

A DIFFERENCE IN THE INVESTMENT

The Western Canada Farm Profits Are Away in Excess.

Mr. George H. Barr, of Iowa, holds seven sections of land in Saskatchewan. These he has fenced and rented, either for pasture or cultivation, all paying good interest on the investment.

Mr. Barr says that farm land at home in Iowa is held at \$150 per acre. These lands are in a high state of cultivation, with splendid improvements in houses, barns, stables and silos, and yet, the revenue returns from them are only from two to three per cent per annum on investment.

Last year, 1915, his half share of crop on a quarter section in Saskatchewan, wheat on new breaking, gave him 35 per cent on the capital invested—\$25,000 an acre. The crop yield was 35 bushels per acre. This year the same quarter-section, sown to Red Fife on stubble gave 3,286 bushels. His share, 1,643 bushels of 1 Northern at \$1.66 per bushel, gave him \$2,563.08. Seed, half the twine and half the threshing bill cost him \$453.00. Allowing a share of the expense of his annual inspection trip, charged to this quarter-section even to \$110.00, he has left \$2,000.00, that is 50 per cent of the original cost of the land. Anyone can figure up that another average crop will pay, not 2 or 3 per cent on investment, as in Iowa, but the total price of the land. Mr. Barr says: "That's no joke now."

Mr. Barr was instrumental in bringing a number of farmers from Iowa to Saskatchewan in 1913. He referred to one of them, Geo. H. Kerton, a tenant farmer in Iowa. He bought a quarter-section of improved land at \$32.00 an acre near Hanley. From proceeds of crop in 1914, 1915, 1916, he has paid for the land. Mr. Barr asked him a week ago: "Well, George, what shall I tell friends down home for you?" The reply was: "Tell them I shall never go back to be a tenant for any man." Another man, Charles Haight, realized \$18,000 in cash for his wheat crops in 1915 and 1916.

Mr. Barr when at home devotes most of his time to raising and dealing in live stock. On his first visit of inspection to Saskatchewan, he realized the opportunity there was here for grazing cattle. So his quarter-sections, not occupied, were fenced and rented as pasture lands to farmers adjoining. His creed is: "Let nature supply the feed all summer while cattle are growing, and then in the fall, take them to farmsteads to be finished for market. There is money in it."—Advertisement.

Stinging Retort.

There was a grim, determined look in little Jones' eye as he walked into the optician's imposing premises.

"I want a pair of glasses immediately!" he demanded. "Good, strong ones!"

The assistant glanced significantly at the door labeled "Sight-Testing Room," and switched on his best professional smile; then switched it off again, constrained by little Jones' manner.

"Good, strong ones?" he inquired. "Yes; strong ones!" affirmed Jones. "I was out in the country yesterday and made a painful blunder."

"Ah!" The assistant rubbed his hands together. "Mistook a stranger for a friend, perhaps?"

"No," came the blunt rejoinder; "mistook a bee for a violet."

"CASCARETS" FOR SLUGGISH BOWELS

No sick headache, sour stomach, biliousness or constipation by morning.

Get a 10-cent box now. Turn the rascals out—the headache, biliousness, indigestion, the sick, sour stomach and foul gases—turn them out to-night and keep them out with Cascarets.

Millions of men and women take a Cascaret now and then and never know the misery caused by a lazy liver, clogged bowels or an upset stomach.

Don't put in another day of distress. Let Cascarets cleanse your stomach; remove the sour fermenting food; take the excess bile from your liver and carry out all the constipated waste matter and poison in the bowels. Then you will feel great.

A Cascaret to-night straightens you out by morning. They work while you sleep. A 10-cent box from any drug store means a clear head, sweet stomach and clean, healthy liver and bowel action for months. Children love Cascarets because they never gripe or sicken. Adv.

Its Limit.

"Is there any limit to the scope of this submarine war?"

"Only the submarine's periscope."

Garfield Tea, by purifying the blood, eradicates rheumatism, dyspepsia and many chronic ailments. Adv.

A two-wheeled automobile that is hauled by a gyroscope has been invented by a Russian engineer.

The Man Who Forgot

A NOVEL

By JAMES HAY, JR.



GARDEN CITY NEW YORK
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY
1915

CHAPTER EIGHT.—(Continued).

"It was such a brutal thing to do!" she exclaimed, "and so unnecessary, so inexcusable, so unjustifiable!"

"All of us make mistakes," he said gently.

"I did not know of it until this morning," she explained further, shame for her father's discourtesy flushing her cheeks. "He told me at breakfast what he had done."

"I am sorry—sorry it has annoyed you," he assured her.

"I can't understand," she said, "why he did it!" She added: "Even if he disliked you, disappearing of you, why couldn't he have made some allowance for the fact that I was your friend?"

"Perhaps," he smiled, "that was what he didn't exactly like."

When they had swung into the road that follows southward along the bank of the river, she stopped the machine.

"I think I'd like to walk down there and stand on the edge of the river," she informed him. "Somehow, talking, real conversation, is so very difficult in a machine."

They went down the sloping bank, the long grass pulling at their feet, and stood on the rocks that ripped the bank. Behind them was the tall, wavy curtain of the great willows. Before them the river, slow and heavy, was like dulled silver except when, here and there, the breeze moved it to catch the whiteness of the sunlight. Beyond the water were the Virginia hills, all yellow and gold and crimson, a light blue haze hanging over them like a thin veil. A freight train, bound southward, rattled across the long bridge. And far down, below the bridge, sounded a steamboat's whistle.

They seemed strangely alone, unnaturally isolated from the rest of the world.

"What a lovely city it is!" he said, voicing his enthusiasm. "And what lovely places hedge it about! It is the loveliest city in all the world."

"Yes," she agreed absently. She was drawing off one of her gloves, not knowing at all what she did. She was regarding the haze covered hills.

"I wanted to tell you," she began, a little hesitant, "that I wanted to tell you with all the earnestness of which I am capable—that I always shall be—your friend."

He was unaccountably touched by her manner.

"You are very kind," he said, making a bow which, in spite of its apparent lightness of gesture, somehow emphasized his real feelings.

"Oh!" she replied desperately, "it's so easy to be kind!"

"Not altogether, I think."

"But," she continued, "I am also very humble."

She drew her lower lip between her teeth, and stood a moment, pulling slowly through her gloved hand the glove she had taken off.

"Humble!" he exclaimed.

"Yes," she said, her voice lowered, "humble."

She turned to him abruptly, dropping her hands to her sides so that she faced him, willow straight, her eyes soft and glowing with the golden sunlight that fell full upon her face. Her lips trembled.

"I know! I know now!" she said.

Involuntarily, he took one step backward, away from her.

"Know what?" he asked, wondering.

She was pressing her lips together now, to imprison sobs.

"It was so foolish of me not to have known the other day!" she reproached herself. "You cannot tell me who you are because you don't know."

Her eyes were a mandate that he tell her the truth.

"That is true," he said, inexplicably calm. "I do not know who I am."

He waited for her to speak and saw that she could not.

"I should have told you when you asked me," he added. "I should have known that you would have understood."

"ish we all are!" she said at last, trusting herself to speak. "Unless tragedy is plainly labelled and unless it cries aloud to us in the streets, we never see it. We never remember that all tragedies are clothed in commonplace."

"Don't! don't!" he begged. "I cannot endure to see you grieved."

"But you are so brave," she excused herself anew. "You laugh, and work, and do great things—I—I never suspected."

He held out his hand as if he supplicated her.

"Please," he implored, "do not—this little trouble of mine should not—should not distress you so."

"Ah," she sighed, "but it does." He felt his helplessness keenly.

"But it shouldn't," he urged. "Why should it?"

Her eyes, meeting his, were deep and unafraid. His momentary thought was that she was very brave.

"Because you love me," she said, her glance still unwavering. He smiled and bowed again, reverence possessing him.

"Ah, you have seen it!" he observed, lifting his head so that the sunlight left no line of his face untouched. As he spoke, there was a gentle rattle in his tone. It was like a delicate armor to enable him to withstand her loveliness.

"But let me, in my own justification, explain."

"Ah," she breathed, "tell me." "You have been to me," he said, the false levity lacing his words together, "what any man's conscience is to him, if he regards his conscience as his king. That is what you have been to me—something enmeshed in the glamor of the moon—a far glimpse of the lovely flowers of paradise."

"I should not have been that," she interrupted quickly, reproaching him.

The tenderness in her eyes throve.

"But to you I could have been—" he began, more than ever the graceful actor of a light comedy.

"Why, I was like a jester in varicolored hose dancing on a battlement, dizzy high, for the passing pleasure of a lady of the court."

He smiled and spread out his hands in deprecation. The comedy was weakening.

"You know," he reminded her, "the clowns were always funnier when they were maimed."

"How can you?" she rebuked him.

"It could not have been otherwise." Rebellion against what he had suffered forced him to seriousness. "That is what I am—a jester, a thing for all the world to laugh at—the sport of fortune! Why, I don't even know my own name. My blank past robs the future of the promise of any good thing. I cannot remember. My memory is dead."

"And you have never known—who you were—since that night in the mission—in my mission?"

"Never—since then."

She looked again toward the hills. A touring car whizzed along the road behind them. The boat's whistle, far downstream, blew again. From somewhere up the river came the voices of fishermen in a rowboat. The world was all about them, but, to him, it had shrivelled to the width of a woman's eyes.

"And drinking, dissipation, whatever you please to call it," she said, her glance still toward the hills, "did this thing to you?"

"It must have; I am persuaded of that," he answered, bending forward a little, as if his longing impelled him.

She turned and took one step toward him. They were very close together. As they stood so, he caught the fragrance of her hair.

"Why don't you try to find it—this past?" she asked.

She spoke the language of resoluteness.

"I have tried to find it," he answered, a trifle heavily. "I am trying. My life is an agony of exploration, an anguish of disappointment. I have employed agents, trusted men. I employ them now. The absurdity of it! They search the world to find out who I am!"

"They will find out! They

must!"

He stood and regarded her, worshipping the valor in her eyes.

"So far," he said, "they have proved only that I amounted to nothing. Nowhere have they found even the shadow of my vanished personality." Despair clouded his face for a moment. "It seems incredible that any human being could have amounted to so little!"

Anxiety, something like indecision, assailed her for the first time.

"And the effect of all this on your work—here—now?" she asked, her lips uncertain again.

"You were right in what you told me the last time I saw you," he admitted. "I know now they will attack me—the lobbyists—on the assumption that I have something in my life to conceal." He laughed lightly, without mirth.

"That, you know, is rather amusing."

She did not smile.

"And it will hurt the work?" she persisted.

"I hope not," he said. "There is this to our advantage: it has gone so far, this movement, that it will keep on, no matter what happens."

She stood, leaning all her weight on one foot, her position making it seem that her shoulders stooped a little. Her eyes were still a question.

"I see now," he upbraided himself, "how foolish, how tragically foolish, I was in the beginning in trying to run away from my trouble—my disgrace. Nobody asked questions when I first began this work. Who was I, that anybody should bother? I was a nondescript, a nonentity, circling on the street corners. Then, later, when a few began to look up to me, I told myself it did not matter what I had been."

"It didn't, really," she comforted him. "People are forever asking what a man has done. That is now what matters. It is what he is, what he wants to be. If they would only understand that about everybody!"

"The truth is, I suppose," he went on, eager to make her understand, "I was ashamed of not being like other people. And I tried to hide my difference from them. That was my great mistake. We can't hide anything we've ever done, can we? We are today very much what we did and thought yesterday, and we will be tomorrow, in great part, what we do today."

"Yes," she assented, "each year is beautified or made hideous by the lengthening shadows of those other years we have left behind."

"So," he forced again the railery into his voice, "there is nothing more—nothing at all, is there?"

"Is it too late now to stop hiding?" she put a final question.

He could see that she was fighting against her bewilderment, trying to beat down the doubts that assailed her.

"Under the circumstances, yes," he declared, putting with emphasis the result of all the thought he had given the problem. "Nobody would believe—nobody in all the world but you."

She smiled sunnily.

"You will know—always—that I do believe?"

"That knowledge," he said earnestly, "is to me like an order of knighthood."

She held out her hand and shook his, manlike.

"Now," she concluded, "let me drive you back. Gracious! How long we've been!"

Her cheerfulness, however, was assumed. It disappeared utterly when she felt the trembling of the hand which he put to her elbow as she stepped into the machine. As they rode, they were silent, or, when they did speak, it was of inconsequential things. He felt that there was nothing more to say. There was nothing, he knew. That was his tragedy. There was nothing more she could say. That was her grief.

In spite of his protestations, she drove him to his office.

"Always," she said, as he told her good by, "you will know that I believe."

"Yes," he replied; "and always you will know that I—"

He checked himself.

"Yes," she said gently, the candor of her eyes like a benediction, "I shall know—always."

CHAPTER NINE.

Waller, languid and slow, entered the reception room of the offices occupied by the committee on amendments to the constitution. Then, very deliberately and with great care, he removed his hat and held it, with his cane, in his left hand while he closed the door.

It was a hobby of his that stupid people were the most interesting

in the world.

"They have a secret," he explained, "something about them mysterious, which, so far, nobody has been able to analyze. Why are they cheerful? Why are they glad to live? What makes them contented? Wrapped in dreary ignorance, they enthrone themselves on content and defy the world. Why is it? It's a pretty little psychological problem which, by careful study, I hope some day to solve."

He found himself now in a position to continue his studies. The room was occupied by Miss Elsie Downey, a stenographer. She was blond, by birth, and of a perfect complexion, by purchase. She had blue eyes, like a doll's, and she overshot the height of fashion in her dress. Her smile was eternal. Her voice went into the nasal on her high notes, and it was always on a high note that she ended her sentences.

"Blond headed, boneheaded and garrulous—but good hearted," he had described her on a previous occasion, and had added: "I wonder why she is good hearted. I wish I knew."

"Good afternoon, Miss Downey," he greeted her, going slowly toward the typewriter desk at which she sat.

"How do you do, Mr. Waller?" She made the response shoot up in linguistic sound, like a ladder.

"Is that high minded, constructive statesman, Mr. Mannersley, around—or any other noble defender of the grog shops?" he inquired, swinging his cane and smiling.

Miss Downey became indignant. "You shouldn't talk about Mr. Mannersley that way!" she objected.

"You are a disappointment, Miss Downey," he sighed. "You, too, spring hotly to the defense of anybody who happens to be your payroll."

"Oh, Mr. Waller!" She turned toward her notebook.

"And Mr. Smith—has he been in?"

"What Mr. Smith?"

"The only Mr. Smith in the world—the somewhat energetic gentleman who'll make the skylights of the House rattle before he gets through."

"Oh, that Mr. Smith!" Miss Downey's enthusiasm broke her record for staccato enunciation. "I'm just dying to see him. Madge Atkins—she works down in Congressman Blore's office, you know—Madge says she's seen him. She says his shoulders are just 'loves!'"

Waller balanced himself against his cane and looked at Miss Downey in frank and open admiration.

"Will you," he asked, "tell me something?"

"Why, certainly, Mr. Waller!"

"Now, then, do you believe life's worth living?"

"Of course it is."

"I thank you. If you have found it so, it must be so. I bow to your superior judgment." He bowed almost to the floor. "But Mr. Mannersley—is he in?"

"Yes, he's in, but he's engaged."

"Then I'll wait."

He took a chair at the table in the center of the room. On his right was the door leading into Mannersley's private office, and on the left another opening into the meeting room of the committee.

He addressed another question to Miss Downey.

"I beg your pardon," he said, in his most winning tone, "but do you drink?"

"Oh, I take a cocktail whenever I go out to dinner, Mr. Waller."

"You do?" His surprise seemed immense.

"Why certainly!" Her manner would have been the same if she had slapped him on the wrist.

"Why?"

"Oh, you know everybody thinks you ain't exactly—well, swell, if you don't do that!"

Cholliewollie looked at her in silence a few moments.

"I was right," he assured her solemnly. "I've been right all along. These whisky people who say prohibition isn't worth anything because, while the 'dry' territory grows, the per capita consumption of alcohol increases, have overlooked the real facts in the situation. You see, now, the women drink. Not so many years ago only the men drank. I must tell Smith about that."

"All my girl friends drink—when they go out," she confided.

"It gives you an appetite."

"For what?" Cholliewollie, having asked the question without due consideration, hastened to say: "Never mind! For the food, of course."

"Of course!" Miss Downey stabbed his ears with the exclamation.

(Continued Next Week.)

IS CHILD CROSS, FEVERISH, SICK

Look, Mother! If tongue is coated, give "California Syrup of Figs."

Children love this "fruit laxative," and nothing else cleanses the tender stomach, liver and bowels so nicely.

A child simply will not stop playing to empty the bowels, and the result is they become tightly clogged with waste, liver gets sluggish, stomach sours, then your little one becomes cross, half-sick, feverish, don't eat, sleep or act naturally, breath is bad, system full of cold, has sore throat, stomach-ache or diarrhea. Listen, Mother! See if tongue is coated, then give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the constipated waste, sour bile and undigested food passes out of the system, and you have a well child again.

Millions of mothers give "California Syrup of Figs" because it is perfectly harmless; children love it, and it never fails to act on the stomach, liver and bowels.

Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly printed on the bottle. Adv.

Shining Example.

"The forehead in the case of an intellectual man, and a studious man especially, is likely to heighten after thirty." Ah, yes, of course. There is the case of Robert Fitzsimmons, actor. Dear old Bob! They say he is tremendously studious. Studies for weeks to commit to memory: "Strike this tender woman if you dare," or some other great line in the play.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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 4 oz. of glycerine. 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.

Just for a Change.

"If I were writing a play in which a wealthy married couple had the principal roles, do you know what I would do?"

"What?"

"I would have them refer to their courtship in Petrograd, Constantinople or Bucharest."

"But what's the idea?"

"Oh, just to get away from Venice and Monte Carlo, where two-thirds of the married couples on the stage seem to have met each other."

CUTICURA IS SO SOOTHING

To Itching, Burning Skins—It Not Only Soothes, but Heals—Trial Free.

Treatment: Bathe the affected surface with Cuticura Soap and hot water, dry gently and apply Cuticura Ointment. Repeat morning and night. This method affords immediate relief, and points to speedy healing. They are ideal for every-day toilet uses.

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

Mixed Up.

Stella called on her newly married friend Bella and found her attired in a businesslike overall, while her arms were full of fashion papers and cookery books.

"Hello!" she exclaimed. "What are you going to make?"

"Some cakes," replied the young wife, proudly.

"But why have you got those fashion papers as well as the cookery books?"

"You see," confessed Bella, rather shamefacedly. "I'm a bit of a novice at cooking. Tell me, do you make cakes from a recipe or a pattern?"

LIFT YOUR CORNS OFF WITH FINGERS

How to loosen a tender corn or callus so it lifts out without pain.

Let folks step on your feet hereafter; wear shoes a size smaller if you like, for corns will never again send electric sparks of pain through you, according to this Cincinnati authority.

He says that a few drops of a drug called freezone, applied directly upon a tender, aching corn, instantly relieves soreness, and soon the entire corn, root and all, lifts right out.

This drug dries at once and simply shrivels up the corn or callus without even irritating the surrounding skin.

A small bottle of freezone obtained at any drug store will cost very little but will positively remove every hard or soft corn or callus from one's feet.

If your druggist hasn't stocked this new drug yet, tell him to get a small bottle of freezone for you from his wholesale drug house.—adv.

Insects in the United States yearly destroy \$700,000,000 worth of trees.

Whenever there is a tendency to constipation, sick headache or biliousness, take a cup of Garfield Tea. All druggists. Adv.

Brazil in November exported 5,587,715 pounds of crude rubber.