The Turmoil

By

BOOTH TARKINGTON

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SYNOPSIS.

Sheridan's attempt to make a business man of his son Bibbs by starting him in the machine shop ends in Bibbs going to a sanitarium, a nervous wreck. On his return Bibbs finds himself an inconsiderable and unconsidered figure in the "New House" of the Sheridans. The Vertresses, old town family next door and impoverished, call on the Sheridans, newly-rich, and Mary afterward puts into words her parents' unspoken wish that she marry one of the Sheridan boys. At the Sheridan housewarming banquet Sheridan spreads himself. Mary frankly encourages Jim Sheridan's attentions. Mary shocks her mother by talking of Jim as a matrimonial possibility. Jim tells Mary Bibbs is not a romantic—"just queer." He proposes to Mary, who half accepts him. Sheridan tells Bibbs he must go back to the machine shop as soon as he is strong enough, in spite of Bibbs' plea to be allowed to write. Edith, Bibbs' sister, and Sibyl, Roscoe Sheridan's wife, quarrel over Bobby Lamhorn; Sibyl goes to Mary for help to keep Lamhorn from marrying Edith, and Mary leaves her in the room alone.

For all his resistless energy and confidence, Sheridan is about to receive a great blow. Bibbs shows to better advantage in the crisis than you'd believe he could. It is a question, now, whether the old man will recognize his "weak" son's power and give him something better to do than working in the factory.

CHAPTER X—Continued.

He expanded this theme once more; and thus he continued to entertain the stranger throughout the long drive. Darkness had fallen before they reached the city on their return, and it was after five when Sheridan allowed Herr Favre to descend at the door of his hotel, where boys were shrieking extra editions of the evening paper.

"Now, good night, Mr. Farver," said Sheridan, leaning from the car to shake hands with his guest. "Don't forget I'm goin' to come around and take you up to— Go on away, boy!"

A newsboy had thrust himself almost between them, yelling: "Extry! Secon' Extry. Extry, all about the horrable accident. Extry!"

"Get out!" laughed Sheridan. "Who wants to read about accidents? Get out!"

The boy moved away philosophically. "Extry! Extry!" he shrilled. "Three men killed! Extry! Millionaire killed! Two other men killed! Extry! Extry!"

"Don't forget, Mr. Farver." Sheridan completed his interrupted farewells. "I'll come by to take you up to our house for dinner. I'll be here for you about half-past five tomorrow afternoon. Hope you 'njoyed the drive as much as I have. Good night—good night!" He leaned back, speaking to the chauffeur. "Now you can take me around to the Central City barber shop, boy. I want to get a shave 'fore I go up home."

"Extry! Extry!" screamed the newsboys, zigzagging among the crowds like bats in the dusk. "Extry! All about the horrable accident! Extry!" It struck Sheridan that the papers sent out too many "extras;" they printed "extras" for all sorts of petty crimes and casualties. It was a mistake, he decided, critically. Crying "Wolf!" too often wouldn't sell the goods; it was bad business. The papers would "make more in the long run," he was sure, if they published an "extra" only when something of real importance happened.

"Extry! All about the hor'ble ax'nt! Extry!" a boy squawked under his nose, as he descended from the car.

"Go on away!" said Sheridan gruffly, though he smiled. He liked to see

"Now Good Night, Mr. Farver."

the youngsters working so noisily to get on in the world.

But as he crossed the pavement to the brilliant glass doors of the barber shop, a second newsboy grasped the arm of the one who had thus cried his wares.

"Say, Yallern," said this second, hoarse with awe, "I'n't chew know who that is?"

"Who?"

"It's Sheridan!"

"Jessis!" cried the first, staring insanely.

At about the same hour, four times a week—Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday—Sheridan stopped at this shop to be shaved by the head barber. The barbers were negroes, he was their great man, and it was their habit to give him a "reception," his entrance being always the signal for a flurry of jocular hospitality, followed by general excesses of briskness and gayety. But it was not so this evening.

The shop was crowded. Copies of the "extra" were being read by men waiting and by men in the latter stages of treatment. "Extras" lay upon vacant seats and showed from the pockets of hanging coats.

There was a loud chatter between the practitioners and their recumbent patients, a vocal charivari which stopped abruptly as Sheridan opened the door. His name seemed to fizz in the air like the last sputtering of a firework; the barbers stopped shaving and clipping; lathered men turned their prostrate heads to stare, and there was a moment of amazing silence in the shop.

The head barber, nearest the door, stood like a barber in a tableau. His left hand held stretched between thumb and forefinger an elastic section of his helpless customer's cheek, while his right hand hung poised above it, the razor motionless. And then, roused from trance by the door's closing, he accepted the fact of Sheridan's presence. The barber remembered that there are no circumstances in life—or just after it—under which a man does not need to be shaved.

He stepped forward, profoundly grave. "I be through with this man in the chair one minute, Mist' Sheridan," he said, in a hushed voice. "Yessuh." And of a solemn negro youth who stood by, gazing stupidly, "You goin' resign?" he demanded in a fierce undertone. "You goin' take Mist' Sheridan's coat?" He sent an angry look round the shop, and the barbers, taking his meaning, averted their eyes and fell to work, the murmur of subdued conversation buzzing from chair to chair.

"You sit down one minute, Mist' Sheridan," said the head barber gently. "I fix nice chair fo' you to wait in."

"Never mind," said Sheridan. "Go on get through with your man."

"Yessuh." And he went quickly back to his chair on tiptoe, followed by Sheridan's puzzled gaze.

Something had gone wrong in the shop, evidently. Sheridan did not know what to make of it. Ordinarily he would have shouted a hilarious demand for the meaning of the mystery, but an inexplicable silence had been imposed upon him by the hush that fell upon his entrance and by the odd look every man in the shop had bent upon him.

Vaguely disquieted, he walked to one of the seats in the rear of the shop and looked down the two lines of barbers, catching quickly shifted, flirtive glances here and there. He made this brief survey after wondering if one of the barbers had died suddenly that day, or the night before; but there was no vacancy in either line.

The seat next to him was unoccupied, but someone had left a copy of the "extra" there, and, frowning, he picked it up and glanced at it. The first of the swollen display lines had little meaning to him:

Fatally Faulty. New process roof collapses hurling capitalist to death with inventor. Seven escape when crash comes. Death claims—

Thus far had he read when a thin hand fell upon the paper, covering the print from his eyes, and, looking up, he saw Bibbs standing before him, pale and gentle, immeasurably compassionate.

"I've come for you, father," said Bibbs. "Here's the boy with your coat and hat. Put them on and come home."

And even then Sheridan did not understand. So secure was he in the strength and bigness of everything that was his, he did not know what calamity had befallen him. But he was frightened.

Without a word, he followed Bibbs heavily out through the still shop, but as they reached the pavement he stopped short and, grasping his son's sleeve with shaking fingers, swung him round so that they stood face to face.

"What—what—" His mouth could not do him the service he asked of it, he was so frightened.

"Extry!" screamed a newsboy straight in his face. "Young North side millionaire insuntly killed! Extry!"

"Not—Jim!" said Sheridan.

Bibbs caught his father's hand in his own.

"And you come to tell me that?"

Sheridan did not know what he said. But in those first words and in the first anguish of the big, stricken face Bibbs understood the unuttered cry of accusation:

"Why wasn't it you?"

CHAPTER XI.

Standing in the black group under gaunt trees at the cemetery, three days later, Bibbs unwillingly let an old, old thought become definite in his mind—the sickly brother had buried the strong brother, and Bibbs wondered how many million times that had happened since men first made a word to name the sons of one mother. Almost literally he had buried his strong brother, for Sheridan had gone to pieces when he saw his dead son. He had nothing to help him meet the shock, neither definite religion nor philosophy; definite or indefinite, he could only beat his forehead and bear over and over, to be killed with an ax, while his wife was helpless except to entreat him not to "take on," herself adding a continuous lamentation.

Edith, weeping, made truce with Sibyl and saw to it that the mourning garments were beyond criticism. Roscoe was dazed, and he shirked, justifying himself curiously by saying he "never had any experience in such matters." So it was Bibbs, the stay-at-home, who became, during that dreadful little time, the master of the house; for as strange a thing as that, sometimes, may be the result of a death.

"Dust to dust," said the minister, under the gaunt trees; and at that Sheridan shook convulsively from head to foot. All of the black group shivered except Bibbs. He had been close upon dust himself for a long, long time, and the machine shop, if he had to go back to it, would probably bring him closer still. To Bibbs' knowledge, no one and nothing had ever prevented his father from carrying through his plans. He had the gift of terrible persistence, and with unfecked confidence that his way was the only way, he would hold to that way of "making a man" of Bibbs, who understood very well, in his passive and impersonal fashion, that it was a way which might make, not a man, but dust of him. But he had no shudder for the thought.

The truth about Bibbs was in the poem which Edith had adopted. But he had not bidden his feelings about his father where they could not be found. He was strange to his father, but his father was not strange to him. He knew that Sheridan's plans were conceived in the stubborn belief that they would bring about a good thing for Bibbs himself; and whatever the result was to be, the son had no bitterness. Far otherwise, for as he looked at the big, woeful figure, shaking and tortured, an almost unbearable pity laid hands upon Bibbs' throat. Roscoe stood blinking, his lip quivering; Edith wept audibly; Mrs. Sheridan leaned in half collapse against her husband; but Bibbs knew that his father was the one who cared.

It was over. Men in overalls stepped forward with their shovels, and Bibbs nodded quickly to Roscoe, making a slight gesture toward the line of waiting carriages. Bibbs gazed steadfastly at the workmen; he knew that his father kept looking back as he went toward the carriage, and that was a thing he did not want to see. After a little while, "It's too bad!" he half whispered, his lips forming the words—and his meaning was that it was too bad that the strong brother had been the one to go. For this was his last thought before he walked to

"Not Jim!" Said Sheridan.

the coupe and, saw Mary Vertrees standing all alone on the other side of the drive.

She had just emerged from a grove of leafless trees that grew on a slope where the tombs were many. Against such a background Bibbs was not incongruous, with his figure, in black, so long and slender, and his face so long and thin and white; nor was the undertaker's coupe out of keeping, with the shabby driver dozing on the box and the shaggy horses standing patiently in attitudes without hope and without regret. But for Mary Vertrees, here was a grotesque setting—she was a wild, living creature of a beautiful world. And a graveyard is not the place for people to look charming.

She also looked startled and confused, but not more startled and confused than Bibbs. All his life Bibbs had kept himself to himself—he was but a shy onlooker in the world. Nevertheless, the startled gaze he bent upon the unexpected lady before him had causes other than his shyness and her unexpectedness. For Mary Vertrees had been a shining figure in the little world of late given to the view of this humble and elusive outsider, and spectators sometimes find their hearts beating faster than those of the actors in the spectacle. Thus with Bibbs now. He started and stared; he lifted his hat with incredible awkwardness, his fingers fumbling at his forehead before they found the brim.

"Mr. Sheridan," said Mary, "I'm afraid you'll have to take me home with you. I—" She stopped, not lacking a momentary awkwardness of her own.

"Why—why—yes," Bibbs stammered. "I'll—I'll be de— Won't you get in?"

In that manner and in that place they exchanged their first words. Then Mary, without more ado, got into the coupe, and Bibbs followed, closing the door.

"You're very kind," she said, somewhat breathlessly. "I should have had to walk, and it's beginning to get dark. It's three miles, I think."

"Yes," said Bibbs. "It—it is beginning to get dark. I—I noticed that."

"I ought to tell you—I—" Mary began, confusedly. She bit her lip, sat silent a moment, then spoke with composure. "It must seem odd, my—"

"No, no!" Bibbs protested, earnestly. "Not to me—in the least."

"It does, though," said Mary. "I had not intended to come to the cemetery, Mr. Sheridan, but one of the men in charge at the house came and whispered to me that 'the family wished me to'—I think your sister sent him. So I came. But when we reached here I—oh, I felt that perhaps I—"

Bibbs nodded gravely. "Yes, yes," he murmured.

"I got out on the opposite side of the carriage," she continued, "I mean opposite from—from where all of you were. And I wandered off over in the other direction; and I didn't realize how little time—it takes. From where I was I couldn't see the carriages leaving—at least I didn't notice them. So when I got back, just now, you were the only one here. I didn't know the other people in the carriage I came in, and of course they didn't think to wait for me. That's why—"

"Yes," said Bibbs, "I—" And that seemed all he had to say just then.

Mary looked out through the dusty window. "I think we'd better be going home, if you please," she said.

She gave him a quick little glance. "I think you must be very tired, Mr. Sheridan; and I know you have reason to be," she said gently. "If you'll let me, I'll—" And without explaining her purpose she opened the door on the side of the coupe and leaned out.

Bibbs stared in blank perplexity, not knowing what she meant to do.

"Driver!" she called, in her clear voice, loudly. "Driver! We'd like to start, please. Driver! Stop at the house just north of Mr. Sheridan's, please." The wheels began to move, and she leaned back beside Bibbs once more. "I noticed that he was asleep when we got in," she said. "I suppose they have a great deal of night work."

Bibbs drew a long breath and waited till he could command his voice. "I've never been able to apologize quickly," he said, with his accustomed slowness, "because if I try to I stammer. My brother Roscoe whipped me

He Started and Stared.

once, when we were boys, for stepping on his slate pencil. It took me so long to tell him it was an accident, he finished before I did."

Mary Vertrees had never heard anything quite like the drawling, gentle voice or the odd implication that his not noticing the motionless state of their vehicle was an "accident." At once she discovered that he was unlike any of her cursory and vague imaginings of him. And suddenly she had a glimpse of Bibbs' life and into his life. She had a queer feeling, new to her experience, of knowing him instantly. It startled her a little; she did not realize, however, that she had made no response to his apology, and they passed out of the cemetery gates, neither having spoken again.

Bibbs was so content with the silence he did not know that it was silence. The dusk, gathering in their small enclosure, was filled with a rich presence for him; and presently it was so dark that neither of the two could see the other, nor did even their garments touch. But neither had any sense of being alone. The wheels creaked steadily, rumbling presently on paved streets; there were the sounds, as from a distance, of the plod-plod of the horses. Odd rays of light came lancing into the coupe, and passed, leaving greater darkness. And yet neither of these two last attendees at Jim Sheridan's funeral broke the silence.

It was Mary who perceived the strangeness of it—too late. Abruptly she realized that for an indefinite interval she had been thinking of her companion and not talking to him. "Mr. Sheridan," she began, not knowing what she was going to say, but impelled to say anything, as she realized the queerness of this drive—"Mr. Sheridan, I—"

The coupe stopped. "You, Joe!" said the driver, reproachfully, and climbed down and opened the door.

"What's the trouble?" Bibbs inquired.

"Lady said stop at first house north of Mr. Sheridan's, sir."

Mary was incredulous; she felt that it couldn't be true and that it mustn't be true that they had driven all the way without speaking.

Bibbs descended to the curb. "Why, yes," he said. "You seem to be right." And while he stood staring at the dimly illuminated front windows of Mr. Vertrees' house Mary got out, unassisted.

"Let me help you," said Bibbs, stepping toward her mechanically; and she was several feet from the coupe when he spoke.

"Oh, no," she murmured. "I think I can—" She meant that she could get out of the coupe without help, but, perceiving that she had already accomplished this feat, she decided not to complete the sentence.

"You, Joe!" cried the driver, angrily, climbing to his box. And he rumbled away at his team's best pace—a snail's.

"Thank you for bringing me home, Mr. Sheridan," said Mary, stiffly. She did not offer her hand. "Good night."

"Good night," Bibbs said in response. And, turning with her, walked beside her to the door. Mary made that a short walk; she almost ran. Her action of the queerness of their drive was growing upon her, beginning to shock her; she stepped aside from the light that fell through the glass panels of the door and withheld her hand as it touched the old-fashioned bell handle.

"I'm quite safe, thank you," she said, with a little emphasis. "Good night."

"Good night," said Bibbs, and went obediently. When he reached the street he looked back, but she had vanished within the house.

Moving slowly away, he caromed against two people who were turning out from the pavement to cross the street. They were Roscoe and his wife.

"Where are your eyes, Bibbs?" demanded Roscoe. "Sleep-walking, as usual?"

But Sibyl took the wanderer by the arm. "Come over to our house for a little while, Bibbs," she urged. "I want to—"

"No, I'd better—"

"Yes. I want you to. Your father's gone to bed, and they're all quiet over there—all worn out. Just come for a minute."

He yielded, and when they were in the house she repeated herself with real feeling: "All worn out! Well, if anybody is, you are, Bibbs! And I don't wonder; you've done every bit of the work of it. You mustn't get down sick again. I'm going to make you take a little brandy."

He let her have her own way, following her into the dining room, and was grateful when she brought him a tiny glass filled from one of the decanters on the sideboard. Roscoe gloomily poured for himself a much heavier libation in a larger glass; and the two men sat, while Sibyl leaned against the sideboard, reviewing the episodes of the day and recalling the names of the donors of flowers and wreaths. She pressed Bibbs to remain when he rose to go, and then, as he persisted, she went with him to the front door. He opened it, and she said:

"Bibbs, you were coming out of the Vertrees' house when we met you. How did you happen to be there?"

"I had gone to the door," he said. "Good night, Sibyl."

"Wait!" she insisted. "We saw you coming out."

"I wasn't," he explained. "I'd just brought Miss Vertrees home."

"What?" she cried.

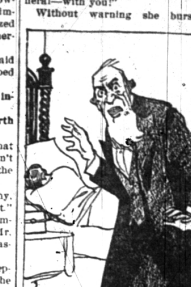
"Yes," he said, and stepped out upon the porch, "that was it. Good night, Sibyl."

"Wait!" she said, following him across the threshold. "How did that happen? I thought you were going to wait while those men filled the—the—" She paused, but moved nearer him insistently.

"I did wait. Miss Vertrees was there," he said, reluctantly. "She had walked away for a while and didn't notice that the carriages were leaving. When she came back the coupe waiting for me was the only one left."

Sibyl regarded him with dilating eyes. She spoke with a slow breathlessness. "And she drove home from Jim's funeral—with you!"

Without warning she burst into



"My God!" He Cried, "What's That?"

laughter, clapped her hand ineffectually over her mouth, and ran back uproariously into the house, hurling the door shut behind her.

CHAPTER XII.

Bibbs went home pondering. He did not understand why Sibyl had laughed. At home, uncles, aunts and cousins from out of town were wandering about the house, several mournfully admiring the "Bay of Naples," and others occupied with the Moor and the plumbing, while they waited for trains. Edith and her mother had retired to some upper fastness, but Bibbs interviewed Jackson and had the various groups of relatives summoned to the dining room for food. One great-uncle old Gideon Sheridan from Boonville could not be found, and Bibbs went in search of him. He ransacked the house, discovering the missing antique at last by accident. Passing his father's closed door on tiptoe, Bibbs heard a murmurous sound, and paused to listen. The sound proved to be a quavering and rickety voice, monotonously bleating:

"The Lo-ord giveth and the Lo-ord taketh away! We got to remember that; we got to remember that! I'm a-gittin' along, James; I'm a-gittin' along, and I've seen a-many of 'em go—two daughters and a son the Lord gave me, and he has taken all away. For the Lo-ord giveth and the Lo-ord taketh away! Remember the words of Bildad the Shuhite, James. Bildad the Shuhite says, 'He shall have neither son nor nephew among his people, nor any remaining in his dwellings.' Bildad the Shuhite—"

Bibbs opened the door softly. His father was lying upon the bed, in his underclothes, face downward, and Uncle Gideon sat near by, swinging backward and forward in a rocking chair, stroking his long, white beard and gazing at the ceiling as he talked. Bibbs beckoned him urgently, but Uncle Gideon paid no attention.

"Bildad the Shuhite spake and he says, 'If thy children have sinned against him and he have cast them away—"

There was a muffled explosion beneath the floor, and the windows rattled. The figure lying face downward on the bed did not move, but Uncle Gideon leaped from his chair. "My God!" he cried. "What's that?"

Did Mary Vertrees wait at the cemetery until Bibbs was ready to go just because she wanted to make his acquaintance? Jim is dead, you know, and the aristocrats must have money.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

COURTSHIP IS LONG

A Mexican who can play no musical instrument is nothing less than a curiosity. There is no hamlet so insignificant that it has no band. Night or ten men get together and decide to form a band. Having reached that decision, they go to the jefe político, or mayor.

"All right," he will tell them. "You are to play Wednesday evenings from six to nine and Sunday mornings from nine to twelve," and a record is made.

And during these hours, rain or shine, hot or cold, through famine, war, pestilence, as long as those men have wive and in the town, the band is in the bandstand playing for such as choose to linger in the plaza, or public square.

About the evening concerts much of the social and domestic life of Mexico centers. It is at the concerts that many a youth and maiden first meet and begin to "play best." A game indigenous and peculiar to Mexico without which no self-respecting Mexican couple adventures on matrimony.

The general plan of every plaza is much the same. In the center is the bandstand. Immediately surrounding the bandstand is an open, paved space. Then there are flower-bordered walks with plenty of benches. Round the edge of the plaza, outside the trees and flowers, is another broad, paved walk. Upon this outer walk are grouped the poorer Mexicans—the peons. On the benches sit the fathers, the mothers, the older folk of the better classes. Round the walk that surrounds the bandstand saunter tirelessly the youths and maidens of the same class.

The women circle to the left on the outside; the men in the opposite direction, in the inside. Thus every one sees everyone else innumerable times during the evening. And in this melodious circling, a youth sets eyes on a maiden who strikes his fancy—the game of "playing bear" has begun.

He looks steadily at his charmer every time they pass. And she, if she is pleased, glances at him in return. After they have passed each other ten or a dozen times he is at the edge of the procession in which he walks, and she has moved to the edge of the column of young women. Then the young man, with a friend, withdraws to some cantina, or cafe, and writes an ardent note. On the next round his friend, in passing, slips it into the hand of her companion. Then they continue their strolling until the concert is at an end.

On the next concert evening the performance is repeated; only this time the young lady is the one who presents the note, which she has written in her home. If she rejects her suitor's advances, he persists or desists, according as he is faint-hearted or not.

If he meets with success he begins the next phase of the game. Each evening he will be seen opposite his lady's house, passing back and forth like a sentry walking his post. Even during business hours he will rise suddenly from his stool, seize his hat, rush frantically to his accustomed beat, and for several minutes walk up and down, gazing reproachfully at the barred windows across the way.

As time goes on, after six weeks or two months, say, have passed, the girl is at last to be seen seated in the window. Then ensues another period of from two weeks to a month. The young man's walks gradually shorten, and one evening he is to be seen underneath the window, gazing mournfully upward for hours, much to the discomfort of passers-by. But no one grumbles; all the world loves a lover—especially in Mexico.

After this stage father and son call formally on the father of the young lady and make a proposal of marriage.

When all the arrangements have been made, the young man for the first time calls at the home of his affianced wife and meets her face to face, but never except in the company of a third person—mother, father, or aunt.—Youth's Companion.

Cylindrical Barrels Liked.

Cylindrical barrels for packing Spanish grapes were tested during the last season and were favorably reported on both in England and the United States. They were invented by a resident of the Spanish port of Almeria, from which huge exports of grapes are made every year.

Meanly Deceived.

"That is Mr. Jiggs of our operating department," explained the railroad man. "Oh, the mean old thing!" exclaimed the sweet young thing. "He told me he was a railroad man, and I suspected all along that he was a doctor."—Buffalo Express.

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. Ontario's 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 $75,000,000 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 $664,222,000,000, as compared with $487,236,000,000 for the same month a year ago. An increase of $177,000,000,000 in bank clearings for the month tells its own story of the country's prosperity.—Advertisement.

Well Named.

"I am going to call my magazine New Blood."

"I suppose that is because you want it to have a good circulation."

Failure is another thing always spelled by success.

KIDNEY TROUBLE Is a deceptive disease—thousands have it and don't know it. If you want good results you can make no mistake by using Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great Kidney remedy. At druggists in fifty cent and dollar sizes. Sample size bottle by Parcel Post, also pamphlet telling you about it. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and enclose ten cents. Also mention this paper.

ABSORBINE STOPS LAMENESS from a Bone Spavin, Ring Bone, Splint, Curb, Side Bone, or similar trouble and gets horse going sound. It acts mildly but quickly and results are lasting. Does not blister or remove the hair and horse can be worked. Page 17 in pamphlet with each bottle tells how. $2.00 a bottle delivered. Horse Book 9 M free.

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