

5he MARSI

MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS ILLUSTRATIONS OF ELLSWORTH YOUNG

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SYNOPSIS.

and briefly stopped to hold uncil of ear. Napeleou prophesied that e boy anglet one day be a marshal of rance under another Homaparte. At the rest ten Francisc meets a stranger who assumed to the boy tells him of Saspard Goorgand, who with is recen year-old daughter, lives hateau. A solder of the Empire. under Napoleon he fires the boy's imag-mation with stories of his campaigns

CHAPTER V-Continued

Tiens! We will play again for an other bottle," he announced with a bit friends, with that fat purse in his

"No," spoke the stranger-Duplessis, he had said his name was, "No. I have censitive at taking the small sum of money at my hands-it is a good game-La rams-let us play for the franc which the bottle would cost. Eh

Again they played, this time doubfing the amount, and again Francois gained, and again and again, till he felt ashamed in carrying away all this money of a new acquaintance, and at the same time a cock-sureness that so lucky a devil as Beaupre might well lose a little and stop at the right amount. The excitement of cards and excitement of wine met in a heady mixture; Duplessis drank little, though Francois urged it on him. The luck began to change; now and then the HAW stranger won, now and then Beaupre, yet more often now the stranger, till at length Francois was playing not with the desire to lose, but with a hope to gain back something at least of the considerable sum which he had lost. Refore this he had gone into his pocket and brought out that honorable nine bundred francs, and had thrown one louis g'or after another on the black table, and lost one after another. Yet his confidence was still strong-luck of joy come down; then it flashed to would turn-this was his lucky day. his mind that this dazzling gift had a And now he would not regret carrying price. With a whole soul Francois cast away the stranger's money. He began away the brilliant dream and hardly to feel a fierce eagerness to get the felt an effort. better of this antagonist became so tormidable. And a horrible nervous- seigneur," he answered with decision. gess was creeping over him at the dim "I cannot go with you. I must stay vision of a thought-a thought kept and work for my father and my mothresolutely on the confines of his con- er." sciousness yet persistently pushing

And he lost again. The nine hunared francs were gone; he gave a note

now, on his stock, and again he lost.

A deathly sickening sensation had gripped him and was holding him. In silence, with a crowd of silent

round. And Francois lost. In silence he signed the note which gave to the stranger his house and

CHAPTER VI.

Work and Hope.

The next day a sheriff and his clerk the baby in her arms.

Something had been said already of sending the children to this or that Francois each time that it happened. time be no home and no living for them until the broken father could her?" gather himself and begin again. Little Francois resolved that he would and prove that eleven was not too young to make money. As he stood watching the sheriff who moved gloomily about his unwelcome duty he was aware of a horse's hoofs beating down the road and he turned. In the midst of his grief it was interesting to see



The Nine Hundred Francs Were Gone.

the Baron-General Gourgaud coming on his bay mare Lesitte. The general drew up beside him and looked at him

"Where is your father?" he shot at m, and threw a leg over and vaulted yet I do not wish to ram Gaspard off and flung the mare's reins to the lad, and swung into the great entry and through the open door into the cottage.

away from the horse and felt himself glared over the paper.

with complete satisfaction.

And at that, out of the house came the seigneur, big and black-browed and head first france by the Enperor Nassolid of tread, and with him that at all." broken-hearted father whose face recalled all the tragedy.

gently than ever he had spoken be he began to read again. fore, "I have taken your future from about his neck. The general's abrupt voice took up the statement.

"Will you come and live with me in he demanded roughly, kindly. "I will turn one's head-it was the caissons life. of swagger. He was conscious of a treat you as a son-you shall learn to right to spend silver in treating his ride a horse and shoot a gun and be a they might no longer encumber us. soldier. You shall fit yourself for the The snow fell. The Emperor marched part which we know must be played on foot with us. Staff in hand, wrapped one day. Will you come?"

For a moment it seemed to Francois



Stood, Threatening.

"I thank you a thousand times, my

There was silence for a minute in forward—the thought that it might be the sunshing garden; the children had that be could not win the money back. wandered away: the money did not be money back. that he could not win the money back. wandered away; the men did not "Double" he shouted promptly as speak; one heard only the more Lis- later, and out of it, and out of the

"I would like to have him for mine. men, who in some way had come to Since I cannot, I shall try at least to know what was happening, standing be his friend. Monsieur the Marshal, about them, the two played the last it must be as you say. But come to see me at the chateau soon. I shall have things to talk over with you."

On a morning Francois was busy at furniture and land, all that he had in the new garden, digging beds for the plants which the neighbors had eagerly given them, and which, put in the ground now, in the autumn, would rise above them in brightness next spring.

Into this contentment came, galloprams and fixed red seals to the house The busy spade, several sizes too big. ing gloriously, hoof beats of a horse. and to everything in it which locked, stopped, and Francois leaned his chin and Claire watched in a deep quiet, on the handle, the boy out of drawing for the tool. The general stopped, which was a heavenly surprise to

> "Good morning, marshal. Will you ask your mother if I may speak to "Mother, mother, the seigneur wish-

not go He would stay with his father ly, but Claire was already on the little es you," Francois whispered piercingfront walk by the new garden. In a moment she stood at the gate

in her fresh calico dress, with a white fichu over her head, and the big man towered and growled sentences friendlily. Then the general trotted with jingling stirrup down the village street and Claire stood with the following for a moment.

"What did the seigneur say, my mother?" Francois demanded. "Did e say I might come to the chateau fomorrow? May I? Am I to know what the general said, my mother?" After his father came home to din-

ner he knew. He was to go each morning to the chateau and do work in copying for the general. The general was writing a book, nothing less than a history of Napoleon himself. The off and he groaned and looked up at towers. boy's great dreamy eyes glowed. So the little lad, in his clean,

patched, peasant clothes, went up to the chateau the next morning serious and important, and was given a table and a corner in the library and words | bred Zappi. to copy which thrilled his soul.

Often the general talked to him. Eh bien, there, the marshal!" would come thundering from the great table across the room; and the scribe would wide place.

"Yes, Monsieur the Seigneur. I am here.

"Listen then, my soldier. I am uncertain if this that I have written is of importance. It is interesting to me, because Gaspard Gourgaud was there, Gourgaud down a reader's throat."

Francois squatted on a stool exactly in front of the general, with his knees together and his elbows on them, his Francois, though broken-hearted, chin in the hollow of his hands. His was but eleven, and it was a proud eyes were glued on the general's face. thing to hold the seigneur's horse and In a deep voice the general read. It pleasant to see the spirited beast paw was an account of that world-tragedy, the earth as he held her. He was so the retreat from Moscow. First came entranced with this occupation that a list of regiments and of officers, with he forgot his bruised life and his lost detailed accounts of early service in career entirely. For fifteen minutes both; it was exact, accurate. For five he forgot, and the other children gath- minutes the general read this; then ered around him, and he ordered them his black eyebrows lifted and he now in the peace of our homes! Those

Francois, lips compressed, shook his again, never again!"

the seigneur, big and black-browed and head firmly. "No, my Seigneur. Not

"I agree with you," the general said. and sorted the papers over and laid "Francois," his father spoke, more some away. Selecting a sheet or two,

"Over the frozen roads the worn exploded by order of the Emperor that drunk enough. However, if you feel that heaven had opened and a miracle the midst of his household, encouragsian cap on his head, he walked in ing with a word, with a smile, every one who came near him.

"There were many adventures which showed the souls of men shining through the nightmare of this horrible time. Many noble deeds were done, many heartbreaking ones. One which was both happened to me. There was an Italian officer in the corps under Prince Eugene, who had been my comrade when I was on the staff of Lannes; his name was Zappi-the Marquis Zappi. On the day after the dreadful passing of the Beresina River, I suddenly felt my strength go -I could walk no longer. A sick loathing seized me, and I groaned and lovely purple clothes, came mincing

dragged my heavy feet forward, to down the graveled drive, as if afraid stay, with my friends even a few steps more. And with that an arm was around me suddenly, and I heard Zappi's quiet voice. "'Keep up your courage, comrade; we are going to see our homes yet,' he said. 'I shall take care of you.

Look'-and I looked, and he had a sledge with fur robes on it. I never knew where he got it-from some deserted Russian house, I suppose. He put me on the sledge and wrapped me in the furs and gave me brandy from his flask. For Zappi had done a clever thing. He had made a bargain with some Jesuits near Polotsk, where he had camped for a while, that his men should cut and beat the wheat necessary on condition that he should have a part of the brandy for them. He had blossom of a strange flower. And bekept some of his share yet, and it hind Jean Phillippe was a tall man

"There was a thick fog several days ette whom Francois held, who stamped wood we must pass, rushed with wild her light forefoot and whinnied impa- cries a cloud of mounted Cossacks tiently. Then the general's grave across the road within twenty paces voice sounded, more gravely than ever. of the Emperor himself. But General "Francois Beaupre, you own a fine Rapp dashed forward at the head of lad," he threw at the drooping peasant. two mounted squadrons of chasseurs



The Marquis Received It With Grave Courtesy.

in the place of one of Rapp's officers, because, on account of my late weak- prison." ness, it was thought well that I should

me with dying eyes-it was Zappi."

"Ah!" The little figure had sprung up and stood, fists clenched, threatening. One would have thought it was

not die." relieved on the stool, yet with stern he stooped and walked languidly, and drop his pen and scuttle over the dim eyes still on the general's face. The general laid the papers aside.

"Not he. He had seized the lance from a Russian whom he had killed- the usual order of things. it was most imprudent, especially in

home. The general's deep-set eyes were gazing now above François' head out through the narrow window where the boy's table stood, across the mountain slope, to the blue distance.

"Alessandro, my friend," he spoke in his gruff tones, yet softly, "shall we see each other again? So close through that black time, so far apart warm hands which cared for me when of a word; Pietro is my son till you Much the same process is adopted Life.

"You find it interesting?" he de | I was freezing and dying in Russia- | claim him from me, and glad enough | ly there below the gravity. And ft

CHAPTER VII.

The Crown of Friendship. you, my son. The seigneur wishes to army still trudged; every form of letters tied up and labeled, is a letter for my Alixe." give it back. He wishes to make you misery trudged with them. Hunger written years later, referring to that his child. Your mother consents-and was there, and cold, and suffering of earlier time in France. Perhaps this reflectively. "She is a charming per- up and at it; always quicker, always I-I consent." His father's arm was wounds, and suffering of lack of cloth. bit of the chronicle of Francois Beau- son, that little woman of yours." ing; more than this, there was the pre could not be told so vividly as in bands of Cossacks. From time to his prison. He begins with the ac- Pietro had been here an hour?" the chateau, Monsieur the Marshal?" time frightful explosions made one count of an adventure, of a ride for

> And when I came to there were the heavy Austrians around me, gaping to see the Prince. And only Francois Beaupre to see, which they found out pretty promptly, as I have told you before, and also how I defied them,

> "In a great danger they say one thinks more clearly than usual-one's mind works with smoothness and at leisure. It was so during that ride, for I followed out as I dashed along. hearing the shouts of the men back of me, the whole train of circumstances from one of those mornings with Coq in the park, to this adventure of life and death. It was the morning-you will know before I say it-when Jean Phillippe Moison, in his of spoiling his good shoes-and I think he was-to the seigneur, who taught us to ride Coq. Do you remember how your father thundered at

"'A strange monsieur to see me? Impossible! I am engaged. Tell him will not see him.

"And Jean Phillippe smiling, for all of them understood the seigneur, and saying gently, 'Yes, my Seigneur,' turned away with the message. And your father shouted after him:

"'Stop! Come back here! What do you mean by that? Bring the monsieur to me.' And the purple clothes disappeared and appeared again in a few minutes gleaming in the sun against the gray old walls-I can see it all now, Alixe-like a large violet in a long traveling cloak, and behind arrival at the castle. him a tall little boy. And as they came the seigneur turned to go to seigneur do, and I never forgot it. And tude."

I did not know one another well. trians after me, I thought out the voices talking, had brought the gen- cause of your kindness to me." whole chain of events; how Pietro had eral's loud command of "Entrez," the "My kindness to you?" come and had stayed while his father, little brown figure and the large bunch the marquis, went to America, and had of flowers came in together and the cause you have been so kind to me." fitted into our life and become dear to boy marched straight to the stately And the marquis, in the silence of us, the big, beautiful, silent lad. And Italian. Snapping his heels together his soul, was ashamed. how then, because of the death of the as his mother had taught him he The next day he went. As they and how he and I went away together astonished at this attention, received lifted his boy and held him without to the military school, always more it with grave courtesy but without a word. As he set him down he turned and more like brothers and—all the much cordiality; it seemed to him toward the carriage, but in a flash Cardston, Alberta. rest. I need not recite those things rather an odd whim of Gourgaud's he turned back as if by a sudden into you, yet I like to do it. My to have this peasant child about as spiration, and laid a hand on little thoughts, in that wild dangerous mo- one of his own family. and grenadiers of the guard who al- quis Zappi arrived with his little son different manners of kindliness. The cois?" ways followed the Emperor, and the at the chateau, through the ten years manner of the marquis was graver Cossacks were put to flight. I was of our life together, to my coming than other people's, perhaps-what ways," the child answered gravely. in charge; I was serving temporarily into Italy as his secretary—and from then? The kindliness was undoubtedthat, by a rapid step, to this castle

The rest of the letter belongs to a be on horseback. So it happened that, later part of the story. That little as the skirmish finished, I saw coming Pietro Zappi should be led into the toward me a figure in a furred coat narrative by the hand of his closest and cap, brandishing a Cossack lance friend was the object for which the -rushing toward the Emperor. I letter was introduced, and, that acdashed down on the mad Cossack, as complished, the course of history I thought him, and passed my great bends back to the quiet Valley of saber through his body. And the man | Delesmontes and the children growing fell, and as he fell the fur cap went up under the shadows of the castle

The general, sitting in his library the morning after the arrival chronicled in the quoted letter, stared at his old friend from under his heavy this second that the general had sa- brows as if trying vigorously to convince himself of his presence. The "May I live a moment?" the general marquis, an Italian of North Italy, tall inquired. "Till I explain. Zappi did and proud and quiet, had the air more of a student than of a soldier. A "Ah!" again. And Francois sank little the air, also, of an invalid, for a cough caught him at times. He was talking, on that morning in the library, while the general listened; it was not

"So you see, Gaspard," the marquis the dress he wore, which did not show went on in his quiet reticent way, the French uniform underneath. It "that I have believed in our old friendwas my turn then to play nurse. He ship. I have taken for granted a welwas placed in one of the carriages of come for my boy-I could not have the Emperor, and I cared for him as done it with another man. The voymy own brother, and he came through age to America and my stay there it all, and went back to Italy, to his will last, it may be a year. I have brought Pietro to leave him with you if you will have him."

This old officer of Napoleon had. after all his battles and killings, the tition four times a day of a given for of daylight." simplicity and the heart of his own little girl. But he cleared his throat hurriedly with a bravado of carelessness, and before the marquis could do more than smile at him wistfully, he days at most the effect—according to went on:

'It is all settled; there was no need

I shall touch them perhaps never I am to get him for as long as I may, was this monsieur who had saved the I have a lien on a very good manner life of the seigneur; that, after all, of boy already, young Francois Beau- was the whole matter. Francois wast-In the claw-footed, carved, old ma- another. They will play better to- own at the ever new goodness of his hogany desk of a Virginia house, in a gether and work better together, and world. To the marquis, who hardly

"Alessandro, shall I tell you what "What then?"

"I saw the children-your boy and



'Yes, Monsieur, the Marquis, Always."

gazed inquiringly at the calm blue enough money." eyes which met his.

CHAPTER VIII.

For Always. he came home on the day of the new it away.

meet them, and stopped and stared. she repeated after Francois. "And and stared; and you, mounted on Coq. glad, my Francois. And you ought me?" and we saw how the seigneur sud- things our seigneur has done for you of my seigneur." denly began to shake as if ill, and then and which would not have happened,

pre, whom I wished to adopt, but the ed little time thinking of other people's lad would not give up his parents. feeling toward himself. He was much And that makes me more eager for too busy with a joyful wonder of his drawer where are packets of yellowed they will be a good brace of brothers noticed him, he proceeded to constitute himself a shadow. At the first "Your Alixe," the marquis spoke sign of a service to be done he was more intelligent than the footman.

"You have thrown a charm over my constant dread of attack from flying these words of Francois written from flashed into my head before you and boy Francois, Alessandro," the general said, well pleased. And the marquis answered thoughtfully:

"It is a boy out of the common, I "So, dear Alixe," he finishes this- my girl-together as if lifelong play- believe, Gaspard. At first I thought the detailed story of his capture- mates over the big books in the win- it a mistake that you should raise a "down went the poor horse, and over dow-seat there, and it came to me child of his class to the place you his head I spun into the ditch with that it would be a joy to crown one's have given him, but I see that you in a large loose cloak, a furred Rus. a bump on the skull which dazed me. life if-later on-" He stopped and understand what you are about. He is worthy of a good fate."

The day came when, on the next morning, the Marquis Zappi was due to start on his long journey to America. Out on the lawn, in the shadow of the beech trees he sat and watched his son playing ball with little Alixe. Then he was aware of Francois standing before him. The boy held something in his closed hand, and with that he opened his fingers and stretched it to the marquis. The marquis looked inquiringly at the yellow metal.

"What is this?" he asked; he was prepared now to be surprised by this years. boy about once in so often, so he simunexpected.

quis." Francois smiled radiantly and and carried off the Colorado silver continued to present the ten-franc trophy, valued at \$1,500. piece. "It is my own; the seigneur gave it to me on my birthday, and my father and son, had a similar victory father said it was to be mine to do at Columbia, N. C., and should they with as I chose. I choose to give it win in 1914 at Dallas, Texas, they to you, Monsieur the Marquis. Sc will own the trophy. that you may have plenty of money-1 In 1911, Seager Wheeler of Rosthern know well what it is not to have won \$1,000 in gold at the New York

The brown fist was outstretched, the wheat. "Yes," the marquis answered qui- gold piece glittering in it, and still In 1912 at the Dry Farming Conetly. "It would be that-the crown of the marquis stared speechless. Never gress at Lethbridge, Alberta, Mr. our friendship, if some day they might in his life had any one presumed to Holmes of Cardston won the \$2,500 face of the little peasant; it shone world.

"The great gentleman has come quis. And then he considered again Farming Congress at Tulsa, Okla., who once saved our seigneur's life!" the shining little face. "Why have Canada won the majority of the you done this, Francois?" he asked. world's honors in individual classes. And the monsieur in the cloak stopped the seigneur is glad. Of course he is "Why do you always—do so much for and seven out of the sixteen sweeps

and I, holding Coq's bridle, watched to be glad, too, and grateful to that "That thing in Russia, for my curiously, because of the other child, gentleman because of all the good seigneur. When you saved the life

"Oh," said the marquis and stared with a hoarse shout rushed to the assuredly, if Monsieur the Marquis down at the boy anxiously explaining tall man and threw his arms about had not saved him. You should do "I have been afraid that I could him and held him, and sobbed aloud. everything that is possible for Mon- never show you how I thanked you That was a strange thing to see the sieur the Marquis to show your grati- for the life of my seigneur. But I will do more. I will be a friend of to think that the child who stood Next morning the little brown fig. Pietro. He is six months younger there, shy and unknown, was Pietro! | ure which trudged through the beech | than I; I can teach him how to climb It seems unreasonable that ever there wood was brightened by a large and and how to fight and how to take care was a time when you and Pietro and vivid bouquet held in his two hands, of himself. And I will, because of When the tap of Francois at the that thing you did. Because, too, I "As I rode that day, with the Aus- library door, where one heard men's think well of Pietro and besides be-

"Yes, Monsieur the Marquis-be-

marquis, Pietro had come under the made a stiff deep bow, and presented stood, gathered in the big carved door charge of your father, the seigneur, his nosegay. The marquis, a little way, he told them all goodby and man, Kindersley, Saskatchewan. Francois' shoulder.

ment, seemed to go in detail through But Francois did not know that; to "You will remember that you promall, from the morning that the Mar- him all the world was kindly, with ised to be a friend to Pietro, Fran-

"Yes, Monsieur the Marquis, al-

(TO BE CONTINUED)



Extends to the Guring of Physical IIIs

If One Will Persevere in Treatment. By the method known as "sugges-

tion," it is possible (according to a medical writer) not only to perform the simple experiment of waking oneself at a given hour in the morning, but also to banish all minor physical ailments and even to correct faults in Casey—one o'clock—two o'clock the character. Just as in the first instance the ex-

perimenter before going to sleep at blow Casey stumbled up the front night makes a mental request to him- steps into the house and awakened self that he shall awake at a certain his wife by his efforts to negotiate time on the following morning, so in the stairs. She hopped out of bed more important matters he suggests and met her better half in the hallto himself a condition of health or a way. method of conduct. To take two instances. Supposing tion written on her Amazon face.

you suffer from insomnia, you focus "'Sallrite, Illin," said Casey, weakyour whole attention upon the repe- ly. "The game was called on account mula. Thus you may say to yourself that you trouble no more about the matter, merely repeating the statement at intervals. In two or three little boys go who fish on Sunday? the authority-will be felt in sound slumbers.

MUCH POWER IN SUGGESTION where it is desired to break onself of a bad habit. The theory is that the remark or

statement is addressed to your uncon-

scious mind, which responds to your

desires when expressed in this way.

Brand-New Excuse. Casey announced to his wife, Ellen, that he was going to the ball game. All day he was gone. Night came, but no Casey to take his place at the head of the table. Midnight and no

three o'clock-no Casey. As the six o'clock whistles began to

"Well," said Mrs. Casey, determina-

Tip for Him. The Preacher-Do you know where The Kid-Yes, sir; all us kids **SWEEPSTAKE**

CANADA ADDING OTHERS TO ITS SERIES OF VICTORIES.

SWEEPSTAKE UPON

A Manitoba Steer Carries Off Similar Honors to Those Won by a Half-Brother in 1912.

When Glencarnock I., the Aberdeen-Angus steer, owned by Mr. McGregor of Brandon, Manitoba, carried off the sweepstakes at the Chicago Live Stock Show in 1912, it was considered to be a great victory for barley, oats and grass versus corn. So that there might be no doubt of the superiority of barley feeding, Manitoba climate, and judgment in selecting the animal, Mr. McGregor placed in competition in 1913, another Aberdeen-Angus, a half-brother to the animal that won last year, and secured a second victory in the second year. In other classes he had excellent winnings, but the big victory was the sweepstakes for the best steer. This victory proved that Manitoba-grown barley and oats, and prairie hay, had properties better than any contained in corn, which in the past has been looked upon as being superior to other grains in fattening and finishing qualities. Not only this, but Glencarnock's victory proves that the climate of the prairie provinces of western Canada, in combination with rich foods that are possessed by that country, tends to make cattle raising a success at little cost.

Other winnings at the live stock show which placed western Canada in the class of big victories were: Three firsts, seven seconds, and five other

prizes in Clydesdales. The winners, Bryce, Taber, Sutherland, Sinton, Mutch, McLean, Haggerty, Leckie and the University of Saskatchewan are like family names in Saskatchewan. Each one had "the goods" that won honor to himself and combined made a name and record for Saskatchewan.

Look at the recent victories won by western Canada within the past three

In February, 1911, Hill & Sons of ply suspended judgment at a thing Lloydminster, Saskatchewan, showed a peck of oats at the National Corn "It is for you, Monsieur the Mar. Exposition, held at Columbus, Ohio,

In February, 1913, the same men.

Land Show for the best 100 pounds of

offer him money. He looked up at the Rumley engine for best wheat in the with peace and good will; he put out | In 1913, at the Dry Farming Con-

his hand and took the gold piece and gress, held at Tulsa, Okla, Mr. P. Gerlooked at it a long minute, and drew lack of Allen, Saskatchewan, carried Claire listened with serious calm a leather case from his pocket and off the honors and a threshing maeyes as her son told his story when placed it within carefully, and put chine for the best bushel of wheat shown in competition with the world. "Thank you, Francois," said the mar | In 1913 at the International Dry stakes, including the grand prize for

the best bushel of hard wheat. The grand prize, a threshing machine, was won by Paul Gerlack for best bushel of hard wheat, which weighed 71 pounds to the bushel, and

was of the Marquis variety. In the district in which the wheat was grown that won this prize, there were thousands of acres this year that would have done as well. Mr. Gerlack is to be congratulated, as well as the province of Saskatchewan, and western Canada as a whole, for the great success that has been achieved in

both grain and cattle. Other prizes at the same place

were: Best peck of barley, Nicholas Tetmiger, Claresholm, Alberta. Best peck of oats, E. J. Lanigan, Elfross, Saskatchewan. Best bushel of flax, John Plews

Best sheaf of barley, A. H. Cross-

Best sheaf of flax, R. C. West, Kindersley, Saskatchewan. Best sheaf of oats, Arthur Perry, In district exhibits, Swift Current. Saskatcnewan, won the Board of

Carnduff, Saskatchewan,

Trade Award, with Maple Creek second. Other exhibitors and winners were: Red Fife spring wheat, E. A. Fred-

rick, Maple Creek. Other variety of hard spring wheat, S. Englehart, Abernethy, Sask. Black oats, Alex Wooley, Horton,

Alta. Western rye grass, W. S. Creighton, Stalwart, Sask. Sheaf of Red Fife wheat, R. H. Carter, Fort Qu'Apelle, Sask. Sheaf of Marquis wheat, C. N. Car-

ney, Dysart, Sask. Oats, any other variety, Wm. S. Simpson, Pambrun, Sask. Two-rowed barley, R. H. Carter, Fort Qu'Apelle, Sask. Six-rowed barley, R. H. Carter, Fort Qu'Apelle, Sask.

Western rye grass-Arthur Perry, Cardston, Alta. Alsike clover, Seager Wheeler, Rosthern, Sask.-Advertisement.

A Wise Youth. "I have temperament," simpered the

girl. "Then you are destined for a man who is earning 25 plunks a week." responded the young man, reaching

Important to Mothers
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it Bears the
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Outlate-Shame time I ushed to go home when I was courtin' you!

Red Cross Ball Blue will wash double as many clothes as any other blue. Don't put your money into any other. Adv. The best of plans fall out, and the best of friends get married.

around here go down ter Smylie's crick below the bridge,-Brooklyn A smart woman can learn things from a man that doesn't even know.