

**"ON EASY STREET"**

Women "Farmerettes" Make Money in Western Canada.

Many Are Taking Advantage of the Opportunity Offered by the Fertile Land and Fine Climate.

In many parts of Western Canada are to be found women owning and running farms for themselves, and what is more, making them pay. May Hazlett, an English girl, who lived on a farm in the Touchwood hills, in Saskatchewan, for the past four years, looking after her stock and cultivating her land, is one of these. The farm was originally her brother's homestead, at which time Miss Hazlett was a stenographer. Her brother was killed while fighting with the Canadian forces at Vimy Ridge. Neighbors, advised Miss Hazlett to sell the farm, but she decided that she was tired of the "eternal pounding" and became a farmerette.

Mrs. Mary J. Blackburn, a pioneer woman farmer of Alberta, has just added 100 acres to her farm near Hardisty. Coming from Eastern Canada, Mrs. Blackburn homesteaded a quarter section in 1902. She had two Holstein heifers, a bull, and \$17 in cash. She lived in a tent the first summer and in a sod shack in the winter. Her first crop put her, as she tells the story, "on Easy Street." In ten years she had a herd of 60 pure-bred Holstein cattle and was operating a prosperous dairy. A fine residence has supplanted the sod hut. "I milked my cows, raised my cattle, cut hay and stacked it all by myself," said Mrs. Blackburn. "I started on bare prairie with no money, and made good. I worked hard, but the experience was wonderful."

It has generally been conceded that farming is a man's job. It has long been considered that a woman's place on the farm was in the house, with a few attendant duties, looking after the chickens and the garden. But times are changing.

Demonstrative of the present feminine initiative, there are two young ladies farming extensively and with good profit too, in Western Canada. Some years ago a family located a 100-acre farm in the Oak Lake district, Manitoba. Later the father died, leaving his two daughters and aged wife a mortgaged quarter section. Instead of selling the effects and moving to town to take employment, the girls decided to work the place.

While the mother looked after the household duties the daughters did the farm work. They did the plowing, harrowing, seeding, haying, harvesting, stocking, feeding and other farm operations. Except at threshing time, the getting out of wood, the help of man was never sought. Instead of a 100-acre place, with seven horses and ten cattle, which they started with, they have a 1,120-acre farm, twenty-five head of heavy horses and nearly a hundred head of cattle, mostly pure-breds. Their farm buildings, equipment and well-kept fields would be objects of pride to the owners in any country.

Their accomplishment has not only been profitable but pleasant, and they have enjoyed every home advantage. They are two entertaining and bright girls, and have all the feminine charm of womanhood. Their manlike occupation has not given them a masculine character or appearance, as some of the older generations might imagine. Their gallant struggle for success signifies the truth in the oft-repeated maxim of Western Canada, "A little assistance and the soil, with its natural richness and God's sunshine will soon pay for the land itself."

If you wish to learn more of what Western Canada can do, write for a copy of "Canada West" which will be mailed to you free by your nearest Canadian government agent.—Advertisement.

**Foolish and Untimely.**

"Mary," said Mrs. Gadder to her maid, "who was that man at the door just now?"

"I don't know, ma'am, whether he was an agent or a preacher. He said he had a message for you from the hereafter and wanted to know if you were thinking about your immortal soul."

"Dear me," exclaimed Mrs. Gadder. "What a foolish question to ask a woman who is packing her trunks for a trip to Palm Beach!"—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

**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. Fletcher*  
In Use for Over 30 Years.  
Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

**Where It Went.**

Jack Spratt could eat no fat; his wife could eat no lean. You see they spent their money for the Jitney's gasoline.—*Fresno, Cal., Republican.*

Dr. Peery's "Dead Shot" not only expels Pin Worms, Round Worms and Tapeworm, but the mucus in the intestines which forms their nesting-places is thoroughly cleaned out also. One dose proves its efficacy.—*Advertisement.*

**Unchecked.**

"How did Teller get his cold?"  
"All the drafts in the bank go through his cage."—*Boston Transcript.*

Poetry of love is transformed into prose when matrimony reaches the paragonic stage.

Smiles being sunshine, frowns are cloudy weather.

**Storm Country Polly**

by Grace Miller White

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**CHAPTER XIII—Continued.**

—15—

"So you're here, young man," he snarled. "Well, muddling in this business won't do you any good. Didn't I tell you yesterday what I intended to do; and you had the nerve to upset my wife about it. You're making yourself the laughing stock of the whole town! Now you'd better go if you don't want to witness a little comedy that'll stick in your memory for many a long day."

The speaker turned to Pollyop. "Where's that boy?" he demanded. Involuntarily Polly looked toward the cot where Wee Jerry lay asleep.

"You mean the baby—Oh, you don't mean Jerry?" she questioned dully. He held out a paper which the squatter girl took as if she had been in a stupor. She held it up, tried to make out what was printed on it, then dropped her hand hopelessly to her side.

With an exclamation of pity, Robert went to her and took the fingers that clutched the paper.

"Polly," he said swiftly, "you'll have to give Jerry up for a little while, just a little while—"

She snatched her hand away, the document fluttering to the floor. In a



Polly Struggled Madly, and the Child Shrieked and Clung to His Side With All the Puny Strength He Had.

moment she had picked up the child from the cot and hugged him to her breast.

"Old Mac ain't come for the baby, has he?" she shrieked, her tone high-pitched and strident. "He's mine, Jerry is. I'm going to keep 'im here till Daddy comes home; so you might as well all scoot."

In the stillness that fell as her voice broke, each man was impressed with the martyrdom she was passing through. Robert had never imagined a person could go so white and still be alive. With an ejaculation, hoarse and defiant, he sprang to her side.

"Polly," he cried. "My God, don't look that way! Listen to me!"

"Can he take the baby?" fell monotonously from her blue lips.

"That's just what he can do, Miss Hopkins," thrust in MacKenzie. "The law says a child can't stay in a place like this. You'd have seen that if you'd taken the pains to read the paper. Put some wraps on the child, Miss!"

Polly stood with Jerry gripped tightly against her; and, frightened, the little boy began to cry.

"I want my Daddy Hopkins, Pollyop," he whimpered brokenly.

Polly looked so dreadful that for a moment MacKenzie was silent. Her eyes had an expression of such hate and deadly determination in their singular brown depths that for a moment he held his breath.

"If you take him," she spoke at last,—"why, d—n you, I'll kill you!"

At first MacKenzie eyed her contemptuously. What did such a girl's threats mean to him? Then he laughed. And that laugh stung the sensitive girl more than if he had struck her.

"You took our Daddy Hopkins," she told him, drooping a little at the telling, "but Jerry—He's my baby, an' I keep him in the shanty till his pappy comes home. You hear, the hull of you, don't you?"

Her eyes were roving from one to another, but her voice lowered on each word, because in the steady gaze of Old Marc and his deputies she saw no relenting.

"I'd rather he'd die," she screamed. "I'd rather he'd be next to Granny Hope in the graveyard!—Get out of here, I say."

The scene was even more nerve-racking than MacKenzie had expected. "Take him away from her, Bowers," he ordered, turning to one of the men. The man spoken to stepped forward in evident unwillingness; but a shout from MacKenzie made him grab for

the child. With one hand the frenzied girl beat at him with all her energy, but he struck down her slim young fingers as if they had been twigs. Thrusting one arm around her, he caught Wee Jerry by the shoulders. But to disengage the boy's clutch from the chestnut curls called forth all the quickness the man possessed. Polly struggled madly, and the child shrieked and clung to his sister with all the puny strength he had.

"Keep away, Percival," snapped MacKenzie, pushing Robert backward. "If you lay one finger on my men, I'll take the girl along to jail."

To save the girl he loved, Robert compelled himself to stand by while the boy was torn bodily from her. He saw one of the men drag a blanket from the bed and throw it around Wee Jerry.

Then he snatched at the girl, but she quickly eluded his grasp. How awfully her eyes glowed, and how her face twitched!

"Get out with him before she cuts up any more," growled Marcus, as Polly bounded forward only to be met by the speaker's outstretched arms.

"If you make another scene, my lady," he rapped out. "I'll have you arrested for obstructing the law. And remember this, huzzy, I'm going to get you next."

His threat against herself meant nothing to Polly Hopkins. But the word "law"! It struck at her brain like a hammer. She suddenly felt as if a tidal wave, strong and relentless, had broken over her. It was the same law taking Jerry that had imprisoned Daddy Hopkins, that had carried away Larry Bishop from his woman. The thought brought her up with a sharp gasp. She did not care what they did with her, but little Jerry, Wee Baby Jerry!

"What you goin' to do with him, mister?" she begged, wringing her hands. "Tell me that! I can't let 'im go till you do!"

She caught at his arm, and the strong brown fingers dug deep into his flesh.

"Look into the paper there and you'll see where I'm going to take him," answered MacKenzie. "Let go of my arm! There!" He wrenched himself free. Then, enraged and with eyes flashing, he shouted, "Get out with the kid, you men, and start off!"

Glad to be gone, the officials stepped into the open, one of them carrying the writhing Jerry. Then Polly Hopkins stood upright in the middle of the shanty, grief, consternation, and then an expression of insanity passing over her face.

Robert Percival was near her, not daring to utter a word; her deep-set agony was too terrible for sympathy. All at once she started forward; and he made a desperate effort to stop her.

"Pollyop," he pleaded. As she raced through the doorway, he called: "Wait—wait—"

In an instant he was outside her, speaking her name softly, imploringly. She paid no heed to him, but flung up her arms. And then she laughed! Marcus MacKenzie was standing beside his horse, and on beyond in the lane a carriage was rolling away, from which came piteous screams from Jerry.

"Pollyop," entreated Robert. But Polly had bounded from him toward the man and the horse.

"I hope," she shrieked at MacKenzie, "I hope your hands'll wither off; I'm wishin' all you love'll die before your eyes, an' every day I'll be askin' Granny Hope's lovin' God to d—n you till you drop rottin' in your grave."

Marcus had halted with his foot in the stirrup. He had heard every word she had uttered; and drops of cold sweat gathered on his brow. Then, with an oath, he vaulted into the saddle, put the spurs to his horse and galloped up the hill after the retreating carriage.

Robert was leaning limply against the side of the shanty when Polly Hopkins turned swiftly back. He spoke to her; and she looked dazedly at him. Then she laughed again, directly into his face; and the young man, almost as distraught as she, tried to take hold of her.

"You scoot, too," she said to him; "get out, an' stay out; an'—an' tell your ily-livered cousin, I say, I hope if she ever has a baby it won't have no eyes to see 'er with, nor no mouth to kiss 'er with—I hope—"

"Oh, God!" groaned Robert. Before he could get back his wits, she had rushed past him into the shack, slammed the door and barred it against him.

For more than two hours Polly Hopkins lay face down on her cot. During that time her loving heart had broken and died within her. She had no longer an incentive to live, no more a desire to look forward to Daddy's home-coming.

When at length she crawled to the floor, all signs of tears had disappeared, leaving the once glowing eyes dull and expressionless. There was no one left to love save the billy goat, and to him she gave no heed.

In her aimless wandering about the shanty she paused before the reproduction of "The Greatest Mother in the World." Polly did not care for her any more either. Deliberately she

took an old coat and hung it carefully over the glorious solemn face. She never wanted to look upon it again—Never—Never!

Then, taking the ax, she went out and, as deliberately as she had hidden from view the picture, so did she back from above the door the welcoming sign.

When it lay at her feet, battered and partly broken, she muttered over the words, "If your heart is loving and kind come right in. If it ain't scoot off."

She had learned her lesson at last. Hearts were not loving and kind, after all. Then, with powerful strokes of the ax, she split the slab in pieces. Unfathomable depths of hate and revenge had swallowed her soul! Polly Hopkins was done with love forever!

**CHAPTER XIV.**

"God-Almighty, Polly brat!" exclaimed Larry Bishop one evening, "what made you come out a night like this, huh?"

The girl went to the stove and in silence extended her hands over its top.

"What's up, Pollyop?" the man demanded again, curiously; dropping into a chair. "You look something awful!"

And so she did! The long-lashed eyes had gathered and held an indefinable expression of hatred. The fair, lovely face knew tender sympathy no more. She was no longer Polly of the Sun. For her that orb had become merely a ball in the sky, hot like the stove and bright like the candle flame, only more so. Nor did the pale winter moon ever catch her dazzling smiles. The winking stars had forgotten weeks ago that once a squatter girl had stolen out nightly to throw upward a kiss, begging them to deliver it to the crucified one there beyond them—the good Jesus who sat on the golden throne and who had sent her the message by Granny Hope that "Love were stronger'n hate any day."

As usual her feet were in Jeremiah's boots, and as usual she wore his coat. Her curls were covered with snow, and as she smiled the dark-faced man she shook drops of water from them. She advanced toward him, choking with emotion. Since Wee Jerry had gone, her hours, spent in planning revenge, had completely exhausted her. She was so tired that when she reached Larry she crouched before him on the floor and turned a pale, beseeching face up to him.

"I've come, Larry Bishop," she began gravely, "to ask you to help me to even up a little with Old Marc."

The squatter's head went up, and a startled expression shot into his fierce eyes. Then he sank lower in his chair, and the fire died out of his countenance.

"Who can get even with that d—n brute?" he muttered after a while. "Squatters can't! We'd all go to Auburn if we muss up him or his'n."

A white young face shined so close to his that Bishop drew back.

"Who cares a d—n about Auburn?" Pollyop exclaimed roughly. "We won't go there till we've tore Old Marc's heart to pieces an' made it hurt like yours does, Larry, like mine does for Jerry an' Daddy Hopkins. Wouldn't you be willin' to spend a few years in jail if you could make him howl an' go allmost mad like me an' you have, Larry?"

Bishop looked beyond her head into a dark corner. It was in that spot he often imagined he saw the wrath of his woman. His unsteady regard mistily, gazing at him with unearthly eyes. Then the pale, unsmiling phantom extended her arms and within them appeared a frail infant.

"God!" burst from his lips like a shot from a gun.

Pollyop glanced backward over her shoulder. But the shudder that ran over him brought her haggard face back to his.

"Ain't your heart hurtin' something awful for your Betty woman an' your brat now, this very minute?" she queried abruptly, as if she, too, had seen the ghastly thing in the corner.

"God, yes!" he shivered, taking firm hold of his chin to hide the tremble of it.

She seized his arm viselike, the grip drawing a groan from the squatter. "An' wouldn't you just love to see Old Marc twist an' squirm like a stepped-on baby snake, huh?" came in one long, sobbing breath.

Again the shifty look of the tortured man came to rest on the gloom beyond. "I'd die for it, so I would, Pollyop," he cried. "Out with what you got in your bean, Polly; an' I'll listen, so help me God!"

Pollyop leaned heavily against him, panting. She was making an effort to tell him her plan. With a swift upward motion of her head, she began to talk in broken tones; and as she proceeded, Larry Bishop raised straighter in his chair.

Polly's voice trailed into silence; and Larry sent one hasty look over her head. The wrath smiled sadly at him and was gone. He shook himself and struggled to his feet. Then a broad, wicked grin spread his lips apart, and he laughed aloud. Pollyop, still on the floor, laughed, too, hysterical sobs catching at her throat, and a desire to

shout forcing her hands to her mouth. Such awful sounds were unusual in the Silent City, where even honest mirth was no longer heard because the men and women scarcely dared breathe for fear an enemy from Ithaca would suddenly appear.

"Glory be to God!" ejaculated the man, hoarsely, "that's the how of it, brat! It'll be a whack for my dead woman, an'—"

"An' a good whack for the Hopkins tribe, too," cried Polly, scrambling up. "It'll be a black Thanksgiving for Old Marc, huh, Larry?—I'm goin' back home now."

She turned to the door, but halted with her hand on the latch.

"You promised I could do it, Larry," she reminded him. "You'll tell Lye Braeger that, too, won't you?"

Sinking limply into his chair, Bishop wiped his wet lips.

"Yep, lass," he assented with a groan. "You can turn the trick; I promise you that."

If Jeremiah Hopkins had seen his girl, his Polly of the Sun, when she went home that night, he would not have recognized her. Her face was crafty, pitiless, and as white as the snow under her feet.

Then she waited stolidly day after day, feeding the billy goat but absentmindedly, asking no questions of Larry or Lye Braeger how soon her idea could be carried out. She believed that they would leave no stone unturned to even up with Marcus MacKenzie.

Early one evening Larry Bishop burst into the Hopkins hut without the formality of a knock. He looked years older than he had but yesterday; and Pollyop got up, locking and interlocking her fingers.

"Well?" she asked from between chattering teeth.

"It's done, by God!" he hissed, almost strangling behind a shaking hand.

"It were most awful, Polly. If I'd stuck a hog in the gizzard, the squealin' couldn't 'a been worse."

The speaker's tones, his half-bent figure, his shifty glances, brought a grunt from the girl.

"An' you're gettin' sorry by the minute, Larry Bishop, I can see that," she returned, giving him a smart rap. "Stand up, Larry man. Once—" A sudden rush of emotion thrust into her throat such an ache that for several seconds she was unable to conclude.

"Once," she repeated, after clearing away the huskiness with a hacking cough, "I thought love were the greatest thing in the world. But it ain't, Larry Bishop, it ain't!"

Bishop fidgeted with his cap, turning it around and around by its brim. When he looked up, the burning glow had died from the depths of his eyes.

"It's a sickenin' thing to see a woman suffer that bad," he muttered. "God, brat!—Nope! Don't say nothin' till I tell you what me an' Lye did!"

At the memory of it, the speaker wiped drops of sweat from his face.

"She bellered about lovin' her ma," droned Bishop, "an' the way she hol-



She Turned to the Door but Halted With Her Hand on the Latch.

tered in my hut for her man was something scandalous."

"Like your Betty died a-howlin' for you, I s'pose, Larry," came back the girl promptly. "An' I been thinkin' all day how Granny Hope tucked your coffin back alongside his mammy in the dead bin. Some awful thinkin', Larry man!"

The squatter's sudden grayness and swallowing hard as if something had stuck in his windpipe was the only evidence he gave that he had heard the cruel words.

"We got 'er just after dark," he continued, woefully. "She's been tied up in my shack ever since."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Nearly half of the Presidents of the United States have been of Scotch descent.

**Buttercup Seeds as Food.**

The seeds of the buttercup are so small that we would scarcely think of them as a source of food for human beings; yet it is said that the Indians formerly gathered them for that purpose. At first thought, collecting them in sufficient quantity would seem like an almost endless task. But after one has seen them growing as thickly as grain—as in the cases above referred to, for instance—the situation takes on a new light.—*Los Angeles Times.*

**How Halifax Got Its Name.**

Halifax, the capital of Nova Scotia, founded by Lord Cornwallis in 1749, is named after the earl of Halifax, the English statesman who served his country in the house of commons and house of lords from 1688 until his death in 1715. In England, the city of Halifax is of considerable importance as a market town.

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The Light That Didn't Fall.

From out of Maryville comes the story of a light that didn't fall. The Tribune reports that when a large negro was taken before a judge charged with the crime of carrying a half-brick concealed about his person, he got off scotfree when he explained that he merely wore it to light his matches on when he wanted to smoke.—*Missouri Notes, Kansas City Times.*

Farmer as "Fighting Man."

The man who would succeed at farming must be a fighter from start to finish. He must fight bugs, and worms, and caterpillars and flies. He must fight loss of time, depreciation of soil, fire, flood, drought and thieves that prey on grain, fruit and vegetables. He must fight greed and graft, wickedness in a thousand forms and the fiercest battles he ever wages are those against self.—*Farm Journal.*

Diamonds Split Asunder.

That diamonds sometimes burst spontaneously is a belief dating back to the Middle Ages, and still widely prevalent, though nobody seems to have actually witnessed this phenomenon. Numerous broken fragments of diamonds are found in the vicinity of the Kimberley diamond mines in South Africa.

Molasses on the Water.

During a hurricane in the West Indies the tank steamship Philip Publicker, carrying molasses in bulk, pumped overboard 280,000 gallons of the liquid to smooth off the seas and break their force. The action of the molasses on the water seemed to have the same effect as oil.—*Ship News.*

Arrangement.

Contrast is a good thing, but we must observe the laws of harmonious contrast, and unless we have space enough to secure these, it is better to be content with unity and simplicity, which are always to be had.—*Leigh Hunt.*

Driven to Extremity.

Kansas Paper—There's a girl in our town wearing a handsome diamond ring and is deathly afraid of burglars. At night when she retires she slips said ring on her little toe for safety.—*Boston Transcript.*

Weakness Too Common.

"Disrespect for the truth," said Uncle Eben, "often comes from lack of sense. A parrot keeps on saying what comes into his head simply because he's too lazy to learn anything new."