

SOME WESTERN CANADA GRAIN REPORTS

In its issue of February 24th, 1916, the Wadena (Minn.) Pioneer Journal has the following letter from Western Canada written by Walter Goodou, who is renewing his subscription to his home paper: "The times we are having up here are very good in spite of the war. I have had very good crops this fall and we are having very good markets for it all. Wheat went from 30 to 60 bu. to the acre, oats from 50 to 100 bu. to the acre. I had an 18-acre field of oats which yielded me 115 bu. per acre by machine measure, so I think this is a pretty prosperous country. I have purchased another quarter section, which makes me now the owner of three-quarters of a section of land. The weather was very nice this fall up to Christmas, then we had quite severe weather, but at the present time it is very nice again."

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

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

The man who quotes poetry is never asked to make an additional nuisance of himself by explaining what it means.

DON'T LOSE HOPE IN KIDNEY TROUBLE

I was troubled with what the doctor said was kidney and bladder trouble and after trying several doctors, gave up all hopes of ever being well again, until a friend of mine told me about Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root. Before I had finished the first bottle I got relief, and after taking six bottles was completely restored to health. I say so one and all that Swamp-Root is a wonderful medicine.

Very truly yours,
MRS. MARTIE VANDERBECK,
409 Johnson St., Moberly, Mo.
Personally appeared before me this 4th day of February, 1914, Mrs. Martie Vanderbeck, who subscribed the above statement and made oath that the same is true in substance and in fact.
O. RULICK, Notary Public.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You. Send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample size bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information telling about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention this paper. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.—Adv.

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Rich Man—Poverty is no disgrace.
Poor Man—No, but that's about all the good you can say for it.

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And Falling Hair Use Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Trial Free.

When the scalp is itching because of dandruff and eczema a shampoo with Cuticura Soap and hot water will be found thoroughly cleansing and soothing, especially if shampoo is preceded by a gentle application of Cuticura Ointment to the scalp skin.

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Literal Truth.
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"Yes. Those war films all look much alike to me."

Dr. Pierce's Pellets are best for liver, bowels and stomach. One little Pellet for a laxative—three for a cathartic.—Adv.

The man who tells you he is no fool may merely be mistaken.

The City of Numbered Days

By Francis Lynde

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SYNOPSIS.

Brouillard, chief engineer of the Niangua traction dam, goes out from camp to investigate a strange light and finds an automobile party camped at the canyon point. He meets J. Wesley Cortwright and his daughter Genevieve of the auto party and explains the reclamation work to them. Cortwright sees in the project a big chance to make money. Brouillard is impervious to hints from the financier, who tells Genevieve that the engineer "will come down and look himself if the bait is well covered." Cortwright organizes a company and obtains government contracts to furnish power and material for the dam construction. A busy city springs up about the site. Steve Massingale threatens to start a gold rush if Brouillard does not influence President Ford to build a railroad branch to the place, thus opening an easy market for the ore from the "Little Susan" mine. Brouillard and the company's promoter clash.

If you were in love with a girl and a beast of a man, who had the power to get you fired from your job, made a smirking remark about her to you, would you smash him in the jaw and kick him out of your office—even if the act caused an indefinite postponement of your wedding?

CHAPTER V—Continued.

"I can't believe it, Murray. It's a leaf out of the book of Bedlam! Take a fair shot at it and see where the bullet lands; this entire crazy fake is built upon one solitary, lonesome fact—the fact that we're here, with a job on our hands big enough to create an active, present-moment market for labor and material. There is absolutely nothing else behind the bubble blowing; if we were not here the Niangua Improvement company would never have been heard of!"

Grislow laughed. "Your arguing that twice two makes four doesn't change the iridescent hue of the bubble," he volunteered. "If big money has seen a chance to skin somebody the mere fact that the end of the world is due to come along down the pike some day isn't going to cut any obstructing figure. We'll all be buying and selling corner lots in Hosford's new city before we're a month older. Don't you believe it!"

"I'll believe it when I see it," was Brouillard's reply; and with this the matter rested for the moment.

It was later in the day, an hour or so after the serving of the hearty supper in the engineers' mess tent, that Brouillard was given to see another and still less tolerable side of his temporary guest. Hosford had come into the office to plant himself solidly in the makeshift easy chair for the smoking of a big, black after-supper cigar.

"I've been looking over your rules and regulations, Brouillard," he began after an interval of silence which Brouillard had been careful not to break. "You're making a capital mistake in trying to transplant the old Connecticut blue laws out here. Your workmen ought to have the right to



"I Can't Believe It, Murray. It's a Leaf Out of the Book of Bedlam!"

spend their money in any way that suits 'em."

Brouillard was pointedly occupying himself at his desk, but he looked up long enough to say: "Whisky, you mean?"

"That and other things. They tell me you don't allow any open gambling or any women here outside of the families of the workmen."

"We don't," was the short rejoinder. "That won't hold water after we get things fairly in motion."

"It will have to hold water as far as we are concerned, if I have to build a stockade round the camp," snapped Brouillard.

Hosford's heavy face wrinkled itself in a mirthless smile. "You're nutty," he remarked. "When I find a man bearing down hard on all the little vices, it always makes me wonder what's the name of the corking big one he is trying to cover up."

Since there was obviously no peace-

ful reply to be made to this, Brouillard bent lower over his work and said nothing. At every fresh step in the forced acquaintance the newcomer was painstakingly developing new antagonisms. Sooner or later, Brouillard knew, it would come to an open rupture, but he was hoping that the actual hostilities could be postponed until after Hosford had worn out his temporary welcome as a guest in the engineers' mess.

For a time the big man in the easy chair smoked on in silence. Then he began again:

"Say, Brouillard, I saw one little girl today that didn't belong to your workmen's family outfit, and she's a peach; came riding down the trail with her brother from that mine up on the south mountain—Massingale, isn't it? By Jove! she fairly made my mouth water!"

Inasmuch as no man can read field-notes when the page has suddenly become a red blur, Brouillard looked up.

"You are my guest, in a way, Mr. Hosford; for that reason I can't very well tell you what I think of you." So much he was able to say quietly. Then the control mechanism burned out in a flash of fiery rage and he cursed the guest fluently and comprehensively, winding up with a crude and savage threat of dismemberment if he should ever venture so much as to name Miss Massingale again in the throater's hearing.

Hosford sat up slowly, and his big face turned darkly red.

"Well," he broke out. "So you're that kind of a fire-eater, are you? I didn't suppose anything like that ever happened outside of the ten-cent shockers. Wake up, man; this is the twentieth century we're living in. Don't look at me that way!"

But the wave of insane wrath was already subsiding, and Brouillard, half ashamed of the momentary lapse into savagery, was once more scowling down at the pages of his note-book, when the door opened and Quinlan, the operator, came in with a communication fresh from the Washington wire. The message was an indirect reply to Hosford's telegraphed appeal to the higher powers. Brouillard read it, stuck it upon the file, and took a roll of blueprints from the bottom drawer of his desk.

"Here are the drawings for your power installation, Mr. Hosford," he said, handing the roll to the man in the chair. And a little later he went out to smoke a pipe in the open air, leaving the message of inquiry he had intended to send unwritten.

CHAPTER VI Symptomatic

For some few minutes the two on the cabin porch made no attempt to talk, but when the rumbling thunder of the ore-car which the elder Massingale was pushing ahead of him into the mine had died away in the subterranean distances Brouillard began again.

"I do get your point of view—sometimes," he said. "Civilization, or what stands for it, does have a way of shrinking into littleness, not to say cheapness, when one can get the proper perspective. And your life up here on Chigringo has given you the needful detached point of view."

The trouble shadows in the eyes of the young woman who was sitting in the fishnet hammock gave place to a smile of gentle derision.

"Do you call that civilization?" she demanded, indicating the straggling new town spreading itself, maplike, in the valley below.

"I suppose it is—one form of it. At least it is civilization in the making. Everything has to have some sort of a beginning."

Miss Massingale acquiesced in a little uptilt of her perfectly rounded chin.

"Just the same, you don't pretend to say you are enjoying it," she said in manifest deprecation.

"Oh, I don't know. My work is down there. A few weeks ago I was rigorously hot. It seemed so crudely unnecessary to start a pigeon-plucking match at this distance from Wall Street."

"But now," she queried—"now, I suppose, you have become reconciled?"

"I am growing more philosophical, let us say. There are just about so many pigeons to be plucked, anyway; they'd molt if they weren't plucked. And it may as well be done here as on the stock exchange, when you come to think of it."

"I like you least when you talk that way," said the young woman in the hammock, with open-eyed frankness. "Do you do it as other men do?—just to hear how it sounds?"

Brouillard, sitting on the top step of the porch, leaned his head against the porch post and laughed.

"You know too much—a lot too much for a person of your tender years," he asserted. "Which names one more of the charming collection of contradictions which your father or mother or somebody had the temerity

to label 'Amy,' sweetest and most seraphic of diminutives."

"If you don't like my name—" she began, and then she went off at another tangent. "Please tell me why I am a 'collection of contradictions.'"

Brouillard's gaze went past the shapely little figure in the string hammock to lose itself in the far Timanyoni distances.

"You are a bundle of surprises," he said, letting the musing thought slip into speech. "What can you possibly know about my thoughts?"

She made a funny little grimace at him. "It was 'contradictions' a moment ago and now it is 'surprises.' Which reminds me, you haven't told me why I am a 'collection.'"

"Oh, I can catalogue them if you push me to it. One minute you are the Madonna lady that I can't recall, calm, reposeful, truthful, and all that, you know—so truthful that those child-like eyes of yours would make a stuttering imbecile of the man who should come to you with a lie in his mouth."

"And the next minute?"

"The next minute you are a witch, laughing at the man's little weaknesses, putting your finger on them as accurately as if you could read his soul, holding them up to your ridicule and—what's much worse—to his own. At such times your insight, or whatever you choose to call it, is enough to give a man a fit of 'seeing things.'"

Her laugh was like a schoolgirl's, light-hearted, ringing, deliciously unrestrained.

"What a picture!" she commented. And then: "I can draw a better one of you, Monsieur Victor de Brouillard."

"Do it," he dared.

"Very well, then. Once upon a time—it was a good while ago, I'm afraid—you were a very upright young man. You would cheerfully have died for a principle in those days, and you would have allowed the enemy to cut you up into cunning little inch cubes before you would have admitted that any pigeon was ever made to be plucked."

He was smiling mirthlessly, with the black mustaches taking the sardonic upcurve.

"Then what happened?"

"One of two things, or maybe both of them. You were pushed out into the life race with some sort of a handicap. I don't know what it was—or is—that true?"

He nodded gravely. "It is all true enough. You haven't added anything more than a graceful little touch here and there. Who has been telling you all these things about me? Not Grislow?"

"No, not Murray Grislow. It was the man you think you know best in all the world—who is also probably the one you know the least—yourself."

"Good heavens! Am I really such a transparent egotist as all that?"

"All men are egotists," she answered calmly. "In some the ego is sound and clear-eyed and strong; in others it is weak—in the same way that passion is weak. It will sacrifice all it has or hopes to have in some sudden fury of self-assertion."

She sat up and put her hands to her hair, and he was free to look away, down upon the great ditch where the endless chain of concrete buckets added to the deep and widespread foundations of the dam. Across the river a group of hidden sawmills sang their raucous song. In the middle distance the camp-town city spread the roughly indicated streets over the valley level, the tall chimney stacks of the new cement plant were rising, and from the quarries beyond the plant the dull thunder of the blasts drifted up.

This was not Brouillard's first visit to the cabin on the Massingale claim by many. In the earliest stages of the valley activities Smith, the Buckskin cattleman, had been Amy Massingale's escort to the reclamation camp—just a couple of lookers, in Smith's phrase—and the unconventional attitudes had done the rest. From that day forward the young woman had hospitably opened her door to Brouillard and his assistants, and any member of the corps, from Leshington the morose, who commonly came to sit in solemn silence on the porch step, to Griffith, who had lost his youthful heart to Miss Massingale on his first visit, was welcome.

"But Tell Me, What Would You Do With Your Pot of Rainbow Gold?"

It—but you can't. And it changes everything for you, distorts everything, colors your entire life. It's heart-breaking!"

This was dangerous ground for him and he knew it. In the arder of young manhood he had taken up the vicarious burden dutifully, and at that time his renunciation of the things that other men strove for seemed the lightest of the many fetterings. But now love for a woman was threatening to make the renunciation too grievous to be borne.

"How did you know?" he queried curiously. "It does change things. I'd sell anything I've got, save one, for a chance at the freedom that other men have—and don't value."

"What is the one thing you wouldn't sell?" she questioned, and Brouillard chose to discover a gently quickened interest in the clear-seeing eyes.

"My love for the—for some woman. I'm saying that, you know. It is the only capital I'll have when the big debt is paid."

"Do you want me to be frivolous or serious?" she asked, looking down at him with the grimacing little smile that always reminded him of a career.

"I have been wondering whether she is or isn't worth the effort—and the reservation you make. Because it is all in that, you know. You can do and be if you only want to hard enough."

He was looking down, chiefly because he dared not look up, when he answered soberly: "She is worth it many times over; her price is above rubies. Money, much or little, wouldn't be in it."

"That is better—much better. Now we may go on to the ways and means; they are all in the man, not in the things, 'not none whatsoever,' as Tig would say. Let me show you what I mean. Three times within my recollection my father has been worth considerably more than you owe, and three times he has—well, it's gone. And now he is going to make good again when the railroad comes."

Brouillard got up.

"I must be going back down the hill," he said. And then, without warning: "What if I should tell you that the railroad is not coming to the Niangua, Amy?"

Do you think that Amy will conduct a little flirtation with the despised Hosford, in order to aid her father, if she finds out that Hosford can bring the railroad to Niangua or keep it away?

"How singular!" she laughed. She got out of the hammock and came to

lean, with her hands behind her, against the opposite porch post. "But tell me, what would you do with your pot of rainbow gold—if you should find it?"

Brouillard rose and straightened himself with his arms over his head like an athlete testing his muscles for the record-breaking event.

"What would I do? A number of things. But first of all I think I'd buy the privilege of telling some woman that I love her."

She was silent for so long a time that he looked at his watch and thought of going. But at the deciding instant she held him with a low-spoken question.

"Does it date back to the handicap? You needn't tell me if you don't want to."

"It does. And there is no reason why I shouldn't tell you the simple fact. When my father died he left me a debt—a debt of honor; and it must be paid. Until it is paid—but I am sure you understand."

"Quite fully," she responded quickly, and now there was no trace of levity in the sweetly serious tone. "Is it much?—so much that you can't—"

He nodded and sat down again on the porch step. "Yes, it is big enough to go in a class by itself—in round numbers, a hundred thousand dollars."

"Horror!" she gasped. "And you are carrying that millstone? Must you carry it?"

"If you knew the circumstances you would be the first to say that I must carry it, and go on carrying it to the end of the chapter."

"But—but you'll never be free!"

"Not on a government salary," he admitted. "As a matter of fact, it takes more than half of the salary to pay the premiums on—pshaw! Let's drop it."

She was looking beyond him and her voice was quick with womanly sympathy when she said: "If you could drop



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