

# FARMER'S GREAT OPPORTUNITY

Demand for Canadian Cattle After the War.

The opportunities that Western Canada offers to the farmer have time and again been placed before the public through these columns. The cheap price at which the very best lands can be purchased, and the advantage that is to be had in securing one of the free homesteads of 160 acres has appealed to a great many, and they have embraced them. Many, in fact most of those who have done so are today giving testimony to the good fortune and the timely forethought that led them to go to Western Canada, and embark in an era of farming that has placed them away beyond the pinch of want and given them reason to look into the future with a hopefulness that they had not had the courage in the past to forecast.

Not only have they been able to secure good lands at low prices and on easy terms but if they desire they have been able to add to this 160 acres of land free, on conditions that are easy. A resident in the Lloydminster district in Saskatchewan who had been farming in the States for some time, took up a homestead in 1910, and commenced breaking with 4 oxen. Two years ago he bought an adjoining quarter section and now has over 100 acres under cultivation. He says, "As my circumstances improved, I sold the oxen and now have six head of horses, twelve head of cattle, and have always a bunch of hogs on hand.

"On an average I have had yields of 25 bushels of wheat, 65 bushels of oats, and 40 bushels of barley to the acre, and last season from a field of 2 1/2 acres, I threshed 1,040 bushels of wheat. I have made a success of mixed farming and would have no hesitation in advising all who contemplate making a new home to come to this district. I sell cream to the Government Creamery here, and find at all times a good market for live stock and other produce."

This is but a modest statement of what a modest man can do in Western Canada, and could be repeated of hundreds of others.

Scores of cases could be recited where much more has been accomplished, and it is believed that with moderate investment at the present time, the cattle industry of Western Canada will pay large interest.

The Minister of Agriculture of Saskatchewan, in a recent address, ventured the prediction that the Saskatchewan farmer who developed his land along the lines of general stock raising would make much more money and find a far bigger return for his efforts in ten years' time than the man who devoted his energies purely and primarily to grain raising. This was the coming golden age of opportunity for the stockman and it was up to the Saskatchewan man to get in on the ground floor and prepare himself for the coming demand.

The close of the war would undoubtedly see a great demand for live stock in Europe and it was only reasonable to suppose that this demand would have to be filled almost wholly by American stockmen, both in Canada and the United States. Europe was slowly draining its rural districts not only of its beef and dairy animals but was also using the finer breeding animals and the end of the war would see a condition of affairs which would render necessary almost the repopulation of the domestic animal kingdom in that continent.

The opportunity of Western Canadian stockmen, therefore, lay in being prepared for this demand when it arose. In view of these facts which must be patent to every student of economic conditions as related to the stock industry, he hoped to see within the next three years the stock raising industry in Saskatchewan given an immense impetus forward, which would put it in the forefront of the producing provinces of the Dominion.—Advertisement.

If a man has enough money to carry him through he can get along without brains.

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# Feud of the Raccoon-Loop

By Robert Adger Bowen

Author of "A Knight of the Lariat," "Mandy of the Twin Bar," "Plain Betty Deane," "The Blue Ridge Mystery," "Because of Queechie," etc.

CHAPTER XXIV.—(Continued.)

They rode as swiftly as they could ride, nonetheless skirting the river, woods, and heading for that spur of chaparral beyond which they had left the new horses on pasture and beyond which an instinct told them they would find the marauders if they had not already gone on. So when they reached that fitting woods they hitched Jess' pony and made their further way with extreme caution.

That they were not much if any too late presently the faint odor of smoke gave them assurance, the pungent, sweet smoke of dried sagebrush, and almost at the same moment the sound of the clearing of a horse's nostrils came distinct upon the quiet night.

Buck, well in the lead, fell back cautiously at the sudden glimpse of their quarry, and the three men held a whispered conference. Hitting the trees, they crept forward afoot through the shadow of the trees.

Almost at right angles to the chaparral grove ran the edge of the larger woods just within whose shelter the two men, with Jess and their tethered horses, still lingered with a reckless-ness scarcely to be credited.

Though their fire burned low it served to throw into a dim relief the clustered group of horses and the three figures more immediately about it, the men standing, Jess sitting huddled on the fallen trunk of a cottonwood tree.

The rumbling voices of the men reached the listeners in the adjacent grove. Evidently they argued, almost quarreled. Once the girl lifted her head and watched them. Apparently they reached some decision, for the man who was not Grange turned briskly and started toward the horses further away. Grange faced the crouching girl. They could hear what he said to her.

"Swear to me, Jess, that you won't leave this spot 'fore mornin', an' we'll leave you loose, if you won't swear, you won't leave it nohow, but we'll tie you so you can't."

Jess paid no attention to the words. "An' we'll fix you so's you can talk as much as you is talkin' now," he added, angrily. "Is you deaf as well as dumb?"

Still Jess did not speak. Grange growled an oath. He stepped back from the fire, stooped, and took up a coil of rope. As he did so the girl sprang forward, and as he faced her she stood erect, the branding rod, which had been lying near the fire, clutched in her hand.

She spoke then in fearless anger and contempt. "If you come near me, you cur, I'll kill you," she cried. "What does you know 'bout swearin', you lynx-bait!"

The other man drew near again. "In the name of all God's devils," he cried aloud, "air you still waitin' here, Grange?"

He seemed to fly into a sudden fury of exasperation. He jerked the pistol from its holster about his waist, and the click of the trigger sounded clearly. "Drap that brandin' bar, gal," he shouted to Jess, "or, by God, I'll drap you."

It was then that Perry Green lifted the restraining hand he had been holding in Buck's arm. There was a flash and an echoing report from the chaparral, and the man before Jess flung wide his arms as he pitched forward, the pistol he had held whirling against the feet of the girl.

Instantly she stooped and seized it and covered the astounded Grange. "Now come on with your rope," she cried to him, "but it's going 'bout your neck, you coward, an' not round me."

Leaping forward, they seized him with scarce a show of struggle, bound him with the rope he held in his hand, and Buck, with a thrust upon his chest, sent him sprawling backward upon the ground, where he lay still as that other one whom they turned over contemptuously with their feet.

Kilrain was holding Jess in his arms. A few minutes later Perry Green stood over the replenished fire alone, its light flickering over the forms upon the ground before him, equally silent, though one was living and the other dead. Buck had gone back through the woods, guiding his horse upon which sat Jess, her father riding beside her, until they should come to the spot where they had left Jess' own pony.

That was a silent group, too. With her hands resting on the broad horn of Buck's saddle, Jess sat bending slightly forward as she rode.

Something intimate to her was in the touch of that saddle—something intimate in the close presence of Buck's own young body as he walked at her feet, his grasp upon the bit. He had hardly spoken a dozen words to her, but there had been no need of words.

The light in his eyes as he had looked into her own, his every motion, now told her of his service and his love. She did not have to ask to know whose hand it had been that once again had been ready and sure to save her from a threatened peril. She did not have to ask to know that life held nothing for this man in all the gamut of its rich possibilities which he would not gladly forego for her and for that love which Jess knew, also, he had come to know by the fine sympathy of love was his now for the asking.

They left him after he had put her on her pony, his touch strong, yet tender upon her, his face looking into hers in the darkness of the midnight woods through which she and her father went on together.

Perry Green was still standing over the fire when Buck got back. Almost immediately thereafter, however, he left his position, and, going over to the group of horses, returned with one of those of the captured men. He looked at Buck.

"Sit up there, Grange," Buck commanded. But the man sulked. Perhaps it was a weak despair that held him dumb and inert.

"Sit up, damn you!" called Buck again, and now the man twisted himself as he was bidden.

The other two eyed him with a grim disgust. "You know," said Buck, "what's due you, Bill Grange! Du you over an' over again! It's the hemp what sets tles such scores as the Loop has against such as you. But, 'cause you have worked an' russed with us, an' 'cause you're such a poor excuse for a man, an' 'cause we're willin' to give you a chance to keep your worthless life away from these here diggin's, we're goin' to give you a show of winnin' it. 'Tain't much of a show, that's true enough, but it's more'n you deserve. Git up on your feet an' come here."

The frightened cowpuncher drew nearer.

"We're goin' to put you on that horse," went on Buck, "an' give you a runnin' chance. 'Fore you's out of sight me an' Perry's goin' to draw on you an' fire—just once each. If we pot you, well an' good; if not, you're free to go. But listen to this, Bill Grange. If ever after this you dare to show your 'thief-in' face round here you'll die as sure as hell holds fire. Untie him, Perry."

The man was whimpering, yet some spark of hope, perhaps even of manhood, kept his tongue from more craven application. With their backs to the fire, their pistols ready in their hands, the two men stood as Grange clambered weakly on his horse.

"Now straight ahead," commanded Buck, "an' fast as you can ride, Bill Grange."

The horse bounded forward under jerk and jab of spurs, and had all but vanished in the gloom of the shadowy plain when, sharply, two shots rang out as one and the echo, dying, left only the distant pounding of flying hoofs to break the heavy silence.

Grange heard, lying in yet heavier silence on the plain, the slow blood oozing from two deadly wounds.

CHAPTER XXV.

THEIR OWN.

That night's work ended the long feud between the Loop and the Raccoon River ranches. Each side had much to forget and forgive, but there were influences which made this forgetting and forgiving easier, and it began the next day when Earle Worthing rode over to see Nance Cardross and insisted upon her listening to his counsel.

They were talking at Martin Kilrain's supper table about some of the more curious results of this action of Worthing's. Buck was once more a guest at Kilrain's that night.

"For one thing, Buck," said the foreman, smiling, "Miss Cardross is goin' to git rid of your friends, them sheep."

"If they'd been wolves they couldn't ha' bred more trouble," replied Buck. "Wolves they is in sheep's clothing."

Jess said nothing. She had been very subdued all that day. She was unwontedly gentle tonight.

"I'm goin' up to Worthing's now," said Kilrain. "I won't be gone long, Buck. Don't you hurry off."

"No," said Buck, and his eyes sought Jess.

The night was chill. On the open hearth a wood fire burned in Kilrain's sitting room. Before it Jess found herself alone with Buck when Agnes had gone into the kitchen with her.

It seemed to the girl that years had passed since yesterday when she had sat in the woods thinking of her happiness. It seemed to Buck that he had lived a lifetime since last he had been in that room.

"You didn't bring your 'cordium, Buck," said the girl.

His old smile twisted his mouth. "No, Jess. I didn't want to make you put walls 'tween us tonight. 'Sides, it's sick, an' a sick 'cordium ain't cheerful company."

Jess smiled. It was a rather nervous little smile.

"What's the matter with it, Buck?" The young fellow looked at her, an unconscious yearning growing in his eyes.

"Reckon I've been complainin' to it too much!"

He took the long tongs from her hands, their fingers meeting in the action. It was not the heat of the fire that glowed in Buck's veins as he shifted the logs, and stood the tongs back in the rack.

"Jess," he said, facing her all at once, "I can't wait any longer for your love. I can't Jess!"

She stood beside him, looking down at the leaping flames that made a blurred sheet of gold before her eyes. Her throat swelled to choking. Her heart filled her with its tumultuous throbbing. She could not move for the trembling that was upon her.

Buck spoke again, the quiver in his low voice holding Jess breathless.

"It come to me last night as I rode home through them woods, Jess, thinkin' 'n' harm had happened to you, that if I found you safe, God would hold me a fool for not beggin' you to be my wife, even if you laughed at me again; for, when a man loves as I do, Jess—as I love you—'tain't only love, but life an' death an' heaven an' hell an' his own soul, an' he ain't no man if he don't speak out!"

She covered her face with her hands, glad, frightened, awed, in all his knowledge of her Buck had never seen Jess break down. He bent his head to catch her choking words.

"I'll never laugh at you again. I ain't worth your love, Buck, but there ain't another man on earth that could ever make me marry him, now, since you have spoke to me like that!"

A moment passed. "Does you mean that, Jess?" She took her hands from her face, looking up into his eyes.

"I mean, if you wants me, Buck, I am yours—for life, for death—forever!" His arms closed about her, her own about his neck. In that moment of their love's supremacy they forgot the use of words.

THE END.

What One Drink Does to You. In the American Magazine is an article by Dr. Edwin F. Bowers, who states that scientific experiments have conclusively proved that a relatively small amount of alcohol will lower the muscular energy 7 per cent, accuracy 7 per cent, response to colors and impressions 13 per cent and memory 15 per cent, diminishing also the vision for four or five hours.

"Sending blood to the head, where it surges through the brain with increased velocity, is not increased vigor," says Dr. Bowers, "but increased irritation, which comes just before anesthesia and diminution of power. The drinker deludes himself for he only thinks he is thinking. His very first drink has produced a definite, measurable degree of intoxication."

Identified.

From Judge. Brown—The boss says that when he was a boy on the farm he had a mule that was just like one of the family. Jones—Yes, and I know which one.

Lingerie now boasts of beaded trimming. There are dainty garments made of crepe de chine with panels of iridescent beads.

# FRECKLES

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There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as the prescription ointment—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots. Simply get an ounce of ointment—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength ointment, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.—Adv.

In the Train.

"Oh, conductor, that cigar has fallen on my dress and it is smoking!" "Smoking is not allowed in this car, madam, so I will have to put you out."

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By Keeping Your Complexion Young With Cuticura. Trial Free.

The Soap to cleanse and purify; the Ointment to soothe and heal. These super-creamy emollients do much to keep the skin clear, fresh and youthful, as well as to keep the hair in a live, healthy condition and the hands soft and white.

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Proof.

Title—Is he a man of the hour? Tattle—Yes; he always keeps his eye on the clock.—Judge.

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One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder for the feet. Shaken into shoes and used in foot-bath, Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight shoes feel easy, and gives instant relief to corns and bunions. Try it today. Sold everywhere, 2c. For FREE trial package, Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y. Adv.

An Eye for Beauty.

"Has he a sense of fairness?" "Goodness, yes! He can tell them a block away."

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Jaybird Robs Mail Box.

Anniston federal officers are wondering if they must begin a search for a jaybird guilty of robbing the mails.

A postman placed a letter in the box of Dave Young, Twenty-first and Mobile streets, and then 'long came a jaybird and took it out. If the jaybird can be identified, the case may come before the next session of the federal grand jury.—Anniston (Ala.) Dispatch to Atlanta Journal.

Sufficient for Amusement.

"My poor woman," said the settlement worker, "what can I do to relieve your distress?"

"Can you sing, ma'am?" "Why—er—a little."

"I wish you'd sing some of the new ragtime songs, ma'am. Me and my husband ain't been to a cabaret in two years."

Driving Bicycle With a Motor.

One of the most ingenious motor attachments for bicycles yet placed on the market has recently appeared in England. The motor, which develops slightly over one horse power, is attached to the luggage rack; it weighs but 16 pounds, and occupies little space.—Popular Science Monthly.

Their Species.

"Strange how the snakes a man sees when he has been drinking multiply." "Maybe it is because they are adders."

A Sincere Performer. "Is Bliggins patriotic?" "Tremendously so. Why, he wants to get out and start a war so that he can have the pleasure of fighting for his country."

No Wonder. "I know a man who always charges cut rates for his work." "Who is he?" "The man who trims our trees and hedges."

## What is Castoria

CASTORIA is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend. The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 80 years, has born the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment. Genuine Castoria always bears the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*



## Three Hundred Million Bushel Crop in 1915

Farmers pay for their land with one year's crop and prosperity was never so great.

Regarding Western Canada as a grain producer, a prominent business man says: "Canada's position today is sounder than ever. There is more wheat, more oats, more grain for feed, 20% more cattle than last year and more hogs. The war market in Europe needs our surplus. As for the wheat crop, it is marvelous and a monument of strength for business confidence to build upon, exceeding the most optimistic predictions."

Wheat averaged in 1915 over 25 bushels per acre Oats averaged in 1915 over 45 bushels per acre Barley averaged in 1915 over 40 bushels per acre

Prices are high, markets convenient, excellent land, low in price either improved or otherwise, ranging from \$12 to \$30 per acre. Free homestead lands are plentiful and not far from railway lines and convenient to good schools and churches. The climate is healthful.

There is no war tax on land, nor is there any conscription. For complete information as to best locations for settlement, reduced railroad rates and descriptive illustrated pamphlet, address Superintendent Immigration, Ottawa, or

J. M. MacLACHLAN, Drawer 197, Watertown, S. D.; W. V. BENNETT, Room 4, Bee Bldg., Omaha, Neb., and R. A. GARRETT, 311 Jackson St., St. Paul, Minn. Canadian Government Agents

## Things Are Not as They Seem.

The unpronounceable names of the Mexican and European war zones have nothing on the names of City Engineer Jeup. His mail has come addressed to every name from Mr. B. Gee Up to Mr. B. Jesus, but it remained for an Indianapolis teacher to spend a year in digging out his identity.

For months she had heard a fellow teacher speak of her brother-in-law, Mr. Yorp. During the recent viaduct trouble his opinions on the matter were quoted frequently. For months this teacher had also read of Mr. Jeup, the city engineer.

Finally, when the viaduct troubles had reached their climax, she scanned the papers eagerly every evening to see how much longer she would have to walk across. Engineer Jup held exactly the opinions of Mr. Yorp.

Suddenly light burst on her befuddled brain. Rushing up to her teacher friend, she asked eagerly, "How does your brother-in-law, Mr. Yorp, spell his name?"

"Jeup," came the answer with a mild look of surprise.

Eureka! Mr. Yorp, the brother-in-law, was Mr. Jeup, the city engineer. But the name was Yoip. OI as in oil. Can you pronounce it?—Indianapolis News.

Some women like hand-painted china only when it matches their complexions.

## Wants to Develop Her Soul.

Defying paternal authority and scoring present-day methods of education, Miss Violette Wilson, daughter of J. Stitt Wilson, the former mayor of Berkeley, has withdrawn from the University of California. She announced that it was her intention to develop her own soul and that she intended to get an education from real life and not one the whole significance of which lay in a college diploma. Miss Wilson registered in letters and sciences at the university last August, but after a few months decided that her studies were hampering rather than assisting her mental growth. So, despite the wishes of her parents, she left the classroom.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Freddie's Funny Thought. "Pa, what's it mean to 'follow your nose?'"

"It means to go the way your nose points."

"Then if our pug should try to follow his nose, I guess he'd turn a back somersault."—Boston Evening Transcript.

Only Meter She Knew. Hub (with newspaper)—I see that the French have gained 200 meters from the enemy.

Wife—Two hundred meters! I suppose the Germans made another of their gas attacks.

# For a Tip-Top Breakfast

## Serve New Post Toasties



Here's the why: The New Toasties have a delicate, true corn flavour—unmatched by any other corn flakes. Trial proves.

They are the meat of choicest white Indian Corn—first cooked and seasoned, then rolled into thin wisps and toasted by quick, intense rotary heat. This new patented process of making raises distinguishing little bubbles on each flake, and brings out their wonderful new flavour.

## New Post Toasties

# —the New Breakfast Delight

Your grocer has them now.