Wheat and Other Grains Have Had an Excellent Start.

WESTERN CANADA

The seeding of spring wheat was pmetty general this spring about 7th of April or about as early as in Illinois and Iowa. Oats and barley followed. Information is to hand that on first of May all seeding was practically finished. Farmers will now be busy at their breaking, and the land for summer fallow will be entered upon. Some who did not get their land prepared last fall, will be later than the others. but as the spring in Western Canada has been very open they will be only a few days later. At the time of writing rain would be welcome, but at seeding time, the ground contained a splendid lot of moisture and the lack of rain at the present time will not be serious. The number of farmers who have gone into the raising of cattle has been considerably increased, and the preparation for extensive cultivated grass pastures is in evidence everywhere. The cultivation of fodder corn is being largely entered upon in Manitoba there being upwards of 25,000 acres in corn. In Saskatchewan there will be a large increase in the area planted, and in Alberta many of the more progressive farmers are taking hold of it. The yield varies according to the cultivation it receives, and runs from five to nine tons per acre. In some portions of Manitoba where it has been poor for some years, success has been achieved in ripening and it is expected that a variety will soon be developed that will provide seed for the entire West, that will at an early date give to Western Canada a fame for the growing of a marketable corn equal to that it has now for the growth of smaller cereals. A trip through Western Canada re-

veals field after field of alfalfa, the growth of which in any portion of the country is now absolutely assured. When these facts are made known to the farmers of the corn and alfalfa growing states, where their value as wealth makers is so well known, there will be no hesitancy in taking advantage of the splendid gift of 160 acres of land made by the Government of the Dominion of Canada, where equal opportunities are offered. Besides these free grant lands, there are the lands of some of the railway companies and large land companies, that may be had at low prices and on reasonable terms. During the month of February a large number of inquiries were received, asking for farm lands.

An encouraging feature of the farm land situation in Canada is the large percentage of sales made to settlers in the country who desire to increase their holdings or to others who will take up farming in place of different occupations previously followed .- Advertisement.

The Right Man. "I would like to have my charac ter told from my chirography."

"Then why don't you go to a chi-



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CHAPTER VIII.-(Continued).

"Mr. Carr is going," she said, singu-tarly interested in what was going on out of doors. He leaned forward to look and, accidentally, their hands touched. They drew them apart as if each had He would laugh at us. And he might put a stop to everything—to our seeing each other and all that. Don't you see? come in contact with a burning coal. They laughed convulsively, in apology. "He's a strange man," said Eric There's plenty of time. It is all going to be so sweet and dear, to love each hastily, covering his confusion. Then hastily, covering his confusion. Then his face clouded. "I say, your father looked at me in a mighty strange way out there. Just as if I had been doing something I shouldn't have done." other in secret-just between ouselves. with no one to say whether we may or may not. You—you might spoll every-thing by going to him. Goodness, I thing by going to him. Goodness, I hope he didn't peep in here a minute ago!" She was in a great state of

She hesitated, uncertain whether to trepidation. For that matter, so was Eric. add to his distress of mind or to com-plete what she had set out to do in the

glarced toward the door with con-siderable anxiety. beginning. beginning. "Your aunt told him yesterday that she is afraid of you, Eric," she blurted out wrathfully. "She says you once tried to kill Chetwynd, and that some-times she catches a—a murderous look in your eyes when she offers the slight-est removed or advice." well, it might spoil everything right at the beginning. Your father just couldn't understand." st reproof or advice." Eric laughed. He was able now to She clasped his arms in her eager-ness. "It will be so lovely to have this beautiful secret all to ourselves," she

enjoy the situation. "They expect me to slaughter someone before I die," he chuckled.

"She was very serious about it," pro-tested Joan, displeased by his levity. "She says that Mr. Presbrey works with you by the hour, trying to— Please don't laugh!" she cried, pouting. 'I shan't tell you anything more."

"I shan't tell you anything more." "I can't help laughing," he said. "Don't begrudge me the chance to laugh at Mr. Presbrey. Why, Joan, he gets me off in a corner and prays over me as if I were the original sheep that was lost from the other 90 and 9. I'm half way to the had place all the time half way to the bad place all the time according to him, and he's in a contin ual scrap with the devil over my re-mains. But I have good news for you: Mr. Presbrey says I've got a splendid chance to get into heaven in spite of all that. All I have to do is to follow him. He'll get me in, slick as a whistle. He's going to get Mary in, too. He's got Uncle Horace and Aunt Rena waiting at the gate right now. All they have to do to get in is to die. Chetwynd,

"You shouldn't scoff," she cried, but smiled in spite of the reproof. "Well, I'm glad that your father doesn't believe I'm as bad as they make me out," he said soberly. "He—he shook hands with me twice out there, and told me I'd find you here. That shows what he thinks of me.

Her face brightened, a glorious light Her face brightened, a glorious light "It's too bad," she murmured plaintsuffused her eyes, her lips parted in a

warm, glad smile. "Oh, I am so glad, Eric. I—I was afraid he might be prejudiced against you. You know how much store he sets by Mr. Blagden. And he can be very hard when he wants to be. Hehe has to be heartless sometimes, my father does."

Eric returned her smile with one equally enveloping. Suddenly the shackles of fear and self restraint fell away from him. His heart leaped up and in one swift rush overcame the timid brain that stood in its way. It timid brain that stood in its way. It swept all resistance aside and tri-umphed over reason. The look in her warm, sweet eyes did the work. With a half cry, he slipped from the seat and sprang to her side. Before either really knew what had happened his arms were around her and he had kissed her, eagerly, bravely, full upon the lips

"Oh, Joan, Joan," he whispered. She "On, Joan, Joan," he whispered. She did not move, but closed her eyes, and appeared to have stopped breathing. Then he felt a dreadful fear stealing over him. As the chill of shame and remorse began to creep over him, the slender body quivered in his arms, and her hand caught one of his as it was about to be withdrawn. She convul-sively pressed it to her lips. Then her eyes opened and looked into his. Tears swam in them as he looked down, dazed "Tm and unbelieving.

It occurred to Eric, and not for the first time, that Mr. Presbrey seldom missed the opportunity to censure him, even though he meant to be kindly and

considerate 'Yes, Mr. Presbrey," he said quietly, "I am afraid so. I must be hurrying

"You shouldn't keep your aunt wait-ing," said Mr. Presbrey genially, lift-ing his cane high enough to poke it at

the youth in playful reproof. (Chetwynd, who now and then ut-tered something pointedly original, once remarked that Mr. Presbrey carried a cane so that occasionally he could be in touch with the earth.) Eric hurried on. He looked back once, with a frown on his face, taking in Mr. Presbrey's stiff back as that gentleman moved off un the streat Mr. Presbrey

noved off up the street. Mr. Presbrey looked back in the same instant. "He's always looking to see if I'm "You mustn't be foolish, Eric," she pleaded. "Don't tell father, not just yet.

14

He

"There you go!" he cried bitterly.

"Perhaps—perhaps it's best to do as you say," he admitted in some haste. "Not that I'm afraid, of course, but—

"And you'll marry me some day"

"Oh Eric, it—it seems to unusual." "You will?"

"I-I suppose so." He was not satisfied. Men never are

jealousy. "And you won't have a thing to do-

cried, in guarded tones. "But we are—engaged, aren't Say we are, Joan," he pleaded. "Yes, yes," she half whispered. "And you'll morry me more

Swear it?

In the narrow path," thought Eric, ran-cor in his soul. He and Mary spent the greater part of the sultry afternoon on Stone Wall, where she dawdled over a novel while he tried to concentrate his mind on one or two studies that had been haunt-ing him since the spring examinations. But his thoughts were of other things, both harsh and pleasant. Thoughts, delicious thoughts, of Joan were upper-most in his mind. Then, there was the cruel disappointment in connection with the prize, of which Mary was in ig-norance. She had not seen his draw-ing. He had not told her of Chetwynd's foul trick. He could not, in justice to himself, relate the story of his amazing interview with their uncle, nor would his tender heart allow him to repeat the unkind news he had obtained through Joan. He secretly was debating in his mind the wisdom of revealing Joan's rosy plans for the coming school year.

Persistent reminders of Adam Carr's strange words and his even more mysterious attitude also forced their way through the labyrinth of thoughts that confused and distressed him. At last, in a burst of confidence-perhaps it was pity he felt for the sweet faced girl who sat beyond him all

unconscious of the fact that he watched unconscious of the fact that he watched her with troubled eyes—he told her of Joan's plan, but emphatically enjoined silence on her part for the time being. Mary was in ecstasies. She forgot her His brow clouded with the darkness of ever-with any other fellow? Promise, Joan." book and her troubles, and he laid aside "Of course I won't," she cried, and he "Aunt Rena's got her heart set on you for Chetwynd," he said, suddenly conscious of another agreeable triumph

his own affairs while they discussed hopes, possibilities and obstacles. Toward evening they strolled home-ward, both wrapped in the cloak of op-timism that lies on the shoulders of youth. Arriving at the upper gate to the Seaman's Home on Lord's Point, they paused to shed some of their effulgent warmth on ancient Mr. Carr, whose sunset was clouded.

over his aunt. "I hate him." After a moment she went on, her brow clouded with an-noyance. "She says Chetwynd wants me to join their excursion down the St. Lawrence next week. She's giving it for him and there will be five or six of The old man was feeding the squir-rels; a dozen of them scampered about his feet, or clambered over his person "It's the first I've heard of it," he

in frank security. A certain listlessness marked the old man's movements. The sprightliness was gone from the wrinsaid stolidly. She flushed painfully. "Mrs. Blagden didn't—that is, you and Mary were not kled, nut brown face. He delivered the peanuts in a dreary, disinterested way and forgot his erstwhile cheerful cluck. "Hello," called out Eric from the gate. The old man looked up. His face light-"We wouldn't go, anyway," he cried

"Come in," he called out to them. "Come in," he called out to them. "Where have you two been a-keepin" yourselves for the last week?" he de-manded irascibly, as they approached. He scattered the nuts broadcast and ively. "The trip is a lovely one." "Are you going?" "Father says it would be nice if Iarose to welcome his visitors. The cause of his depression was revealed: he had missed these cheery young

"Father says it would be nice if I— but I won't go if you don't want me to." He was fair and generous. "You must go, Joan. I won't mind, I'm—Hello! There's Judge Bright in the hall." When Judge Bright entered the study a minute later, the sound of his footsteps having warned them in good time, he found Eric sitting on the edge of a table at some distance from Loan he had missed these cheery young sprites, and he had been lonely. "Did you miss us, Uncle Jabe?" asked

"Did you miss us, Uncle Jabe?" asked Mary penitently. "You're a pair of derned ingrates," announced Jabez sourly, belying the Joy that shone in his sharp little eyes. "I might 'a'died right here a dozen times over and you wouldn't 'a' knowed anything about it—er cared." "But you didn't die," said Eric calm-ly. "Say, isn't that a new squirrel? I've never seen him before," pointing to a shy, alert little fellow on the edge of the group.

time, he found Eric sitting on the edge of a table at some distance from Joan. If he observed the suppressed excite-ment in their manner, he gave it no thought, while they, on the other hand, were miserably certain that their heart throbs betrayed them. The justice's grave, dignified face wore an expression of profound thought which lightened materially as the cirl which lightened materially as the girl called out to him to come over and sit in the window with her while Eric tried

of the group. "Third time he's been around," said Jabez, immensely gratified. "I was wondering if you'd notice him." "Where's Mr. Adam?" asked Eric out the new camera on them. "Snap us in this posture, Eric," he said genially, sitting down beside her and drawing the dark head to his choulder. abruptly.

Her eyes were sparkling. Eric nervously began fumbling with the camera. His fingers were all thumbs. "Ain't you seen him? He went out along Stone Wall a couple of hours ago, lookin' for you, Eric. He must 'a' missed She laughed and he made more of a

"We were near Bud's Rock all after-"The light's bad," he floundered helplessly. "Can't we go out in the noon. What did he want?" There was a trace of excitement in Eric's voice. "You might as well ask me how fer noon.

"I'm afraid I can't speare the time," it is to Jupiter," replied Jabez serenely. Ingenious Man Uses Juice of Golden Fruit to Extinguish Blaze in

California.

Orange juice as a fire extinguisher was successfully used at Fillmore, Cal., by Will Wileman. While crossing the Bardsdale bridge with a load of oranges, Wileman noticed smoke issuing from a crack on one of the approaches-of the bridge-a fire probably caused by a lighted cigar or cigarette carelessly thrown away. He jumped from his wagon and discovered a blaze slowly eating its way upward from the planking. With the help of several passers-by he hastily spread several armfuls of oranges from his wagon over the crack and started stamping on them, causing the juice from the golden fruit to penetrate through the crack to the fire, extinguishing it.

OTTUMWA MAN'S STOMACH TROUBLE QUICKLY RELIEVED

T. H. Lewis Tells How He Was Quickly Restored by a Single Bottle.

Thomas H. Lewis of 1102 West Second Street, Ottumwa, Ia., was a suffer-er from stomach ailments. He took Mayr's Wonderful Remedy and got quick relief.

The very first dose convinced him. Mr. Lewis wrote:

"I received your remedy and wish to state that it is wonderful. The first bottle made me feel better than I have felt in years. Would be glad to recommend it to anybody who needs a stomach remedy.'

Mayr's Wonderful Remedy gives permanent results for stomach, liver and intestinal ailments. Eat as much and whatever you like. No more distress after eating, pressure of gas in the stomach and around the heart. Get one bottle of your druggist now and try it on an absolute guarantee-if not satisfactory money will be returned .- Adv.

American Scythes for Russia.

An American firm, having been informed that there will be a serious scarcity of scythes in Russia during next season, have entered into an agreement with American steel works and supplied them with drawings, descriptions and samples of Austrian and other scythes used in Russia. It has also applied to the administration of the zemstvos to ascertain the number of scythes required, offering to guarantee the quality of the articles. (The name of the firm may be obtained from the bureau of foreign and domestic commerce or its branch offices.)

CLEAN SWEET SCALP

May Be Kept So by Cuticura Scap and Ointment, Trial Free,

To have good hair clear the scalp of dandruff and itching with shampoos of Cuticura Soap and touches of Cuticura Ointment to dandruff spots and itching. Nothing better than these pure, fragrant, supercreamy emollients for skin and scalp troubles.

Sample each free by mail with Skin Book. Address Cuticura, Dept. XY,



Declares Lydia E. Pinkham's **Vegetable Compound** Saved Her Life and Sanity.

Shamrock, Mo.- "I feel it my duty to tell the public the condition of my

health before using your medicine. I had falling, inflammation and congestion, female weakness, pains in both sides. backaches and bearing down pains, was short of memory, nervous, impatient, passed sleepless nights, and had neither strength nor

energy. There was always a fear and dread in my mind, I had cold, nervous, weak spells, hot flashes over my body. I had a place in my right side that was so sore that I could hardly bear the weight of my clothes. I tried medicines and doctors, but they did me little good, and I never expected to get out again. I got Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier, and I cer-tainly would have been in grave or in an asylum if your medicines had not saved me. But now I can work all day, sleep well at night, eat anything I want, have no hot flashes or weak, nervous spells. All pains, aches, fears and dreads are gone, my house, children and husband are no longer neglected, as I am almost entirely free of the bad symptoms I had before taking your remedies, and all is pleasure and happiness in my home."-Mrs. JOSIE HAM, R. F. D. 1, Box 22, Shamrock, Missouri.

If you want special advice write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., (confidential) Lynn, Mass.

A Stationary Science.

A medical student once asked the late Prof. Parker Cleveland if there were not more recent works on anat omy than those in the college library. "Young man," said the professor, "there have been very few new bones added to the human body during the last twenty years."

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 Cart Hiltchirs. In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Had Practice.

He-I believe that debutante you introduced me to is engaged. She-Why, what makes you think

He-She talked to me with such blase abandon!-Judge.

The chances of being struck by lightning are four times greater in the country than in the city.

Don't accuse a man of dumb luck who has sense enough to keep his mouth shut.



ropodist?"

Backache Spells Danger

Census records show that deaths from kidney disorders have increased 72% in 20 years. People can't seem to realize that the first pain in the back, the first disorder of the urine, demands instant attention—that it may be a signal of coming gravel, dropsy or fatal Bright's disease. The best prevention of serious kidney disorders is prompt treatment-the best medicine is Doan's Kidney Pills.

An Iowa Case



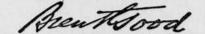
Mrs. N. P. Sea-holm, 1410 Monona an St., Boone, Iowa, as asys: "I was in misery with kidney c om plaint. My pack and hips palned terribly and pained terribly and sharp twinges dart-ed through my kid-neys when I moved quickly. I h a d headaches and diz-zy spells and was all run down. As soon as I took

Doan's Kidney Pills the backache left me and my kidneys got strong and healthy. I have never been troubled to any extent since."

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Asthma Sufferer

Those who have suffered for years and given up hope of being cured, write one who knows. I will send you Free Information how to get to suffer again from those distressing attacks, by a simple, inexpensive home treatment which mever fails. Address 6. B. H., But 555, But Molaca la

"Eric. Eric." she whispered, so soft-He was dumb with joy. His lips moved, but the words remained smothered in his throat. She returned her head on his breast and began to cry softly. Physical expression of love was new and bewildering to them. They were amazed, frightened, abashed.

"Are—are we going to be sweet-hearts?" he asked, out of the maze of strange sensations. He only knew, or felt, that something vital was expected feit, that something vital was expected of him in this wonderful moment, some-thing decisive, and honorable, and ex-acting. Her handclasp tightened with involuntary fervor. She hid her shamed face more completely in its resting place, and a delicious pink covered her cheek and the little ear that was left exposed. He repeated the question, almost breathless with the eagerness that filled his soul, tingling from head to foot with the exquisite agony of joy that was growing so full and com-manding that he could understand it,

manding that he could understand it, even as he doubted his senses. The faintest nod of the head an-swered him. He caught his breath, striving to find an outlet for his feel-ings, The words came in a whisper: "I—I've had dreams, but they were never like this. Oh, I've dreamed it 1, 000 times. I never thought it could be real. Are you sure, Joan? It isn't be-cause I'm so strong you—you can't get away, is it? You are not angry—'' "No, no! I—I'm not angry, Eric," she cried softly. "Oh, I'm so ashamed. You—you don't think I'm bold and—'' He kissed her again. triumphantly.

He kissed her again, triumphantly. The eternal man in him was solving the problem. Victory! Conquest! That is the man of it.

'I didn't believe it could ever happen." he cried, aglow with bliss. "I--I don't see how I ever got up the courage to do it. Why, until now, I thought you liked me just on Mary's account. What funny things girls are. And you've hear liking me all the this been liking me - like this - all the time

Not like this," she said wistfully, looking up for the first time and meet-ing his eyes. "I'd never thought of this

"We'll be sweethearts forever-" he hesitated and then uttered the word for the first time, shyly, awkwardly-'darling."

"If you will always like me," she murmured.

"You won't let anybody come between us, will you?" he demanded. "You'll not let them change you with their stories about me?'

"As if they could!" she exclaimed. "Oh. Eric, you must not do that! Sup-pose that father came in, or one of the maids. Please, please!" "I'm so happy I can't help—That re-minds me, Joan." He took his arms from around her and stood erect, his

face verr serious. "I've gay to speak to your father," he announced, but with an utter absence of determination. "A gentleman never asks a gift to marry him until he's seen..."

announced the judge. His brow clouded. "And I shall have to ask you two to let me have the study to myself for awhlie. I've an important matter to—er-to think over. I'd spoil the picture, any-way." He arose, patting the restrain-ing hand as he did so. "By the way, Eric, is Chetwynd at the bank today?" "I think so, sir." replied the boy, re-pressing a start. "Joan, before you go out, will you telephone and ask him if he would mind coming up this evening after din-ner—if he isn't otherwise engaged?" Her face fell. "I'd—I'd rather not telephone to Chetwynd, father." Her father smiled. "Just tell him that I want to see him for a few minutes. Put it that way, my dear." the judge. His brow clou

shoulder.

Put it that way, my dear." She went to the telephone in the hall,

rebellious but relieved. The judge turned to Eric, who stood hard by, un-decided what to do next.

"I've known Adam Carr since he was a little boy. Eric. I saved him from drowning when we were lads together.

You may be sure he would accept no thanks from me for what he did last week for Joan—and you. He is ex-tremely fond of you, because you are good to his old father. And let me tell ou something, my boy: he is a friend

worth having." "I am sure of it, sir." "Chetwynd will be here at half-past seven, father," said Joan from the doorway, a moment later. the +

CHAPTER 1X. TRAGEDY.

As Eric walked springily down Blagden avenue an hour later, his heart thumping with happiness, he came face to face with Mr. Presbrey. In a twin-kling his spirits fell. The sight of the excellent gentleman brought him back to earth. He had been in heaven for two hours or more. Strange, that a minister of the gospel should snatch one out of heaven and restore him to the sinful earth so rudely, but that is precisely what happened. Seeing Mr. Presbray just then was like taking a Presbrey just then was like taking a sudden, unexpected plunge into icy wa-ter. Beautiful, warm visits of delight faded away, and in their place stretched all the ugly, unkind scene he had man-aged to forget in his new environment. Once more came into active reality the bitter, depressing chill he had shaken off for the moment. Mr. Presbrey's

off for the moment. Mr. Presbrey's friendly, spiritual smile at once sug-gested 100 bitter wrongs and heart-aches; disillusioning realities, cruel charges and spiteful innuendoes. It re-vived all the mental anguish of the past fortnight, to say nothing of the indig-nities that had been spread out over the whole of his life with the Blagdens. The world turned black and harsh for him in the flash of an eye. Across his horizon lay the shadows of Chetwynd and his mother, with the less sinister

and his mother, with the less sinister shape of his uncle behind them. Mr. Presbrey accosted him, halting as the young man came up. He plant-ed the ferule of his gold headed ebony

st felle fer keeping his businss to hisself. Hel-Yender he comes now. I reckon been huntin' fer you out there all afternoon.

"That's strange," said Eric. "He's usually pretty good at finding what he looks for."

Adam Carr slowly approached from the direction of Stone Wall. A vague, indefinable feeling of unrest came over Eric, as of one who is being spied upon. Something seemed to tell him that the first onslaught Adam Carr had been watching him that Adam Carr had been watching him all the time they were out on Stone Wall. "Well. he's found you, ain't he?" ob-served Jabez, in his driest way. Give Adam time and he would find what he looked for, that was Jabez's inward contention.

(Continued next week.)

GENUINE HEROISM.

GENDINE HEROISM. Emerson. The characteristic of genuine heroism is its persistency. All men have wandering impulses, fits and starts of generosity. But when you have resolved to be great, abide by yourself, and do not weakly try to reconcile yourself with the world. The heroic cannot be the common, nor the common the heroic. If you would serve your brother, because it is fit for you to serve him, do not take back your words when you find that prudent people do not commend you. Be true to your own act, and congratulate yourself if you have done something strange and extravagant, and broken the monotony of a decorous age. It was a high counsel that I once heard given to a young person: "Always do what you are afraid to do."

A Jailless Country.

From the Christian Herald. Iceland, a few years ago, started to-ward national prohibition. It has it in full effect this year, and Denmark, which gave her official sanction, is pleased at the experiment. Iceland has a poor soil and elimete but it has no a poor soil and climate, but it has no almshouses, nor inmates in jails, nor criminal courts worth mentioning; but it has newspapers, schools, churches, total abstinence for the individual and prohibition for the nation.

Politicians Start Many Revolutions.

Politicians Start Many Revolutions. From the Kansas City Star. We usually think of revolutions as re-volts against despotism, and as making for liberty. That isn't necessarily so. The great Roman revolution was a series of upheavals by which the Roman republio was transformed into an empire. The rea-son was that the republic failed in effi-ciency. That is why all persons with the historical sense feel that politicians who sacrifice efficiency to politics are in a very deep sense enemies to the republic.

Women have taken the places of clerks and others employed in the dif-ferent department stores and banks in

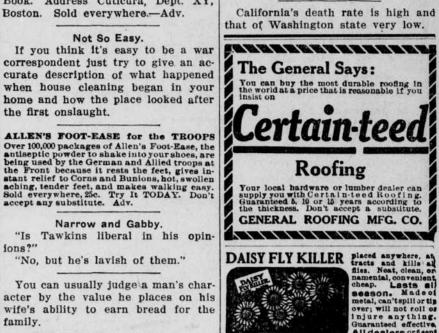
Germany

Ex-President Roosevelt declares that waman are just as fit to vote as men.

Sold everywhere.-Adv.

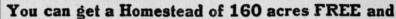
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The war's fearful devastation of European crops has caused an unusual demand for grain from the American Continent. The people of the world must be fed and there is an unusual demand for Canadian wheat. Canada's invitation to every industrious American is therefore especially attrac-tive. She wants farmers to make money and happy, prosperous homes for themselves while helping her to raise immense wheat crops.



other lands can be bought at remarkably low prices. Think of the money you can make with wheat at its present high prices, where for some time it is lia-ble to continue. During many years Canadian wheat fields have averaged 20 bushels to the acre—many yields as high as 45 bushels to the acre. Wonderful crops also of Oats, Barley and Flax.

Mixed farming is fully as profitable an industry as grain raising. The excel-lent grasses, full of nutrition, are the only food required either for beef or dairy purposes. Good schools, markets convenient, climate excellent.

(?) Military service is not compulsory in Canada. There is no conscription and no war tax on lands.

