

SEVEN YEARS AGO AND TO-DAY

Then He Had 6 Mules, \$660 Cash and Some Equity—Today He Has \$20,000 and Owns 2 Sections of Land.

The story of the wealth of Western Canada cannot be told too often; the truth will bear repetitions. And in telling of it it is hoped that advantage will be taken of the great opportunities that Western Canada offers by those who are today struggling for a mere existence, by those who are occupying lands, high in price and high in rentals.

From grain, live stock and dairying in 1918, there was a return from the three Prairie Provinces of \$258,000,000, or an increase of four million dollars over 1915, and 118 million dollars over 1914.

A prominent Trust Company says: Some of our contract holders have paid off their purchase money on lands bought a year ago out of this year's crop, and what one man can do another can do. Thousands of Southern Alberta farmers harvested an average of 40 to 50 bushels of No. 1 wheat to the acre. These farmers have more real money to spend than any other people on the American Continent. J. D. Johnston of Bladsworth, Sask., left Johnson County, Kansas, seven years ago. When he left he had \$600 in cash, six mules, some settler's effects and an equity in some prairie land. Mr. Johnston tells his story:

"In my seven years' residence in Saskatchewan, I have raised seven good crops the value of this year's crop alone being twenty thousand dollars. I now own two sections of improved land, 17 horses and mules, 40 cattle, a large steam thrasher and a full line of farm machinery."

"We have made five trips to Kansas, one trip to the Pacific Coast and return. We have enjoyed the society of a class of people than whom none better can be found. The climate is beautiful and invigorating. The soil is fertile and productive, well adapted for the production of the best quality and large yields of all cereals and vegetables, wild and tame grasses. It is an excellent stock country."

The question of taxes is one that carries with it considerable weight. Coming from a man like Mr. Johnston the same weight should be given the answer. He says:

The tax system especially commends itself to me as being simple, reasonable and just. All direct taxes are levied on the land at its appraised market value, exclusive of improvements thereon. No tax on personal property. This tends to discourage the holding of lands by speculators who prevent its cultivation or improvement, hoping to realize profits from the enhanced value of their holdings due to the industrial activities of the bona fide settlers. It tends to encourage the settlers to rear substantial improvements upon their land without paying a penalty in the form of taxation therefor. It encourages the raising of live stock and the possession of other personal property necessary to the development of the country.

"The laws are well and economically administered. Citizens of the Dominion vote on election of members of parliament and members of the Provincial assembly, while on questions of local improvements and school matters the franchise is exercised by ratepayers, irrespective of citizenship.

The people are enterprising, school facilities are good, taxation, just and reasonable. Military service voluntary. Patriotic fervor unsurpassed, law and order the rule, and crime the rare exception. It is the land of banks, schools, telephones, grain elevators, broad, fertile acres, good climate, good citizenship and abounding in opportunities for the industrious man or woman of good morals, in short, the land of promise and fulfillment. I know of no better anywhere."

—Advertisement.

Just for Show.
"Why does Mr. Grabco give a musicale once or twice a year? She has no taste for music."
"That's true, but Mrs. Grabco is the only woman in our town who can afford to pay a grand opera star \$1,000 for two or three songs and she feels in duty bound to remind her neighbors of that fact."

A MINISTER'S CONFESSION

Rev. W. H. Warner, Myersville, Md., writes: "My trouble was sciatica. My back was affected and took the form of lumbago. I also had neuralgia, cramps in my muscles, pressure or sharp pain on the top of my head, and nervous dizzy spells. I had other symptoms showing my kidneys were at fault, so I took Dodd's Kidney Pills. They were the means of saving my life. I write to say that your medicine restored me to perfect health. Be sure and get 'DODD'S,' the name with the three D's for diseased, disordered, deranged kidneys; just as Rev. Warner did, no similarly named article will do.—Adv.

its Sort.
"Good story this about the rattlesnake, wasn't it?"
"Yes; rattling good story."

The Man Who Forgot

A NOVEL

By JAMES HAY, JR.



GARDEN CITY NEW YORK
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY
1915

CHAPTER SIX.—(Continued).

"I wish I had known one like him instead of—"

And a clerk, worn to the pale semblance of a real, animated, strong man, looked at him wonderingly, thinking:

"How can a man look like that after a day's work? He must be made differently from the rest of us."

Such was the elation, the fervid triumph, in the soul of John Smith because of the great man's promise.

CHAPTER SEVEN.

Arriving in Washington at 7.30 in the morning, having lost but one whole day in his trip to New York, Smith left the sleeping car and went straight to his apartment. The fervor of triumph was still upon him.

"It is settled," he said to himself, as he took a seat in the street car in front of the station.

He gazed with new interest at the great dome of the capital glistening under the white sunlight.

"So many things have been done beneath you," he said, addressing the big pile mentally. "So many great things, so many little things, have cast their echoes to your roof—but nothing like this—nothing. You are about to reverberate to something new, something entirely and utterly new."

He hurried through his breakfast and went to the office building near the capitol. The one room he had occupied at first had grown now into three, and he had found it necessary to employ two stenographers in order to keep up with the correspondence that poured in upon him from every state in the union. His mail had been stacked on his desk. The first letter he picked up was on Senate stationery. It was signed by Thomas F. Mallon, and it said:

My Dear Sir:
Owing to the marked difference between our views on a certain public question which you are so busily agitating, and because of the rather marked lack of any congeniality between us, you doubtless will realize the embarrassment that might follow our meeting in a social way anywhere. Consequently, you, do doubt, will observe the same care that I shall in the future to avoid the possibility of any such encounter.
I have communicated to my daughter my views on this subject.
Very truly yours, etc.

Without reading it twice, he tore it into small pieces, throwing the fragments into the waste paper basket. His face did not change expression. There was no nervousness in his hands or in his movements. He looked up Waller's apartment telephone number and called for it. While he waited for the response, he looked through the window to the gorgeously colored foliage in the capitol grounds. His attitude was that of any man who uses the telephone on a matter of routine but somewhat important business.

"Hello!" came Waller's voice. "Good morning," Smith replied. "Sorry to bother you so early in the day, Waller. Fact is, I didn't stop to think of the hour. But there's something I want you to find out for me."

"Go ahead!" Sleepiness was in Waller's tone. "What is it?"
"Get a line on why Senator Mallon is so bitter toward me."

"But can I?"
"Certainly you can."

"All right. I'll begin on it today."

"That's the man! And I want it as soon as I can get it."

"That's me!"
"And, Waller, do it quietly."

"How do you mean, quietly?"
"I don't want him or anybody—anybody—to know that I care to find out about it."

"Leave it to me," Waller assured him. "Say, where have you been?"

"New York."
"Anything doing?"
"Yes. Meet me in Mannersley's committee rooms at 2 this afternoon."

"Mannersley's?" Waller's astonishment made the receiver rattle.
"Yes—at 2."
"All right, I'll be there. Good

by."

"Good by."
He looked at his watch and saw that he had only an hour in which to dispose of the remainder of his mail. He turned directly to the task, going to a door and calling in one of the stenographers.

"Let's be as fast as we can, Miss Jeliffe," he said quietly. "I've an important appointment uptown."

Not once had it occurred to him that Edith Mallon could have had the slightest thing to do with his banishment from her home. Senator Mallon's attitude did not disturb him except that it struck him as an unnecessary insolence—and an inconvenience. If it did not worry her, he was satisfied. He would be able to deal with the senator. He had dealt with senators before. The lobby was attacking him in his social relations at last. Obviously, such a motive had inspired Mallon. And his experience had taught him the ease of fighting people whose tactics are the fruits of mean motives. As he worked, his serenity was unruffled.

Miss Mallon was not so fortunate. She was neither serene nor unruffled. Bowling down Massachusetts avenue in her electric a few minutes before noon, she looked at the golden brown and russet red of the trees which stretched, like two big folds of fairy embroidery, on both sides of the street. It was a day when the world seemed awash with gold. A touring car, crowded with girls and young men, overtook and sped past her. On the sidewalk, at a corner, an Italian ground his organ while golden haired, freshly dressed children danced to the music.

"In the aggregate," she thought, "on the whole, the world is always lovely, always beautiful, as it is today. But, to make up that whole, how much of pain there is, how much of suffering!"

Her father's words at the breakfast table that morning still rang in her ears:

"I wrote to your friend Mr. Smith yesterday, forbidding him the house."

What an outrage that was! Why should anybody, her father even, presume to say who should be her associates or who should not? Of course it would be impossible for him to come to the house. She could subject neither him nor herself to the awkwardness of it, but, equally, of course, she would see him quite frequently elsewhere.

Why had she committed herself so utterly in her own heart? Why had she accepted, without argument, the fact that she loved him? Suppose she were called on to explain her feeling—what would she say? She dismissed these reflections as rapidly as they came. She loved him. And, since she did love him, she could see no reason for trying to disguise the fact to herself. She was like that.

Late the night before, with her brain reeling from the intensity and constancy with which she had reviewed and re-reviewed that scene with him when he had refused her his confidence, the truth had come to her as a certainty, a conviction. She knew now. Nothing could have shaken her belief in the truth of what she knew. She knew, and she loved him. For her, those were the only two really important things in the world—her belief in him, and her love for him. She remembered a famous evangelist having said to her once: "There are only two big things in this life, Miss Mallon—the things we do to those who love us, and the things that are done to us by those whom we love." That had expressed her philosophy exactly. She was going now to call for John Smith at his office.

As far as she herself was concerned, her own intentions, her own trust in the future, nothing annoyed her. That which did attack her happiness was the fear of what he, through his quixotic ideas, his conscientious regard for her, might consider it his duty to do. Her memory of the grief that he had felt in refusing her what she had asked, the story of his life, was vivid before her. She

feared to distress him again.

Edith Mallon was an unusual woman. Old Senator Watrus called her "the most wonderful among women." Washington is a city famous for its men rather than its women. The women, surrounded by affairs of state, immersed in a flood of political gossip, breathing always the atmosphere of national affairs, seldom make an effort to study and understand the very thing in which their husband live and move and have their being. Edith was one of the two women in Washington who read the Congressional Record every morning. Her mornings she kept to herself. Senators and representatives charged with the framing of legislation affecting the humanities—better working hours for women, better health conditions, legislation affecting food, the betterment of children's conditions—found her a valuable adviser, sought her opinions on details which many hours of public hearing had not made clear. She was far more than a delightful partner at a dance, a center of brilliance at a dinner, a woman whom men sought in marriage. She was a student. And, like Cholliewollie, she knew her Washington. Cholliewollie, who knew everybody, had told her once, at the end of an interview with her for his paper:

"You'd better look out for this woman suffrage stuff. Some day it will result in defeating your revered father and making a United States senator out of you!"

In addition to the special and imperious attraction John Smith had for her, she realized to the full the greatness of the work he already had done. His conquest of society, as Waller had pointed out, had been complete. That had been due entirely to the charm of his personality and the delightfulness of his wit. People had accepted him at face value. He was he—that was enough. And, when the gossip had started about his mysterious past, old Mrs. Grover, who always suspected any strange man of being a chauffeur in disguise, had said, "If his past is as charming as his present, it has no terrors for me"—a sentiment that was received as an accurate description of the whole city's attitude toward him.

But the impression he had made on men, on officialdom, had been far more remarkable. Congress is like any other large assemblage of men. It is dominated by a small group—a little band of leaders in the House, another in the Senate. It must be so. Unless it were, nothing ever could be accomplished. And the leaders disregard outside considerations, extraneous issues, anything other than the legislative program laid down in the conferences between themselves and the president. That is, they disregard it until the popular voice—that vague, powerful, irresistible thing which they call "public opinion"—begins to cry like a wanderer in the wilderness. Even then they disregard it until it reaches a key which shows that, unless it is answered, vengeance will be visited on the responsible party at the polls.

She knew this as well as any of the lawmakers knew it. She knew, also, that the prohibition agitation had been for 30 years a cry in the wilderness, a call that congress had disregarded. Since she had met Smith, she had studied that problem as thoroughly as she had gone into many others. She knew the reluctance of any politician to touch the question. She remembered the motto in Washington: "If you're for liquor, off goes your head; if you're against it, off it goes." She knew that the bulk of the members had proceeded on the policy—the convenient policy—of saying: "This is nothing for the federal government to interfere with. Let the states or the various communities deal with it as they see fit." Of course it was cowardice, she argued, when makers of the law kept their hands off what they knew was an evil and excused their apathy by contentions that contained no common sense. But the lethargy had continued.

Then, when Smith had appeared, his first attack had been on what he termed "the hypocrisy, the smug slumber, of congress." He had called them cowards openly, had stated in his speeches and interviews that only cowards would refuse to right a wrong that was patent to all. And, what was far more effective, he had told them, in terms startlingly clear, of the woe alcohol brought to the people, of the waste it put on the country. He had made he public see the individual sorrows of the burdened women, the pathetic ruin of the men. And, as is always the case in such an agitation, the response had come, slowly at first—so slowly that it had hardly dimmed the smiles of de-

vision with which he had been welcomed to Washington—and then in increasing volume until members had begun to "sound out" the sentiment in their districts and the whisky interests had sent into Washington a regiment of their smoothest, suavest men to act as lobbyists.

Now the fight was on. Only Mannersley and a majority of his committee stood in the way, refusing to report to the House the resolution authorizing the constitutional amendment. The House could not act without anything before it. And Mannersley and his colleagues, for reasons known only to themselves, shut their ears to argument and sat, stubborn, unyielding, unreachable by the friends of prohibition, while Smith and the organizations in sympathy with him headed the country's clamor.

Edith, making this mental catalog of the marvelous work the man had done, was passing Lafayette park on Jackson Place when she caught sight of him on the sidewalk in front of her. The first idea that came into her mind was that he had never looked so electric, so—"impregnable" was the word she hit on finally. She drew up longside of him.

"On such a morning," she invited, as he stepped forward to meet her, "and with such a chauffeur, won't you come with me?"

She thought he hesitated for a fractional moment. Then, stepping around to the other side of the machine, he opened the door and took his place beside her.

"Anywhere," he laughed, his eyes all compliment, "with such a chauffeur!"

In spite of her air of lightness, he saw immediately that she was troubled. He wondered if she knew of his having received the letter from her father.

"Where have you been?" she inquired, as they bowed down between the White House and the state, war and navy building, toward Potomac park.

"I'm just back from the British embassy," he explained.

"And the secret mission?"
"The ambassador wanted to tell me that Lord Kitchener is about to issue a proclamation asking the people of Great Britain to cooperate in his plan to keep liquor out of the army on the continent. You know, the ambassador got from me some months ago data about the physical effects of alcohol on the men."

"Isn't that splendid!" she applauded. "The Russians have come to the same way of thinking. The countess told me yesterday that the czar is immensely pleased with the effects of his order prohibiting vodka drinking while the military operations continue. He is so pleased with the benefits to the peasantry that he has instructed his advisers to draw up a financial scheme which will make the government independent of the revenue it now gets from vodka. He wants no more of it in Russia."

"And yet," he said indignantly, "we Americans, who boast of our common sense, submit to whisky!"

She turned the machine to the right, past the Corcoran art gallery.

"Have you time for a run round the speedway?"

Her manner was suddenly quite grave.

"Oh, yes," he answered, looking at her keenly.

"There is something I want to talk to you about," she continued, "something that troubles me greatly."

"I think," he said, his voice warm with gratitude, "I know what it is."

"But I am wondering," she mused gently, "what you will say."

She had turned sharply to the right again, taking the long, flat road that leads straight into the west and seems to run sheer against the Virginia foothills, the white columns of Arlington, and the flags of Fort Myer.

"Is it," he asked, "so serious as that?"
"Quite," she said, turning to him so that he saw all the grave loveliness of her face.

CHAPTER EIGHT.

He had intended to tell her of the thing his trip to New York had developed, but his thought of her trouble kept him silent for the moment.

"I got your father's letter—this morning," he said at last, seeking to make it easier for her.

He was wondering that she should be so friendly, so personally interested, toward him after his behavior two days before at her home.

There was a sharp little intake of her breath between her lips.

(Continued Next Week.)

"CASCARETS" ACT ON LIVER, BOWELS

No sick headache, biliousness, bad taste or constipation by morning.

Get a 10-cent box.

Are you keeping your bowels, liver, and stomach clean, pure and fresh with Cascarets, or merely forcing a passageway every few days with Salts, Cathartic Pills, Castor Oil or Purgative Waters?

Stop having a bowel wash-day. Let Cascarets thoroughly cleanse and regulate the stomach, remove the sour and fermenting food and foul gases, take the excess bile from the liver and carry out of the system all the constipated waste matter and poisons in the bowels.

A Cascaret at night will make you feel great by morning. They work while you sleep—never gripe, sicken or cause any inconvenience, and cost only 10 cents a box from your store. Millions of men and women take a Cascaret now and then and never have Headache, Biliousness, Coated Tongue, Indigestion, Sour Stomach or Constipation. Adv.

Just to Show Them.

"So you have been on a visit to your boyhood home?"
"Yes," replied the prosperous-looking citizen.

"How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood when fond recollection presents them to the view!"

"I know that's what the poet wrote, but my principal object in going back was to show the people there that that dirty-faced good-for-nothing Johnson boy has amounted to something in the world."

ACTRESS TELLS SECRET.

A well known actress gives the following recipe for gray hair: To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and ¼ oz. of styroline. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Full directions for making and use come in each box of Barbo Compound. It will gradually darken streaked, faded gray hair, and make it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off. Adv.

Psychical Research at Harvard.

Provision has been made in the department of psychology at Harvard for the investigation of such "supernatural" phenomena as may seem to belong to mental science. In other words, psychical research may be undertaken. Work has begun by testing the telepathic sensitiveness of people in general. This leads the Unpopular Magazine to say: "It is hoped that in time they will investigate it in people showing signs of possessing it. Perhaps, however, as tests improve, they may find that everybody possesses it in some degree just as Sir William Crookes satisfied himself in his laboratory that everybody possesses telekinetic power in some degree. Of course instruments for measuring either can hardly be said yet to exist, though Sir Williams' tests had some quantitative features."

He Brightened Up.

A newsy was standing in a doorway in Nashville, Tenn., sobbing piteously, in expectation of getting rid of his papers to some charitably inclined person unused to his stereotyped tale of a sick mother and nothing to eat in the house.

The editor of the big daily he carried, unknown to the boy, happened along.

"Get out in the street and cry out what's in the paper, instead of whimpering there in that corner!" he called out.

"Huh!" answered the boy, "there's naught in it!"



SPEED

combined with good judgment counts in business now-a-days.

Grape-Nuts

FOOD

supplies balanced nourishment for sturdy muscles and active brains.

"There's a Reason"

No change in price, quality or size of package.