WESTERN CANADA'S **GOOD CROP** PROSPECTS

VIELDS OF WHEAT WILL LIKELY BE 25 TO 30 BUSHELS PER ACRE.

In an interview with Mr. W. J. White, who has charge of the Canadian government immigration offices in the United States, and who has recently made an extended trip through the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta in Western Canada. He said that every point he visited he was met with the one report, universally good crops of wheat, oats and barley. There will this year be a much increased acreage over last year. Many farmers, who had but one hundred acres last year, have increased their cultivated and seeded acreage as much as fifty per cent. With the prospects as they are at present, this will mean from \$12 to \$15 additional wealth to each. He saw many large fields running from 300 to 1,000 acres in extent and it appeared to him that there was not an acre of this but would yield from 20 to 25 or 30 bushels of wheat per acre, while the oat prospects might safely be estimated at from 40 to 70 bushels per acre. In all parts of the west, whether it be Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta, north and south, east and west, and in the districts where last year there was a partial failure of crops, the condition of all grain is universally good and claimed by most of the farmers to be from one to two weeks in advance of any year for the past ten or twelve years. It does not seem that there was a single foot of the ground that was properly seeded that would not produce.

There are those throughout western Canada who predict that there will be Men! She would have a horror of them There are those throughout western 200,000,000 bushels of wheat raised there this year, and if the present favorable conditions continue, there does not seem any reason why these prophesies should not come true. There is yet a possibility of hot winds reducing the quantity in some parts, but with the strongly rooted crops and the sufficiency of precipita-tion that the country has already been favored with, this probability is reduced to a minimum. The prices of farm lands at the present time are holding steady and lands can probably still be purchased at the price set this spring, ranging from \$15 to \$20 per acree but with a prophesies should not come true.

at the price set this spring, ranging the matter? from \$15 to \$20 per acre, but with a harvested crop, such as is expected, there is no reason why these same lands should not be worth from \$20 to \$25 per acre, with an almost absolute assurance that by next spring there will still be a further advance in prices.

Mr. White says that these lands are as cheap at today's figures with the country's proven worth as they were a few years ago at half the price when the general public had but a vague idea of the producing quality of western Canada lands.

The land agents at the different towns along the line of railway are very active. A large number of acres are turned over weekly to buyers from the different states in the south, where lands that produce no better are sold at from \$150 to \$200 per

HALF A ROGUE By HAROLD MAC GRATH

Author of The Man on the Box, The Puppet Crown, Hearts and Masks, Etc. Copyright Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis.

came to this city I expected to find rest in the house of the man I loved. . Patty does not come over. . What have I not suffered in silence and with aveider I between the provide

"Look!" with a cry of triumph. "What is it?"

She did so, her hands shaking piti-

illy. "I can't see, Richard." "That carbon sheet came from Mc-

"Where, Richard?"

John, read this."

eral weeks," simply. "Catch her, John!" cried Warring-

arms and started for the stars. "Were she guilty of all the crimes chronicled in hell, I still should love

"I'm not afraid of you. There is half a truth in that letter," began Warrington, facing about. "Your wife

CHAPTER XX.

things must be explained." "I shall wait for you, John."

But between you and me, Dick,

"To John." "No, no! John?"

CHAPTER _XIX-(Continued) The reporter and the semi-outcast smiled at each other. They saw their appetites appeased to satiety.

with smiles? I have seen them whis-pering; I have seen covert smiles, and nods, and shrugs. I knew. I was an actress. It seems that nothing too bad or vile can be thought of her who honestly throws her soul into the presteet off given to women An set "Does a bottle go with the order, Dick?" asked Jordan. "Half a dozen!" laughed Warrington. "Tve put vou in the city hall, Dick," said Osborne. "And don't forget me when vou're there."

when you're there." "Will there be a story for me?" Jor-

dan asked. "You'll have a page, Ben."

greatest glift given to woman. An act-ress! They speak of her in the same tone they would use regarding a creature of the streets. Well, because I loved my husband, I have said nothing; I have let the poison eat into my heart in silence "That's enough. Well, come on, Bill; we'll show the new mayor that we can order like gentlemen."

have said nothing; I have let the poison eat into my heart in silence. But this goes too far. I shall go mad if this thing can not be settled here and now. It is both my love and my honor. And you must do it, Richard; you must do it," "You say McOusde called you up by "I remember-" But Osborn never completed his reminiscence. Jor But Osborne dan was already propelling him toward the door.

Once the door had closed upon them Once the door had closed upon them, Warrington capered around the room like a school boy. The publication of this confederacy between Morissy and McQuade would swing the doubting element over to his side and split the ranks of the labor party. Party Party Bennington! He must "You say McQuade called you up by telephone?" "Yes." He struck his forehead. The carbon sheet! He ran to his forenead. The carbon sheet! He ran to his desk, pulled out all the drawers, tumbling the papers about till he found what he sought. From the letter to the faint imprint on the carbon sheet and back to the letter

ranks of the labor party. Patty, Patty Bennington! He must see her. It was impossible to wait an-other day. When was it he had seen her last? Patty, dark-eyed, elfish, winsome, merry! Oh, yes, he must see her at once, this very afternoon. "Patty is not feeling well," said Mrs. Bennington, as she welcomed Warring-ton at the door, an hour later. "I will call her. I am sure she will be glad to see you." his eyes moved, searching, scrutinizing.

"Do you see that mutilated letter T?" He indicated with his finger on the dim "Yes, yes!" "Compare it with the letter T in this

Warrington went into the music note. warnington when she finally appeared she was pale, her eyes were red, but her head was crect and her lips firm. "Patty, are you ill?" hastening tofully.

"That carbon sneet came from inc-Quade's office; so did that letter to John. And now, by the Lord! now to pull out Mr. McQuade's fangs, and slowly, too." He pocketed the two sheets. "Come!" His hat was still on ward her. "I have a very bad headache," coldly. "You wished to see me?"

"You have been crying. What has his head. happened?" anxiously.

for the rest of her days. "Not interest me? Don't you know, haven't you seen by this time, that you interest me more than any other living being or any angel in heaven?" "To him. We can not settle this mat-ter underground. We must fight in the open, in the light. John must know. You must be brave, girl. This is no time for timidity and tears." Patty caught at the portiere to steady She put forth many arguments, but to each he shook his head. "We are losing time," said Warring-ton. "When John reads these two docu-ments he will understand. Come."

So she followed him. They crossed the street without speaking. He helped her down this curb and up that. All this excitement lessened his own pain

block any future move of McQuade's but this other anonymous writer, whom Patty declared she knew? He went on doggedly. One battle at a time. Together they entered the house, together they passed from room to room in search of John. They came upon him reading in the library. He rose to greet them. There was no beating about the bush for Warring-ton. He went straight into the heart of things. Once the letter was in his hand, her arms dropped to her sides, tense. It was bezt so, to have it over with at once. She watched him. His hand fell slowly. It would have been difficult

to say which of the two was the whiter. "You speak of love!" Her wrath seemed to scorch her lips. "My poor of things. brother!"

Warrington straightened. "Do you believe this?" "Is it true?"

"An anonymous letter?" he replied, contemptuously.

"I know who wrote it." "Who?"

"I decline to answer."

"So you give me not even the benefit of a doubt! You believe it!" Patty was less observant than usual. "Will you please go now? I do not think there is anything more to be said." "No. I will go." He spoke quietly, but like a man who has received his death stroke. "One question more. Did McQuade write that letter?" "Catch her, John!" cried Warring-"No, no! I am not fainting. I am just dizzy." The poor woman groped her way to the lowner and law down

out the letters distinctly. He scarcery WHO THE "BLUENOSES" ARE reached the final line when he spun round, his face mobile with eagerness.

"Where did this come from?" "Indirectly, out of McQuade's waste "Morrissy and McQuade: both them! Oh, you have done me a service, Dick."

"But it cannot be used, John. That Quade's typewriter. So much for my political dreams! With that carbon body from the maritime provinces sheet I could pile up a big majority; 'bluenoses.' That's not it at all. It's without it I shall be defeated. But

"McQuade!" John slowly extended his arms and closed his fingers so tightly that his whole body trembled. An arm inside those fingers would have snapped like a pipe stem. "McQuade! Damn him!" care!" warned the "Take other.

"Take care!" warned the other. "Don't injure those letters. When my name was suggested by Senator Hen-derson as a possible candidate, Mc-Quade at once set about to see how he could injure my chances. He was afraid of me. An honest man, young, new in politics, and, therefore, unat-tached, was a menace to the success of his party, that is to say, his hold on tached, was a menace to the success of his party, that is to say, his hold on the city government. Among his henchmen was a man named Bolles." "Ah!" grimly. "He sent this man to New York to look up my past. In order to earn his money he brought back this lie, which is half a truth. Whether Mc-Quade believes it or not is of no mat-ter; it serves his purpose. Now.

ter; it serves his purpose. Now, John!"

John made no reply. With his hands (one still clutching the letters) behind his back, he walked the length of the room and returned.

"Will you take my word, which you have always found loyal, or the word of a man who has written himself down as a rascal, a briber, and a blackleg?" John put out his hand.

John put out his hand. "You're a good man, Dick. Dissipa-tion is sometimes a crucible that sep-erates the gold from the baser metals. It has done that to you. You are a good man, an honorable man. In com-ing to me like this you have shown yourself to be courageous as well. There was a moment when the sight of you filled my heart with murder. It was the night after I received that letter. I've been watching you, watch-ing, watching. Well, I would stake my chance of eternity on your honesty. I

Quade.

"Wait a day or two, John. If you meet him now, I believe you will do him bodily harm, and he has caused enough trouble, God knows." "But not to meet him! Not to cram

temporarily. But who had written to Patty, if not McQuade? He could block any future move of McQuade's

you.

would always walk between them. "Remember, Dick, Patty must never know anything of this. Nothing must come between her and my wife." "I shall say nothing to any one, john." Who had written to Patty? It took them a quarter of an hour to reach McQuade's office. Unfortunately for that gentleman, he was still in his office, and alone. The new typewriter and the two clerks had gone. He was still wondering why Osborne's nices had resigned so unexpectedly. Prob-ably she was going to get married. They always did when they had saved a penny or two. He laughed. He had been careless now and then, but what-ever she might have picked up in the way of business or political secrets would always marked a penny or two the marked the picked up in the way of business or political secrets would always and the marked the marked and hard as a bone: had net won the picked up in the way of business or political secrets had net more the marked the marked and hard as a bone: had a set the marked and hard as a bone: had net more the marked the marked and hard as a bone: had net more the marked the marked the marked and hard as a bone: had net more the marked the marked the marked and hard as a bone: had net more the marked the marked the marked the marked and hard as a bone: had net more the marked the ma "Believe it? I have had to struggle, have had to fight hard and all alone.

Dr. Joseph H. Pratt of Boston, who was the founder of the first tubercu Explanation That Possibly May End losis class in the United States in the a Misconception That Has Been Emmanuel church in Boston claims

Widespread.

"Lots of you folks in the states," said Thomas F. McCartney of St. only the Nova Scotians that we call so. And it's not because the people there have blue noses, either.

"I have met people here who really thought that folks down east were so called because their noses were always blue on account of the cold, raw climate they suppose prevails there.

"The fact is, the term 'bluenoses was first given to the inhabitants of the Cornwallis valley, who were the original raisers of a potato called the 'bluenose,' from its bluish skin. This potato was shipped to the states in large quantities, and the name of the potato became the name of the people who raised it."

THE REASON.

Where the Blame Rests. Mistress-Oh, dear! I'm afraid I'm losing my looks, Nora.

Nora-Ye are not, mum, it's the mirrors; they don't make them as good as they used to .-- Harper's Bazar.

Rest for Tuberculosis Patients.

that in the treatment of tuberculosis

absolute rest, often in bed, must be

extended over a period of months, be

fore the consumptive should take any

exercise. He says: "Prolonged rest

in bed out of doors yields better re sults than any other method of treat-

ing pulmonary tuberculosis. Patients

will have a better appetite and take

more food without discomfort and

gain weight and strength faster than

patients with active disease who are

allowed to exercise. Complications

are much less frequent. When used

in the incipient stage recovery is

more rapid and surer."

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 Chart Hiltether. In Use For Over 30 Years.

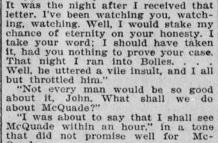
Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

The Proper Way. "Can you answer the questions about this bench show categorically?" "I prefer to do so dogmatically."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflamma-tion, allays pain.cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

Most sharp retorts are made in blunt language.

When you want the best there is, ask your grocer for Libby's Pickles - 27 and Olives 44 Bu. to the Acre ABULLERN from 120 acres (bu, persere, 26, 3 busbel yields work erous, As high INADA INADA bushels of oats to the acre were threshed fro Alberta fields in 1910. FREE The Silver Cur at the recent Spoka Fair was a warded to t its exhibit of grain vegetables, Report Da ields for 19 10-



"John, read this." John glanced at the sheet, and his face darkened. The look he shot his wife was indescribable. "When did this thing come?" asked "When did this thing come?" asked John, a slight tremor in his tone. "This morning." "Why did you not bring it to me?" he asked. "Why did you take it to Dick? You and he should not come to me; on the contrary, you and I should have gone to him. But never mind now. I have carried in my pocket a letter similar to this for sev-eral weeks," simply.

years that he must pass through alone, alone,—not even the man at his side would ever be quite the same to him, nor his wife. There was a shadow; it

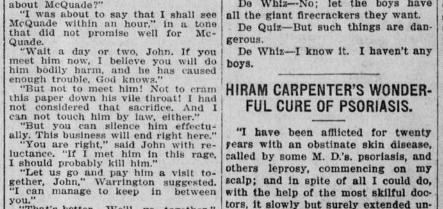
De Quiz-Are you in favor of a safe and sane Fourth of July?

De Whiz-No; let the boys have all the giant firecrackers they want. De Quiz-But such things are dan-

De Whiz-I know it. I haven't any boys.

HIRAM CARPENTER'S WONDER-

tors, it slowly but surely extended un-"That's better. We'll go together." And John went for his hat. Then he ran upstairs quickly. There was a lov-my entire person in the form of dry ran upstairs quickly. There was a lov-ing heart up there that ached and he alone could soothe it. And then the two men left the house. As they strode down the street, side by side, step by step, their thoughts were as separate as the two poles. To the one his wife was still his wife in all the word implication to the speed of t wife, in all the word implied; to the other there was only a long stretch of years that he must pass through alone, in the latter part of winter my skin on my bed, some of them half as large commenced cracking open. I tried everything, almost, that could be



tricts. It has been found that while these are somewhat more difficult to bring under the subjugation of the plow, the soil is fully as productive as in the districts farther south. They possess the advantage that the more open prairie areas do not possess; that there is on these lands an open acreage of from fifty to seventy per cent of the whole and the balance is made up of groves of poplar of fair size, which offer shelter for cattle, while the grasses are of splendid strength and plentiful, bringing about a more active stage of mixed farming than can be carried on in the more open districts to the south.

The emigration for the past year has been the greatest in the history of Canada and it is keeping up in record shape. The larger number of those, who will go this year will be those who will buy lands nearer the line of railways, preferring to pay a little higher price for good location than to go back from the line of railways some 40 or 50 miles to homestead.

Mr. White has visited the different agencies throughout the United States and he found that the correspondence at the various offices has largely increased, the number of callers is greater than ever.

Any one desiring information re garding western Canada should apply at once to the Canadian Government Agent nearest him for a copy of the "Last Best West."

The One Thing Needful. "Arms and legs are not so indispensable after all," remarked the man

who narrowly escaped with his life in an explosion where he lost the use of both arms.

He sipped his milk in silence through a straw, shook some change out of his pocket to the waiter, and, reaching down with his mouth for the lighted cigar, puffed vigorously. Then, bowing his head and jamming it into his hat on the table, he arose and turned to go, saying: "But this head of mine is mighty useful."

Any coward can fight a battle when he's sure of winning; but give me the man who has pluck to fight when he's sure of losing.-George Ellot.

The homestead lands are becoming scarcer day by day and those who are unable to purchase, preferring to homestead, are directing their atten-tion to the park acres lying in the northerly part of the central dis-tricts. It has been found that while is never any guard against the stab in the back. . . . He and Kate! It was monstrous. And John? Did John eyes. John A minute passed. The ticking of No, the clock was audible. was monstrous. And John? Did John know? Did John see that letter? No, Patty surely had not shown it to John. He knew John (or he believed he did); not all the proofs or explanations Heaven or earth could give would con-vince John, if that letter fell into his hands And he was to speak at a I do not say that I don't believe it. I say that I will not!" hands.... And he was to speak at a mass meeting that night! God! He stumbled up the steps to the door. He A truly hobe soul always overawes us. This generosity struck Warring-ton dumb. But the woman found life in the words. She flung herself before her husband and clasped his knees with a nervous strength that provoked was like a drunken man. . . Patty believed it; Patty, just and merciful, believed it. If she believed, what would John, the jealous husband, bea sharp cry from his lips. "John, John!" He stooped and unwound her arms, lieve? There were so many trifling things that now in John's eyes would gently drawing her up, up, till her head lay against his shoulder. Then she became a dead weight. She had fainted. He lifted her up in his strong

assume immense proportions. . . In less than half an hour the world had stopped, turned about, and gone an-other way. H_{ρ} opened the door. As he did so a women rushed into the hall. assume immense proportions.

"Richard, Richard, I thought you would never come!" "You, and in this house alone?" His

shoulders drooped. Mrs. Jack did not observe how white

"I shall wait for you, Jonn." John was not gone long. When he returned he found Warrington by the bow window that looked out upon the he was, how dull his eye, how abject his whole attitude.' She caught him by lawn. "Now, Dick, the truth, and nothing but the truth. Don't be afraid of me; I am master of myself." the sleeve and dragged him into the

living-room. "Richard, I am dying!" she cried. She loosened the collaret at her throat. "What shall I do, what shall I do?" He realized then that he was not

"What is it, girl?" stirring himself. "Listen Dick! She dropped into the old name unconsciously. She had but one clear thought; this man could save aid stay a night in my apartments." John made no sign. "It was the first week of a new play.

her. "Some time ago—the night you and John went down town together— I received a telephone call from that vie wretch, McQuade." "McQuade?" Warrington's interest

"It was the first week of a new play. I had to be at the theater every night. There were many changes being made. Near midnight we started out for a bite to eat. She had been suffering with attacks of neuralgia of the heart. As we entered the carriage one of these attacks came on. We drove to her apartments. We could not get in. Her maid was out, the janitor could not be found, and unfortunately she had left her keys at the theater. In a moment like that I accepted the first thing that came into my head: my own apartments. She was not there a quarter of an hour before a trained nurse and her own physician were at her side. I slept in a chair. At six vile wretch, McQuade." "McQuade?" Warrington's interest was thoroughly aroused by that name; nothing else could have aroused it. "He said that if I did not persuade you to withdraw your name before the convention met he would not oppose the publication of a certain story con-cerning my past and yours. Horrible! What could I do? I remained silent: it was Patty's advice. We were afraid that John would kill McQuade if we told him." She let go of his arm and paced the room, beating her hands to-gether. "Think of the terror I have the maid was out, the janitor could not be found, and unfortunately she had left her keys at the theater. In a quarter of an hour before a trained nurse and her own physician were at her side. I slept in a chair. At six the following morning she left for her own apartments. And that, John, is the truth, God's truth." CHAPTER XX. read this!

It was a half-sheet of ordinary office

paper, written on a typewriter. Its purport was similar to the one he had read but a few minutes since. It was addressed to John Bennington. "Great God! another anonymous let-

"I see now that I should have taken her to a hotel," went on Warrington. "It was easy to take that incident and enlarge upon it. Now, let me tell you where this base slander originated. Compare the letter you have with the one I gave you." John compiled. He nodded. These two letters had come from the same "Great God! another anonymous let-ter! Do you know who sent this?" Gompare the letter you have with the "I can think of no one but McQuade; no one!" frantically. "Save me, Rich-ard! I love him better than God, and this is my punishment. If John sees this. I shall die: if he doesn't kill me I shall kill myself! I opened it by mis-take. I am so miserable. What has happened? What have I done that this curse should fall on me? When I

way of business or political secrets could not profit her. Boss McQuade felt secure. Warrington was as good as beaten. He had had his long-delayed revenge on the man who had turned him out of doors. It was dark outside by this time and A truly noble soul always overawes he turned on the drop-light over his desk. He heard the door open and shut, but this was not unusual; so he went

on with his writing. "Well, what's wanted?" he called, folding his letter, but not yet turning his head.

(Continued Next Week.)

The Last Straw.

From Sidney Bulletin. Old Money (dying)-I'm afraid I've

been a brute to you sometimes, dear. Young Wife—Oh, never mind that, darling; I'll always remember how very kind you were when you left me,

No Wonder.

From Tit-Bits. Mrs. Baye—She is simply mad on the subject of germs, and sterilizes or filters everything in the house. How does she get along with her

Oh, even her relations are strained.

The Only Way Out. Peter (sent for the milk)-Oh, mercy, I've drunk too much of it! What shall

do Small Brother-Easy. We'll drop the jug.



finger-nails dead and hard as a bone: hair dead, dry and lifeless as old straw. O my God! how I did suffer. "My sister wouldn't give up; said, We will try Cuticura.' Some was applied to one hand and arm. Eureka! there was relief: stopped the terrible

burning sensation from the word go. They immediately got Cuticura Resolvent, Ointment and Soap. I commenced by taking Cuticura Resolvent three times a day after meals; had a bath once a day, water about blood heat; used Cuticura Soap freely; applied Cuticura Ointment morning and evening. Result: returned to my home in just six weeks from the time I left, and my skin as smooth as this sheet of paper. Hiram E. Carpenter, Henderson, N. Y."

The above remarkable testimonial was written January 19, 1880, and is republished because of the permanency of the cure. Under date of April 2, 1910, Mr. Carpenter wrote from his present home, 610 Walnut St. So., Lansing, Mich .: "I have never suffered a return of the psoriasis and although many years have passed I have aot forgotten the terrible suffering I endured before using the Cuticura Remedies."

Explanation.

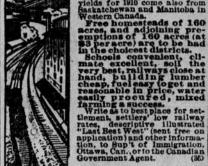
"That bride across the way is the laziest woman I ever saw. She never does any work about the house." "Why doesn't her husband make her?'

"Oh, he simply worships her." "That accounts, then, for her leading an idol existence."

Smoke Volumes Only. Architect (showing plans)-This room will be your library. Mr. Newrich-My lib'ry? Oh, yes, of course. I must have a place to smoke.-Exchange.

LADIES CAN WEAR SHOES one size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy. *Revus substitutes.* For Free trial package, ad-tress Allen S. Oimsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

The most hopeless man in the world is the man who is drifting .- Hans Sacks.

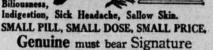


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SIOUX CITY PTG. CO., NO. 26-1911.



COSTLY. She-We'd better forget that we ever

met. -How can I? It's cost me a few Hehundred dolars since I met you.



