

# HIGH PRICES— GOOD CROPS

And Good Demand for All Farm Products.

It is no new experience for settlers located in a fertile country such as Western Canada, where lands may be bought at very reasonable prices, to harvest a crop that in one season pays the entire cost of their farm. Undoubtedly this was the experience of many farmers during 1915, but one instance may be quoted. A settler who came to Canada from the United States some years ago decided to add to his holdings by buying an adjoining quarter section near his home at Warner, at \$20.00 an acre, with terms spread over a period of years. He got the land into a good state of cultivation and last spring put the whole quarter section in wheat. When the crop was threshed he found that it only took half the wheat on the farm to pay the whole purchase price of it; in short a single year's crop paid the cost of the land, paid all the expenses of operation and left him a handsome surplus as profit. This settler had some adjoining land, and his whole wheat crop for the season amounted to over 18,000 bushels. He is now planning to obtain some sheep and invest his profits in live stock which will assure him a good living irrespective of what the season may happen to be.

Canada's financial position is excellent. All speculation has been eliminated, and trading is done on a cash basis, with restricted credit.

Detailed figures of Canada's trade for twelve months ending October 31 show how the war is forcing Canadian trade into new channels. One of the most extraordinary changes is in commerce with the United States. A couple of years ago Canada imported from the United States two or three hundred million dollars' worth of goods more than she exported. The balance of trade was all with the United States. The balance is rapidly disappearing, and the present outlook is that by the end of this year Canada will have exported to the United States more than she has imported.

The figures for the past four years are illuminating. They are as follows:

	Exports.	Imports.
1912	\$145,721,650	\$412,657,022
1913	179,050,796	442,341,840
1914	213,493,406	421,074,528
1915	314,118,774	346,569,924

Four years ago, in 1912, the balance of trade in favor of the United States was no less than two hundred and sixty-seven millions, and this year, the balance is reduced to only thirty-two millions. The figures are extraordinary and reflect the changed and new conditions in Canada. It looks as if for the first time in nearly half a century this year Canada will sell more to the United States than she will buy from the Americans.—Advertisement.

Unkind.  
"Does your wife wear spats?"  
"Wear 'em? She starts 'em."

**FIERY RED PIMPLES**  
Soothed and Healed by Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Trial Free.

Smear the affected skin with Cuticura Ointment on end of finger. Let it remain five to ten minutes. Then wash off with plenty of Cuticura Soap and hot water. Dry without irritation. Nothing like Cuticura for all skin troubles from infancy to age.

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address Postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Giving a hungry man advice is about as satisfactory as feeding ice cream to a wax doll.

## "CASCARETS" FOR LIVER, BOWELS

For sick headache, bad breath, Sour Stomach and constipation.

Get a 10-cent box now. No odds how bad your liver, stomach or bowels; how much your head aches, how miserable and uncomfortable you are from constipation, indigestion, biliousness and sluggish bowels—you always get the desired results with Cascarets.

Don't let your stomach, liver and bowels make you miserable. Take Cascarets to-night; put an end to the headache, biliousness, dizziness, nervousness, sick, sour, gassy stomach, backache and all other distress; cleanse your inside organs of all the bile, gases and constipated matter which is producing the misery.

A 10-cent box means health, happiness and a clear head for months. No more days of gloom and distress if you will take a Cascaret now and then. All stores sell Cascarets. Don't forget the children—their little insides need a cleansing, too. Adv.

There's nothing like an obstacle for getting in a man's way

# THE CLOVED LAND

## A Detective Story

By BURTON E. STEVENSON  
Author of "The Holladay Case," "The Marathon Mystery," "The Mystery of the Boule Cabinet," etc.

CHAPTER XXI (Continued.)

The motion ceased. I was gazing down upon a great city, built upon a narrow spur of land between two rivers, a city of towering buildings and busy streets; then upon a single house, set in the midst of lofty elms; then I was in a room, a room with a stained and a door opening upon a garden. From the garden the light faded, and the darkness came, and a clock somewhere struck 12. Then, suddenly, at the door appeared two white-robed figures, an old man and a girl. The man was talking excitedly, but the girl crossed the room without a backward glance, and passed through a door on its farther side. The man stood for a moment looking after her, then flung himself into a chair, and put his hands before his face.

With creeping flesh, I looked again at the outer door, waiting who would enter. And slowly, slowly, the drapery was put aside, and a face peered in. I could see its flashing eyes and working mouth. A hand raised a glass to his gleamed, was raised cautiously to the cord, and when it was lowered, it held a piece of the cord within its grasp. I could see the eager fingers fashioning a knot; then, with head bent, the figure crept forward on its hands and knees, and with a gasp, it was at the door, and the hand which held the cord was red with blood. From the wrist a stained handkerchief fell softly to the floor.

And then the assassin turned to steal away; but as he went, he cast one awful glance over his shoulder. The light fell upon his face—and I saw that it was Swain's!

I opened my eyes to find myself extended full length on the divan, with Silva standing over me, a tiny glass of yellow liquid in his hand.

"Drink this," he said, and I swallowed it obediently.

It had a pungent, unpleasant taste, but I could feel it running through my veins, and it cleared my mind and steadied my nerves as though by magic. I sat up and looked at the crystal. The other lights in the room had been switched on, and the sphere lay cold and lifeless. I passed my hand before my eyes, and looked at it again; then my eyes sought Silva's. He was smiling softly.

"The visions came," he said. "Your eyes tell me that the visions came. Is it not so?"

"Yes," I answered, "strange visions, Senator Silva. I wish I knew their origin."

"Their origin is in the Universal Spirit," he said, quietly. "Even yet you do not believe."

"No," and I looked again at the crystal. "There are some things past belief."

"Nothing is past belief," he said, still more quietly. "You think so because your mind is wrapped in the conventions amid which you exist. Free it from those wrappings, and you will begin really to live. You have never known what life is."

"How am I to free it, Senator Silva?" I questioned.

"By becoming a disciple of the Holy One," he said, most earnestly.

But was myself again, and I rose to my feet and shook my head, with a smile.

"No," I said; "you will get no convert here. I must be going."

"I will open the gate for you," he said, in another tone, and led the way down the stairs, through the library, and out upon the gravelled walk.

After the drugged atmosphere of his room, the pure night air was like a refreshing bath, and I drew in long breaths of it. Swain walked beside me silently; he unlocked the gate with a key that he carried in his hand, and pulled it open.

"Good-night, Mr. Lester," he said. "The sphere is at your service should you desire again to test it. Think over what I have said to you."

"Good-night," I answered, and stepped through into the road.

The gate swung shut and the key grated in the lock. Mechanically, I turned my steps toward Godfrey's house; but I seemed to be bending under a great burden—the burden of the vision.

CHAPTER XXII  
THE SUMMONS.

I was confused and shaken; I had no idea of the hour; I did not know whether that vision had lasted a minute or 100 years. But when I hurried upon the path to Godfrey's house, I found him and Simmonds sitting on the porch together.

"I had Godfrey bring me out," said Simmonds, as he took my hands, "because I wanted another look at those midnight fire works. Did you come up on the elevated?"

"Yes," I answered, and I felt Godfrey turn suddenly in his chair, at the sound of my voice, and scrutinize my face. "I had dinner in town and came up afterwards."

"What time was that?" asked Godfrey, quietly.

"I got up here about 8 o'clock. I had an engagement with Miss Vaughan."

"You have been with her since?"

"With her and Silva," and I dropped into a chair and mopped my face with my handkerchief. "The experience was almost too much for me," I added, and told them all that had occurred.

They listened, Godfrey motionless and intent, and Simmonds with a murmur of astonishment now and then.

"I'm bound to confess," I concluded, "that my respect for Silva has increased immensely. He is impressive; he's consistent; I almost believe he's sincere."

"Have you considered what that belief implies?" asked Godfrey.

"What does it imply?"

"If Silva is sincere," said Godfrey, slowly, "if he is really what he pretends to be—a mystic, a priest of Silva, intent only on making converts to what he believes to be the true religion—then our whole theory falls to the ground, and Swain is guilty of murder."

I shivered a little, but I saw that Godfrey was right.

"We are in this dilemma," Godfrey continued, "either Silva is a fakir and charlatan, or Swain is a murderer."

"I wish you could have witnessed that horrible scene as I did," I broke in; "it would have shaken your confidence, too. I wish you could have seen his face as he glanced backward over his shoulder! It was fiendish, Godfrey, positively fiendish! It made my

blood run cold. It makes it run cold now, to remember it!"

"How do you explain all that crystal sphere business, anyway?" asked Simmonds, who had been chewing his cigar perceptively. "It stuns me!"

"Lester was hypnotized and saw what Silva willed him to see," answered Godfrey. "You'll remember he sat facing him."

"But," I objected, "no one remembers what happens during a hypnotic trance."

"They do if they are willed to remember. Silva willed you to remember. It was cleverly done, and his explanation of the origin of the vision was clever, too. Moreover, it had some truth in it, for the secret of crystal gazing is that it awakens the subjective consciousness, or great spirit, as Silva called it. But you weren't crystal gazing, tonight, Lester—you were simply hypnotized."

"You may be right," I admitted; "I remember how his eyes stared at me. But it was wonderful—I'm more impressed with him than ever."

"It isn't the fact that he hypnotized you that bothers me," said Godfrey, after a moment. "It's the fact that he has also hypnotized Miss Vaughan."

The words startled me.

"You think that's the reason of her behavior?" I asked, quickly.

"What other reason can there be?" Godfrey demanded. "Here we have a girl who has declared in danger or trying to summon to her aid the man who loves her and whom, presumably, she loves. And two days later, when he has been imprisoned for a crime of which she declares it is absurd to suspect him, instead of hastening to his aid or trying to bring out his wife, she turns her back on him and deliberately walks into the danger from which, up to that moment, she had shrunk with loathing. Contrast her behavior of Saturday, when she declared in danger or trying to summon to her aid the man who loves her and whom, presumably, she loves. And two days later, when he has been imprisoned for a crime of which she declares it is absurd to suspect him, instead of hastening to his aid or trying to bring out his wife, she turns her back on him and deliberately walks into the danger from which, up to that moment, she had shrunk with loathing. 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