cost being defrayed partly by taxation, partly by grants from the Canadian Government, from the sales of school lands, of which, when the country was first surveyed, two sections in every township were allocated. Taxation in every rural district, in many towns and cities, is based practically on land values alone, improvements of all kinds being exempted.—Advertisement.

Fifty-Fifty Deal.

A number of politicians were attending a convention in Chicago a short time ago when one of the number was approached by an old acquaintance who was plainly down in his luck. Sliding up to the politician he said: "Say, Jack, lend me ten, will you? I'm short."

The big fellow went down into his pocket, fished out a big roll and handed a five-dollar bill to the down-and-outer.

"Say, Jack," said he of the "touch," "I said ten."

"I know you did," replied the politician, "but I think this way is fairer. You lose five and I lose five."

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the

Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher* In Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

What the Tea Leaves Tell.

Do you know how to tell fortunes in a teacup? It furnishes a great deal of entertainment at a party. This Chinese rhyme explains it:

"One leaf, alone you'll see, Two together, the priest you'll see, Three together, your wish will gain; Four, a letter from loving swain, Five, good news the letter will bring; Six in a row, a song you'll sing, Seven together, good fortune awaits, So say to you the teacups' fates, Tea leaves large and ten leaves tall Bring you company, great and small, Tea leaves many and scattered fine Is of bad luck the surest sign, Tea leaves few and near the rim, A cup of joy o'erflows the brim."

The City of Numbered Days

By FRANCIS LYNDE

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SYNOPSIS.

Brouillard, chief engineer of the Niquola irrigation dam, meets J. Wesley Cortwright and explains the reclamation work to him. Cortwright organizes a company and obtains government contracts to furnish power and material. Steve Massingale threatens to start a gold rush if Brouillard does not use his influence to bring a railroad branch to the place, thus opening an easy market for the "Little Susan" mine ore. Brouillard tells Amy Massingale of his need for money to pay off his dead father's debts. She tells him to be true to himself. He decides for the extension. Mirapolis, the city of numbered days, booms. Cortwright persuades Brouillard to become consulting engineer of the power company in return for \$100,000 stock. Stoppage of work on the railroad threatens a panic. Brouillard stresses the Massingale story of placer gold in the river bed and starts a gold rush, which promises to stop the reclamation project. Amy tells Brouillard that her father is in Cortwright's financial clutches. He tells her he has made \$100,000 and declares his love. She loves him, but shows him that he has become demoralized. A real gold find is made. Brouillard sells his stock but does not pay his father's debts. Cortwright's son snouts Steve Massingale. Brouillard threatens Cortwright with exposure if he pushes Massingale to the wall. The magnate promises to give the old man a free field. Stories of the dam's abandonment revive. Forgiveness on the "Little Susan" is impending and Brouillard loans Dave Massingale his \$100,000 to clear him. Massingale gambles away the entire amount.

Once more Brouillard is tempted by Cortwright. If he accepts Cortwright's offer he can make money and stand a chance of defeating the crooked capitalist's purposes in the long run. If he refuses, he loses not only his job but his savings. What would you do—considering that acceptance is wrong?

CHAPTER XVIII—Continued.

For the better part of a fortnight the tidal waves of prosperity, as evinced by increasing speculative values, kept on rolling in, each one apparently a little higher than its immediate predecessor. Then the flood began to subside, though so slowly that at first it was only by a careful comparison of the daily transfers that the recession could be measured.

Causes and consequences extraneous to the city itself contributed to the almost imperceptible reactionary tendency. For one, the Buckskin Mining and Milling company reluctantly abandoned its pastime of plowing barren furrows on Jack's mountain, and a little later went into liquidation, as the phrase ran, though the eastern bondholders probably called it bankruptcy. About the same time the great cement plant, deprived of the government market by the slackening of the work on the dam, reduced its output to less than one-fourth of its full capacity. Most portentous of all, perhaps, was the rumor that the placers at Quad-jenal were beginning to show signs of exhaustion. It was even whispered about that the two huge gold dredges recently installed were not paying the expenses of operating them.

Quite naturally, the pulse of the wonder city beat sensitive to all these depressive rumors and incidents, responding slowly at first but a little later in accelerated throbbings which could no longer be ignored by the most optimistic bidder at the "curb" exchanges.

Still there was no panic. As the activities in local sales fell off and the Mirapolitans themselves were no longer crowding the curbs or standing in line at the real estate offices for their turn at the listings, the prudent ones, with Mr. Cortwright and his chosen associates far in advance of the field, were placing Mirapolis holdings temptingly on view in distant markets; placing them and selling them with blazonry of advertising worthy of the envy of those who have called themselves the suburb builders of Greater New York.

It was after this invasion of the distant market was fully in train that Cortwright once more sent for Brouillard, receiving the engineer this time in the newest offices of the power company, on the many-times-bought-and-sold corner opposite Bongras'. "Hello, Brouillard!" said the magnate jocosely, indicating a chair and the never-absent open box of cigars in the same gesture. "You're getting to be as much of a stranger as a man might wish his worst enemy to be."

"You sent for me?" Brouillard broke in tersely. More and more he was coming to acknowledge a dull rage when he heard the call of his master.

"Yes. What about the dam? Is your work going to start up again? Or is it going off for good?"

Brouillard bit his lip to keep back the exclamation of astonishment that the blunt inquiry threatened to evoke. To assume that Mr. Cortwright did not know all there was to be known was to credit the incredible.

"I told you a good while ago that I was only the government's hired man," he replied. "You doubtless have much better information than any I can give you."

"You can tell me what your orders are—that's what I want to know."

The young chief of construction frowned first, then he laughed.

"What has given you the impression

that you own me, Mr. Cortwright? I have often wondered."

"Well, I might say that I have made you what you are, and—"

"That's true; the truest thing you ever said," snapped Brouillard.

"And, I was going to add, I can unmake you just as easily. But I don't want to be savage with you. All I'm asking is a little information first, and a little judicious help afterward. What are your orders from the department?"

Brouillard got up and stood over the stocky man in the office chair, with the black eyes blazing.

"Mr. Cortwright, I said a moment ago that you have made me what I am, and you have. I am infinitely a worse man than you are, because I know better and you don't. It is no excuse for me that I have had a motive which I haven't explained to you, because, as I once told you, you couldn't understand it in a thousand years. The evil has been done and the consequences, to you, to me, and to everyone in this cursed valley are certain. Facing them as I am obliged to face them, I am telling you—but what's the use? You can't make a tool of me any longer—that's all. You must cook your meat over your own fire. I'm out of it."

"I can smash you," said the man in the chair, quite without heat.

"No, you can't even do that," was the equally cool retort. "No man's fate is in another man's hands."

He was moving toward the door, but Cortwright stopped him.

"One more word before you go, Brouillard. It is to be war between us from this on."

"I don't say that. It would be awkward for us both now. Let is be armed neutrality if you like. Don't interfere with me and I won't interfere with you."

"Ah!" said the millionaire. "Now you have brought it around to the point I was trying to reach. You don't want to have anything more to do with me, but you are not quite ready to cash in and pull out of the game. How much money have you got?"

The cool impudence of the question brought a dull flush to the young man's face, but he would give the enemy no advantage in the matter of superior self-control.

"That is scarcely a fair question—even between armed neutrals," he objected. "Why do you want to know?"

"I'm asking because you have just proposed the noninterference policy, and I'd like to know how fairly you mean to live up to it. A little while back you interfered in a small business."

"You've surrounded it very neatly," laughed the promoter. "Once, some little time ago, I might have felt the necessity of convincing your scruples, but you've cut away all that foolishness. It's a little tough on our good old Uncle Samuel, I'll admit, but it'll be only a pin-prick or so in comparison to the money that is thrown away every time congress passes an appropriation bill. And, putting it upon the dead practical basis, Brouillard, it's your own and only salvation—personally, I mean. You've got to unload or go broke, and you can't unload on a falling market. You think about it and then get quick action with the wire. There is no time to lose."

Brouillard was looking past Cortwright and out through the plate glass window which commanded a view of the great dam and its network of forms and stagings.

"It is a gambler's bet and a rather desperate one," he said slowly. "You stand to win all or to lose all in making it, Mr. Cortwright. The town is balancing on the knife-edge of a panic at this moment. Would it go up, or down, with a sudden resumption of work on the dam?"

"The careless thinker would say that it would yell 'Fire!' and go up into the air so far that it could never climb down," was the prompt reply. "But we'll have the medicine dropper hand. In the first place, everybody can afford to stay and boost while Uncle Sam is spending his million or so right here in the middle of things. Nobody will want to pull out and leave that cow un milked. In the second place, we've got a mighty good antidote to use in any sure-enough case of hydrophobia your quick dam building may start."

"You could let it leak out that, in spite of all the hurrah and rush on the dam, congress is really going to interfere before we are ready to turn the water on," said Brouillard musingly and as if it were only his thought slipping into unconscious speech.

"Precisely. We could make that prop hold if you were actually putting the top course on your wall and making preparations to drop the stop-gate in your spillway."

"I see," was the rejoinder, and it was made in the same half-absent monotone. "But while we are still on the knife-blade edge . . . a little push . . . Mr. Cortwright, if there were one solitary righteous man left in Mirapolis—"

"There isn't," chuckled the promoter, turning back to his desk while the engineer was groping for the door knob—at least, nobody with that particu-

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CHAPTER XIX

The Man on the Bank

Brouillard, walking out of Mr. Cortwright's new offices with his thoughts afar, wondered if it were by pure coincidence that he found Castner apparently waiting for him on the sidewalk.

"Once more you are just the man I have been wanting to see," the young missionary began, promptly making use of the chance meeting. "May I break in with a bit of bad news?"

"There is no such thing as good news in this God-forsaken valley, Castner. What's your grief?"

"There is trouble threatening for the Cortwrights. Stephen Massingale is out and about again, and I was told this morning that he was filling himself up with bad whisky and looking for the man who shot him."

Brouillard nodded unsympathetically.

"You will find that there is always likely to be a second chapter in a book

like this."

"How?"

"If I tell you, you mustn't go and use it against me. That would be a low-down weicher's trick. But you won't. See here, your bureau at Washington is pretty well scared up over the prospect here. It is known in the capital that when congress convenes there is going to be a dead-open-and-shut fight to kill this Buckskin reclamation project. Very well; the way for you fellows to win out is to hurry—finish your dam and finish it quick, before congress or anybody else can get action."

For a single instant Brouillard was puzzled. Then he began to understand.

"Go on," he said.

"What I was going to suggest is this: You prod your people at Washington with a hot wire; tell 'em now's the time to strike and strike hard. They'll see the point, and if you ask for an increase of a thousand men you'll get it. Make it two thousand, just for the dramatic effect. We'll work right along with you and make things hum again. We'll start up the cement plant, and I don't know but what we might give the Buckskin M. & M. folks a small hypodermic that would keep 'em alive while we are taking a few snap-shot pictures of Mirapolis on the jump again."

"Let me get it straight," said Brouillard, putting his back against the door. "You fully believe you've got us down; that eventually, and before the water is turned on, congress will pass a bill killing the Niquola project. But in the meantime, to make things lively, you'd like to have the reclamation service go ahead and spend another million or so in wages that can be turned loose in Mirapolis. Is that it?"

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of that sort—if the first one isn't conclusive."

"But there mustn't be this time," Castner insisted warmly. "We must stop it; it is our business to stop it."

"Your business, maybe; it falls right in your line, doesn't it?"

"No more in mine than in yours," was the quick retort.

"Am I my brother's keeper?" said the engineer pointedly, catching step with the long-legged stride of the athletic young shepherd of souls.

"Not if you claim kinship with Cain, who was the originator of that very badly outworn query," came the answer shotlike. Then: "What has come over you lately, Brouillard? You are a friend of the Massingales; I've had good proof of that. Why don't you care?"

"Great heavens, Castner, I do care! But if you had a cut finger you wouldn't go to a man in hell to get it tied up, would you?"

"You mean that I have brought my cut finger to you?"

"Yes, I meant that, and the rest of it, too. I'm no fit company for a decent man today, Castner. You'd better edge off and leave me alone."

Castner did not take the blunt intimation. For the little distance intervening between the power company's new offices and the Niquola building he tramped beside the young engineer in silence. But at the entrance to the Niquola he would have gone his way if Brouillard had not said abruptly:

"I gave you fair warning; I'm not looking for a chance to play the Good Samaritan to anybody—not even to Stephen Massingale, much less Van Bruce Cortwright. The reason is because I have a pretty decent backlog of my own to carry. Come up to my rooms if you can spare a few minutes. I want to talk to a man who hasn't parted with his soul for a money equivalent—if there is such a man left in this bottomless pit of a town."

Castner accepted the implied challenge soberly, and together they ascended to Brouillard's offices. Once behind the closed door, Brouillard struck out viciously.

"You fellows claim to hold the keys to the conscience shop; suppose you open up and dole out a little of the precious commodity to me, Castner. Is it ever justifiable to do evil that good may come?"

"No." There was no hesitation in the denial.

Brouillard's laugh was harshly derisive.

"I thought you'd say that. No qualifications asked for, no judicial weighing of the pros and cons—the evil of the evil, or the goodness of the good—just a plain, bigoted 'No.'"

The young missionary left his chair and began to walk back and forth on his side of the office desk.

"Will the clean-minded young missionary persuade the engineer to refuse Cortwright's offer, or will he see the ultimate possibility of Brouillard's winning and counsel him to accept?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DRUGGIST PRAISES POPULAR KIDNEY MEDICINE

I have been selling Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root for fifteen years and during that time have heard nothing but praise from my customers for the benefits received from its use. Without exception, it is the most popular kidney remedy on the market and one of the best.

Very truly yours, CHAS. A. FRASER, Ex. Member Okla. Board Pharmacy, Dec. 8th, 1915. Red Rock, Okla.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You. Send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample size bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention this paper. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.—Adv.

The Saving Syllable. "You must take care not to let your position seem pathetic."

"Never fear," replied the man whose hat had been picked out of the ring. "I'll make it sufficiently pathetic to prevent it from seeming merely pathetic."

ALWAYS LOOK YOUR BEST

As to Your Hair and Skin by Using Cuticura. Trial Free.

The Soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal. These fragrant, super-creamy emollients preserve the natural purity and beauty of the skin under conditions which, if neglected, tend to produce a state of irritation and disfigurement.

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postpaid, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Immediate Problem. "Where are the snows of yesterday?" inquired the man who quotes poetry.

"Never mind about that," rejoined his wife. "The important question is, 'Where is the ice that was due to arrive this morning?'"

IF YOU OR ANY FRIEND Suffer with Rheumatism or Neuritis, acute or chronic, write for my FREE BOOK on Rheumatism—Its Cause and Cure. Most wonderful book ever written, it's absolutely FREE. Jesse A. Case, Dept. C. W., Brockton, Mass.—Adv.

JOKES THAT ARE HISTORIC

Shop Witticisms Inflated on Every Newcomer That Joins the Ranks of the Real Workers.

You have no doubt all heard of the "left-hand monkey wrench" which every new apprentice in a wagon works is sent after, and of the "tallie thin space" which the printer's devil usually is sent to get, but William S. Coy, county superintendent of schools, bit hard on one not quite so well known when he assumed his duties as a bookkeeper in a plumbing shop during one of the vacations of his high school days.

There was grumbling among the hands because of something that a neighboring plumber had borrowed and which he had failed to return. The bookkeeper finally decided to help out and offered to go to the borrower and secure the needed article. His offer was quickly accepted.

"What is it?" he inquired.

"We want our pipe stretcher," answered one of the hands.

The bookkeeper went to the other shop and to several others looking for this particular article before it occurred to him that it would be a peculiar kind of a tool, indeed, that could stretch an iron pipe.—Columbus Dispatch.

Wedding Presents. "I want to get something suitable for a wedding present."

"Yes, ma'am. Miss Brown, please show the lady something for about \$3 that will look as though it might have cost \$16."

People who do not believe all they hear are fond of repeating it.

The Fine Flavor—

the delicate taste of malted barley blended with the sweets of whole wheat—is sufficient reason in itself for the wonderful popularity of

Grape-Nuts FOOD

But it is more than delicious—it is the finest kind of concentrated nourishment to thoroughly sustain body and brain tissue—a food that benefits users remarkably.

A short trial proves

"There's a Reason"

Sold by Grocers everywhere.



"There is No Such Thing as Good News in This God-Forsaken Valley, Castner."



Brouillard Got Up and Stood Over the Stocky Man in the Office Chair.