CANADA'S EXCELLENT FINANCIAL STANDING

Bank Clearings Increase—Agriculture Is a Paying Industry—Manufactures Doing Well.

"Business experts assert that Canada is on the threshold of perhaps the most prosperous era in her history. The unprecedented value of the farm products of 1915, together with the very large output of factories working on munitions of war has suddenly brought the country into a position, financially, scarcely hoped for as a nation for years to come. Export surplus of $50,000,000 a month is making Canada very strong in cash."—Extract from official bulletin of February 11, 1916.

The response by the farmers of Canada to the call for increased production in 1915 was a total net output exceeding one billion dollars, an increase over normal years of at least three hundred millions. The three Prairie Provinces contributed probably nearly one-half of the total product.

The wheat crop was worth $310,000,000, and accounted for about 30 per cent of the total agricultural product. Other things counted also. Look at dairying. In Ontario the dairy production was increased 20 per cent, and prices were over 10 per cent ahead of 1914. Other provinces shared in the increase, especially Alberta, Saskatchewan, Quebec and Nova Scotia. The dairy cow was "on the job" in 1915. So also were the beef cattle, the pigs and the hens.

It is not fair to the farmers of the Prairies to call the wheat crop of 1915 a "miracle" crop. The farmers cultivated more land and gave attention to their seed. Providence gave them favorable weather. Then they toiled early and late in the harvesting and threshing. Good cultivation gave bigger yields than careless work, 45 bushels as against 25.

The wealth of Western Canada is by no means all in its wheat crop. If the country had no wheat at all it would still be famous as a land of successful farmers on account of its stock production. From one shipping point (High River, Alberta) over $75,000.00 worth of horses have been sold in the last two months. The average price to the farmer has been about $175.00 per head. According to Government returns there are a million and a half horses in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, worth probably $150,000,000.

The investments which farmers of Western Canada are making in livestock and farm improvements are good evidence of the fact that they have money for these purposes. It is apparent, however, that they are also spending some of their profits on those things which will bring greater comfort and enjoyment to themselves, their wives and their families. The automobile trade all through the country is particularly active, and farmers are the biggest buyers. A recent report of the Saskatoon district shows that in two months a million dollars' worth of automobiles have been sold, largely to farmers. Nor are all of these cars of the cheaper makes; some high-priced machines are in demand.

Bank clearings throughout the Western Provinces show greater commercial activity than at the same season in 1915 or 1914, the increase for the last week of February being $8,000,000 and almost $9,000,000, respectively, for the first week of March $15,000,000 over 1915 and $18,000,000 over 1914. The same excellent story comes from Moose Jaw, Sask., where they showed from 40 to 100 per cent over the previous year. Calgary, Alta., bank clearings continue to reflect the greatly improved business conditions as compared with a year ago. Canada's bank clearings for the month of February, 1916, were the greatest for any February in the country's history. The totals amounted to $664,222,000.00, as compared with $487,296,000.00 for the same month a year ago. An increase of $177,000,000.00 in bank clearings for the month tells its own story of the country's prosperity.—Advertisement.

Human Nature.

"Nobody—hod-dum him!—can stay in my hotel and sneer at our progressive little city!" snarled the landlord of the Petunia Tavern after he had kicked a guest out and hurled his gripsack after him—"He said that about all of the energy displayed by our citizens was in running for office!"

"But," we objected, "we have often heard you declare that this town was the habitat of more crooks, deadbeats, hypocrites, fools and gossips to the square inch than any other hamlet on the face of the earth."

"Yes, and it's so, too!" he returned. "But, by gosh, I live here and am privileged to find as much fault as I like with everything in town, but no stranger has a right to criticize anything!"—Kansas City Star.

Rising Concern.

"So you've invested your money in a new airship company."

"Yes. If our airship goes up, the stock will go up."

"But suppose it doesn't?"

"Then the company will go up."

Two can play at almost any game but one is apt to quit loser.

The IDYL of TWIN FIRES

By WALTER PRICHARD EATON

COPYRIGHT BY DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO.

SYNOPSIS.

—6—

I grow tired of my work as a college instructor and buy a New England farm on sight. I inspect my farm and go to board at Bert Temple's. Bert helps me to hire a carpenter and a farmer. Hard Cider, the carpenter, estimates the repairs and changes necessary on the house. Mike commences plowing. I start to prune the orchard tree. Hard Cider builds bookcases around the twin fireplaces. Mrs. Temple hires Mrs. Pillig for me as a housekeeper, and announces the coming of a new boarder from New York, a half-sick young woman who needs the country air.

City life looks all right from this distance, and it is all right for a while. But after the glamour of hurrying crowds and big buildings and noise and excitement has worn off there isn't any place in the world more tiresome than a city—especially in the springtime when things are beginning to sprout in the country.

CHAPTER VI—Continued.

"Madam," I cried, "God has sent you! I shall get my orchard cleaned up at last!"

"Breakfast!" called Mrs. Bert.

She refused to come down to Twin Fires with me that morning, so I toiled alone, getting out more of the brush from the orchard—all of the small stuff, in fact, which wasn't fit to save for fuel. In the afternoon she consented to come. As I looked at her hands and then at mine, I realized how pale she was.

"It's wrong for anybody to be so pale as that," I thought, "to have to be so pale as that!"

I was beginning to pity her.

When we reached the farm I took her around under the kitchen window and showed her my seedbeds, where the asters were already growing madly, some other varieties were up, and the weeds were busy, too; but in the present uncertainty of my horticultural knowledge I didn't dare pull up anything. I hadn't realized till that moment that half the fun of having a new place is showing it to somebody else and telling how grand it is going to be.

"And where are you going to put these babies when you set them out?" she asked.

"That's just the point," I cried. "I don't know. I want you to help me."

"I shouldn't dare advise you," she smiled.

"Well, let's ask Hiroshige," said I. "Come on."

"Is he your gardener? The name sounds quite un-Hibernian."

I scorned a reply, and we went around to the shed where all my belongings were stored, still unpacked. I got a hammer and opened the box containing pictures, drawing forth my two precious Japanese prints. Then I led Miss Goodwin through the kitchen, in spite of her protests of propriety, through the fragrance of new flooring, into the big south room, where Hard had nearly completed his main work and was getting in the new door frames while his assistants were patching up the floor. She sat down on the new settle, while I climbed on a box and hung the pictures, one over each mantel. Instantly the room assumed to my imagination something of its coming charm. Those two spots of color against the dingy wood panels dressed up the desolation wonderfully. I hastily kicked some shavings and chips into the fireplaces and applied a match.

"The first fires on the twin hearths!" I cried. "In your honor!"

The girl smiled into my face, and did not joke. "That is very nice," she said. Then she rose and put out her hand. "Let me wish Twin Fires always plenty of wood and the happiness which goes with it."

We shook hands, while the fire crackled, and already the spot seemed to me like home. Then she looked up at the prints. "Now," she cried, "how is honorable Hiroshige going to advise you? Here is a blue canal and a lavender sky in the west, and bright scarlet temple doors—and all the rest snow. Lavender and bright scarlet is rather a daring color scheme, isn't it?"

"Not if it's the right scarlet," I replied. "But it's not the color I'm going to copy. Neither is it the moon bridges in this other temple garden. It's the simplicity. Out here south of this room is my lawn and garden. Now I want it to be a real garden, but I don't want it to dwarf the landscape. I don't want it to look as if I'd bought a half acre of Italy and deposited it in the middle of Massachusetts, either. I've never seen a picture of a real Japanese garden yet that didn't look as much like a natural Japanese landscape as a garden. I want my garden to be an extension of my south room which will somehow frame the real landscape beyond."

We went through the glass door, and I showed her where the grape arbor was to be, at the western side of the lawn, and how a lane of hollyhocks would lead to it from the peonies, screening the kitchen windows and the yet-to-be-built hotbeds.

"Now," said I, "I'm going to build a rambler rose trellis along the south; there's your red against the lavender of the far hills at sunset! But how shall the trellis be designed, and where shall the sundial be, and where the flower beds?"

The girl clapped her hands. "Oh, the fun of planning it all out from the beginning!" she cried. "My, but I envy you."

"Please don't envy; advise," said I.

"Oh, I can't. I don't know anything about gardens."

"But you know what you like! People always say that when they are ignorant, don't they?"

"Don't be nasty," she replied, running down the plank from the terrace to the lawn, and walking out to the center. "I'd have the sundial right

I Led Miss Goodwin Through the Kitchen.

in the middle, where it gets all the sun," she said, "because it seems to me a dial ought to be in the natural focus point of the light. Then I'd ring it with flowers, some low, a few fairly tall, all bright colors, or maybe white, and the beds not too regular. Then, right in line with the door, I'd have an arch in the trellis so you could see through into the farm. Oh, I know! I'd have the trellis all arches, with a bigger one in the center, and it would look like a Roman aqueduct of roses!"

"A Roman aqueduct of roses." I repeated, my imagination fired by the picture, "walking across the end of my green lawn, with the farm and the far hills glimpsed beneath! 'Rome's ghost since her decease.' Miss Goodwin, you are a wonder! But can you build it?"

"No," she sighed, "I can only give you the derivation of 'aqueduct' and 'rose.'"

"Come," said I, "we will consult Hard Cider."

"Heavens!" she laughed. "Is that anything like Dutch courage?"

Hard grunted, and came with us to the line of stakes where the rose trellis was to be. I sketched roughly the idea I wanted—a reproduction in simple trellis work, as it were, of High bridge, New York.

Hard pondered a moment, and then departed for the shed, returning with several pieces of trellis lumber, a spade, some tools, a small roll of chicken wire and a stepladder, all on a wheelbarrow. At his direction, I dug a post hole and soon had the first arch of my aqueduct.

"And now," I said to the girl at my side, "shall we see if we can build the next arch?"

Again she clapped her hands delightedly, and ran with me around the house for the tools and lumber.

I let her dig the first post hole, though it was evident that the effort tired her, and then I took the spade away, while she marked off the trellis strips into the proper lengths and sawed them up, placing each strip across the wheelbarrow and holding it in place first with a hand which looked quite inadequate even for that small task, and, when the hand failed, with her foot.

She laughed as she put her foot on the wheelbarrow, hitching her skirt up where it bound her knee. "The new skirts weren't made for carpenters," she said, as she jabbed away with the saw. I darted a glance at the display of trim ankles, and resumed my digging in the post holes. This was a new and disturbing distraction in agricultural toil!

The post holes were soon dug, and while I held the posts, she adjusted the level against them, our hands and faces close together, and we both kicked the dirt in with our feet. Then I climbed on the stepladder and leveled the top piece, which I nailed down. Then, while I was cutting a semicircle out of the wire, for the arch, she nailed the trellis strips across the piers, grasping the hammer halfway up to the head, and frowning earnestly as she tapped with little, short, jabbing blows. She was so intent on this task that I laughed aloud.

"What are you laughing at?" said she.

"You," said I. "You drive a nail as if it were an abstruse problem in differential calculus."

"It is, for me," she answered, quite soberly. "I don't suppose I've driven a dozen nails in my life—only tacks in the plaster to hang pictures on. And it's very important to drive them right, because this is a rose trellis."

"When I first came here," said I, "I was pretty clumsy with my hands, too. I'd lost my technique, as you might say. I remember one afternoon when I was trimming the orchard that I didn't think a single thought beyond the immediate problem each branch presented. And yet it was immensely stimulating. Personally, I believe that the educational value of manual dexterity has only begun to be appreciated."

Miss Goodwin marked off the place for the next strip, and started nailing. At the last blow she relaxed her frown.

"Maybe," she said. "No, probably. But the manual work, it seems to me, has got to be connected up in some way with—well, with higher things. I can't think of a word for it, because my head is so full of the 'hy' group. You, for instance, were sawing your own orchard, and you were working for better fruit, and more beautiful trees, and a lovely home. You saw the work in its higher relations, its relations to the beauty of living."

"And your nails?" I asked.

"I see the aqueduct of roses," she smiled.

"You will see them, I trust," said I. "You shall see them. You must stay till they bloom."

Her brow suddenly clouded, and she shook her head. "I—I shall have to go back to the 'Ts'," she said. "But I shall know the roses are here. You must send me a picture of them."

Somehow I was less enthusiastic over the next arch, but her spirits soon came back, and she sawed the next batch of stripping with greater precision and skill in the use of the saw—and a more reckless show of stocking. "See!" she cried, "how much I'm improving! I didn't splinter any of the ends this time!"

"Fine," said I. "You can tackle the firewood in the orchard soon!"

"Hooray!" cried the girl, as the fourth was finished. "How we are getting on!"

"I could never have done it alone," said I. "You have really been a great help."

"Oh, I hope so!" she exclaimed. "I haven't had so much fun in years."

We looked into the vegetable garden, and saw that Mike had gone, and Joe, too. My watch and the lengthening shadows warned me it was approaching six. Hot and pleasantly tired, we packed up the tools on the barrow, and wheeled them to the shed.

"Now shall we go and hear the hermit?" I asked.

She nodded, and we went down through the orchard, past the pool where the iris buds were already showing a spike of greenish white, through the maples, and into the pines. There we stood, side by side, in the quiet hush of coming sunset, and waited for the fairy horn. A song sparrow was singing out by the road, and the thin, sweet flutings of a Peabody came from the pasture. But the thrush was silent.

"Please sing, Mr. Thrush!" she pleaded, looking at me after she spoke, with a wistful little smile of apology for her foolishness. "I want so to hear him again," she said. "We don't hear thrushes in New York, nor small pine trees, nor feel this sweet, cool silence. Oh, the good pines!"

Just how far will this state of affairs go before Bachelor John forgets himself, takes Stella in his arms, gives her a caveman hug and kiss and rushes her off to the parson to have the knot tied tight?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The KITCHEN CABINET

Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute
What you can do, or think you can,
begin it.
—Goethe

VALUABLE HINTS.

Have you gone through your home this spring putting away many pieces of bric-a-brac, too choice with association to give away, perfectly useless, incongruous things taking up space and causing needless handling to keep in order. If not, do so, for the sake of the comfort of your family. If the things have real value shut them away for a time at least and they will be all the more appreciated when brought out again.

Emerson says, "a lady is serene," doctors tell us that hurry like worry is death to good looks and an enemy to health as well. The people who accomplish the most in the world are those who plan their work with and serenely accomplish it. Did you ever time yourself on a certain piece of work; for example the making and trying of a rule of doughnuts? If so you will know the time needed and will know what to plan for. Of course, there are always the unexpected interruptions which cannot plan on, but it is wise to know the length of time it takes to do certain pieces of work. If mistresses had a better understanding of these things there would be more peace and harmony in the household. The maid who had a two weeks' washing under way should not be asked to prepare a dinner for invited guests. It is such inconsiderate women who are helping to keep the servant problem still unsolved, and are always looking for a servant. If one is possessed with the precious power of concentration, use an alarm clock and set it at the time that the dinner is to be started or the bread put into or taken out of the oven. It takes but an instant to provide this security and it so relieves the mind that the whole attention may be put upon what ever work is at hand.

Tapioca baked with sour apples and served with sugar and cream is another simple and wholesome dessert.

When we learn to keep our sense of proportion, and know that, however, desirable it may be to have the washing out early, a sweet temper, a calm and quiet mind are much more to be desired and vastly more appreciated by the home folks.

An aim in life is the only fortune worth finding; and it is not to be found in foreign lands, but in the heart itself.—R. L. Stevenson.

A man has to live with himself, and he should see that he always has good company.—Chas. Hughes.

OLD-FASHIONED DISHES.

With all the new and fancy dishes that are daily being originated and which we enjoy there are none, no matter how tasty that quite take the place of the things we knew and liked in childhood.

Sally Lunn.—Separate the yolks from the whites of two eggs, beat the yolks, add a tablespoonful of sugar, a tablespoonful of shortening, a cupful of milk, a half teaspoonful of salt, and one and a half cupfuls of flour sifted, with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, beat again and fold in the well-beaten whites of the eggs and bake in three plepans. The mixture should not be more than half an inch thick in each. As soon as they are baked, butter and pile them one on top of the other and send to the table piping hot.

Horseradish Sauce.—Take a cupful of freshly grated horseradish, one teaspoonful of salt, a half teaspoonful of sugar, a dash of cayenne, two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice, mix well and just before serving add a half cupful of whipped cream.

Popovers.—Beat two eggs without separating, add a cupful of milk, and then add this slowly to a cupful of flour mixed with a teaspoonful of salt. Grease very hot gem pans and bake 40 minutes in a hot oven.

Corn Bread.—Beat two eggs very light, add a tablespoonful of sugar, a teaspoonful of salt, a cupful of flour, sifted with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a cupful and a half of sour milk, two tablespoonfuls of softened butter and a half teaspoonful of soda dissolved in the milk. Bake in a well greased dripping pan.

Dumplings.—Take a cupful of milk, add one egg, a little salt and flour, enough to make a stiff mixture; adding two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Drop from a spoon and cook eight minutes without removing the cover. If a teaspoon is used for dropping, eight minutes is sufficient time for cooking.

Raisin Pie.—Grate the rind and chop the pulp of a lemon, add a cupful of raisins, a pinch of salt, a half cupful of molasses, a tablespoonful of butter. Boil together one cupful of sugar (brown) a half cupful of flour and two cupfuls of water five minutes; add the other ingredients and bake in two crusts.

Nellie Maxwell

Look For This Name

Libby's On Packages of Olives and Pickles

—it's a quality mark for exceptionally good table dainties. Our Manzanilla and Queen Olives, plain or stuffed, are from the famous olive groves in Spain.

Libby's Sweet, Sour and Dill Pickles are piquant and firm. Your summer meals and picnic baskets are not complete without them.

Insist on Libby's at your grocer's.

Libby, McNeill & Libby
Chicago

DAISY FLY KILLER

Placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies. Neat, clean, ornamental, convenient, cheap. Lasts all season. Made of metal, can't spill or tip over, will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. All dealers or direct, express paid for $1.00.

HAROLD SOMERS, 150 De Kalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

LURE OF THE GREAT CITY

In Spite of Royal Mandate London Has Always Proved Irresistible to the Rich.

Royal proclamations, which in these days of stress follow fast and follow faster, differ in one important respect Jacobean days; they merely proclaim what the law allows. One of the most curious efforts to secure reform by proclamation of the illegal kind was that made while London was expanding in an a feverish rate and the counties were supposed to be suffering by the desertion of the nobility and gentry, says the London Chronicle.

Proclamations were issued by James I forbidding the erection of new building in the metropolis, and ordering the well-to-do to reside in their country houses for the good of their neighbors and the poor. One of these kingly efforts pointed to "those swarms of gentry, who, through the instigation of their wives, or to new-model and fashion their daughters (who, if they were unmarried, marred their reputations, and, if married, lost them) did neglect their country hospitality, and cumber the city, a general nuisance to the kingdom." In spite of the star chamber, however, and heavy fines (one Sussex gentleman was fined £1,000) the lure of London proved irresistible, and the melancholy prediction of James was realized, "that England will shortly be London, and London England."

Just Suited the Manager.

He was a comedian in a fifth-rate touring company, and even in that he hadn't been a success.

One evening, just before his first cue, he approached the manager.

"I say, I'm afraid I sha'n't be able to appear tonight," he said.

"Why not?" was the angry question.

"Dunno what's the matter, but I feel so funny."

"Then, for goodness' sake go on now!" yelled the manager. "It'll be the first time you've been funny since you joined this gang."

Explained.

"Songs of the sea are always popular."

"Possibly because they are in accord with the whistling buoys."

A miser is known by the money he keeps.

For Pure Goodness

and delicious, snappy flavor no other food-drink equals

POSTUM

Made of wheat and a bit of wholesome molasses, it has the rich snap and tang of high-grade Java coffee, yet contains no harmful elements.

This hot table drink is ideal for children and particularly satisfying to all with whom coffee disagrees.

Postum comes in two forms; The original **Postum Cereal** requires boiling; **Instant Postum** is made in the cup instantly, by adding boiling water.

For a good time at table and better health all 'round, Postum tells its own story.

"There's a Reason"

Sold by Grocers everywhere.