Munyon's Witch Hazel Soap

is more soothing than Cold Cream; more healing than any lotion, liniment or salve; more beautifying than any cosmetic.

Cures dandruff and stops hair from falling out.

TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY
For Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes and
GRANULATED EYELIDS
Murine Doesn't Smart—Soothes Eye Pain
Druggists Sell Murine Eye Remedy, Liquid, 25c, 50c, $1.00
Murine Eye Salve, in Aseptic Tubes, 25c, $1.00
EYE BOOKS AND ADVICE FREE BY MAIL
Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

THE GREAT DAIN HAY TOOLS
ARE THE BEST. ASK YOUR DEALER OR
JOHN DEERE PLOW COMPANY, OMAHA, NEB.

FISHING TIME IN THE PASIG

Swimming in Myriads Near Surface They Are Snared and Speared by Filipinos.

Friday morning Filipinos snaring eels and other fish in the Pasig near the captain of the port building by largest eel ever seen on the water front. It was fully ten feet in length. front. It was fully ten feet in length.

Both banks of the Pasig and all the ships and lighters moored in the stream were thronged with hundreds of Filipinos with snares and spears trying to catch the fish that in myriads were swimming near the surface of the stream.

Natives when asked in regard to the phenomenon were almost unanimous in their statement to the effect that at this time of the year the bottom of the river gets hot and that the fish have to leave the depths of the stream and flash back and forth on or near the surface.

Another theory that seemed to have a great many adherents was to the effect that at this time every year there was a change in the character of the water. This change acting on the fish as a stimulant.

This theory was advanced by an old pilot who has witnessed the phenomenon for many years.—Manila Times.

When the Fish Exploded.

Somebody discovered that fish are fond of gasoline, and this led to the idea of soaking worms in gasoline in order to make them more alluring when used for bait.

Mark the result.

Two of those gasoline-tempted fish exploded in the frying pan, and broke the kitchen window, and blew the cook's face full of mashed potato, and hurled the teakettle into the flour barrel, and painted the kitchen ceiling with stewed tomatoes.

Call it a lying world and let it go at that.

A Liking for "Hamlet."

"Do you like Hamlet?" asked the hostess of her unlettered, if gushing, guest.

"Indeed I do," wa the reply. "I am excessively fond of it, but I always prefer a savory to a sweet one."

There was a momentary confusion, and then the hostess realized that the admiration of the guest was of a culinary, not literary, character.

"I gave her ham with an omelette for breakfast next morning," said the hostess, when telling the story.—Scraps.

Even the Children.

Ex-Governor Pennypacker, condemning in his witty way the American divorce evil, told, at a Philadelphia luncheon, an appropriate story.

"Even our children," he said, "are becoming infected. A Kensington school teacher, examining a little girl in grammar, said:

"'What is the future of "I love?"'

"'A divorce,' the child answered promptly."

A Summer Resort.

Noah disembarked.

"A combination of the mountains and seashore!" he cried.

Herewith he resolved to advertise the tour.

And the only way to impress some people is to suppress them.

"NO FRILLS"
Just Sensible Food Cured Him.

Sometimes a good, healthy commercial traveler suffers from poorly selected food and is lucky if he learns that Grape-Nuts food will put him right.

A Cincinnati traveler says: "About a year ago my stomach got in a bad way. I had a headache most of the time and suffered misery. For several months I ran down until I lost about 70 pounds in weight and finally had to give up a good position and go home. Any food that I might use seemed to nauseate me.

"My wife, hardly knowing what to do, one day brought home a package of Grape-Nuts food and coaxed me to try it. I told her it was no use but finally to humor her I tried a little, and they just struck my taste. It was the first food I had eaten in nearly a year that did not cause any suffering.

"Well, to make a long story short, I began to improve and stuck to Grape-Nuts. I went up from 135 pounds in December to 194 pounds the following October.

"My brain is clear, blood all right and appetite too much for any man's pocketbook. In fact, I am thoroughly made over, and owe it all to Grape-Nuts. I talk so much about what Grape-Nuts will do that some of the men on the road have nicknamed me 'Grape-Nuts,' but I stand today a healthy, rosy-cheeked man—a pretty good example of what the right kind of food will do.

"You can publish this if you want to. It is a true statement without any fiction."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Zelda Dameron

By

MEREDITH NICHOLSON

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CHAPTER XX.

The room was very still after she had spoken. Her father did not start or look directly at her, but, after an interval of silence, he lifted his eyes slowly until they met hers.

"You have lied to me," Zelda repeated in the same passionless voice, speaking as though she were saying some commonplace thing. "I understand perfectly well why you wish to continue this trusteeship. I shall be very glad to do what you ask; only we must understand each other frankly. You must tell me the truth."

He shrank down slowly into his chair, but his eyes did not leave her face. His hands had ceased trembling, and he was quite himself. He waited as though he expected some word of contrition; but she still stood with her eyes fastened on him, and there was no kindness in them.

"I have sought your own good. I have supposed you would be gratified to continue—the trust—reposed in me—by your mother."

"If you speak to me of my mother again I shall *find some way of punishing you*," she said, and there was still no passion in her voice.

"I suppose that when you are ready you will tell me what this means—why you have turned against me in this way," he began, with a simulation of anger. And then changing to a conciliatory tone: "Tell me what it is that troubles you, Zee. I had hoped that you were very happy here. I had flattered myself through the summer that ours was a happy home. But if there is any way in which I have erred I am heartily sorry."

He bowed his head as though from the weight of his penitence, but he was glad to escape her eyes. When he looked up again, he found her gaze still bent upon him. He picked up the fallen pen and placed it on the table beside the paper which he had asked her to sign.

"You are a tremendous fraud," she said, with a smile in which there was no mirth or pity. "You are immensely clever, and I suppose that because I have some of your evil blood in me, I am a little bit clever, too."

"Zee! You forget yourself; you must be mad!"

"I am growing sane," she answered. "I have been mad for a year, but my reason has come back to me. I do not forget myself or that you are my father; but I remember, too, that you are an evil man and that you drove my mother into her grave. You killed her, with your pettiness and your hypocrisy; you are just as much her murderer as though you had slain her with a knife. But I beg of you, do not think that you can play the same tactics with me. I don't ask for the money that you have squandered. It isn't your being a thief that I hate; it's your failure to be a man! It's the thought that you would betray the trust of the dead—of my dead mother—that's what I hate you for!"

He took a step toward her menacingly.

"You are either a fool or mad. You shall not talk to me so! You have been listening to lies—infamous lies. Rodney Merriam has been poisoning your mind against me. I shall hold him responsible; I shall make him suffer. He has gone too far, too far. I shall have the law upon him."

"You had better sit down," she said, without flinching. "I suppose you used to talk to my mother this way and that you succeeded in frightening her. But I am not afraid of you, Ezra Dameron. If you think you can browbeat me into signing your deed, you have mistaken me. I was never less scared in my life."

When she spoke his name it slipped from her tongue lingeringly, and fell upon him like a lash. In addressing him so, she cast off the idea of kinship utterly; there was no tie of blood between them; and he was simply a mean old man, despicable and contemptible, standing on the brink of a pit that he had dug for himself, and feeling the earth crumbling beneath his feet. She went on, with no break in the impersonal tone to which her words had been pitched in the beginning.

"You have so little sense of honor—you are so utterly devoid of anything that approaches honor and decency—the hypocrisy in you is so deep, that you can't imagine that a man like my uncle would never seek to prejudice me against you—my own father. Neither my uncle nor my aunt has ever said a single unkind word to me of you. My aunt asked me to go to live with her when we came home; but I refused to do it. And I'm glad I did. This closer acquaintance has given me an opportunity that was—in one of your hypocritical phrases—quite providential, of learning you as though you were a child's primer. You have been a very bitter lesson, Ezra Dameron! My mother never rebelled, never lifted her voice against you, and you supposed I should prove quite as easy; but you see how mistaken you are!"

"This is a game—a plot to trap me. But it shall fail. My own child shall not mock me."

"I have something more to say to you. I have gone over it in my heart a thousand times in this year of deceit. I believe I have grown a good deal like you. It has been a positive pleasure for me to act a part—shielding you from the eyes of people who were anxious for a breach between us. I know as I walk the streets and people say, 'There is Ezra Dameron's daughter,' they all pity me. They have expected me to leave you. They have wondered that I should go on living with you when every child in the community sneers at the sight of you or the mention of your name."

"Shame on you! Shame on you!"

"I suppose it is a shameless thing to be saying to you; but I haven't finished yet. And you had better sit down. You are an old man and I respect your years even though you are Ezra Dameron. There was some one that told me—that warned me against you. I had hoped that it would never be necessary to tell you; but it gives me a keener happiness than I dare try to express to tell you now."

"Yes, yes; some liar—an infamous liar," he muttered, and he looked at her with a sudden hope in his face. When he should learn who had come between him and this girl he would exhaust the possibilities of revenge.

Zelda read the meaning of his look and she smiled a little, and stepped to the table and turned up the lamp, and put his glasses within reach of his hand.

"I shall not trust myself to tell you I shall let you read for yourself a few words, written by one who was not a liar."

He watched her as she drew out the little red book, her talisman and her guide. He turned it over curiously and then read, at the place where she had opened:

"They have told me to-day that I am going to die; but I have known it for a long time. * * * Do for her what you would have done for me. Do not let him kill the sweetness and gentleness in her. Keep her away from him if you can; but do not let her know what I have suffered from him. I have arranged for him to care for the property I have to leave her, so that she may never feel that I did not trust him. He will surely guard what belongs to her safely. * * * Perhaps I was unjust to him; it may have been my fault; but if she can respect or love him I wish it to be so."

"You see there is no question of lying here. I found this—in a trunk of mother's, in the garret—quite accidentally, a few days after I came home. It was intended for Uncle Rodney or Aunt Julia and *not for me*."

He was silent for a moment, staring at the page before him and refusing to meet her eyes. She sat down and watched him across the table. Suddenly he laughed shrilly, and slapped his hands together in glee.

"I might have known it; I might have known it! This is delightful; this is rich beyond anything!" His mirth increased, and he rocked back and forth, chuckling and beating his knees with his hands.

"Zee, Zee, my child," he began, amiably, "I am glad this has happened. I am glod that there is an opportunity for me to right myself in your eyes. I could not have asked anything better."

He began to nod his head as was his way when pleased by the thought of something he was about to say.

"Zee, the animus of this is clear. Your mother hated me——"

"You needn't tell me that! Her own testimony is enough, pitiful enough."

"But the reason, the reason! I should never have told you. I have hoped to keep it in my own boson—my lifelong shame and grief. But your mother, your mother played me a base trick, the basest a woman can play. She married me, loving another man. And I suffered, how I suffered for it!"

He lifted his head and raised his hands to heaven. A sob leaped in her throat and tears spring in her eyes as she rose and bent toward him over the table.

"If you mention her again I shall punish you, Ezra Dameron."

He did not heed her, but began speaking with a haste his tongue had rarely known. The smile that forever haunted his lips vanished.

"She loved another man when she married me. I knew it well enough; but I was glad to marry her on any terms. She was a beautiful woman—a very beautiful woman;" and the anger died suddenly from his eyes and voice. Zelda wondered whether he was really touched by the thought of her mother or whether the little flame of passion had merely burned out. As he continued speaking she listened, as though he had been an actor impersonating a part, and doing it ill, so that he presented no illusion to her eyes. She was thinking, too, of her own future; of the morrow in which she must plan her life anew. She thought of Morris Leighton now, and with an intenseness that made her start when her father spoke his name.

"You have been a better daughter to me than I could have asked. An inscrutable Providence has ordered things strangely, but—" and he chuckled and wagged his head, "but—very wisely and satisfactorily. I suppose your Uncle Rodney thought a marriage between you and his young freind Leighton would be an admirable arrangement; but you have done as I would have you do in rejecting him. Ah, I understood—I was watching you—I knew that you were leading him on to destroy him."

"I should like to know what right you have to speak to me of such a matter in such a tone. He is a gentleman."

"He is; he is, indeed;" and Dameron laughed harshdly. "He is a gentleman beyond any doubt; but you refused him, just as I knew you would. The force of heredity is very strong. You are a dutiful daughter; you even anticipated my wishes. Your conduct is exemplary. I am delighted."

"I think you are mad," said Zelda, looking at him wonderingly. She had begun to feel the strain of events of the few hours since she had gone to her uncle's house; she was utterly weary and her father's strange manner had awakened a fear in her. Perhaps he was really mad. She walked toward the door; but he was timing his climax with a shrewd cunning.

"When your mother was engaged to Morris Leighton, the elder"—and he paused, knowing that she had turned quickly and was staring at him with wonder and dread in her eyes—"when your mother was engaged to this young man's father," he repeated, "your uncle was greatly pleased. But she was not so easily caught!"

"You ought to know that I believe nothing you say—not a word!" But in her heart she felt a foreboding that this might be true.

"You should ask your uncle; or your Aunt Julia. Possibly we three are the only people that remember. I should like to have you quite sure about it, now that you have decided not to marry the son"—and he laughed with ugly glee.

The front door-bell rang out harshly, and the old man sprang up:

"You are not at home; you must see no one."

Polly's step was heard in the back hall.

"Never mind, Polly. I'll answer the door," said Zelda. The sight of any other face than that of her father would be a relief; but it was 9 o'clock, an hour at which no one ever called. She expected nothing more than a brief parley with a messenger boy.

"Pardon me, Miss Dameron——"

Leighton stood on the step with his hat in his hand. He had been wandering about the streets. He had passed the Dameron house a dozen times, held to the neighborhood by a feeling that Zelda might need his protection; and he finally stopped and rang in a tumult of hope that he might see her again and reassure himself of her safety. As he stepped into the hall, he saw Ezra Dameron peering at him from the living-room door.

"Good evening, Mr. Dameron," said Leighton. The old man turned back to the table and his papers without reply; but he listened intently.

"I was passing," said Leighton, truthfully, "and I remembered a message that Mrs. Copeland gave me for you this afternoon, and I'm sorry to say I forgot about it until now."

He looked at her, smiling; she understood well enough why he had come.

"Please put off your coat and come in. We are alone, father and I, having a quiet evening at home!"

"Thank you; I can't stop; but Mrs. Copeland wished me to ask you to come in to-morrow afternoon. She has an unexpected guest—a friend from Boston—and you know she likes everybody to appreciate her friends!"

"Thank you, very much. I shall come if I possibly can."

(To be continued.)

BLESSINGS OF FAT.

Importance as a Storage of Energy to Be Used in Time of Stress.

As a source of energy for the development of heat, fat may be described as quickly available, but not lasting. Experiments of both Rubner and Atwater have demonstrated that foodstuffs generate the same quantity of heat when burned within the body as when burned outside the body, and that while one gram of protein or one gram of carbohydrate will each generate approximately four calories, one gram of fat is good for over nine calories. The conclusion, therefore, is obvious that by its concentrated fuel power fat preserves other tissues, especially the albuminous, from destruction by oxidation and is valuable as a reserve force, instantly available when any vital emergency requiring it arises.

Another material function of fat is that of "protein sparer," for, though its tissue-building properties are limited and incidental, by its presence the protein is permitted better to perform its manifold tasks. We might, with propriety, in this connection, says George M. Niles, M. D., in the Journal of the American Medical Association, liken fat to the housewife, who, though not apparently earning anything, by her care and industry conserves the fruits of her husband's labor, enabling him not only to support the domestic establishment but also to lay aside a surplus.

As a storage of energy ready to be drawn on as needed, fat is of great importance. In starvation about 90 per cent of the body fat is consumed before death, so we can easily see how a generous physiologic supply laid up for a time of stress will aid in a battle against wasting disease or defective assimilation. Fat also, though generally burned rapidly, is used very slowly when there is little muscular activity, as shown by animals in hibernation.

The last material use of fat is to serve as a covering and protection to the body against both injury and cold; in other words, to cushion the frame. Fat babies can bear without hurt falls that would seriously injure thin ones; fat people can stand with impunity many hard knocks that would completely demoralize attenuated individuals, while a good blanket or subcutaneous adipose tissue will answer every purpose that could be expected of wooleen underwear or heavy clothing.

Knife and Fork in One.

Probably the Indiana man who invented the combined table knife and fork was alarmed by the recklessness with which his rural acquaintances handled their cutlery and wanted to save them from cutting their throats. Maybe he had labored desperately trying to cut a large amount of salad on a small plate without putting his foot on the salad. Maybe he was a one-armed man. However that may be, he devised an implement which has many advantages. It is a fork with a slot in the shank. In this slot is a wheel with a knifelike edge which acts as a rotary cutter, cutting the food when rolled over it. The uses of such an implement are manifold. It is handy in cheap restaurants, as it reduces the necessary stock of table utensils and saves time in washing, and if it ever comes into general use among that class of people who attempt to eat peas with a knife, it will doubtless mark an era in the advance of table deportment.

Why He Hurried Away.

A quiet, bashful sort of a young fellow was making a call on a girl one evening when her father came into the parlor with his watch in his hand. It was about 9:30 o'clock. At the moment the young man was standing on a chair, straightening a picture over the piano. The girl had asked him to fix it. As he turned the old gentleman, a gruff, stout fellow, said:

"Young man, do you know what time it is?"

The bashful youth got off the chair nervously. "Yes, sir," he replied. "I was just going."

He went into the hall without any delay and took his hat and coat. The girl's father followed him. As the caller reached for the doorknob the old gentleman again asked him if he knew what time it was.

"Yes, sir," was the youth's reply. "Good-night." And he left without waiting to put his coat on.

After the door had closed the old gentleman turned to the girl.

"What's the matter with that fellow?" he asked. "My watch ran down this afternoon and I wanted him to tell me the time so that I could set it."—Denver Post.

The Way They Mate.

"It hardly ever fails."

"What are you talking about now?"

"When a woman is called a bundle of energy nine times out of ten she has a husband who isn't."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Within the last two centuries about fifty metals have been discovered by chemist explorers, but use has been found for only a few of them.

A school devoted exclusively to the study of motor boats has been started at New York.

It's easier to become a hero than it is to hold the job.

THE EX-SULTAN OF TURKEY

Abdul Hamid, Arch Assassin, Has Aged Rapidly Since His Deposition and Imprisonment.

Constantinople.—Since his deposition from the Turkish throne and confinement in the Villa Alattine in Saloniki, Abdul Hamid has aged rapidly. His face has become like a piece of wrinkled parchment, his beard is perfectly white and he no longer has his barber dye it, as he formerly did. If he has any conscience he is suffering the punishment that he deserves, and an eternity in perdition would be a light penalty for his hideous crimes.

Like Tamerlane, the Mongol emperor of the middle ages, Abdul Hamid reigned 33 years, but surpassed him in his cruelties and wholesale assassinations. It is said that he could never

Abdul Hamid.

be induced to sign a death warrant for an individual and took great credit to himself for his humanity in that respect, but at the same time he has repeatedly ordered the massacre of thousands upon thousands of his subjects and deliberately condemned entire races to torture, mutilation and long-drawn-out death.

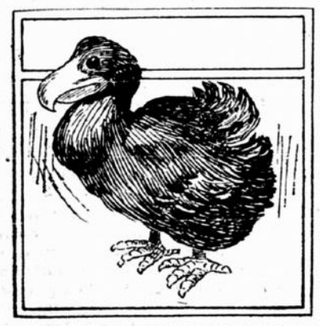
Abdul Hamil is probably responsible for the violent death of more innocent men, women and children than any human being who ever stained the pages of history with his crimes. Hundreds of thousands of people in Bulgaria and in Armenia have been slaughtered in cold blood by his orders, and there is not the slightest doubt—indeed, there is abundant proof—that he deliberately determined upon the extermination of his Christian subjects in both those countries. He is absolutely unique as a wholesale assassin, and, although the massacres that have been committed by his army in his name and by his orders are usually attributed to religious fanaticism, the evidence is much stronger that they were for the purpose of wiping out an insubordinate element among his subjects who irritated him because of their resistance to this tyranny.

It is difficult to imagine the thoughts of such a man in solitude. No wonder he is troubled with insomnia and insists upon having an innocent child of five years old sleep with him in his bed as a safer protection than a guard of soldiers.

CREATURE IS NOW EXTINCT

Not a Single Specimen of the Dodo Remains in Any Museum in the World.

Washington.—Hope was entertained until recently that there might be some specimens of the dodo surviving, but this idea has at last been aban-



What the Dodo Looked Like.

doned. The creatures, whose very name has become a sort of synonym for a thing extinct, still lived on the island of Mauritius not much more than a century ago. It does not seem to have existed anywhere else within recent times. Were it not for the fact that a French naturalist, visiting the island in 1626, took the trouble to make a painting of a specimen, nobody today would know what the creature looked like. The picture shown herewith is its only portrait. The dodo was a giant representative of the pigeon family. Large and clumsy, it could not fly, and on this account fell an easy prey to sailors who visited Mauritius. Pigs, introduced there, ate the eggs and young. So it disappeared, and not a single specimen remains in any museum to tell its melancholy story.

Keeps House at 102.

Saratoga, N. Y.—At the age of one hundred and two Mrs. Margaret Van Rennselaer lives alone, cooks her own meals and does all her own housework in her little home here. She was born in Montreal, remembers going barefooted over the snow-covered ground at the age of ten, has always worked hard, never had a doctor but once and that was for an injury to her finger when she was ninety-seven. She never went to school and cannot read. Her father died at one hundred and one and her mother at ninety-nine. She attributes her long life to simple food and to living out of doors as much as possible.

Wait 50 Years for Payment.

Paterson, N. J.—After waiting fifty years the creditors of the defunct Cataract City bank are to receive a first dividend on their claims. The receiver, John L. Griggs, has $3,705 to distribute, money obtained through a series of legal battles with the estate of a deceased receiver

INDEPENDENCE ON THE FARM

SPLENDID RESULTS FOLLOW FARMING IN THE CANADIAN WEST.

Americans in Canada Not Asked to Forget That They Were Born Americans.

Farm produce today is remunerative, and this helps to make farm life agreeable. Those who are studying the economics of the day tell us that the strength of the nation lies in the cultivation of the soil. Farming is no longer a hand-to-mouth existence. It means independence, often affluence, but certainly independence.

Calling at a farm house, near one of the numerous thriving towns of Alberta, in Western Canada, the writer was given a definition of "independence" that was accepted as quite original. The broad acres of the farmer's land had a crop—and a splendid one, too, by the way—ripening for the reapers' work. The evenness of the crop, covering field after field, attracted attention, as did also the neatness of the surroundings, the well-built substantial story-and-a-half log house, and the well-rounded sides of the cattle. His broken English—he was a French Canadian—was easily understandable and pleasant to listen to. He had come there from Montreal a year ago, had paid $20 an acre for the 320-acre farm, with the little improvement it had. He had never farmed before, yet his crop was excellent, giving evidence as to the quality of the soil, and the good judgment that had been used in its preparation. And brains count in farming as well as "braw." Asked how he liked it there, he straightened his broad shoulders, and with hand outstretched towards the waving fields of grain, this young French Canadian, model of symmetrical build, replied: "Be gosh, yes, we like him—the farmin'—well, don't we, Jeannette?" as he smilingly turned to the young wife standing near. She had accompanied him from Montreal to his far-west home, to assist him by her wifely help and companionship, in making a new home in this new land. "Yes, we come here wan year ago, and we never farm before. Near Montreal, me father, he kep de gris' mill, an' de cardin' mill, an' be gosh! he run de cheese factor' too. He work, an' me work, an' us work tarn har', be gosh! Us work for de farmer; well 'den, sometin' go not always w'at you call

RANG THE BELL, ALL RIGHT

Estimates of Yield of Wheat in Western Canada for 1910 More Than One Hundred Million Bushels.

de' right, an' de farmer he say de' mean t'ing, be gosh! and tell us go to—well, anyway he tarn mad. Now," and then he waved his hand again towards the fields, "I 'ave no bodder, no cardin' mill, no gris' mill, no cheese factor'. I am now de farmer man an' when me want to, me can say to de oder fellow! you go——! Well, we like him—the farmin'." And that was a good definition of independence.

Throughout a trip of several hundred miles in the agricultural district of Western Canada, the writer found the farmers in excellent spirits, an optimistic feeling being prevalent everywhere. It will be interesting to the thousands on the American side of the line to know that their relatives and friends are doing well there, that they have made their home in a country that stands up so splendidly under what has been trying conditions in most of the northwestern part of the farming districts of the continent. With the exception of some portions of Southern Alberta, and also a portion of Manitoba and Southern Saskatchewan the grain crops could be described as fair, good and excellent. The same drought that affected North and South Dakota, Montana, Minnesota, Wisconsin and other of the northern central states extended over into a portion of Canada just mentioned. But in these portions the crops for the past four or five years were splendid and the yields good.

The great province of Saskatchewan has suffered less from drought in proportion to her area under cultivation than either of the other provinces. On the other hand, instead of the drought being confined very largely to the south of the main line of the C. P. R. it is to be found in patches right through the center of northern Saskatchewan also. In spite of this, however, Saskatchewan has a splendid crop. A careful checking of the averages of yield, with the acreages in the different districts, gives an average yield of 15½ bushels to the acre.

In Southern Alberta one-fifth of the winter wheat will not be cut, or has been re-sown to feed. There are individual crops which will run as high as 45 bushels on acres of 500 and 1,000 acres, but there are others which will drop as low as 15. A safe average for winter wheat will be 19 bushels. The sample is exceptionally fine, excepting in a few cases where it has been wrinkled by extreme heat.

The northern section of Alberta has been naturally anxious to impress the world with the fact that it has not suffered from drought, and this is quite true. Wheat crops run from 20 to 30 bushels to an acre, but in a report such as this it is really only possible to deal with the province as a whole and while the estimate may seem very low to the people of Alberta, it is fair to the province throughout.

When the very light rainfall and other eccentricities of the past season are taken into account, it seems nothing short of a miracle that the Canadian West should have produced 102 million bushels of wheat, which is less than 18 million bushels short of the crop of 1909. It is for the West generally a paying crop and perhaps the best advertisement the country has ever had, as it shows that no matter how dry the year, with thorough tillage, good seed and proper methods of conserving the moisture, a crop can always be produced.

As some evidence of the feeling of the farmers, are submitted letters written by farmers but a few days ago, and they offer the best proof that can be given.

Maidstone, Sask., Aug. 4, '10.

I came to Maidstone from Menominee, Wis., four years ago, with my parents and two brothers. We all located homesteads at that time and now have our patents. The soil is a rich black loam as good as I have ever seen. We have had good crops each year and in 1909 they were exceedingly good. Wheat yielding from 22 to 40 bushels per acre and oats from 40 to 80. We are well pleased with the country and do not care to return to our native state. I certainly believe that Saskatchewan is just the place for a hustler to get a start and make himself a home. Wages here for farm labor range from $35 to $45 per month. Lee Dow.

Tofield, Alberta, July 10, 1910.

I am a native of Texas, the largest and one of the very best states of the Union. I have been here three years and have not one desire to return to the States to live. There is no place I know of that offers such splendid inducements for capital, brain and brawn. I would like to say to all who are not satisfied where you are, make a trip to Western Canada; if you do not like it you will feel well repaid for your trip. Take this from one who's on the ground. We enjoy splendid government, laws, school, railway facilities, health, and last, but not least, an ideal climate, and this from a Texan. O. L. Pughs.

James Normur of Porter, Wisconsin, after visiting Dauphin, Manitoba, says: "I have been in Wisconsin 25 years, coming out from Norway. Never have I seen better land and the crops in East Dauphin are better than I have ever seen, especially the oats. There is more straw and it has heavier heads than ours in Wisconsin.

"This is just the kind of land we are looking for. We are all used to mixed farming and the land we have seen is finely adapted to that sort of work. Cattle, hogs, horses and grain will be my products, and for the live stock, prospects could not be better. I have never seen such cattle as are raised here on the wild prairie grasses and the vetch that stands three or four feet high in the groves and on the open prairie.

Sir Wilfred Laurier Talks to Americans.

Sir Wilfred Laurier, Premier of Canada, is now making a tour of Western Canada and in the course of his tour he has visited many of the districts in which Americans have settled. He expresses himself as highly pleased with them. At Craig, Saskatchewan, the American settlers joined with the others in an address of welcome. In replying Sir Wilfred said in part:

"I understand that many of you have come from the great Republic to the south of us—a land which is akin to us by blood and tradition. I hope that in coming from a free country you realize that you come also to another free country, and that although you came from a republic you have come to what is a crowned democracy. The King, our sovereign, has perhaps not so many powers as the President of the United States, but whether we are on the one side of the line or the other, we are all brothers by blood, by kinship, by ties of relationship. In coming here as you have come and becoming naturalized citizens of this country no one desires you to forget the land of your ancestors. It would be a poor man who would not always have in his heart a fond affection for the land which he came from. The two greatest countries today are certainly the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and the Republic of the United States. Let them be united together and the peace of the world will be forever assured.

"I hope that in coming here as you have, you have found liberty, justice and equality of rights. In this country, as in your own, you know nothing of separation of creed and race, for you are all Canadians here. And if I may express a wish it is that you would become as good Canadians as you have been good Americans and that you may yet remain good Americans. We do not want you to forget what you have been; but we want you to look more to the future than to the past. Let me, before we part, tender you the sincere expression of my warmest gratitude for your reception."

Serving Two Masters.

"Can a man serve two masters?" exclaimed John M. Callahan, candidate for the Democratic nomination for secretary of state, at a meeting in Eagles' hall the other night. "I say he cannot, and that reminds me of the answer I got from an Irish friend of mine when I asked him the same question.

"Kin a man serve two masters, is ut," says my Irish friend. "Oi only knowed wan man that could do ut, and in the ind they sent him to jail fer bigamy!"—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

The Right Way.

William Muldoon, the noted trainer, was talkin, apropos of the Jeffries-Johnson fight, of training.

"In training," he said, "the strictest obedience is required. Whenever I think of the theory of training I think of Dash, who, after 18 years of married life, is one of the best and happiest husbands in the world.

"'Dash,' I once said to him, 'well, Dash, old man, how do you take married life?'

"'According to directions,' he replied."