#### Successful Crops and Big Yields Help the Railway.

The remarkable fields that are reported of the wheat crop of Western Canada for 1915 bear out the estimate of an average yield over the three western provinces of upward of 25 bushels per acre. There is no portion of that great west of 24,000 square miles in which the crop was mot good and the yields abundant. An American farmer who was induced to place under cultivation land that he had been holding for five years for speculative purposes and higher prices, says that he made the price of the land out of this year's crop of oats. No doubt, others, too, who took the advice of the Department of the Interior to cultivate the unoccupied land, have done as well.

But the story of the great crop that Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta produced this year is best told in the language of the railways in the added cars that it has been necessary to place in commission, the extra trains required to be run, the increased tonnage of the grain steamers.

It is found that railway earnings

continue to improve. The C. P. R. earnings for the second week of October showed an increase of \$762,000 over last year, the total being only \$310,000 below the gross earnings of the corresponding week of 1913, when the Western wheat crop made a new record for that date. The increase in C. P. R. earnings for the corresponding week of that year was only \$351,000, or less than half of the increase reported this year. The grain movement in the West within the past two weeks has taxed the resources of the Canadian roads as never before, despite their increased facilities. The C. P. R. is handling 2,000 cars per day, a new record. The G. T. R. and the C. N. R. are also making new shipment records. The other day the W. Grant Morden, of the Canada Steamships Company, the largest freighter of the Canadian fleet on the Upper Lakes, brought down a cargo of 476,315 bushels, a new record for Canadian shipping. Records are "going by the board" in all directions this fall, due to Canada's record crop. The largest Canadian wheat movement through the port of New York ever known is reported for the period up to October 15th, when since shipments of the new crop began in August, 4,265,791 bushels have been reloaded for England, France and Italy. This is over half as much as was shipped of American wheat from the same port in the same period. And, be it remembered, Montreal, not New York, is the main export gateway for Canadian wheat. New York gets the overflow in competition with Montreal.-Advertisement

There's always a woman in the case when a female lawver is employed.

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

Boredom only means lack of sympathy.

# **Rest Those Worn Nerves**



Don't give up. When you feel al When you feel all hard to bear, and backache, dizzy headashes, queer pains and irregular action of the kidneys and bladder may mystify you, remember that such troubles often come from weak kidneys and it may b that you only need Doan's Kidney Pills to make you well. When the kidneys are weak there's danger of dropsy, gravel and Bright's disease. Don't de lay. Start using Doan's now.

OAN'S KIDNEY PILLS 50¢ at all Stores Foster-Milburn Co. Props. Buffalo, N.Y.

## Don't Persecute Your Bowels



SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE, Genuine must bear Signature

### **HIDES TANNED**

We tan all kinds of hides. Make horse and estile bides into Warm Fur Coate, Robes, Mittens, etc. Oidest tannery in Northwest. Established 1822. All work gnar-anteed. Write for catalog, tags and prices.

# MARY MIDTHORNE

till till till

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

CHAPTER XXIII,-(Continued.)

"Don't tease, Eric," interposed Joan "The church has a great deal to answer for," insisted Midthorne. "Med-dling like this with a man's business." "Business?" murmured Jabez. "Whose business?"

"Isn't it your business to make peo-

happy?"
Well, I guess it's Mr. King's business, too." said he resignedly. "He comes down here and tells me the truth about things and I see things in truth about things and I see things in a new way from what I used to. Old Presbrey stretched the truth so that it looked mighty fishy to me. Mr. King puts it in a nutshell. If he says it's wrong to lie, why it is, that's all. Dang it all," he exploded virtuously, "I never see a pirate in my life. Nor a hand-some princess either." John Payson spoke, with a twinkle in his eyes. "Do you helieve that everything in the bible you believe that everything in the bible is true. Uncle Jabe?"

Jabez glared at him. "I'll believe it all until some of you smart Alecks prove it ain't. I used to laugh at that tale about Jonar and the whale. Mr. King about Jonar and the whale. Mr. King says it's paregorical. I told him nobody could make me believe a feller could live inside a whale's belly—bible er no bible. He said he didn't believe it either. It's just a paryble."

"They are joking with you, Uncle labe." said Mary compare to his rescue.

"They are joking with you, Uncle Jabe," said Mary, coming to his rescue. "Of course, we are," cried Eric warmly. "We will not ask you to tell us any more lies. Mr. King is right. But you surely can't object to telling us a few true stories."

Jabez Carr pondered. "Well," he raid at last and with conviction, "a story ain't wuth tellin' unless it's a lie." Then, to change the subject, which was more dangerous than he rared to admit: "When do you start Eric?"

And so, instead of being entertained by him on this Sunday afternoon, they were content and eager to discuss their own intimate affairs for his especial benefit, thereby doing much toward the support of Mr. King's missionary efforts and at the same time adding considerable to their own estimate of what heaven really is.

Jabez succeeded in grasping a few of the more important details; a thou-rand trivial points escaped him. By dint of arduous questioning, he gath-ered that the ground was to be broken text week for the Bright mansion; that cand trivial points escaped him. By dint of arduous questioning, he gathered that the ground was to be broken next week for the Bright mansion; that the plans for the great public library were well under way; that Jack and Mary were to live in New York City; that Eric and Joan were to make Corinth their home for a few years, at least; that the Widow Payson would not hear of Adam's removal to a sanitorium in the Adirondacks; that Mr. Presbrey and Mr. King were boson friends; that the former was prayer leader in the reconstructed First Church, and very sure about it; that Mr. Blagden was a greater man than ever before; that Mrs. Blagden was an angel; that Corinth would be put on the map to stay; that the world was a very wonderful abiding place, after all. One secret remained untold. He was never to know that one of the tall young men who sat there glibly talking was his own grandson.

He walked with them to the gate when the dusk of night began to fall. It had been a great afternoon for him, but a distressingly short one. Yes, they seemed to be growing shorter all the time. He leaned on the bars and

seemed to be growing shorter all the time. He leaned on the bars and watched them until they were out of

sight among the trees,
"Funny thing," he mused, "but I can't remembber being so keen about things when I was their age. Times must have changed a whole lot. Still, I wonder. It was a long while ago. I guess a young feller is a young feller, no matter where you put him."

Then he went back, clucking to the

Adam Carr, propped up in his wheel chair, eyed a dark and threatening sky from the tiny lawn in front of the Widow Payson's house in Handy street. There was an alertness in als street. There was an alertness in all eyes that contrasted sharply with the inertness of his body, which sagged in the depths of the chair. Late afternoon winds came gently up from the sea, bringing coolness to relieve the heat of this blistering day in May.

Passers-by bespoke him from the

Passers-by bespoke him from the sidewalk, along which they hurried in advance of the approaching storm.

Riding at anchor in a safe cove, said Adam to himself and of himself.

Mrs. Payson came to the porch.
"I think we'd better have the nurse get you into the house, Adam," she

He looked wistfully at the sky. "I'd like to have a good drenching," he said to her. "It can't hurt me."
"Nonsense." she said. "Don't be silly." She went into the house to call

the nurse.

the nurse.

He grumbled. "A little rain won't spoil me. You'd think I was a lump of sugar instead of clay."

The nurse and Mrs. Payson lifted the chair to the tiny front porch.

"I'll stay out here, if you please," he said, "until it really begins to rain. I like the rush of the wind. Don't worry. I won't blow away. I'm anchored, safe enough."

They left him to wait for the sweep of the storm. Who can tell of the

of the storm. Who can tell of the thoughts, the bitter conflict of thoughts, that ran through the keep, active brain of this wonderful man as he sat there glowering at a sky no blacker than his

There was life in the wind that swept his grim, expressionless face; there was strength in the way it came up to smite him, to earess him, to tantalize him. He opened his mouth and drank it in, and held his breath as if to keep it captive. His eyes shone with the love of it, with the hatred of it. He loved it because it was life; he hated it because it was dead when it left his lungs to go oozing out into the world again. And he knew it would come to life the instant it left him. He hatel a dead thing. He hated his own body. He loved the wind because it could live and die in the same breath, and live on forever.

ve on forever. He found himself wondering, at last, there was a soul within him that ved and died, and went on living as

"Can't do it, Miss Joan," said he stut ornly, but with an effort to subdue the wistful look in his old eyes. "Nothing would please me better. I'd love to do it. But it ain't right, as Mr. King says. I got to go by what he says."

Eric assumed an air of severity. "Do day to visit his useless hulk, but it would go on forever just the same car-Eric assumed an air of severity. "Do you mean to say that the church has been meddling with your affairs?"

"Meddling?" gasped Jabez.

"Yes, sir, meddling."

"Co long with you, Eric," exclaimed Jabez helplessly. "Lies is lies."

"And Mr. King has put the hand of bigotry on your life?" in fine scorn.

"What's that?" demanded Jabez, bristling.

In that short space of time, as the storm came up, Adam Carr began to grasp the clusive thing men call religion. He was not taking it on faith He was beginning to reason it out.
The first scattering drops of rain blew

The first scattering drops of rain blew across his face. Someone moved behind him. He looked up. The nurse was at the head of his chair, smiling. "It's coming," she said. "Coming and going," he said, with a smile she did not understand, it was so

mysterious.

Even as the door closed upon the gathering storm, a man hurried up from the sidewalk and lifted the

from the sidewalk and lifted the knocker.

Mrs. Payson admitted him. A tall, frall man whose hair was white:

"I've come, Adam, to see if we cannot be friends after all these bitter years," said Horace Blagden, stopping still at the foot of the chair.

Adam caught his breath. He was speechless for many seconds; long, tense seconds they were. When words came, it was the old Adam Carr who

"Horace," he said, slowly, deliberately, "it won't seem natural not to hate you." "I understand," said Mr. Blagden. "It has not been easy for me, Adam."
Adam Carr addressed the wondering

Adam Carr addressed the wondering nurse.

"Miss Hastings, will you be good enough to take Mr. Blagden's hat and to push my chair over by the window? And then you may leave us for a while. I beg your pardon. This is Mr. Horace Blagden, the great man of Corinth."

Corinth. Mr. Blagden did not wince. If there was a tinge of irony in the characterization, it escaped him. He bowed graclously to the young woman and seated himself where he could look into the face of the man who had just made the admission—the one man in all Cor-inth to begrudge him the distinction up to the present hour. Ah, it was something to get that out of Adam Carr! Now it was complete. His cup of satisfaction was full.

THE END.

Competition vs. Regulation.

From the Waco Morning News.

tue of competition to ask: "Where are we at?"

Here we have an insurance company threatened with prosecution for giving a customer cheaper insurance than a state commission says he should have, and an oil company put on the grill for not advancing the price of gasoline when a competitor advances his price.

Incidentally and quite apart from the question raised by these two incidents, we can not understand why St. Louis filling stations are selling gasoline at 11 cents a gallon while Waco stations are charging 14 cents.

If the state is to fix the price at which insurance companies sell protection against fire, why should not the state fix the price at which oil companies must sell gasoline? And if an insurance company is to be penalized for selling fire protection below the price charged by the competitors and an oil company called to account for not raising prices to meet advances of its competitors, why not repeal the law of supply and demand entirely?

We give it up.

Mr. Bryan's Unreal World.
From the Minneapolis Journal.
The trouble with Mr. Bryan is the same as the trouble with many other dear people in this world. They have constructed an imaginary world all their own, with doves floating about, instead of peopled by aggressive folk ready to take advantage of a condition of helpless unpreparedness in others. less in others.

Miss Katherine Dahlgren, well known in New York and Philadelphia society, is to drive an auto in a race with a man on a motorcycle.

Owing to the inability to seure male labor, over 400 women school teachers in Glasgow, Scotland, have agreed to pick this year's raspberry crop.

Mrs. Manando McCabe, of Logans-port, Ind., has been declared insane lecause she is under the hallucination that she is the "Queen of the Movies.

The spring of a new automobile clock is automatically wound by electricity.

Keep Going.
Is the goal distant, and troubled the road,
And the way long?
And heavy your load?
Then gird up your courage and say, "I am

strong."
And keep going.

And keep going.

Is the work weary, and endless the grind And petty the pay?
Then brace up your mind And say, "Something better is coming my way,"
And keep going.
And keep doing.
Is the drink bitter life pours in your cuples the taste gall?
Then smile and look up And say, "God is with me whatever befall,"
And keep trusting.

Is the heart heavy with hope long deferred And with prayers that seem vain? Keep saying the word— And that which you strive for you yet shall attain; Keep praying.

Keep praying.

-Eila Wheeler Wilcox in October Nau-tilus.

All Very Tragic. At the Players' club in New York the happy ending so essential to a play's financial success was being dis-

cussed, when Butler Glaenzer said: "No play has a happy ending." They looked at him through the cig-

arette smoke in amazement. "No play has a happy ending," he repeated. "It runs on and on, and at last it ends tragically in some onehorse town, with the entire road company stranded and without the price of an oyster stew among the lot of

#### 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.

Quite Likely. "I can't understand it," said the fair customer in the shoe store. "You say these are No. 4's, and they pinch dreadfully. The pair I had before were threes, and they never gave me any trouble."

"Perhaps the threes were marked down," suggested the salesman.

For a really fine coffee at a moderate price, drink Denison's Seminole Brand, 35c the lb., in sealed cans.

Only one merchant in each town sells Seminole. If your grocer isn't the one, write the Denison Coffee Co., Chicago, for a souvenir and the name of your Seminole dealer.

Buy the 3 lb. Canister Can for \$1.00.

How Could He? Doctor-Stick out your tongue farther. -Can't. It's fastened t' my Boy-

back.-Judge. An Improved Quinine, Does not Cause

Nervousness nor Ringing in Head The happy combination of laxatives in LAX-ATIVE BROMO QUININE makes the Quinine in this form have a far better effect than the ordinary Quinine, and it can be taken by anyone without affecting the head. Remember to call for the full name, Laxative Bromo Quinine. Look for signature of E. W. Grove. 25c.

Not a Quiet Talker. Omer-Is your wife talkative still? Heiny-No, but she's still talkative. -Exchange.

Not Gray Hairs but Tired Eyes make us look older than we are. Keep your Eyes young and you will look young. After the Movies always Murine Your Eyes— Don't tell your age.

How the fact that town dogs are bathed regularly must make the country dogs snicker!

The bride-elect doesn't mind being caught in a linen or china shower.

To keep clean and healthy take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They regulate liver, bowels and stomach.—Adv.

Many a man's future has been spoiled by his wife's social success

Marie, the eight-year-old hopeful of a certain household, was seated at the breakfast table one morning. As usual, eggs were served.

Now, either Marie was not hungry or she had grown tired of the inevitable bill of fare, for very earnestly she lifted her eyes to heaven and exclaimed:

"I wish to goodness hens would lay something besides eggs!"

Oh, Well. .

"I see where a man was arrested last night for taking notes at a lecture."

"You don't mean it!"

"Yes; they were bank notes, and he took them out of another man's pocket."

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 Chart Hilthur.
In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

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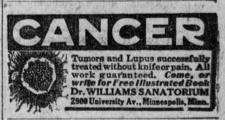
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### THE NEWEST REMEDY FOR BACKACHE, RHEUMATISM AND DROPSY

bles bring misery to many. When the kidneys are weak or diseased, these natural filters do not cleanse the blood sufficiently, and the poisons are carried to all parts of the body. There follow depression, aches and pains, heaviness, drowsiness. irritability, headaches, chilliness and rheumatism. In some people there are sharp pains in the back and loins, distressing bladder disorders and sometimes obstinate dropsy. The uric acid sometimes forms into gravel or kidney stones. When the uric acid affects the muscles and joints it causes lumbago, rheumatism, gout or sciatica. This is the time to send Dr. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., 10c for large trial package of "Anuric." During digestion uric acid is ab-

sorbed into the system from meat | 50c pck'gs.

Kidney, Bladder and Uric Acid trou- | eaten, and even from some vegetable The poor kidneys get tired and backache begins. This is a good time to take "Anuric," the new discovery of Dr. Pierce for Kidney trouble and Back-Neglected kidney trouble is ache. responsible for many deaths, and Insurance Company examining doctors always test the water of an applicant before a policy will be issued. Have you ever set aside a bottle of water for twenty-four hours? A heavy sedi-ment or settling sometimes indicates kidney trouble. If you wish to know your condition send a sample of your water to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., and describe symptoms. It will be examined without any ex-pense to you, and Dr. Pierce or his medical staff will inform you truthfully.

Anuric is now for sale by dealers, in

Bumper Grain Crops Good Markets-High Prices

Prizes Awarded to Western Canada for Wheat, Oats, Barley, Alfalfa and Grasses The winnings of Western Canada at the Soil Products Exposition at Denver were easily made. The list comprised Wheat, Oats, Barley and Grasses, the most important being the prizes for Wheat and Oats, and

sweep stake on Alfalfa. No less important than the splendid quality of Western Canada's wheat and other grains, is the excellence of the cattle fed and fattened on the grasses of that country. A recent shipment of cattle to Chicago topped the market in that city for quality and price.

Western Canada produced in 1915 one-third as much wheat as all of the United States, or over 300,000,000 bushels.

Canada in proportion to population has a greater exportable surplus of wheat this year than any country in the world, and at present prices you can figure out the revenue for the producer. In Western Canada you will find good markets, spleadid schools, exceptional social conditions, perfect attractions. climate, and other great attractions. The

Send for illustrated pamphlet and ask for reduced railway rates, information as to best locations, etc. Address Superintendent Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to

M. MacLachian, Drawer 197, Watertown, S. D.; W. V. Bennett, Room 4, Bee Building, Omaha, Neb., and R. A. Garrett, 311 Jackson St., St. Paul, Minn.

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ful Bridal Wreath pattern. Skinner's products are made from the finest durum wheat, in the largest, cleanest and most sanitary macaroni factory in America. There are nine kinds of Skinner Products-Macaroni, Spaghetti, Egg-Noodles, Cut Macaroni, Cut Spaghetti, Elbows, Soup Rings, Alphabetos, Vermicelli. These can be cooked fifty-eight different ways.

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Save the Trade-Mark Signatures from all Skinner packages and send the coupon today for full information how to get a complete set of Oneida Com-munity Par Plate Silverware with Skinner's Macaroni Products.

All good grocers sell Skinner's **Products** 

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The Largest