

MORE WHEAT, MORE CATTLE, MORE HOGS

Land Values Sure to Advance Because of Increasing Demand for Farm Products.

The cry from countries abroad for more of the necessities of life is acute today; tomorrow it will be still more insistent, and there will be no letup after the war. This is the day for the farmer, the day that he is coming into his own. He is gradually becoming the dictator as it becomes more apparent that upon his industry depends the great problem of feeding a great world. The farmer of Canada and the United States has it within himself to hold the position that stress of circumstances has lifted him into today. The conditions abroad are such that the utmost dependence will rest upon the farmers of this continent for some time after the war, and for this reason there is no hesitation in making the statement that war's demands are, and for a long time will be, inexhaustible, and the claims that will be made upon the soil will with difficulty be met. There are today 25,000,000 men in the fighting ranks in the old world. The best of authority gives 75 per cent and over as having been drawn from the farms. There is therefore nearly 75 per cent of the land formerly tilled now being unworked. Much of this land is today in a devastated condition and if the war should end tomorrow it will take years to bring it back to its former producing capacity.

Instead of the farmer producer producing, he has become a consumer, making the strain upon those who have been left to do the farming a very difficult one. There may be agitation as to the high cost of living, and doubtless there is reason for it in many cases. The middleman may boost the prices, combine to organize to elevate the cost, but one cannot get away from the fact that the demand regulates the supply, and the supply regulates the price. The price of wheat—in fact, all grains—as well as cattle, will remain high for some time, and the low prices that have prevailed will not come again for some time.

After the war the demand for cattle, not alone for beef, but for stock purposes, to replenish the exhausted herds of Europe, will be keen. Farm educators and advisers are telling you to prepare for this emergency. How much better it can be done on the low-priced lands of today, on lands that cost from ten to twenty dollars per acre, than it can on two and three hundred-dollar-acre land. The lands of Western Canada meet all the requirements. They are productive in every sense of the word. The best of grasses can be grown with abundant yields and the grain can be produced from those soils that beats the world, and the same may be said of cattle and horses. The climate is all that is required.

Those who are competent to judge claim that land prices will rise in value from twenty to fifty per cent. This is looked for in Western Canada, where lands are decidedly cheap today, and those who are fortunate enough to secure now will realize wonderfully by means of such an investment. The land that the Dominion Government is giving away as free homesteads in the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta are of a high class; they are abundant in every constituent that goes to make the most productive soils. The yields of wheat, oats and barley that have been grown on these lands give the best evidence of their productiveness, and when backed up by the experience of the thousands of settlers from the United States who have worked them and become wealthy upon them, little more should be required to convince those who are seeking a home, even with limited means that nowhere can they secure anything that will better equip them to become one of the army of industry to assist in taking care of the problem of feeding the world. These lands are free, but to those who desire larger holdings, than 160 acres there are the railroad companies and land corporations from whom purchase can be made at reasonable prices, and information can be secured from the Canadian government agent, whose advertisement appears elsewhere in this paper.—Advertisement.

Sea of Pumice.

A steamship which recently made the port of San Francisco reports having sailed in a sea of pumice, near Sydney, N. S. W. Apparently the material had been cast up by a submarine volcanic outbreak, and chunks ranging in size from that of a marble to a plug hat were thrown on deck by the waves. The vessel was several hours in passing through the affected region.

The Quinine That Does Not Affect the Head Because of its tonic and laxative effect. Laxative Bromo Quinine can be taken by anyone without causing nervousness or ringing in the head. There is only one "Bromo Quinine." E. W. GROVES' signature is on each box.

Cause and Effect.

"Biffins is a true son of the soil." "Is that why he always looks so sooty?"

You can't guard your neighbor's tongue, but you can close your ears.

The future and the past are near relations to the present.

HIS SECOND WIFE.

A NEW YEAR STORY.

"There don't seem any way for me and Jake to get along," continued the complaining voice of Mary Ann Burton. "You know when we got married I rather loved to give me something to start on, but crops was bad that year, and Jake never liked my saying anything about it since. I've done just as Jake said these ten years, and now things are getting so bad that he had to give in and consent. So I came over to see father!"

"Well, what did he say?" her companion asked brusquely. "Just what he said when we was married. Crops is bad and he can't see his way to helping us this year; that lawsuit might nigh broke him up, he says. He 'lows to give me my share next spring if he ain't in the poorhouse himself by that time. I suppose father does have a powerful hard time, like the rest of us. But next spring won't do Jake any good; he'll have fretted himself into the grave by then." The weak, uncertain voice sank into a sob of distress. The woman opposite her sat bolt upright in an uncompromising chair. There was a look on her face of genuine sympathy, mingled with indignation.

"Mary Ann," she said, "don't you know that your father is the stingiest man in seven states?" She brought this out as if from forced conviction. She was angry for having to say plainly what she had reluctantly admitted to herself not long ago.

Mary Ann stopped sobbing from pure astonishment. "You don't mean to say he was lying to me?" she asked. "No, he didn't think he was lying to you. He thinks he's getting poorer. You've heard of misers? Well, John Anderson is on the way to become a miser. I believe he lays awake at night tormenting himself about the poorhouse. He's laying up money in the bank all the time."

"But what's he going to do with it?" Mary Ann asked in bewilderment.

"Do with it? Why, give it to you and the children, and to them he cares for, to be sure. He can't bear to part with a cent until it comes his time to die, and sometimes folks get mighty tired waiting. I'll tell you what, Mary Ann, I'd hate to see anything of that kind happen to your father, as good as he is."

"But it won't," protested Mary Ann. "Me and Jake wouldn't want him to die for all the money in the world."

Mary Ann sobbed again. "Things are getting mighty hard. Little Susie ain't got no shoes to wear to school and frosty mornings are coming on. Jake don't sleep at night for thinking about it. We've had sickness, as you know. I told father all that and he said it was hard."

"Yes, and that's all he'll do. Here," she said, untying a knot in the corner of her handkerchief. "Take this money and get Susie some shoes, and I'll find a way into your father's conscience and bank account or my name ain't Mirandy Bowen. About tomorrow I'll be coming over." She went to the door with her visitor and added: "If I was you, Mary Ann, I wouldn't tell Jake what your father said, but I'd kind o' get round it some way till I come."

She had come to the home of John Anderson before his wife died; had stayed with that good woman through her long illness, and seen Mary Ann married. Then she had remained to keep house. Now, ten years later, she was still there, and was regarded as the hostess by the visiting country neighbors, to whom the fact of her being "hired help" was no detriment.

She stood with her elbow on the mantel, the firelight from the hearth lending an additional glow of color to the bright dress. The dark wood behind brought her out in stronger relief, and she was far from unlovely. It looked like one of Rubens' bright interiors, only Mirandy was unconscious of that, and she grew momentarily uncertain. The color shot into her face as she heard a step outside. John Anderson came in and looked at her—the central figure in his special Rubens—surprised and pleased.

"Why, Mirandy," he said, "I reckon you've fixed up to be kissed." He rubbed his hands and chuckled over his own gallantry. He was a fine looking man, hale and hearty, with a strong tendency to humor. Mirandy looked at him, frowning it hard to resist him.

"No," she answered, with a touch of coquetry, "no man kisses me until the preacher makes us better acquainted."

"I say, Mirandy, what's to hinder our going over to the preacher to-morrow and getting married? We can tell Mary Ann the next time she comes, and it ain't anybody else's business."

"No," she answered, with a touch of coquetry, "no man kisses me until the preacher makes us better acquainted."

"Why, haven't you never read anything?" she asked. She got her idea from the only novel she had ever read, one of English life, in which a long-delayed marriage hung through a whole year of a weekly paper on this one question. She remembered thinking at the time that it was a queer thing to talk to young people about—children

that might come—but here the case was different. There was Mary Ann. She went on to explain: "Settlements is money and property a man gives his wife, so if he gets to speculating, that much is safe for her and the children."

She did not propose to be more explicit, but stood tall, straight and defiant by the mantel. He could only protest: "Why, Mirandy, you'll be provided for when I die."

"Yes, and every time I want five cents, and don't care about asking you for it, I may wish you were dead, so I wouldn't have to. I don't suppose you intend to pay me wages, same as now, and let me take the most of it out of the privileges of being Mrs. Anderson."

He shook his head doubtfully. "I don't know, Mirandy, about the settlements."

"Oh, yes," she said, confidently, "you'll fix that all right. I'll tell the folks we're engaged; and John Anderson, do you know, if a man goes back on a promise of this sort a woman never raises her head again!"

He sat long by the fire in utter bewilderment, and at last, because the idea was so new to him that he could see nothing deeper in it, concluded that it was nothing more than caprice. "When a woman gets a fool notion in her head you might just as well wait until it wears itself out or give in at once," he thought. He resolved to wait.

When Mirandy came down to get breakfast the next morning she sang a little hymn. But it was pathetic to see under her assumed cheerfulness the tender year in which she regarded the familiar breakfast cups. Some late fall morning glories blew in at the open window across the table, and the odor of ripening apples came in from the orchard. When would she come back to it all? Perhaps never. She recognized the impossibility of coming back to live there in the old order of things after what had happened. It made her still more uncertain to see John Anderson's cheerful, confident manner as he brought the wagon around to the door.

"You'll be back in a day or so, I reckon, Mirandy, and will be ready to go and get married," he ventured.

"I'll take longer than you think to get the papers fixed. I thought we'd better stop and get Granny Simpson to go over and keep house until you're ready for me," she answered.

"Oh, pshaw, now, Mirandy; there ain't any need of that. I'll just drop work at any time and come for you. You can just tell Jake you are ready to come home. He'll be picking apples in the south orchard for quite a spell."

Thus they talked for two long miles, each ignoring the other's intention, until he set her down at the farmhouse gate. Then he gave her a pocket-book, saying: "That's to get wedding fixins'. Spend as much as you like." The blood rushed to her face at the offer of the bribe, but after a moment she said quietly: "Thank you; I reckon it'll be used." He drove away, leaving her much astonished by his fit of generosity.

"Wedding fixins' for me," she said, contemptuously. "I need them about as much as a wagon does five wheels. But I reckon Mary Ann can find use for it. I'll make her believe her father sent it and me too. I wonder which will prove the greatest blessing?" With that she walked into the house and asked where she should hang her hat and shawl, to the great delight of Mary Ann, who looked upon her intention to pay a visit of indefinite length as nothing less than a miracle.

While affairs at the farmhouse were at their worst, work became scarce at Mary Ann's, and Mirandy at last faced a day when there was nothing to do. What would become of her? Everything would go smoothly for a while now, until the need of money was felt again. She had no doubt she could tide over such places with them all ways. But that was not right, not just, and bitter words might pass and remove.

She would go to John Anderson and tell him plainly what her thought had been; then, though he might not forgive her, still she would have done right. She walked over to the house in the bleak afternoon. A snowstorm was brewing in the sky. It was still early, and she could sit by the fire until supper time. As she entered the house she saw that Granny was gone, and evidently intended staying to tea, because a cold supper for one was set out on the table. The fire was out and the kitchen cold.

Mirandy pulled the table cloth straight mechanically, picked up a rusty knife and eyed the feast critically. The hand towel over the wash stand was like the typical one in a printing office, only Mirandy had never heard of that one. Well, here was work for one afternoon at least. No wonder he sent no word. She felt much more lenient toward the wretch who had gone through all that and lived.

Before 5 o'clock everything was in order. The fire sparkled in a clean stove, and the light danced among the bright dishes and cutlery on the table. Mirandy sat down to think what she should say. She looked around the cheerful room with a feeling of longing for her home. The copper kettle curried like a cat. Worn out with her venturing thoughts, she would fain have rested there and let things take their course. But no. She would go away until it was all clearer in her mind.

Looking again to see if everything was in order, she saw one of Granny Simpson's dresses hanging by the chimney. It was a dingy dress, and smelled of tobacco. She took it away to a closet, and then an inspiration came to her. She brought out one of

her own, a bright pink calico to hang in its place, after which she tied on her veil and went back to Mary Ann's.

Presently John Anderson came in to his lonely supper, stamping the wet snow from his boots, his head down as usual, but the warmth and glow struck his dulled senses, and he looked up in dazed wonder. "Mirandy!" he gasped. The clock ticked loud through the silent house; the golden sides of the copper kettle winked in the firelight and kept up a contented singing to itself. The truth dawned on him slowly. She had been there and gone.

He crawled over to his accustomed chair that Granny usually monopolized. Mirandy's stood opposite with a fresh red-striped towel on the back. He leaned his head against the wall, and brushed with his grizzled cheek the crisp folds of a pink calico dress. Then he broke down and sobbed out all the misery of six unhappy weeks.

Two days later, and the day before New Year's, he drove up to Mary Ann's gate in a new cutter. He did not get down, but waited for Mirandy to come out.

"Mirandy," he said, "the settlements are made ready for you to sign."

"Yes," she answered, "but you'll have to take me as I am. Mary Ann got that money. She needed it worse than I did wedding clothes." He meekly assented.

Going back to the house she observed:

"Mary Ann, me and your father are going to town, and I reckon as tomorrow is New Year's day and Jake and the children had better pile into the bobbed and come over to dinner. I guess you'll hear some good news." These two undemonstrative women kissed each other and Mirandy went away without telling anything more.

At 11 o'clock the next morning Mary Ann and the children appeared at the big farmhouse. The women busied themselves in the kitchen and exchanged confidences.

"I never saw such a house in all my born days. I had to get new milk crocks yesterday. Granny Simpson spoiled all the old ones a-letting milk sour in them. And the table knives are ruined by rust. Your father said that, as we had to get new ones, we might as well have them silver plated. The others were lots of trouble to keep bright. Ain't they pretty?"

Mary Ann looked sympathetic and admired the silver. "I reckon we'll have to trade peaches and cherries, since you didn't get to preserve any clingstones."

"Thank you. We got pretty tired of peaches last year, but if you want the cherries, all right. I reckon your father-accounted for John Anderson's cheerfulness. When they sat down to the table the host bowed his head and prayed: 'For these and all other blessings the Lord make us truly thankful.'"

He looked around upon the little family and said in a gently, explanatory way: "And the other blessings are that I've got some dear children and a dear woman, who don't stick at anything to show me how mean I've been. Amen."

Mary Ann was bewildered. Mirandy was blushing brighter than her pink dress, but she managed to say: "Me and your father have been getting married, and he's got something for you and Jake."

John Anderson handed some papers to Jake, who was slow about some things, and Mary Ann, leaning over his shoulder, could make out nothing for the blur before her eyes. At last Jake sprang to his feet and waved the papers over his head.

"Mary Ann," he cried excitedly, "it's a deed for the forty acres, with stock and \$1,000 for machinery and stock sheds. Its given to us for good and all by—why—it's from Mirandy. I don't understand."

"Yes, it's from Mirandy," said his father-in-law. "Them's her settlements, for her and the children, and she 'lows that meant Mary Ann." He smiled benevolently and proceeded to help the children to drumsticks and gravy. There is no knowing what explanations might have followed, but the women were busy with the children, and after dinner Jake and his father-in-law talked about a hired hand, who must be secured to take Jake's place, now that he had a farm of his own to manage. As they were going home in the evening the children in the new cutter with grandpa, Jake said: "Mary Ann, what's settlements?"

Mary Ann shook her head. "I never heard of them before, but Mirandy knows, and she's learned father. It went kind o' hard with him, but he seems relieved like, now it's over, and thankful. We've all got reason to be thankful for Mirandy."

NEW YEAR FINANCES.



She (delightedly)—Papa says I'm to get married he'd pay half the expenses of furnishing a house for me. He (despondently)—But who is to pay the other half?

Thankless Job.
"So you are in the motion picture business?"
"Yes," replied the man with a bandaged arm.
"What is your specialty?"
"I'll explain. Sometimes one of those fifty-fingered Broadway actors that all the women are crazy about appears in a photograph that requires the hero to wrestle with a lion, leap off a cliff, jangle out of a top-floor window of a 20-story building or do something else of that sort."
"Well?"
"And I'm the stepchild of fortune who takes his place in that particular scene so he won't spoil his pretty face."

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To Be Expected.
"I know a fellow who is cheerful and contented, and yet he has met with nothing but reverses since he started in business."
"What is he—a philosopher?"
"No; he is a circus acrobat."

Too many girls regard marriage as a lark instead of a frantic leap in the lark.

WINCHESTER

HUNTING RIFLES

When you look over the sights of your rifle and see an animal like this silhouetted against the background, you like to feel certain that your equipment is equal to the occasion. The majority of successful hunters use Winchester Rifles, which shows how they are esteemed. They are made in various styles and calibers and ARE SUITABLE FOR ALL KINDS OF HUNTING

Has Quit All That.

Senator Culbertson of Texas tells a story of how Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Jones, who were schoolyard chums, met again after a lapse of several years.
"I saw in the papers about your marriage, Mary," remarked Mrs. Jones. "About five years ago, wasn't it?"
"Yes," Mrs. Smith replied, "it was just five years ago on June 20."
"And I have been married six years. I understand your husband is quite a 'bibliomane'."
"Oh, no, not any more," hastily corrected Mrs. Smith. "He has been on the water wagon for nearly three years now."

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Suitable Title.
"I call my yacht the Milkmaid."
"I suppose that is because she skins te waves."

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Canada extends to you a hearty invitation to settle on her FREE Homestead lands of 160 acres each or secure some of the low priced lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. This year wheat is higher but Canadian land just as cheap, so the opportunity is more attractive than ever. Canada wants you to help feed the world by tilling some of her fertile soil—land similar to that which during many years has averaged 20 to 45 bushels of wheat to the acre. Think of the money you can make with wheat around \$2 a bushel and land so easy to get. Wonderful yields also of Oats, Barley and Flax. Mixed farming in Western Canada is as profitable an industry as grain growing.

The Government this year is asking farmers to put increased acreage into grain. Military service is not compulsory in Canada but there is a great demand for farm labor to replace the many young men who have volunteered for service. The climate is healthful and agreeable, railway facilities excellent, good schools and churches convenient. Write for literature as to reduced railway rates to Supt. of Immigration, Ottawa, Can. or to

M. J. Jakontse, Drawer 187, Waterloo, S. D.
W. V. Bennett, Room 4, Bee Building, Omaha, Neb., and R. A. Garrett, 311 Jackson Street, St. Paul, Minn.
Canadian Government Agents

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