

## Thousands of Happy Housewives in WESTERN CANADA



are helping their husbands to prosper—are glad they encouraged them to go where they could make a home of their own—have better rest and reduce cost of living—where they could prosper and independence by buying on easy terms.

### Fertile Land at \$15 to \$30 an Acre

—land similar to that which through many years has yielded from 20 to 40 bushels of wheat to the acre. Hundreds of farmers in Western Canada have raised crops in a single season worth more than the whole cost of their land. With such crops come prosperity, independence, good homes, and all the comforts and conveniences which make for happy living.

### Farm Gardens—Poultry—Dairying

are sources of income second only to grain growing and stock raising. Good climate, good neighbors, churches, schools, rural telephone, etc., give you the opportunity of a new land with the conveniences of old settled districts.

For illustrated literature, maps, description of farm opportunities in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, and British Columbia, write Department of Immigration, Ottawa, Can., or M. V. MacNAMES, 176 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Mich., Canadian Government Agent.



## RAW FURS

Send or bring your Raw Furs to the Oldest and Largest Fur Manufacturer in Michigan

For more than 30 years we have been buying Raw Furs and manufacturing them into

COATS, CAPES, SCARFS, MUFFS, CAPS, COLLARS, Etc.

We remit at once but hold Furs for your acceptance of our offer. Ask the Dry Goods Merchants or the Postmaster in your city about us.

NEWTON ANNIS

Woodward at Clifford (Since 1887) DETROIT, MICH.

### Its Present Use.

"What's a man, pa?"  
"It is a printed paper with the prices of food to show you what you can't get."

### 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 *Dr. J. C. Fitch*  
In Use for Over 30 Years.  
Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

### SOONED ALL RIGHT TO HER

Prisoner's Defense Naturally Had a Lot of Weight With the Fair Prosecutor.

The case looked black against the prisoner, who was charged with loitering suspiciously at the railway station. Presently the magistrate said sternly:

"This lady says you tried to speak to her at the railway station."

"It was a mistake," pleaded the man in the dock. "I was looking for my wife's young niece, whom I've never seen, but who'd been described to me as a handsome young lady, with golden hair, well-cut features, fine complexion, perfect figure, beautifully dressed, and—"

With a charming blush, the principal witness against him interrupted his flow of eloquence.

"I don't wish to prosecute the gentleman, sir," she said to the magistrate. "Any one might have made the same mistake."

### Mean but True.

"That was a nasty thing the cook said to me before leaving."

"What was it?"

"Just as she was leaving the house she turned back in a rage and said: 'Well, I've got it on your husband, anyhow. I don't have to stay here.'"

What the devil is to the flower, kind words are to the heart.

The surest sign that a man has begun to succeed is when his rivals begin knocking him.

## Hard Work Tires

muscles and nerves, and then to whip them with coffee, with its drug caffeine, makes a bad matter worse.

## POSTUM CEREAL

is a drink for workers that contains no drug, but furnishes a finely flavored beverage, full-bodied and robust, pleasing to former coffee drinkers.

Two sizes At grocers Usually sold at 25¢ & 15¢

Made by Postum Cereal Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

# The Cow Puncher

Copyright by Harper & Brothers

### CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

The outcome was that Mrs. Hardy gnished upon Irene embarking at once upon a finishing course. Afterward they traveled together for a year in Europe. Then home again, Irene pursued her art, and her mother surrounded her with the social attractions which Doctor Hardy's comfortable income and professional standing made possible. Her purpose was obvious and but thinly disguised. She hoped that her daughter would outlive her youthful infatuation and would at length, in a more suitable match, give her heart to one of the numerous eligibles of her circle.

To promote this end Mrs. Hardy spared no pains. Young Carlton, son of a banker and one of the leading men of his set, seemed a particularly appropriate match. Mrs. Hardy opened her home to him, and Carlton, whatever his motives, was not slow to grasp the situation. For years Irene had not spoken of Dave Elden, and the mother had grown to hope that the old attachment had died down and would presently be quite forgotten in a new and more becoming passion. The fact is that Irene at that time would have been quite incapable of stating her relation toward Elden and its influence upon her attitude to life. She was by no means sure that she loved that sunburnt boy of romantic memory; she was by no means sure that she should ever marry him, let his development in life be what it would; but she felt that her heart was locked, at least for the present, to all other suitors. She had given her promise, and that settled the matter.

Notwithstanding her indifference the girl found herself encouraging Carlton's advances, or at least not meeting them with the rebuffs which had been her habit toward all other suitors, and Mrs. Hardy's hopes grew as the attachment apparently developed. But they were soon to be shattered.

Irene had gone with Carlton to the theater; afterward to supper. It was long past midnight when she reached home. She knocked at her mother's door and immediately entered. Her hair was disheveled and her cheeks were flushed, and she walked unsteadily across the room.

"What's the matter, Irene? What's the matter, child? Are you sick?" cried her mother, springing from her bed.

"No, I'm not sick," said the girl brutally. "I'm drunk."

"Oh, don't say that," said her mother soothingly. "Proper people do not become drunk. You may have had too much champagne and tomorrow you will have a headache."

"Mother! I have had too much champagne, but not as much as that precious Carlton of yours had planned for. I just wanted to see how despicable he was, and I floated downstream with him as far as I dared. But just as the current got too swift I struck for shore. Oh, we made a scene, all right, but nobody knew me there, so the family name is safe and you can rest in peace. I called a taxi, and when he tried to follow me in I slapped him and kicked him. Kicked him, mother. Dreadfully undignified, wasn't it? . . . And that's what you want me to marry, in place of a man!"

Mrs. Hardy was chattering with mortification and excitement. Her plans had miscarried. Irene had misbehaved. Irene was a difficult, headstrong child. It was useless to argue with her in her present mood. It was useless to argue with her in any mood. No doubt Carlton had been impetuous. Nevertheless he stood high in his set and his father was something of a power in the financial world. As the wife of such a man Irene might have a career before her—a career from which at least some of the glory would reflect upon the silvering head of the mother of Mrs. Carlton.

"Go to your room," she said at length. "You are in no condition to talk tonight. I must say it is a shame that you can't go out for an evening without drinking too much and making a scene. . . . What will Mr. Carlton think of you?"

"If he remembers all I told him about himself he'll have enough to think of," the girl blazed back. "You know—what I have told you—and still Mister Carlton stands as high in your sight as ever. I am the one to blame. Very well, I've tried your choice and I've tried my own. Now I am in a position to judge. There will be nothing to talk about in the morning. Mention Carlton's name to me again and I will give the whole incident to the papers. . . . with photographs. . . . and names. Fancy the feature heading, 'Society Girl, Intoxicated, Kicks Escort Out of Taxi.' Good night."

But other matters were to demand the attention of mother and daughter in the morning. While the scene was occurring in Mrs. Hardy's bedroom her husband, clad in white, toiled in the operating room to save the life of a fellow being. There was a slip of an instrument, but the surgeon toiled on; he could not at that juncture

pause; the life of the patient was at stake. When the operation was finished he found his injury deeper than he supposed, and Irene was summoned from her heavy sleep that morning to attend his bedside. He talked to her as a philosopher; said his life's work was done and he was just as glad to go in the harness; the estate should yield something, and there was his life insurance—a third would be for her. And when Mrs. Hardy was not at his side he found opportunity to whisper, "And if you really love that boy out West marry him."

The sudden bereavement wrought a reconciliation between Mrs. Hardy and her daughter. Mrs. Hardy took her loss very much to heart. While Irene grieved for her father Mrs. Hardy grieved for herself. It was awful to be left alone like this. And when the lawyers found that, instead of a hundred thousand dollars, the estate would yield a bare third of that sum, she spoke openly of her husband's improvidence. He had enjoyed a handsome income, on which his family had lived in luxury. That it was unequal to the strain of providing for them in that fashion and at the same time accumulating a reserve for such an eventuality as had occurred was a matter which his widow could scarcely overlook.

Her health had suffered a severe shock, for beneath her ostentatious life she felt as deep a regard for her late husband as was possible in one who measured everything in life by various social formulae. She consulted a specialist who had enjoyed a close professional acquaintance with Doctor Hardy. The specialist gave her a careful, meditative and solemn examination.

"Your condition is serious," he told her, "but not alarming. You must have a drier climate and, preferably, a higher altitude. I am convinced that the



"No, I'm Not Sick," said the Girl Brutally. "I'm Drunk."

conditions your health demands are to be found in —" He named the former cow town from which Irene's fateful automobile journey had had its start, and the young woman, who was present with her mother, felt herself go suddenly pale with the thought of a great prospect.

"Oh, I could never live there!" Mrs. Hardy protested. "It is so crude. Cow-punchers, you know, and all that sort of thing."

The specialist smiled. "You will probably not find it so crude, although I dare say some of its customs may jar on you," he remarked, dryly. "And it is not a case of not being able to live there. It is a case of not being able to live here. If you take my advice you should die of old age, as far, at least, as your present ailment is concerned. If you don't—and he dropped his voice to just the correct note of gravity, which pleased Mrs. Hardy very much—"If you don't, I can't promise you a year."

Confronted with such an alternative, the good lady had no option. She accepted the situation with the resignation which she deemed to be correct under such circumstances, but the boundless prairies were to her so much desolation and ugliness. Irene gathered that her mother did not approve of prairies. They were something new to her life, and it was greatly to be suspected that they were improper.

### CHAPTER IX.

Very slowly it dawned upon Mrs. Hardy that this respectable, thriving city, with its well-dressed, properly-mannered people, its public spirit, its aggressiveness, its churches and theaters and schools, its law and order, and its afternoon teas, after all, was the real West; sincere, earnest; crude, perhaps; bare, certainly; the scar of its recent battle with the wilderness still fresh upon its person; lacking the finish that only time can give to a landscape or a civilization; but lacking also the moldiness, the mustiness, the insufferable artificiality of older communities. Even Mrs. Hardy, steeped for sixty years in a life of precedent and rule and caste, began to catch the enthusiasm of a new land where precedent and rule and caste are something of a handicap.

"We must buy a home," she said to

Irene. "We cannot afford to continue living at a hotel, and we must have our own home. You must look up a responsible dealer whose advice we can trust in a matter of this kind."

And was it remarkable that Irene Hardy should think at once of the firm of Conward & Elden? It was not. She had, indeed, been thinking of a member of that firm ever since the decision to move to the West. The fact is Irene had not been at all sure that she wanted to marry Dave Elden. She wanted very much to meet him again; she was curious to know how the years had fared with him, and her curiosity was not unmixed with a finer sentiment; but she was not at all sure that she should marry him.

"What, Dave Elden, the millionaire?" Bert Morrison had said. "Everybody knows him." And then the newspaper woman had gone on to tell what a figure Dave was in the business life of the city. "One of our biggest young men," Bert Morrison had said. "Reserved, a little; likes his own company best; but absolutely white."

That gave a new turn to the situation. Irene had always wanted Dave to be a success; suddenly she doubted whether she had wanted him to be so big a success. She had doubted whether she should wish to marry Dave; she had never allowed herself to doubt that Dave would wish to marry her. Secretly, she had expected to rather dazzle him with her ten years' development—with the culture and knowledge which study and travel and life had added to the charm of her young girlhood; and suddenly she realized that her luster would shine but dimly in the greater glory of his own. . . .

It was easy to locate the office of Conward & Elden; it stood on a principal corner of a principal street. Thence she led her mother, and found herself treading on the marble floors of the richly appointed waiting room in a secret excitement which she could with difficulty conceal. She was, indeed, very uncertain about the next development. . . . Her mother had to be reckoned with.

A young man asked courteously what could be done for them.

"We want to see the head of the firm," said Mrs. Hardy. "We want to buy a house."

They were shown into Conward's office. Conward gave them the welcome of a man who expects to make money out of his visitors. He placed a very comfortable chair for Mrs. Hardy; he adjusted the blinds to a nicety; he discarded his cigarette and beamed upon them with as great a show of cordiality as his somewhat beefy appearance would permit. Mrs. Hardy outlined her life history with considerable detail and ended with the confession that the West was not as bad as she had feared and, anyway, it was a case of living here or dying elsewhere, so she would have to make the best of it. And here they were. And might they see a house?

Conward appeared to be reflecting. As a matter of fact, he saw in this inexperienced buyer an opportunity to reduce his holdings in anticipation of the impending crash. His difficulty was that he had no key to the financial resources of his visitors. The only thing was to throw out a feeler. "You are wanting a nice home, I take it, that can be bought at a favorable price for cash. You would consider an investment of, say—"

He paused, and Mrs. Hardy supplied the information for which he was waiting. "About twenty-five thousand dollars," she said.

"We can hardly invest that much," Irene interrupted, in a whisper. "We must have something to live on."

"People here live on the profits of their investments, do they not, Mr. Conward?" Mrs. Hardy inquired.

"Oh, certainly," Conward agreed, and he plunged into a mass of incidents to show how profitable investments had been to other clients of the firm. Then his mood of deliberation gave way to one of briskness; he summoned a car, and in a few minutes his clients were looking over the property which he had recommended. Mrs. Hardy was an amateurish buyer, her tendency being alternately to excess of caution on one side and recklessness on the other. Conward's manner pleased her; she was eager to have it over with. But he was too shrewd to appear to encourage a hasty decision. He did not seize upon Mrs. Hardy's remark that the house seemed perfectly satisfactory; on the contrary, he insisted on showing other houses, which he quoted at such impossible figures that presently the old lady was in a feverish haste to make a deposit lest some other buyer should forestall her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Observation of Oil Belt Philosophers. A scientist has just discovered that fish are intelligent. We had observed also that they don't bite on everything that comes along.—Baxter Citizen.

A London choir of one thousand voices has been organized under the auspices of the League of Arts to sing at public ceremonies.

## NAME "BAYER" IS ON GENUINE ASPIRIN

Take tablets without fear, if you see the safety "Bayer Cross."

If you want the true, world-famous Aspirin, as prescribed by physicians for over eighteen years, you must ask for "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin."

The "Bayer Cross" is stamped on each tablet and appears on each package for your protection against imitations.

In each package of "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" are safe and proper directions for Colds, Headache, Neuralgia, Toothache, Earache, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Neuritis, and for Pain in general.

Handy tin boxes containing 12 tablets cost but a few cents. Druggists also sell larger "Bayer" packages. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacturing of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.—Adv.

### A Bear Defined.

Friend—A bull, then, is an optimist and a bear is a pessimist.

Operator—Well, not exactly. I should call a bear an optimistic pessimist. He thinks things are going to smash and hopes to make money if they do.

## Pneumonia often follows a Neglected Cold KILL THE COLD!

HILL'S CASCARA QUININE BROMIDE

Standard cold remedy for 20 years—its tablet form—safe, sure, no opiates—breaks up a cold in 24 hours—relieves grip in 3 days. Money back if it fails. The genuine bear has a Red top with Mr. Hill's picture. At All Drug Stores.

Sampling the Cellar Stock. "Has Bill changed much since he got out of the army?" "Not much. He still spends a great deal of his time in a dugout."—The Home Sector.

## GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER.

Constipation invites other troubles which come speedily unless quickly checked and overcome by Green's August Flower which is a gentle laxative, regulates digestion both in stomach and intestines, cleans and sweetens the stomach and alimentary canal, stimulates the liver to secrete the bile and impurities from the blood. It is a sovereign remedy used in many thousands of households all over the civilized world for more than half a century by those who have suffered with indigestion, nervous dyspepsia, sluggish liver, coming up of food, palpitation, constipation and other intestinal troubles. Sold by druggists and dealers everywhere. Try a bottle, take no substitute.—Adv.

Mr. Carnegie's Advice. "In considerable fear," said a banker, "I once consulted Mr. Carnegie about a new venture. The business looked as if it ought to be profitable. There seemed to be a public need of it. Still there was some risk involved, and I was afraid."

"But Mr. Carnegie laughed at my fears. 'If it is a good thing plunge in,' he said. 'Fear is old womanish. Fear is what keeps untold millions from making fortunes. When Benjamin Franklin thought of starting a newspaper in Philadelphia his mother, greatly alarmed, tried to dissuade him. She pointed out that there were already two newspapers in America.'"

### Nothing Left.

Ragged little Tom Brown had been committed to juvenile hall, where he was immediately given a bath, clean clothes, had his hair washed and cut short. His old clothes were burned. As his adenoids interfered seriously with his breathing they were removed. When he had recovered from the operation the matron noticed that there was an unusually big and disgusting wart at the end of his thumb.

"Tom," she said, "I'll see that this wart is removed today."

A look of absolute disgust spread over Tom's face. "Gosh!" he exclaimed. "Don't you let a fellow keep anything here?"—Harper's Magazine.

## Sure Relief



## BELL-ANS FOR INDIGESTION THE "BLUES"

## Caused by Acid-Stomach

Millions of people who worry, are despondent, have apathy of mind, depression, feel blue and are often melancholy, believe that these conditions are due to outside influences over which they have little or no control. Nearly always, however, they can be traced to an internal source—acid-stomach. Nor is it to be wondered at. Acid-stomach, beginning with such well defined symptoms as indigestion, belching, heaviness, bloating, etc., will, if not checked, in time affect to some degree or other all the vital organs. The nervous system becomes deranged. Digestion suffers. The blood is impoverished. Health and strength are undermined. The victim of acid-stomach, although he may not know the cause of his ailments, feels his hope, courage, ambition and energy slipping. And truly life is dark—not worth much to the man or woman who has acid-stomach. Get rid of it! Don't let acid-stomach hold you back, wreck your health, make your days miserable, make you a victim of the "blues" and gloomy thoughts! There is a marvelous modern remedy called EATONIC that brings on such quick relief from your stomach troubles—sets your stomach to rights—makes it strong, cool, sweet and comfortable. Helps you get back your strength, vigor, vitality, enthusiasm and good cheer. So many thousands upon thousands of sufferers have used EATONIC with such marvellously helpful results that you are sure you will feel the same way if you will just give it a trial. Get a big 40 cent box of EATONIC—the good tasting tablets that you eat like a bit of candy—from your druggist today. He will return your money if results are not even more than you expect.

## EATONIC (FOR YOUR ACID-STOMACH)

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 9-1920.

His Favorite Place. "He is a man of extremes in his moods. He is either up in the garret or down in the cellar."

"Well, if he was prudent enough to lay in a private stock I bet most of the time he's down in the cellar."

## SHE THOUGHT DYING WAS OLD FASHIONED

But "Diamond Dye" Made Her Faded, Shabby, Old Garments Like New.

Don't worry about perfect results. Use "Diamond Dye," guaranteed to give a new, rich, fadeless color to any fabric, whether it be wool, silk, linen, cotton or mixed goods—dresses, blouses, stockings, skirts, children's coats, feathers—everything!

Direction Book in package tells how to dye with diamond dye over any color. To match any material, have dealer show you "Diamond Dye" Color Card.—Adv.

## GETS MONEY FROM RUBBISH

Invention of Englishman Has Proved Its Practical Value in a Number of Towns.

One of the most remarkable machines in the world has just been invented by an Englishman, W. P. Hoyle. It converts dust into cash—or, more correctly speaking, it extracts what is worth saving from rubbish and prepares it for redistribution. Cinders are washed, dust is converted into fertilizer, tins are cleaned, and paper and rags are sorted. Another bit of machinery used in this wonderful "refuse recovery plant" deals with clinkers, turning them into molded concrete blocks for building. It has been proved that every hundred tons of waste produce \$100, and since a town of 75,000 inhabitants discards about one hundred tons of rubbish daily one can easily work out the municipal revenue that such a plant would produce. Not a few towns in the United Kingdom have already installed a Hoyle rubbish converting plant. Aberdeen in one day collected \$3,000 worth of discarded bottles, a week's jam-jar collection in the city of Sheffield realized \$800, while Glasgow estimates that one year's conversion of its rubbish will bring in \$20,000.

### Novel.

"I have a novel idea for a film play." "What is it?" "The husband and wife in the plot have no serious marital difficulties."

## The Sweet Cereal Flavor of

## Grape-Nuts

is not produced by adding sugar to this blend of wheat and malted barley.

The sweetness is due to actual grain sugar, self-developed by the processing and long baking of this great food

"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts.