

INDEPENDENCE ON THE FARM

SPLENDID RESULTS FOLLOW
FARMING IN THE CANADIAN
WEST.

Americans in Canada Not Asked to
Forget That They Were Born
Americans.

Farm produce today is remunerative, and this helps to make farm life agreeable. Those who are studying the economics of the day tell us that the strength of the nation lies in the cultivation of the soil. Farming is no longer a hand-to-mouth existence. It means independence, often affluence, but certainly independence.

Calling at a farm house, near one of the numerous thriving towns of Alberta, in Western Canada, the writer was given a definition of "independence" that was accepted as quite original. The broad acres of the farmer's land had a crop—and a splendid one, too, by the way—ripening for the reapers' work. The evenness of the crop, covering field after field, attracted attention, as did also the neatness of the surroundings, the well-built substantial story-and-a-half log house, and the well-rounder sides of the cattle.

His broken English—he was a French Canadian—was easily understandable and pleasant to listen to. He had come there from Montreal a year ago, had paid \$20 an acre for the 320-acre farm, with the little improvement it had. He had never farmed before, yet his crop was excellent, giving evidence as to the quality of the soil, and the good judgment that had been used in its preparation. And brains count in farming as well as "brawn." Asked how he liked it there, he straightened his broad shoulders, and with hand outstretched towards the waving fields of grain, this young French Canadian, model of symmetrical build, replied:

"Be gosh, yes, we like him—the farmin'—well, don't we, Jeannette?" as he smilingly turned to the young wife standing near. She had accompanied him from Montreal to his farthest home, to assist him by her wifely help and companionship, in making a new home in this new land. "Yes, we come here now year ago, and we never farm before. Near Montreal, me father, he kep de gris' mill, an' de cardin' mill, an' he gosh! he run de cheese factor' too. He work, an' me work, an' us work tar har', be gosh! Us work for de farmer; well den, sometn' go not always w'at you call

been re-sown to feed. There are individual crops which will run as high as 45 bushels on acres of 500 and 1,000 acres, but there are others which will drop as low as 15. A safe average for winter wheat will be 19 bushels. The sample is exceptionally fine, excepting in a few cases where it has been wrinkled by extreme heat.

The northern section of Alberta has been naturally anxious to impress the world with the fact that it has not suffered from drought, and this is quite true. Wheat crops run from 20 to 30 bushels to an acre, but in a report such as this it is really only possible to deal with the province as a whole and while the estimate may seem very low to the people of Alberta, it is fair to the province throughout.

When the very light rainfall and other eccentricities of the past season are taken into account, it seems nothing short of a miracle that the Canadian West should have produced 107 million bushels of wheat, which is less than 18 million bushels short of the crop of 1909. It is for the West generally a paying crop and perhaps the best advertisement the country has ever had, as it shows that no matter how dry the year, with thorough tillage, good seed and proper methods of conserving the moisture, a crop can always be produced.

As some evidence of the feeling of the farmers, are submitted letters written by farmers but a few days ago, and they offer the best proof that can be given.

Maidstone, Sask., Aug. 4, '10.
I came to Maidstone from Menominee, Wis., four years ago, with my parents and two brothers. We all located homesteads at that time and now have our patents. The soil is a rich black loam as good as I have ever seen. We have had good crops each year and in 1909 they were exceedingly good. Wheat yielding from 22 to 40 bushels per acre and oats from 40 to 80. We are well pleased with the country and do not care to return to our native state. I certainly believe that Saskatchewan is just the place for a hustler to get a start and make himself a home. Wages here for farm labor range from \$35 to \$45 per month. Lee Dow.

Tofield, Alberta, July 10, 1910.
I am a native of Texas, the largest and one of the very best states of the Union. I have been here three years and have not one desire to return to the States to live. There is no place I know of that offers such splendid inducements for capital, brain and brawn. I would like to say to all who are not satisfied where you are, make a trip to Western Canada; if you do not like it you will feel well repaid for your trip. Take this from one who's on the ground. We enjoy splendid government, laws, school, railway facilities, health, and last, but not least, an ideal climate, and this from a Texan. O. L. Pugh.

James Normur of Porter, Wisconsin, after visiting Dauphin, Manitoba, says: "I have been in Wisconsin 25 years, coming out from Norway. Never have I seen better land and the crops in East Dauphin are better than I have ever seen, especially the oats. There is more straw and it has heavier heads than ours in Wisconsin.

"This is just the kind of land we are looking for. We are all used to mixed farming and the land we have seen is finely adapted to that sort of work. Cattle, hogs, horses and grain will be my products, and for the live stock, prospects could not be better. I have never seen such cattle as are raised here on the wild prairie grasses and the vetch that stands three or four feet high in the groves and on the open prairie.

Sir Wilfred Laurier Talks to Americans.

Sir Wilfred Laurier, Premier of Canada, is now making a tour of Western Canada and in the course of his tour he has visited many of the districts in which Americans have settled. He expresses himself as highly pleased with them. At Craig, Saskatchewan, the American settlers joined with the others in an address of welcome. In replying Sir Wilfred said in part:

"I understand that many of you have come from the great Republic to the south of us—a land which is akin to us by blood and tradition. I hope that in coming from a free country you realize that you come also to another free country, and that although you came from a republic you have come to what is a crowned democracy. The King, our sovereign, has perhaps not so many powers as the President of the United States, but whether we are on the one side of the line or the other, we are all brothers by blood, by kinship, by ties of relationship. In coming here as you have come and becoming naturalized citizens of this country no one desires you to forget the land of your ancestors. It would be a poor man who would not always have in his heart a fond affection for the land which he came from. The two greatest countries today are certainly the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and the Republic of the United States. Let them be united together and the peace of the world will be forever assured.

"I hope that in coming here as you have, you have found liberty, justice and equality of rights. In this country, as in your own, you know nothing of separation of creed and race, for you are all Canadians here. And if I may express a wish it is that you would become as good Canadians as you have been good Americans and that you may yet remain good Americans. We do not want you to forget what you have been; but we want you to look more to the future than to the past. Let me, before we part, tender you the sincere expression of my warmest gratitude for your reception.

TAVERNAY

A Tale of the Red Terror

BY BURTON E. STEVENSON.

Author of "The Marathon Mystery," "The Holladay Case," "A Soldier of Virginia," etc.

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CHAPTER XIII—(Continued)

"I know it!" confessed his master, and with his forehead with a shaking hand. "Yet I would have risked it gladly, had I only killed that scoundrel. I must kill him—I must kill him. I could not rest in my grave with him alive!"

"Who is it?" asked Madame. "Who is it that you wish to kill?"

"The scoundrel who set these peasants on."

"Who seeks your life?"

"Oh, more than my life, madame!" he answered hoarsely. "More than my life! I could forgive him that!"

For a moment, she stared at him, not understanding. Then her face went white with horror and she put out a hand for support.

"I cannot come to that!" she murmured. "At least, we will not let it come to that!"

"No," he said, and drew her to him. "Do not fear, my love. It shall never come to that!"

The firing had slackened and at last he ventured to look down again. The mob had drawn away from the tower and had gathered into little groups staring up at it.

"It is to be a siege," said M. le Comte, laughing grimly. "If we were only provisioned, we might hold out indefinitely—and these rogues have little patience."

But Padeloup shook his head.

"You do not know them, monsieur," he said. "They have patience enough. But it is not a siege they are planning—it is an assault—I am sure of it."

"Well, let them plan," retorted his master. "Let them assault. Much good will it do them!"

"No doubt," said Padeloup, quietly. "the governor of the Bastille uttered the same words when he looked down at the unnamed mob of Paris from the battlement of his prison."

"You are right, my friend," said M. le Comte, gently. "He did not understand the power of the people. But I, who have been in La Vendee, should know better. You think we are in danger, then?"

"Beyond question," answered Padeloup. "And I am glad that it is so—that there will be no siege. Since there is no success for us anywhere, we must, in the end, either starve or surrender. For myself, I prefer the short sharp fight, with death at the end of it."

"And I?" he asked.

"For myself I can say the same," agreed M. le Comte. "But for the women, and he glanced toward where they stood, shrouded by the parapet.

"For the women," said Padeloup, grimly, "the last bullets must be saved."

"There is nothing then, but to remain here and be murdered?" demanded his master. "You believe that, Padeloup?"

"Not in the least, monsieur," answered the other cheerfully. "We shall first make every effort to escape."

"But how?"

"I must think about it," said Padeloup, with a self assurance which at another time would have been amusing. There is no time to be lost," he disappeared down the stairs leading to the floor below.

My companion looked after him musingly.

"Ah, Tavernay," he said, "I am beginning to suspect that there are depths in these peasants of which we have never dreamed. I have seen them fight like heroes and I had always thought them cowards. Here tonight I have seen one stand erect, a man, and I had fancied that they could only crawl. When France wins through this peril and shakes off this madness which has seized her, the three of us will be such a scarcity of hearts as the world has never seen."

A sudden stillness had fallen upon the mob below; no sound rose to the platform save the cracking of the flames. He looked down and saw what this unaccustomed silence meant, and found that the little groups of people had drawn still farther away from the tower and were watching it with a kind of awed expectancy. Their silence was infinitely more sinister than their shouting; there was something about it—something horrible and threatening, which sent a chill to the very marrow. Why should they stand there staring at the tower? What frightful thing was about to happen?

M. le Comte evidently felt the same forbidding, for he gazed down at them with drawn brows.

"What do they mean?" he muttered. "What do they mean?"

He stared a moment longer, then turned to his wife.

"Come to my love," he said, and when she came, drew her to him and held her close.

My heart was full to bursting. In an instant I was beside Charlotte.

"My love," I said softly, and held out my arms to her.

"What is it?" she whispered. "Oh, what is it?"

"I do not know. They are preparing something, awaiting something. It is the end, perhaps."

"The end?" she echoed hoarsely. "The end, and she stared up into my eyes, her lips trembling.

"And if it were," I questioned gently, "would you not wish to meet it with my arms about you? Oh, they are longing for you."

She did not answer, but I fancied she swayed toward me.

In an instant she was close against my heart—close against my heart.

"Since this is the end," I said, softly, "since there is no future, you are going to love me, are you not, Charlotte? And there is a future! In a moment more nothing can ever separate us—your soul and mine! Look at me, my love!"

The tears were streaming down her face as she lifted it to mine.

"Kiss me!" she whispered. "Kiss me!"

I bent and kissed her and felt her warm lips answer. Oh, now I could smile in the very face of death!

"I love you!" I murmured, my pulses bounding wildly. "I love you—love you—love you! Now and always, I love you for life or death—"

A deep roar burst upon the night, a sheet of livid flame leaped upward toward us, and the tower swayed and trembled as though smitten by some mighty hand.

mine!" and putting his wife gently from him, he hurried himself toward the stair.

Blindly I bent and kissed the red lips still raised to mine, put away the clinging hands—with what aching of the heart may be imagined—and followed M. le Comte without daring to look back. Down we flew, half smothered by the fumes of sulphur and clouds of dust, down into that black pit which yawned to swallow us, one flight, two—then M. le Comte held me back.

"Wait," he said; "wait," and he descended cautiously some few steps. He was back beside me in a moment. "They have made a breach," he said. "I could see the glint of their torches through it. But they must clear away the debris before they can enter. We have perhaps five minutes."

"We can hold the stair," I said. "It is steep and narrow. Two swords can keep an army back."

"But once they gain entrance below us, they can burn us out. No, we must escape, Tavernay—or make a dash for it. Better death by the sword than by fire."

"And the women?"

"For them," he said, with set teeth, "the same death as for us—it is the only way. For me, my wife; for you, Charlotte. Are you brave enough to thrust your sword into her heart, my friend?"

A cold sweat broke out upon me, head to foot.

"God in heaven, no!" I cried hoarsely. "Not that—anything but that!"

"As for me," said my companion, with a terrible calmness, "I prefer to kill my wife rather than abandon her to the mercies of Goujon. Come, Tavernay, be a man! You love her and love you hesitate!"

"Love her! Oh, God!" I groaned.

"Come! We have but a moment. They are almost through!" and, indeed, I could hear the frantic blows with which the debris was being swept away. I could see the reflection of the torches in the darkness. By a supreme effort I controlled the trembling which shook me.

"Very well, monsieur," I said, as calmly as I could, "I am ready. What is it you propose?"

By the dim glare of the torches I could see his white face, poised like a phantom's in the air before me.

"Spoken like a man!" he said and gripped my hand. "What I propose is this—we will hold this stair until they find they cannot carry it by assault; they will ascend the platform, bid the women good-by—God of Heaven, what is that?"

I, too, heard the blood curdling sound which rose suddenly in one corner of the room. It was a sort of snarling whine, which, as I felt and rose again, mixed with a hideous panting which never stopped. There was something bestial about it—something appalling, inhuman—yet what beast could produce a sound like that?

Cautiously I approached the corner, sword in hand. Whatever it was, however formidable, we must have it out—we could run no risk of being taken in the rear. The great, draped bed leaped through the darkness, sinister and threatening. The sounds came from within it—the thing had taken refuge there. As I stared with smarting eyes, I fancied I could see the curtains quiver, as though the thing behind them was trembling with eagerness to spring upon us.

"A light! We must have a light!" cried M. le Comte, stamping his feet in an agony of impatience. "God's blood! What is it, Tavernay?"

Gripping my teeth to restrain their clashing, I advanced to the bed and jerked down the rotting curtains. They fell in a suffocating shower of dust, yet even then I could see nothing of what lay behind. But the noise ceased. Then suddenly beside me rose a phantom, which, even as I drew back my arm to strike, seized my wrist and held it in a grip of steel.

"Not so fast, monsieur," said a hoarse voice.

"Padeloup! Was it you, then?"

But Padeloup had already turned to his master.

"I have a rope, M. le Comte," he said simply.

"A rope! A rope! But where did you get it, Padeloup?"

Oh, I had trouble enough loosening those knots! They had been tightened by I know not what weight! The people who lay in that bed were giants! And at the end, I thought it would be too late. But it is not—it is not! Come—there is yet a chance!"

He started for the stair, and at the same instant there came from below a crash of falling stone and a chorus of exultant yells.

"They have broken through," said M. le Comte. "They will be upon us in a moment. Tavernay, to you I confide my wife, and to you, Padeloup! Hasten! Hasten! I will keep them back," and he took his station at the stair head.

Without a word Padeloup threw the rope to me, sprang to the corner where the bed stood, and with a single jerk ripped off one of the heavy posts, tipped with iron; then, pushing his master aside, roughly and yet tenderly, he seized for himself the post of danger, from which there could be no retreat.

"Go, messieurs," he cried. "Go quickly! There is yet time!"

"Go, monsieur, go!" urged Padeloup. "A cowardly thing to run away, leaving this man to face the frenzied mob—to abandon him to permit him to lay down his life for us—such a cowardly thing!"

He glanced around to see us still standing there.

"Not gone!" he cried furiously. "Body of God! Are we all to die, then—and the women, too? Fools! Cowards!"

"He is right," said M. le Comte, hoarsely. "He is right, Tavernay—it is cowardice holds us here! We must go, if we would save the women. Padeloup," he said, "I thank thee. I honor thee. Thou art a better man than I!"

"Go, monsieur, go!" urged Padeloup. "I am paying my debt. My life has been yours, any time these 20 years. It is nothing. Go."

Without a word M. le Comte turned and started up the stair. I followed him, my eyes blurred with tears. And as we went, we heard a rush of feet behind us, then a chorus of groans and yells, which told us that the attack had begun, and that Padeloup, stood firm.

And M. le Comte's words were ringing in my head.

Padeloup, Padeloup! A better man than I! A better man than I!

C. PTER XV.

The End of Gabirelle's Tower.

Not until we had reached the platform and come out into the clear

moonlight and the radiance of the glow cast by the flames was it possible for us to examine the rope and ascertain if Padeloup had really provided us with a means of escape. It was a cord light but of unusual strength which had been passed from side to side of the bed to support the bedding, and not rotten as I had feared. But it was too short—a glance told me that—too short by many feet to reach from the parapet to the ground.

"We must use one of the windows," I said, and M. le Comte assented with a motion of the head.

I ran down to the floor below, and, closing my ears as well as I could, to the shrieks and curses of the mob which was struggling to force a passage to the stair, flung back the shutter of the window which looked out upon the wood opposite the chateau. Then cautiously I scanned the ground about the tower, but could see no evidence of my guard, nor any stragglers from the mob which was hurling itself on Padeloup. With a deep breath of relief, I withdrew my head, and securing one end of the cord to the great hinge of the shutter, made a loop in the other.

At that instant, M. le Comte came down the stair, bringing the women with him. He noted my arrangements at a glance and approved them with a nod.

"Now, my love," he said, and madame came forward at once, pale, but holding herself admirably in hand.

By the moonlight which flooded the apartment through the open window, I perceived, dark against her bosom, the handle of a dagger, and instantly I knew who had given it to her and why.

"I am ready, monsieur," she said, and lifted a radiant face to his. I knew that she believed she was going to her death and was not afraid.

"Good!" he cried. "You are setting us all an example of courage. Sit here on the window sill—so; now swing your loop over—so; now place them in this loop and grasp the rope tightly. Stay close by the tower until we descend. It will be but a moment. And now good by, my love."

She bent and kissed him, then let herself slide slowly from the window ledge, while we heaved ourselves for the shock. I could see the slender which shook her as she whirled for a moment in midair; I saw her teeth sink into her lip to restrain the cry of terror which rose in her throat. Then she succeeded in steadying herself, and we lowered her hand over hand.

"God grant that she has not been seen," murmured M. le Comte, and from my heart I echoed the prayer.

In a moment the rope slackened and we knew that she had reached the ground. M. le Comte leaned out and looked down at her and waved his hand.

"She is safe," he said, "she has not been seen."

In a breath we had drawn the rope up again.

"Now, Charlotte," said M. le Comte, and I helped her to mount the window ledge.

"Mademoiselle," I said hoarsely, "take this pistol; conceal it somewhere in your gown. And if you are surprised, if you see there is no escape, use it."

For an instant she did not understand; then, with a quick breath, she held out her hand.

"Thank you," she said quietly. "I shall not forget," and she thrust the weapon beneath her cloak.

"My love," I whispered, and with a quick blush she passed her lips to mine. "My love, my love."

She smiled at me and held her eyes on mine; then she passed slowly downward, out of sight. A moment more and she, too, had reached the ground.

So concerned had we been in getting them safely down, that neither of us had thought of fear for the tumult beneath our feet; but now, as I paused an instant to take breath, it seemed to me that it was mounting toward us.

"You next, M. le Comte," I said, "and do not wait for me. Get under cover of the wood, and I will join you—but do not wait too long."

He hesitated an instant, then sprang to the sill.

"That is best," he answered. "We shall wait for you at the edge of the wood directly west of the tower. You cannot miss us. And we will wait until you come."

He gripped my hand, caught the rope and disappeared from the window. At the same instant I turned and darted down the stair.

At every step the pandemonium below grew in volume until it seemed that the fiends of hell were fighting on that narrow stair: the pungent smell of powder assailed my nostrils and through the darkness I caught the flash of musket and pistol and the glare of torches. But with a grasp of relief I saw that the mob had not yet gained a foothold in the room.

(Continued Next Week.)



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AWFUL.



Stranger—I suppose you people in this town think you have the grandest climate in the country?

Man With a Cold—No; but we claim the greatest variety.

Opportunity of Suffragist.

Baroness Aletta Korff tells in one of the magazines how the women of Finland came to vote. The fact is that women had to show that they could meet an emergency before the vote came to them. They have not had many opportunities to take the initiative in the world's history and they have not always responded when the opportunity came, but when a crisis, such as that in 1904, when the strike and the revolutionary outbreak in Russia took place at the same time, occurred, they proved they could make peace by doing it. Not until England and the United States find the women helping them to bear some great trouble will they give them the right to vote.

Global Lightning.

Yesterday the inhabitants of Lewis-ham were provided with a specimen of that curious phenomenon known as "global lightning." It is what is commonly called the "fire ball," and as it persists for several seconds it is obviously of a totally different character from any other form of lightning. It is much less brilliant than ordinary lightning, and its brightness appears to be that of iron at the "red hot" stage.

It is not, as some accounts might lead one to infer, a solid missile, but it is always spherical and appears to fall from a thunder cloud by its own gravity, sometimes rebounding after striking the ground.—London Globe.

Source of Revelation.

Twenty-seven new, crisp \$1 bills, says Harper's Weekly, weigh as much as a \$20 gold piece. Wouldn't have thought it, and have no means of proving the assertion, but if so it is probably owing in some way to the recent activity of the inspectors of weights and measures.

"NO FRILLS"

Just Sensible Food Cured Him.

Sometimes a good, healthy commercial traveler suffers from poorly selected food and is lucky if he learns that Grape-Nuts food will put him right.

A Cincinnati traveler says: "About a year ago my stomach got in a bad way. I had a headache most of the time and suffered misery. For several months I ran down until I lost about 40 pounds in weight and finally had to give up a good position and go home. Any food that I might use seemed to nauseate me.

"My wife, hardly knowing what to do, one day brought home a package of Grape-Nuts food and coaxed me to try it. I told her it was no use but finally to humor her I tried a little, and they just struck my taste. It was the first food I had eaten in nearly a year that did not cause any suffering.

"Well, to make a long story short, I began to improve and stuck to Grape-Nuts. I went up from 135 pounds in December to 194 pounds the following October.

"My brain is clear, blood all right and appetite too much for any man's pocketbook. In fact, I am thoroughly made over, and owe it all to Grape-Nuts. I talk so much about what Grape-Nuts will do that some of the men on the road have nicknamed me 'Grape-Nuts,' but I stand today a healthy, rosy-cheeked man—a pretty good example of what the right kind of food will do.

"You can publish this if you want to. It is a true statement without any frills."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

RANG THE BELL, ALL RIGHT



Estimate of Yield of Wheat in Western Canada for 1910 More Than One Hundred Million Bushels.

de' right, an' de farmer he say de' mean t'ing, be gosh! and tell us go to—well, anyway he tar'n mad. Now," and then he waved his hand again towards the fields, "I 'ave no bodder, no cardin' mill, no gris' mill, no cheese factor'. I am no de farmer man an' when me want to, me can say to de oder fellow! you go—! Well, we like him—the farmin'." And that was a good definition of independence.

Throughout a trip of several hundred miles in the agricultural district of Western Canada, the writer found the farmers in excellent spirits, an optimistic feeling being prevalent everywhere. It will be interesting to the thousands on the American side of the line to know that their relatives and friends are doing well there, that they have made their home in a country that stands up so splendidly under what has been trying conditions in most of the northwestern part of the farming districts of the continent. With the exception of some portions of Southern Alberta, and also a portion of Manitoba and Southern Saskatchewan the grain crops could be described as fair, good and excellent. The same drought that affected North and South Dakota, Montana, Minnesota, Wisconsin and other of the northern central states extended over into a portion of Canada just mentioned. But in these portions the crops for the past four or five years were splendid and the yields good.

The great province of Saskatchewan has suffered less from drought in proportion to her area under cultivation than either of the other provinces. On the other hand, instead of the drought being confined very largely to the south of the main line of the C. P. R. it is to be found in patches right through the center of northern Saskatchewan also. In spite of this, however, Saskatchewan has a splendid crop. A careful checking of the averages of yield, with the acreages in the different districts, gives an average yield of 15½ bushels to the acre.

In Southern Alberta one-fifth of the winter wheat will not be cut, or has