

CULTIVATE! CULTIVATE!

Produce More Food, But at the Lowest Cost.

A trip through most of the grain growing districts of Western Canada, and information received from authentic sources, reveals that the spring seeding of wheat, barley and oats is finished and the grain is having a most rapid growth. Men of farming experience here say that the conditions are similar to those years when there was an abundant harvest reaped. During the past year a number of new settlers came into the country, and they will undoubtedly have a good crop this year. This added to the normal acreage, made considerably less by the lack of labor owing to the number who have gone to the front, will give a fair general yield. It is surprising the growth that this country is capable of producing.

What has this spring germinated and shown three or four inches growth in five or six days, and with anything like favorable weather, hereafter, the crop should be a bumper one. The 15th of August, or a little over one hundred days from first seeding. Hundreds of farmers throughout this vast country paid for their entire holdings out one year's crop and it would be surprising if at the same experience met a great many more this year.

The best authorities on the wheat situation give it as their opinion that for many years to come wheat prices will be high. They base their opinion on a scientific calculation and their reasoning seems to be sound. Anyway, it is quite evident that for some years to come, the producers of wheat will be amply rewarded for any effort he may make to develop this branch of agricultural industry. Money may be made on the high-priced lands of the wheat-growing districts of the United States, but it is a question if these high-priced lands would not be more profitably employed in other branches of farming than in growing the smaller grains, leaving it to lands just as productive for wheat, less expensive to cultivate, and with a much smaller liability for price, to provide the world with this necessity of life. Here is where Western Canada, with its vast fertile fields, its low railway rates, its exceptionally good shipping privileges, its excellent climate, and its perfect social conditions, has a combination of advantages not possessed by any other country.

Furthermore, these lands, of unexcelled quality, are extraordinarily cheap, while for the man who does not care to undertake farming on so extensive a scale there is the free home stead which offers him all the opportunity for which he is looking.

The prospective purchaser will have no difficulty at all in making a selection of a piece of land, well located and convenient to transportation, which may be had for from \$15 to \$25 an acre, and the railway companies or other holders of large tracts are always glad to sell on very liberal terms. It is to be desired that the land already under cultivation and improved, many such are to be had from farmers who already have made comfortable fortunes and are ready to retire.

It is not to be denied that Western Canada offers great opportunities. If one wishes to go in for cattle raising, there are great stretches of range land both free and for lease; and in many sections of the country there are the finest of grazing lands that may be purchased at very low prices.

The appeal which has been sent out both by the United States and Canadian governments, for an unlimited production of food stuffs to prevent what might otherwise be a famine throughout this great continent, and consequently throughout the world—should in itself arouse all the ambition and desire in the heart and soul of the man who is not fighting at the front, to produce all he can.

In addition, there is the potent fact that no chances are being taken in answering the appeal. Take it from their standpoint you answer the country's call, although not fighting, and you are also insured against any loss by the high prices that are bound to exist for some time. Whether it be in the United States or in the excellent grain lands of Canada on splendid grain lands, all should do their bit.—Advertisement.

A Close Chase.
Fred Creators, chief deputy United States marshal, answered the telephone, and a woman's voice complained:

"There's a barber out here who has a red, white and black pole."
"Well, what about it?"
"Isn't that enough? It's German colors!"—Indianapolis News.

Time to Get Rid of Them.
"Taking any high school boys from the city to work on your farm, Farmer Cronosbank?"
"Yes, I think I can get my money's worth out of 'em, providin' I git rid of 'em before the apples begin to ripen."

Exactly.
"I see the British won't wear any more boiled shirts, as they want to save starch."
"I suppose they need it to stiffen their defenses."

A girl's features may be stamped on a young man's face, but it is his drug store complexion that stamps on his coat lapel.

It is better to be a fashionable man uncomfortable, than a nobody, thinks so.

CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

"Dream-man!" she murmured. "As consciousness returns after a swoon, so did realization return to Alaire. Faintly, uncertainly at first, then with a swift, strong effort she pushed herself out of Dave's reluctant arms. They stood apart, frightened. Dave's gaze was questioning. Alaire began to tremble and to struggle with her breath.

"Are you mad?" she asked. "What have we done?"
"There's no use fighting. It was here—it was bound to come out. Oh, Alaire—!"

"Don't!" She shook her head, and avoiding his outstretched hand, went to the edge of the veranda and leaned weakly against a pillar, with her head in the crook of her arm. Dave followed her, but the words he spoke were scarcely intelligible.

Finally she raised her face to his. "No! It is useless to deny it now that we know. But I didn't know, at a moment ago."

"I've known all this time—ever since the first moment I saw you," he told her, hoarsely. "To me you're all there, nothing else matters. And you love me. I wonder if I'm awake."

"Dream-man," she repeated more slowly. "Oh, why did you come so late?"

"So late?"
"We must think it out, the best way we can. I wonder what you think of me?"
"You must know. There's no need for excuses; there's nothing to explain, except the miracle that such great happiness could come to a fellow like me."

"Happiness! It means anything but that. I was miserable enough before, what shall I do now?"
"Why, readjust your life," he cried, roughly. "Surely you won't hesitate after this?"

But Alaire did not seem to hear him. She was staring out into the night again. "What a failure I must be!" she murmured, finally. "I suppose I should have seen this coming, but—I didn't. And in his house, too! This is a little more than I can stand."

"She held up her hands and stared curiously at the few rings she wore, as if seeing them for the first time. "How does that make you feel?"

"The future there was resolute in his voice when he answered: 'Your husband has sacrificed his claim to you, as everybody knows. To my mind he has lost his rights. As for me, I have decided to live my life as I see fit, and I will take you away from him at any cost. I'll see that he gives you up, somehow. You're all I have.'"

"Of course the law provides for divorce, but you don't understand how I feel about divorce. The mere mention of the word was difficult, and caused Alaire to clench her hands.

"We're both too shaken to talk sensibly now, so let's wait."

"There's something you must understand before we go any further," Dave insisted. "I'm poor; I haven't a thing I can call my own, so I'm not sure I have any right to ask you to stay with me."

"I'm not sure I have any right to ask you to stay with me," she said. "I'm not sure I have any right to ask you to stay with me."

"Money means so little, and it's so easy to be happy without it. Alaire told him. 'But I'm not sure I have any right to ask you to stay with me.'"

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"Please! After I've decided that to do—once I feel that I can control myself better—I'll send for you. But you must promise not to come until then, for you would only make it harder."

At last he took her hand and kissed her wrist, just over her pulse, as if to speed a message to her heart, then into her room he whispered a tender something that thrilled her. His stoic white, motionless, against the dim illumination of the porch until he had gone, and not until the last sound of his motor had died away did she stir. Then she pressed her own lips to the palm he had caressed and walked slowly to her room.

CHAPTER XVI.

The several days following Dave's unexpected call at Las Palmas Alaire spent in a delightful reverie. She had so often wrestled with the question of divorce that she had begun to weary of the idea. She gave up trying at length, and for the time being rested content in the knowledge that she loved and was loved. A week passed while she hugged her thoughts to her breast, and then one evening she rode home to the house that Ed had returned from San Antonio.

But Ed was ill, and he did not appear at dinner. It had been years since either had dared invade the other's privacy, and now, inasmuch as her husband did not send for her, Alaire did not presume to offer her services as nurse. As a matter of fact, she considered this quite unnecessary, for she felt sure that he was either suffering the customary after-effects of a visit to the city or else that he lacked the moral courage to undertake an explanation of his hurried flight from the ranch. In either event she was glad he kept to his room.

When Anita made his appearance, on the day following his return, his bleared eyes, his puffy, pasty cheeks, his shattered nerves, showed plainly

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impulse, and just as Alaire bade him good night, clumsily sought to force an explanation.

"See here," he shot at her. "What's the matter with you today?" He said that he had started her, and that she made an effort to collect her wandering thoughts. "You're about as warm and witty as a stone idol."

"Am I an indifferent to what I have always been?"
"Humph! You haven't been exactly sympathetic at late. Here I come home sick, and you treat me like one of the help. Don't you think I have feelings?"

Jove! I'm lonesome!
Alaire regarded him speculatively, then shook her head as if in answer to some thought.

In an obvious and somewhat too painful effort to be friendly, Ed continued: "Don't let's go on like this, Alaire. You blame me for going away so much, but when I'm home I feel like an interloper. You treat me like a cow-thief."

"I'm sorry. I've tried to be everything about you, but the interloper."

"Nonsense! If we only got along together as well as we seem to from the outside, it wouldn't be bad at all. But you're too severe. You seem to think of me as a man who is not worth the majority. Why, I know lots of fellows who forget themselves and do things they shouldn't, but they don't mean anything by it. They have wives and families to go to when it's all over. But have I? You're as glad to see me as if I had smallpox. Maybe we've made a mess of things, but married life isn't what young girls think it is. A wife must learn to give and to receive."

"I've given. What have I taken?"
He asked him in a voice that quivered.

Ed made an impatient gesture. "Oh, don't be so litigious! I mean that, since we're man and wife, it's up to you to be a little more—broader-gauge in your view."

"In other words, you want me to ignore your conduct. Is that it? I'm afraid we can't argue that, Ed."

"All right; don't let's try to argue it. I'll be guided with what he considered an admirable show of magnanimity. 'I hate arguments, anyhow; I'd much rather have a good-night kiss.'"

But when he stooped over her Alaire held him off and turned her head. "No," she said.

"You haven't kissed me for—"
"I don't wish to kiss you."

"Don't be silly," he insisted. "Come, now, I haven't hit him back strongly, and he says that her face had whitened. Oddly enough, her stubbornness angered him of all reason, and she began a harsh remonstrance. But he halted, then, and said:

"I must tell you something. Ed. It's all over, and has been for a long time. We're going to end it."

"End it?"
"We can't go on living together. Why should we?"

"So? Divorce? Is that it?"
Alaire nodded.

"Well, I'll be d—d!" Ed was dumfounded. "What's the matter sudden?"
He managed to inquire.

"Oh, no. You've suggested more than once."

"I thought you didn't believe in divorces—couldn't stomach 'em? What's happened?"

"I have changed my mind."

"Humph! People don't change their minds in a minute," he cried angrily. "Is there some other man?"

"No! Ed Austin had no faintest idea that his wife would answer in the affirmative, for he had long ago learned to put implicit confidence in her, and her life had been so open that he could not imagine that it held a double interest. Therefore her reply struck him with speechless.

"Yes, Ed," she said quietly. "There is another man."

It was like her not to evade. She had never lied to him.

very bright as she said: "I wonder how I have managed to live with you as long as I have. I know you were weak, nearly so—I was prepared for some thing like this. But I never thought you were a downright criminal until—"

"Criminal? Not!"
"How about that Ozman affair?"

"You can't go much lower, Ed, and you can't keep me here with you."

"I can't keep you, Ed," he growled. "Well, perhaps not. I suppose you've got enough on me to secure a divorce, but I can stir some of your dirty linen. Oh, don't look like that! I mean I! Didn't you spend a night with David Law?"

He leered at her unpleasantly, then followed a step as she drew back. "Don't you touch me," she cried.

A flush was descending Ed's purple cheeks; his voice was peculiarly brutal and throned as he said: "The decree isn't entered yet, and so long as you're Mrs. Austin I have rights. Yes, and I intend to exercise them. You're made me jealous, and—"

He made to encircle her with his arms, and was half successful, but when Alaire felt the heat of his breath in her face, she never knew, for during the instant of their struggle she was blind with indignation and fury. Prodding by her advantage, she dodged past him, fled to her room, and locked herself in.

She heard him muttering profanely; heard him approach her chamber more than once, then retire uncertainly, but she knew him too well to be afraid.

Later that night she wrote two letters—one to Judge Ellsworth, the other to Dave Law.

Joe Sanchez rode to the Morries house feeling some concern over the summons that took him thither. He wondered what could have induced General Longorio to forsake his many important duties in order to make the long trip from Nuevo Pueblo; surely it could be due to no lack of zeal on his (Joe's) part. No! The horse-breaker flattered himself that he had made a very good job, indeed; that he had been Longorio's eyes and ears so far as circumstances permitted. Nor did he feel that he had been lax in making his reports, for through Jose he had written the general several lengthy letters, and just for good measure these two had conjured up sundry imaginary happenings to prove beyond doubt that Senora Austin was miserably unhappy in her husband, and ready to welcome such a dashing lover as Longorio. Therefore Jose could not for the life of his imagination wherein he had been remiss. Nevertheless, he was uneasy, and he knew that nothing had occurred to anger his general.

But Longorio, when he arrived at the meeting-place, was not in a bad humor. Having sent Rosa away on some errand, he turned to Jose with a flashing glance, and said:

"Well, my good friend, the time has come."

Now Jose had no faintest idea what the general was talking about, but to be called the good friend of so illustrious a person was flattering. He nodded deviously.

"Yes, beyond doubt," he agreed. The general laid an affectionate hand upon Jose's shoulder. "The first time I saw you, I said: 'There's a boy after my own heart. I shall learn to love that Jose, and I shall put him in the way of his fortune.' Well, I have not changed my mind, and the time is coming. You are going to help me, and I am going to help you."

Jose Sanchez smiled with elation from head to foot. This promise to be the greatest day of his life, and he felt that he must be dreaming.

"You haven't tired of Rosa, eh? You still wish to marry her?" Longorio was inquiring.

"Yes. But of course I am a poor man."

"Just so. I shall attend to that. Now we come to the object of my visit. Jose, I proposed to make you rich enough in one day so that you can marry."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Sulphur and Rheumatism.
One of England's most distinguished physicians has just reported a valuable piece of information that he learned from a gossip old lady who was addicted to the habit of giving medical advice to her acquaintances, says the Los Angeles Times. "She gave some of this advice to one of the learned physician's patients who was suffering from rheumatism in the hands, suggesting that the patient 'put sulphur in her stockings.' The patient took the advice and the rheumatism in the hands disappeared; also a silver ornament worn on the patient's wrist turned black."

Smaller Sun.
Mrs. Crismonbank—Do you think our baker is temperate?
Mr. Crismonbank—Yes.
"Too bad."

"Well, there is some hope. You know, he is, cutting down the size of his bun now."

SICK WOMAN HAD CRYING SPELLS

Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Enhart, Pa.—"I was all run down and weak inwardly. I had female troubles and nervous feelings and my head bothered me. I would often have crying spells and feel as if I was not safe. If I heard anyone coming I would run and lock the door so they would not see me. I tried several doctors and they did not help me so I said to my mother 'I guess I will have to die as there is no hope for me.' She got me one of your little books and my husband said I should try one bottle. I supposed the man and medicine and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It soon made a change in me and now I am strong and healthy. I am very glad to tell you."

BAUGHMAN, Box 86, Enhart, Pa.

Why will women continue to suffer day in and day out and dream out a sickly, half-hearted existence, missing three-fourths of the joy of living, when they can find health in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?

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