DEVELOPMENT OF

THE STORY OF BIG YIELDS OF GRAIN COMES FROM EVERY

SECTION. When the man in the States was told that he could get 160 acres of land in Central Canada-comprising the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta-that under cultivation would produce from 20 to 30 bushels of wheat to the acre, or if seeded to cats the yield would be 40 to 60 bushels, he was skeptical. The same story was told the man who wished to get nearer to existing lines of railway, and was only asked to pay \$10 to \$12 an acre. But many tried it, some one plan and some another. The man who accepted the 160 acres as a free gift, as a homestead, and was willing to put in the required residence duties of three years has now a farm worth from fifteen to twenty dollars an acre. The man who chose to purchase, and did so, took up his residence just the same. He has land, that, in many cases, is worth twice the money he paid for it. Both have ound that the story of splendid yields was verified. They have had crops exceeding that promised; they have seen oats that yielded 100 bushels to the acre, and have grown wheat that averaged 40 and as high as 50 bushels to the acre. Their wheat was not a 57 lb. to the bushel article but 62 and 63 lbs. They have seen within the past year or two trunk lines of railway constructed through their district, and throwing out branch lines to the gates of their farm. They have seen schools established in their neighbourhood and the Government contributing largely to their expense. Churches have been erected, villages have been established, towns have sprung into existence and cities are rapidly springing up, as if the magic hand of some unseen conjurer was at work. But it was not; it was the legitimate offering of the wealth of the field which made all these things come about, naturally, and easy. The prairie that three years ago was merely prairie, a patch of brown, just waiting for the ploughman, is to-day dotted with tilled farms and splendid homes. The line of elevators with their glistening metalled fireproof sides and roofs, indicate the location of the town and the railroad. There is the glow of newness about it all, but the elevator, the splendid store buildings and the comfortable hostelries denote wealth, beyond that of the strength of the man who fashioned and built them but the wealth of the soil, which means that the newness will be followed by a steady growth. The writer recently was a passenger over the Grand Trunk Pacific, the latest factor in this great marvelous field of development. The rapidity with which towns were being built up, the farmsteads occupied, was something even his experienced eye had not looked Everywhere along the line of this new transcontinental was the distinguishing mark of progress. There was not a mile of the length of the road from Winnipeg to Edmonton and west that did not bear token of its ability to pay tribute to the revenue of the road. Mention is made of this line, not because it is the last in the field, but because it is one of the best built roads on the Continent and traverses one of the best districts of an excellent country. It is well operated, and already has gone into active service as another means of making it possible to secure more speedily transit from the grain fields to the shipping centres. It had been the intention in this article to have spoken of some of the yields of grain that have made the farmers of Central Canada contented this year, but space will not permit, so that delightful task will be taken up in another issue. In the meantime it would be well for the reader, if he is interested, to put himself in touch with some

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and get information that might be use-

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in Central Canada, and become one

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years' time the United States will be

a wheat importer. Canada will sup-

ply the wheat and you will be one of

A rector of Eltham once gave out the words: "Who art thou?" and, as he paused for a moment, an officer in uniform, who had just entered the church, suddenly halted, and taking the question as personal, promptly replied: "Sir, I am the reculting officer of the Sixteenth Foot, and, having my wife and daughter with me, should be glad to make the acquaintance of the clergy and gentry of the neighborhood."

Changed.

"He used to kiss me every time we passed through a tunnel before our marriage," said the little woman, with sad reflections.

"And does he do so now?"asked the bosom friend.

"No, he takes a drink."

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When some people talk it is a waste of time to yawn.

CENTRAL CANADA ROSALINDAT RED GATE MEREDITH

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SYNOPSIS.

Miss Patricia Holbrook and Miss Helen Holbrook, her nime, were entrusted to the care of Laurance Donovan, a writer, summering near Port Annandale, Miss Patricia confided in Donovan that she feared her brother Henry, weo, ruined by a bank fathere, had constantly threatened her for money from his father's will, of which Miss Patricia was guardien. They came to Port Annandale to escape Henry, benevan sympathized with the two women. He learned of Miss Helen's amoving Editor, Donovan discovered and captured an intruder, who proved to be fregland Gillespie, soiltor for the hand of Miss Helen's Annandale Helen Holbrook, Gillespie disappeared the following moralise. A rough sailor appeared and was ordered away, bonovan saw Miss Holbrook and her father meet on friendly terms. Donovan fought an Italian assassin. He met the sam he supposed was Holbrook, but who said he was Hartridge, a canoe-maker. After a short discussion Donovan left surlly Gillespie was discovered by Donovan presenting a country church with \$1,000. Gillespie was discovered by Donovan presenting a country church with \$1,000. Gillespie admitted he knew of Holbrook spresence. Miss Pat aknowledged to Donovan that Miss Helen had been missing for a few hours. While riding in a launch, the Italian sailor attempted to molese the trio, but failed. Miss Pat announced her intention of fixting Henry Holbrook and not seeking another hiding place. Donovan met Helen in garden at night.

CHAPTER VIII.-Continued. 'An interest in geography, shall we call it?" she chaffed, gayly.

"Or astronomy! We will assume that we are both looking for the Little

"Good!" she returned on my own note. "Between the affairs of the Holbrooks and your evening Dipper hunt you are a busy man, Mr. Donovan,"

I am not half so busy as you are, Miss Holbrook! It must tax you severely to maintain both sides of the barricade at the same time," I ventured boldly.

That does require some ingenuity," she replied, musingly, "but I am a very flexible character.

"But what will bend will break-you may carry the game too far."

"Oh, are you thred of it already?" "Not a bit of it; but I should like to make this stipulation with your That us you and I seem to be pitted against each other in this little contest, we shall fight it all out behind Miss Pat's back. I prefer that she Fool" shouldn't know what a-" and I hes-

"Oh, give me a name, won't you? she pleaded, mockingly.

"What a beautiful deceiver you

"Splendid! We will agree that I am a deceiver!"

"If it gives you pleasure! You are welcome to all the joy you can get out

"Please don't be bitter! Let us play

fair, and not stoop to abus of this afternoon. You didn't appear to be even annoyed by that ftalian's effort to smash the launch."

She was silent for an instant; I heard her breath come and go quickly; when she responded with what seemed

a forced lightness: "You really think that was inspired by-" she suddenly appeared at a loss.

"By Henry Holbrook, as you know well enough. And if Miss Pat should be murdered through his enmity, don't you see that your position in the matter would be difficult to explain? Murder, my dear young woman, is not looked upon complacently, even in this remote corner of the world!"

"You seem given to the use of strong language, Mr. Donovan. Let us drop the calling of names and consider fust where you put me."

"I don't put you at all; you have taken your own stand. But I will say to our place some enemies of your that I was surprised, not to say pained, to find that you played the eavesdropper the very hour you came official of the Canadian Government

to Annandale." A moment's silence; the water murmured in the reeds below; an owl hooted in the Glenarm wood! a rest- didn't kill me!" less bird chirped from its perch in a maple overhead.

"Oh, to be sure!" she said at last. You thought I was listening while Aunt Pat unfolded the dark history of

the Holbrooks." "I knew it, though I tried to believe I was mistaken. But when I saw you there on Tippecanoe creek, meeting your father at the canoe-maker's house, I was astounded; I did not know that depravity could go so

far. "My poor, unhappy, unfortunate father!" she said in a low voice; there that your devotion to my aunt does closure of her noble head and felt the was almost a moan in it.

"I suppose you defend your conduct on the ground of filial duty," I sug-

"Why shouldn't I? Who are you to self in a very bad light." judge our affairs? We are the unhapplest family that ever lived; but I Miss Holbrook." should like you to know that it was not by my wish that you were brought ble!" she flashed; and then laughed into our councils. There is more in

all this than appears!" "There is nothing in it but Miss Pat -her security, her peace, her happiness. I am pledged to her, and the rest of you are nothing to me. But be amiable. Our affairs will not be you may tell your father that I have settled by words-I am sure of that. I been in rows before and that I propose must beg of you, the next time you to stand by the guns."

"I shall deliver your message, Mr. Donovan; and I give you my father's fair enough; and the players should thanks for it," she mocked.

"Your father calls you Rosalindbefore strangers!" I remarked.

"Yes. It's a fancy of his," she marmured, lingeringly. "Sometimes it's ment and of the Fool. Well, yes; Viola, or Perdita, but, as I think of it. there was a Fool."



"Is It a Bargain?"

it's oftener Rosalind. I hope you don't object, Mr. Donovan?"

No. I rather like it; it's in keeping with your variable character. You seem prone, like Rosalind, to wood- had prompted her: "To be sure, there land wandering. I dare say the other is Gillespie. people of the cast will appear in due ason. So far I have seen only the

"The Fool? Oh, yes; there was Touchstone, wasn't there?" "I believe it is admitted that there

She laughed; I felt that we were

understood each other. read the play, Mr. Donovan; I have mounts and folly guides."

even seen it acted." intelligence, which is acute enough; or "I should think you would feel con- on your attainments, which are suf- all in one. And I shall be those imtrite enough after that ugly business ficient; or on your experience of life, mortal villains of old tragedy-first,

> Mr. Donovan." "My heart is swollen with gratitude. his cottage last night. And then you ness." flew back to Miss Pat and played the

hypocrite with the artlessness of Rosalind-the real Rosalind." "Did 1? Then I'm as clever as I am wicked. You, no doubt, are as wise as you are good."

She folded her ams with a quick I were your very, very Rosalind?" movement, the better, I thought, to express satisfaction with her own calling Orlando's reply in the play. share of the talk; then her manner I did not know whether she were darchanged abruptly. She rested her ing me; and this was certainly not the hands on the back of the bench and bent toward me.

"My father dealt very generously with you. You were an intruder. He was well within his rights in capturing you. And, more than that, you drew own who may yet do us grave injury."

"They were no enemies of mine! Didn't you hear me debating that matter with your father? They were his enemies and they pounced on me by mistake. It's not their fault that they blast for Annandale. I felt at that in-

creek is the quietest place in the world."

bending closer toward her. "Because my father tells me so!

That was the reason he chose it." "He wanted a place to hide when the cities became too hot for him. I away from there."

"And I suggest to you, Mr. Donovan, not require you to pursue my father. You do well to remember that a stranger thrusting himself into the affairs gested, finding it difficult to be severe. of a family he does not know puts him-

"I am not asking your admiration,

"You may save yourself the trouout merrily. "Let us not be so absurd! We are quarreling like two school children over an apple. It's really a pleasure to meet you in this unconventional fashion, but we must closk and dagger. The stage setting is dress their parts becomingly. I am already named Rosalind-at night; Aunt Pat we will call the Duchess in exile; and we were speaking a mo-

"I might take the part myself, if Gillespie were not already east for it. "Gillespie" she said, wonderingly: then added at once, as though memory

"There is certainly Giffespie. Perhaps you would liefer call him Or lando?" I ventured.

"Let me see," she nondered, bending her head; then: "O, that's a brave man! He writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, bound to get on better, now that we athwart the heart of his lover; as a puisny tilter, that spurs his horse but "You are rather proud of your at- on one side, breaks his staff like a House with a new respect for her tainments, aren't you? I have really noble goose; but all's brave that youth | eleverness,

"That is Celia's speech, but well "I did not mean to reflect on your rendered. Let us consider that you are Rosalind, Celia, Viola and Ariel "Well spoken! I really believe that second and third murtherer; or, if it I am liking you better all the time, suit you better, let me be lago for honesty; Othello for great adventures; Hamlet for gloom; Shylock for relent You heard my talk with your father at lessness, and Romeo for love-sick-

> Again she bent her head: then draw ing a little away and clasping her hands, she quoted: "'Come, woo me weo me; for now I am in a holiday humour and like enough to consent. What would you say to me now, an

I stammered a moment, dimly re girl's mood as we had met at St. Agatha's. My heart leaped and the blood tingled in my finger-tips as memory searched out the long-forgotten scene; and suddenly I threw at her the line;

'How if the kiss be denied?' She shrugged her shoulders.

"The rehearsal has gone far enough Let us come back to earth again."

But this, somehow, was not so easy Far across the lake a heavy train rumbled, and its engine blew a long stant the unreality of the day's events. "That's a likely story. That little with their culmination in this strange interview on the height above the lake. Never, I thought, had man par-"How do you know?" I demanded, leyed with woman on so extraordinary a business. In the brief silence, while the whistle's echoes rang round the shore, I drew away from the bench that had stood like a barricade between us and walked toward her. 1 all that has happened, and if you have flaunted her shameful trickery in my of arms." any sense of decency left, to keep face; and yet I felt her spell upon me as through the dusk I realized anew her splendid height, the faint disglory of her dark eyes. She did not draw away, but stood quietly, with her head uplifted, a light scarf caught about her shoulders, and on her head a round sailor's cap, tipped away from her face.

"You must go back; I must see you

safely to St. Agatha's," I said. She turned, drawing the scarf close under her throat with a quick gesture, as though about to go. She laughed with more honest glee than I had known in her before, and I forgot her | end." duplicity, forgot the bold game she was playing, and the consequences to which it must lead; my pulses bounded when a bit of her scarf touched my come forth at night, to wear your hand as she flung a loose end over her shoulder.

"My dear Mr. Donovan, you propose the impossible! We are foes, you must remember, and I cannot accept

But I have a guard about the house; you are likely to get into trouble if you try to pass through. I must ask

you to remember our pledge, that you are not to vex Miss Pat unnecessarily In this affair. To rouse her in the night would only add to her alarm She has had enough to warry her al ready. And I rather imagine," I added, bitterly, "that you don't propose kill ing her with your own hands."

"No: do nive me credit for that?" she mocked. "But I shall not disturb your guards, and I shall not distress Aunt Pat by making a row in the garden trying to run your pickets. I want you to stay here five minutes count them honestly until I have had time to get back in my own fashion. Is it a bargain?" She put out her hand as she turned away-her left hand. As my fingers closed upon it an instant

the emerald ring touched my palm. "I should think you would not wear that ring," I said, detaining her hand, "It is too like hers; it is as though you were plighted to her by it." "Yes; it is like her own; she gave

She choked and caught her breath sharply and her hand flew to her

"She gave it to my mother, long ago," she said, and ran away down the path toward the school. A bit of gravel loosened by her step slipped after her to a new resting place; then

silence and the night closed upon her. I threw myself upon the bench and valled, marveling at her. If I had not touched her band; if I had not heard her voice; If, more than all, I had not talked with her of her father, of Misa Pat, of intimate things which no one else could have known, I should not have believed that I had seen Helen Holbrook face to face.

CHAPTER IX.

The Lights on St. Agatha's Pier. On my way home through St. Agatha's I stopped to question the two guards. They had heard nothing, had seen nothing. How that girl had passed them I did not know. I scanned the main building, where she and Miss, Pat had two rooms, with an intervening sitting room, but all was dark. Miss Helen Holbrook was undentably a resourceful young woman of charm and wit, and I went on to Glenarm

I was abroad early the next morning, retracing my steps through St. Agatha's to the stone bench on the bluff with a vague notion of confirming my memory of the night by actual contact with visible, tangible things. The lake twinkled in the sunlight, the sky overhead was a flawless sweep of blue, and the foliage shone from the deluge of the early night. But in the soft mold of the path the prints of a woman's shoe were unmistakable. I bent down and examined them: I measured them

ungraciously, indefensibly, guiltily with my hand, and rose convinced that the neat outlines spoke of a modish bootmaker, and were not apt to be explained away as marking the lightlylimned step of a fairy or the goldsandaled flight of Diana. Then I descended to St. Agatha's and found Miss Pat and Heten loitering tranquilly in the garden.

They gave me good morning-Miss Pat calm and gracious, and Helen in the spirit of the morning itself, smiling, cool, and arguing for peace. Deception, as a social accomplishment, she had undoubtedly carried far; and I was hard put to hold up my end of the game. I have practiced lying with pastmusters in the art—the bazar Boots and Arctics keepers of Cairo, horse dealers in Moscow and rug brokers in Teheran; but I dipped my colors to this amazing Best

"I'm afraid that we are making ourselves a nuisance to you," said Miss Pat. "I heard the watchmen patroling the walks last night."

"Yes; it was quite feudal!" Helen broke in. "I felt that we were back at least as far as the eleventh century. The splash of water-which you can hear when the lake is roughmust be quite like the lap of water in advise you, Miss Holbrook, in view of did not believe in her; she had a moat. But I did not hear the clank

"No," I observed, dryly, "Ijima wears blue serge and carries a gun that would shoot clear through a crusader. The gardener is a Scotchman, and his dialect would kill a horse."

Miss Pat paused behind us to deliberate upon a new species of hollyhock whose minarets rose level with her kind, gentle eyes. Something had been in my mind, and I took this opportunity to speak to Helen.

"Why don't you avert danger and avold an ugly casastrophe by confessing to Miss Pat that your duty and sympathy lie with your father? It would gave a lot of trouble in the

The flame leaped into Helen's face as she turned to me.

"I don't know what you mean! I have never been spoken to by any one so outrageously!" She glanced hurriedly over her shoulder. "My position is hard enough; it is difficult enough, without this. I thought you wished to help us."

I stared at her; she was difting out of my reckoning, and leading me into uncharted seas. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

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