

TEXT WAS NEW TO HEARERS

German's Struggle With the English Language Praiseworthy, but Somewhat Mirth Provoking.

Prince Henry of Reuss, who speaks superb English, laughed good-naturedly at a dinner in New York, over the account of certain officers of the German fleet.

"One of our chaplains," said the prince, "had the hardihood to preach in English at one of your Lutheran chapels the other day. He astonished his congregation by saying, as he rose, that he would choose for his text the words:

"And he tore his shirt."
A quite audible snicker went round. The chaplain noticed it, flushed, and repeated the text in a louder voice:

"And he tore his shirt."
The snicker became a laugh, and the pastor rose and said:
"Our good brother is quoting, of course, the familiar words:
"And the door is shut."

LOGICAL QUESTION.



Stage Manager—Why didn't you go on when you got your cue, "Come forth?"

Supp—O! was waitin' for the other three to go on first. Sure, an' how could I come forth if I wait first?

Voice of Conscience.

A western Kentucky negro was in jail awaiting trial for stealing a calf. His wife called to see him. On her way out the jailer, whose name was Grady, halted her.

"Mandy," he inquired, "have you got a lawyer for Jim?"
"No, sah," said his wife. "Ef Jim was guilty I'd git him a lawyer right away; but he tells me he ain't guilty, and so, of co'se, I ain't almin' to hire none."

"Mr. Grady," came a voice from the cells above, "you tell dat nigger woman down that to git a lawyer—and git a dam' good one, too!"—Saturday Evening Post.

To Protect the Flowers.

Edelweiss and other characteristic Swiss flowers are said to be in danger of total extinction because of the craze of tourists for collecting them. Women tourists especially are always anxious to take away souvenirs in the way of a plant, and do not simply pull the flowers, but dig up the plant. It is proposed to introduce a law that will prevent the buying, selling or digging of edelweiss, fire lily, Siberian spring crocus, Alpine columbine, the Daphne, Alpine violet or other national flowers.

Fit Punishment.

The Wicked Soul was sitting on a hot stove, drinking molten lava and fanning himself with a chunk of red hot sheetrock.

"And who is the poor wretch?" asked Dante.

"That," replied Satan, "is the first man who said, 'Is it hot enough for you?'"—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Can't Afford To.

Friend—You and your husband seem to be getting on well together just now. I thought you had quarreled.

Wife—Can't do that these days, when our dresses fasten down the back.

Obviously Unnecessary.

"Look here, Snip," said Slowpaw, indignantly, to his tailor, "you haven't put any pockets in these trousers."

"No, Mr. Slowpaw," said the tailor, with a sigh; "I judged from your account that you never had anything to put in them."

Only in a Business Way.

"So Clara rejected the plumber."
"Do you know why?"
"Somebody told her to be careful about encouraging him, as he hit the pipe."

Old Michigan's wonderful batter

Eats Toasties, 'tis said, once a day,
For he knows they are healthful and wholesome
And furnish him strength for the fray.

His rivals have wondered and marvelled
To see him so much on the job,
Not knowing his strength and endurance
Is due to the corn in TY COBB.

Written by J. F. MAGEE,
3410 Washington St., Two Rivers, Wis.

One of the 50 Jingles for which the Postum Co.,
Battle Creek, Mich., paid \$1000.00 in May.



FOR Luncheon—or picnic sandwiches, nothing equals
Libby's Veal Loaf
Or, serve it cold with crisp new lettuce. It is a tasty treat and economical as well.
At All Grocers
Libby, McNeill & Libby Chicago

Sioux City Directory

"Hub of the Northwest."

GOING TO BUILD?

The Lytle Construction Company, Sioux City, Iowa, can help you. Store buildings, churches, schools and large residences erected anywhere.

CLA-ROX

THE BRICK WITH A NAME

Mfd. by SIOUX CITY BRICK & TILE WORKS

For Sale by Your Lumberman

DEALERS: GET OUR PRICES ON Selected Hard Brick—Hollow Brick—Hollow Blocks—Sewer Pipe—Drain Tile—Flue Linings—Well Curbing—Wall Coping—Impervious Face Brick—Red Pressed Brick—Fire Proofing—Silo Blox
Clay Products Co., Sioux City, Ia. MANUFACTURERS Four Factories

Pittsburg Chivalry.

"What's going on here?" demanded a man as he came upon two little boys battling in a vacant lot on the south side. The lad who was on top was rubbing weeds over the face of the under one.

"Stop it," said the man, grabbing the victor by the neck and pulling him away. "What in the world are you trying to do to his face with those weeds?"

"Do? Why, he swore in front of some girls, and I rubbed some smartweed in his eyes to become a great man like Abraham Lincoln."—Pittsburg Sun.

Excellent Plan.

"I see," said Mrs. De Jones, while Mrs. Van Tyle was calling, "that you have a Chinese chauffeur. Do you find him satisfactory?"

"He's perfectly fine," said Mrs. Van Tyle. "To begin with, his yellow complexion is such that at the end of a long, dusty ride he doesn't show any spots, and then when I am out in my limousine I have his pigtail stuck through a little hole in the plate-glass window and I use it as a sort of bell rope to tell him where to stop."—Harper's Weekly.

Two Enough for Her.

He was a small boy with a dark, eager face and he was waiting at the end of the line of eight or ten persons for a chance to make his wants known to the librarian. When his turn came he inquired briefly: "Have you got Twenty Thousand Legs Under the Sea?"

"No," responded the librarian a little snappishly, for she was tired, "I'm thankful to say I've only got two. They're not under the sea!"

Why They Went.

As the Sunday school teacher enquired her class room, she saw leaving in great haste little girl and her still smaller brother.

"Why, Mary, you aren't going away?" she exclaimed in surprise.
"Pleathe, Mith Anne, we've got to go," was the distressed reply. "Jimmy 'th thwallowed hith collection."—Lippincott's.

Height of Selfishness.

Some men are so selfish that if they were living in a haunted house they wouldn't be willing to give up the ghost.—Florida Times Union.

Old friends are best, but many a woman deludes herself with the idea that she is too young to have any old friends.

THE HEART OF A WOMAN

BY BARONESS ORCZY.

Author of "The Scarlet Pimpernel," "Peticoat Rule," Etc.

SYNOPSIS.

The story opens in Brussels. Louisa Harris, a charming English girl of family, friends, and wealth, while absent walking along the boulevard Waterloo in a November rain, runs into a tragedy.

A man is found murdered in a taxicab; his companion who had left the cab some time before and told the chauffeur to drive to a certain address, has disappeared and is unknown.

The scene shifts to London. Luke de Mountford, Louisa's affianced husband and heir of the eccentric and wealthy Lord Radcliffe, is in trouble. An alleged direct heir of the unknown Waterloo man, the old man, passionately fond of Luke, claims that he has examined the papers and that the claimant is an impostor.

Suddenly the alleged Phillip de Mountford appears in London. After a short interview with Lord Radcliffe his claims are recognized and he is installed as heir. Without explanation Luke is practically disowned. Phillip seems to exert unlimited influence over Lord Radcliffe which puzzles his friends and defies investigation. Lord Radcliffe will explain to no one.

A year has passed since the tragedy in Brussels. Still it is repeated in every detail in London. The victim is Phillip de Mountford. Every circumstance and every apparent motive points to the displaced nephew, Luke, as the murderer. In vain, Louisa, in her blind faith, tried to prove Luke innocent. Every investigation brightens the evidence against her.

At the corner's inquest the startling development that the murdered man is not Phillip de Mountford but a common scoundrel denounced by his father, rather, who identified the body as their son, only complicates the situation. It does not in the least upset the appalling proof of Luke's guilt. A warrant is issued for his arrest but because of his station in life the police secretly warn him to leave the country before the warrant is served. This he prepares to do. Louisa sees him and asks him pointedly for the truth. He confesses his guilt.

CHAPTER XXI.—(Continued.)

"And if that's one of the proofs on which you are going to accuse my future son-in-law of having committed a murder, then all I can say is, Tom, that you and I are seeing the last of one another today."

But Sir Thomas took this threat, as he had taken Colonel Harris' undisciplined expressions of contempt, with perfect equanimity.
"It," he said quietly, "I did accuse Luke de Mountford of any other crime than murder on Sunday night, as that, Will, you would be perfectly justified in turning your back on me, if for no other reason than that I should then be an incompetent ass."

"Well, what more is there then?"
"Only this, Will. That the stick which you have so often seen in Luke de Mountford's hand, was found this morning inside the railings of Green park; it bears unmistakable signs of the use to which it was put last night."

"You mean—that it was stuck in the ground?"
"How long a time elapsed between the beginning of that query and its last words Colonel Harris could not say. The uttering of the words was a terrible effort. They seemed to choke him ere they reached his lips. A buzzing and singing filled his ears so that he did not hear Sir Thomas' reply, but through a strange veil which half obscured his vision he saw his brother-in-law's slow nod of affirmation. For the first time in his life, the man who had fought against naked savages in the swamps or sands of Africa, who had heard, unflinching, the news of the death of his only son, felt himself totally unnerved. He heard as in a dream the hum of traffic in the street below, hansom and omnibuses rattling along the road, the cries of news vendors or hawkers, the bustle of humdrum, every day life; and through it the ticking of his own watch in his waistcoat pocket.

He remembered afterward how strangely this had impressed him; that he could hear the ticking of his own watch. He had never been conscious before of such an acute sense of hearing. And yet the buzzing and singing in his ears went on. And he was horribly, painfully conscious of silly, trivial things—the ticking of his watch which obsessed him, the irregularity in the design of the wall paper, the broken top of the inkstand on Sir Thomas' desk.

The great, all-important fact had escaped momentarily from his consciousness. He forgot that Phillip de Mountford had been murdered, and that Luke's stick, blood dark and dripping, had been found inside the railings of the park.

A cycle of time went by—an eternity, or else a few seconds. Sir Thomas Ryder pulled open the long drawer of his momentary pocket.

Colonel Harris watched him doing it, and long before Sir Thomas took a certain something from out the drawer, the colonel knew what that something would be.

A familiar thing enough. The colonel had seen it over and over again in Luke de Mountford's hand. A slender stick of rich looking, dark wood, only very little thicker at the top than at the base, and with a silver band about six inches from the top. On the band the initials L. de M. faintly engraved.
"Put it away, Tom, for God's sake!" Colonel Harris hardly recognized his own voice; he had spoken more from a sudden instinct of shrinking from loathsome objects, than from any real will of his own. One glance at the stick had been enough. It was thickly coated with mud, and about six inches from the top there where the silver band showed a deep dark blot between it and the length of the stick, there were other stains—obvious stains of blood.

Yet Colonel Harris had seen worse sights than this in Zululand and at Omdurman. But on his stained stick, that discolored silver band, he felt it impossible to look.

"I have broken it to you, Will, as gently as I could," said Sir Thomas, not quite as placidly as before. He too was not unmoved by the distress of his old friend. "You see that I had no option, but to tell you all. You must keep out of all this, old man, and above all you must keep Louisa out of it. Take her abroad, Will, as soon as you can. 'She won't go,' murmured the father, dully.

"Nonsense!"
"She won't go," he reiterated. "She has given her heart to Luke."
"She'll soon forget him."
"Not she."
"And she'll be horrified—when she knows."
"She'll not believe it."
"If he is wise, he'll plead guilty—his solicitor will advise him to do that. It is his only chance."
"His one chance?" queried the other vaguely.

"Of escaping the gallows. If he pleads guilty, many extenuating circumstances will be admitted—his own spotless reputation—and also intense provocation. He'll get a life sentence, or even perhaps—"

But with a loud oath, the most forcible one he had ever uttered in his life, Colonel Harris had jumped to his feet

and brought a heavy fist crashing down upon the table.

"And by the living God, Tom," he said, "I'll not believe it. No! not for all your wittiness, and your cross questionings, and your damnable threats. No! I'll not believe it, and I know that my first wit not believe it, either—not until we hear the word 'guilty' spoken by Luke's own lips. And we'll not leave London, we'll not go abroad, we'll not desert Luke; for I swear, by God that I don't believe that he is an assassin."

Men who have always been accounted weak often have moments of unexpected strength. Colonel Harris now seemed to tower morally and mentally over his brother-in-law. The passion of loyalty was in him, and caused his eyes to sparkle and his cheeks to glow. The oath he uttered he spoke with fervor; there would be no faltering, no wavering in his defense of Luke.

Sir Thomas waited a minute or two, allowing his friend to recover his normal self-control as well as his breath, which was coming and going in quick gasps. Then he said quietly: "As you will, old man. Have another cigar."

CHAPTER XXII.

THEN THE MIRACLE WAS WROUGHT.

When Colonel Harris once more arrived at the Langham he found Luke and Louisa comfortably installed in front of the private fire in the private sitting room up stairs. She was leaning back against the cushions, her head resting in her hand, he at the foot of the sofa, his hands encircling one knee, gazing wondrously into the fire, now and then into her face.

Not troubled creatures these, not man and woman fighting a battle against life, against the world, for honor, for peace, and for love; not souls racked by painful memories of the past, or grim dread of the future; only two very ordinary human beings, with a life behind them of serene contentment, social duties worthily performed, a smooth lake whereon not a ripple of sorrow or disgrace ever dared to mar the shiny surface.

And the ringer still in face of this new life to be led: the life of tomorrow, full of the unknown, the ugly, the sordid, the grim, the dreary, the dreary, and of possible disgrace. The puppets were still dancing, moved by the invisible strings held by the hand of the implacable giant called Convention; they danced even as though no gaping and venomous lions, no Bulls of Bashan, were there to see. Even before each other they hid the secret mysteries of their hearts; he his overwhelming passion for her, she her dread for his immediate future.

They did not forbore to talk of Phillip de Mountford's death; they would not have admitted that there was anything there that could not be discussed with perfect indifference—she, reclining against the cushions, and he, sitting upright in a morning coat, with hair smoothly brushed, and spectacles and linen, talking of things which meant life or death for them both.

He had told her all he knew, his visit to Phillip at the Veterans' club, his quarrel with him, the hatred which he bore to the man that was dead. He made no secret of the police officer's questionings, nor of Dr. Newington's extraordinary attitude.

"One would think those fellows had a suspicion that I had murdered Phillip," he said quite lightly.

And her face never moved whilst she listened to these details, analyzing them in her mind, comparing them with those at which the morning paper had printed the "clues" and "startling developments," to obtain confirmation of which her father had gone out to seek Sir Thomas Ryder.

Luke de Mountford would no more have dreamed of telling Louisa of the dark implications which the phrase "murdered" had in it, than he would have dreamed of her some hideous wound, if he happened to be suffering from one. The police officer's insolence and the doctor's easy contempt had sounded a note of warning of what was imminent, but beyond that he had no fear. Why should he have? And having none, why worry Lou with plaints that might agitate her?

Remember that he individually was overconvinced that Phillip's murderer would soon be discovered. He too had read his morning paper, and knew as well as anybody that for the moment suspicion rested upon him. "Seek whom the crime will benefit," was the phrase he used in the press this morning. But it was only a question of time; an unpleasant phase to be traversed, some mud that presently would have to be brushed off. No use to worry Louisa with it. Fortunately she took it lightly, too. She was far too sensible to attach importance to such nonsense.

Nevertheless mud thrown in such boundless profusion was apt to hurt very considerably. Luke had to see his face in the press this morning. The Times and even now there was in him a sensation of having been bruised all over, after his second interview with Travers, and his talk with Dr. Newington in the library. Louisa did him good. She was calm and sensible and a woman of the world. She never puzzled Luke, nor had she that vague longing to be misunderstood, the peculiar attribute of the woman of today. In face of her serenity he almost despaired yet to come; and she, that worst of women in her tenderness, a girl still, she was hardly conscious of passion. But she knew that he was in pain—morally and mentally in pain—and that worst of women, she, who had the commonplace, sensible girl, brought forth her full array of calm and of triviality, checking by a placid smile, the faintest flush of passion in him, for passion could but torture him now, when his very soul was troubled and every nerve on the jar.

And thus Colonel Harris found them. When he entered, Louisa was recounting to Luke the menu of last night's dinner.

"And Homard a la Danolise was a perfect dream," she was saying. "I suppose it would not be etiquette to ask her excellency for the recipe."
"She'll soon forget him."
"Not she."
"And she'll be horrified—when she knows."
"She'll not believe it."
"If he is wise, he'll plead guilty—his solicitor will advise him to do that. It is his only chance."
"His one chance?" queried the other vaguely.

"Of escaping the gallows. If he pleads guilty, many extenuating circumstances will be admitted—his own spotless reputation—and also intense provocation. He'll get a life sentence, or even perhaps—"

But with a loud oath, the most forcible one he had ever uttered in his life, Colonel Harris had jumped to his feet

and with an instinctive movement gave the sofa cushions a nery shake up. But his eyes were fastened on Luke.

"Don't worry, sir," said Luke very quietly. "I'll get out of it all in good time."

"Of course you will. Damn it all!" ejaculated the other fervently.
"The inquest, you know, is tomorrow."

It was Luke who spoke and Colonel Harris looked up quickly.
"Then," he said, "surely some light will be thrown on this mysterious business."

"Let's hope so, sir," rejoined Luke dryly.

"Has Uncle Ryder told you anything fresh, father? Anything that we don't yet know?"
Colonel Harris did not reply and Louisa knew that there was something that Uncle Ryder had said, something awful, which had caused her father to wear the troubled look which had terrified her the moment he came in. "Something awful—which would affect Luke."

"Won't you tell us, father," she said, "what Uncle Ryder told you? Luke ought to know."
"Oh, rejoined Luke, "there's no hurry I'm sure. Colonel Harris will tell me presently. Lou, you were coming to the park this morning. I suppose we can't go to the Temple garden show very well."

"Not very well, I think," she replied, "but I'll come for a walk after lunch with pleasure. Father must tell us now what Uncle Ryder said."
Then as Colonel Harris still seemed to hesitate, she became more insistent, and her voice more firm.

"Father, dear," she said, "I must know as well as Luke."
The old man took a turn up and down the room with hands behind his back. He would not look either at Louisa or at Luke, for it would be easier to tell them everything without meeting their eyes. And he had to tell them everything. To her as well as to him. It was no longer any use trying to avoid the subject, pretending that it was trivial, unworthy of discussion.

"Facts had to be faced at last, like the dervishes at Omdurman, and a plan of campaign decided on in the event of momentary defeat."
"Ryder," he began quite abruptly at last, "had the hall porter of that confounded club up to his room while I was there, and questioned him before me."

"He could," suggested Luke, "only repeat the story which we all know already. I never denied seeing Phillip at the club or quarreling with him for a matter of that. Hang it all, I have often quarreled with him before."
"Yes," rejoined the colonel, "they've ferreted out the old servants of your uncle's household and heard innumerable stories of quarrels."

"Exaggerated, I expect. But what of it?"
"And that hall porter didn't mince matters, either, damn him."
"Phillip," remarked, Luke dryly, "shouted pretty loudly. I did not."

"The porter said that when you left the club you had 'murder in your eye.'"

"You had overheard Phillip's last remark to the porter?"
"Yes—something about pestering beggars. I was ready to make him swallow his words, but I loathe a scene, being people like those who frequent the Veterans' club."

"I wish to goodness you had gone for him then and there."
"Why?"

"This accursed business would not have occurred."
"Oh, yes it would—sooner or later."
"What makes you say that?"
"Phillip must have had an enemy."
"Who murdered him last night, you think?"

"An enemy," assented Luke, "who evidently laid in wait for him and murdered him last night. It is bound to come out at the inquest."

"About this enemy?" queried Colonel Harris vaguely.

"Yes," rejoined Luke a little impatiently, "surely the police have made other investigations. They are not just fastening on me and on no one else."

"Could you," asked Louisa, "help the police in that, Luke?"

"No," he replied, "I know absolutely nothing about Phillip or about his past life."

"Did Lord Radcliffe?"
"I don't know."
"He has been questioned, has he not?"
"He too I'll see to see any one. Doctor Newington declares that he must not attempt to see any one. His condition is critical. Moreover, he is only partly conscious."

"Thee's Phillip's lawyer, Davies," Luke; "the police ought to be in communication with him. It is positively ridiculous the way they seem to do nothing in the way of proper investigation. They only make up their minds that I have killed my cousin. Why they don't even seem to trouble about the weapon with which the murder was committed."

"The weapon—?"
The ejaculation, spoken hardly above a whisper, had come from Colonel Harris. Once more the old man felt—as he had done in his brother-in-law's office—that every drop of blood in him had receded back to his heart, and that he would choke if he attempted to utter another word.

(Continued Next Week.)

Champion High Priced Wooser.
From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.
Baltimore—Lattimer Gessner stands out as the champion high priced wooser of Baltimore, according to the testimony read before United States Commissioner Bond.

Gessner, according to the testimony of Miss Lulu Stephens, of Galveston, Tex., got from her by his promises, by his heart throbbing letters and by his frequent visits to her home as much as \$27,000 in the last four years and \$18,000 in the last year.

Although he has a wife and family, Gessner, according to her testimony, had proposed to marry her, but decided to postpone the ceremony until he had completed his education as a physician. This education, according to the letters which were submitted, was of the most expensive kind.

Other witnesses have testified that Gessner had not studied at any medical school and that he has used at least part of his advances from his Harrisburg sweetheart for supporting his own family here, having quit work recently when the money began to come in large sums from Miss Stephens.

As the largest items of expense from Gessner to Miss Stephens, he got from her by his promises, by his heart throbbing letters and by his frequent visits to her home as much as \$27,000 in the last four years and \$18,000 in the last year.

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SPLENDID OUTLOOK FOR CROPS IN WESTERN CANADA

RELIABLE INFORMATION FROM THE GRAIN FIELDS SHOW THAT THE PROSPECTS ARE GOOD.

This is the time of year when considerable anxiety is felt in all the northern agricultural districts as to the probable outcome of the growing crops. Central Canada, comprising the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, with their 12,000,000 acres of wheat, oats, barley and flax, of which 6,000,000 acres may be said to be sown to wheat alone, has become a great factor in the grain markets of the world. Besides this, government returns show that every state in the Union has representatives in these provinces, and naturally the friends of these representatives are anxious to hear of their success. It has never been said of that country that it is absolutely faultless. There are, and have been, districts that have experienced the vagaries of the weather, the same as in districts south of the boundary line between the two countries, but these are only such as are to be expected in any agricultural country. The past has proven that the agricultural possibilities of this portion of Canada are probably more attractive in every way than most countries where grain raising is the chief industry. The present year promises to be even better than past years, and in a month or six weeks it is felt there will be produced the evidence that warrants the enthusiasm of the present. Then these great broad acres will have the ripened wheat, oats, barley and flax, and the farmer, who has been looking forward to making his last payment on his big farm will be satisfied. At the time of writing, all crops give the promise of reaching the most sanguine expectations.

In the central portion of Alberta, it is said that crop conditions are more favorable than in any previous year. Heavy rains recently visited this part, and the whole of this grain growing section has been covered. Reports like the following come from all parts:

"Splendid heavy rain yesterday. Crops forging ahead. Great prospects. All grains more than a week ahead of last year. Weather warm last week. Good rains last night."

From southern Alberta the reports to hand indicate sufficient rain. Crops in excellent condition. Labor scarce. Throughout Saskatchewan all grains are looking well, and there has been sufficient rain to carry them through to harvest.

From all portions of Manitoba there comes an assurance of an abundant yield of all grains. Throughout southern Manitoba, where rain was needed a few weeks ago, there has lately been abundant precipitation, and that portion of the province will in all probability have a crop to equal the best anticipations. A large quantity of grain was sown on the stubble in the newer west, which is never a satisfactory method of farming, and may reduce the general average.

Taken altogether, the country is now fully two weeks in advance of last year, and in all grains the acreages sown are much larger than in 1911. This means that with auspicious weather the west will have the grandest harvest in its history. Two hundred and fifty million bushels of wheat has been mentioned as an estimate of the present growing crop, and it looks now as if that guess will be none too large.

Keeping Mice From Pianos.

To prevent mice entering pianos there has been invented a simple sliding plate to be mounted on a pedal so that it covers its opening.

The Writer Who Does Most.
That writer does the most who gives his reader the most knowledge and takes from him the least time.—C. C. Colton.

Generous