

THE GREAT WESTERN CANADA CONTINUES TO WIN

The 1915 Yield of Grain Keeps Western Canada to the Front.

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Most of this wheat will grade No. 1 northern, and better, and with present prices the condition of the farmer is to be envied. Many individual yields are reported, and verified, and they are almost beyond belief, but they go to show that under the careful system of agriculture that produced these yields Western Canada would have far exceeded a 300,000,000 production of wheat in 1915 had the system been universal.

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It speaks well for our Canadian cattle raisers that they can produce stock good enough to top the Chicago market against strong competition, there being over 4,000 range cattle on sale that day.

It is one thing to produce crops such as are referred to, and another to get them to market. The facilities of Western Canada are excellent. The railway companies, of which there are three, the Canadian Pacific, the Canadian Northern and the Grand Trunk Pacific, have the mark of efficiency stamped upon all their work.

Besides the main trunk lines of these systems, which extend from ocean to ocean, there are branch lines and laterals, feeders which enter into remote parts of the farming districts, and give to the farmer immediate access to the world's grain markets.

The elevator capacity of the country is something enormous, and if the figures can be digested, the full extent of the grain producing powers of Western Canada may be realized. The total elevator capacity is about 170,000,000 bushels, or nearly one-half of the entire wheat production of the Dominion in 1915.

Of this large storage facilities the country elevators number 2,500, with a capacity of 95,000,000 bushels.—Advertisement.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. BELLERS, Acting Director of Sunday School Course of Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)

LESSON FOR NOVEMBER 21

JONAH A MISSIONARY TO NINEVEH.

LESSON TEXT—Jonah 3:1-10. GOLDEN TEXT—Go ye therefore, and make disciples of all nations, baptizing them into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I command you; and lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.—Matt. 28:19, 20 R. V.

The story of Jonah is one of the most famous and most interesting in the Bible. In former series of lessons more extended use has been made of the book giving time to discuss its historicity and other questions involved. This time only one reference is used and that for the purpose of its missionary teaching. We accept the record of the book literally because similar facts are recorded in profane history but chiefly because of the testimony and the usage made of it by Jesus (see Matt. 12:40; 16:4 and Luke 11:30).

I. The Prophet Preaching, vv. 1-4. Jonah "paid the fare" (1:3) and "out of the depths" (Pa. 130:1) God delivered him that he might fulfill his God-appointed task. Even so the nation of Israel is today crying from out of the depths of its woe among the nations and will certainly be "delivered" when the king comes, that it may take its rightful place and fulfill its God-appointed tasks. It is a wonderful testimony of God's grace (vii) that God's word came to Jonah a "second time." Once he ran from God's command but God is the God of the gospel of a "second chance" and a third if only we repent and do his commands, but God does not give a "second chance" to the unrepentant (Num. 14:40-45). Verse two explicitly sets forth the message Jonah is to deliver even so we are to proclaim the Gospel (see I Cor. 15:14) not the speculations of men nor the subtleties of philosophy. The messenger of God will find his message in the word of God and will declare it. It is the word which reveals God's love, his plan of salvation, and the destiny of the saints. "By the foolishness of preaching" men will be saved. The word "preach" literally means "to cry out" or "call out" and implies that earnestness and insistence needful for a true advocate or witness of God. But the power is not in us; it is not the word of God mingled with the oratory of men, or with such added to the word. The Bible is the soul winner and wealthy could not atone for its wickedness; its greatness only aggravated its condition. Jonah did not spend any time to acquaint himself with conditions or to do slight-seeing but cried, "yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be overthrown." When he explicitly and minutely obeyed and delivered God's message he at once aroused and arrested the attention of the city. He did not attempt to present "credentials," nor explain or defend his message. He did not seek to harmonize it with "current thought" nor give it a "modern expression." He was blunt and without compromise but gave an opportunity for repentance. It is such preaching that always wins (see Isa. 51:1; Luke 1:37). Warning and an opportunity for repentance usually precede the judgments of God (Luke 13:8-9). Jonah appealed to fear as we must at times and declaring the whole counsel of God his message was effective (Jer. 1:17; Acts 20:27).

II. The People Penitent, vv. 5-10. Nineveh paid immediate heed to the man who did not sin over God's warning. Had the city continued in sin, it had not been delivered. Nineveh did four things and as a result they were saved: (1) They believed, "believed God" (v. 5). All true repentance is conditioned upon accepting God at his word (John 13:20). (2) They gave such evidence by humbling themselves in the sight of God from the king upon the throne to "even the least." There was no apparent attempt to qualify or to evade God's decree, but rather to accept it and by taking a proper place in his sight he delivered from the penalty of their just deserts. (3) They prayed (v. 5, cf. 5:7). Their prayer was intense. The kind of prayer that counts with God must also count upon God, and God is slow to anger, and pitiless in mercy" (Neh. 9:17). Prayer that is effective is: (a) grounded upon the word of God (for forsakes sin and obeys the will of God, James 1:22; 2:17). (4) They made sacrifice (v. 8). More humiliation and prayer does not effect a remedy unless there is a more clement judgment executed upon sin. The essence of repentance is to turn away from sin. (Isa. 55:7). God saw "their works" that they turned from their "evil way" (v. 10), not ways, and he did not execute the threatened judgment upon the city. God did not change. He hated their sin and would surely have executed his penalty, but they changed, hence their deliverance.

Their changed attitude was acceptable to him. Did Jonah fall in his mission? No! for God's predictions of ruin are not absolute and unconditional (Jer. 18:7-10). Chapter four is the record of Jonah's petulance and of God's loving-kindness. Nineveh continued for nearly 200 years subsequently but it was then so completely destroyed that for nearly 2,000 years its location was unknown and disputed though now yielding a rich harvest for the archeologist and the student.

Can a nation be stirred today? For answer witness Mott and Eddy in China. In 14 of China's chief cities during three months of 1913, 7,000,000 leaders of that nation were stirred.

Value of Expert Testimony. The value of insanity experts and handwriting specialists grows of less and less value the more they are used in the courts. If a man doesn't demonstrate mental incapacity to the extent that it is observable to the judge and the jury there isn't much use to attempt to prove him crazy by expert testimony. The old Quaker who said, "They are all crazy except thee and me and thee are a little queer" spoke a near truth.

No Italian Anthem. Musicians will doubtless wish to add an Italian national anthem to their repertoire. They cannot find it. Italy has many patriotic songs, as the "Royal March" and "Garibaldi's Hymn," but no recognized national anthem, though the last-named song has almost come to the supremacy. In this respect Italy is at the same disadvantage as Turkey. After the revolution the Young Turks offered a prize for a national anthem, but so far the poet of patriotism has not come forward to claim it.

Not in the Geography. Bobby heard his mother tell his father that her mother, who was ill, was in a comatose state and she must go to her at once. Bobby immediately set out for his geography and looked diligently for some time through it, but he brought it to his father and said, "Father, I can't find the state of comatose in here. Will you go with me?"

Deaths on the Highway. An order for 400 locomotives looks big on its surface. The allies, particularly Russia, have been buying locomotives by the hundreds and many orders have been placed in this country. Americans are apt to run to the conclusion that each locomotive so ordered is of the American standard, a monster costing about \$25,000. A rail road man said recently that it would be a fairer estimate if every locomotive order placed by the allies were divided by five.

"I mean," he said, "that one big American locomotive is equal to about five of the foreign locomotives. Some of the foreign orders call for trench locomotives, little dinkies of the Coney Island type. They are just little playthings compared with our tractors. They might better be called steam trucks, but locomotives' sounds better."—New York Times.

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you, Lieutenant, this murder of Harwood is more than an army matter. It was either the culmination of a feud done for personal revenge—or else the major had papers in his possession bearing on the situation here that could only be gained over his dead body. The man who killed him was old Ned Cowan.

"But Harwood must have known him," I protested. "Of course he did; they were neighbors before the war and met there by appointment. For all I know the major may have had some confidential communication from the war department. God knows what it was. All I am sure about is that I would give a good deal to be out of this fight now and twenty miles to the north of here."

We sat there for half an hour discussing the matter and endeavoring to convince ourselves the danger was less than we imagined. There was nothing to be done but wait for daylight. Finally Fox crept forth again to make another round of the pickets, to assure himself they were alert, and before he returned I had fallen asleep.

The chill of the night awoke me, cold and shivering. The wind had arisen and swept down the funnel in which I lay with an icy breath against which my single blanket afforded no protection. The man who had been lying next me was gone, and so there must have been a change of guard while I slept. I could distinguish, dimly outlined against the sky, the overhanging rock-wall which enclosed our camp, and the deeper shade of a cleft a yard or two to my left, where the dead trunk of a tree stood like a gaunt, ugly sentinel.

As I lay staring the figure of a man slipped out from behind its protection and, dropping on hands and knees, crept forward across the open space. Another and another followed, mere ghostlike shadows, scarcely appearing real. For the instant I doubted my eyesight, I imagined I dreamed. Then, before I could raise voice in alarm, a rifle spat viciously, the red flame of its discharge cleaving the night. A fusillade followed and in the flare I caught grotesque glimpses of men leaping forward, and there was a confused yelling of voices, a din of noise.

I was upon my knees, revolver in hand, but in the melee below could not distinguish friend from foe—like they were a blur of figures, one in instant visible, the next obscured. Yet there could be no doubt as to the final ending of the struggle. Taken by surprise, outnumbered, the little squad of troopers would be crushed, annihilated. Nor was there reason why I should sacrifice myself in their defense—a valueless sacrifice. My choice was instantly made, as there flashed by my mind what my fate would be if I ever fell into Cowan's hands attired in Federal uniform.

On hands and knees I crept to the cleft in the rock wall and began to clamber up over the irregular rocks. The shouts and yells, the cries for mercy, the sound of blows, grew fainter and finally ceased altogether. Looking back and looking down I could perceive nothing in the black void. A voice shouted an order, but it sounded far off and indistinct. I was in a narrow gully, the incline less steep there amid the rocks below, and could perceive the lighter canopy of the sky not far above me.

As I crept out into the open space someone touched a match to a pile of dry limbs in the cove below, and the red flames leaped high, revealing the scene. I caught a glimpse of it—staring down as though I clung at the mouth of hell, seeing moving black figures, and the dark, motionless shadows of dead men. The one glimpse was enough, the fearful tragedy of it smiting me like a blow, and I turned and ran, stumbling over the rough ground, my only thought that of escape.



And began to Clamber Up Over the Irregular Rocks.

mailed undestroyed was, after all, not so strange, for the major's standing throughout that section would protect his property.

I moved on down the steep descent, losing sight of the house as the road twisted about the hill, although memory of it did not desert my mind. Some odd inclination seemed to impel me to turn aside and study the situation there more closely. Possibly some key to the mystery of Harwood's murder—some connection between him and old Ned Cowan—might be revealed in a search of the deserted home. Fox had said that his party halted at the house on their march east toward Hot Springs. Some scrap of paper might have been left behind to yield me a clue. If not this, then there might be other papers stored there relating to military affairs in this section of value to the Confederacy. Harwood was the undoubted leader of the Union sympathizers throughout the entire region; he would have lists of names and memoranda of meetings, containing information which would help me greatly in my quest. An exploration could not be a matter of any great danger, and might yield me the very knowledge I sought.

The great house loomed before me black and silent. If I had ever questioned its description its appearance lulled every such suspicion. Nor had it escaped unscathed from the depredation of war. At a distance, gazing from the side of the mountain, I could perceive no change. But now, close at hand, even the intense darkness could not hide the scars left by vandals. The front steps were broken, the door

These Locomotive Orders. An order for 400 locomotives looks big on its surface. The allies, particularly Russia, have been buying locomotives by the hundreds and many orders have been placed in this country. Americans are apt to run to the conclusion that each locomotive so ordered is of the American standard, a monster costing about \$25,000. A rail road man said recently that it would be a fairer estimate if every locomotive order placed by the allies were divided by five.

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CHAPTER V. The Night Attack.

The incidents of that ride do not reappear in any special clearness. We rode steadily, keeping our eyes on the road, and our hands on the reins. The night was dark, and the moon was hidden behind a thick layer of clouds. We were traveling through a narrow, winding path, and the darkness was oppressive.

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NOT GIVING ANYTHING AWAY

Miser Could Not Understand Why He Should Not Get Paid for Rats Bred on His Property.

Gov. Mearns Alexander of Idaho was condemning at the governors' conference in Boston, a particularly mean trust.

"This trust's methods," he said, "remind me of old Sam Bemia, the miser. Sam's warehouse was overrun with rats, and he hired a rat catcher to clean them out. The rat catcher got to work early one morning, and late in the afternoon presented himself before the old man with a triumphant air. An enormous bag of dead rats on his back.

"Well, Mr. Bemia," he said, "I've cleaned your place of rats according to contract, and you won't have to bother about the dead corpses, either, for I'm taking them all away with me. Look-a-here!"

"The rat catcher lowered the bag from his shoulder, opened it, and displayed a huge mass of dead rodents. "The bill, Mr. Bemia," he added, "is \$2.25."

"H'm, yes, \$2.25," he said. "But don't I get anything for the rats?"

To Protect Her Chest. Rev. Horace Leonard, continuing his campaign against cosmetic in Washington, said at an informal luncheon: "A young husband at the shore noted that in dressing for dinner the other evening his wife had chosen a very décolleté gown.

"There's a dampish sea wind blowing," he grumbled. "Don't you think you'd better put something on your chest?"

"I've powdered it twice, dear," she answered. "Still, if you don't mind waiting, I suppose I might add another coat."

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