

WESTERN CANADA'S GREAT HARVEST

Decidedly Encouraging From Every Standpoint.

Speaking of conditions generally in Canada, the most encouraging feature of the year, from a trade and financial standpoint, has been the bountiful harvest of the Northwest, where a greatly increased area under cultivation has given the highest average yield in the history of the country.

The annual reports of the various banks throughout Canada are now being published. They savor of optimism all the way through, and, contrary to what might be generally expected in war times, business is good everywhere.

The General Manager of the Bank of Montreal at the recent annual meeting said: "The position of Canada is a highly favored one, with an assured future of growth, development and general prosperity."

In the same report it is said that the Canadian West "has recovered to a marked extent from the economic dislocation of a year ago."

The season's wheat and other cereal crops have exceeded all previous records in quantity and quality, and, despite the enormous yield, prices have been uncommonly well maintained.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the importance of these results to the Prairie Provinces—and the Dominion at large.

The prosperity of those engaged in mixed farming and ranching is most encouraging.

The four mills in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta are busy and are doing well. Their combined daily capacity is about 27,000 barrels.

The large advances of the Dominion Government to farmers in certain districts, principally in the form of seed, were made very opportune and have been amply justified by the very large crop yield in those districts.

Business in many important lines is good and should continue to improve as returns from grain yet to be marketed are received.

The general business outlook has been transformed by the large crop.

The returns of the gross earnings of Canadian railroads for November show those of the Canadian Pacific increased \$1,736,000 or 78 per cent for the last nine days of the month. Compared with same month year ago, increase no less than \$5,291,000 or 67.4 per cent against a 45 per cent gain in October, and a decrease of 4 1/2 per cent in September.

H. V. Meredith, of the Bank of Montreal, in a recent address delivered at Montreal, declared that the most encouraging feature from a trade and financial standpoint had been the bountiful harvest of the Northwest, where the greatly increased area under cultivation had given the highest average yield in the history of the country. He estimated the grain crop of the three provinces at a value of over \$400,000,000, and said that such remarkable results would have the effect of attracting the tide of immigration to our shores, when the world is again at peace. The restoration of a favorable balance in our foreign trade is a factor of supreme importance at the present time.

It is the general opinion in the East that the 1915 grain crop in the Prairie Provinces not only put the whole Dominion in a sounder trade and financial standing, but that it will also result in a big increase in immigration to the West of agricultural settlers, who will include capitalized farmers from Europe and the United States as well as homesteaders.—Advertisement.

A married woman of St. Helens, England, was recently fined \$100 for betting.

STOP EATING MEAT IF KIDNEY OR BACK HURT

Take a Glass of Salts to Clean Kidneys if Bladder Bothers You—Meat Forms Uric Acid.

Eating meat regularly eventually produces kidney trouble in some form or other, says a well-known authority, because the uric acid in meat excites the kidneys, they become overworked; get sluggish; clog up and cause all sorts of distress, particularly backache and misery in the kidney region; rheumatic twinges, severe headaches, acid stomach, constipation, torpid liver, sleeplessness, bladder and urinary irritation.

The moment your back hurts or kidneys aren't acting right, or if bladder bothers you, get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any good pharmacy; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush clogged kidneys and stimulate them to normal activity; also to neutralize the acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts cannot injure anyone; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which millions of men and women take now and then to keep the kidneys and urinary organs clean, thus avoiding serious kidney disease.—Adv.

Most men would be content with their lot—if it were a lot of money.

Piles Relieved by First Application. Dredged in 6 to 12 days by PAIN EXPELLER, the universal remedy for all forms of Piles. Dredges out money if it fails. —

When a man is in his cage he should beware of family jars.

The Heart of Night Wind By Vingie E. Roe

Illustrations by Ray Walters

A STORY OF THE GREAT NORTHWEST

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SYNOPSIS.

Silets of Dally's lumber camp directs a stranger to the camp. Walter Sandry introduces himself to John Dally, foreman, as the Dillingworth lumber Co. or most of it. He makes acquaintance with the camp and the work he has come from the East to superintend and make successful. He writes to his father that he intends to get a handful of the wealth in the uncut timber of the region.

CHAPTER V—Continued.

Sandry was enjoying her succinct precision of knowledge and expression.

"And you've spent all these years in the midst of this wet-blanket climate?" he smiled. "How in the world did you do it—and keep your cheerfulness?"

"Son," said Ma Dally kindly, "you can knock the country to me, but don't you go down' it where the men'll hear you. Us web-feet are used to the rain, but we don't like to hear the Easterners talk about it. It's a chip on every Oregonian's shoulder. You don't want to queer yourself."

There was a note of genuine good advice in the words and tone, and Sandry got a sudden insight into several little happenings that had puzzled him—for instance, the emphasized wearing of blue shirts in a rain that had soaked his overcoat, and a few remarks about the fact that Oregon rain didn't wet through.

"Thank you, Mrs. Dally," he said earnestly with a sudden feeling of friendship between him and this shrewd, kindly old general of men.

He turned presently to the girl busy in the lamplight, her black head shining a shadow over her eyes.

"By the way," he said, "if you care to you may ride Black Bolt whenever you wish."

She nodded excitedly, without a flicker of the pleased excitement he had expected in the light of her seeming passionate love of the animal, but a slow, dull flush spread upward in her dark face and her fingers trembled a bit, he fancied, on the reins.

"You trembled in all surety the next morning, when, with a bridle of colored and woven horsehair over her arm, she entered the lean-to.

Black Bolt was a gentleman born. Though he was wild as the girl for the free air, the green slopes and the yielding sod under his feet, he stood still while she came up lightly, as a cat springs, with a little soft alighting, and they were gone, down over the smooth slope of the valley toward the lower railway.

There were two interested spectators to that splendid flight—Ma Dally from the cook-shack porch, who wiped her eyes a bit and said aloud: "Bless the child! Wild—wild! But it's natural," and Walter Sandry standing at the south window of the office.

"Did you like it?" Sandry asked her amusedly that evening as he passed through the eating room.

"Yes," said Silets with her belying quietness.

"I believe I've found a study," he said to himself as he went on, "a worthy study in human nature."

And Silets had found a new heaven and a new earth. Something wild with in her that had ever moved restlessly broke forth, a glorious flower of ecstasy. Day by day thereafter she loosed Black Bolt and sped into fields of Elysium, lost to earth, intoxicated, mad with the rush of wind and rain. Always when she came back there was the dusky flush in her face, the sleepy look of intoxication in her eyes.

Thus winter closed in on the lonely camp in the mountains, blue-black and gray with mist and rain and vivid green with the new grass of the coast country.

CHAPTER VI.

Trouble With the Yellow Pines. Walter Sandry sat in the office at the slough's edge, busy with file and ledger. Two months had passed and something had lifted from him in these two months; a weight had lightened. Where had been a huge disgust, almost intolerable in its intensity, for this rain-soaked land, there had crept in an insidious admiration. Often now he looked down the green little valley sharply defined between its binding hills and felt the subtle charm of the intimate shadows, the near white dusk and the great trees under whose drooping feathery boughs there lay silence and a sense of refuge.

Suddenly there came to him a clamor of voices, oaths and the throaty tones of strong men in anger. Up from

the lower railway a group of loggers came stalling in their spiked boots. Behind them Murphy rocked excitedly along in the tiny locomotive.

Sandry shut his ledger and stepped outdoors.

"What's the matter, Collins?" he asked of a huge man in the lead, a perfect type of the logger of the great Northwest, sun-browned, hard-muscled, wiry of figure and with the endurance and power of a bull elephant.

"Matter enough. Them damned Yella Pines' sawed five piles in th' railway an' tore up two lengths of track."

Sandry went ahead down the track and found a state of things sufficient to raise the ire of any riverman or timberjack.

Where the track approached the railway it had been torn up bodily, the ties and rails thrown into the narrow slough, as evidenced by a few projecting ends, and the railway itself, a slanting floor of logs some two feet thick supported on a group of graduated piles, sagged in the center where two piles had been cut and piled aside.

The lower edge also drooped for the same reason. It had been the work of pure malice, that he saw at a glance.

"Collins," he said as the men came up in a sullen group, "got to work and see if you can raise those sawed supports and pry them back on their bases."

The gang went slowly down the sharp bank of the tidewater slough.

"Johnny Eastern," said one softly, "all right, all right! Prize up a roll-yay! My Aunt Maria!"

Sandry stood near, realizing his limitations and raging helplessly, watching them lazily testing and pushing here and there.

"Hadn't we better just spike 'em on to the sides?" asked Collins, with a droll upward glance.

Sandry was about to reply when John Dally slipped down from the track beside him under the lee of the damaged railway.

"Collins," he said sternly, "you get back to camp and bring tools—peavies, hooks, a couple of chains and some picks. Bring a couple of axes, too. What do you mean by such business?"

"Orders," said Collins with a grin.

"You see, Mr. Sandry," said Dally apologetically, "there's no fixin' such

timbers as them, not when they've got to carry such weight. They'll have to be taken out entirely an' new ones set."

"I didn't know," returned Sandry frankly; "won't they hold back the work?"

"A day or so, mebber. We can take the fallers out an' put them on with Collins an' the rest. There's enough down to keep the buckers busy a day or two, anyway. We won't lose much."

"Do you think this is the work of the Yellow Pines people, Dally?"

"Sure," said Dally with certainty, "they've done worse than this before now. Cut our best cable two years ago and twice they've run the dinky off the track into the slough. They're bad actors."

"But what's the use? What do they gain?"

"They want to run us out of the hills. Been at it for ten years. They're just givin' you a hint as the new owner."

CHAPTER VII.

The repairing of the damaged railway was another revelation to the easterner. New timbers were brought down and the slanting floor was thickly underpinned. Then with pick and shovel the men went at the work of digging out the damaged timbers. The work was heavier, more dangerous and disagreeable by reason of the water, four feet deep at low tide, eight at high, which lapped their bases.

Dally put them at the digging from the slope side at low tide; but on the second day he stood long running his blunt fingers through his hair, as was his custom when perplexed.

Sandry had come down from the office and now stood on the track above the railway looking over the wet country below. At the railway's foot the sluggish ribbon of tidewater, sullen and discolored, wound up the south. To the north the valley lifted gently toward the camp and the wilderness beyond.

Suddenly, "Dally," he said, "what are you going to do about it?"

"I don't just know. The men can't work in the water, and them piles have got to come out. But there's a way of doin' it, of course."

"Of course," said the easterner, "and why not get 'at from above?"

The foreman looked at him inquiringly.

"That left bank of the slough up there is in the form of a ridge. Don't you think we could set a crew at it at low tide and dig it through, turning the water into the field yonder? That would leave the slough empty here for the time between high tides. Could you get the timbers out in a few hours?"

Dally's experienced eye had already taken in every detail of the possibilities as Sandry talked.

"That's a good scheme, Mr. Sandry," he said slowly. "I believe it'll work."

So it was that the first practical suggestion of the new owner was set into action.

The whole crew of the camp was brought out of the hills and set to work and the damaged railway was repaired as good as new, the break in the west bank filled, the slough running full again and nothing to show for the trouble but the flooded field of tules.

Under Walter Sandry's cool demeanor there was a small glow of satisfaction, a sense of having in a way redeemed himself.

At supper time Silets, moving between the tables, laughed to herself, softly, and her dark eyes under the little shadow of her parted hair held a sparkling gleam as if she had seen that content and enjoyed it.

"Silets," said the owner, coming in suddenly from the east porch after the men had tramped heavily away to the bunkhouse, "whom do you know outside this camp?"

She was alone in the big spotless kitchen, her sleeves rolled up from her arms, slim and brown with a smooth color that was of the sun's giving.

"Outside the camp?" she asked, turning to him for a moment, stopped in some task of the aftermath of the meal, "why—nobody."

"Don't you ever go down to Toledo?" Sandry was leaning in the doorway, his bright blue eyes upon her.

"Sometimes."

"Have you no friends there? No girl friends?"

She shook her head and he noticed the clean profile, the shape of the small pointed chin, the good forehead conflicting with a vague suggestion of fleeting wild things in the velvety eyes.

"Is there no one with whom you associate outside the camp? Think."

Suddenly there passed over her features a quick change. He could liken it to nothing but a wind on the surface of water, just a breath of change.

"Only the Preacher," she said with a swift slurring of softness in her voice.

"The Preacher?"

"You don't know him. He only comes sometimes. He was here just before you came."

"Who is he?" asked Sandry curiously.

"I don't know. Nobody knows. But I love him."

"The Preacher," he said to himself a little later in the bare south room under the dripping eaves. "H'm! The Bible—of course."

With a new interest he picked up the quaint old book of Holy Writ and let it fall open in his hands as it had a way of doing.

Out from that marvelous song of an

inspired soul, the Psalms, there looked his answer, as he was to know in another day, the truest answer that could have been given to his question:

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? Or who shall stand in his holy place? He that hath clean hands and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

With an odd feeling of truth struck from the page he closed the book and laid it gently down on the white cloth.

CHAPTER VII.

lawless; in a flash of sudden silence, her calm, her occasional stilled moes of speech, and her whimsicalities.

"Why—why—Silets?" he stammered, following out the train of his illumined thought, "what are you? Who are you? A star in the dusk? The night wind in the pines!"

In the flush of the pregnant moment he laid his hand on her bare arm under the rolled-up sleeve—her soft arm, wet with the mist—closing his fingers strongly upon it. For the enchanted present she was romance and mystery, and Sandry was beneath its spell.

But Silets looked from his face back to the hand upon her arm. The blood rose slowly in her dusky cheeks, and when she raised her eyes again they were dim with the same look of intoxication as had come with the madness of the rushing wind on Black Bolt's back.

"Yes," she said dreamily, "I am the Night Wind. That's what they call me—my friends the Indians. But how did you know?"

"I didn't. I just heard the words in my heart. They are right."

He did not remove his hand, and silence fell between them while they stood gazing into each other's eyes. Sandry saw the heavy look in hers, the dull fire that bespoke a very drunkenness of emotion, and in another moment he had lost his head. Without thought, as simply as the first runner of those forests took what he wanted, he leaned forward and kissed her softly, lightly, on her smooth cheek. Her eyes darkened perceptibly and she covered her face with her hands.

In a sudden great embarrassment Sandry stood silent beside her, his heart pounding and his manhood at ready upbraiding. He searched at her, striving for recognition, but she avoided his eyes and to save his life he could not repress the wild thrill that had betrayed him in the hills, though he was conscious of anger flushing hot upon it. He uttered a very real humiliation in that he had so far forgotten his training, his sense of the fitness of things, as to kiss this wild mountain creature, its ancestral blood rose up in condemnation.

The next few days were crowded full to overflowing with work and he laid aside all personal perplexities. The first raft of logs, a great cigar-shaped monster, laced together in all its length and breadth with giant chains, lay in the backwater at Toledo ready for its voyage into the world beyond.

A crew of river drivers was picked from among the men and all was in readiness save for a draft of directions which was to be given, along with the raft, into the custody of Captain Graft of the long uncolored steamer that would stand in across the bar at Newport on the twenty-sixth.

Sandry thrilled with contemplation of the great, reddish-brown floor, slightly raised in the center, sloping gently to the sides. Its building had been a thing of wonder to him. It would in all probability scatter to the ends of the earth, and its worth ran well into five figures. He watched its departure, an impressive matter of sluggish rising with the tide, of almost imperceptible motion and then of majestic speed that carried it westward toward the ocean. Then he turned back to his logging camp with a heightened joy in the new life.

That night he wrote to the white-haired gentleman who was then going to bed under silken covers with the aid of the faithful Higgins; and his letter was long and brilliant, touched with that cheer and hope, that light of awakening strength and ability which was beginning to stir his heart to its foundation.

"Ah!" said Mr. Wilton Sandry when he got that letter, looking down on the pageant of Riverside drive in its winter livery, "what a boy he is! What a son! The metal is beginning to ring."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Nourish Your Nerves. People of a nervous disposition need a nourishing, nerve building diet. Eggs served in various ways, milk, cereals, etc., should be a standard part of the diet. Be careful of a lavish use of tomatoes or red beets. Supply your table with quantities of fruit and fresh vegetables and serve bran bread or biscuit frequently. Should you have a tendency to obesity be careful to avoid an excess of starch and sweets. Consult your physician about any special tendency that you know your family or any member of it to possess and, guided by his advice, eliminate such foods as might be harmful. In families where there is no special disposition or hereditary tendency to be considered let common sense guide you, read up on dietetics and keep your table free from unwholesome combinations and indigestible foods. You will find this study an interesting one, but beware of fat. A diet must be varied to be wholesome and it is better to use spices and condiments in moderation than to let your table lack flavor from overzeal in leaving out everything that is not pre-eminently wholesome.

Kaiser Man of Many Titles. The Kaiser is a man with many titles, being an emperor, a king, eighteen times a duke, twice a grand duke, ten times a count, fifteen times a seigneur, three times a margrave—these add up to fifty, and he is one or two other things, count-prince, and so forth, making his titles at least fifty-four.

WORTHY OF STUDY BY ALL. Lessons Taught in the Book of Ruth Should Find Comprehension in Every Mind.

The Book of Ruth is the greatest pastoral idyl in literature. It is founded on loving kindness, the loving kindness of the Moabitess revealed to her family, and the loving kindness of Boaz, the wealthy Israelite, to Ruth, his kinswoman. It also contains the germ of that great-heartedness which is the center of the gospel of Christian love.

It is a book that opens with tears and famine and ends with the sound of wedding bells. The story turns upon the straightforwardness of Boaz, who showed kindness and manliness to Ruth, a member of a nation that was Israel's foe, and in that kindness founded a new house, the house of Jesse and David, the royal line that beget a greater than David.

It was first the mingling of the blood of the Jew and Gentile, symbolic of the cosmopolitan width of the Christian religion. It was the sign

that that religion was not to be founded upon wealth, or upon social caste, but upon the large, wholesome love of the human heart. Boaz is immortal among Bible heroes for his kindness, his plain, everyday generosity, his sense of protection and care for the lonely, unprotected Moabitess girl, his dead kinsman's wife, who in her poverty gleaned in his harvest field after the reapers. Boaz gave order to his reapers that they should allow her to glean even among the sheaves of barley, and by his large-heartedness gained a wife, and, more than that, made a place for himself in that immortal company who are renowned for naught but for being kind.—Christian Herald.

Home Town Helps. "Child-Welfare Exhibits" is the title of a bulletin issued by the children's bureau of the federal department of labor. This has been prepared in reply to the many inquiries received by the bureau about exhibits, and single copies may be had for the asking. The bulletin will give those who expect to observe the nation-wide Baby week next March, or those who are planning a baby show, a children's health conference, or any kind of children's exhibit the benefit of expert advice and practical experience in successful exhibit work.

The bulletin is full of suggestions for communities of all sizes. It describes effective small exhibits of one or another phase of child problems. It defines a "child-welfare exhibit" in the title of which the name of the city or state appears as a "well-rounded presentation of the whole question of the welfare of the community's children," and sounds a warning against undertaking such a general exhibit without the co-operation of all the social agencies of the community.

The results of child-welfare exhibits are emphasized. "A new factory inspector in Kansas City, a housing inspector in Louisville, a \$25,000 school building in a congested district of Northampton, increased sewer connections in Easthampton where the ice supply of the town was menaced, are types of results which have been secured in practically every community that has devoted sufficient time and thought to the planning of a child-welfare exhibit. In cities where no organized combination of social agencies exists to interpret and carry out the legislative program suggested by an exhibit, the exhibit organization itself is often a first step to such a combination."

The bulletin includes a complete list of all child-welfare exhibits owned by state departments, January 1, 1915, and a copy of the record blank used by the Children's Health Conference of the children's bureau.

PLANTING TREES AND SHRUBS. Haphazard Method Will Never Get the Results That Are to Be Desired.

Avoid haphazard planting of trees and shrubs. Many planters make the mistake of thinking that the chief thing is to get certain trees or shrubs on to the lawn. This is a great mistake, even at the first, and the mistake grows more apparent as the years go by and the different things become of various sizes till there is a veritable chaos in the arrangement, with little and big things intermingled.

The house should have an absolutely clear lawn in front of it except in cases where native trees have been left in the clearing away of the arboreal growths. The fact that such trees are already in existence when the house was built is often a reason for keeping them. But when the builder has a clear field in the first no tree should be allowed to stand in front of the house. The desire should be to produce a picture, with the trees and shrubs arranged along the sides of the lawn, with the tallest growing trees and shrubs farthest back. Such an arrangement greatly increases the appearance of spaciousness, for the eye naturally uses the things nearest as a measure of distances. This is of importance when the area that can be devoted to ornamentation is rather limited.

Teaching the Young. Scientific Parent (on a stroll)—You see out there in the street, my son, a simple illustration of a principle in mechanics. The man with the cart pushes it in front of him. Can you guess the reason why? Probably not. I will ask him. Note his answer, my son. (To the coter) My good man, why do you push that cart instead of pulling it?

Coster—Cause I ain't a hoss, you old thickhead.—London Titbits.

Trees Along Roadways. The habit of planting fruit and nut trees by the roadside has long prevailed in parts of Europe. It should be cultivated in the United States. Hickory and walnut trees are as healthful as elms, and a great deal more useful. Salem's streets have been planted with hundreds of walnut trees. Those set out along Mc-Minnville's pavements years ago will produce a ton and a half of nuts this season.—Portland Oregonian.

Investment in Cleanliness. One gathers from the bulletin of the Chicago health department that "it pays to have clean, attractive surroundings;" that "it pays in dollars and cents; for the reason that a tidy and well kept property will sell for more money than will the property that is dirty, untidy and neglected;" that "it pays in comfort and satisfaction, in pride, joy and self-respect."

Mother and Daughter. The old-fashioned woman who used to fill eight lamps and clean eight globes every afternoon now has a daughter who is too tired to walk across a room and push a button when it gets too dark to read.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Figures Concerning Male Heart. The male heart weighs from ten to