

Beyond the Frontier

By RANDALL PARRISH
A Romance of Early Days in the Middle West

Author of "Keith of the Border," "My Lady of Doubt," "The Maid of the Forest," etc.

SYNOPSIS.

Adele is Cheyanne, a belle of New France. In forced into marriage with a penniless Casson, a merchant of Governor La Salle and his garrison from the frontier Fort St. Louis on the Illinois river. Adele had overheard the plotter say she had inherited a great fortune from her father and they had kept it from her. La Salle and Casson learned of the girl's knowledge—hence the marriage and the hurried departure of Casson and a company for Fort St. Louis. The bride refuses to share sleeping quarters with her husband. She has but one friend, young Rene, who acts as guide. He is a party of helping her. Chevet, the girl's uncle, one of the paragonists and wrecks the boat. Adele is rescued by D'Artigny. They learn they had thought one another guilty of Chevet's murder. Adele loves her rescuer. They hide from a search party and with a new friend, Barbeau, proceed overland toward Fort St. Louis. They find hostile Indians besieging the fort.

CHAPTER XVII.

We Attack the Savages.

It was already so dark that the soldier was almost upon us before I perceived his shadow, but it was evident enough from his first words that he had overheard none of our conversation.

"There are no Indians in the village," he said gruffly, leaning on his gun and staring at us. "I got across to a small island, along the trunk of a dead tree, and had a good view of the whole camp. The Indians stand, but not a snuff nor a dog is left."

"Were there any canoes in sight about the shore?"

"Only one, broken beyond repair."

"Then, as I read the story, the tribes fled down the stream, either to join the others on the Illinois, or the whites at the fort. They were evidently not attacked, but had news of the coming of the Iroquois, and escaped without waiting to give battle. 'Tis not likely the wolves will overlook this village long. Are we ready to go forward?"

He disappeared in the darkness, vanishing silently, and we stood motionless waiting our turn to advance. Neither spoke, Barbeau leaning forward, his gun extended, alert and ready. The intense darkness, the quiet night, the mystery lurking amid those shadows beyond, all combined to increase within me a sense of danger. I could feel the swift pounding of my heart, and I clasped the sleeve of the soldier's jacket merely to assure myself of his actual presence. The pressure of my fingers caused him to glance about.

"Do not be frightened, madame," he whispered encouragingly. "There would be firing yonder if the Iroquois blocked our path."

"Fear not for me," I answered, surprised at the steadiness of my voice. "It is the lonely silence which makes me shrink—as soon as we advance I shall have my nerve again. Have we not waited long enough?"

"Ay, come, but be careful where you place your feet."

He led the way, walking with such slow caution, that although I followed step by step, not a sound reached my ears. We crested about large rocks, and up a ravine, through which we found barely room for passage, the walls rising steep and high on either side. It was intensely dark down there, yet impossible for us to escape the trail, and at the end of that passage we emerged into an open space, illuminated with woods, and having a grit and sand underfoot. Here the trail seemed to flatter, but Barbeau struck straight across, and in the forest shade beyond we found D'Artigny waiting.

"Do not shoot," he whispered. "I was afraid you might misjudge the way here, as the sand leaves no clear trace. The rest of the passage is through the woods, and up a steep hill. You are not greatly worried, madame?"

"Oh, no, I have made some false steps in the dark, but the pace has been slow. Do we approach the fort?"

"A half league beyond, a hundred yards more, and we begin the climb. There we will be in the zone of danger, although thus far I perceive no sign of Indian presence. Have you, Barbeau?"

"None except this feather of a war-bonnet. I picked up at the big rock below."

"A feather! Is it Iroquois?"

"It is cut square, and no Algonquin ever does that."

"Ay, let me see! You are right, Barbeau; 'twas dropped from a Tuscatorra war-bonnet. Then the wolves have been this way."

We crossed the wood, and began to climb among loose stones, finally finding solid rock beneath our feet, the path skirting the edge of what seemed to be a deep gash in the earth, and winding about wherever it could find passage. The way grew steeper and steeper, and more difficult to traverse, although, as we thus rose above the tree limit, the shadows became less dense, and we were able dimly to perceive objects a yard or two in advance. I strained my eyes over Barbeau's shoulder, but could gain no glimpse of D'Artigny. Then we rounded a sharp edge of rock, and met him blocking the narrow way.

"The red devils are there," he said, his voice barely audible. "Beyond the curve in the bank. 'Twas God's mercy I had a glimpse in time, or I would have walked straight into their midst. A stone dropping into the ravine warned me, and I crept on all fours to where I could see."

"You counted them?"

"Hardly that in this darkness; yet

"It is no small party. 'Twould be my judgment there are twenty warriors there."

"And the fort?"

"Short rifle shot away. Once past this party, and the way is easy. Here is my thought, Barbeau. There is no firing, and this party of wretches are evidently hidden in ambush. They have found the trail, and expect some party from the fort to pass this way."

"Or else," said the other thoughtfully, "they lie in wait for an assault at daylight—that would be Indian war."

"True, such might be their purpose, but in either case one thing remains true—they anticipate no attack from below. All their vigilance is in the other direction. A swift attack, a surprise, will drive them into panic. 'Tis a grave risk I know, but there is no other passage to the fort."

"If we had arms, it might be done."

"We'll give them no time to discover what we have—a shot, a yell, a rush forward. 'Twill all be over with before a devil among them gets his second breath. There is no likely chance the garrison is asleep. If we once get by there will be help in plenty to hold back pursuit. Barbeau, creep forward about the bank; be a savage now, and make no noise until I give the word. You next, madame, and keep close enough to touch your leader. The instant I yell, and Barbeau fires, the two of you leap up and rush forward. Pay no heed to me."

"You would have us desert you, monsieur?"

"It will be everyone for himself," he answered shortly. "I take my chance, but shall not be far behind."

We clasped hands, and then, as Barbeau advanced to the corner, I followed, my only thought now to do all that was required of me. I did not glance backward, yet was aware that D'Artigny was close behind. Barbeau, lying low like a snake, crept cautiously forward, making not the slightest noise, and closely bugling the deeper shadow of the bank. I endeavored to imitate his every movement, almost dragging my body forward by gripping my fingers into the rock-strewn earth.

We advanced by inches, pausing now and then to listen breathlessly to the low murmur of the Indian voices, and endeavoring to note any change in the posture of the barely distinguishable figures. We were within a few yards of them, so close, indeed, I could distinguish the individual forms, when Barbeau passed, and, with deliberate caution, rose on one knee. Realizing instantly that he was preparing for the desperate leap, I also lifted my body, and braced myself for the effort. D'Artigny touched me, and spoke, but his voice was so low it scarcely reached my ears.

"Do not hesitate; run swift and straight. Give Barbeau the signal."

What followed is to me a delirium of fever, and remains in memory indistinct and uncertain. I reached out, and touched Barbeau; I heard the sud-

I saw Barbeau grip his gun by the barrel and strike as he ran. Again and again it fell crunching against flesh. A savage hand slashed at him with a gleaming knife, but I struck the red arm with my pistol butt, and the Indian fell flat, leaving the way open. We dashed through, but Barbeau grasped me, and thrust me ahead of him, and whirled about, with up-lifted rifle to aid D'Artigny, who faced two warriors, naked knife in hand.

"Run, madame, for the fort," he shouted above the uproar. "To my help, Barbeau!"

den roar of D'Artigny's voice, the sharp report of the soldier's rifle, the flame cut the dark as though it was the blade of a knife, and, in the swift red glare, I saw a savage throw up his arms and fall headlong. There all was chaos, confusion, death. Nothing touched me, not even a grilling hand, but there were Indian shots, giving me glimpse of the hellish scene, of naked bodies, long, waving hair, eyes mad with terror, and red arms brandishing the rifles they bore shining in the red glare.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

Within the Fort.

I doubt if I paused a second, yet that was enough to give me a glimpse of the wild scene. I saw D'Artigny lunge with his knife, a huge savage reeling beneath the stroke, and Barbeau cleave passage to the rescue, the stock of his gun shattered as he struck fiercely at the red devils who blocked his path.

Outnumbered, helpless for long in that narrow space, their only hope lay in a sally by the garrison, and it was my part to give the alarm. Even as I sprang forward, a savage leaped from the rock, but I escaped his hand, and raced up the dark trail, the one thought urging me on. God knows how I made it—to me 'tis but a memory of falls over unseen obstacles, of reckless running; yet the distance could have been scarce more than a hundred yards, before my eyes saw the dark shadow of the stockade outlined against the sky.

Crying out with full strength of my voice, I burst into the little open space, then tripped and fell just as the gate swung wide, and I saw a dozen dark forms emerge. One leaped forward and grasped me, lifting me partly to my feet.

"Mon Dieu! a woman!" he exclaimed in startled voice. "What means this, in heaven's name?"

"Quick," I gasped, breaking away, able now to stand on my own feet. "They are fighting there—two white men—D'Artigny!"

"What, Rene! Ay, lads, to the rescue! Cartier, take the lady within. Come with me, you others."

They swept past me, the leader well in advance. I felt the rush as they passed, and had glimpse of vague figures ere they disappeared in the darkness. Then I was alone, except for the bearded soldier who grasped my arm.

"Who was that?" I asked, "the man who led?"

"Bolsrondet, Francois de Bolsrondet."

"An officer of La Salle's? You, then, are of his company?"

"I am," a bit proudly, "but most of the lads yonder belong with De Baugis. Now we fight a common foe, and forget our own quarrel. Did you say, Rene, D'Artigny was in the fighting yonder?"

"Yes; he and a soldier named Barbeau."

The fellow stood silent, shifting his feet.

"'Twas told us he was dead," he said finally, with effort. "Some more of La Salle's men arrived three days ago by boat, under a popinjay they call Casson to recruit De Baugis' forces. De la Durantaye was with him from the portage, so that now they outnumber us three to one. You know this Casson, madame?"

"Ay, I traveled with his party from Montreal."

"Ah, then you will know the truth, no doubt. De Tonty and Casson were at swords' points over a charge the latter made against Rene D'Artigny—that he had murdered one of the party at St. Ignace."

"Ego Chevet, the fur trader."

"Ay, that was the name. We of La Salle's company know it to be a lie. Sacre! I have served with that lad two years, and 'tis not in his nature to knife any man in the back. And so De Tonty said, and he gave Casson the lie straight in his teeth. I heard their words, and but for De Baugis and De la Durantaye, Francois Casson would have paid well for his false tongue. Now you can tell him the truth."

"I shall do that, but even my word, I fear, will not clear D'Artigny of the charge. I believe the man to be innocent; in my heart there is no doubt, yet there is so little to be proven."

"Casson speaks bitterly; he is an enemy."

"Monsieur Casson is my husband," I said regretfully.

"Your pardon, madame. Ah, I understood it all now. You were supposed to have been drowned in the great lake, but were saved by D'Artigny. 'Twill be a surprise for monsieur, but in this land, we witness strange things. Mon Dieu! see, they come yonder; 'tis Bolsrondet and his men."

They approached in silence, mere shadowy figures, whose numbers I could not count, but those in advance bore a helpless body in their arms, and my heart seemed to stop its beating, until I heard D'Artigny's voice in cheerful greeting.

"What, still here, madame, and the gate beyond open? He took my hand and lifted it to his lips. "My congratulations, your work was well done, and on 'tires thank you, Madame Casson. This is my comrade, Francois Bolsrondet, whose voice I was never more glad to hear than this night. I commend him to your mercy."

Bolsrondet, a mere shadow in the night, swept the earth with his hat. "I mind me the time," he said courteously, "when Rene did me equal service."

"The savages have fled?"

"'Twas short and sweet, madame, and those who failed to fly are lying yonder."

"Yet some among you are hurt?"

"Barbeau hath an ugly wound—ay, bear him along, lads, and have the cut looked to—but as for the rest of us, there is no serious harm done."

I was gazing at D'Artigny, and marked how he held one hand to his side.

"And you, monsieur; you are unscathed?"

"Except for a small wound here, and a head which rings yet from savage blows—no more than a night's rest will remedy. Come, madame, 'tis time we were within, and the gates closed."

"Is there still danger, then? Surely now that we are under protection there will be no attack?"

"Not from those we have passed, but 'tis told me there are more than a thousand Iroquois warriors in the valley, and the garrison has less than fifty men, all told. It was luck we got through so easily. Ay, Bolsrondet, we are ready."

That was my first glimpse of the interior of a frontier fort, and, although I saw only the little open space lighted by a few waving torches, the memory abides with distinctness. A body of men met us at the gate, dim,

indistinct figures, a few among them evidently soldiers from these dress, but the majority clothed in the ordinary garb of the wilderness. Save for one Indian squaw, not a woman was visible, nor did I recognize a familiar face, as the fellows, each man bearing a rifle, surged about us in noisy welcome, eagerly questioning those who had gone forth to our rescue. Yet we were scarcely within, and the gates closed, when a man pressed his way forward through the throng, in voice of authority bidding them stand aside. A blazing torch cast its red light over him, revealing a slender figure attired in frontier garb, a dark face, made alive by a pair of dense brown eyes, which met mine in a stare of surprise.

"Back safe, Bolsrondet," he exclaimed sharply, "and have brought in a woman. 'Tis a strange sight in this land. Were any of our lads hurt?"

"None worth reporting, monsieur. The man they carried was a soldier of M. de la Durantaye. He was struck down before we reached the party. There is an old comrade here."

"An old comrade! Lift the torch, Jacques. Faith, there are so few left I would not miss the sight of such a face."

He stared about at us, for an instant uncertain; then took a quick step forward, his hand outstretched.

"Rene D'Artigny!" he cried, his joy finding expression in his face. "Ay, an old comrade, indeed, and only less welcome than M. de la Salle himself."



"Mon Dieu! a Woman!"

'Twas a bold trick you played tonight, but not unlike many another I have seen you venture. You bring me message from monsieur."

"Only that he has sailed safely for France to have audience with Louis. I saw him aboard ship, and was in patience to tell you to bid here in wildland and seek no quarrel with De Baugis."

"Easy enough to say; but in all truth I need not seek quarrel—it comes my way without seeking. De Baugis was not so bad—a bit high strung, perhaps, and boastful of his rank, yet not so ill a comrade—but there is a newcomer here, a popinjay named Casson, with whom I cannot abide. Ah, but you know the best, for you journeyed west in his company. Sacre! the man charged you with murder, and I gave him the lie to his teeth. Not two hours ago we had our swords out, but now you can answer for yourself."

D'Artigny hesitated, his eyes meeting mine.

"I fear, Monsieur de Tonty," he said finally, "the answer may not be so easily made. If it were point of sword, no, I could laugh at the man, but he possesses some ugly facts difficult to explain."

"Yet 'twas not your hand which did the deed?"

"I pledge my word to that. Yet this is no time to talk of the matter. I have wounds to be looked to, and would learn first how Barbeau fares. You know not the lady; but of course not, or your tongue would never have spoken so freely—Monsieur de Tonty, Madame Casson."

He straightened up, his eyes on my face. For an instant he stood motionless; then swept the hat from his head, and bent low.

"Your pardon, madame; we of the wilderness become rough of speech. I should have known, for a rumor had reached me of your accident. You owe life, no doubt, to Sieur D'Artigny."

"Yes, monsieur; he has been my kind friend."

"He would not be the one I love else. We know men on this frontier, madame, and this lad hath seen years of service by my side." His hand rested on D'Artigny's shoulder.

"'Twas only natural, then, that I should resent M. Casson's charge of murder."

"I share your faith in the innocence of M. D'Artigny," I answered firmly enough, "but beyond this assertion I can say nothing."

"Naturally not, madame. Yet we must move along. You can walk, Rene?"

"Ay, my hurts are mostly bruises."

The torches led the way, the dancing flames lighting up the scene. There was a hard, packed earth under our feet, and I did realize yet that this Fort St. Louis occupied the summit of a great rock, protected on three sides by precipitous, towering high above the river. Sharpened palisades of logs surrounded us on every side, with low log houses built against them, on the roofs of which riflemen could stand in safety to guard the valley below.

The central space was open except for two small buildings, one of its shape a chapel, and the other, as I learned later, the guardhouse. A fire blazed at the farther end of the enclosure, with a number of the men looking about it, and illumined the front of a more pretentious building, which apparently extended across that entire end. This building, having the appearance of a barrack, exhibited numerous doors and windows, with a narrow porch in front, on which I perceived a group of men.

As we approached more closely, De Tonty walking between D'Artigny and

myself, a soldier ran up the steps, and made some report. Instantly the group broke, and two men strode past the first, and met us. One was a tall, imposing figure in dragoon uniform, a sword at his thigh, his face full bearded; the other, whom I recognized instantly with a quick intake of breath, was Monsieur Casson. He was a stride in advance, his eyes searching me out in the dim light, his face flushed from excitement.

"Mon Dieu! what is this I hear?" he exclaimed, staring at the three of us as though doubting the evidence of his own eyes. "My wife alive? Ay, by my faith, it is indeed Adele." He grasped me by the arm, but even at that instant his glance fell upon D'Artigny, and his manner changed.

"Salut, Anne! and what means that! So 'tis with this rogue you have been wandering in the wilderness?"

He tugged at his sword, but the dragoon caught his arm.

"Nay, wait, Casson. 'Twill be best to learn the truth before resorting to blows. Perchance Monsieur Tonty can explain clearly what has happened."

"It is explained already," answered the Italian, and he took a step forward, as though to protect us. "These two, with a soldier of M. de la Durantaye, endeavored to reach the fort, and were attacked by Iroquois. We dispatched men to their rescue, and have all now safe within the palisades. What more would you learn, messieurs?"

Casson pressed forward, and fronted him, angered beyond control.

"We know all that," he roared savagely. "But I would learn why they hid themselves from me, Ay, madame, but I will make you talk when once we are alone! But now I denounce this man as the murderer of Hugo Chevet, and order him under arrest. Here, lads, seize the fellow."

CHAPTER XIX.

In De Baugis' Quarters.

De Tonty never gave way an inch as a dozen soldiers advanced at Casson's order.

"Wait, men!" he said sternly. "Tis no time, with Iroquois about, to start a quarrel, yet if a hand be laid on this lad here in anger, we who are of La Salle's company, will protect him with our lives."

"You defend a murderer?"

"No, a comrade. Listen to me, Casson, and you, De Baugis. I have held quiet to your detraction, but no injustice shall be done to comrade of mine save by force of arms. I know naught of your quarrel, or your charges of crime against D'Artigny, but the lad is going to have fair play. He is no courier du bois, to be killed for your vengeance, but an officer under Sieur de la Salle, entitled to trial and judgment."

"He was my guide; I have authority."

"Not now, monsieur. 'Tis true he served you, and was your employe on the voyage hither. But even in that service, he obeyed the orders of La Salle. Now, within those palisades, he is an officer of his garrison, and subject only to me."

De Baugis spoke, his voice cold, contemptuous.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THOUGHT HIM DOWN AND OUT

Old Friends Meant Well, But Really "Henry Brown" Was in No Need of Assistance.

A wealthy and middle-aged business man who requests that his name be not used in connection with this story, likes to do his own automobile repairing. His garage is some distance from his house, temporarily; that is, he is renting a garage about a block away from home. And one Sunday morning he put on his working clothes and went over to do some tinkering on his machine.

When he had finished putting about, he was pretty dirty. His clothes were a mess, but that didn't make any difference, for they were regular working clothes. His hands were black, and he was sadly in need of a shave. So he hurried home to clean up. And on the sidewalk, a few doors from his home, he met a man whom he hadn't seen for 20 years.

"Why, isn't this Henry Brown?" asked the other man.

"Yes, it is," answered my friend. "And I guess you're Jim Jones. Glad to see you. What are you doing in Cleveland?"

"Just staying with friends for a few days," answered the old friend, looking up his hero with a puzzled expression. "Do you live in Cleveland—but, of course, you do."

"Yes, I've lived here for 20 years," answered Mr. Brown, who was totally unconscious of his appearance, and wondered at the pitying and puzzled expression on the other's face. "I suppose I'm settled here for life—don't see any chance to get out of the everlasting grind I'm up against."

"Oh, cheer up," said Jones, clapping him on the shoulder. "Things are never too late to mend. I think I know an opening for a man who is sober and industrious—it would be better than the work you seem to be doing now. Here's my card—I'll be at the hotel for three days. You come around and see me."

Mr. Brown took the card, and he'll see what he can do for old time's sake.

Brown stood staring at him as he hurried away. Then he grinned and entered his house.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mouth-Filling Word.

That the European battle fronts and the Mexican frontier have nothing on the American Indian for names was emphasized when the chamber of commerce of eastern Connecticut held their summer outing as guests of the Webster-Dudley chamber of commerce and Southbridge board of trade at Lake Chagogog-gog-gamachaug-gog-gamach, a historic spot and former conference ground of the red men who named it. The day was spent in attempting to masticate the name of the lake and a large amount of clam chowder, clams, sea bass and lobster and spring chicken.

Sometimes these remnant counter husbands have a greater number than those who look like real men.

MAKING RAPID STRIDES

Canada Improving in Every Way—Agriculturally, Commercially and Financially.

The reports coming to hand every day from all branches of industry in Canada speak highly of the constructive ability of that country.

Recently the managing directors of the Canadian Credit Men's Association gave out the statement that business in Western Canada was good. In every branch it is better than in 1913, and everyone will remember that in that year business was excellent. He says:

"The beauty of it is the way in which payments are coming in. Merchants all over the West are taking their cash discounts. Such a transformation I never saw."

"From the records in the office I knew it was getting better. We clear here every three months, and we are therefore in the closest touch and have intimate knowledge of the way trade is going and how payments are being made. Conditions at the present moment are better than I had dreamed it was possible that they should be."

"The statements which we are receiving with reference to the standing of country merchants indicates that there will be very few failures this fall. It is quite remarkable. Men who have been behind for years and in the hole are actually paying spot cash for everything, and taking their cash discounts. Banks and loan companies this fall will have more money than they know what to do with."

"This is about the condition of trade, and I am glad to say there is no exaggeration in what I have said. The business of the prairie provinces is in splendid condition."

Crop reports are also good. From all parts comes the word that the crop conditions were never better, and the situation at the time of writing is that there will be fully as great a yield as in 1915, when the average of wheat over the entire country was upwards of 30 bushels per acre. The harvest therefore will be a heavy one—and, following the magnificent harvest of last year, the farmers of Western Canada will all be in splendid shape. Old indebtedness, much of which followed them from their old homes, are being wiped out, improvements are now being planned, and additional acres added to their present holdings.

During the past year there was a large increase in the land sales both by the Canadian Pacific and Canadian Northern land companies, as well as by private individuals. A great many of the purchases were made by farmers who thus secured adjoining quarters or halves, the best evidence probably that could be had of the value of Western Canada land when those who know the country best are adding to their holdings. A number of outsiders have also been purchasers, but very little land has changed hands for speculative purposes.

An evidence of the prosperity of the country is found in the fact that such a large number of farmers are purchasing automobiles.

Alleged hard times in Manitoba have not dampened the ardor of motorists or prospective ones. The automobile license department reported a few days since that there are 1,000 more private owners of cars in the province this year than last. The number of licenses issued this year was 10,400, as against 8,900 last year. At an average cost of \$1,000 each the newly purchased cars represent a total outlay of \$10,400,000, while the total number of cars in the province are worth approximately \$10,000,000. The new cars are of modern types.

Many people, for some unexplained reason, have feared and continue to fear that this country will experience a period of industrial and business dullness after the war. There seems to be no justification for such a speculation.

On the contrary, there are sound reasons for belief in the prediction of Mr. Kingman Nott Robbins, vice president of the Farm Mortgage Bankers' Association of America, who, in the Monetary Times, declares that Canada will experience her greatest proportionate development in production immediately after the conclusion of the war. The country will certainly have exceptionally favorable commercial conditions to take advantage of.

There will be the great need of Europe in the work of reconstruction.

CHILDISH FEARS VERY REAL

Parents Are Apt to Underestimate Their Effect on the Minds of the Little Ones.

The mother knew that her son had been afraid of the dark for years, but had thought him long cured of it because he always went up to bed at night alone with his younger brother. So she refused to go upstairs with him or let his brother go, as Peter was amusing the company at that moment. Jack went out and was gone such a long time that finally the mother was alarmed and went to see what was the matter. She found the boy crouching half way up the stairs, slowly creeping up, but plainly terrified. When he saw her the lad started to cry convulsively and said that something was hiding at the top of the stairs, ending his statement with, "but you told me to go, mother, so I am gone." It was the truest form of bravery, because he was slowly going right on up, although almost scared to death.

WOMAN'S CROWNING GLORY

Is Her Hair. If Yours Is streaked with ugly, grizzled, gray hairs, use "La Creole" Hair Dressing and change it to the natural way. Price \$1.00.—Adv.

Golf and Life.

"Golf is much like life."

"In what way?"

"The worse you play the harder you try."

"True, but it's different, too, in one respect."

"What's that?"

"In golf, the harder you try the worse you get."—Detroit Free Press.

and along with this, the natural tendency of the allies to trade among themselves, and perhaps special trading privileges. Mr. Robbins points out that the greatest development in the United States followed the costly and destructive civil war.

Mr. Robbins, in an address before the Bondmen's Club of Chicago, expressed the opinion of a far-thinking mind and the review of an experience of the last of his numerous trips through the Canadian West. When he said he regarded the spirit of the Canadian people, as he found it, the most admirable and encouraging feature of the entire situation. They are facing the sacrifices of war courageously and with calm confidence as to the result, and in similar spirit they face the economic future, confident, but expecting to solve their problems only by dint of hard and intelligent effort.

An important part of Mr. Robbins' address, which invites earnest attention, is that in which he refers to the land situation, and when his remarks are quoted they carry with them the impression gained by one who has given the question the careful thought of a man experienced in economic questions, and especially those relating to soil and its production. He is quoted as saying:

"Agricultural Canada was never so prosperous and immigration of agricultural population both during and after the war seems a logical expectation, finding support in an increasing immigration at present from the United States, in spite of numerous canards spread broadcast throughout the United States to discourage emigration to Canada. The lands of Western Canada, however, as long as they are as present the most advantageous for the settler of any on the continent, must continue to attract, despite misrepresentation, and on the increase of its agricultural and other primary productive population depends the economic future of Canada. All other problems are secondary to this, and the large interests of Canada, recognizing this fact, are preparing to secure and hold this population both during and after the war. They are content to let city development and other secondary phases and superstructure follow in natural course. This recognition of the true basis of economic development is an encouraging augury for the future."

"The war has brought the United States and Canada nearer together economically than ever before. The total investment of United States capital in Canada doubtless exceeds \$1,000,000,000, of which \$300,000,000 has been invested since the war began. Except for Great Britain, Canada is the United States' best customer. Our exports to all of North America in the last three years were less than a third of our exports to Canada in the same period, although Canada has been rigidly reducing her imports since the war began. Even France, a good customer of the United States, bought \$70,000,000 less than Canada during 1913, 1914, 1915. And yet Canada's purchasing power is in the first stages of development only. It has been estimated that the United States can support a population of 600,000,000. Using the same basis of calculation in reference to natural resources, Canada can support a population of 400,000,000.

"Canada is potentially the most populous, and, in primary production, at least, the richest unit of the British empire, and it behooves us in the United States to know our Canada."

The social conditions throughout Western Canada are everything that could be desired. Schools have been established in all districts where there may be ten or twelve children of school age, and these are largely maintained by liberal government grants. A fund for this purpose is raised from the revenue derived from the sale of school land, one-eighth of all lands being set aside as school lands. All the higher branches of education are cared for; there being high schools at all important centers, and colleges and universities in the principal cities.

The different religious denominations prevail, each having its separate church, and religious services are held in every hamlet and village, and in far-off settlements the pastor finds an attentive congregation. The rural telephone is one of the great modern conveniences that brings the farm home nearer to the market.

It is not saying too much to state that in matters of social importance, in the most remote settlements they carry with them the same influence as is to be found in the most prosperous farming districts of any of the states of the Union.—Advertisement.