

WESTERN CANADA'S GOOD CROP PROSPECTS

YIELDS 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 200 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 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 prophecies 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 precipitation 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 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 acre.

The homestead lands are becoming scarcer day by day and those who are unable to purchase, preferring to homestead, are directing their attention to the park acres lying in the northerly part of the central districts. 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 regarding western Canada should apply at once to the Canadian Government Agent nearest him for a copy of the "Last Best West."

The One Thing Needed.

"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 slipped 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 Elliot.

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.

CHAPTER XIX—(Continued)

The reporter and the semi-outcast smiled at each other. They saw their appetites appeased to satiety.

"Does a bottle go with the order, Dick?" asked Jordan.

"Half a dozen!" laughed Warrington.

"I've put you in the city hall, Dick," said Osborne. "And don't forget me when you're there."

"Will there be a story for me?" Jordan asked.

"You'll have a page, Ben."

"That's enough. Well, come on, Bill; we'll show the new mayor that we can order like gentlemen."

"I remember—But Osborne never completed his reminiscence. Jordan was already propelling him toward the door.

Once the door had closed upon them, Warrington capered around the room like a school boy. The publication of this confederacy between Morrissey and McQuade would swing the doubting element over to his side and split the ranks of the labor party.

"Patty, Patty Bennington! He must see her. It was impossible to wait another 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 Warrington at the door, an hour later. "I will call her. I am sure she will be glad to see you."

Warrington went into the music room. When she finally appeared she was pale, her eyes were red, but her head was erect and her lips firm.

"Patty, are you ill?" hastening toward her.

"I have a very bad headache," coldly.

"You wished to see me?"

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

"It can't interest you," wearily. "Men! She would have a horror of them 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?"

"Patty caught in the portiere to steady herself. She had not expected declarations of this kind.

"Don't you know," he hurried on, his voice gaining in passion and tenderness, "don't you know that a pain to you means triple pain to me? Don't you know that I love you? Patty, what is the trouble?"

"Do you wish to know, then?" bitterly. She hated him! How could he stand there telling her that he loved her? "Read this," presenting the letter. "I despise you."

"Despise me? What in God's name is the matter?"

Once the letter was in his hand, her arms dropped to her sides, tense. It was best 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 brother!"

Warrington straightened. "Do you believe this?"

"Is it true?"

"An anonymous letter?" he replied, contemptuously.

"I know who wrote it."

"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?"

He picked up his hat, he was gone.

Warrington stammered rather than walked home. When he reached the opposite curb he slipped and fell, bruising his hands. "Deny it! Deny it when confronted without trial! There are never any proofs to refute a letter written by an unknown enemy. There is never any guard against the stab in the back. . . . He and Kate! It 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 convince John, if that letter fell into his hands. And he was to speak at a mass meeting that night! God! He stumbled up the steps to the door. He was like a drunken man. . . . Patty believed it. Patty, just and merciful, believed it. If she believed, what could John, the jealous husband, believe? There were so many trifling things that now in John's eyes would assume immense proportions. . . . In less than half an hour the world had stopped, turned about, and gone another way. He opened the door. As he did so a woman rushed into the hall.

"Richard, Richard, I thought you would never come!"

"You, and in this house alone?" His shoulders drooped.

"Mrs. Jack did not observe how white he was, how dull his eye, how abject his whole attitude. She caught him by the sleeve and dragged him into the living-room."

"Richard, I am dying!" she cried. She loosened the collar at her throat.

"What shall I do, what shall I do?"

He realized then that he was not alone in misery.

"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 her. "Some time ago—the night you and John went down town together—I received a telephone call from that 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 concerning 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 together. "Think of the terror! I have lived in all these weeks! And now 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 letter! Do you know who sent this?"

"I can think of no one but McQuade; no one, frankly." "Save me, Richard! 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 mistake, so miserably. What has happened? What have I done that this curse should fall on me? When I

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 smiles? I have seen them whispering; 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 greatest gift given to woman. An actress! 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 ooze 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 McQuade called you up by telephone?"

"Yes."

He struck his forehead. 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 his eyes moved, searching, scrutinizing. "Look!" with a cry of triumph.

"What is it?"

"Patty you see that mutilated letter T?"

He indicated with his finger on the dim carbon sheet.

"Yes, yes!"

"Compare it with the letter T in this note."

She did so, her hands shaking pitifully. "I can't see, Richard."

"That carbon sheet came from McQuade'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 his head.

"Where, Richard?"

"To John."

"No, no! John?"

"To him. We can not settle this matter 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."

She put forth many arguments, but to each he shook his head.

"We are losing time," said Warrington. "When John reads these two documents 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 temporarily. Ben, who had written to Patty, if not McQuade? He could 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 seating about the bush for Warrington. He went straight into the heart of things.

"John, read this."

John glanced at the sheet, and his face darkened. The look he shot his wife was indescribable.

"What is 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 I should not come to me; on the contrary, you should have gone to him. But never mind now. I have carried in my pocket a letter similar to this for several weeks," simply.

"Catch her, John!" cried Warrington.

"No, no! I am not fainting. I am just dizzy."

The poor woman groped her way to the lounge and lay down.

John crossed the room and put his hand on her head.

"Well, Dick?"

"It is easy to distort truth into a lie, John."

"But it is very hard to reverse the order, isn't it?"

"Do you believe the lie?" Warrington looked his friend squarely in the eyes.

A minute passed. The ticking of the clock was audible.

"Believe it? I have had to struggle. I have had to fight all alone. I do not say that I don't believe it. I say that I will not!"

A truly noble soul always overrules us. This generosity struck Warrington dumb. But the woman found life in the words. She flung herself before her husband, clasped his knees with a nervous strength that provoked a sharp cry from his lips.

"John, John!"

He stooped and unwound her arms, 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 arms and started for the stairs.

"Were she guilty of all the crimes chronicled in hell, I still should love 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 apartment. 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 the following morning she left for her own apartments. And that, John, is the truth, God's truth."

CHAPTER XX.

"I see now that I should have taken her to a hotel," went on Warrington. "It was easy to take that incident and to 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 complied. He nodded. These two letters had come from the same typewriter.

"Next?"

"Here is another document." It was the carbon sheet.

John spread the sheet against the window pane. The light behind brought

out the letters distinctly. He scarcely reached the final line when he spun round, his face mobile with eagerness.

"Where did this come from?"

"Indirectly, out of McQuade's waste basket."

"Morrissey and McQuade; both of them! Oh, you have done me a service, Dick."

"But it cannot be used, John. That and the letters were written on McQuade's typewriter. So much for my political dreams! With that carbon sheet I could pile up a big majority; without it I shall be defeated. But don't let that bother you."

"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!"

"Take care!" warned the other. "Don't injure those letters. When my name was suggested by Senator Henderson as a possible candidate, McQuade 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 unattached, 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."

"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 McQuade believes it or not is of no matter; 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 watch, 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.

"You're a good man, Dick. Dissipation is sometimes a crucible that separates the gold from the baser metals. It has done that to you. You are a good man, an honorable man. In coming 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, watching, watching. Well, I would stake my chance of eternity on your honesty. I take your word; I should have taken it, had you nothing to prove your case. That night I ran into Bolles. Well, he uttered a vile insult, and I all but throttled him."

"Not every man would be so good about it, John. What shall we do about McQuade?"

"I was about to say that I shall see McQuade within an hour," in a tone that did not promise well for McQuade.

"Was 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 erram this paper down his vile throat! I had not considered that sacrifice. And I can't not touch him by law, either."

"But you can silence him effectually. This business will end right here."

"You are right," said John with reluctance. "If I met him in this rage, I should probably kill him."

"Let us go and pay him a visit together, John," Warrington suggested. "I can manage to keep in between you."

"That's better. We'll go together." And John went for his hat. Then he ran upstairs quickly. There was a loving 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 world implied; to the other there was only a long stretch of years that he must pass through alone, alone—not even the man at his side would be quite the same to him, nor his wife. There was a shadow; it 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, which he had just bought, was still standing in the room. He was still wondering why Osborne's niece had resigned so unexpectedly. Probably she was going to get married. They always did when they had saved a penny or two. He laughed. He had been over the news and then, but what- ever she might have picked up in the 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 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, ever since I've remembered 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 family?

Oh, even her relations are strained.

The Only Way Out.

Peter (drunk for the milk)—Oh, mercy, I've drunk too much of it! What shall we do?

Small Brother—Easy. We'll drop the jug.

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."

WHO THE "BLUENOSES" ARE

Explanation That Possibly May End a Misconception That Has Been Widespread.

"Lots of you folks in the states," said Thomas F. McCartney of St. John, N. B., the other day, "call every body from the maritime provinces 'bluenoses.' That's not it at all. It's 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.

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Rest for Tuberculosis Patients.

Dr. Joseph H. Pratt of Boston, who was the founder of the first tuberculosis class in the United States in the Emmanuel church in Boston, claims that in the treatment of tuberculosis absolute rest, often in bed, must be extended over a period of months, before the consumptive should take any exercise. He says: "Prolonged rest in bed out of doors yields better results than any other method of treating 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."

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.

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

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's teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, &c. a bottle. Most sharp retorts are made in blunt language.



When you want the best there is, ask your