

# WESTERN CANADA SEEDING FINISHED

### Wheat and Other Grains Have Had an Excellent Start.

The seeding of spring wheat was pretty 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 reveals 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 character told from my chirography."  
"Then why don't you go to a chirographist?"

### 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

"Every Picture Tells a Story"  
Mrs. N. P. Seasholtz, 1410 Monona St., Boone, Iowa, says: "I was in misery with kidney complaint. My back and hips pained terribly and sharp twinges darted through my kidneys when I moved quickly. I had headaches and dizziness 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."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box  
**DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS**  
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

### The Army of Constipation

Is Growing Smaller Every Day.  
**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS** are responsible—they not only give relief—they permanently cure Constipation. Millions use them for Biliousness, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Sallow Skin.  
SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.  
Genuine must bear Signature  
*Wm. Wood*  
**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 rid of that terrible asthma forever, how never to suffer again from those distressing attacks, by a simple, inexpensive home treatment which never fails. Address: G. D. H., Box 555, Des Moines, Ia.

# MARY MIDTHORNE

BY GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON.  
Author of "Graustark," "Truxton King," etc.  
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CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued).

"Mr. Carr is going," she said, singularly interested in what was going on out of doors. He leaned forward to look and, accidentally, his hands touched. They drew them apart as if each had come in contact with a burning coal. They laughed convulsively, in apology. "He's a strange man," said Eric 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."

"She hesitated, uncertain whether to add to his distress of mind or to complete what she had set out to do in the 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 sometimes she catches a—a murderous look in your eyes when she offers the slightest reproach or advice."

Eric laughed. He was able now to enjoy the situation. "They expect me to slaughter someone before I die," he chuckled. "She was very serious about it," protested Joan, displeased by his levity. "She says that Mr. Presbrey works with you by the hour, trying to—Please don't laugh, she cried, putting, '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 went 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, too.'"

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

Her face brightened, a glorious light suffused 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. He—he 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 girl that stood in its way. He swept all resistance aside and triumphed 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 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 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 convulsively pressed it to her lips. Then her eyes opened and looked into his. Tears swam in them as he looked down, dazed and unbelieving.

"Eric, Eric," she whispered, so softly he could hardly hear her. "I—I love you. You dear, dear Eric." 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 loudly. Physical expression of love was new and bewildering to them. They were amazed, frightened, abashed.

"Are—are we going to be sweethearts?" he asked, out of the maze of strange sensations. He only knew, or felt, that something vital was expected of him in this wonderful moment, something decisive, and honorable, and exacting. Her handclasp tightened with involuntary fervor. She hid her shamed face more completely in its resting place, and a delicious pink covered her cheeks and the little ear that was 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 commanding that he could understand it, even as he doubted his senses.

The faintest nod of the head answered him. He caught his breath, striving to find an outlet for his feelings. The words came in a whisper: "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 because I'm so strong you can't get away, is it? You are not angry—no, no, no! I—I'm not angry, Eric," she cried softly. "Oh, I'm ashamed. You—you don't think I'm bold and—"

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 been liking me—like this—all the time!"

"Not like this," she said wistfully, looking up for the first time and meeting 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."

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 along."

"You shouldn't keep your aunt waiting," said Mr. Presbrey genially, lifting his cane high enough to poke it at the youth in playful reproach. "Chetwynd, who now and then uttered 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 up the street. Mr. Presbrey alone on her part for the time being. "He's always looking to see if I'm in the narrow path," thought Eric, ram-corn in his soul.

He and Mary spent the greater part of the sultry afternoon on Stone Wall, which she divided over a novel while he tried to concentrate his mind on one or two studies that had been haunting him since the spring examinations. But his thoughts were of other things, both harsh and pleasant. Thoughts, of his own thoughts, of Joan were uppermost in his mind. There was the cruel disappointment in connection with the prize, of which Mary was in ignorance. She had not seen his drawing. 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. "And you'll marry me some day? Swear it!" "Oh, Eric, it—it seems so unusual." "You will?" "I—I suppose so."

He was not satisfied. Men never are. His brow clouded with the darkness of jealousy. "And you won't have a thing to do—ever—with any other fellow? Promise, Joan."

"Of course I won't," she cried, and he was content. "Aunt Rena's got her heart set on you for Chetwynd," he said, suddenly conscious of another agreeable triumph over his aunt. "I hate him!" After a moment she went on, her brow clouded with annoyance. "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 us."

"It's the first I've heard of it," he said stolidly. "She flushed painfully. 'Mrs. Blagden didn't—that is, you and Mary were not mentioned.' 'We wouldn't go, anyway,' he cried holly. 'It's too bad,' she murmured plaintively. 'The trip is a lovely one.' 'Are you going?' '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 do it.' '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, and Joan standing by. "If I observed the suppressed excitement in their manner, he gave it no thought, while they, on the other hand, were miserably certain that their heart throbs betrayed them."

The judge's grave, dignified face wore an expression of profound thought which lightened materially as the girl called out to him to come over and sit in the window with her while Eric tried out the new camera on them. "Snap us in this posture, Eric," he said, wondering if you'd notice him. "And drawing the dark head to his shoulder."

Her eyes were sparkling. Eric nervously began fumbling with the camera. His fingers were all thumbs. She laughed and he made more of a mess than ever. "The light's bad," he floundered helplessly. "Can't we go out in the yard?" "I'm afraid I can't spare the time," announced the judge. His brow clouded. "And I shall have to ask you two to let me have the study to myself for awhile. I've an important matter to—er—to think over. I'd spoil the picture, anyway." He arose, patting the restraining hand of the girl. "By the way, Eric, is Chetwynd at the lake today?"

"I think so, sir," replied the boy, repressing a start. "Joan, before you go out, will you telephone and ask him if he would mind coming up this evening after dinner—if he can't, then the same today?" Her face fell. "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." She went to the telephone in the hall, rebellious but relieved. The judge turned to Eric, who stood hard by, undecided 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 extremely fond of you, because you are good to his old father. And let me tell you something, my boy: he is a friend worth having, and do not weakly try to reconcile yourself with the world. The heroic cannot be the common, nor the common the heroic. If you were to let me, your brother, beat Waterbury and Granulated Eyelids, No Smearing, just Eye Comfort. Write for Book of the Eye by mail free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago."

A Man in trouble always appreciates a friend—until he gets out.

**GENUINE HEROISM.**  
Emerson.  
The characteristic of genuine heroism is its quietness. 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 were to let me, your brother, beat Waterbury and Granulated Eyelids, No Smearing, just Eye Comfort. Write for Book of the Eye by mail free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago."

## ORANGES TO PUT OUT FIRE

### Ingenuous 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 sufferer from stomach ailments. He took Mayr's Wonderful Remedy and got quick relief. The very first dose convinced him. Mr. Lewis writes:

"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 Soap 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, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

### Not So Easy.

If you think it's easy to be a war correspondent just try to give an accurate description of what happened when house cleaning began in your home and how the place looked after the first onslaught.

### ALLEY'S FOOT-EASE FOR THE TROOPS

Over 100,000 packages of Alley's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder to shake into your shoes, are being used by the German and Allied troops at the front because it rests the feet, gives instant relief to Corns and Bunions, hot, swollen, aching, tender feet, and makes walking easy. Sold everywhere. Try it TODAY. Don't accept any substitute. Adv.

### Narrow and Gabby.

"Is Tawkins liberal in his opinions?"  
"No, but he's lavish of them."

You can usually judge a man's character by the value he places on his wife's ability to earn bread for the family.

### YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU

Try Murine Eye Remedy for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. No Smearing, just Eye Comfort. Write for Book of the Eye by mail free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

### Canadian Wheat to Feed the World

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 attractive. She wants farmers to make money and happy, prosperous homes for themselves while helping her to raise immense wheat crops.

### You can get a Homestead of 160 acres FREE

and 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 liable 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 excellent grasses, full of nutrition, are the only food required either for beef or dairy purposes. Good schools, markets convenient, climate excellent.

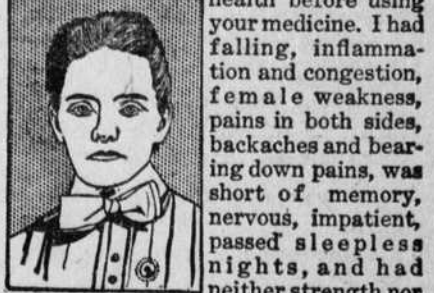
Military service is not compulsory in Canada. There is no conscription and no war tax on lands.

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## REMARKABLE CASE of Mrs. HAM

### 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, 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 certainly 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 anatomy 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 *Dr. J. C. Fletcher*. 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 so?  
He—She talked to me with such blase abandon!—Judge.

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### Canadian Wheat to Feed the World

160 ACRES IN WESTERN CANADA FREE

### Canadian Wheat to Feed the World

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 attractive. She wants farmers to make money and happy, prosperous homes for themselves while helping her to raise immense wheat crops.

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