"CONTRABAND"

A Romance of the North Atlantic

By RANDALL PARRISH

AUTHOR of "MY LADY of the NORTH," "MAID of the FOREST," ETC.

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HOLLIS AND VERA BECOME VERY FRIENDLY, THOUGH HE IS UNAWARE OF HER IDENTITY—M'CANN MAKES TROUBLE AND REGRETS IT

Synopsis.—Robert Hollis, who tells the story, is a guest on Girard Carrington's yacht, Esmeralda. It is supposed to be a "stag" party, and Hollis is surprised on discovering a woman, who evidently wishes to remain unknown aboard. Hollis, the next night, succeeds in having an interview with the woman. She merely tells him her name is Vera. Carrington tells his guests of the coming war, and that he is engineering a copper pool. The yacht is sunk in a collision and Hollis saves McCann, millionaire, and one of the party. Hollis and McCann rescue Vera and leave the ship in a small boat.

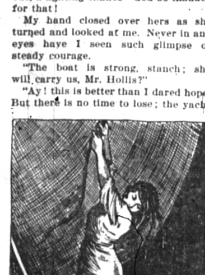
CHAPTER V—Continued.

The sight of the little craft, staunch and buoyant, bobbing about just below us in the glow of light, brought back my courage. Ay, there was a chance here; we could get free of the doomed yacht; we were not to perish like drowning rats, helplessly. To be sure, the boat was a small one, a mere dinghy intended for use in smooth waters; why they had continued trailing it astern so far at sea was a mystery; yet it would bear the three of us unless a storm arose. There was no time to seek either blankets or provisions; nor was there any fresh water to be had—but at least we need not go down with the ship. We had still a hope of rescue, a fighting chance—God be thanked for that!

My hand closed over hers as she turned and looked at me. Never in any eyes have I seen such glimpse of steady courage.

"The boat is strong, staunch; she will carry us, Mr. Hollis?"

"Ay! this is better than I dared hope. But there is no time to lose; the yacht



She Went Down the Rope Hand Over Hand.

is settling fast—see those bubbles of air! Why, I can almost feel the droop of the planks beneath my feet. Here, McCann, bear a hand! Pull yourself up by that flag locker; now get a grip here. Are you sailor enough to slide down that rope?"

He stared at the boat, bobbing up and down on the black water, with lackluster eyes.

"It—it will sink," he half sobbed, "it—it is almost full of water."

"Sink nothing!" my disgust rising beyond control. "It will hold twice your weight. Down with you, and bail. Then stand by to help the lady. Over you go, my lad, if I have to pitch you headlong; this is no time to argue the matter. Will you try it quietly?"

He stared up into my face, but his fear of me must have been greater than of the lapping water below, for the strands of the rope slipped through his fingers, and an instant later he clambered into the bow of the boat, and sank onto his knees in the water. To my relief the dory did not sink greatly beneath his weight, the water shipped proving scarcely ankle deep. It would support the three of us without bailing. The yacht rolled to starboard, fairly burying her rail. I thought she would never rise again, and my arms clasped the girl to hold her steady. Then the hulk rose slowly, painfully, like a giant struggling for one last breath. No words can describe the dead, sodden feeling of the staunch hulk under us.

CHAPTER VI.

Adrift in the Boat.

To cling there longer, to delay another moment, would be suicide. I leaned far over and looked down at the dinghy now rising and falling on the swell caused by the plunge of the yacht. McCann was upon his knees clinging to the gunwales, his face turned upward pleadingly toward the lights.

"Catch this lantern, McCann," I called down to him sharply. "I will swing it to you on the end of a rope. Easy, man! Now throw off the lashing, and make the gilm secure on the thwart behind you; better tie it to the lock. Good; you'll make a sailor yet. Now listen: work your boat over until you can get a grip on the rudder chains, and hold her steady—yes, to your right; use one of the oars. Now hang on—I'm going to send the lady down; stand by to give her a hand."

He did as I bade him in a fashion, but was so awkward about it, I wondered the boat kept upright. Satisfied, I glanced aside at my silent companion.

"Not a very easy gangway, but the best we have. Are you afraid?"

She smiled.

"Not in the least, Mr. Hollis; these skirts are a nuisance, but I can climb like a boy. Help me keep my balance on the rail."

She was over so quickly I can scarcely recall more than clasping her arm and she went down the rope hand over hand, as lightly as a sailor. By the time she reached the boat, her body was half submerged in the water, but McCann gave her his hand, and assisted in dragging her in over the side.

"I am all right, Mr. Hollis," she called in her clear, steady voice. "Now you come—come quick!"

"Just a second more," I answered. "Here is the line; haul it in. Get out your oars, McCann, and pull. Don't wait, or you'll be sucked down when the yacht sinks. Never mind me; I'll jump from the rail, and swim out to you."

I climbed onto the rail, gripping an iron stanchion for support, and poised myself for the plunge. The boat, surrounded by its little circle of light, drifted away, McCann awkwardly struggling with the heavy oars. The lantern rays fell full on the girl's upturned face, and once she held out her hands in pleading gesture. It could scarcely have been a minute I hesitated, yet suddenly beneath me came a sound of rending wood, a muffled explosion, and the deck reeled as though burst asunder. I leaped straight outward, and went splashing down into the sea.

I must have sunk deeply, for I felt no swirl of the waters, no suction, but when I came again to the surface, nothing was visible but the bobbing lantern on the dinghy. The Esmeralda had disappeared. A faint cry reached me, and I answered it, striking out strongly toward the guiding light. Five minutes later, dripping and a bit exhausted—for I had been ashore a long while—I managed to clamber in over the stern. Even as I rested breathless on the thwart, I realized that the girl had crept aft, and her hands sought mine.

"Oh, I am so glad," she sobbed, almost hysterically. "I was afraid; I—I thought you went down with the yacht."

"No such luck. I jumped just as her decks blew up. Is there anything in sight?"

"I—I haven't looked; but there is no sound, no light anywhere." Do you suppose the steamer has really left us?"

"I have no doubt of it," I answered, but stood up so as to see about more clearly. "They supposed all who lived had been picked up, and then continued on their course."

My eyes ranged the horizon, but I found nothing. We were alone on the great ocean in the grasp of the black night. I sat down again dazed for the instant by the immensity of the waters, the utter loneliness, and the sudden realization of the littleness of this cockleshell in which we floated. Her voice aroused me to a comprehension that I alone was a sailor, and that on me depended every chance for life.

"Do you know, Mr. Hollis, where we are?"

"Not exactly. I heard the captain state the position of the yacht yesterday noon, about one hundred and fifty miles east and south of Montauk; we have drifted some since."

"Are we in the steamer lanes?"

"Not of the north Atlantic liners; they would pass farther eastward. I cannot imagine what that fellow who rammed us was doing up in here so far out of his course. Yes, that was a liner; I could see the lights of her ports. The only vessel passing along here will be coasters, or, by luck, possibly some tramp bound Boston way. Now let's see what is on board; try the locker forward; and Miss Vera, you might examine beneath the stern sheet. This boat has never been inboard since we sailed."

They went at the task as though glad of the opportunity, McCann creeping forward on hands and knees.

"There's nothing here," he reported discouragingly, "but a roll of tarpaulin, some rope ends, and the splintered handle of a paddle."

"Well, what more do we want? That means a sail, if we can make a hole in one of the thwarts to step a mast. How much cloth is there?"

Two or three yards."

"Pass it back here; good, solid stuff that. Now, Miss Vera, what are your discoveries?"

She looked up quickly, her eyes sparkling in the dim gleam of the lantern.

"A bag of sea-biscuit, a small beaker of water, insipid, but sweet, some strong cord, and a bread awl."

"Lord!" I exclaimed, "this is almost too good to be true. Why, we are outfitted for a voyage. However, there is little use endeavoring to rig up a jury mast before daylight, when we know in which direction to steer. McCann, you haven't been overboard, and, no doubt, your watch runs; what time is it?"

He fumbled about and found the timepiece, staring at it in amazement.

"Must have stopped, Hollis," he said, "No, by love, the thing is running all right; the hands point to 1:30."

"That's about the hour. The collision occurred before eight bells, or else Seeley would have been on the bridge, instead of aft by the cabin. Have you any idea who was saved?"

"I heard the captain's voice back there under the awning, ordering out the boats, and after I was caught under that wreckage Carrington came up close beside and climbed along the rail. I called to him, but he paid no attention; there was considerable noise then, and he might not have heard me."

Vera was leaning forward listening.

"Did Mr. Seeley leave in the boats?" she asked, "was he hurt?"

I tried to stop him from answering by a gesture of my hand, but the man was gazing out over the port quarter, and saw nothing.

"Seeley—the second mate? No, he didn't get away. The same spar that got me, caught him, and he never spoke after that; seemed like a nice fellow, too."

Her face was like marble in the lamplight.

"He was killed! Then it was because he was killed he did not unlock my door; I—I am glad I know."

She buried her face in her hands, and sat there motionless. There was nothing I could do, or say, for I had no conception as to what the man was to her—lover, husband, father, friend? Truly only the last relationship appeared possible, for seemingly there could be no closer ties between the two. They were clearly not of the same class, yet the girl's sorrow was evidently real and genuine.

To relieve my mind, I compelled McCann to pick up a panakin, which had lodged under a thwart, and bail out the boat. He crept about, grumbling to himself, but did a fairly good job. But no water oozed in through the seams, we were soon floating with much greater buoyancy, the planking under foot rapidly drying.

The night was dark and thick, but without rain. My wet clothes clung to me in discomfort, yet I had no reason to fear evil results, as the air was warm, and the salt water had its own virtue. It was a gray, ghastly morning, the sky overcast, the great surges bearing down upon us, ever racing toward our little cockleshell, terrifying in their aspect. The shard bow of the dinghy rose to them buoyantly enough, but the broad expanse of troubled waters stretching all about, the black, cloud shadows overhead, and the little boat in which we were tossed, combined to bring to me a feeling akin to despair. The only hope was the possible overhauling of some passing ship, but the lowering sky scarcely enabled me to see clearly a hundred yards, even in the light of the gray dawn. A rescuing vessel might easily pass us by within a quarter of a mile unseen, nor had we any means of attracting attention. I confess that, sitting there in loneliness, staring about into the grim expanse of fog and sea, I fell into a blue funk. Nor was I greatly heartened when the sun finally rose above the horizon, for it was no more than a sullen red glow, barely visible through the clouds of vapor, and only rendering more ghastly than ever the heaving leagues of ocean.

My glance turned downward to my companions in the boat. McCann still slept, with head pillowed on his arm, but the woman lay with her eyes wide open, looking upward at the drifting spume. Her eyes met mine, and she sat up, grasping the gunwale with one hand, and stared about her over the dreary expanse of sea.

"There is nothing in sight?" she spoke wearily. "Are you sure Mr. Carrington made his escape?"

"As certain as I can be. I did not see him after I left the party in the after cabin last evening. But McCann insists that he came on deck, and joined the others in lowering the boats. Beyond doubt he got away safely, and was picked up by the liner."

She was silent for some time, her gaze on the man sleeping in the bows. He rolled over, revealing his face, gray and haggard in the dawn.

"Who—who is that man?" she questioned. "You call him McCann; is he a sailor?"

"No; he was one of the guests. He is a rich man's son, who occasionally takes a flyer on Wall street."

"Not—not Fergus McCann?"

"I believe that is his name, now that you recall it. Why? Did you ever know the fellow?"

"Only by reputation, which is not the best. He was involved rather un-

It Was a Gray, Ghastly Morning.

pleasantly in the Bascom shooting case."

"Aye, I remember. I read about the affair in a Chicago paper at the time, but failed to comprehend it was this McCann who was involved. Did Bascom die?"

"He will be crippled for life; of course his assailant may not have been entirely to blame—it was a drunken quarrel over a woman."

"Well," I said quietly, "the man is in for a job of sailor work here, whether it pleases him, or not. He acted a bit sullen last night, but I am in no mood just now to baby him. Have you ever steered a boat with an oar, Miss Vera?"

"I have done lots of canoeing, and last summer at Palm Beach," she stopped, laughing at the slip— "Yes, actually at Palm Beach, I steered some larger boats. I—I believe I could."

"You will find this somewhat different. Still, there is not much of a trick to it, and I am going to let you try your hand. Do you think you can hold her all right?"

"Of course I can," almost indignantly. "Really, Mr. Hollis, I have steered boats in worse seas than this. If the oar wasn't quite so heavy—"

"There is no steering paddle aboard. Well, if anything goes wrong, sing out. I'm going to rout out that fellow forward, and get at our work."

I cannot say that McCann was particularly pleasant about it; he had a way of showing that he rather resented my assumption of authority, and performed what I ordered with a deliberation which was almost insolent. However, he made no open revolt, and I thought it best not to anger the man unnecessarily. We worked steadily for an hour, the fellow proving practically useless, except to hand me the article required, or to throw his weight on a rope's end. Vera succeeded in holding the boat steady, although I thought the weight of the waves increased as though we were on the outer edge of some storm.

I lashed an oar upright to a thwart, bracing it securely by ropes to oarlocks on either side; then secured the broken paddle handle as a spar, notching the oar to give purchase, and rigged up the tarpaulin, being compelled to use rope-ends to secure it in position. It was a rough job, yet the stiff canvas bellied out in the wind, and I was conscious of a thrill of hope, as I crept back to the stern sheets, grasped the steering oar, and headed the boat into the southwest.

CHAPTER VII.

I Enforce Authority.

Scarcely had we taken this new course when the sun, now well above the horizon, a red ball of fire, burst through a rift in the clouds, and the waters in our wake became a trail of crimson. The encircling mist seemed rent asunder by some invisible power, shifting away like wreaths of smoke blown by the wind, and yielding us a broad view to where sky and ocean met. Our straining eyes caught nowhere a signal of life or hope, no gleam of distant sail, no black shadow of smoke. We were alone in the dreary waste of water, with not even a speeding seagull to break the dull vista of warring sea and sky.

I forced myself to turn away from the grim fascination, back to the boat in which we floated. McCann had sunk down aft the jury mast, and rested there hanging over the side, staring sullenly down into the green water. His heavy face exhibited an interest and looked almost brutal in the garish light. Lord, how the appearance of the man had changed! Could this be the same fellow I had played cards with on the quarterdeck of the Esmeralda only two days before? Why, then he had been the life of the company, full of humor, a bit rough in speech to be sure, and drinking more than was necessary, yet apparently a good fellow. But now—why, he actually had the aspect of a brute; aye, and likewise the manners of one. A single night of danger and exposure had sufficed to bring to the surface his true character, had stripped off the veneer, and proven him a bullying coward, inefficient, and unwilling. I felt my teeth close tightly as I looked at him, but relief came when I turned toward the girl, seated near me. She must have felt the intentness with which I regarded her, for she turned suddenly, a flush sweeping her cheeks.

"Isn't it wonderful, Mr. Hollis, the way those clouds and waves blend yonder, such a marvelous massing of colors? Oh, there is no beauty like the sea!"

"But always a cruelty in its beauty, like that of a tiger cat," I answered. "Perhaps we had better breakfast, Miss Vera; I do not see your bag of biscuits by daylight."

She brought them forth, together with the jug. A little sea water had seeped into the bag, and the outer layers were more or less mildewed, yet enough remained sweet and wholesome to give me hope of their sustaining us until we should be picked up by some passing vessel. The water jug, however, was only half-filled and must be sparingly used.

"We will go on short rations," I announced, breaking a biscuit with my knife. "There is enough to save us from starving. Here, McCann, is your portion."

He reached out and took what I handed him; then gave utterance to a curse.

"My God! do you mean I am to breakfast on this half biscuit?" he exclaimed angrily.

"On that, or on none at all," I answered, eyeing him sternly. "You haven't done so much work as to earn double rations. I give you the same as I take myself. All we have is what is in this bag, and heaven knows when we shall meet a ship."

"Ship, h——! We are not far from Long Island."

"Two hundred miles at least, and with this jury rig we should have to make some zig-zag tacks on that course. Take what I give you, man, and be decent about it."

He grumbled something regarding his belief that I was keeping most of the food for myself, but I broke in, determined to end the discussion:

"That's talk enough. Eat your half and quit the same as we do, and be thankful you have got that; and when you come to the water, one swallow each will be all we are entitled to. You hear me?"

"Yes, I hear you; but who in thunder are you?"

"The only seaman on board, McCann, and the life of this young lady, as well as your own, depends on my judgment. I am not seeking trouble with you, but you will obey my orders while we are afloat here, or take the consequences. That half biscuit is your ration; eat it, or leave it, as you please, but you'll cut out the profanity, and I'll not warn you again."

He was too great a coward to force the issue, and fell to munching his biscuit, one hand gripping the gunwale, as though he wished my throat was between his fingers. As I nibbled at my own small portion, watchful of his movements, and thinking of how best to keep the fellow at a safe distance, the girl leaned toward me, and whispered a word in my ear.

"He has a revolver. I saw the butt in his pocket, while he lay asleep in the bow. You will be careful, Mr. Hollis?"

"You need have no fear for me," I answered reassuringly, and ventured to touch her hand where it rested on the thwart between us. "I have been a bucko mate, my lady, and learned how to handle his kind. If he ever draws a gun on me out here, I'll teach him something he never learned yet in Wall street."

The hours of that day fairly dragged along, as we stared out dull-eyed on the same vista of sea and sky. The

"He Has a Revolver."

girl and I talked, avoiding as much as possible all reference to our situation, and the fate of the yacht, our conversation drifting here and there. We spoke of books, of art, of drama, and she exhibited even a wider range of knowledge on these subjects than I possessed, while her comments were keen and original—not pedantic, nor bookish in any way, but the outspoken frankness of young womanhood. Indeed, she was wholesome all through, her face a mirror of her nature, her eyes reflecting back each mood. Never before had I met one of her sex so deeply interesting, so unconventional and plain-spoken.

The castaways are sighted by a strange ship which takes them aboard. Then their real adventure begins.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

POSTMAN'S JOB WAS NO SNAP

Round Trip Between Chicago and Green Bay, Wis., in Early Days Took Carrier a Month.

A century or so ago, when Wisconsin was the home of the Indian and the fur trader, but few letters were written or delivered. When the officers at Fort Howard or Fort Crawford wanted to forward their mail to the outside world, they clubbed together and paid a carrier to the nearest post office, which was Chicago for the former and Galena for the latter place. Even after a government post office was established at Green Bay, the contractor had to hire a woodsman during the winter season to carry the mail upon his back over the frozen trails to and from Chicago.

The postman's life was not an easy one, says the Wisconsin History Bulletin. The round trip between Green Bay and Chicago took him a month. He employed an Indian guide to accompany him, and between them they carried the mail, weighing usually about 60 pounds, two bags of billed and ground corn for provisions in case no Indian camps were encountered en route, a roll of blankets to form a night's lodging on the soft side of a log, and rifles and ammunition to keep off wolves and bears, and furnish rations of wild game if other resources failed. Each night they camped where darkness overtook them. The trail ran from the Fox to the Mahitowoc river, thence to Sauk river and Milwaukee, from there to Skunk grove, Groose point, and to Chicago. The only white settlers encountered were the traders at Milwaukee and at Oullmette's cabin at Groose point.

Forcible Remonstrance.

The burly mate was telling his grievances to the man next him on the car.

"I lost the receipt," he said, "but I wasn't going to pay the tax again. He knew I'd paid it, but would you believe it, when I told him I had paid it once and would not pay it again, the scoundrel began to abuse me!"

"What did you do?" asked the other man.

"Why, I remonstrated with him."

"Oh, what did you do?"

"Well, I talked to him."

"Yes—and then?"

"He was rader still, and I replied."

"And to what effect?"

"Well, I don't exactly know," was the reply, "but—the poker was bent."

A Screw Loose.

The men were being drilled and the burly but good-tempered sergeant was almost in despair about No. 9 in the front rank.

"Now my left turn again!" he shouted, encouragingly. "It's quite simple. Swivel round on the left heel—so!"

No. 9 groaned and mumbled: "I wish you'd let us do right turn, a bit."

"Why?" asked the sergeant.

"Because my left rubber heel is coming unscrewed!" was the reply.

Right One to Switch.

Irate Parent—I warned you boys, and now I'm going to switch you for making such a racket.

Bobby—Well, switch Johnny; we're playing train and he's the locomotive.

U. S. SUBMARINE RAMMED AND SUNK

NINETEEN MEN DIE WHEN TWO UNDER WATER BOATS CRASH DURING A FOG

DETROITER AMONG THOSE LOST

No Details of Accident Made Known By Navy Department—Is First of Its Kind in U. S. History.

Washington—Nineteen lives were lost when the American submarine F-1 was rammed and sunk by submarine F-3, in home waters, during a fog December 17.

The F-3 was undamaged and picked up five of her victims, landing them safely. Secretary of the Navy Daniels announced the disaster in a brief statement which gave no further details.

Among those lost was Ralph E. McCluer, an elctrician, second class, whose mother, Josephine McCleur, lives in Detroit.

Lieutenant A. E. Montgomery, commanding officer of the F-1, was among the five saved. His mother lived in Fort H. G. Wright, New York.

How the accident occurred the navy department has not yet officially ascertained. Under rules of censorship, locality and other details were withheld. It is assumed that both boats were engaged in a practice cruise.

The submarine F-1 disaster is the second serious submarine accident in the United States navy in the last few years, the other being the sinking of submarine F-4, a sister ship of F-1, at Honolulu, March 25, 1915.

Twenty-six men went to their deaths in the sinking of the F-4 and the boat was raised by a crew of divers sent from the United States.

Several persons met death in an explosion on a submarine in a navy dock in New York several years ago. The sinking of the F-1 in a collision is the first accident of its kind in the United States navy and it is thought the first of its kind in the history of world.

McCluer is the second Detroit man in Uncle Sam's naval forces to give up his life, the other being Stanley Wing.

GOETHALS BACK IN HARNESS

Recalled to Active Service and Made Quartermaster General.

Washington—Major General Goethals has been recalled to active service and detailed as acting quartermaster general to succeed Major General Sharpe, detached to serve as a member of the war department's new war council.

In announcing this, Secretary Baker also said Brigadier General John H. Barrette had been detailed as acting chief of coast artillery, in place of Major General Weaver, and Brigadier General Charles B. Wheeler, acting chief of ordnance in place of Major General Crozier. Generals Weaver and Crozier also are members of the new council.

Opposition to the nomination of General Crozier for another term of four years duty as chief of ordnance held up confirmation in the senate Tuesday and action went over until after the Christmas holidays.

HOLIDAY FURLOUGH HOPE GONE

Only 5 Per Cent of Boys Are to Be Allowed Leave of Absence.

Camp Custer, Battle Creek—A telegram was received from the secretary of war Tuesday that only 5 per cent of the men could go home for the holidays owing to the serious railroad and fuel situation.

Originally, the order was that all might go home for four days some time during the holiday period. Later it was announced that only men who could get home on electric lines would be allowed leave.

Monday Camp Custer authorities announced that all men could go home, under the original rule, and practically all the men in camp have written their homes that they would return.

Tuesday's ruling rescinded all other orders.

CONGRESS LOOKS FOR ERRORS

Probes Into Administration Conduct of War Activities.

Washington—Every activity of the American government connected with th conduct of the war is now under investigation.

Congress closed Tuesday for a holiday vacation, leaving behind a series of investigations to proceed during the recess. Both houses adjourned until Thursday, January 3, when war legislation is to take the forefront of the calendar.

Before adjournment Tuesday the senate stirred to action by a new upheaval in the shipping board, adopted a resolution calling for a sweeping inquiry into all the difficulties that attend the task of supplying ships.

Rail transportation, military and naval affairs, the sugar shortage all are being proved by both bodies of congress.

Lapeer Man Writes From Front.

Lopeer—In a letter to his mother Lieutenant Schuyler Kudner says that during a recent French offensive he was within three miles of the firing line and saw 16-year-old German boys being brought in as prisoners. He says they were poorly fed and had been informed that it would be impossible to get Americans into France. When they saw members of the American expeditionary force, they threw up their hands in despair. They have been captured in the

GREATER EFFICIENCY, REDUCED COST

Grow Grain in Western Canada, Make Profits, and Show Greater Patriotism.

The nation-wide cry of "More Efficiency" has now reached even the most remote agricultural sections and there is a general interest amongst the farmers to increase their products and to reduce their expenses. The need of foodstuffs is greater than the world has ever before known, and every effort is being used to meet the world's food requirements, becoming more apparent every day. While it is true that this desire is attested by a general patriotism, there is an underlying factor in this extension work to secure some of the benefits that are being offered by a ready market at maximum prices. Wide-spread attention has been given to the opportunity in this respect in Western Canada, where fortunes are being made in a few crops out of grain at present prices.

It has been found that the open, level prairie can be cultivated for wheat and other small grains at a minimum price, and during the past few years the yields have been more than satisfactory. Wheat crops of forty bushel to the acre have been common in Western Canada in the last three or four years, and with a practically available price of over $2.00 per bushel this means a return on investment and labor that cannot be duplicated elsewhere. This is made possible by the low priced lands that can be secured for grain growing. The range in price runs from $15 to $25 per acre, according to location and other local conditions. In this period of "more agricultural efficiency" it is apparent at a glance that the farmer on low priced but rich prairie lands, growing his grain at a minimum cost, is reaping a golden harvest with the highest percentage of profit.

The cultivator of high priced farm lands has a big handicap to overcome in considering his profits on a $200 an acre farm as compared with the agriculturist reaping as great, if not greater return from $25 an acre land.

It therefore becomes a question for the farmer himself to answer, whether he is doing himself and his country the best service, by devoting all his energies to working high priced land that yields no better return than land that can be secured at one-eighth the price. It is a case of getting either minimum or maximum quantity. Many have already decided on the alternative, and with their spare money invested in and now working Western Canada lands, they are allowed to speak for themselves. Apparently they are satisfied, for we learn of cases where on a $4,000 investment, in one year they have had their money back, with a profit of 100% to 600%. Such is one of the steps in progressive business now being demonstrated in the effort to create greater efficiency. The Canadian Government is using every effort to bring these conditions to the attention of the agricultural world, in order to secure the necessary increased grain production so greatly needed. The farmer in Western Canada is exempt from all personal taxes. His buildings, stock and implements are not assessed; and every encouragement is given to farmers to improve and increase their farm output. Reduced railway rates are being offered to new settlers to look over the country and to size up an unprecedented opportunity in farming.—Advertisement.

The Score.

Speaking of golfing in a Washington club, Senator John W. Weeks of Massachusetts, referred to the great enthusiasm of the golfers of that game and fittingly recalled this little story:

Jones was a golf fan of the dyed-in-the-wool brand. When he wasn't playing golf he was talking golf, and between those intervals he happily dreamed of putts and drives. One afternoon Jones ran across an elderly preacher from his boyhood town.

"By the way, Mr. Brown," said the golfer, after many reminiscences had been exchanged, "I must ask you about those three old maiden sisters who used to live on Main street when I was a boy. I suppose they never left Jacksonville."

"Miss Ophelia and Miss Phoebe went to heaven about two years ago," answered the parson, with the due amount of impressiveness, "but Miss Patience is still in Jacksonville."

"I see," musingly rejoined the golfing enthusiast, "2 up and 1 to go."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Makes Shaving Easy

The wonderful skin food and "wrinkle chaser." Usit, is the finest thing to soften a wiry, stubborn beard. A few drops rubbed into the stiffest beard before lathering softens the hair and makes shaving a pleasure. Your face feels fine after you have finished, and there isn't the least bit of smarting and tenderness. Usit not only softens the beard but makes the skin smooth and firm. After shaving apply Usit Face Powder de Luxe.

A clergyman writes: "For years I tried in vain to get something to make shaving less painful to me. Accidentally I struck upon 'Usit,' and have used it ever since. It seems to possess the properties to soften the beard, to make the skin firm, smooth, less sensitive, and thus the work is made easy." For further distribution a bargain. Once only. One 50c bottle Usit and one 50c box Usit Face Powder de Luxe for 75c. Address Usit Mfg Co., 895 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Liberal Colonial Dame.

One member of the New York Society of Colonial Dames has subscribed for $5,000,000 of Liberty bonds.

Change of Heart.

"Tom is so good hearted."

"Really? I thought he was trou-