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## Big Yield of Potatoes.

A most remarkable record of potato production has been reported from a plot of little more than half an acre on the farm of Mr. Graybill, just a mile west of Commerce, near Lethbridge, Alberta. These were Gold Coin potatoes and non-irrigated, and the small plot yielded 12 tons and 300 pounds. One potato weighed 63 oz. or three pounds 15 ounces, and there were over 200 potatoes which weighed between two and three pounds each.

### All for Naught.

Willie returned very proudly from his first day at school, and his father asked him what he had been taught.

He replied—"Teacher taught us how to say 'Yes, ma'am and 'No, sir.' "

"Is that so?"

"Yep!"


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## The Magic Carpet.

"There is neither marvel nor magic
Here in our Western world,
Where hurrying wheels are whirled,
And folk rush to and fro"?
Ah, that, my friend, were tragic
If true—but it is not true!
See—I will show to you
A wonder that I know!

Come to one quiet corner
Of the dusty city park
This autumn day, and mark
That which shall make a cound
Believer or a scorner—
This maple, gnarled and old,
That with its red and gold
Has spread the frosty ground.

Here on its spendthrift glory
Trustful I fling me down—
Lo, swift the clanging town
Is left behind, forlorn,
Just as in Eastern story!
High over field and wood
I sweep, in exultant mood,
On my Magic Carpet borne!

Oh, vanished Land of Childhood!
In an instant's flashing space
I have reached that marvelous place!
I am on the leaf-bright floor
Of my old-time autumn wildwood!
The gold and the scarlet gleam,
And the long years seem but a dream,
A misty dream—no more!

Glad playmates all around me!
We gather the leaves so fast,
Each lovelier than the last—
Presto! All vanished—all!
But oh, blest Magic that found me!
It shall bear me again and again
Far from the haunts of men,
When the leaves of the maple fall!

—Minnie Leona Upton.

## Hunting Germs With Airplanes.

Hunting germs with airplanes is the latest sport of the Royal Canadian Air Force. It is a sport which promises to be very profitable to the farmers of Canada and the United States.

Ever since the close of the war the Royal Canadian Air Force has been employed in peaceful services of an outstanding character. Patrolling thousands of square miles of forest, mapping by photography the rich mineral lands of northern Canada, and now hunting germs.

The hunt is being conducted as part of the effort being made by the Canadian Government to stamp out the disease of rust in wheat. In connection with the Dominion Rust Research Laboratory at Manitoba Agricultural College investigations are being made by the Air Service as to the existence of rust spore in the atmosphere. By means of devises for the purpose the planes have succeeded in trapping spores at an altitude as high as 5,000 feet, and sometimes at distances more than 300 miles from the nearest wheat-growing area.

The Canadian Department of Agriculture has already succeeded in producing early ripening varieties of wheat which have forced the wheat line further and further north until Canada has become the greatest wheat exporting country in the world. It is believed that means will also be found to stamp out rust, and farmers of the whole continent will be placed under a further debt to scientific research.

Minard's Liniment for Sore Back.

## Has Been Successful in Alberta.

R. M. Bacon, of Fort Saskatchewan, Alberta, who came from Harlan, Iowa, 11 years ago and took up a quarter section of land in the district of which he is living, now owns 800 acres. His wheat crop has averaged since he began to farm in Alberta, from 40 to 50 bushels to the acre, and his oats from 80 to 100 bushels on the average. Mr. Bacon states that the taxes are much lower in Alberta than in Iowa, and he estimates that in the past eleven years the value of his original investment has quadrupled. He says that he finds the climate in Alberta not quite so hot in the summer nor so cold in the winter as in Iowa, and he considers that Alberta, particularly the central part, a good district for anyone from Iowa to farm in and if a settler will work hard his success will be assured. He has found the educational and social advantages particularly good.

### Pot Calls Kettle Black.

"Isn't it strange how some people try to get along without tools? Why, those new neighbors of mine haven't a lawn mower, hose, stepladder, or even a saw."

"How do you know they haven't?"

"Because the day after they moved in I tried to morrow them."

# That Foreigner at Lathrop's

BY ROSE WILDER LANE.

PART II.

They drove away in her car, and after she had fed him one of her famous Sunday dinners—"Acting as if he was some nabob or other!" Mandy Simmons said—they went walking together. Julie Morton and Jeff Rogers met them just after sunset, coming down the woods road. Mrs. Lathrop had a bunch of violets in her hands and almost blushed when she met Julie's eyes.

Bill Morton was profoundly disturbed, perhaps feeling himself somehow responsible. He had told the fellow how valuable the Lathrop farm was. But he was hardly more disturbed than the rest of Green Valley. A few tried to dismiss the matter by saying there is no fool like an old fool, and no accounting for women. But almost everybody really cared for Mrs. Lathrop. They remembered how hard she had worked all her life, getting together that good home for her old age, and how kind she had been to them in times of trouble and sickness, and they said it was a shame; something should be done about it.

Still, what could be done? Nobody had the courage to warn her, and nothing could be learned about the man. Once or twice he let his bill run at the Stillwater House, but just as it seemed that he might be put out for not paying it, he came in with the money.

And the rush of spring had come upon Green Valley, so that between dawn and dark there was hardly time for man or woman to draw a free breath, they were so driven by work. Only the foreigner had nothing to do. Tired men, stopping to breathe their horses at the end of rows, looked up and saw him leaning idly on a fence, looking off across country, or walking down the road, bareheaded and whistling.

When he was near enough he always shouted a greeting and often tried to start a conversation, but the farmers cut that short with a chirp to their horses. At night they told their womenfolks about it. The women said that nowadays he was just about a free boarder at Mrs. Lathrop's. Mandy Simmons said that after supper they sat on the front porch till all hours, he talking about Mexico and other foreign places. Or sometimes they walked down the orchard lane in the moonlight. If it had been anybody but Ellie Lathrop, people would have begun to talk about her. As it was, Mandy Simmons wouldn't put it past her to up and marry him.

When she heard that, Mrs. John Hanafield made up her mind. Ellie Lathrop had been like a sister to her in her own trouble, and she wasn't going to stand by and do nothing to save her now. She put on her hat and went up to the Lathrop place. It was a warm May afternoon. The apple trees were in bloom, and the big white house gleamed in the sunshine. The lilacs were out, and wistaria hung in heavy clusters all along the porches.

Mrs. Hanafield went around to the side porch, stepping carefully among a flock of yellow chicks, while the hen clucked frantically to call them away from her black skirts. Hearing the hen, Ellie Lathrop came to the screen door. Her hands were floury; she was in the kitchen, making Parker House rolls for supper.

Mrs. Hanafield did not waste any time. As soon as she was settled in a chair by the kitchen table she said, "Ellie, I've come to talk to you. I think it's time somebody should, and you ought to know you haven't a truer friend than I am."

Ellie Lathrop went on cutting out rounds of dough. "Yes, I know that," she said. Mrs. Hanafield looked at her, and hardly knew how to go on. Suddenly she felt like crying. She began to plait the edge of her handkerchief in her lap.

"Ellie," she said, "I've made up my mind to tell you—you don't know, nobody ever knew, how I felt about—him. How he talked and everything, and what happened; why he went away like he did."

She was talking, Ellie Lathrop knew, about the man she had married after John Hanafield died. Everybody in Green Valley had said at the time that she was a fool, marrying a man two or three years younger than she was, who only wanted her for her money. They had been married only five weeks when he went away and she had been a deserted wife ever since. But people still called her Mrs. John Hanafield, as if to pretend that they had forgotten.

"Ellie," she said, "I never knew anybody talk like he did. It was like poetry. About moonlight and flowers and—me." In spite of herself she began to cry. "I'm a silly old fool, I know," she sobbed. "But oh, Ellie, I was so tired of always being sensible! I couldn't help it. Seemed like——"

"Yes, I know,' Ellie Lathrop said, resting her hands on the edge of the dough board and looking straight ahead of her out of the window.

"John was a good man. He worked hard and never was mean to me," Mrs. Hanafield said tremulously. "It wasn't that I didn't appreciate him, Ellie. I always did. Only—I—g-guess I was always kind of silly, maybe." She wiped her eyes and blew her nose.

"That's how he got around me the way he did," she went on, speaking of that other man. "Oh, Ellie, I don't want it to happen to you."

Ellie Lathrop began taking up the rolls, folding them and tucking them into the baking pan. Her lips looked as pinched as the edges of the dough. Mrs. Hanafield did not know what she was thinking.

"Please don't be mad at me," she pleaded. "I made up my mind to tell you, Ellie. I never told anybody what he did," she went on desperately. "When we were five weeks married we went uptown to see Henry Kennedy at the bank. We were going to take a trip to California. He said he was expecting a lot of money."

She tried to look at Ellie Lathrop again, but couldn't lift her eyes above those hands, busy with the rolls. "His money didn't come, and I—we—he thought just a little mortgage on the farm—till it come—so I left him at the bank to fix it up.

"When I came back Henry Kennedy called me in and talked to me. Henry Kennedy talked to him, and Ellie, he—he said he didn't care what interest he paid just so he got the money. He said he'd give a thousand dollars interest if the bank would lend him three thousand on the farm.

"Then Henry told him he was a crook and he wouldn't lend him a cent. That's what happened, Ellie. That's what he tried to do to me. When Henry Kennedy told him that, he just went out and took the car and drove out to the farm. And when I got there he was gone and he'd even taken mother's pearl pin."

Mrs. Hanafield pressed her handkerchief hard against her lips.

"Please don't be mad at me, Ellie," she said again. "Only when I think how you——"

"I'm not mad at you, Mary," Ellie Lathrop said. "I'm glad you told me." Ellie's face was mottled red and white. "I—I guess were all fools, us women," she said then and shut her lips tight.

"Jim was the same way—like your John," she went on. "Seems like they think, after they get a woman, all she wants is a good home. All they think about is more cows and more land. Seems like there ought to be more to living than that," she said, her voice shaking, and she put her arms around Mrs. Hanafield.

But after a while, when they'd both washed their eyes in cold water and Mrs. Hanafield was leaving, Ellie Lathrop said, "I don't blame you a mite, Mary. Maybe John thought he was a good provider, but he wasn't. If he'd've left you something to remember besides hard work and money in the bank you'd never've listened to that other man. But good men haven't much sense that way, I guess. I guess it's only the rascals that—that know how to get around a woman. Moonlight!" she said, as if the word was mud.

Thinking it over, Mrs. Hanafield felt that she had acted for the best, and she was sure of it when she saw that Mendoza man hurrying toward town about six o'clock. She hoped Ellie Lathrop was rid of him for good and all.

Mandy Simmons had met him at the door when he came, barring his way with her broad figure. "Mrs. Lathrop says to say she's sorry, but she's sick abed and can't see anybody," Mandy said.

"What is the matter? What does the doctor say?" said Mr. Mendoza, very much agitated, and he took a step nearer, but Mandy did not budge an inch. "It is not possible!" he said again. "She—so radiant, so——"

"All I know is, she was lying down upstairs when I came back from my sister's this afternoon, and the kitchen full of smoke and the bread burned to cinders in the oven," said Mandy, "and she said——"

"But surely you have called the doctor?" Mr. Mendoza interrupted, and seeing Mandy's surprise he continued rapidly, "I will go at once and get him. I will——"

"My good-ness!" Mandy exclaimed in exasperation. "She don't need a doctor any more than a cat needs two tails. All she needs is to be let alone."

Mr. Mendoza bit at the edge of his mustache. After a moment he said, "Please, will you give her my very sincere respects? I regret very much—I— hope she will recover soon."

He went away, and Mandy, watching behind the parlor curtains, saw him turn and look back at the place several times. She did not say anything to Mrs. Lathrop, knowing that she must have heard the whole conversation through the bedroom window upstairs. Nor did she say anything to the hired men. She was saving the news to tell her sister as soon as ever the dishes were washed.

(To be concluded.)

### Outside of That—

"My boy, why are you not in school to-day?"

"My mother needs me at home today, besides, this is a holiday, besides school hasn't started yet besides I'm not old enough to go to school."

Minard's Liniment for Colds.

## Looking at Pictures.

Among the most pathetic figures in the world must be counted the men and women who may be seen in any picture-gallery slowly circumambulating the four walls with eyes fixed upon catalogue or guide-book, only looking up at intervals to insure that they are standing before the right picture . . Again and again they find themselves looking at famous pictures without seeing them. They are conscious that some wonderful power lies hidden there, but they do not know the charmed word to release it. They feel sure they should be interested; at the same time they know they are bored. . . . They do indeed deeply honor the names of the great masters upon the picture-frames; some slight acquaintance with them inspires reverence and respect, but where it goes beyond this it is for the most part undiscriminating and unreasoning hero-worship.

We long to feel at home in a collection of pictures, instead of lost in a strange world and out of touch with its inhabitants. . . . And indeed here is no book written, or ever to be written, which will suddenly transform the industrious and well-intentioned reader into the just and experienced critic. The art of seeing pictures is not contained in rules or formulae. Books alone can no more teach how to see pictures than how to paint them.

The are many . . . points of view to consider in looking at pictures, which need only to be suggested to appeal at once to the spectator. They in their turn suggest others. The standpoint widens, and the spirit of criticism is awakened. Pictures which before

we have passed
Perhaps a hundred times, nor cared to see,

acquire an interest, a fascination for us that is in the nature of a revelation. Our purely intellectual pleasure in the puzzles and problems of pictoral art, its historical and archaeological sides, grows to be of the keenest. Wholly distinct from these our aesthetic delight in the beauties of form and color increases with each new discovery. Enjoyment follows hard upon understanding. Every branch of the graphic arts gains a special and peculiar interest. A collection becomes the meeting place of familiar friends and faces. With experience and knowledge, each picture falls into its place in the mind, is associated with others, suggests comparisons and parallels and a sense of the essential unity of pictorial art. A feeling of mastery over a whole world of beautiful forms and colors takes the place of impotent and vexatious uncertainty. . . .

It is the wholehearted enjoyment which comes with growing powers of appreciation that gives painting, and indeed all art, its fascination for most of us. Sympathy and whatever of the artist there may be in each of us enables us to read something of our own into the most perfect picture ever painted, something of which even the painter never dreamed.—Robert Clermont Witt, in 'How to Look at Pictures."

## Industries in Manitoba.

J. E. Walsh, General Manager of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, recently completed a survey of the industries in the Prairie Provinces, and statistics included in the survey show that in 1910 Manitoba had 439 factories with a turn-over of $53,000,000, while in 1924 the same province had 768 factories with a turn-over of more than $102,000,000. Mr. Walsh pointed out that other Western provinces had shown corresponding gains and mentioned that the manufacturing industry in Canada is moving westward.

## Sugar Factory Finishes Season.

The sugar factory at Raymond, Alberta, has finished business for this season, with a total delivery of about 36,000 tons of beets. About $150,000 has been paid out to the farmers for beets. About 100,000 bags of sugar have been made, with 12,000 tons of pulp available for stock feeding.


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## English Discard Waffle, Return to Bacon, Eggs

London has voted against the American waffle. Just about a year ago a great firm of caterers put the crisp and toothsome American concoction on their menus. Maple sprup, so-called, was imported to pour on the waffles.

For a few months they were popular. Then the demand dwindled and finally disappeared. The caterers attempted to revive interest in the waning waffle, even tried putting an egg in the batter, but staid old London held aloof.

The caterers say the explanation is that eating is a serious business with the English. Bacon and eggs, beef and boiled potatoes stick to the ribs in cold weather. Waffles may satisfy American appetites, but they scarcely arouse English curiosity as food.

## Farm Workers to Get Three Acres and Cow

The possibility of becoming the owner of a home with enough land to grow vegetables and keep a cow, pigs and poultry, is opened to every agricultural worker in Britain by a Government measure on "Small Holdings and Allotments" now before the House of Commons.

Cottage holdings — comprising a dwelling house and not more than three acres of agricultural land which can be cultivated by the occupier and his family—are to be sold to the occupiers in consideration of the payment of an annuity equal to the "full fair rent" for a period of 60 years, as in the case of small holdings. None but bona fide agricultural workers or persons employed in a rural industry will be qualified to become purchasers of cottage holdings.

## Wendy, Who Is Eight.

Silent and still, she lies.
The light is burning low.
Her face a cameo, and her eyes
Seek in the dusk to know
If down the passage dimly hidden
One should come, whom she has bidden.
She feels me kneel, and softly joys
To find it is no other;
Then pats me gently with her hand,
Mothering me—her mother.

—Carine M. Perkin.

### The Hairless Brother.

A little girl was regarding with critical eye her newly arrived baby brother. The proud father, who was decidedly bald and hated any reference to the fact, was also gazing on his son and heir.

"What a pity my tiny brother hasn't got any hair," said the little girl.

"It'll grow beautifully later on," replied the nurse.

"But hasn't Daddy's been a dreadfully long time starting!" exclaimed the little maid.


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