

GATHER IN WHEAT

Farmers of Western Canada Re-
joice at Harvest.

Largest Crop in the History of the
Fertile Provinces May Be Con-
sidered Assured.

Reports of Western Canada's wheat crop, which may be considered fairly accurate, as they are made at the end of the season, when the crop is fully harvested, would indicate a yield of between 350,000,000 and 370,000,000 bushels from a total acreage of 21,471,000. This is the greatest yield in the history of the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. This immense yield has already been harvested through the combined energies of all public bodies—railways and governments. It required the assistance, outside of the locally employed, of upward of 40,000 men. These were brought into the country from the East, the West and the South, by railroads, and rushed forward at express speed, to be placed in the different districts, under the direction of officials who were kept advised daily, by wire, of the needs.

As a result of this combined effort the largest wheat crop in the history of the West was successfully harvested. The threshing reports show that almost universally, in every section of the country, the grain graded high. In very few places did rain interfere with stacking. The province of Manitoba was the first to complete threshing, very few fields being left at the time of writing.

Portions of Saskatchewan that had suffered from drought for the past two or three years reaped a crop that largely made up for past disappointments.

In Alberta there was a strange condition. In the central district, always noted for its heavy yields, there was considerable of a falling off. Instead of the 35 and 40 bushel yields the average ran from 10 to 12, while in southern portions, where drought had affected the country for some time past, there were exceptionally high yields.

Reports of individual yields in different portions of the three provinces lead to the impression that when threshing returns are in there will be found to have been a much better crop than at present seems possible. Some of these returns give individual farmers as getting as high as 45 bushels others 35, and so on, while in some districts, where in early August not more than 8 or 10 bushels might be looked for, 15 and 18 bushels are recorded, the improvement having been brought about by rains that worked marvels in the appearance of the crop. And then, too, instead of the head carrying four rows, most of them carried six rows, and filled to the top, which, to those who know, means at least fifty per cent more.

The rye crop of all Western Canada is exceptionally good; the oats generally good and barley fair. The weather at the time of writing is threatening for a rainy spell, which may interfere with threshing, and prolong it somewhat.

Most of the newcomers from the States have excellent crops. During August, the trains to Western Canada carried hundreds of capitalists and others interested in Western Canada land, going up to take care of the crop that they had arranged to have put in on the land they owned. Very few of them will be disappointed.—Advertisement.

Dubious Compliment.

Wife—Whenever I sing the dog howls.

Hub—The instinct of imitation, my dear.—Boston Evening Transcript.

Important to All Women Readers of This Paper

Thousands upon thousands of women have kidney or bladder trouble and never suspect it.

Women's complaints often prove to be nothing else but kidney trouble, or the result of kidney or bladder disease.

If the kidneys are not in a healthy condition, they may cause the other organs to become diseased.

You may suffer pain in the back, headache and loss of ambition.

Poor health makes you nervous, irritable and maybe despondent; it makes any one so.

But hundreds of women claim that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, by restoring health to the kidneys, proved to be just the remedy needed to overcome such conditions.

Many send for a sample bottle to see what Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder medicine, will do for them.

Let a man go hunting and fishing a few times and get nothing and he will quit.

Dr. Peery's "Dead Shot" is the only vermifuge which operates promptly after one dose, and removes Worms and Tapeworms as well as the mucus in which they lodge and breed, without the need of castor oil. One cost, one dose, one effect. 372 Pearl St., New York City.—Advertisement.

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YOUR EYES Granulated, use Murine often. Soothes, Refreshes. Safe for Infant or Adult. At All Druggists. Write for Free Eye Book. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

THE BIG MUSKEG

By
VICTOR ROUSSEAU

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CHAPTER XVIII—Continued.

"Makot yourself easy," he said sullenly. "I hadn't any hand in it. I don't know what happened, but I guess she didn't go to the camp against her will, Mrs. Bostock," he leered. "Maybe she'd taken a fancy to Lee Chambers. I saw something of that sort in the wind, and so I hadn't started to carry out our plan."

"Our plan?" gasped Kitty.

"The one that we agreed on, to keep her away from Will Caruthers," said Bowyer venomously.

He expected an outburst, but Kitty was beyond that now. "You know that I've come about Will," she said in a choking voice. "I don't know what to do. Nobody but you can help me. What shall I do?"

Bowyer pretended to reflect. "I don't quite see what I can do, Mrs. Bostock," he answered. "I don't believe he's guilty."

"Of course, he isn't guilty!"

"I've always said he isn't. But he'll have to take his verdict from the jury. What is there we can do?"

Kitty looked at him in consternation. "The safe!" she gasped. "That's what—"

"But that has nothing to do with Joe's death, Mrs. Bostock."

She sprang to her feet, confronting him with dramatic indignation. "You know that it has everything!" she cried. "You're playing with me and torturing me. Do you suppose I don't know what they're saying about him—that he forged Joe's name to those checks and murdered him to prevent discovery? Do you suppose I don't know that, when I gave you the combination, just to help Will, that you put those checks there? Let me tell the truth on the witness stand!" she pleaded, standing before him with clasped hands, and the tears raining down her cheeks.

"Tell the truth? You must be mad!" he shouted.

"If the jury knew that, they'd acquit him. It could be arranged. I'd say I gave the combination to Lee Chambers—"

Again Bowyer began to be afraid of Kitty; but this time it was her stupidity he feared. And he saw that this was the occasion to let loose one of his habituated rages. He seized her hands in his, one in each, and twisted them until she screamed with the pain.

"Let's understand each other, Kitty Bostock!" he hissed in a furious voice. "I'll take up your proposition and show you what it means. Listen! First, you'll break your solemn covenant with me. Dishonest, you think? The sort that's made between people every day. I've played fair with you. And you'll play fair with me, or you'll lose your fortune—every penny of it. That's first."

"Second, so surely as you go into the witness-box with such a story I'll say you lie. I'll say he was your lover. I'll say that he killed Joe at your instigation because you wanted to be rid of him. I'll say that you went to Big Muskeg and lived there, almost next door to him. I'll bring forward a workman who saw you two together, kissing on the swamp one evening. I'll swear it's a concocted story made up by you to free your paramour. What sort of figure do you think you'll cut in the witness-box then, Kitty Bostock?"

Bowyer had calculated rightly. Upon a woman like Kitty, petted and spoiled from birth, the astounding fact of physical violence comes as a stunning shock that breaks down the soul's resistance. It is only on repetition that the reaction comes.

And Bowyer calculated rightly again. "Kitty Bostock," he said gently, "I promise you that he shall be freed. I have the means, the influence, the power. I know he didn't murder Joe. Keep your head, and all shall be well. I swear it. Do you believe me?"

She looked at him as if he had hypnotized her. "Yes, I believe you," she answered.

"So surely as you speak one word, he'll hang. Keep quiet, and he shall be saved. Promise me you'll say nothing!"

"Oh, I'll say nothing," wailed Kitty, wringing her hands. "I promise you, I see. Yes, I understand now."

And she went out of the house with her head low, dubious, and yet with the sure conviction that Bowyer could save Wilton. Bowyer could save him, but nobody else could do so. She would trust him, because there was nobody else to trust.

Between the house and the station, Kitty grew conscious of an old man walking beside her, trying to speak to her. Absorbed in her thoughts, she did not know how long he had been there. Suddenly she realized that this was Jim Betts.

She shrank back aghast, looking at him with eyes wide with fear. Jim nodded and smiled.

"It's all right; don't be afraid of me, Mrs. Bostock," he said. "You're mighty worried about Will, ain't you now. I guess we all are. Won't you go to Mr. Payne and tell him what you know?"

They had reached the station. The train for Clayton was waiting. Jim followed Kitty into the compartment and took his seat beside her.

"Tom Bowyer swore he'd save him if—"

"If—" questioned Jim.

"If I kept silent. But I'll speak. I will. I never trusted him. Mr. Bowyer told me I couldn't hold the line, and I wanted to save the money to help Will. He promised that when the smash came he'd take the shares off my hands at par if I'd give him the combination of the safe, so that he could find out about the plans. I gave it to him. The safe was mine—and I was trying to help Will. And I told Tom Bowyer the secret of the wheat lands, so that he'd know he wasn't losing anything by buying my shares."

She let her head fall against Jim's shoulder, sobbing uncontrollably. Jim laid his rough hand on her hair.

"There, child, I guess you feel better now, don't you?" he said. "You didn't understand the wrong that you were doing. That's the way wrong's generally done. And now we'll go to Mr. Payne and fix things up for Will."

CHAPTER XIX

The Closing of the Trap.

Payne was struggling with his perplexities about a month before the date set for the trial when Jim Betts and Kitty came to his office. Kitty sobbed out her story, while Payne listened in utter amazement.

"Why did you do this, Mrs. Bostock?" he asked, when he had heard her to the end.

"Because I love Will and wanted to help him," she answered.

"You are willing to tell this story in the witness-box just as you've told it to me?"

"I will!" cried Kitty. "If it will save Will—if it's needed to save him."

As the day of the trial drew nearer Payne knew Will's case was desperate. Public opinion was inflamed against him, and Bowyer's skillful campaign had borne rich fruits.

Without animus, but in the resolve to clear his own reputation for laxity, Quinn had worked up the case until each link appeared complete. Ander-



She Let Her Head Fall Against Jim's Shoulder, Sobbing Uncontrollably.

sen, who followed the Indian witnesses, testified reluctantly that he had overheard Wilton request the pseudo policeman to delay their journey to Clayton, as he did not wish Joe Bostock's death to be known, for business reasons, until some time later.

There followed Papillon and Jean Passepartout, who stated that they had been told by the outlaw, Hackett, that Wilton had murdered Joe Bostock. Having already come to the same opinion, and being afraid of having the guilt laid to them, they had decided to run away.

Suddenly there came a buzz of excitement in the court room. All eyes were turned toward the crown attorney, at whose side stood Bowyer himself; and it was evidently the intention of the prosecution to call him to the stand.

Payne's eyes, attracted upward suddenly, saw Kitty in her widow's black, seated in the front row of the gallery, her eyes fixed in terror upon the newcomer. And, as if drawn by the force of her will, Bowyer looked up, and Payne saw the flicker of a smile cross his red, vulpine countenance.

Bowyer, called, deposed that he had known Joe Bostock intimately for several years. They had always been friendly, though often business rivals.

"When did you first learn of his death?" asked the crown attorney.

"Not for several days after."

"But you met the accused at the Hudson's Bay company's store at Big Muskeg a few days after the event?"

"Two days after."

"What did he say to you about the tragedy?"

"He told me Joe Bostock was not with him."

"And he said nothing about his death?"

"No. I knew nothing about it for two or three days after that."

"Was his demeanor that of a guilty man?"

Payne leaped to his feet. "I object to that question!" he shouted. But Bowyer was already answering:

"He looked like a man mad with fear."

As he spoke he glanced upward. There came a scream from the gallery, and Kitty fell back, fainting in her chair.

The court adjourned until the morning. Payne went to his client almost immediately.

"What do you make of it all?" asked Wilton gravely.

"It looks bad," answered Payne. "I was a fool to hide Joe's death. Inquire for Kitty when you go back and try to let me know how she is, won't you? And tell her not to worry. Tell her I'm going to pull out triumphantly, for the sake of the line," said Wilton.

Payne left him with the resolve to put Kitty upon the stand. He did not tell Wilton this. He would have avoided this had it been possible. But it was the only chance remaining. The jury might believe her.

Suddenly there leaped into Payne's mind the overwhelming conviction that Bowyer was at the back of the murder. Nothing else could explain his vindictiveness. He learned that Kitty was recovering, and, before returning to inform Wilton, he had the impulse to go to Jim Betts' quarters. He wanted to see the only man who still believed in Wilton's innocence.

At Betts' home he was told that the old man had left Clayton two weeks before, and had not yet returned.

Payne made his way slowly back to the jail. He had to uphold his faith alone—his faith in an acquittal. It was the hardest job he had ever had in his life.

CHAPTER XX

The Guilty Man!

The inquest on the bodies of Hackett and Lee Chambers had established the fact, ascertained by a search-party on the day after the fire, that there were no human remains under the charred timbers of the camp. Notwithstanding this, when the attempts made to trace McDonald and his daughter failed, it was generally believed that they had been lured there by the outlaws, and had either died in the flames or had been murdered and their bodies disposed of.

Jim Betts had nothing more substantial than anyone else on which to base his search. He was resolved to free Wilton, and, having failed with Kitty, he determined to discover the other woman who, he felt sure, had been mixed up in Wilton's life—if she still lived.

Jim Betts built up the theory that Wilton had arrived at the camp too late to save the girl from Bowyer, and that, half-crazed, she had fled with her father into the wilderness. He went to the fishing camp and spent a day prowling among the ruins, but he learned nothing there. Then he went to the store. It was still empty, for a new trading post was being established northward, and the company had not replaced the factor, perhaps would not do so. Betts broke in.

Everything was as it had been on the night of the fire. But Betts quickly discovered that someone had been there since. For in the dust that covered the floor of Molly's bedroom were the faint imprint of feet. A woman's foot!

That was all the clue Betts got, but it satisfied him. He cast about him, northward and eastward, going into every Indian encampment and talking with the inhabitants. But it was a week before he got his second clue.

Molly and her father left Wilton beside the road and crept stealthily into the undergrowth. When they were a sufficient distance from the camp they made a wide detour, crossed the road, and took the trail back toward the portage, encountering nobody on the way.

There the factor got \$500, and made up a pack of food sufficient for two weeks' journey. They put on their snowshoes and started eastward.

Molly had noticed that the factor's paralysis had completely left him. She said nothing to him about it, however, fearing to bring it to his attention. They traveled for eight days. On the eighth McDonald showed signs of weakness; he had overtaken his strength.

They were following an Indian track that led to a little Moravian mission, twelve miles farther on. When they reached it at nightfall, McDonald was in a raging fever and half-delirious.

The brother-in-charge welcomed them; he put the factor to bed and nursed him assiduously through a sharp attack of pleurisy. McDonald, in his delirium raved incessantly. All the ghosts of the past tortured him. Night after night he raved, while Molly tended him in his anguish. But at last the delirium left him, and conscience, screaming into the sick man's soul, could no more pass the seal upon his lips.

He was in a fever to be gone. He wanted his rifle; he cleaned and oiled it. He asked for his snowshoes, and began examining the strings. As Molly gave them to him she suddenly perceived that one of the strings was broken. And there flashed into her mind the memory of her discovery beside the portage on that day when she saved Wilton.

She would not let the dark thought in her heart come into consciousness. But she kneeled at the factor's side, her arms around him. "What is troubling you?" she pleaded. "Tell me."

McDonald was shaking like an aspen. "It's naething, lass!" he babbled. "If I've repaid, it's for wrong that was done me and mine."

"What have you done? Whom have you repaid? You must tell me."

He clutched at her. "I warned him what would be if he came between me and mine. And when he sent Will Caruthers to steal you from me—for he was at the back of that—I shot him."

"Whom?"

Molly's gray eyes searched into his soul.

"Joe Bostock!"

After a long time Molly took the factor's hands in hers. "We'll go on," she said in a hard voice. "Thank God, no innocent man has been suspected, I'll stay with you. I'll never speak of this again. But if ever the guilt is unjustly placed on anyone, you will go back to Clayton and confess the truth, or I'll denounce you."

"Aye, I'll go back, Molly," he cried. "No man shall hang for me. I swear it—if I'll stay by me till then, Molly."

She left him, and, with a singular clarity of mind, as if there were nothing more to fear or hope, and no room for further feeling, she went to the door and looked out across the snow-bound wilderness.

She saw a figure tramping through the snow toward the mission. And thus Jim Betts found her.

CHAPTER XXI

A Dramatic Moment.

The second day of Wilton's trial was occupied by the handwriting experts—gentlemen brought to Clayton at fat fees, who unanimously testified that the signature on the transfer was genuine, and those on the checks forged.

On the third day the defense opened, and Payne called Kitty, resolutely ignoring alike Wilton's signals, and the crown lawyer's satisfaction, and Bowyer's vulpine smile.

"The defendant was a friend of your husband?" he asked.

"My husband's greatest friend," she answered.

"He brought his body back to Clayton under great difficulties, although his arm was broken?"

"Yes."

"What was his attitude toward you and the Missatibi company?"

"He wanted me to help him fight to hold it for me, on Joe's account."

"And he asked you to come to Big Muskeg to live?"

"He tried to stop me. It was my suggestion, because I wanted to follow the work."

Payne shot a fleeting glance at the jury. They were watching Kitty with unchanged faces; but there was no disbelief on them.

"At the portage you met Mr. Bowyer one evening, I believe?"

"Yes."

"Tell us the conversation that ensued."

"I caught him trying to embrace Miss McDonald. He told me that he loved her, and would win her from Will Caruthers. He taunted me with being in love with Will. I was. I am!"

She drew herself up proudly and flung out the words with indescribable energy. The whole court was electrified by her words and manner. It staggered Payne. It was one of the worst things she could have said. He did not dare glance at the jury.

"What was the nature of the bargain that Mr. Bowyer offered?" continued the lawyer.

"He said he would win Miss McDonald and get her out of my way if I would help him gain control of the Missatibi. And he asked me to give him the combination of the safe, so that he could examine some papers there. He said it was my safe, and I controlled the line, so that I would be doing no wrong."

"What answer did you make?"

"I gave him the combination," answered Kitty in a low voice.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Lacking in Consideration. As long as the grass in a Chicago public park is healthy and green the citizens seem to look upon it as some sort of garden and keep off of it, as the signs command them. When it begins to die out, however, their respect for it instantly vanishes.

A man in a hurry started one day to cut across a yellow patch in the upper park, but was stopped by a policeman.

"What difference does it make?" demanded the citizen. "The grass is half dead already."

"Sure," said the indignant officer. "If ye had a sick friend, would ye be walkin' on his stomach?"—Harper's Magazine.

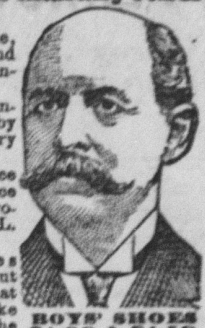
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Speak Up, Tom.

"Why is it," asks a rural exchange, "that a chicken makes two scratches with one foot and one scratch with the other and then reverses the feet next time?" There's one for Mr. Edson to answer.—Boston Transcript.

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