

CORN PLANTING IS OVER

THAT CANADIAN TRIP SHOULD NOW BE TAKEN.

If you had intended going to Canada for the purpose of purchasing land on which to establish a home and accompanying some land company, whose holdings you proposed to look over or to go up on your own account to select one hundred and sixty acres of land free, you should delay no longer. Corn-planting is over, your wheat crop is well ahead, and you have a few weeks' time before you are required in the fields again. Now make your intended trip. Reports at hand show that the crop prospects in Canada were never better than they are today. The cool weather has not affected the crop, but if anything, it has been a benefit. There has been plenty of moisture and those who have had their land properly prepared look upon this year as likely to be one of the best they have had. A great many are going up this season who expect to pay two or three dollars an acre more than they were asked to pay last year. Others who wish* to homestead are prepared to go farther from the line of railway than would have been necessary last year. Still it is worth it. So it will be with you. Next year lands will be higher-priced and homesteads less accessible. There is a wonderful tide of immigration to Central Canada now. It is expected that one hundred and fifty thousand new settlers from the United States will be numbered by the end of the present year, an increase of fifty per cent over last year. In addition to this there will be upwards of one hundred thousand from the old country, which does not include those who may come from the northern countries of the Continent. These all intend to settle upon the land. The reader does not require an answer to the questions, "Why do they do it?" "Why are they going there in such large numbers?" Western Canada is no longer an experiment. The fact that one hundred and fifty million bushels of wheat were raised there last year as against ninety-five millions the year previous, shows that the tiller of the soil in Central Canada is making money and it is safe to say that he is making more money than can be made anywhere else on the Continent in the growing of grains. He gets good prices, he has a sure and a heavy crop, he enjoys splendid railway privileges, and he has also the advantages of schools and churches and such other social life as may be found anywhere. It is difficult to say what district is the best. Some are preferred to others because there are friends already established. The Grand Trunk Pacific, on its way across the Continent, is opening up a splendid tract of land, which is being taken up rapidly. The other railways—the Canadian Pacific and Canadian Northern are extending branch lines into parts inaccessible a couple of years ago. With a perfect network of railways covering a large area of the agricultural lands it is not difficult to secure a location. Any agent of the Canadian Government will be pleased to render you assistance by advice and suggestion, and a good plan is to write or call upon him. The Government has located these agents at convenient points throughout the States, and their offices are well equipped with a full supply of maps and literature.

A torn jacket is soon mended; but hard words bruise the heart of a child.—Longfellow.

A PACKAGE MAILED FREE ON REQUEST OF
MUNYON'S PAW-PAW PILLS
The best Stomach and Liver Pills known and a positive and speedy cure for Constipation, Indigestion, Jaundice, Biliaryness, Sour Stomach, Headache, and all ailments arising from a disordered stomach or sluggish liver. They contain in concentrated form all the virtues and values of Munyon's Paw-Paw Tonic and are made from the juice of the Paw-Paw fruit. I unhesitatingly recommend these pills as being the best laxative and cathartic ever compounded. Send us a postal or letter requesting a free package of Munyon's Celebrated Paw-Paw Laxative Pills, and we will mail same free of charge. MUNYON'S HOMEOPATHIC HOME REMEDY CO., 53d and Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

Don't Persecute your Bowels
Cut out cathartics and purgatives. They are brutal—brutal—unnecessary.
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS
Purify vegetable, act gently on the liver, eliminate bile, and soothe the delicate membrane of the bowels. Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Headache, and Indigestion, as millions know.
Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price. GENUINE must bear signature:
Wm. S. Carter

The Old Line Banker's Life
of Lincoln, Nebraska, wants a man's whole time in your neighborhood. Good pay, write us.

Zelda Dameron

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON

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CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

Merriam tapped his riding boot with the whip he had kept in his hand. "Yes; the war's over," he said, "our war. There's been another since, but it's preposterous to call that Spanish dress-parade and target practice war."

The two men went out together, and Major Congrieve twitted Merriam about the thoroughbred's pedigree. "I'll see you again before you go. Luncheon to-morrow at the Tippecanoe Club? That is well. Good-morning!"

As Merriam rode out toward the street, Captain Pollock came from one of the storehouses and walked briskly across the grounds in the direction of the office. A curve in the path brought him face to face with Rodney Merriam, who saluted him with his right hand. "Good-morning, Mr. Merriam!" and the young officer lifted his hat.

CHAPTER VII.
It is no longer so very laudable for a young man to pay his way through college; and Morris Leighton had done this easily and without caring to be praised or martyred for doing so. He had enjoyed his college days; he had been popular with town and gown; and he had managed to get his share of undergraduate fun while leading his classes. He had helped in the college library; he had twisted the iron letters on the president's correspondence late into the night; he had copied briefs for a lawyer after hours; but he had pitched for the nine and hustled for his "frat," and he had led class rushes with ardor and success.

He had now been for several years in the offices of Knight, Kittredge & Carr at Mariona, only an hour's ride from Tippecanoe; and he still kept in touch with the college. Michael Carr fully appreciated a young man who took the law seriously and who could sit down in a court room on call mornings, when need be, and turn off a demurrer without paraphrasing it from a text-book.

Mrs. Carr, too, found Morris Leighton useful, and she liked him, because he always responded unquestioningly to any summons to fill up a blank at her table. Young men were at a premium in Mariona, as in most other places, and it was something to have one of the species, of an accommodating turn, and very presentable, within telephone range. It was through Mrs. Carr that Leighton came to be well known in Mariona; she told her friends to ask him to call, and there were now many homes besides hers that he visited.

An errand to a law firm in one of the fashionable new buildings that had lately raised the Mariona sky-line led him one afternoon past the office of his college classmate, Jack Balcomb. "J. Arthur Balcomb" was the inscription on the door. Leighton had seen little of Balcomb for a year or more, and his friend's name on the ground-glass door arrested his eye.

Two girls were busily employed at typewriters in the anteroom, and one of them extended a blank card to Morris and asked him for his name. The girl disappeared into the inner room and came back instantly followed by Balcomb, who seized Morris' hand, dragged him in and closed the door.

"Well, old man!" Balcomb shouted. "I'm glad to see you. It's downright pleasant to have a fellow come in occasionally and feel no temptation to take his watch."

Morris cast his eyes over the room, which was handsomely furnished. There was a good rug on the floor and the desk and table were of heavy oak; an engraving of Thomas Jefferson hung over Balcomb's desk, and on the opposite side of the room was a table covered with financial reference books. "What is your game just now, Jack, if it isn't impertinent? It's hard to keep track of you. I remember very well that you started in to learn the wholesale drug business," said Morris. "Oh, tush! Don't refer to that, as thou lovest me! That is one of the darkest pages of my life. Those people down there in South High street thought I was a jay, and they sent me out to help the shipping clerk. Wouldn't that jar you! Overall—and a hand truck. I couldn't get out of that fast enough. Then, you know, I went to Chicago and spent a year in a broker's office, and I guess I learned a few up there. Oh, rather! They sent me into the country to sell mining stock and I made a record. They kept the printing presses going overtime to keep me supplied. Say, they got afraid of me. I was too good!"

white. But I guess what I learned wouldn't have embarrassed Chancellor Kent. I really had a client once. I didn't see a chance of getting one any other way, so I hired him. He was a coon. I employed him for two dollars to go to the Grand Opera House and buy a seat in the orchestra when Sir Henry Irving was giving 'The Merchant of Venice.' He went to sleep and snored and they threw him out with rude, insolent, and angry hands after the second act; and I brought suit against the management for damages, basing my claim on the idea that they had spurned my dusky brother on account of his race, color and previous condition of servitude. The last clause was a joke. He had never done any work in his life, except for the State. My client got loaded on gin about the time the case came up on demurrer and gave the snap away, and I dropped out of the practice to avoid being disbarred. So here I am; and I'm glad I shook the law. I'd got tired of eating coffee and rolls at the Berlin bakery three times a day."

One of the typewriter operators entered with a brisk air of business and handed a telegram to Balcomb, who tore it open nonchalantly. As he read it, he tossed the crumpled envelope over his shoulder in an absentminded way. Then, to the girl, who waited with note-book and pencil in hand. "Never mind; don't wait. I'll dictate the answer later. How did it work?" he asked, turning to Leighton, who had been looking over the books on the table.

"How did what work?" "The fake. It was a fake telegram. That girl's trained to bring in a message every time I have a caller. If the message is in other words, I'm on a fifteen-minute schedule. I tip a boy in the telegraph office to keep me supplied with blanks. It's a great scheme. There's nothing like a telegram to create the impression that your office is a seething caldron of business."

"You have passed the poetry stage, beyond a doubt. But I should think the strain of keeping all this going would be wearing on your sensitive poetical nature. And it must cost something."

"It does, but Carr keeps a whole corps of rascals to spread apple-butter on the Legislature corn-bread."

"You'd better speak to him about it. He'd probably tell Mrs. Carr to ask you to dinner right away."

"Oh, that will come in time. I don't expect to do everything at once. You may see me up there some time; and when you do, don't shy off like a colt at the choo-choo. By the way, I'd like to be one of the bright particular stars of the Dramatic Club if you can fix it. You remember that amateur theatricals are rather in my line."

He looked at his watch and gave the stem-key a few turns before returning it to his pocket. "You'll have to excuse me, old man. I've got a date with Adams. He's a right decent chap when you know how to handle him. I want to get them to finance a big apartment house scheme. I've got an idea for a flat that will make the town sit up and gasp."

"Don't linger on my account, Jack. I only stopped in to see whether you kept your good spirits. I feel as though I'd had a shower bath. Come along."

Several men were waiting to see Balcomb in the outer office and he shook hands with all of them and begged them to come again, taking care to mention that he had been called to the Central States Trust Company and had to hurry away.

CHAPTER VIII.
"Well, I butted in all right," said Balcomb, cheerfully. "I suppose you're saying to yourself that it's another case of the unfailing Balcomb check."

Carr had discovered her tenor without his help. He and Balcomb were standing in the Carr library, where the last wireless rehearsal "Deceivers Ever" was about to begin. Leighton, who was stage manager, also sang in the chorus, which appeared in one act as foresters and in the other as soldiers. Mrs. Carr always had a reason for everything she did. Her reason for insisting that the Dramatic Club, of which she was president, should give a comic opera was thoroughly adequate, for at this time she was exploiting a young musician who had lately appeared in Mariona, and who was not, let it be remembered, a mere instructor in vocal music, but a composer as well. He was a very agreeable young man, who wished to build up a permanent orchestra in Mariona, and Mrs. Carr was backing this project with her accustomed enthusiasm. Nothing could help matters forward so well as a social success for Max Schmidt. He had written an opera, which many managers had declined for the reason that the music was too good and the book too bad.

"Deceivers Ever" was the name of the work, and Mrs. Carr was preparing to produce an abridged version of it on the night before Thanksgiving. The scene was set in Germany, and there were six men—the gay deceivers—all of them officers in the army. The chief character was the daughter of a regimental commandant of a post, but at a ball given in his honor she changed places with her maid, and no end of confusion resulted. Mrs. Carr had urged Zelda to take the principal role, and Zelda had consented, with the understanding that Olive Merriam was to be elected a member of the club and given a part in the opera.

While Leighton and Balcomb stood talking in the library, Herr Schmidt, in the drawing-room, lectured the rest of the company in his difficult English. He now fell upon the piano with a crash and nodded to Zelda, who began one of her solos. When this had been sung to his satisfaction, the director called for Olive and Captain Pollock.

Pollock was greatly liked by the people he had begun to know in Mariona. The men about the Tippecanoe Club had the reputation of scrutinizing newcomers a little superciliously, in the way of old members of a small club, who resent the appearance of strangers at the lounging-room fireplace. But Pollock fitted into places as though he had always been used to them. He told a good story or he sang a song well, when called on to do something at the grill-room Saturday nights. Mrs. Carr had given him one of the best parts in the opera.

The young officer and Olive carried off with great animation a dialogue in song into which Herr Schmidt had been able to get some real humor.

"You haven't told me how much you like my cousin," said Zelda to Leighton, when he sat down by her in an interval of parley between the director and Mrs. Carr. "I expect something nice."

"Nothing could be easier. She's a great hit! She's a discovery! She's an ornament to society!"

"Humph! That sounds like sample sentences from a copy-book. A man with a reputation as an orator to sustain ought to be able to do better than that."

"Not having such a reputation—" "Not even thinking one has—" "Oh, I'm conceded, am I?"

"I hadn't thought of it before, but no doubt it's true," said Zelda, looking across the room to where Jack Balcomb was talking with his usual vivacity to a girl in the chorus whom he had never met before. He was perfectly at ease, as though leaning against grand pianos in handsome drawing-rooms and talking to pretty girls had always been his mission in life.

Morris did not follow Zelda's eyes; he was watching her face gravely. He had tried in many ways to please her, but she maintained an attitude toward him that was annoying, to say the least.

(To be continued.)

BATHING TROUBLES IN JAPAN.
Unconventional Bathroom Arrangements in Country Towns.
The bath in Japanese inns was often something of a difficulty, says a writer in the Worldwide. Once we were invited to bathe in the kitchen, where the steaming bathtub stood amidst a little group of men, who had gathered in the room in the evening to gossip and smoke. Often the bathed had no door, and when it had it was not infrequently a glass one. Much as the country folk of Japan stare at foreigners, they do not, however, take advantage of these defenseless bath-rooms, so that the anticipation was always worse than the event.

WHEN THE WEATHER IS WARM

Jellied Chicken an Ideal Dish Either for Luncheon or Dinner—How to Prepare It.

After dressing a young roasting chicken, cut it in joints as for fricasseeing, put it in a deep saucpan over the fire and nearly cover the chicken with cold water; add a level teaspoonful of salt, a half dozen pepper corns, a blade of mace, two sprigs of parsley, two stalks of celery, a half of a lemon, a large white onion cut in slices; cover the sauce pan closely and as soon as the steam rises to the surface remove it with a skimmer; then let the chicken cook gently till the bones may be easily removed. A quart of broth should be left when the chicken is done. With a skimmer remove the chicken from the saucpan, then strain the broth and return it to the saucpan, adding two tablespoonfuls of gelatin dissolved in half a pint of water, and let it simmer for about ten minutes. In the meantime remove the bones from the chicken, and cut it in small slices. Line a bowl or oval earthen dish with alternate slices of hard-boiled eggs and slices of lemon; stir the pieces of chicken through the broth, stand the saucpan in a cool place, and when the mixture begins to stiffen pour carefully into the mold, distributing the bits of chicken evenly through the broth. Let the mold stand in a cool place for a day, when the whole will be well jellied; then turn it out on a platter and ornament it with sprigs of parsley. When ready for use cut the jellied chicken in thin slices and serve on a plate with celery mayonnaise.

MAKES A SPLENDID PRESERVE

For Those Fond of the Quince There Is No Better Fruit That Can Be Put Up.

No fruit makes more delicious or richer preserves than quince. Choose fine fruit, as it will prove the most economical in the end, even though higher in price. Wash and dry and pare carefully, cut into quarters and remove the cores. Place the fruit in the preserving kettle with just enough water to create steam, and arrange the parings over the top. Cover the kettle, let heat slowly and stew very gently until tender. Carefully remove all the parings from the surface, then take the fruit out with a skimmer, draining as thoroughly as possible, and spread out on large dishes. Strain the liquor through a cheese cloth bag, then return to the kettle, adding granulated sugar, measure for measure. Stir until the sugar is dissolved only, and let the syrup boil for ten minutes, skimming repeatedly. Place the quinces in the boiling syrup and simmer gently until they become clear and take a rich color—probably 20 minutes. Lift the fruit out with a perforated spoon and pack in jars. When the syrup is partially cool fill to the brim and seal air tight.

Cherry Dumplings.

These made like apple dumplings and served with a sauce made of the juice of the fruit are delicious. An old-time method is to make a thick batter, using two cupfuls of flour, two eggs, two teaspoonfuls butter, one tablespoonful sugar, two teaspoonfuls baking powder sifted, with flour, one cupful water and one cupful stoned cherries. Drop the mixture by tablespoonfuls into boiling salted water (and but a few at a time, as the water must not stop boiling). Cover closely and cook 12 minutes without uncovering. Take from the water and serve at once on hot plates. To make the sauce, cream together a cupful powdered sugar and a tablespoonful butter. Add gradually one beaten egg and a half cupful of cherry juice, beat ing constantly.

Cream Puffs.

Melt one-half pound of butter in two cups of boiling water, and as soon as the water bubbles hard stir in one and a half cups of flour. Stir until the flour is so well blended that it does not adhere to the sides of the vessel. Set the mixture aside until cold, then drop into it eight unbeaten eggs, one at a time, and whip the batter for three minutes after each egg is added to it. Set right on the ice for an hour, or until chilled thoroughly. Drop by the spoonful on buttered tins, allowing room for the puffs to swell, and bake to a golden brown. Set aside until cold, then cut a slit in the side of each puff and put in the filling.

To Cook Oatmeal.

Select the best medium-ground, old-fashioned Scotch oatmeal. Cook in a double boiler. To each quart of boiling water add one teaspoonful of salt and eight tablespoonfuls of the oatmeal sprinkled in slowly. Cover and set into the outer vessel of boiling water and cook very slowly for five or six hours. Rice is a summer food and oatmeal a winter food, and nothing can excel either of these in their respective seasons for a breakfast dish as to food value.

Dressed Celery.

Use only the white, crisp part of the celery stalks. The green parts may be made into a puree or used in soups. Scrape off the brown discolored part and wash thoroughly. Keep in cold water, and when ready to serve drain and arrange in a celery glass. Serve with salt. Or cut the celery in thin slices, moisten with French or mayonnaise dressing, and garnish with lettuce, cresses, or celery leaves.



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Libby, McNeill & Libby
Chicago

Lost Bill Under a Plaster.

The mystery of the disappearance of a \$50 bill, which has disturbed a Midwestern business man and his family for a week, and which caused considerable unpleasantness, has been solved. Suspicion attached to at least two members of the man's household. A week ago he planned a business trip to New York. That evening he laid numerous bank notes on the dresser of his bedroom. A \$50 bill was on top. Next morning he missed it. That night his wife put a porous plaster on his back. This morning he wanted to get it off and called his wife to assist. When she got the plaster off the missing bill was found fast on the inside of the plaster.—Exchange.

Fido's Exercise.

"Justin," said Mrs. Wyss. "Yes," said Mr. Wyss. "Will you speak a kind word to Fido and make him wag his tail? He hasn't done one bit of exercise today."—Scraps.

Be patient with everyone, but above all with yourself. I mean, do not be disturbed because of your imperfections, and always rise bravely from a fall.—Francis de Sales.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, &c. See a bottle.

The average man can't stand to understand why he has enemies.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules, easy to take as candy.

How we dislike the dentist who spares no pains.



WESTERN CANADA

What Governor Deneen, of Illinois, Says About It:

Governor Deneen, of Illinois, owns a section of land in Saskatchewan, Canada. He has said in an interview: "As an American I am delighted to see the remarkable progress of Western Canada. Our people are flocking across the boundary in thousands. I have met one who admitted they are all doing well. This is scarcely a compliment in the Middle or Western States that has not a representative in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta."

125 Million Bushels of Wheat in 1909

Western Canada, sold crops for 1909 will easily yield to the farmer \$175,000,000.00 in cash. Free Homesteads of 160 acres and pre-emption of 160 acres at \$3.00 an acre. Railway and other companies have land for sale at reasonable prices. Many farmers have paid for their land out of the proceeds of one crop. Splendid climate, good schools, excellent railway facilities, low freight rates, wood, water and fuel plentiful. Last Best West and low settling rates, apply to Dept. of Immigration, Ottawa, or to the following Canadian Govt. Agents: E. J. Holman, 315 Jackson St., St. Paul, Minn.; J. M. McMillan, Box 114, Waterloo, South Dakota; and W. V. Bennett, Room 4, Bee Building, Omaha, Neb. (Use address Box 114.) Please say where you saw this advertisement.