

SECURE FARM NOW

Western Canada Offers Opportunity to the Ambitious.

Fertile Land at Moderate Cost, With Social and Other Advantages That Mean So Much, Will Soon Be Taken Up.

The desire to have a piece of land of one's own is a natural instinct in the heart of every properly developed man and woman. In earlier years, on account of the great areas of land available in the United States, no great difficulty was experienced by any ambitious settler who wished to become his own landholder, but the rapid increase in population, combined with the corresponding rise in the price of land, has completely changed this condition. Land which a generation ago might be had for homesteading, now commands prices ranging to \$100 an acre and over. At such prices it is quite hopeless for the city man with limited capital, in attempt to buy a farm of his own. To pay for it becomes a lifelong task, and the probability is that he will never do more than meet the interest charges. He is serious in his desires to secure a farm home he must look to countries where there is still abundant fertile land available at moderate cost, and where these lands are to be purchased on terms which make it possible for the settler with small capital to become a farm owner as the result of a few years' labor. He will also want land in a country where the practices of the people are similar to those to which he has been accustomed; a country with the same language, same religion, same general habits of living, with lax currency, weights and measures etc., based on the same principles as those with which he is familiar. He wants a country where he can buy land from \$20 to \$40 an acre which will produce as big or bigger crops as those he has been accustomed to from lands at \$100 an acre. He wants this land where social conditions will be attractive to himself and family, and where he can look forward with confidence to being in a few years independent, and well started on the road to financial success.

All these conditions he will find in western Canada. The provinces of Alberta, Saskatchewan, and Manitoba provide the one and only answer to the land-hungry. The land is there; it is the kind of land he wants; the conditions are as nearly ideal as is possible, and the prices and terms are such that the man of moderate capital has an opportunity not available to him elsewhere. Land values are going to increase, but it will largely depend on how well the soil can be used, and the modern farmer is using it each year to better advantage.

But those who are on the ground and come closest to the heart of the farming sections are convinced that no material decrease in value is in sight. Indeed, they are almost unanimous in believing that we shall see a strong real estate market for fertile land, with prices maintained; and as development and further equipments are added the prices on the open market may be expected to show a further increase as the years go on—up to the limit of income plus what men are willing to pay to possess an attractive home.

Someone once said: "Never sell short on the United States. You will lose every time." And this applies to those who are inclined to believe that the future of farm values is in doubt. The American farmer is going forward, not backward, and the same may be said of the Canadian farmer.—Advertisement.

This Makes You Tired? Walker—Did many people attend Mrs. Hille's birthday last night? Sister—Oh, yes, it sounded so much like a pistol shot that quite a crowd gathered about.

RHEUMATISM IS PAIN ONLY, RUB IT AWAY

Instant relief from pain, soreness, stiffness following a rubbing with "St. Jacobs Liniment."

Stop "dozing" rheumatism. Stop pain only; not one case in fifty requires internal treatment. Rub soothing, penetrating "St. Jacobs Liniment" right on the "leader spot," and by the time you say Jack Robinson—out comes the rheumatic pain and distress. "St. Jacobs Liniment" conquers pain! It is a harmless rheumatism liniment which never disappoints and doesn't burn the skin. It takes pain, soreness and stiffness from aching joints, muscles and bones; stops sciatica, lumbago, backache, neuralgia and reduces swelling.

Limber up! Get a small trial bottle of old-time, honest "St. Jacobs Liniment" from any drug store, and in a moment you'll be free from pains, aches and stiffness. Don't suffer! Rub rheumatism away.—Adv.

Uncle Eben. "Dar's a difference," said Uncle Eben, "between happiness and pleasure. One is a home song and the other's mostly jazz."

When Your Eyes Need Care Try Marine Eye Remedy

Carolyn of the Corners

BY RUTH BELMORE ENDICOTT

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CHAPTER XVII—Continued.

"No, I should say they're not," Aunt Rose observed with grimness. "Far from it. It's a fact! I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes. Holding hands in there like a pair of— Well, do you know what it means, Carolyn May?"

"That they love each other," the child said boldly. "And I'm so glad for them!"

"So am I," declared the woman, still in a whisper. "But it means changes here. Things won't be the same for long. I know Joseph Staggs for what he is."

"What is he, Aunt Rose?" asked Carolyn May in some trepidation, for the housekeeper seemed to be much moved.

"He's a very determined man. Once he gets set in a way, he carries everything before him. Mandy Parlow is going to be made Mrs. Joseph Staggs so quick that it'll astonish her. Now, you believe me, Carolyn May."

"Oh!" was the little girl's comment.

"There'll be changes here very sudden. Two's company, three's a crowd," Carolyn May. Never was a truer saying. Those two will want just each other—and nobody else.

"Well, Carolyn May, if you've finished your supper, we'd better go up to bed. It's long past your bedtime."

"Yes, Aunt Rose," said the little girl in muffled voice.

Aunt Rose did not notice that Carolyn May did not venture to the door of the sitting room to bid either Uncle Joe or Miss Amanda good-night. The child followed the woman upstairs with faltering steps, and in the unlighted bedroom that had been Hannah Staggs's she knelt at Aunt Rose's knee and murmured her usual petitions.

"Do bless Uncle Joe and Miss Amanda, now they're so happy," was a phrase that might have thrilled Aunt Rose at another time. But she was so deep in her own thoughts that she heard what Carolyn May said perfunctorily.

With her customary kiss, she left the little girl and went downstairs. Carolyn May had seen so much excitement during the day that she might have been expected to sleep at once, and that soundly. But it was not so.

The little girl lay with wide-open eyes, her imagination at work.

"Two's company, three's a crowd." She took that trite saying, in which Aunt Rose had expressed her own feelings, to herself. If Uncle Joe and Miss Amanda were going to be married, they would not want anybody else around! Of course not!

"And what will become of me?" thought Carolyn May chokingly.

All the "emptiness" of the last few months swept over the soul of the little child in a wave that her natural cheerfulness could not withstand. Her anchorage in the love of Uncle Joe and Miss Amanda was swept away.

The heart of the little child swelled. Her eyes overflowed. She sobbed herself to sleep, the pillow muffling the sounds, more forlorn than ever before since she had come to The Corners.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Journey.

It was certainly a fact that Amanda Parlow immediately usurped some power in the household of the Staggs homestead. She ordered Joseph Staggs not to go down to his store that next day. And he did not!

Nor could he attend to business for several days thereafter. He was too stiff and lame and his burns were too painful.

Chet Gormley came up each day for instructions and was exceedingly full of business. A man would have to be very exacting indeed to find fault with the interest the boy displayed in running the store just as his employer desired it to be run.

"I tell you what it is, Carolyn," Chet drawled, in confidence. "I'm mighty sorry Mr. Staggs got hurt like he did. But lemme tell you, it's just givin' me the chance of my life!"

"Why, may I say that Mr. Staggs and Miss Mandy Parlow'll get married for sure now!"

"Oh, yes," sighed the little girl. "They'll be married."

"Well, when folks get married they sits go off on a trip. Course, they will. And me—I'll be runnin' the business all by myself. It'll be great! Mr. Staggs will see just how much value I be to him. Why, I'll be the makin' of me!" cried the optimistic youth.

Yes, Carolyn May heard it on all sides. Everybody was talking about the affair of Uncle Joe and Miss Amanda.

Every time she saw her uncle and her "pretty lady" together the observant child could not but notice that they were utterly wrapped up in each other.

Miss Amanda could not go past the easy chair in which the hardware dealer was enthroned without touching him. He, as bold as a boy, would seize her hand and kiss it.

Love is mighty, warm, throbbing spirit, had caught them up and swept them away out of themselves—out of their old selves, at least. They had

eyes only for each other—thoughts only for each other.

Even a child could see something of this. The absorption of the two made Aunt Rose's remarks very impressive to Carolyn May.

A week of this followed—a week in which the trouble in Carolyn May's heart and brain seethed until it became unbearable. She was convinced that there would soon be no room for her in the big house. She watched Aunt Rose pack her own trunk, and the old lady looked very grim, indeed. She heard whispers of an immediate marriage, here in the house, with Mr. Driggs as the officiating clergyman.

Carolyn May studied things out for herself. Being a child, her conclusions were not always wise ones.

She felt that she might be a stumbling block to the complete happiness of Uncle Joe and Amanda Parlow. They might have to set aside their own desires because of her. She felt vaguely that this must not be.

"I can go home," she repeated over and over to herself.

"Home" was still in the New York city apartment house where she had lived so happily before that day when her father and mother had gone aboard the ill-fated Dunraven.

Their complete loss out of the little girl's life had never become fixed in her mind. It had never seemed a surety—not even after her talks with the sailor, Benjamin Hardy.

Friday afternoon the little girl went to the churchyard and made neat the three little graves and the one long one on the plot which belonged to Aunt Rose Kennedy. She almost burst into tears that evening, too, when she kissed Aunt Rose good night at bedtime. Uncle Joe was down at the Parlow's. He and Mr. Parlow actually smoked their pipes together in harmony on the cottage porch.

Aunt Rose was usually an early riser; but the first person up at The Corners on that Saturday morning was Carolyn May. She was dressed a full hour before the household was usually astir.

She came downstairs very softly, carrying the heavy bag she had brought with her the day she had first



The Brakeman Was Nice, Too, and Brought Her Water in a Paper Cup.

come to The Corners. She had her purse in her pocket, with all her money in it and she had in the bag most of her necessary possessions.

She washed her face and hands. Her hair was already combed and neatly braided. From the pantry she secured some bread and butter, and, with this in her hand, unlocked the porch door and went out. Prince got up, yawning, and shook himself. She sat on the steps, to eat the bread and butter, dividing it with Prince.

"This is such a beautiful place, Princey," she whispered to the mongrel. "We are going to miss it dreadfully, I s'pose. But then— Well, we'll have the park. Only you can't run so free there."

Prince whined. Carolyn May got up and shook the crumbs from her lap. Then she unchained the dog and picked up her bag. Prince pranced about her, glad to get his morning run.

The little girl and the dog went out of the gate and started along the road toward Sunrise Cove.

The houses had all been asleep at The Corners. So was the Parlow cottage when she trudged by. She would have liked to see Miss Amanda, to kiss her just once. But she must not think of that! It brought such a "gumpy" feeling into her throat.

Nobody saw Carolyn May and Prince until she reached Main street. Then the sun had risen and a few early persons were astir; but nobody appeared who knew the child or who cared anything about her.

At the railroad station nobody spoke to her, for she bought no ticket. She was not exactly clear in her mind about tickets, anyway. She had found the conductor on the train coming up from New York a kind and pleasant man and she decided to do all her business with him.

Had she attempted to buy a ticket of the station agent undoubtedly he would have made some inquiry. As it

was, when the train came along Carolyn May, after seeing Prince put into the baggage car, climbed aboard with the help of a brakeman.

"Of course, if he hoists awfully," she told the baggage man, who gave her a check without question. "I shall have to go in that car and sit with him."

There were not many people in the car. They steamed away from Sunrise Cove and Carolyn May dabbled her eyes with her handkerchief and told herself to be brave.

The stations were a long way apart and the conductor did not come through for some time. When he did open the door and come into the car Carolyn May started up with a glad cry. It was the very conductor who had been so kind to her on the trip up from New York.

The railroad man knew her at once and shook hands most heartily with her.

"Where are you going, Carolyn May?" he asked.

"All the way with you, sir," she replied.

"To New York?"

"Yes, sir. I'm going home again."

"Then I'll see you later," he said, without asking for her ticket.

The conductor remembered the little girl very well, although he did not remember all the details of her story.

He was very kind to her and brought her satisfying news about Prince in the baggage car. The brakeman was nice, too, and brought her water to drink in a paper cup.

At last the long stretches of streets at right angles with the tracks appeared—paved streets lined with tall apartment houses. This could be nothing but New York city. Her papa had told her long ago that there was no other city like it in the world.

She knew One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street and its elevated station. That was not where she had boarded the train going north, when Mr. Price had placed her in the conductor's care, but it was nearer her old home—than she knew. So she told the brakeman she wanted to get out there and he arranged to have Prince released.

The little girl alighted and got her dog without misadventure. She was down on the street level before the train continued on its journey downtown.

At the Grand Central terminal the conductor was met with a telegram sent from Sunrise Cove by a certain frantic hardware dealer and that telegram told him something about Carolyn May of which he had not thought to ask.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Home of Carolyn May.

It was some distance from the railroad station to the block on which Carolyn May Cameron had lived all her life until she had gone to stay with Uncle Joe Staggs. The child knew she could not take the car, for the conductor would not let Prince ride.

She started with the dog on his leash, for he was not muzzled. The bag became heavy very soon, but she staggered along with it uncomplainingly. Her disheveled appearance, with the bag and the dog, gave people who noticed her the impression that Carolyn May had been away, perhaps, for a "fresh-air" vacation, and was now coming home, brown and weary, to her expectant family.

But Carolyn May knew that she was coming home to an empty apartment—to rooms that echoed with her mother's voice and in which lingered only memories of her father's cheery giggle.

Yet it was the only home, she felt, that was left for her.

She could not blame Uncle Joe and Miss Amanda for forgetting her. Aunt Rose had been quite disturbed, too, since the forest fire. She had given the little girl no hint that provision would be made for her future.

Wearily, Carolyn May tramped through the Harlem streets, shifting the bag from hand to hand. Prince paced sedately by her side.

"We're getting near home now, Princey," she told him again and again.

Thus she tried to keep her heart up. She came to the corner near which she had lived so long and Prince suddenly sniffed at the screened door of a shop.

"Of course, poor fellow! That's the butcher's," Carolyn May said.

She bought a penny afternoon paper on a news stand and then went into the shop and got a nickel's worth of bones and scraps for the dog. The clerk did not know her, for he was a new man.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

That Strict Confidence. We were listening (and who wouldn't!) to two women talking at each other on a Fifth Avenue bus in the more or less busy city of Gotham, and in so doing we heard one of the master paradoxes. One woman said to the other: "Why, she told me in strictest confidence only the other day"—New York Sun.

Will It Return to Its Owner? Flexible tips feature new umbrella ribs, which their inventor claims will prevent an umbrella from being blown inside out.

The KITCHEN CABINET

When you get into a tight place and everything goes against you, till it seems as if you couldn't hold out a minute longer, never give up then, for that is just the place and time that the tide will turn.—H. B. Stowe.

COLLEGE SANDWICHES.

There is no place where a sandwich is more appreciated than at a college girls' luncheon.

They may be prepared from countless combinations, costly or otherwise. The bread for sandwiches should be a day or two old and sliced very thin. When butter is used for the first spreading, it is best creamed, as it may be thus spread very thin.

Sandwich de Luxe.—Mix a few stalks of shredded mint with quince jelly and spread this mixture on slices of stale sponge cake cut very thin and put together sandwich fashion.

Nuts With Dates.—Take equal quantities of dates and nuts, run through a meat chopper and add to each cupful of the mixture one-quarter of a cup of maple sugar with enough cream to make a mixture to spread. Use as a filling on bread, toasted sponge cake, or any loaf cake.

Japanese Sandwiches.—Use equal quantities of almonds and preserved cherries, chop the cherries or grind them and pound the almonds to a paste, mix with a little almond extract and if moisture is needed, a little cream.

Mexican Mocha.—Chop one tomato, one onion and one green pepper, season with salt, red pepper and vinegar; spread on wafers or bread.

Unusual Sandwich.—Chop equal parts of dates and raisins in a meat chopper; to each cupful add two tablespoonfuls of honey and one of orange juice.

Preserved ginger chopped very fine and blended with cream makes a most gingery sandwich.

Chocolate, two squares, melted and partly cooled, then add one-half cup of brown sugar and two tablespoonfuls of cream. Flavor with vanilla and add a few chopped nut meats. This makes an unusual sandwich.

Spread thinly cut rusks, with peanut butter, then with melted sweet chocolate.

Spread wafers with nut butter, add a marshmallow and toast in the oven.

Ability in often buried deep in content and indifference. A blow in the face has more than once stirred a realization, causing greater into a realization of his real strength.—Scottman.

SEASONABLE FOOD.

Beef hearts are not expensive and when stuffed make a most savory meat.

Calves' hearts may be cut in slices and cooked in hot fat until well browned and served with baked potatoes.

Lamb Goulash.—Take two lamb's hearts well washed and all the arteries removed, cut in inch-sized pieces and parboil. Mince very fine, eight onions, three green peppers, place in a deep saucepan and add the prepared hearts, one teaspoonful of thyme, a pinch of sage, and a quart of boiling water; cook until the meat is tender then add a dozen dumplings made as follows: one beaten egg, a half-teaspoonful of salt, a cupful of batter, a teaspoonful of baking powder sifted with a cupful of flour; add enough flour to make a soft drop batter and steam eight minutes if the dumplings are dropped from a teaspoon.

Veal Cutlets.—Cut veal steak into pieces two by three inches and flatten well, dip in egg then in bread crumbs and fry a golden brown in hot fat. Place in the oven to finish cooking for twenty minutes. Drain the fat from the pan, and add two tablespoonfuls of flour. Brown quickly and add a cupful of water. Bring to a boil and cook five minutes. Add a teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of paprika, one tablespoonful of grated onion and two tablespoonfuls of minced green pepper. Place the meat on a platter and pour the sauce around it.

Lamb or Mutton With Carrots.—The woolly flavor of mutton which is so objectionable to many palates, may be almost wholly removed by care in preparation, provided the butcher has been careful. The meat should never be touched by hands that have handled the wool. The wool grows on the skin, and if the skin is carefully removed it takes with it that woolly flavor. Brown a slice of mutton, cut in serving-sized pieces, and sprinkle with a generous dredging of flour; season well, add a finely-minced onion and a pint of carrots cut in shoestring, with water to simmer for two or three hours on the back of the stove or in a casserole. The flour will thicken the liquor enough for a gravy. Serve the meat with the vegetable and gravy.

A fresh ham where one can afford to use one, roasted whole, is a most savory dish. Have the bones removed and stuff with chestnut stuffing. Baste with a mixture of one tablespoonful of butter, two of honey and the juice of half a lemon. Serve with apple sauce.

How Money Grows. A wealthy man in New York willed to his nephew the "savings bank account opened in 1820 by my grandfather when he was a boy, by a deposit of \$5, which now, by the addition of interest only, amounts to \$479.37."

Important to Mothers Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Wm. C. Little* In Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.

Mean Rejoinder. Mrs. Benson—"Some women suffer in silence." Beulah—"If they keep silent they certainly suffer."

Good health cannot be maintained where there is a constipated habit. GARDOLIN overcomes constipation. Adv.

Rarely So. "What can that actress do in medical comedy?" "It isn't that—it's what she can't do."

HOW MRS. BOYD AVOIDED AN OPERATION

Canton, Ohio.—"I suffered from a female trouble which caused me much suffering, and two doctors decided that I would have to go through an operation before I could get well."

"My mother, who had been helped by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, advised me to try it before submitting to an operation. It relieved me from my troubles so I can do my house work without any difficulty. I advise any woman who is afflicted with female troubles to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial and it will do as much for them."—Mrs. MARY BOYD, 1621 5th St., N. E., Canton, Ohio.

Sometimes there are serious conditions where a hospital operation is the only alternative, but on the other hand so many women have been cured by this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, after doctors have said that an operation was necessary—every woman who wants to avoid an operation should give it a fair trial before submitting to such a trying ordeal.

If conditions exist, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for advice. The result of many years experience is at your service.

DANDRUFF MAKES HAIR FALL OUT

A small bottle of "Danderine" keeps hair thick, strong, beautiful.

Girls! Try this! Doubles beauty of your hair in a few moments.



Within ten minutes after an application of Danderine you can find a single trace of dandruff or falling hair and your scalp will not itch, but what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use, when you see new hair, fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—growing all over the scalp.

A little Danderine immediately doubles the beauty of your hair. No difference how dull, faded, brittle and scraggy. Just moisten a cloth with Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. The effect is amazing—your hair will be light, fluffy and wavy, and have an appearance of abundance; an incomparable lustre, softness and luxuriance.

Get a small bottle of Knowlton's Danderine for a few cents at any drug store or toilet counter, and prove that your hair is as pretty and soft as any—that it has been neglected or injured by careless treatment—that's all—you surely can have beautiful hair and lots of it if you will just try a little Danderine.—Adv.

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Neer's Magazine