

## A DIFFERENCE IN THE INVESTMENT

The Western Canada Farm Profits Are Away in Excess.

Mr. George H. Barr, of Iowa, holds seven sections of land in Saskatchewan. These he has fenced and rented, either for pasture or cultivation, and paying good interest on the investment.

Mr. Barr says that farm land at home in Iowa is held at \$150 per acre. These lands are in a high state of cultivation, with splendid improvements in houses, barns, stables and silos, and yet the revenue returns from them are only from two to three per cent per annum on investment.

Last year, 1915, his half share of crop on a quarter section in Saskatchewan, wheat on new breaking, gave him 35 per cent on the capital invested—\$25,000 an acre. The crop yield was 35 bushels per acre. "His year the same quarter-section, sown to Red Fire on stubble gave 3,286 bushels. His share, 1,643 bushels of 1 Northern at \$1.56 per bushel, gave him \$2,563.08. Seed, half the time and half the threshing bill cost him \$453.00. Allowing a share of the expense of his annual inspection trip, charged to this quarter-section even to \$110.00, and he has left \$2,000.00, that is 50 per cent of the original cost of the land. Anyone can figure up that another average crop will pay, not 2 or 3 per cent on investment, as in Iowa, but the total price of the land. Mr. Barr says: "That's no joke now."

Mr. Barr was instrumental in bringing a number of farmers from Iowa to Saskatchewan in 1912. He referred to one of them, Geo. H. Kerton, a tenant farmer in Iowa. He bought a quarter-section of improved land at \$32.00 an acre near Hanley. From proceeds of crop in 1914, 1915, 1916, he has paid for the land. Mr. Barr asked him a week ago: "Well, George, what shall I tell friends down home for you?" The reply was: "Tell them I shall never go back to be a tenant for any man." Another man, Charles Halght, realized \$18,000 in cash for his wheat crops in 1915 and 1916.

Mr. Barr when at home devotes most of his time to raising and dealing in live stock. On his first visit of inspection to Saskatchewan, he realized the opportunity there was here for grazing cattle. So his quarter-section, not occupied, were fenced and rented as pasture lands to farmers adjoining. His creed is: "Let nature supply the feed all summer while cattle are growing, and then in the fall, take them to farmsteads to be finished for market. There is money in it."—Advertisement.

### Goah!

Farmer Courtness—Got a letter from one of these automobeele fellows, squire, and I'm all weeked up about it.

Squire—What's the matter, Cy? Farmer Courtness—Wal, the letter says, "The inclosed car is one of the most popular models on the market." But the blamed fools clean forgot to inclose it.—Maxwell Accelerator.

## IS CHILD CROSS, FEVERISH, SICK

Look, Mother! If tongue is coated, give "California Syrup of Figs."

Children love this "fruit laxative," and nothing else cleanses the tender stomach, liver and bowels so nicely.

A child simply will not stop playing to empty the bowels, and the result is they become tightly clogged with waste, liver gets sluggish, stomach sour, then your little one becomes cross, half-sick, feverish, don't eat, sleep or act naturally, breath is bad, system full of cold, has sore throat, stomach-ache or diarrhea. Listen, Mother! See if tongue is coated, then give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the constipated waste, sour bile and undigested food passes out of the system, and you have a well child again.

Millions of mothers give "California Syrup of Figs" because it is perfectly harmless; children love it, and it never fails to act on the stomach, liver and bowels.

Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly printed on the bottle. Adv.

### Amusing

Bill—The business men of Sacramento, Cal., have formed a "Sorefoot League" for health and amusement objects.

Bill—I fail to see where health is helped, but I can see the amusement part when another brother steps on a tack.

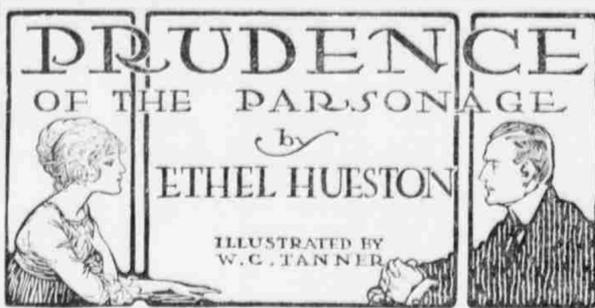
### Allen's Foot-Ease for the Troops.

Many war men throughout have ordered Allen's Foot-Ease, the magic powder, for use among the troops. Shows into the shoes and sprinkled in the foot-bath, Allen's Foot-Ease gives rest and comfort, and makes walking a delight. Sold everywhere. Try it today. Adv.

### Large Mites

Joe Arnold of Waukegan, Tex., raised a watermelon that weighed 100 pounds.

American gloves are in demand in Cuba.



## THE MEMBERS OF THE CONGREGATION FORGET THAT THE PARSONAGE FOLKS NEED MONEY FOR CHRISTMAS, SO LITTLE CONNIE TELLS BANKER SOME PLAIN TRUTHS

Mr. Starr, a widower Methodist minister, comes to Mount Mark, Ia., to take charge of the congregation there. He has five charming daughters, the eldest of whom, Prudence, age nineteen, keeps house and mothers the family. Her younger sisters are Fairy, the twins Carol and Lark, and Constance, the "baby." The family's coming stirs the curiosity of the townspeople. After a few weeks the Starrs are well settled. Prudence has her hands full with the mischievous youngsters, but she loves them devotedly despite their outrageous pranks. It is a joyous household, but the parsonage girls are embarrassed at Christmas time because the congregation has failed to pay the pastor's salary. Little Connie needs clothing and sadly disappointed, takes matters into her own hands.

### CHAPTER VI—Continued.

"Oh, I had her dressed warmly underneath, very warmly indeed," declared Prudence. "But no matter how warm you are underneath, you look cold if you aren't visibly prepared for winter weather. I kept hoping enough money would come in to buy her a coat for once in her life."

"She has been looking forward to one long enough," put in Fairy. "This will be a bitter blow to her. And yet it is not such a bad-looking coat, after all." And she quickly ran up a seam on the machine.

"Here comes Connie!" Prudence hastily swept a pile of scraps out of sight, and turned to greet her little sister with a cheery smile.

"Come on in, Connie," she cried, with a brightness she did not feel. "Fairy and I are making you a new coat. Isn't it pretty? And so warm! See the nice velvet collar and cuffs. We want to fit it on you right away, dear."

Connie picked up a piece of the goods and examined it intently.

"Don't you want some fudge, Connie?" exclaimed Fairy, shoving the dish toward her hurriedly.

Connie took a piece from the plate, and thrust it between her teeth. Her eyes were still fastened upon the brown furry cloth.

"Where did you get this stuff?" she inquired, as soon as she was able to speak.

"Out of the trunk in the garret, Connie. Don't you want some more fudge? I put a lot of nuts in, especially on your account."

"It's good," said Connie, taking another piece. She examined the cloth very closely. "Say, Prudence, isn't that that old brown coat of father's?"

Fairy shoved her chair back from the machine, and ran to the window. "Look, Prue," she cried. "Isn't that Mrs. Adams coming this way? I wonder—"

"No, it isn't," answered Connie gravely. "It's just Miss Avery getting home from school.—Isn't it, Prudence? Father's coat, I mean?"

"Yes, Connie, it is," said Prudence, very gently. "But no one here has seen it, and it is such nice cloth—just exactly what girls are wearing now."

"But I wanted a new coat!" Connie did not cry. She stood looking at Prudence with her wide hurt eyes.

"Oh, Connie, I'm just as sorry as you are," cried Prudence, with starting tears. "I know just how you feel about it dearest! But the people didn't pay father up last month. Maybe after Christmas we can get you a coat. They pay up better then."

"I think I'd rather wear my summer coat until then," said Connie soberly.

"Oh, but you can't, dearest. It is too cold. Won't you be a good girl now, and not make sister feel badly about it? It really is becoming to you, and it is nice and warm. Take some more fudge, dear, and run out-of-doors a while. You'll feel better about it presently, I'm sure."

Connie stood solemnly beside the table, her eyes still fastened on the coat, cut down from her father's. "Can I go and take a walk?" she asked finally.

"May I, you mean," suggested Fairy. "Yes, may I? Maybe I can reconcile myself to it."

"Yes, go and take a walk," urged Prudence promptly, eager to get the small sober face beyond her range of vision.

"If I am not back when the twins get home, go right on and out without me. I'll come back when I get things straightened out in my mind."

When Connie was quite beyond hearing, Prudence dropped her head on the table and wept. "Oh, Fairy, if the members just knew how such things hurt, maybe they'd pay up a little better. How do they expect parsonage people to keep up appearances when they haven't any money?"

"Oh, now, Prue, you're worse than Connie! There's no use to cry about it. Parsonage people have to find happiness in spite of financial misery. Money isn't the first thing with folks like us."

"Poor little Connie! If she had

cried about it, I wouldn't have cared so much. But she looked so—heart-sick, didn't she, Fairy?"

Connie certainly was heart-sick. More than that, she was a little disgusted. She felt herself aroused to take action. Things had gone too far! Go to church in her father's coat she could not! She walked sturdily down the street toward the "city"—ironically so called. Her face was stony, her hands were clenched. But finally she brightened. Her lagging steps quickened. She skipped along quite cheerfully. She turned westward as she reached the corner of the square, and walked along that business street with shining eyes. In front of the First National bank she paused, but after a few seconds she passed by. On the opposite corner was another bank. When she reached it, she walked in without pausing, and the massive door swung behind her.

The four older girls were at the table when Connie came home. She exhaled quiet satisfaction from every pore. Prudence glanced at her once, and then looked away again. "She has reconciled herself," she thought. "Dinner was half over before Constance burst her bomb."

"Are you going to be busy this afternoon, Prudence?" she asked quietly.

"We are going to sew a little," said Prudence. "Why?"

"I wanted you to go downtown with me after school."

"Well, perhaps I can do that. Fairy will be able to finish the coat alone."

"You needn't finish the coat—I can't wear father's coat to church, Prudence. It's a—physical impossibility."

The twins laughed, Fairy smiled, but Prudence gazed at "the baby" with tender pity.

"I'm so sorry, dearest, but we haven't the money to buy one now."

"Will five dollars be enough?" inquired Connie, and she placed a crumpled new bill beside her plate. The twins gasped! They gazed at Connie with new respect. They were just wishing they could handle five-dollar bills so recklessly.

"Will you loan me twenty dollars until after Christmas, Connie?" queried Fairy.

But Prudence asked, "Where did you get this money, Connie?"

"I borrowed it—from the bank," Connie replied with proper gravity. "I have two years to pay it back. Mr. Harold says they are proud to have my trade."

Prudence was silent for several long seconds. Then she inquired in a low voice, "Did you tell him why you wanted it?"

"Yes, I explained the whole situation."

"What did he say?"

"He said he knew just how I felt, because he knew he couldn't go to church in his wife's coat.—No, I said that myself, but he agreed with me. He did not say very much, but he looked sympathetic. He said he anticipated great pleasure in seeing me in my new coat at church next Sunday."

"Go on with your luncheon, twins," said Prudence sternly. "You'll be late to school. We'll see about going downtown when you get home tonight, Connie. Now, eat your luncheon, and don't talk about coats any more."

When Connie had gone back to school, Prudence went straight to Mr. Harold's bank. Flushed and embarrassed, she explained the situation frankly. "My sympathies are all with Connie," she said candidly. "But I am afraid father would not like it. We are dead set against borrowing. After our mother was taken, we were crowded pretty close for money. So we had to go in debt. It took us two years to get it paid. Father and Fairy and I talked it over then, and decided we would starve rather than borrow again. Even the twins understood it, but Connie was too little. She doesn't know how heart-breaking it is to keep hanging over every cent for debt, when one is just yearning for other things. I do wish she might have the coat, but I'm afraid father would not like it. She gave me the five dollars for safekeeping, and I have brought it back."

Mr. Harold shook his head. "No, Connie must have her coat. This will be a good lesson for her. It will teach

her the bitterness of living under debt! Besides, Prudence, I think in my heart that she is right this time. This is a case where borrowing is justified. Get her the coat, and I'll square the account with your father." Then he added, "And I'll look after this salary business after this. I'll arrange with the trustees that I am to pay your father his full salary the first of every month, and that the church receipts are to be turned in to me. And if they do not pay up, my lawyer can do a little investigating! Little Connie earned that five dollars, for she taught one trustee a sorry lesson. And he will have to pass it on to the others in self-defense! Now, run along and get the coat, and if five dollars isn't enough you can have as much more as you need. Your father will get his salary after this, my dear, if we have to mortgage the parsonage!"

### CHAPTER VII.

#### A Burglar's Visit.

"Prue!" A small hand gripped Prudence's shoulder, and again came a hoarse whisper: "Prue!"

Prudence sat up in bed with a bounce.

"What in the world?" she began, gazing out into the room, half-lighted by the moonshine, and seeing Carol and Lark shivering beside her bed.

"Sh! Sh! Hush!" whispered Lark. "There's a burglar in our room!"

By this time, even sound-sleeping Fairy was awake. "Oh, there is!" she scolded.

"Yes, there is," declared Carol with some heat. "We heard him, plain as day. He stepped into the closet, didn't he, Lark?"

"He certainly did," agreed Lark. "Did you see him?"

"No, we heard him. Carol heard him first, and she spoke, and nudged me. Then I heard him, too. He was at our dresser, but he shot across the room and into the closet. He closed the door after him. He's there now."

"You've been dreaming," said Fairy, lying down again.

"We don't generally dream the same thing at the same minute," said Carol sternly. "I tell you he's in there."

"And you two great big girls came off and left poor little Connie in there

## HOME TOWN HELPS

### LEARNING TO KNOW FLOWERS

Information That Would Be of Immense Value to the Man Who Is Planning a Home.

The home-maker, with facilities at hand, could choose wisely what to plant in his own home grounds. Lectures, instructive and helpful though they are, can hardly accomplish for the amateur planter in the course of half a year what a single visit to a shrubbery or a perennial garden would accomplish for him in half an hour. And, in addition, as everyone knows, the parks themselves would be all the more interesting and delightful for these garden sections.

The average person knows few shrubs and few flowers. To tell one of these that the snowball with which he is familiar is only one of a score or more of available viburnums; that the shrub he knows as a "Blue" can be had in numerous varieties, some growing even into tree form, or that what he calls the "syringa" or the "mock orange," can be had in dwarf bush that is a mere pygmy beside its robust cousin—to recount facts of this sort is to surprise him. Yet it is important that facts of this sort be brought before him. There is too much uniformity in the planting of city yards—too much use made of the same material. Public gardens, exhibiting not only the common varieties, but the uncommon as well, those not so often met with but despite that, quite as beautiful as the others, would serve to overcome the tendency toward monotony already only too apparent. There are many purposes, as a matter of fact, that these gardens would serve, all of which the park board might do well to consider.

### MAIL BOX OF RUSTIC DESIGN

Minnesota Farmer Had Good Idea When He Placed Ornament in Front of His Home.

A rural mail box, rusty and dilapidated, such as one occasionally sees fastened to the top of an insecure post at a distressing angle, presents a sharp contrast to the mail box which a Minnesota farmer has erected in front of his home. The box itself, which is of the ordinary metal type, is enclosed in a miniature log cabin with a gable roof. The post supporting the box and cabin is surrounded with short sticks which have been laid crosswise. The rustic effect is very pleasing.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

### Fire Prevention Education.

Fire prevention in public schools and fire prevention in homes are matters naturally of keen interest. In the first case the question is largely one of proper legislation regarding the construction and protection of school buildings; in the second case it is largely a matter of individual education. It is estimated that 60 per cent of fires occur in homes, though of course 60 per cent of the fire loss does not result therefrom.

Perhaps it is education which must be relied upon to furnish the chief weapon in the fight for fire prevention. Legislation is important; so is inspection of the construction and condition of buildings so that legislation may be backed up. But, speaking broadly, the co-operation of the individual, due to his "enlightened self-interest," is probably the essential factor in fire prevention as it is in the other activities of the Safety First federation.—Baltimore News.

### Owning Home Gives Sense of Security

Ownership, like faith, affords a sense of security—and the whole conception of home is based on a feeling of security. You can close the door and the world is shut out. You can go away from it, and it will be there when you come back.

Now the tenant, the man who lives in other people's houses, can never be sure that it will be there when he comes back. In fact, that is one of the reasons why he lives in another man's house—he doesn't want it there when he comes back. And he sets forth on an eternal quest after an elusive, visionary something whose absence makes this present dwelling a whitened sepulcher.

### Need Not Endanger Sewers.

Complaints are heard of tree roots entering sewers, but if the joints are perfect no such thing is possible. Roots are attracted only by soil moisture and cannot partake of food through any other medium. Therefore no moisture, no roots. Concrete is never waterproof, but may be made so by asphalt and other coverings. If so treated and a good job is done, no tree roots will ever enter a sewer through a joint in the pipe.

### Strong Drinks Irritate

Strong drinks like beer, whiskey, tea and coffee, irritate the kidneys and habitual use tends to weaken them. Daily backache, with headache, nervousness, dizzy spells and a rheumatic condition should be taken as a warning of kidney trouble. Cut out, or at least moderate, the stimulant, and use Doan's Kidney Pills. They are fine for weak kidneys. Thousands recommend them.

### A South Dakota Case

"Every Minute Tells a Story" H. E. Murphy, farmer, Pierre, S. D., says: "Kidney complaint had made me an invalid and I had to stay in bed. My limbs were terribly swollen, and my whole body was racked with pain. Doctors seemed unable to help me. Finally I used Doan's Kidney Pills and they completely cured me. I owe my life to them."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box  
**DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS**  
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

### The Army of Constipation

Is Growing Smaller Every Day. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are responsible—they not only give relief—they permanently cure Constipation. Millions use them for Biliousness, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Sallow Skin. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature

*Wheat Food*

**PATENTS** Watson E. Coleman, Washington, D.C. Books free. Highest references. Best results.

### Sioux City Directory

"Hub of the Northwest."

FOR BEST SERVICE SHIP **RICE BROTHERS** Live Stock Commission Merchants at **SIoux CITY, Chicago or Kansas City**

Just for a Change.

"If I were writing a play in which a wealthy married couple had the principle roles, do you know what I would do?"

"What?"

"I would have them refer to their courtship in Petrograd, Constantinople or Bucharest."

"But what's the idea?"

"Oh, just to get away from Venice and Monte Carlo, where two-thirds of the married couple on the stage seem to have met each other."

### TAKES OFF DANDRUFF HAIR STOPS FALLING

Girls! Try This! Makes Hair Thick, Glossy, Fluffy, Beautiful—No More Itching Scalp.

Within ten minutes after an application of Danderine you cannot find a single trace of dandruff or falling hair and your scalp will not itch, but what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use, when you see new hair, fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—growing all over the scalp.

A little Danderine immediately doubles the beauty of your hair. No difference how dull, faded, brittle and scraggy, just moisten a cloth with Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. The effect is amazing—your hair will be light, fluffy and wavy, and have an appearance of abundance; an incomparable luster, softness and luxuriance.

Get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any store, and prove that your hair is as pretty and soft as any—that it has been neglected or injured by careless treatment—that's all—you surely can have beautiful hair and lots of it if you will just try a little Danderine. Adv.

Emperor Charles of Austria is fond of horse racing.

## Boschee's German Syrup

We take cold some time and everybody should have Boschee's German Syrup handy at all times for the treatment of throat and lung troubles, bronchial coughs, etc. It has been on the market 21 years. No better recommendation is possible. It gently soothes inflammation, eases a cough, insures a good night's sleep, with free expectoration in the morning. Druggists and dealers everywhere, 25c and 75c bottles. Don't take substitutes.

## Boschee's German Syrup

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