

SOME WESTERN CANADA GRAIN REPORTS

In its issue of February 24th, 1916, the Wadena (Minn.) Pioneer Journal has the following letter from Western Canada written by Walter Gloeden, who is renewing his subscription to his home paper: "The times we are having up here are very good in spite of the war. I have had very good crops this fall and we are having very good markets for it all. Wheat went from 50 to 60 bu. to the acre, oats from 50 to 100 bu. to the acre. I had an 18-acre field of oats which yielded me 115 bu. per acre by machine measure, so I think this is a pretty prosperous country. I have purchased another quarter section, which makes me now the owner of three-quarters of a section of land. The weather was very nice this fall up to Christmas, then we had quite severe weather, but at the present time it is very nice again."

"I lived many years in Alberta; floss a homestead in the Edmonton district; own property in several parts of Alberta. I found it one of the best countries I ever saw; its banking system is better than that of the United States; one quarter section I own, with about \$4,000.00 worth of improvements, pays \$18.00 a year taxes. All tax is on the land; implements and personals are not taxed. I was secretary-treasurer of Aspelund school district for two years. My duties were to assess all the land in the district, collect the tax, expend it (\$1,000.00 a year), hire a teacher, etc., for the sum of \$25.00 a year. Some economy, eh?"

"All school and road taxes are expended in the districts where they are collected. There are no other taxes. Land titles are guaranteed by the government and an abstract costs fifty cents. Half of the population of Alberta are Americans or from Eastern Canada. (Sgd.) WILL TRUCKENMILLER." Advertisement.

Most Unkind.
"Miss Seroleaf says she is going to marry one man in a thousand."
"The last one?" asked Miss Cuttem.

HOW MRS. BEAN MET THE CRISIS

Carried Safely Through Change of Life by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Nashville, Tenn.—"When I was going through the Change of Life I had a tumor as large as a child's head. The doctor said it was three years coming and gave me medicine for it until I was called away from the city for some time. Of course I could not go to him then, so my sister-in-law told me that she thought Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound would cure it. It helped both the Change of Life and the tumor and when I got home I did not need the doctor. I took the Pinkham remedies until the tumor was gone, the doctor said, and I have not felt it since. I tell every one how I was cured. If this letter will help others you are welcome to use it."
—Mrs. E. H. BEAN, 625 Joseph Avenue, Nashville, Tenn.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a pure remedy containing the extractive properties of good old fashioned roots and herbs, meets the needs of woman's system at this critical period of her life. Try it.

If there is any symptom in your case which puzzles you, write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

Don't Persecute Your Bowels

Cut out cathartics and purgatives. They are brutal, harsh, unnecessary. Try CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Purely vegetable. Act gently on the liver, eliminate bile, and soothe the delicate membrane of the bowel. Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Sick Headache and indigestion, as millions know. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

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Avoid operations. Positive remedy—(No Op.)—Results sure. Write for our Big Book of Treats and Facts—100-107. Col. John E. Kelly Co., Dept. C-66, 219 S. Dearborn St., Chicago

The THOUSANDTH WOMAN

BY ERNEST W. HORNING
Author of *The Amateur Cracksmen*, *Raffles*, Etc.
ILLUSTRATIONS BY O. IRWIN MYERS
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CHAPTER XI—Continued.
The trusty, sisterly, sensible voice, half bantering but altogether kind, genuinely interested if the least bit inquisitive, too, would have gone to a harder or more hardened heart than beat on Blanche's balcony that night. Yet as Cazalet lit his pipe he looked old enough to be her father.
"I'll tell you some time," he puffed.
"It's only a case of two heads," said Blanche. "I know you're bothered, and I should like to help, that's all."
"You couldn't."

"How do you know? I believe you're going to devote yourself to this poor man—if you can get him off—I mean, when you do."
"Well?" he said.
"Surely I could help you there! Especially if he's ill," cried Blanche, encouraged by his silence. "I'm not half a bad nurse, really!"
"I'm certain you're not."
"Does he look very ill?"
She had been trying to avoid the direct question as far as possible, but this one seemed so harmless. Yet it was received in a stony silence unlike any that had gone before. It was as though Cazalet neither moved nor breathed, whereas he had been all signs and fidgets just before. His pipe was out already—that was the one merit of bush tobacco, it required constant attention—and he did not look like lighting it again.

Until tonight they had not mentioned Scruton since the motoring began. That had been a tacit rule of the road, of wayside talk and indoor orgy. But Blanche had always assumed that Cazalet had been to see him in the prison; and now he told her that he never had.
"I can't face him," he cried under his breath, "and that's the truth! Let me get him out of this hole, and I'm his man forever; but until I do, while there's a chance of failing, I simply can't face the fellow. It isn't as if he'd asked to see me. Why should I force myself upon him?"
"He hasn't asked to see you because he doesn't know what you're doing for him!" Blanche leaned forward as eagerly as she was speaking, all her repressed feelings coming to their own in her for just a moment. "He doesn't know because I do believe you wouldn't have him told that you'd arrived, lest he should suspect! You are a brick, Sweep, you really are!"
He was too much of one to sit still under the name. He sprang up, beating his hands. "Why shouldn't I be—"



"Look Here, Blanche! If You Had a Friend, Wouldn't You Do It?"

to him—to a poor devil who's been through all he's been through? Ten years! Just think of it; no, it's unthinkable to you or me. And it all started in our office; we were to blame for not keeping our eyes open; things couldn't have come to such a pass if we'd done our part, my poor old father for one—I can't help saying it—and I myself for another. Talk about contributory negligence! We were negligent, as well as blind. We didn't know a villain when we saw one, and we let him make another villain under our noses; and the second one was the only one we could see in his true colors, even then. Do you think we owe him nothing now? Don't you think I owe him something, as the only man left to pay?"
But Blanche made no attempt to answer his passionate questions. He had let himself go at last; it relieved her also in a way, for it was the natural man back again on her balcony. But he had set Blanche off thinking on other lines than he intended.
"I'm thinking of what he must have felt he owed Mr. Craven and—and Ethel!" she owned.
"I don't bother my head over either of them," returned Cazalet harshly. "He was never a white man in his lifetime, and she was every inch his daughter. Scruton's the one I pity—because I've suffered so much from that man myself."
"But you don't think he did it!"

Blanche was sharp enough to interrupt.
"No—no—but if he had!"
"You'd still stand by him?"
"I've told you so before. I meant to take him back to Australia with me—I never told you that—but I meant to take him, and not a soul out there to know who he was." He sighed aloud over the tragic stopper on that plan.
"And would you still?" she asked.
"If I could get him off."
"Guilty or not guilty?"
"Rather!"

There was neither shame, pose, nor hesitation about that. Blanche went through into the room without a word, but her eyes shone finely in the lamp-light. Then she returned with a book, and stood half in the balcony, framed as in a panel, looking for a place.
"You remind me of 'The Thousandth Man,'" she told him as she found it.
"Who was he?"
"He's every man who does a thousandth part of what you're doing!" said Blanche with confidence. And then she read, rather shyly and not too well:

"One man in a thousand," Solomon says, "Will stick more close than a brother. And it's worth while seeking him half your days."
If you find him before the other, Nine hundred and ninety-nine depend On what the world sees in you, But the Thousandth Man will stand your friend With the whole round world agin you."
"I should hope he would," said Cazalet, "if he's a man at all."
"But this is the bit for you," said Blanche:
"His wrong's your wrong, and his right's your right. In season or out of season, Stand up and back it in all men's sight— With that for your only reason! Nine hundred and ninety-nine can't bide The shame or mocking or laughter, But the Thousandth Man will stand by your side To the gallows-foot—and after!"

The last words were italicized in Blanche's voice, and it trembled, but so did Cazalet's as he cried out in his formula:
"That's the finest thing I ever heard in all my life! But it's true, and so it should be. I don't take any credit for it."
"Then you're all the more the thousandth man!"
He caught her suddenly by the shoulders. His rough hands trembled; his jaw worked. "Look here, Blanche! If you had a friend, wouldn't you do the same?"
"Yes, if I'd such a friend as all that," she faltered.
"You'd stand by his side—to the gallows-foot—if he was swine enough to let you?"
"I dare say I might."
"However bad a thing it was—murder, if you like—and however much he was mixed up in it—not like poor Scruton?"
"I'd try to stick to him," she said simply.
"Then you're the thousandth woman," said Cazalet. "God bless you, Blanche!"

He turned on his heel in the balcony, and a minute later found the room behind him empty. He entered, stood thinking, and suddenly began looking all over for the photograph of himself, with a beard, which he had seen there a week before.

CHAPTER XII.

Quid pro Quo.
It was his blessing that had done it; up to then she had controlled her feelings in a fashion worthy of the title just bestowed upon her. If only he had stopped at that, and kept his blessing to himself! It sounded so very much more like a knell that Blanche had begun first to laugh, and then to make such a fool of herself (as she herself reiterated) that she was obliged to run away in the worst possible order.
But that was not the end of those four superfluous words of final benediction; before the night was out they had solved, to Blanche's satisfaction, the hitherto impenetrable mystery of Cazalet's conduct.

He had done something in Australia, something that fixed a gulf between him and her. Blanche did not mean something wrong, much less a crime, least of all any sort of complicity in the great crime which had been committed while he was on his way home. But she believed the worst he had done was to emulate his friend, Mr. Potts, and to get engaged or perhaps actually married to somebody in the bush.
There was no reason why he should not; there never had been any sort or kind of understanding between herself and him; it was only as lifelong friends that they had written to each other, and that only once a year. Lifelong friendships are traditionally fatal to romance. They had both been free as air; and if he was free no longer, she had absolutely no cause for complaint, even if she was fool enough to feel it.
All this she saw quite clearly in her very honest heart. And yet, he might have told her; he need not have flown

to see her, the instant he landed or seemed so overjoyed, and such a boy again, or made so much of her and their common memories! He need not have begun begging her, in a minute, to go out to Australia, and then never have mentioned it again; he might just as well have told her if he had hoped to have a wife to welcome her! Of course he saw it afterward, himself; that was why the whole subject of Australia had been dropped so suddenly and for good. Most likely he had married beneath him; if so, she was very sorry, but he might have said that he was married.

Curiously enough, it was over Martha that she felt least able to forgive him. Martha would say nothing, but her unspoken denunciations of Cazalet would be only less intolerable than her unspoken sympathy with Blanche. Martha had been perfectly awful about the whole thing. And Martha had committed the final outrage of being perfectly right, from her idiotic point of view.

Now among all these meditations of a long night, and of a still longer day, in which nobody even troubled to send her word of the case at Kingston, it would be too much to say that no thought of Hilton Toye ever entered the mind of Blanche. She could not help liking him; he amused her immensely; and he had proposed to her twice, and warned her he would again. She felt the force of his warning, because she felt his force of character.



"I Guess I'm Not Fit to Speak to You," He Said.

and will. She literally felt these forces, as actual emanations from the strongest personality that had ever impinged upon her own.
In the day of reaction, such considerations were bound to steal in as single spies, each with a certain consolation, not altogether innocent of comparisons. But the battalion of Toye's virtues only marched on Blanche when Martha came to her, on the little green rug of a lawn behind the house, to say that Mr. Toye himself had called and was in the drawing-room.

Blanche stole up past the door, and quickly made herself smarter than she had ever done by day for Walter Cazalet; at least she put on a "dressy" blouse, her calling skirt (which always looked new), and did what she could to her hair. All this was only because Mr. Toye always came down as if it were Mayfair, and it was rotten to make people feel awkward if you could help it. So in walked Blanche, in her very best for the light of day, to be followed as soon as possible by the silver teapot, though she had just had tea herself. And there stood Hilton Toye, chin blue and collar black, his trousers all knees and creases, exactly as he had jumped out of the boat-train.

"I guess I'm not fit to speak to you," he said, "but that's just what I've come to do—for the third time!"
"Oh, Mr. Toye!" cried Blanche, really frightened by the face that made his meaning clear. It relaxed a little as she shrank involuntarily, but the compassion in his eyes and mouth did not lessen their steady determination.

"I didn't have time to make myself presentable," he explained. "I thought you wouldn't have me waste a moment if you understood the situation. I want you to promise to marry me right now!"
Blanche began to breathe again. Evidently he was on the eve of yet another of his journeys, probably back to America, and he wanted to go over engaged; at first she had thought he had had news to break to her, but this was no worse than she had heard before. Only it was more difficult to cope with him; everything was different, and he so much more pressing and precipitate. She had never met this Hilton Toye before. Yes; she was distinctly frightened by him. But in a minute she had ceased to be frightened of herself; she knew her own mind once more, and spoke it much as he had spoken his, quite compassionately, but just as tersely to the point.
"One moment," he interrupted. "I said nothing about my feelings, because they're a kind of stale proposition by this time; but for form's sake I may state there's no change there, except in the only direction I guess a person's feelings are liable to change toward you, Miss Blanche! I'm a worse case than ever, if that makes any difference."

Blanche shook her yellow head. "Nothing can," she said. "There must be no possible mistake about it this time, because I want you to be very good and never ask me again."
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BACKACHE AND KIDNEYS IN THE SPRING

Dear Mr. Editor:
For the benefit of others, I gladly give this statement regarding the merits of "Anurie." Am nearly 76 years of age. I suffered from backache, weak back, rheumatism, and could not control the excretion of the kidneys. I can safely say that "Anurie," the new discovery of Dr. Pierce, of Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., has done me more real good than anything I have ever taken for those ailments. Signed—Mrs. N. M. Flint.

NOTE:—A new remedy, called "Anurie," has been discovered by Dr. Pierce. It cures backache, headache and the darting pains and aches of rheumatism, kidney and bladder troubles. This "Anurie" is 37 times more potent than lithia, and dissolves uric acid, as hot water does sugar.

BIG WAR BRIBES ON RECORD

Tempting Offers Made to Commanding Officers That Have Been Occasionally Accepted.

The biggest war in history has been responsible for some of the biggest bribes in history. Germany, for instance, gave Turkey £10,000,000 in hard cash and the promise of huge territorial possessions for coming in on her side. We offered to make over Cyprus to Greece if she would side with us; but the bribe, apparently, was not considered big enough. London Tit-Bits says.

Toward the end of the Russo-Japanese war it was freely asserted that General Stoessel was bribed into surrendering Port Arthur. The accusation sounds ridiculous enough on the face of it. Yet it must not be forgotten that the same thing was said about Marshal Bazaine's surrender of the fortress of Metz in the war of 1870-71. The unhappy officer was put upon his trial and a lot of evidence bearing upon the matter was brought forward, the actual amount paid over as a bribe by the German intelligence officer who engineered the deal being put at no less a sum than £210,000.

Bazaine was found guilty and sentenced to death, but he was never executed, and investigation undertaken long afterward would seem to show that he was the victim of a miscarriage of justice. There is no doubt, though, about the surrender of Seio to the Turks in 1822 for a bribe of £170,000—a colossal crime, and one that was directly responsible for one of the most frightful massacres recorded in modern history.

Finem Respicere.
Swiggs—Poor old Jagsby is no more.
Briggs—Died from drink, I suppose?
Swiggs—Yes; spirited away, as it were.

All He Wanted and More.
"Did you ever have all yer wanted of anything?"
"Yes; two things—advice and water."

Now is the time to bring to your aid Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery (in tablet or liquid form). This wonderful remedy helps to restore stomach to its natural health and strength and to secure proper flow of the digestive juices, a good appetite and full digestion of the food you eat. It invigorates the liver, regulates the bowels and purifies and enriches the blood.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is absolutely free from alcohol and injurious drugs. Its ingredients printed on wrapper. You can be certain it is a true blood-maker, tissue-builder, and a restorative nerve tonic and that it will produce no evil after-effect. Thousands—probably many of your neighbors—are willing to recommend "Golden Medical Discovery" because it has made them stronger in body, brain and nerve.

TOO SEVERE A PUNISHMENT

Tramp Objected to So Long a Sojourn in a Town That Shall Remain Nameless.

A certain town—not the one you live in, dear reader, but it's nearest and dearest rival—was noted for being dead slow. There was no amusement in the place, not even so much as a moving-picture show, and everybody wanted to bed at nine o'clock every night because there was no other place to go.

One day a tramp was caught begging in the streets of this town and was promptly arrested and arraigned before the justice of the peace.

After hearing the evidence the magistrate put on his sternest look and said: "It appears from the testimony presented here that you are a vagrant without visible means of support. In order that you may not become a charge upon the taxpayers of a respectable community I sentence you to leave this town in three hours."

"Aw Judge," pleaded the tramp, with a look of abject terror on his face, "have a heart, won't yer? I didn't do nuthin' but ask a guy for a nickel. Please don't make me stay in dis burg all dat time. Make it three minutes, Judge, can't yer?"

Out of the State.

A disheveled citizen rushed into a police station and shouted for vengeance.

"The automobile that hit me five minutes ago was No. 41144," he spluttered.

"I can prove that he was exceeding the speed limit, and I want—I want—" "You want a warrant for his arrest?"
"Warrant nothing! What good would a warrant do me at the rate he was going? I want extradition papers."

Frank A. Vanderlip, president of the National City bank in New York city, is a machinist by trade.

If you are in a hurry avoid the train of thought.



That "Wade Right In" Feeling—

first thing in the morning—comes naturally with right living.

Daily food plays a big part, for unless it supplies proper rebuilding elements, and is properly digested, one's mental and physical power is bound to suffer.

Grape-Nuts

the whole wheat and malted barley food, provides all the rich nutriment of the grains, including their vital mineral salts—phosphate of potash, etc.—lacking in the diet of many, but which are necessary for balanced upkeep of body, brain and nerves.

Grape-Nuts has a delicate nut-like flavour; is always ready to serve with cream or milk; is easily digestible; and yields a wonderful return of health and energy.

"There's a Reason"