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SYNOPSIS.

Challis Wrandall is found murdered in a road house near New York. Mrs. Wrandall is summoned from the city and identifies the body. A young woman who accompossied Wrandall to the inn and subsequently disappeared is suspected. Wrandall, it appears had led a gay life and neglected his wife. Mrs. Wrandall starts back for New York in an auto during a blinding snow etorm. On the way she meets a young woman in the road who proves to be the woman who killed Wrandall. Feeling that the girl had done her a service in ridding her of the man who though she loved him deeply, had caused her great sorrow. Mrs. Wrandall determines to shield her and takes her to her own home. Mrs. Wrandall hears the story of Hetty Castleton's life, except that her own home. Mrs. Wrandall hears the larry of Hestry Castleton's life, except that sortion that relates to Wrandall. This had the story of the tragedy she forbids he girl ever to tell. She offers Hetty a home, friendship and security from peril in account of the tragedy. Mrs. Sara Wrandall and Hetty attend the funeral of Challis Wrandall at the home of his

CHAPTER IV .- Continued.

Beside Sara Wrandall, on the small, pink divan, sat a stranger in this somcompany: a young woman in black, whose pale face was uncovered, and whose lashes were lifted so rarely that one could not know of the deep. real pain that lay behind them, in her Irish blue eyes.

She had arrived at the house an hour or two before the time set for the ceremony, in company with the widow. True to her resolution, the mained away from the home of his people until the last hour. She had been consulted, to be sure, in regard to the final arrangements, but the meetings had taken place in her own apartment, many blocks distant from the house in lower Fifth avenue. The afternoon before she had received Redmond Wrandall and Leslie, his son. She had not sent for them. They came perfunctorily and not through at least knew that sympathy was not what she wanted, but peace. Twice during the two trying days. Leslie had come to see her, Vivian telephoned.

On the occasion of his first visit, Leslie had met the guest in the house. The second time he called, he made it a point to ask Sara all about her. It was he who gently closed the door after the two women when, on the morning of the funeral, they entered the dark, flower-laden room in they had peered with widely varying which stood the casket containing the body of his brother. He left them gione together in that room for half an hour or more, and it was he who went forward to meet them when they came forth. Sara leaned on his arm

ashen-faced girl followed. Mrs. Wrandall, the elder, kissed on the couch. To her own surprise, as well as that of the others, Sara broke any time during the half an hour that down and wept bitterly. After all. she was sorry for Challis' mother. It was the human instinct, she could not hold out against it. And the older woman put away the ancient grudge she held against this mortal enemy and dissolved into tears of real com-

as she ascended the stairs to the room

where the others were waiting. The

A little later she whispered brokenly in Sara's ear: "My dear, my dear, this has brought us together. I hope you will learn to love me."

Sara caught her breath, but uttered no word. She looked into her mother in-law's eyes, and smiled through her tears. The Wrandalls, looking on in amaze, saw the smile reflected in the face of the older woman. Then it was that Vivian crossed quickly and put her arms about the shoulders of her sister-in-law. The white flag on both

Hetty Castleton stood alone and wavering, just inside the door. No stranger situation could be imagined than the one in which this unfortunate rirl found herself at the present mocent. She was virtually in the hands of those who would destroy her; she was in the house of those who most deeply were affected by her act on that fatal night. Among them all she stood, facing them, listening to the means and sobs, and yet her limbs did not give way beneath her.

Some one gently touched her arm. It was Leslie. She shrank back, a fearful look in her eyes. In the semidarkness he failed to note the expres-

"Won't you sit here?" he asked, indicating the úttle pink divan against the wall. "Forgive me for letting you

stand so long." She looked about her, the wild light still in her eyes. She was like a rat in a trap.

Her lips parted, but the word of thanks did not come forth. A strange, tuarticulate sound, almost a gasp. came instead. Pallid as a ghost, she dropped limply to the divan, and dug per fingers into the satiny seat. As fascinated, she stared over the black heads of the three women imme diately in front of her at the fulllength portrait hanging where the light from the hall fell upon it: the

A moment later Sara Wrandall came over and sat beside her. The girl shivered as with a mighty chill when the warm hand of her friend fell upon hers and enveloped it in a firm clasp. "His mother kissed me," whispered

Sara. "Did you see?" The girl could not reply. She could only stare at the open door. A small. hatchet-faced man had come up from below and was nodding his head to Leslie Wrandall-s man with short side whiskers, and a sepulchral look in his eyes. Then, having received a sign from Leslie, he tiptoed away. Almost instantly the voices of people singing sofely came from some dis part of the house.

And then, a little later, the perctly modulated voice of a man in

Wrandalls: beneath her, friends of the utside, the rabble, those

raven-like specters in tearing her to

pieces if they but knew! The droning voice came up from be low, each well-chosen word distinct and clear: tribute beautiful to the irreproachable character of the deceased. Leslie watched the face of the girl, curiously fascinated by the set, emoconscious interest in her. He was did not occur to him to feel that she raining at that was out of place among them, that she belonged down stairs. Somehow she the specter at the feast.

If he could have witnessed all that below with her guest-her companion. as he had come to regard her without having in fact been told as much-he would have been lost in a maze of the most overwhelming emotions.

To go back: The door had barely closed behind the two women when Hetty's trembling knees gave way beneath her. With a low moan of horror, she slipped to the floor, covering

her face with her hands. Sara knelt beside her.

"I must exact this much of you. If family, Both views considered, he was we are to go on together, as we have widow of Challis Wrandall had re- planned, you must stand beside me at the fastidious Wrandalls. Leslie's his bier. Together we must look upon him for the last time. You must see cause she was also the mother of Vivhim as I saw him up there in the country. I had my cruel blow that trait painting and seemed averse to blame you for what you did. But if you expect me to go on believing that ent, in no way operated against him, you did a brave thing that night, you must convince me that you are not a coward now. It is the only test I shall put you to. Come; I know it is hard, any sense of obligation. These two I know it is terrible, but it is the true afford to be eccentric; there remained, test of your ability to go through with it to the end. I shall know then that you have the courage to face anything that may come up."

She waited a long time, her hand on the girl's shoulder. At last Hetty "You are right," she said hoarsely.

"I should not be afraid." Later on they sat over against the wall beyond the casket, into which emotions. Sara had said:

"You know that I loved him." The girl put her hands to her eyes and bowed her head.

"Oh, how can you be so merciful to me?" "Because he was not." said Sara.

white-lipped. Hetty glanced at the

If Leslie Wrandall could have looked in upon them at that moment, or at followed, he would have known who was the slaver of his brother, but it is doubtful if he could have had the heart to denounce her to the world,

When they were ready to leave the room Hetty had regained control of her nerves to a most surprising extent. a condition unmistakably due to the influence of the older woman.

"I can trust myself now, Mrs. Wrandall," said Hetty steadily as they hesitated for an instant before turning

the knob of the door. "Then I shall ask you to open the

door," said Sara, drawing back. Without a word or a look, Hetty pened the door and permitted the other to pass out before her. Then she followed, closing it gently, even deliberately, but not without a swift glance over her shoulder into the depths of the room they were leaving. Of the two, Sara Wrandall was the paler as they went up the broad stair-

case with Leslie. The funeral oration by the Rev. Dr. Malthy dragged on. Among all his hearers there was but one who believed the things he said of Challis Wrandall, and she was one of two persons who, so they saying goes, are



portrait of a dashing routh in riding Hetty's Trembling Knees Gave Way Beneath Her.

the last to find a man out; his mother and his sister. But in this instance the mother was alone. attentive guests on the lower floor listened in grim approval: Dr. Malthy was doing himself proud. Not one but all of them knew that Malthy knew. And yet how soothing he was.

By the end of the week the murde of Challis Wrandall was forgotten by all save the police. The inquest was over, the law was baffled, the city was serenely waiting for its next sensation. No one cared.

Leslie Wrandall went down to the teamer to see his sister-in-law off for

as he shook the hand of the slim young Englishwoman at parting. "Take good care of Sara. She needs a friend, a good friend, now. Keep her over there until she has forgetten." CHAPTER V.

Discussing a Sister-in-Law.

"You remember my sister-in-law,

"I met Mrs. Wrandall a few years ago in Rome," said his companion, re- in your place." was a part of the surroundings, like newing interest in a conversation that had died some time before of its own exhaustion. "She's most attractive. I transpired while Sara was in the room saw her but once. I think it was at somebody's fete."

> "She's returning to New York the end of the month," said Leslie. "Been | brick, all those years." abroad for over a year. She had a villa at Nice this winter."

"I remember her quite well. I was of an'age then to be particularly sensitive to female loveliness. If I'd been staying on in Rome, I should have screwed up the courage, I'm sure, to have asked her to sit for me."

Brandon Booth was of an old Phila-"Come," she said gently, but firmly; delphia family: an old and wealthy qualified to walk hand in glove with mother was charmed with him beian. The fact that he went in for pornight. It is your turn now. I will not subsisting on the generosity of his father, preferring to live by his talso far as Mrs. Wrandall was concerned. That was his lookout, not hers; if be elected to that sort of thing, all well and good. He could in the perspective he scorned, the bulk of a huge fortune to offset whatever idiosyncrasies he might choose to cultivate. Some day, in spite of himself, she contended serenely, he would be very, very rich. What could be more desirable than fame, family and fortune all heaped together and thrust upon one exceedingly interesting and handsome young man?

He had been the pupil of celebrated draftsmen and painters in Europe, and had exhibited a sincerity of purpose that was surprising, all things considered. The mere fact that he was not obliged to paint in order to obtain a living was sufficient cause for wonder among the artists he met and studied with or under.

white-hipped. Hetty glanced at the half-averted face with queer, indescribable expression in her eyes.

This studio in New Place. It was a third degree, if ever anyone did, but, by Jove, she came out of it all right. it!" she cried, absolute agony in her workshop. You could have tea there, by Jove, she came out of it all right. people you knew and liked, but it was quite as much of a workshop as any you could mention. He was not a dabbler in art, not a mere dauber of pigments: he was an artist.

Booth was thirty-perhaps a year or two older; tall, dark and good looking. The air of the thoroughbred marked him. He did not affect loose. flowing cravats and baggy trousers, nor was he careless about his fingernails. He was simply the ordinary, every-day sort of chap you would meet in Fifth avenue during parade hours, and you would take a second look at him because of his face and manner but not on account of his dress. Some of his ancestors came over ahead of the Mayflower, but he

did not gloat Leslie Wrandall was his closest friend and harshest critic. It didn't really matter to Booth what Leslie said of his paintings: he quite understood that he didn't know anything about them.

"When does Mrs. Wrandall return? asked the painter, after a long period of silence spent in contemplation of the gleaming pavement beyond the club's window.

"That's queer," said Leslie, looking "I was thinking of Sara myself. She sails next week. I've had a let ter asking me to open her house in the country. Her place is about two it fifteen or twenty years ago, and left it to her when he died. She and Challis spent several summers there." "Vivian took me through it one aft-

ernoon last summer." "It must have been quite as much of a novelty to her as it was to you, old chap," said Leslie gloomily.

"What do you mean?" "Vivian's a bit of a snob. She never liked the place because old man Gooch | You dream about 'em." built it out of worsteds. She never went there."

"But the old man's been dead for vears.' "That doesn't matter. The fact is, after-well, until after Challis died. We're dreadful snobs, Brandy, the my brother. She really couldn't help the worsteds, you know. I'm very

fond of her, and always have been.

way he did." Booth made an attempt to change the subject, but Wrandall got back

"Since then we've all been exceed ingly sweet on Sara. Not because we want to be, mind you, but because we're afraid she'll marry some chap who wouldn't be acceptable to us." "I should consider that a very neat

way out of it," said Booth coldly. "Not at all. You see Challis was fond of Sara, in spite of everything. He left a will and under it she came in for all he had. As that includes a third interest in our extremely refined be a deuce of a trick on us if she married one of the common people and set him up amongst us, willy-nilly. We don't want strange bedfellows. We're

don't you, Brandy?" was the question enough without accepting a sou under she was to come to dinner and bring urban world would return dollars for that Leslie Wrandall put to a friend the will, but she's a canny person. She Miss Castleton. A little quiet family pennies, and wisely bought thousands one afternoon, as they sat drearily in hasn't handed it back to us on a silver dinner, you know, because they were a window of one of the fashionable up platter, with thanks; still, on the all in mourning, he said in conclusion, tionless features, and yet without a town clubs, a little more than a year other hand, she refuses to meddle. She vaguely realizing all the while that it the environs of New York city and after the events described in the fore- makes us feel pretty small. She won't really wasn't necessary to supply the the rich towns up the coast. Years dully sensible to the fact that she was going chapters. Drearily, I have said, sell out to us. She just sits tight, information, but, for the life of him, afterward he built a commodious sumbeautiful, uncommonly beautiful. It for the reason that it was Sunday, and That's what gets under the skin with unable to think of anything else to mer home on the choicest point that mother." "I wouldn't say that, Les, if I were

isn't it?"

"Rather." "You see, I'm the only one who myself sometimes. She was such a upon him.

Booth was silent for a moment, noting the reflective look in his compan-

"I suppose the police haven't given



up the hope that sooner or later theer-the woman will do something to give herself away," said he.

"They don't take any stock in my theory that she made way with herself | fiercely: the same night. I was talking with the chief yesterday. He says that anyone who had wit to cover up her tracks as she did, is not the kind to make way with herself. Perhaps he's and wonder. right. It sounds reasonable. 'Gad, I felt sorry for the poor girl they had stand in you, Sara," she said slowly. His studio in New York was not a up last spring. She went through the The Ashtley girl, you remember. I've dreamed about that girl, Brandy, and my heart since that awful day-" what they put her through. It's a sort of nightmare to me, even when I'm awake. Oh, they've questioned others as well, but she was the only one to way."

"Where is she now?"

"She's comfortable enough now. When I wrote to Sara about what she'd been through, she settled a neat bit of money on her, and she'll never want for anything. She's out west somewhere, with her mother and sisters. I tell you, Sara's a wonder. She's

got a heart of gold." "I look forward to meeting her. old man."

"I was with her for a few weeks this winter. In Nice, you know. Vivian stayed on for a week, but mother had to get to the baths. 'Gad, I believe she hated to go. Sara's got a most adorable girl staying with her. A daughter of Colonel Castleton, and she's connected in some way with the Murgatroyds-old Lord Murgatroyd. you know. I think her mother was a niece of the old boy. Anyhow, mother and Vivian have taken a great fancy to her. That's proof of the pudding." "I think Vivian mentioned a com-

panion of some sort." "You wouldn't exactly call her a companion," said Leslie. money to burn, I take it. Quite keeps miles from father's. It hasn't been up with Sara in making it fly, and that's opened in two years. Her father built saying a good deal for her resources, I think it's a pose on her part, this calling herself a companion. An English joke, eh? As a matter of fact, she's an old friend of Sara's and my brother's too. Knew them in England. Most delightful girl. Oh, I say, old man, she's the one for you to paint." Leslie waxed enthusiastic. "A type, a positive type. Never saw such eyes in all my life. Dammit, they haunt you.

"You seem to be hard hit." said Booth indifferently. He was watching the man in the "slicker" through moody eyes.

"Oh, nothing like that," disclaimed Vivian didn't quite take to Sara until Leslie with unnecessary promptness. "But if I were given to that sort of thing, I'd be bowled over in a minute. whole lot of us. Sara was quite good Positively adorable face. If I thought enough for a much better man than you had it in you to paint a thing as it really is I'd commission you myself to do a miniature for me, just to have it around where I could pick it up We're pals. 'Gad, it was a fearful slap when I liked and hold it between my at the home folks when Challis justi- hands, just as I've often wanted to fled Sara by getting snuffed out the hold the real thing."

> Sara Wrandall returned to New York at the end of the month, and Leslie met her at the dock, as he did on an occasion fourteen months earlier. Then she came in on a fierce gale from the wintry Atlantic; this time the air was soft and balmy and sweet with the kindness of spring. It was May and the sea was blue. land was green.

sive hotel near the park. Her apartment was closed, the butler and his wife and all of their hastily recruited company being in the country, awaitand irreproachable business, it would ing her arrival from town. Leslie attended to everything. He lent his resourceful man servant and his motor to his lovely sister-in-law, and saw to it that his mother and Vivian sent too snug-and I might say, too smug. fidwers to the ship. Redmond Wran-

get even with us by doing just that ter-in-law, and delivered an ultimatum sort of a trick. Of course Sara is rich second-hand from the power at home: say under the circumstances. Some-

Sara accepted, much to his surprise and gratification. He had been rather dubious about it. It would not have or whatever it is that a combative render in the cause of humanity. As soon as they were alone Hetty

turned to her friend. "Oh, Sara, can't you go without me? I-I don't think it right or honorable

of me to accept-" Sara shook her head, and the words died on the girl's lips.

"You must play the game, Hetty." "It's-very hard," murmured the

"If they should ever find out," gasped the girl, suddenly giving way

to the dread that had been lying dor-

mant all these months. "They will never know the truth unless you choose to enlighten them." said Sara, putting her arm about the girl's shoulders and drawing her close. "You never cease to be wonderful, Sara-so very wonderful," cried the girl, with a look of worship in her

Sara regarded her in silence for a moment, reflecting. Then, with a swift rush of tears to her eyes, she cried "You must never, never tell me all

speak it with your own lips." Hetty's eyes grew dark with pain "That is the thing I can't under-

"We must not speak of it!" Hetty's bosom heaved. "Speak of

voice. "Have I not kept it locked in "Hush!" "I shall go mad if I cannot talk

with you about-" "No, no! It is the forbidden subhave the screws twisted in just that | ject! I know all that I should knowall that I care to know. We have not said so much as this in months-in ages, it seems. Let sleeping dogs lie We are better off, my dear. I could not touch your lips again."

"I-I can't bear the thought of that!"

"Kiss me now, Hetty." "I could die for you, Sara," cried Hetty, as she impulsively obeyed the command.

"I mean that you shall live for me. said Sara, smiling through her tears 'How silly of me to cry. It must be the room we are in. These are the same rooms, dear, that you came to on the night we met. Ah, how old I

"Old? You say that to me? I am ages and ages older than you," cried Hetty, the color coming back to her soft cheeks.

"You are twenty-three." "And you are twenty-eight."

Sara had a far-away look in her eyes. "About your size and figure." said she, and Hetty did not comprehend.

CHAPTER VI.

Southlook. Sara Wrandall's house in the coun-

try stood on a wooded knoll overlooking the sound. It was rather remotely

Small Amount of Tartar Emetic Will

Break the Habit, According

to Authority.

in the market nothing is more dis-

couraging than to find, on making the

round of the nests that the dog has

been there before you. Often this

parasite on hennery profits is a fam-

ily pet that the owners do not wish to

lies only with killing or curing. Here

is a cure which I have used success-

Buy one dram of tartar emetic-

this is a poison and should be handled

with the greatest of care. Under no

circumstances sholud the powder be

placed where it is accessible to chil-

Pip a small piece out of an eggshell

pour out a little of the contents and

out about as much of the tartar emetic

as will cover the point of a small

pocket knife into the shell. Paste a

small piece of white paper over the

one of the nests, preferably in a se

cluded spot, where the dog has been

accustomed to pilfer. Put it where he

can get it quickly before the hens

have a chance to crack the treated

broken portion, and pla

fully:

dren.

kill. But as with other pests, remedy

When eggs are bringing top rices

CURE DOGS OF EATING EGGS comes violently sick and will subse

is given.

Down in her heart mother is saying to | dall called at the hotel immediately | located, so far as neighbors were conherself it would be just like Sara to after banking hours, kissed his daugh- cerned. Her father, Sebastian Gooch, shrewdly foresaw the day when land in this particular section of the subof acres: woodland, meadowland, beachland and hills, inserted between his property afforded, named it Southhow it seemed to him that while Sara look, and transformed that particular was in black she was not in mourning part of his wilderness into a million-"It is a rather priggish thing to say, in the same sense that the rest of aire's paradise, where he could dawdle them were. It seemed only right to and putter to his heart's content, acquaint her with the conditions in his | where he could spend his time and his household. And he knew that he de money with a prodigality that came so really took sides with Sara. I forget served the scowl that Leslie bestowed late in life to him that he made waste of both in his haste to live down a rather parsimonious past.

Two miles and a half away, in the heart of a scattered colony of pursesurprised him in the least if she had proud New Yorkers, was the country declined the invitation, feeling, as he home of the Wrandalls, an imposing did, that he had in a way come to her place and older by far than Southwith a white flag or an olive branch look. It had descended from wellworn and time-stained ancestors to force utilizes when it wants to sur Redmond Wrandall, and, with others of its kind, looked with no little scorn upon the modern, mushroom structures that sprouted from the seeds of trade. There was no friendship be-Tell them that I am ill-suddenly ill. tween the old and the new. Each had recourse to a bitter contempt for the other, though consolation was small in comparison.

It was in the wooded by-ways of this despised domain that Challis Wrandall and Sara, the earthly daughter of other, her face very white and bleak. Midas, met and loved and defied all "I know, my dear," said Sara gently. things supernal, for matches are made in heaven. Their marriage did not open the gates of Nineveh. Sebas. the settlement of new people is going tian Gooch's paradise was more completely ostracised than it was before the disaster. The Wrandalls spoke of day journey from McPherson, Kansas. it as a disaster.

choice, a conclusion permanently es- and they came through with a special tablished by the alteration he made train which included all their stock in his will a year or two after the mar- and implements. The equipment was his beloved daughter Sara, but he fast- full immigrant train ever sent out by ened a stout string to it, and with that railroad. The farms purchased this string her hands were tied. It by the members of the party are must have occurred to him that Chal- amongst the best in the district. that happened, Hetty! You must not siderable odds.

ing of his will. I am happy to relate, attracted to find that he had made no mistake. sands of American settlers.-Adver-As he preceded his son-in-law into the tisement. great beyond by a scant three years, it readily may be seen that he wrought too well by far. Seventeen unnecessary years of proscription remained. and he had not intended them for picnic dinner. Sara alone. He was not afraid of Sara, but for her.

When the will was read and the condition revealed, Challis Wrandall took first speaker, glancing at the section it in perfect good humor. He had the grace to proclaim in the bosom of his father's family that the old gentleman was a father-in-law to be proud of. "A canny old boy," he had announced with his most engaging smile, quite free from rancor or resentment. Challis was well acquainted with himself. And so the acres were strapped to- though." gether snugly and firmly, without so

much as a town lot protruding.

So impressed was Challis by the farsightedness of his father-in-law that he forthwith sat him down and made a will of his own. He would not have it said that Sara's father did a whit better by her than he would do. He left everything he possessed to his wife, but put no string to it, blandly implying that all danger would be past when she came into possession. There was a sort of grim humor in the way he managed to present himself to view as the real and ready source of peril.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Gigantic Operation.

Earth excavated from Panama canal was sufficient to build sixty-three pyrtor."-Judge. amids the size of that of Cheops.

quently shun eggs. This means of

curing the habit, though drastic, is

effectual. It will not result in the

death of the dog unless an overdose

Some farmers use red pepper in-

stead of the tartar emetic, a pinch of

pepper concealed in a baited egg

often being effectual. Throughout the

southern states Indian turnips when

available are used in the same man-

ner. This is a pungent plant which,

when eaten, causes the tongue to

smart and burn and often to swell .-

George H. Dacy in the Country Gen-

The Only Way.

sailed from New York, talked to a re-

porter about the comparative deceit-

"Women," said the reporter, "are

"No," said Mrs. Pankhurst, "men are

the worse. Look at the way they de-

"Do you claim," the reporter asked,

Mrs. Pankhurst smiled and

fulness of men and women.

the more deceitful."

ceive their wives."

her head.

Mrs. Pankhurst, as the Majestic

France and India, and stand third in the line of wheat producers. Ultimately it will dispute with Russia and the United States for the first position Wheat has been the pioneer of our development. Undoubtedly it will prove the same with Canada. In the last calendar year our trade with Canada amounted to 497 million dollars. Only with two countries-the United Kingdom and Germany-is our trade greater. No vivid imagination is needed to see what the future development of Canada means to the people of the United States. The influx of American settlers to

the Canadian prairies is now in full swing. Within the past few days over 80 of those arrived at Bassano carrying with them effects and capital to the value of \$100,000. Fifty settlers from Oregon arrived in Alberta a few days ago; while 15 families of settlers from the state of Colorado arrived at Calgary on their journey northwards The goods and personal effects of this party filled 20 box cars. Of live stock alone they had 175 horses, 15 cows and 2,000 head of poultry. Another class of settler has arrived at Peers. 110 miles west of Edmonton, where no fewer than 200 German farmers have taken up land. These are from good farming families and brought with them a large amount of capital.

CANADA'S PLACE

AS A PRODUCER

Canada Is Getting a Great Many

Americans.

"Three young provinces, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta," says a New York financial journal, "have already made Winnipeg one of the greatest primary wheat markets of the world. In 1904 they raised 58,000,000 bushels of wheat. Five years latethey produced 150,000,000 bushels. In

1913 the crop approximated 200,000,

000 bushels. At the present rate of

progress Canada must soon pass

Then in South Western Saskatchewan, there are large numbers settling, these from the United States predominating, while in the northern and central portions of all these provinces. on steadily. Early in April, Peter Goertz arrived in Cardiff after a six-Mr. Goertz who had purchased land Clearly the old merchant was not here was in charge of a party of 38 over-pleased with his daughter's people from the same part of Kansas riage. True, he left the vast estate to all Rock Island cars, and was the first

lis was a profligate in more ways than When the Panama exposition opens one, for he deliberately stipulated in next year any of the three transconhis will that Sara was not to sell a tinental lines in Oanada will make foot of the ground until a period of convenient means of transport for twenty years had elapsed. A very those going to visit, and in doing polite way, it would seem, of making so agricultural districts of Western his investment safe in the face of con- Canada can be seen, and ocular demonstration given those who have heard He lived long enough after the mak- but not before seen, of that which has any nundreds of thou

The Inference. "Are you a policeman?" asked one paying guest of another at a charity

"No," said the other. "Why do you ask?" "Merely, that I noticed," said the of fried chicken in the other's fin-

gers, "that you are pulling a tough ioint" Wants to See Things.

"Poor old Jagbsby is off the water wagon again.' "I can't help admiring his frankness,

"He doesn't try to excuse himself?" "No. He merely says he prefers a scenic route."-Baltimore Sun.

The Button Doctor. During the short seven years of her life, little Florence Louise had become duly impressed with the prevalence of specialists in the medical pro-

One day, after returning from a visit to a small playmate, she calmly announced:

"Rena swallowed a button." "Are you worried about her?" she

was asked. "Oh, she will get along all right." Florence Louise complacently replied. "They sent for a regular button doc-

Limited Intentions.

"How do you propose to support my daughter, sir?" "I didn't propose to her to support her at all. I only proposed to her to

marry me."-Rehoboth Sunday Her-

Proving the Punch. Skids-You think his story has a real punch to it? Skittles-Sure thing! You ought to

have seen the way it put me to sleep. -Puck.

Disasters. "My baldness dates from that terrible year."

"Oh, yes! 1870." "What do you mean by 1870? I speak of the year I was married."-Le Rire (Paris).

A Success. "Was the go to church movement a

success in your neighborhood?" "Yes, indeed. Our church was as full as it is when they are serving something to eat."-Detroit Free

Press. Job Wanted. Mrs. Sue Brette-Who is your

Foot Lighte Oh, he's the manager of a show.

that men should never deceive their Are There That Many? Church-I see that Milwaukee is preparing to change over one hundred

"Oh, no," she said. "How could the Gotham-Going to name the streets average man ever get a wife if he

"Well, I'm from Missouri; I wish he'd show me."

street names. after the different establishments which made the city famous, probably.