

# FROM ONE YEAR'S CROP HE PAID FOR HIS LAND IN WESTERN CANADA

Remarkable as are the reports of the yields of wheat in Western Canada, the marketing of which is now under way, they are none the more interesting than are those that are vouched for as to the value of this grain crop to the farmers of that country.

Some months ago the Department of the Interior, at Ottawa, Canada, wrote to those in the United States who were owners of land in Western Canada that it was not producing, advising that it be put under crop. The high prices of grain and their probable continuance for some years should be taken advantage of. Cattle and all the produce of the farm commanded good figures, and the opportunity to feed the world was great, while the profits were simply alarming. The Department suggested that money could be made out of these idle lands, lands that could produce anywhere from 25 to 65 bushels of wheat per acre. A number took advantage of the suggestion. One of these was an Illinois farmer. He owned a large quantity of land near Culross, Manitoba. He decided to put one thousand acres of it under wheat. His own story, written to Mr. C. J. Broughton, Canadian Government Agent at Chicago, is interesting.

"I had 1,000 acres in wheat near Culross, Manitoba. I threshed 34,000 bushels, being an average of 34 bushels to the acre. Last Spring I sold my foreman, Mr. F. L. Hill, 240 acres of land for \$9,000, or \$37.50 per acre. He had saved up about \$1,000, which he could buy seed with, and have the land harrowed, drilled and harvested, and put in stook or shock.

"As a first payment I was to take all the crops raised. When he threshed he had 8,300 bushels of wheat, which is worth in all \$1.00 per bushel, thereby paying for all the land that was in wheat and more, too, there being only 200 acres in crop. If the 240 acres had all been in wheat he could have paid for it all and had money left."

That is a story that will need no corroboration in this year when, no matter which way you turn, you learn of farmers who had even higher yields than these.

G. E. Davidson of Manitou, Manitoba, had 30 acres of breaking and 14 acres older land. He got 2,136 bushels of wheat, over 43 bushels per acre.

Walter Tukner of Darlingford, Manitoba, had 3,514 bushels of a 60 acre field, or over 58 1/2 bushels per acre. Forty acres was breaking and 20 acres summer fallow.

Wm. Sharp, formerly Member of Parliament for Lisgar, Manitoba, had 50 acres of wheat on his farm near Manitou, Manitoba, that went 53 bushels per acre.

One of the most remarkable yields in this old settled portion of Manitoba was that of P. Scharf of Manitou, who threshed from 15 acres the phenomenal yield of 73 bushels per acre.

These reports are but from one district, and when it is known that from almost any district in a grain belt of 30,000 square miles, yields while not as large generally as these quoted, but in many cases as good, is it any wonder that Canada is holding its head high in the air in its conquering career as the high wheat yielder of the continent? When it is pointed out that there are millions of acres of the same quality of land that has produced these yields, yet unbroken, and may be had for filing upon them as a homestead, or in some cases may be purchased at from \$12 to \$30 an acre from railway companies or private land companies, it is felt that the opportunity to take part in this marvelous production should be taken advantage of by those living on land much higher in price, and yielding infinitely less.—Advertisement.

**Didn't Need the Ball.**  
Two neighboring football clubs had been drawn together. Local rivalry ran riot with the feelings of the players, and hard knocks were the order of the day. At the end of the first half each side had scored a goal, and several men had been wounded and winded in the fray.

Neither side being able to add to the score, the game resolved itself into a free fight. At last the ball collapsed and someone volunteered to go for a new one.

"Oh, never mind a ball," shouted a player from behind a bundle of bandages; "let's go on with the game!"

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make us look older than we are. Keep your eyes young and you will look young. After the Movies Murine Your Eyes. Don't tell your age. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, Sends Eye Book on request.

**Point of the Situation.**  
"The place was so still you could have heard a pin drop."  
"Did anybody drop it?"

**Exceptions.**  
"Like produces like."  
"Not always. Just you try to get any cold cash from a snowbank."

**To Prevent the Grip**  
Colds cause Grip—Laxative Bromo Quinine removes the cause. There is only one "Bromo Quinine." E. W. GROVE'S signature on box, 25c.

It's easier to get people to take your advice than to make them use it.

The future is what we hoped the past might have been, but wasn't.

# THE GLOVED HAND

A Detective Story

By BURTON E. STEVENSON

Author of "The Holladay Case," "The Marathon Mystery," "The Mystery of the Boule Cabaret," etc.

## CHAPTER IX—(Continued.)

"There can be only one inference," he said. "The dead man is not bleeding—the cord did not cut the flesh. The blood, then, must have come from the murderer. He must have been injured in some way—bleeding profusely. Look at this handkerchief—it is fairly soaked."

I am sure that, at that instant, the same thought was in Godfrey's mind which flashed through mine for the eyes met, and there was a shadow in his which I knew my own reflected. Then I glanced at Hinman. He was looking at the handkerchief thoughtfully, his lips tightly closed. I could guess what he was thinking, but he said nothing.

Godberger laid the handkerchief on the table, at last, and turned back to the body. He bent close about it, examining the blood spots, and when he stood erect again there was in his face a strange excitement.

"Lend me your glass, Simmonds," he said, and when Simmonds handed him a small pocket magnifying glass, he unfolded it and bent above the stains again, scrutinizing each in turn. At last he closed the glass with an emphatic little snap. "This case isn't going to be so difficult, after all," he said. "Those spots are finger prints."

With an exclamation of astonishment, Simmonds took the glass and examined the stains; then he handed it to Godfrey, who finally passed it on to me. Looking through it, I saw that Godberger was right. The stains had been made by human fingers. Most of them were mere smudges, but here and there was one on which faint lines could be dimly traced.

"They're plenty clear enough for our purpose," said Godberger; "these will come out much clearer in photographs. It's lucky this stuff is so smooth and closely woven," he added, fingering a corner of the robe, "or we wouldn't have got even those. It's as hard and fine as silk."

"How do you suppose those marks came there?" Mr. Godberger asked, and there was in his tone a polite scepticism which evidently annoyed the coroner.

"Why, there's only one way they could come there," Godberger answered impatiently. "They were put there by the murderer's fingers as he drew the cord tight. Do you see anything improbable in that?"

"Only that it seems too good to be true," Godfrey answered, quietly, and Godberger, after looking at him a moment, turned away with a shrug of the shoulders.

"See if you can get the cord loose, Simmonds," he said.

The cord was in the form of a running noose, which had been knotted to hold it in place after being drawn tight. Although it had not cut the flesh of the neck, it had sunk deeply into it, and Simmonds worked at the knot for some moments without result. I suspect his fingers were not quite as steady as they might have been; but it was evidently an intricate knot.

"That's a new one on me," he said, at last. "I can't get it loose."

Godfrey bent close above it and looked at it.

"It is a peculiar knot," he agreed. "If you'll permit a suggestion, Mr. Godberger, you cut the cord and leave the knot as it is. It may help us to find the man who made it."

"You're right," agreed Godberger, promptly. "Cut the cord, Simmonds. Simmonds got out his pocket knife, opened it and slipped the blade under the cord. He looked at it a moment, and then handed it to Godberger. The latter examined it carefully.

"It's stained with blood, too," he remarked, and passed it on to Godfrey.

"It looks like curtain cord," Godfrey said, and made a little tour of the room. "Ah!" he added, after a moment, from the door opening into the grounds. "See here!"

He was holding up the end of the cord by which the curtains covering the upper part of the double doors were controlled.

"You were right, Mr. Coroner," he said, "in thinking that the murderer entered by this door, for he stopped here and cut off a piece of this cord before going into the room."

"Then he must also have stopped to make it into a noose," remarked Godberger. "If he didn't, he was certainly a cool customer. It's a wonder his victim didn't hear the noise he made."

"Making a knot isn't a noisy operation," Godfrey pointed out; "besides, the back of the chair was toward the door. And then, of course, it's possible his victim did hear him."

"But then he would have jumped from the chair," objected Simmonds.

"Not necessarily. Suppose you were sitting there, and heard a noise, and looked around and saw me standing here, you wouldn't jump from the chair, would you?"

"No; I'd have no reason to jump from you."

"Perhaps Vaughan thought he had no reason to jump from the man he saw—if he saw anyone. I'm inclined to think, however, that he didn't suspect anyone else was in the room until he felt the cord about his throat."

"And, of course," said Godberger, taking the cord again and looking at it, "it was while the murderer was making it into a noose with his blood-stained fingers that he stained it in that way. Don't you agree, Mr. Godfrey?"

"That is a possible explanation," Godfrey conceded.

"But why did he make this second knot?" inquired the coroner; "the knot which holds the noose tight and prevents it from slipping?"

"If he hadn't knotted it like that he would have had to stand there holding it until his victim was dead. As it was, he didn't have to wait."

I shivered a little at the thought of the scoundrel calmly tying the knot to secure his noose, and then leaving his victim to twitch his life out.

"It's no little trick to tie a knot like that," Godfrey added, thoughtfully. "I should like to study it."

At a sign from him, Simmonds pulled down the portiere from the inner door and placed it over the body. Then the coroner picked up the robe and held it out at arms' length.

"What kind of a freak dress is this, anyway?" he asked.

"It's a robe," said Godfrey. "Mr. Vaughan was a mystic."

"A what?"—a believer in Hinduism or some other Oriental religion.

"Did he dress this way all the time?" I believe so. It is probably the dress of his order."

Godberger rolled the robe up carefully, and said nothing more; but I could see from his expression that he had ceased to wonder why Vaughan had come to a strange and violent end. Surely anything might happen to a mystic! Then he placed the blood-stained handkerchief in another envelope, and finally put his hand in his pocket and brought out half a dozen

"Now," he said, "let's sit down and rest awhile. Simmonds tells me it was you who called him, Mr. Godfrey. How did you happen to discover the crime?"

The question was asked carelessly, but I could feel the alert mind behind it. I knew that Godfrey felt it, too, from the way in which he told the story, for he told it carefully, and yet with an air of keeping nothing back.

Of the mysterious light he said nothing, but, starting with my finding of the letter and summoning Swain to receive it, told of the arrangements for the rendezvous, dwelling upon it lightly, as a mere affair which could have no connection with the tragedy. He passed on to his own arrival from the city, to Swain's return from the rendezvous, and finally to the screams which had reached us, and to the discovery we had made when we burst into the house.

"I summoned Dr. Hinman immediately," he added, "for Mr. Vaughan seemed to be in a serious condition; then I called Simmonds, and suggested that he stop for you, Mr. Coroner, for I knew that the case would interest you. Dr. Hinman arrived perhaps half an hour ahead of you, and had

restored to bed at once. And I guess you know the rest," he concluded.

We had all listened intently. I was pretty sure that Simmonds would make no inferences which Godfrey wished to avoid; but I feared the more penetrating eyes of the coroner. His first question proved that I was right to do so.

"Where is this man Swain?" he asked.

"He was suffering from the shock," said Godfrey, "and Lester and Dr. Hinman were his only attendants, and put him to bed. That's where they were when you got here."

"He seemed to be suffering from a slight concussion," Hinman explained. "There was a swelling on one side of his head, as though some one had struck him, and the pupils of his eyes were unequal. He had also a cut on the wrist," he added, after an instant's hesitation.

"Ah!" commented Godberger, with a glance at Godfrey. "Had it been bleeding?"

"As it is himself when crossing the wall, Godfrey answered, "a mere scratch, but I believe it did bleed a good deal."

"Ah!" said Godberger again; and then he turned to the doctor. "Did I understand you to say that he went to sleep?"

"He certainly did. I gave him a good strong opiate to make sure of it."

"Do you think he'll sleep till morning?"

"He'll sleep nine or 10 hours, at least."

"Then that's all right," said Godberger, and settled back in his chair again. "But didn't anybody live in this house except that old man and his daughter? Aren't there any servants?"

"There must be some somewhere about," answered Godfrey, to whom the question was addressed, "but Lester and I looked through the lower floor and part of the upper one and didn't find any. There's a bell there by the door, but nobody answered when I rang. We didn't have time to go all over the house. We did find one thing, though," he added, as if in an after-thought.

"What was that?"

"There's an adept in one of the rooms upstairs."

Godberger sat up and stared at him. "An adept?" he repeated. "What's that?"

"An expert in mysticism. I judge that Vaughan was his pupil." I asked that Godfrey was a Hindu?"

"Do you mean he's a Hindu?" I asked the coroner, as though that would explain everything.

"But Godfrey was having his revenge. 'I don't know whether he's a Hindu or not,' he said, drily. 'I didn't get a very good look at him.'"

"What was he doing?" Godberger demanded.

"He was just sitting there."

Again Godberger stared at him, this time suspiciously.

"Is good heavens, man!" he cried. "That's three or four hours ago! You don't suppose he's sitting there yet!"

"Yes," said Godfrey, drily, "I think he is."

Godberger's face flushed, and he sprang to his feet impatiently.

Simmons, and I heard their gasp of amazement, as they saw what lay beyond.

The scene had not changed in the slightest detail. The crystal sphere still softly glowed, with intangible shadows flitting across its surface; the adept still sat cross-legged staring into its depths; opposite him, the cobra, its hood distended, swayed slowly to and fro.

But as we stood there staring, a single delicate ray of sunlight coming through a pin hole in the curtained window, struck the sphere and seemed to extinguish it. The glow within it flickered and fluttered and finally vanished, and it hung there dull and grey.

An instant later, the motionless figure raised its arms high in air, with a motion somehow familiar; then it got slowly to its feet, crossed to the window, drew back the curtain and flung wide the shutter.

The sun was just peeping over the trees to the east, and for a second its light blinded me. Then I saw the adept bowing low before it, his arms still extended. Once, twice, thrice he bowed, as before a deity, while we stood there staring. Then he turned slowly toward us.

"Enter, friends," he said calmly. "The peace of the Holy One be on you, and his love within your hearts!"

## CHAPTER X.

### THE WHITE PRIEST OF SIVA.

The adept was an impressive figure as he stood there with the sun behind him, throwing a yellow nimbus around his head. The robe he wore was of a rich purple, and gave an added effect of height and dignity to a figure already tall. His hair was dark and crinkled like wind-swept wheat; his complexion dark, but with an under blush of red in the cheeks. His lips were scarlet and his eyes coal black and of an arresting brilliance. The whole effect he gave was of transcendent energy and magnetism, not only did he show the slightest fatigue from his long vigil.

His eyes swept our faces, as we stood crowded there in the doorway. He did not seem surprised. If there was an expression in his face except courteous inquiry, it was one of carefully suppressed amusement.

"Enter, friends," he repeated. "What is it you desire?"

His voice was rich and deep, and he spoke with a peculiar intonation, but without accent. It was something of a shock to hear the ordinary words of English speech coming from his lips, for they seemed formed to utter prophecies in unknown tongues.

Godberger took one step into the room, and then stopped abruptly. Following his eyes, I saw that the adept had awakened from its trance, and was regarding us steadily and hissing slightly. The adept smiled as he saw us shrink back.

"Do not fear," he said. "Come, Toto, and stepping across the room, he lifted the cobra in one hand and held it a moment close to him, gently stroking the distended hood. The snake curled itself about his arm and seemed to cuddle to him, but it kept its eyes fixed on us. I could not but smile at the incongruity of its name. Toto was well known for a French poodle, but for a cobra!

After a moment, the adept lifted the lid of a round basket which stood on the floor near the divan, dropped the snake gently into it, and fastened the lid. Then he stepped back to the curtains at the rear of the room parted and a strange figure appeared between them.

It was the figure of a man, not over five feet tall and very thin. He was almost as dark as a full-blooded negro, and the white burnoose which was thrown about his shoulders and covered him to just below the hips, made him look even darker. His legs were bare and seemed to be nothing but skin and bone. The flat nosed face, with its all lips and prominent eyes, reminded me of an idol I had seen pictured somewhere.

The newcomer bowed low before the adept, and, at a sign from him, picked up Toto's basket and disappeared with it through the curtains. He had not even glanced in our direction. The adept turned back to us.

"Now, friends," he said, "will you not enter?"

Godberger led the way into the room and stopped to look about. The walls were covered with black velvet, so arranged that windows and doors could be covered also, and the room was absolutely devoid of furniture, save for a low, circular divan in the center of which stood the crystal sphere, supported, as I saw now, by a slender pedestal.

"I have a few questions to ask you," began Godberger at last, in a voice deferential despite himself.

"Proceed, sir," said the adept, courteously.

"Do you know that Mr. Vaughan is dead?"

The adept made a little deprecating gesture.

"Not dead," he protested. "A man does not die. His soul rejoins the Over-sea, that is all. Yes, I know that at midnight the soul of my pupil passed over."

"How did you learn that?" Godberger demanded.

(Continued next week.)

Ontario's area is 407,262 square miles. Chile is building 208 miles of railroad.

## COMMANDS BRITISH AT DARDANELLES

Sir Charles Monro.

General Sir Charles Monro is the British commander-in-chief at the Dardanelles. Since the decision of the allied council of war to prosecute with vigor the campaign against the Turks at Gallipoli, Sir Monro's duties have assumed a new importance.



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## DISTINCTLY A "WAR BABY"

Kitten's String of Names Left No Doubt as to the Sympathies of Its Owner.

A certain little Philadelphia girl is distinguished chiefly by her fondness for cats and kittens, which she much prefers to dolls.

Several days ago she was sitting on the sunny steps of the front porch, tenderly nursing on her lap a coal-black kitten, very small as yet, but sturdy and full of promise.

"What a pretty kitten!" remarked a neighbor in passing. "What do you call him, my dear?"

"I call him Allies," was the reply. "Allies! I think you must mean Alice, do you not?" suggested the lady with a smile.

"Oh, no, not Alice! His name is Allies," corrected the child. "His right name," proudly, "is George Albert Nicholas Peter Victor Emmanuel Joffre; but father says that is a heavy load for such a little fellow to carry, so I call him Allies for short!"

As the lady proceeded up the street, she heard a childish voice say tenderly: "Come, Allies, we must go in. It is time for you to have your rations."

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

**He Had No Kick Coming.**  
"That's awful pitching."  
"What's the matter, my dear?"  
"That's the second man he's given a pass to first this inning."

"I don't see why you should complain, George. That's the way you came in to see the game."—Detroit Free Press.

**Her Mental Status.**  
"That surely was a paradox you brought into the family, my dear."  
"What do you mean?"  
"The cook you said you got out of an intelligence office."

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Pat's one trouble was that he could not wake up in the morning. His landlady had tried every device she could think of, but even the most determined of alarm clocks had no effect on Pat's slumbers. One day he returned home from his work with a large paper parcel. "There, now, Mrs. Jones," said he triumphantly, as he unwrapped a huge bell, "and what d'ye think o' that now?" "Goodness, man!" exclaimed the surprised landlady. "Whatever are you wanting with that great thing?" As he tucked the bell under his arm and prepared to go upstairs, Pat replied, with a knowing grin: "Sure, and I'm going to ring it at six o'clock every morning and wake meself up!"

**His Modest Wants.**  
Taking the ideal book, bough, jug and maiden of Omar Khayyam as one side of the cold comfort picture, turn the canvas over and squint at the luxury desired by the British soldier who writes: "Could you post each week the Spectator and a small can of insect powder?"

**A Warning.**  
"You had better be careful, Miss Flirty, or you will find yourself 'in against the law.'"  
"Oh, what do you mean?"  
"Why, you have such a killing way of shooting glances at a fellow."

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