



The Question of Quick and Easy Cleaning Narrows Down to this



Then Witham turned suddenly, and running down the stairway shook the man awaiting him by the arm.

"The flood's with us now," he said. "Find Colonel Barrington, and make him cover everything before he's ruined. Dane, you and I, and a few others, will see the dollars rolling into Silverdale."

Dane found Barrington, who listened with a grim smile to what he had to tell him.

"The words are yours, Dane, but that is all," he said. "Wheat will go down again, and I do not know that I am grateful to Courthorne."

Dane dare urge nothing further, and spent the rest of that day wandering up and down the city, in a state of blissful content, with Alfreton and Witham. One of them had turned his losses into a small profit, and the other two, who had, hoping almost against hope, sown when others had feared to plough, saw that the harvest would repay them beyond their wildest expectations. They heard nothing but predictions of higher prices everywhere, and the busy city seemed to throb with exultation. The turn had come, and there was hope for the vast wheat lands it throve upon.

GRAHAM had much to tell when they began the somewhat elaborate meal Witham termed supper that night, and he nodded approvingly when Dane held out his glass of champagne and touched his comrade's.

"I'm not fond of speeches, Courthorne, and I fancy our tastes are the same," he said. "Still, I can't let this great night pass without greeting you as the man who has saved not a few of us at Silverdale. We were in a very tight place before you came, and we are with you when you want us from this time, soul and body, and all our possessions." Alfreton's eyes glistened, and his hand shook a little as he touched the rim of Witham's goblet.

"There are folks in the old country who will bless you when they know," he said. "You'll forget it, though I can't, that I was once against you."

Witham nodded to them gravely, and when the glasses were empty shook hands with the three.

"We have put up a good fight, and I think we shall win; but, while you will understand me better by-and-by what you have offered me almost hurts," he said.

"What we have given is yours. We don't take it back," said Dane.

Witham smiled, though there was a wistfulness in his eyes as he saw the bewilderment in his companions' faces.

"Well," he said slowly, "you can do a little for me now. Colonel Barrington was right when he sat his face against speculation, and it was only because I saw dollars were badly needed at Silverdale, and the one means of getting them, I made my deal. Still, if we are to succeed as farmers we must market our wheat as cheaply as our rivals, and we want a new bridge on the level. Now, I got a drawing of one and estimates for British Columbia stringers, yesterday, while the birches in the ravine will give us what else we want. I'll build a bridge myself, but it will cheapen the wheat-hauling to everybody, and you might like to help me."

Dane glanced at the drawing laid before him, but Alfreton spoke first. "One hundred dollars. I'm only a small man, but I wish it was five," he said.

"I'll make it that much, and see the others do their share," said Dane, and then glanced at the broker with a curious smile.

"How does he do it—this and other things? He was never a business man!"

Graham nodded. "He can't help it. It was born in him. I knew, the first night I saw him, you had got the man you wanted at Silverdale."

Then Witham stood up, wineglass in hand. "I am obliged to you, but I fancy this has gone far enough," he said. "There is one man who has done more for you than I could ever do. Prosperity is a good thing, but you at least know what he has aimed at stands high above that. May you have the head of the Silverdale community long with you!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

Under Test.

THE prairie lay dim and shadowy in the creeping dusk when Witham sat on a redwood stringer near the head of

his partly-finished bridge. There was no sound from the hollow behind him but the faint gurgle of the creek and the almost imperceptible vibration of countless minute wings. The birches which climbed the slope to it wound away sinuously, a black wall on either hand, and the prairie lying grey and still stretched back into the silence in front of him. Here and there a smouldering fire showed dully red on the brink of the ravine, but the tired men who had lighted them were already wrapped in heavy slumber.

The prairie hay was gathered, harvest had not come, and for the last few weeks Witham, with his hired men from the bush of Ontario, had toiled at the bridge with a tireless persistency which had somewhat astonished the gentlemen farmers of Silverdale. They, however, rode over every now and then, and most cheerfully rendered what assistance they could, until it was time to return for tennis or a shooting sweepstake, and Witham thanked them gravely, even when he and his Ontario axemen found it necessary to do the work again. He could have told nobody why he had undertaken to build the bridge, which could be of no use to him, but he was in a measure prompted by instincts born in him; for he was one of the Englishmen who, with a dim recognition of the primeval charge to subdue the earth and render it fruitful, gravitate to the newer lands, and usually leave their mark upon them. He had also a half-defined notion that it would be something he could leave behind in reparation, that the men of Silverdale might remember the stranger who had imposed on them more leniently, while in the strain of the mental struggle strenuous occupation was a necessity to him.

A BUNDLE of papers now too dim to see lay there, clammy with the dew, and he sat bare-headed, a pipe which had gone out in his hand, staring across the prairie with an ironical smile in his eyes. He had planned boldly and striven tirelessly, and now the fee he could not take would surely be tendered him. Wheat was growing dearer every day, and such crops as he had sown had not been seen at Silverdale. Still, the man, who had had few compunctions before he met Maud Barrington, knew now that in a little while he must leave all he had painfully achieved behind. What he would do then he did not know, for only one fact seemed certain—in another four months, or less, he would have turned his back on Silverdale.

Presently, however, the sound of horse-hoofs caught his ears, and he stood up when a mounted figure rose out of the prairie. The moon had just swung up, round and coppery, from behind a rise, and when horse and rider cut black and sharp against it his pulses throbbed faster and a little flush crept into his face, for he knew every line of the figure in the saddle. Some minutes had passed when Maud Barrington rode slowly to the head of the bridge, and pulled up at the sight of him.

The moon, turning silver now, shone behind her head, and a tress of hair sparkled beneath her wide hat, while the man had a glimpse of the gleaming whiteness of rounded cheek and neck. Her face he could not see, but shapely shoulders, curve of waist, and sweeping line of the light habit were forced up as in a daguerreotype, and as the girl sat still looking down on him, slender, lissom, dainty, etherealized almost by the brightening radiance, she seemed to him a visionary complement of the harmonies of the night. It also appeared wiser to think of her as such than a being of flesh and blood whom he had wildly ventured to long for, and he almost regretted when her first words dispelled the illusion.

"It is dreadfully late," she said. "Pluto went very lame soon after I left Macdonald's, and I knew if I went back for another horse he would have insisted on riding home with me. I had slipped away while he was in the granary. One can cross the bridge?"

"Not mounted," said Witham. "There are only a few planks between the stringers here and there, but, if you don't mind waiting, I can lead your horse across."

He smiled a little, for the words seemed trivial and out of place in face of the effect the girl's appearance had

Classified Advertising

Educational

MAIL course in stenography, bookkeeping, civil service, matriculation. May finish course by attendance at College. Dominion Business College, Toronto; J. V. Mitchell, B.A., Principal.

EARN ELECTRICAL WORK—Complete, thorough, practical course by mail, covering all branches of power and lighting work; teaches simply just what you need to know; working model of dynamo, batteries, material for experiments, etc., supplied with course; every day increases the demand for trained electrical workmen; this course will fit you to fill the demand. Write to-day to Canadian Correspondence College, Limited, Dept. K, Toronto, Canada.

Male Help Wanted

LOCAL REPRESENTATIVE WANTED—Splendid income assured right man to act as our representative after learning our business thoroughly by mail. Former experience unnecessary. All we require is honesty, ability, ambition and willingness to learn a lucrative business. No soliciting or travelling. This is an exceptional opportunity for a man in your section to get into a big paying business without capital and become independent for life. Write at once for full particulars. National Co-Operative Realty Company, H-1572 Marden Building, Washington, D.C.

MEN—Get Canadian Government jobs; \$20.00 week. Write immediately for free list of positions open. Franklin Institute, Dept. 0184, Rochester, N.Y.

Stamps and Coins

PACKAGE free to collectors for 2 cents postage; also offer hundred different foreign stamps; catalogue; hinges; five cents. We buy stamps. Marks Stamp Co., Toronto.

Agents Wanted

\$100 PER MONTH EASY, selling high-grade knives and razors with photo handles. Get into a good business for yourself. H. Vale cleared \$2,100 last year. We show you how. Write for particulars. United Cutlery Co., 630 E. Fourth St., Canton, Ohio, U.S.

Bakers' Ovens

HUBBARD PATENT PORTABLE Ovens—plans supplied; latest machinery; lowest prices; catalogue free. Warren Manufacturing Co., 732 King West, Toronto.

Patents

WE SELL, MANUFACTURE, DEVELOP and market patents; rights obtained: Canada forty-five dollars, United States sixty-five dollars; expert advice given free from the Patent Selling and Manufacturing Agency, 22 College Street, Toronto.

Printing

PRICE TICKETS that sell the goods. All prices in stock. Fifty cents per hundred. Samples for stamp. Frank H. Barnard, 35 Dundas Street, Toronto.

Hotel Directory

GRAND UNION HOTEL.

Toronto, Canada.
Geo. A. Spear, President.
American Plan, \$2-\$3. European Plan, \$1-\$1.50.

KING EDWARD HOTEL,

Toronto, Canada.
—Fireproof—
Accommodation for 750 guests. \$1.50 up.
American and European Plans.

HOTEL MOSSOP,

Toronto, Canada. F. W. Mossop, Prop.
European Plan. Absolutely Fireproof.
RATES:
Rooms without bath...\$1.50 up.
Rooms with bath...\$2.00 up.

THE NEW FREEMAN'S HOTEL,

(European Plan)
One Hundred and Fifty Rooms.
Single rooms, without bath, \$1.50 and \$2.00 per day; rooms with bath, \$2.00 per day and upwards.
St. James and Notre Dame Sts., Montreal.

THE NEW RUSSELL,

Ottawa, Canada.
250 rooms.
American Plan...\$3.00 to \$5.00
European Plan...\$1.50 to \$3.50
\$150.00 spent upon improvements.

PALMER HOUSE,

TORONTO : CANADA
H. V. O'Connor, Proprietor.
Rates—\$2.00 to \$3.00.

THE TECUMSEH HOTEL,

London, Canada.
American Plan, \$3.00 per day and up. All rooms with running hot and cold water, also telephones. Grill room open from 8 to 12 p.m.
Geo. H. O'Neil, Proprietor.

LA CORONA,

A Favorite Montreal Hotel, 453 to 465 Guy St.
Room with use of bath...\$1.50 and \$3
Room with private bath...\$2.50 and \$3
Cafe the Best. La Corona and its service acknowledged Montreal's best, but the charges are no higher than other first-class hotels.