

WESTERN CANADA CONTINUES TO WIN

The 1915 Yield of Grain Keeps Western Canada to the Front.

"The impression one gets in going through Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba," said a traveler from the East, "is that all the horses and teams and all the threshing machines engaged make no impression on the crops, and that it will take six months to thresh the grain out; but two weeks ago the Canadian Pacific railway was having a daily shipment of 1,700 cars of wheat from the three provinces, and a week ago they had got up to 2,100 cars a day. And besides this there is the Canadian Northern railway and the Grand Trunk Pacific, so an enormous quantity must be being shipped out of the provinces. The wealthier farmers are building large granaries on their farms, while there is a great improvement in the storage facilities provided by the government."

It is therefore no wonder that the greatest interest was shown by those who attended the Soil Products Exposition held at Denver a short time ago, when it was demonstrated that it was not only in quantity that Western Canada still occupied the primary position. It was there that Western Canada again proved its supremacy. In wheat, it was early conceded that Canada would be a winner, and this was easily the case, not only did it win the big prize, but it carried off the sweepstakes. What, however, to those who were representing Canada at this exposition, was of greater value probably, was winning first and second prize for alfalfa. The exhibits were beautiful and pronounced by old alfalfa growers to be the best they had ever seen. First, second and third cuttings of this year's growth were shown.

At this same exposition, there were shown some excellent samples of fodder corn, grown in the Swift Current district. Topping the range cattle market in Chicago a short time ago is another of the feats accomplished by Western Canada this year.

On Wednesday, October 13, Clay, Robinson and company sold at Chicago for E. H. Maunsell, Macleod, Alberta, a consignment of cattle, 17 head of which, averaging 1,420 pounds, brought \$8.90 per hundredweight, topping the range cattle market for the week to date. The same firm also sold for Mr. Maunsell 206 head, averaging 1,240 pounds, at \$8.55, without cut-throat. These were all grass cattle. They were purchased by Armour and company. Clay, Robinson and company describe the cattle as of very nice quality, in excellent condition, and a great credit to Mr. Maunsell. It speaks well for our Canadian cattle raisers that they can produce stock good enough to top the Chicago market against strong competition, there being over 4,000 range cattle on sale that day.

It is one thing to produce crops such as are referred to and another to get them to market. The facilities of Western Canada are excellent. The railway companies, of which there are three, the Canadian Pacific, the Canadian Northern and the Grand Trunk Pacific, have the mark of efficiency stamped upon all their work. Besides the main trunk lines of these systems, which extend from ocean to ocean, there are branch lines and laterals, feeders which enter into remote parts of the farming districts, and give to the farmer immediate access to the world's grain markets. The elevator capacity of the country is something enormous, and if the figures can be digested, the full extent of the grain producing powers of Western Canada may be realized. The total elevator capacity is about 170,000,000 bushels, or nearly one-half of the entire wheat production of the Dominion in 1915. Of this large storage facilities the country elevators number 2,800, with a capacity of 95,000,000 bushels.—Advertisement.

Blighted Ambition. "Felice has quit knitting socks for the Belgians." "Maybe the Belgians have enough socks now." "Perhaps so, but Felice quit because she couldn't be chairman of the knitting committee of the Girls' Belgian Relief club."

A GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT. Mr. F. C. Case of Welcome Lake, Pa., writes: "I suffered with Backache and Kidney Trouble. My head ached, my sleep was broken and unrefreshing. I felt heavy and sleepy after meals, was always nervous and tired, had a bitter taste in my mouth, was dizzy, had floating specks before my eyes, was always thirsty, had a dragging sensation across my loins, difficulty in collecting my thoughts and was troubled with shortness of breath. Dodds Kidney Pills have cured me of these complaints. You are at liberty to publish this letter for the benefit of any sufferer who doubts the merit of Dodds Kidney Pills."

Dodds Kidney Pills, 50c. per box at your dealer or Dodds Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Dodds Dyspepsia Tablets for Indigestion have been proved, 50c. per box.—Adv.

If a woman would have the neighbors respect her husband she must set an example.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the original little liver pills put up 40 years ago. They regulate liver and bowels.—Adv.

The worse the weather today, the better it may be tomorrow

Mr. F. C. Case. As is pointed out by a Toronto paper Canada's great good fortune and splendid service as the Granary of the Empire are revealed in the record harvest from her rich fields of wheat and other grains. "The foundation of its prosperity is solid and enduring. While mines may be exhausted and lumber may disappear through improvident management, agriculture is a perpetual source of wealth, increasing from year to year by the stimulus of individual industry and personal interest. A wheat harvest of 336,250,000 bushels from 13,000,000 acres, an average yield of 26 bushels to the acre. The substantial nature of this growth in production is shown by the fact that the harvest returns are 72 per cent greater than the average for the past five years.

The same satisfactory and highly important success has been attained in other grain crops. The aggregate yield of oats is 481,035,500 bushels from the 11,365,000 acres under crop. Of this yield 205,680,000 bushels are from the three Prairie Provinces. These provinces also contribute 304,200,000 bushels of wheat. The barley harvest is 50,868,000 bushels from 1,509,350 acres, an average yield of 33.7 bushels per acre."

MARY MIDTHORNE

BY GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON. Author of "Graustark," "Truxton King," etc. Copyright, 1911, By Dodd, Mead & Co.

CHAPTER XXII—(Continued).

"I knew him well. He will speak in his own good time. A strange, unaccountable fellow, John. A secret man. I have been thinking of him in the last few days, thinking a great deal. Perhaps you will not mind saying to him that I have expressed a desire to come and see him some day. He will hear you."

He left Payson standing there, staring after him with a look of wonder in his eyes.

Joan Bright went up to the grey house on the hill with the two Midthornes. In the dim old library she abruptly faced Eric, holding out her hands to him. There were tears of utter joy and gladness in her eyes.

"Eric," she said softly, "I truly believe I am the only one who has not changed. I am still just what I was in the beginning."

"Her hands to his lips. 'Love does not change,' he said, a deep thrill in his voice. 'It goes on just the same until it is killed, but it does not change while it is alive. Love is life, that is the secret of it. Ah, it is good to be alive, after all. Yesterday I could have died. I loved today because you are the very heart of it, you are the life of it. It throbs with you, Joan darling. Today I love life because I love you.'"

"And because I love you," she added.

Mary was a silent, enchanted listener. Her eyes shined with the deep, mysterious light, her lips moved with their lips.

She waited until he took Joan in his arms. Then she stole quietly from the room. They did not hear, they did not see. They had forgotten her. She went upstairs and took up the portrait of a man from her dressing table. She kissed it and held it tight to her breast, and was no longer lonely.

At last Joan remembered. With a quick start of confusion she released herself from Eric's arms, and turned a burning face to the portrait of a man from her dressing table. She looked at the girl who had come into the library with them.

"Oh, I wonder—" she began, after a searching glance about the room which revealed no living witness to the ancient encounter.

She straightened her hat. "What a dear, dear girl she is!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE CUP IS FULL.

Jabez Carr sat outside his cottage on a warm spring afternoon a fortnight after the trial of Eric Midthorne. There had been six funerals at the Seaman's home during the past two days, and Jabez was not a happy man. Something certainly was wrong at headquarters. He could not understand why the grim reaper had been allowed such privileges. Gross neglect on somebody's part; that was quite clear. Six in two days? Why, said he to himself, it must have been cholera, or something of the kind. The sun had shined brightly through the tree tops, and there he placed his stool. It occurred to him that the warm sun was unusually grateful to his bones. No doubt, it was the gloom of those six funerals that had got into his marrow, but there was no getting around the fact that the sunshine had a most pleasing effect.

Somehow, without really giving a thought to it, the ancient gate keeper sought out the only spot where the sunshine struck brightly through the tree tops, and there he placed his stool. It occurred to him that the warm sun was unusually grateful to his bones. No doubt, it was the gloom of those six funerals that had got into his marrow, but there was no getting around the fact that the sunshine had a most pleasing effect.

The sun's rays struck the corner of the cottage where the rain barrel stood. So it was there that he put his stool. With rare inconsistency he leaned his back against the damp staves of the barrel, and smoked his pipe in blissful contentment of the rheumatism and other ills that lay behind him. Sunshine! No one ever came to grief by getting too much sunshine; that is, if one didn't overdo it. The days seemed shorter. Jabez used to be anyway, thought Jabez. You could get up at sunrise, attend to a few things here and there, and the first thing you knew the sun was setting. And the nights, too, seemed shorter of late. Better get what little sunshine there was, said he.

But six in two days! Yes, sir, there was something radically wrong somewhere. He sat up suddenly, confronted by an uncanny question: would there be more funerals on the morrow? The squirrels frisked about him unnoticed. They sat up on their tails and waited with admirable patience for him to hurl sticks at them. They listened for the mild epithets with which he hectored them.

But he puffed on at his cold pipe, and his thoughts were far away. A strong voice called out a greeting to him. He awoke from his long feverish slumber. The sun had moved away from the rain barrel and gleamed warm against the cottage wall, a dozen paces to the left.

"What day is this?" he asked hazily, coming to his feet.

"Sunday, Uncle Jabez," said Eric. He looked relieved. "There won't be any today," he said. "They never have 'em on Sundays." With which, the thought of funerals passed away. His face brightened. The jolly twinkle returned into his eyes. A vast politeness seemed his.

"I am uncommon pleased to see you, Miss Joan," he said. "You are a great honor. He carefully wiped his hand on his trousers leg, and extended it to meet hers. He then shook hands with Mary, going farther, however, to pat the little fingers with his free hand, a feat which compelled him to raise the pipe to his lips, where it wobbled uncertainly, deprived of its usual support. "Someone has been tellin' me of the weddings that is to be. For the life of me, I can't tell you who it was."

"It was I, Uncle Jabez," said Eric, coming up with one of the chairs.

"So it was," said Jabez, visibly relieved. "I'm gettin' so dazed and forgetful. Well, Jack, how is Adam today?"

"Very comfortable," said Payson. "He sends his love to you."

"Fine boy, Adam is—a wonderful boy," mused the ancient. "Set down, girl—your ladies. Git out o' this, dang ye!" He clapped his hands vigorously upon his legs and several audacious quadrupeds scuttled off in amazement but not in fear. "Double weddings is good luck, sir, powerful good luck," he went on, drawing up his stool. "Except in one case I remember of. That was when Dick Fink, as fine a chap as ever lived, had a double wedding all of his own. He got married twice in one week to different gals in different parts. Well, sir, when them two gals found out what he'd been up to, they turned in and got him put in gaol an' made life so miserable for him that he was glad to go to the penitentiary for five years. When did you leave New York, Jack?"

"I suppose she's all there? I must go down an' have a look at her one o' these days. I ain't been to New York since the war, 40 odd years ago. Let's see, Eric, you said June, didn't you?"

"The 10th of June, at Uncle Horace's house. You said I come to see my married, of course?"

Mr. Carr looked dubious. "If I can get someone to tend gate for me. I don't know as I can get anyone, though. Maybe there won't be anyone left by that time. What's this I hear about old Prevey being mar boss of the new library. That's all wrong. It hadn't ought to be. That's just plain cussed interference by Horace Blagden. This here new preacher, Mr. King, is the right man for the place. He's a splendid feller. I had no idee a preacher could be such a gentleman. See this here new pew, well, sir, he brought it down to me last week with a dozen packages o' Yale mixture. Says he, it ain't wrong to smoke, any more'n it is to eat. By ginger, I don't see what's come over the church these days. Old Prevey used to say I'd go to hell if I smoked a pipe, and now I'd sooner be in hell smokin' than in heaven not doin' it. No, sir! A man o' them narrow ideas ain't got no business runnin' a public library. He'll make a terrible mess of it, he will. Why, how can a feller read without a pipe in his mouth? Words fail him. He waved his hands to complete the opinion."

Four very happy young people laughed aloud, greatly to his dismay. He mumbled an apology and got up to show the squirrels away.

"Next time that little cuss comes postern' round you, Miss Joan, hit him a good one side the head," he remarked gruffly.

"I wouldn't strike it for the world," cried Joan.

"You'd better not," said Jabez sharply, before he could think.

His subsequent humility was wonderful to behold.

"Can you guess, Uncle Jabez," began Eric, "what we'd all like, most of anything in the world?"

His eyes twinkled. "Yes, sir, I do know," said he with a fine wink. The girls blushed.

"We've come to spend the afternoon listening to those good old stories of yours," said Eric hastily. "That's what we want. Joan has never heard you tell stories."

"I want to hear the very best you have in that wonderful head of yours, Uncle Jabez," said Joan.

"I like the one about the pirate—" began Mary eagerly.

But Jabez shook his head. "They was all lies—terrible, ungodly lies," he said, very solemnly. "It's wrong to tell 'em."

"We know they are lies," cried Mary. "That is always understood at the beginning, and that's why we love them so dearly."

"No, sir," said Jabez firmly. "I can't do it. It ain't right. Mr. King has been talkin' to me about rectitude and honor in old age. He says it's wrong to lie, specially at my time o' life. So I guess I'll have to disappoint you."

They were disappointed. "Just one or two, Uncle Jabez," pleaded Joan. "We'll never ask it of you again. Two or three whoppers won't hurt, I am sure, if we know they—"

Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont was one of the first women to enlist in the work of getting votes for women in this country.

Natural optimism makes one hope that the Baltimore man, who, according to his wife's testimony, has not taken a bath during the 26 years of his married life, was employed as a life guard at a beach or something of that sort.

HOLDS WORLD LAW FIRM, DESPITE WAR

James Brown Scott. "The recurrence of war affords no more reason for losing faith in international law than the recurrence of private crime would be a justification for abolishing domestic law and substituting a reign of internal anarchy," says James Brown Scott, secretary of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, in the 1915 year book of the endowment recently published.

TOO MUCH FOR HIGHWAYMAN

Prospective Victim's Flow of Language More Effective Than Any Use of Deadly Weapons.

Footpad (presenting pistol)—Fork over yer rhino, and be quick about it! Near-sighted Editor—I beg your pardon? (Sternly) "No monkeying. Unlimber; produce the blint."

"Pardon me, but I do not exactly apprehend the drift of your—" "Cheese your patter. Don't yer see I've got the drop? Unload yer oof!" "I am totally at a loss, my dear sir, to perceive the relevancy of your observations, or to—" "Whack up, or I'll let her speak!" "Is there any peculiarity in the external seeming of my apparel or demeanor, sir, that impels you, a total stranger, to—" "Once more, will you uncock that swag?"

(Hopelessly bewildered) "My friend, I confess my utter inability to gather any coherent idea from the fragmentary observations you have imparted. There is something radically irreconcilable and incapable of correlation in the vocabularies with which we endeavor to make the reciprocal or correlative interchange of our ideas intelligible. You will pardon me—I suggest that synchronization of purpose is equally indispensable with homogeneity of cerebral impression as well as parallelism of idiom and—"

But the highwayman had fled in dismay.—Tit-Bits.

Reasons for Eating Fruit.

1. Because it is appetizing and palatable.
2. Because it is refreshing and thirst quenching.
3. Because of its nutritive properties.
4. On account of its salts and acids.
5. On account of its action on the kidneys.
6. Its laxative properties.

The average woman is willing to admit that any man is perfect who thinks she is perfect.

A man never realizes how insignificant he is until he attends his own wedding.

Useful Friends. "I hope you are selecting playmates whose companionship will be of value to you," said Jimmy's mother.

"Oh, sure," replied Jimmy. "Skinny Jones is showin' me how to spit through my teeth, and Tug Higgins says if I'll give him my roller skates he'll teach me the punch that knocked out Jim Corbett."

Good Business. "What is a financier, papa?" "A financier, my son, is a man who can borrow money and make the lender pay interest on it."

BROUGHT HOME THE MONEY

Youngster's Ideas of Finance Somewhat Primitive, But They Were Also Effective.

A four-year-old son in a Winchester (Ind.) family often is a help to his mother when he returns family washings to different houses. Often he is puzzled when asked how much is due for the work.

One day last week the lad returned a washing to a certain Winchester home. Several extras were included in the laundry and, naturally, the owner expected an additional expense.

"How much is it this week?" the owner asked.

The child appeared to be in deep study and did not answer.

"How much is it?" the owner asked for a second time.

"Ah-h-h—three nickels more than 'tis," the child quickly replied.

The owner had formerly paid \$1.25 each week, so \$1.40 was paid this time.—Indianapolis News.

Device to Save. A new device brought out by an Englishman puts an end to waste of time in using the telephone. The invention is called an amplifier and can be connected with the receiver by pressing a button. By this simple arrangement one does not have to wait at the telephone while the person at the other end goes in search of the person you seek. Instead, the amplifier is switched on. The receiver can then be placed on the desk and work of the caller resumed. When the party sought calls his tone is greatly increased by the amplifier and can be heard across a large-sized room.



Bouncing Health and Active Brain

come naturally with childhood, but in later years are usually the result of right living—

Proper Food Plays a Big Part

Many foods—especially those made from white flour—are woefully deficient in certain mineral salts which are essential to life, health and happiness.

To supply these vital mineral elements, so often lacking in the usual daily diet, a food expert originated

Grape-Nuts

This food, made of choice wheat and malted barley, supplies all the nutriment of the grains, including the phosphate of potash, etc., required for the daily rebuilding of body and brain.

Grape-Nuts has a delicious, nut-like flavour—is ready to eat direct from the package with cream or good milk, and is complete nourishment.

"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts
Sold by Grocers everywhere.



James Brown Scott.