

# WHERE FARMING IS PROFITABLE

The Future of Great Possibilities.

Some idea of the great wealth that the Western Canada farmer had to view a few years ago is now being realized. The amount received from the sale of wheat, oats, barley, flax and rye in 1917 was \$270,000,000, while the sales of live stock at Winnipeg totaled \$40,000,000 additional. Of this sum hog sales alone gave over eleven million dollars. The increases at Calgary and Edmonton were over 94 million dollars.

This money, so easily earned, is being spent in improvements in farm property, purchasing additional land, buying tractors, automobiles, and improving home conditions, providing electric light, steam heat, new furniture, pianos, buying Victory bonds, paying up debt, etc.

Over five hundred tractors were sold in Southern Alberta in 1917. One implement agent reports that the increase in his business in 1917, over that of 1916, was equal to the total business in 1916. It is the same story all over the country. And it is not this evidence alone which proves the advancement and growth of the prairie provinces, but the large increase in the number of settlers; the improvement in the extent of the cultivated areas and agricultural production; the increase in the value of which over 1916 was \$77,000,000.

This wonderful progress that has been made in agriculture in Western Canada is but the beginning which marks the future of the greatest agricultural country on the continent, showing a future of great possibilities. There are millions of acres yet untilled, and of land as good as any that which is now giving its owners a return of from twenty to thirty dollars an acre, figures that in many cases represent the cost of the land, with all cultivation costs included. It is true that the cost of production has increased during the past few years, but the price of the product has also increased to a figure which leaves a large balance to the credit of the producer.

The following table shows how this works out:

	1913	1917
FARM NEEDS.....	in bus. in bus.	
Machinery.....	100	100
Silver blower.....	100	100
Mower.....	100	100
6 H. P. gas engine.....	250	112
Seed drill.....	122	0
Cream separator.....	87	38
Building.....	31	25
Bathroom, sink and toilet.....	300	127
Pressure tank system.....	150	118
Steel shingles, per 100 sq. ft.....	7	4
Lumber per 1,000 ft.....	23	37
Flameless.....	47	12
Bricks, per M.....	10	8
Cement, per 300 lbs.....	25	12
Steel fence, 40 rods.....	15	10
Paint, per 10 gals.....	100	25
Plaster.....	410	215
Clothing and Food.....	31	25
Sugar, per cwt.....	62	40
Cottontseed, per ton.....	50	24
Lined, per ton.....	50	25
Blue serge suit.....	31	25

Percentage increases are shown too in another way, lending to the same conclusion, from consultation of the Department of Labor's review of prices: Taking 100 as the index number of normal production in the year 1913 to 1916, the following table shows the increase in prices of farm products have slightly outdistanced the increases in his needs.

	1913	1916	1917
Grains and fodder.....	130	230	103
Animals and meats.....	170	213	93
Dairy produce.....	145	384	220
Build. materials.....	145	170	220
House furnishings.....	120	183	207
Implement.....	105	130	100

One of the most attractive booklets issued recently is the year book put out by Swift & Company, covering the activities of the big packing concern during the year 1917. Serving as an introduction is the address of the vice president, E. P. Swift, to the stockholders, in which he told of the many high prices paid for live stock in Chicago and of the prices obtained for meat; of the investigation by the federal trade commission, and the increasing by the government of the trading agencies and the limiting of profits on slaughtering and meat packing to 9 percent on money employed. Mr. Swift also told of the office of the 2,800 employees who had done the various branches of the United States service, and concluded with the statement that Swift & Company would do their utmost to help win the war.

An interesting and illuminating section of the booklet is that devoted to statistics of live stock prices and production, and another is given up to telling "the packer's service to producer and consumer." Figures are given, showing that the net profit of the company per head, 1912 to 1916, averaged \$1.22 for cattle, less than 10 cents for sheep and less than 50 cents for hogs. It is explained that the large aggregate profits are due to the immense volume of business done.

The booklet is handsomely illustrated with photographs and color pictures and the cover illustration, made from a photograph of a corn farm in Ohio, is especially attractive.

Cats are color-blind in the daytime.

# Cap'n Warren's Wards

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

(Copyright by D. Appleton & Co.)

## THE CAPTAIN STARTS OUT TO DO A LITTLE INVESTIGATING ON HIS OWN HOOK.

Synopsis.—Atwood Graves, New York lawyer, goes to South Densboro, Cape Cod, to see Captain Eliza Warren. Caught in a terrific storm, while on the way, he meets Cap'n Warren by accident and goes with the latter to his home. The lawyer informs Cap'n Warren that his brother, whom he had not seen for eighteen years, has died and named him as guardian of the two children, Caroline aged twenty, and Stephen, aged nineteen. Cap'n Warren agrees to go to New York and look over the situation before deciding whether he will accept the trust. The captain's arrival in New York causes consternation among his wards and their aristocratic friends.

### CHAPTER V.

#### The Captain Makes a Friend.

FIVE minutes later he was at the street corner inquiring of a policeman "the handiest way to get to Pine streetcar." Following the directions given, he boarded a train at the nearest subway station, emerged at Wall street, inquired once more, located the street he was looking for, and, consulting a pocket watch, stepped from a big stately leather pocketbook, walked on, peering at the numbers of the buildings he passed.

The offices of Sylvester, Kuhn & Graves were on the ground floor of a new and gorgeously appointed skyscraper. When Captain Eliza entered the firm's reception room he was escorted by a wide-awake and extremely well-dressed office boy.

Informed by the none too courteous clerk that none of the firm was in, he left his card, saying he'd return later. Captain Eliza strolled down Pine street, looking about him with interest. It had been years since he visited this locality, and the changes were many. So, however, he began to recognize familiar faces. He was approaching the water front, and there were fewer new buildings. When he reached South street he was thoroughly at home.

The docks were crowded. The river was alive with small craft of all kinds. Steamers and schooners were plenty, but the captain missed the old square riggers, the clipper ships and barques, such as he had sailed in as cabin boy as foremast-hand and later commanded on many seas.

At length, however, he saw four masted sailing ships, the roof of a freight house. They were not schooner riggers, those masters. The yards were set square across, and along with them were the old royal and upper topmasts. Here at last was a craft worth looking at. Captain Eliza crossed the street, hurried past the covered freight house and saw a magnificent great ship lying beside a broad, open wharf. Down the wharf he walked, looking at the cabin boy as foremast-hand and later commanded on many seas.

The wharf was practically deserted. An ancient watchman was dozing in a sort of sentry box, but he did not wake. There was a pile of foreign looking crates and boxes at the farther end of the pier, evidently the last bit of cargo waiting to be carted away. The captain inspected the crates, recognized the goods as Chinese and Japanese, then read the name on the big ship's stern. She was the Empress of the Ocean, and her home port was Liverpool.

Next Captain Eliza looked at the pier over. The number of improvements since his seagoing days was astonishing. He was standing by the wheel, near the compass, when a young fellow, whom he recognized quite plainly that he was a seafaring man by his dress, came and asked him to step on board. He said he was a friend of one of the engineers and would be pleased to show the captain over the ship.

Captain Eliza, delighted with the opportunity, expressed his thanks, and the tour of inspection began. The steward remained on deck, but the captain and his new acquaintance strolled through the officers' quarters together.

"Jersey!" exclaimed the former as he viewed the main cabin. "Say, you could pretty high have a dance here, couldn't you?" A seafaring fellow, this, and he was a friend of one of the engineers and would be pleased to show the captain over the ship.

"I understand," he said, laughing. "I've never been at sea on a long voyage in my life, but I can tell you I've never been so comfortable as I am here. I come of a salt water life. My people were from Belfast, Me., and every man of them went to sea."

"Belfast," they say, "but some A. No."

behind, evidently intending to follow suit. From the looters on the wharf came shouts of encouragement.

"Do the dude up, Pedro! Give him a lesson in the art of the sea!" The trio formed for a rush. The steward, with a shrill scream, fled to the cabin. Pearson did not move. He even smiled. The next moment he was pushed to one side, and Captain Eliza stood at the top of the steps.

"Here!" he said sternly. "What's all this?" The three sailors, astonished at this unexpected addition to their number, stood motionless. Pearson laid his hand on the captain's arm.

"Be careful," he said. "They're dangerous." "Dangerous? Them? I've seen their kind afore. Here, you!" turning to the three below. "What do you mean by this? Put down that knife, you lubber! You want to be put in prison? Over the side with you, you swabs! Git!"

He began descending the ladder. Whether the sailors were merely too surprised to notice or because they respected the authority of the deep sea in Captain Eliza's voice and face is a question. At any rate, as he descended they backed away.

"Mutiny on board a ship of mine?" roared the captain. "What do you mean by it? Why, I'll have you tied up and put on bread and water. Over the side with you! Mutiny on board of me! Live!"

With every order came a stride forward and a correspondingly backward movement on the part of the three. The performance would have been ridiculous if Pearson had not feared that it might become tragic. He was descending the steps to his new acquaintance's aid when there arose a chorus of shouts from the wharf.

"The captain's coming! Look out!" That was the finishing touch. The next moment the three "matineers" were over the side and running as fast as their alcoholic condition would permit down the wharf.

"Well, by George!" exclaimed Pearson. Captain Eliza seemed to be coming out of a dream. He stood still, drew his hand across his forehead and then began to laugh.

"Well," he stammered. "Well, I stumped I—I—Mr. Pearson, I wonder what on earth you mean by this? I declare the sight of that mutiny set me back about twenty years. They—"

"Captain Eliza patted him on the back. "Now, don't you get discouraged," he said. "I used to have an idea that novel writing and picture painting was poetry jobs for men with healthy appetites, but I've changed my mind. I don't know's you'll believe it, but I've just found out for a fact that some painters get \$20,000 for one picture—for one, mind you! As a little mite like me, I can't do a thing that counts scarcely anything to paint. Maybe novels sell for just as much. I don't know."

"His companion laughed heartily. "I'm afraid not, captain," he said. "Few, at any rate. I should be satisfied with considerably less to begin with. Are you living here in town?"

"The captain smiled. "I know it's exactly like, and I'm exactly board. But, say, ain't that the doctor callin' you?"

"That was the steward, and there was an end of his voice. Pearson crossed himself and hurried out of the cabin. Captain Eliza lingered for a final look about. Then he followed leisurely, becoming aware as he reached the open air of loud voices in angry dialogue.

Entrances to the Empress of the Ocean's cabins were on the main deck, and also on the raised half deck at the stern, near the wheel, the binacle and officers' corner boat swiveling in their frames. From this upper deck two flights of steps led down to the main deck below. At the top of one of these flights stood young Pearson cool and alert. Behind him half crouched the Japanese steward, evidently very much frightened. At the foot of the steps were grouped three rough looking men, foreigners and sailors without doubt, and partially intoxicated. The three men were an ugly lot, and they were all yelling and jabbering together in a foreign lingo. As the captain emerged from the passage to the open deck he heard Pearson reply in the same language.

"What's the matter?" he asked. Pearson answered without turning his head. "Drunkens, sailors," he explained. "Part of the crew here. They've been outwined, got full and some lack to square a grudge they seem to have against the steward. I'm telling them they'd better give up and go ashore, if they know when they're well off."

The three fellows by the ladder's foot were consulting together. On the wharf were half a dozen loungers, collected by the prospect of a row.

"If I can hold them off for a few minutes, I'll get them down, I'll be all right. The wharf watchman has gone for the police. Here, drop it! What are you up to?"

One of the sailors had drawn a knife. The other two reached for their belts.

faces of Sylvester, Kuhn & Graves. The clerk who had taken his place was very respectful.

"Captain Warren," he said, "Mr. Sylvester is at the Central club. He wished me to ask if you could conveniently join him there."

"Captain Eliza pondered. "Why, yes," he replied slowly. "I s'pose I could. I don't know why I couldn't. Where is this—club of his?"

"On Fifth avenue, near Fifty-second street. I'll send one of our boys with you if you like."

"I ain't sold I can't say my way. The captain found the Central club, a ponderous institution occupying a becomingly gorgeous building on the avenue. Mr. Sylvester was expecting him, and they dined in the club restaurant.

"Now, Captain Warren, just how much do you know about your late brother's affairs?" asked Mr. Sylvester at the conclusion of the meal.

"Except what Mr. Graves told me, nothing of importance. And, afore we go any further, let me ask a question. 'O' course, why did he make me his executor and guardian and all the rest of it?"

"I do not," Graves drew his will, and, so, of course, we knew of your existence, and your appointment. Your brother spared our mentioning it, but we did not know until after his death that his own children were unaware they had an uncle. It seems strange, doesn't it?"

"It does to me; so strange that I can't see two lengths ahead. I calculate Mr. Graves told you how I felt about it?"

"Yes, that is, he said you were very much surprised."

"That's puttin' it mild enough! And did he tell you that Bile and I hadn't seen each other, or even written, in eighteen years?"

"Yes."

"Um-hm. Well, when you consider that can you wonder I was set all foggy? And the more I think of it the fogger I get. Why, Mr. Sylvester, it's one of them situations that are impossible, that you can prove fifty ways can't happen. And yet, it has—it's a darned fact. Now tell me: Are you or your firm acquainted with my brother's affairs?"

"Not well, no. The late Mr. Warren was a close mouthed man, rather secretive, in fact. Have you questioned the children?"

"Caroline and Steve? Yes, I've questioned 'em more than they think I have, maybe. And they know—well, havin' out about the price of oil paint and the way to dress and that it's more or less of a disgrace to economize on twenty thousand a year, their worldly knowledge ain't too extensive."

"Do you like them?"

"I guess. Just now ain't the fairest time to judge 'em. You see, they're sufferin' from the joyful shock of their country relation droppin' in, and—"

"He paused and rubbed his chin. His line was smiling, but his eyes were not. Sylvester noted their expression and guessed many things.

"They haven't been disagreeable, I hope," he asked.

"No."

"How about the boy?" Mr. Sylvester had met young Warren, and his eyes twinkled as he spoke.

"Steve? Well—there was an answering twinkle in Captain Eliza's eye. "Well, Steve seems to grow, too, though I wouldn't presume to tell him so. When a fellow's undertaken to give advice to one of the keenest men he has to be diplomatic, as you might say."

The lawyer put back his head and laughed uproariously.

The captain decided to accept the guardianship of his brother's children; Sylvester is pleased, if some others are not.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Not One Came Down.

The day was dull, as days can be dull, sometimes only in the trenches. Suddenly, high up in the sky, sailing over the line, was discovered a flock of wild geese. In a moment, rifles were thrust upward from all quarters; even machine guns were requisitioned, while away at the other side of the line, the German, too, was roused to action. But the flock of geese sailed on, their long necks outstretched and their wings leaping and falling in undisturbed rhythm. And never in a moment did they slow down.—Christian Science Monitor.

Record Broken.

The total value of the mineral production of the country in 1916 was \$5,475,000,000, increasing \$1,070,000,000, or 45 per cent over the \$2,303,000,000 recorded for 1915, and exceeding the former record year (1913) by more than \$1,000,000,000, according to a geological survey, a partment of the interior.



Thousands Find Relief

IN THE RELIABLE OLD BANGUARD

## DODD'S Kidney Pills

IN all parts of the country, every day, sufferers from kidney troubles are saying: "Dodd's Kidney Pills have settled me for good. They have the efficacy of this fine old remedy which so many of us have employed with success. You can be free from kidney trouble, if you start immediately in the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills. They are now on hand in the best of the same."

Every Druggist Sells Dodd's and refunds your money if dissatisfied.

WHEN somebody would invent something new to eat you need BEECHAM'S Pills! Even when digestion is good, poisons are formed during its processes that unless eliminated irritate mind as well as body.

## BEECHAM'S PILLS

Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World. Sold everywhere. In boxes, 10c, 25c.



Absolutely Nothing Better than Cuticura for Baby's Tender Skin. Soap 25c. Ointment 25c and 50c.

## FRIENDS ONE COULD SPARE

Most of Us Have at Some Time Suffered at the Hands of Unthinking Persons.

The fellow who buttonholes you, or picks ticks off your car, and maybe whisks a roguish sort of wink, isn't it with the shoulder hither and crazy bone crusher. He doesn't appear to be afraid of your breaking away, but wants to be confidential and intimate.

Then there is the fellow who persists in trying to keep in front of you. He necessarily crowds you to the edge of the sidewalk or to the wall.

His underdressing is the clasp which keeps step with you without being able to get your step. Talking about three steps to your two, he is forever losing the step and forever trying to catch it. When you try to accommodate your step to his you are apt to find him trying to accommodate his step to yours; so that you just miss up your hind legs.

Don't kill 'em. Heaven is just and they get what's coming to them; maybe not as hot as you would serve it, but they'll get it all right.

There are those who persist in talking when we don't want to talk, nor to be talked to. And there are others, notably those who persist in talking when we want to talk ourselves. It is difficult to say which of these is the worse bore.

Some people think they are never talked about because they never hear it.



When Coffee Disagrees There's always a safe and pleasant cup to take its place

## INSTANT POSTUM

is now used regularly by thousands of former coffee drinkers who live better and feel better because of the change.

There's a Reason.