

## CANADA WEEK IN CHICAGO

### CANADIAN EXHIBITS AT LIVE STOCK AND LAND SHOWS CENTER OF ATTRACTION.

The hats were doffed to Canada during the two weeks of the Land Show and the week of the Live Stock Show at Chicago. Willing to display its goods, anxious to let the people of the central states know what could be produced on Canadian farm lands, and the quality of the article, Hon. Dr. Roche, minister of the interior of Canada, directed that sufficient space be secured at the United States Land Show, recently held, to give some adequate idea of the field resources of western Canada. Those in charge had splendid location, and installed one of the most attractive grain and grass exhibits ever seen anywhere. "Thousands, anxious to get back to the land," saw the exhibit, saw wheat that weighed 68 pounds to the measured bushel, oats that went 48 and barley that tipped the scales at 55 pounds. The clover, the alfalfa, the wild pea vine and vetch, the rye grass, the red-top and many other succulent and nutritious varieties of wild grasses demanded and deserved from their prominence and quality the attention they received. The grain in the straw, bright in color, and carrying heads that gave evidence of the truth of the statements of Mr. W. J. White of Ottawa, and his attendants, that the wheat would average 28 to 35 bushels and over per acre, the oats 55 to 105 bushels, the flax 12 to 28 bushels, were strongly in evidence, and arranged with artistic taste on the walls. The vegetable exhibit was a surprise to the visitors. Potatoes, turnips, cabbage—in fact, all of it proved that not only in grains was western Canada prominent, but in vegetables it could successfully compete with the world.

One of the unique and successful features of the exhibit was the successful and systematic daily distribution of bread made from Canadian flour. It was a treat to those who got it. Canadian butter, Canadian cheese and Canadian honey helped to complete an exhibit that revealed in a splendid way the great resources of a country in which so many Americans have made their home.

A feature of the exhibit was the placards, announcing the several recent successes of Canadian farm produce and live stock in strong competition with exhibits from other countries. There was posted the Leager Wheeler championship prize for Marquis wheat grown at Rosthern in 1911, beating the world. Then I. Holmes of Cardston entered the competitive field at Lethbridge Dry Farming Congress, and won the wheat championship of 1912, beating Mr. Wheeler with the same variety of wheat. Hill & Sons of Lloydminster, Saskatchewan, in 1911, won the Colorado silver trophy for best oats grown, competed for in a big competition at Columbus, Ohio, in 1911. The produce of British Columbia at the New York Land Show in 1911 carried off the world's championship for potatoes, and incidentally won a \$1,000 silver trophy, and then, but a few days ago, the same province carried off the world's prize for apples at the Horticultural Show in London, England.

But that was not all. These Canadians, who had the temerity to state that corn was not the only feed for finishing high-grade beef cattle, entered for the fat steer championship at the Live Stock Show in Chicago a polled Angus—"Glencarnock Victor." Nearly 300 entries were in the field. "Glencarnock Victor" didn't know a kernel of corn from a Brazilian walnut. There were Iowa, Illinois, Nebraska, Kansas, Minnesota, Wisconsin and their corn-fed article, determined to win, bound to beat this blank animal from the north, and his "nothing but prairie grass, oats and barley feed," as his owner proudly stated, but they didn't. Canada and McGregor & Sons, with their "Glencarnock Victor," won, and today the swiftest of America is eating his steaks and roasts—the champion steer of the world.

But once more the herd of cattle that won the Sweepstakes at the same show was bred and owned by the owners of "Glencarnock Victor," fed only on prairie grass, oats and barley, near Brandon, Manitoba. The royal reception given to Mr. McGregor on his return to his home town was well deserved.

Omission must not be made of the wonderful and beautiful display of apples made by British Columbia, occupying a full half section of the great Land Show. This was in personal charge of Mr. W. E. Scott, deputy minister of agriculture for that province, who was not only a host to those who visited the exhibit, but was also an encyclopedia of information regarding the resources of that country. With 200,000 Americans going to western Canada this year, it is pleasing to know that so many from this side of the line can participate in the honors coming to that new country.—Advertisement.

### He Was Calling.

Friend—What was the title of your poem?  
Foot—"Oh, Give Me Back My Dreams."  
Friend—And what did the editor write to you?  
Foot—"Take 'em!"—McCall's Magazine.

All women are born free and equal—but they don't look it at the bathing beach.

### Merely an Amateur.

A man who lives much at hotels had some odd experiences during the strikes of the waiters in New York and Boston.

On the morning after the strike was called in New York he ordered boiled eggs in a New York hotel. The man, who had hired all applicants for jobs at waiting, and the one who took this boiled egg order was a tough person. He brought the eggs, came over and leaned on the back of the patron's chair and said:

"Say, cul, kin I shuck them eggs for yez?"

In Boston the waiter at breakfast was a big, burly person who seemed unfamiliar with the work. The man at breakfast ventured a mild protest. "Aw, fergit it!" said the waiter. "I ain't no waiter. I came up here to be a strike-breaker in the truckman's strike."—Saturday Evening Post.

### Misunderstanding.

Elihu Root, at the chamber of commerce dinner in New York, said: "There are hundreds of thousands of people outside the great industrial communities who think the chamber of commerce a den of thieves, who think that the manufacturers of the country are no better than a set of confidence men."

Discussing this regrettable misunderstanding afterward, Mr. Root smiled and said:

"It is a misunderstanding that will come right in the end; but just now, if a rich man ventured to say to a poor man, 'I believe in putting by something for a rainy day,' the poor man would sneer bitterly and reply: 'Yes, that's why me and my friends lose so many ummrellas.'"

### Never Liked Oats.

Frenchmen have never liked oats; doctors have urged them to try the national dish of the Scotch, but they have politely refused.

But one group of Frenchmen could not escape; this was a company of the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth infantry, whose captain insisted that his men should eat oatmeal porridge for a month. He had the oatmeal toasted to improve the taste. To their surprise, his men found that after a month of maneuvers they did not have a single man on the sick list, while other companies had as many as a dozen. They have made up their minds that oats are not so bad after all.

### Frenzied Arithmetic.

Three-year-old Amy, who has a very lively little brother, was being put through a lesson in arithmetic by her uncle. She had successfully added one and one, but stuck at two and one. "Your mamma," said her uncle, "has two children. If she had one more, what would that make?" "Two," cried Amy, "that would make my mamma crazy!"—Woman's Home Companion.

### Neither Acceptable.

Pretty Daughter—So you don't like Jim?

Her Father—No; he appears to be capable of nothing.

Pretty Daughter—But what objection have you to George?

Her Father—Oh, he's worse than Jim. He strikes me as being capable of anything.—Stray Stories.

### Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the

Signature of *W. C. Little* in Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

### Her Dancing Nights.

"Is your wife fond of dancing?" "Yes, especially the nights I prefer to stay at home."—Detroit Free Press.

### Identified.

Doctor—Are you anemic, Pat?  
Pat—No, doctor—Irish.—Life.

Red Cross Ball Blue, all blue, best bluing value in the whole world, makes the laundry smile. Adv.

Every mother knows that her own child is superior to any other child in the neighborhood.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. See a bottle in every drug store.

The light that lies in a woman's eyes may tell the truth.

### TIRED BLOOD CAUSES WOMEN'S AILMENTS

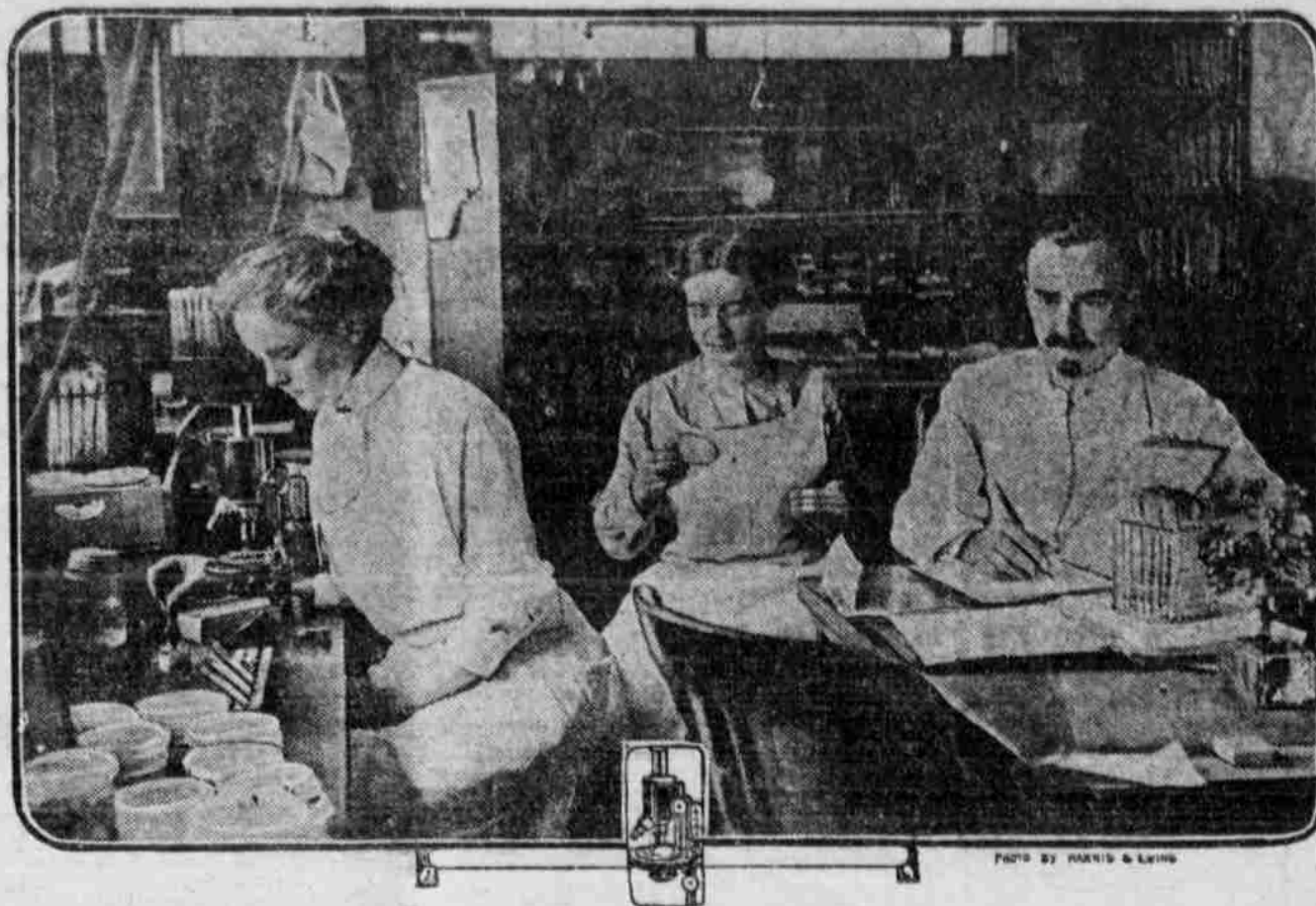
(Copyright 1912 by the Tonitives Co.) Tired Blood causes Backache, Bearing Down Pains, Irregularities, Womb Trouble, Bloodlessness, Nervousness, Lack of Strength and other Complaints, peculiar to women. The blood becomes not only tired, but depleted, and a condition known as

Anemia sets in. Much suffering, and perhaps life itself may be saved by a timely and thorough treatment of Tonitives, to so fertilize and enrich the blood, that it will not lack the elements necessary to perform its various functions. 75c. per box of dealers or by mail. The Tonitives Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

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## GUARDING AGAINST THE POLLUTED OYSTER



The agricultural department maintains at Washington a bacteriological laboratory where all sorts of "bugs" are discovered in all sorts of food. At this time of the year, when the oyster season is at its height, little is done in this place except to test oysters and the water in which they live to determine whether or not they contain typhoid germs. The photograph shows Dr. George Stiles, Chief of the laboratory, and his two assistants, Miss Ruth C. Greathouse and Miss Maude L. Mason.

## STORIES OF HEROISM

### Character of the Bulgarian Soldier Is Revealed.

One Man Tells of Victory Over Turks Won by Privates Disobeying an Order to Retreat—Soldiers Devoted to Their Officers.

Sofia, Bulgaria.—In order to explain the phenomenal exploits of the Bulgarian armies in their battles against the Turk in Adrianople and Macedonia one must become familiar with the character of the Bulgarian soldier, says a correspondent. It is but a short time since the Balkan war began, yet many are the incidents that have come to light which enable one to judge as to the caliber of "the man behind the gun."

As I was passing the postoffice one day I met some twenty men in worn-out uniforms. Several had their arms in slings, one had his head bandaged and a couple of them limped a little. I joined them the moment I had assured myself that they were wounded soldiers apparently cured and just discharged from the hospital. The men were very cheerful, but this is a striking characteristic of nearly all those who have received injuries in the recent great battles.

I asked if they were all wounded. "Yes, all of us, of course," answered three of them at the same time. "Would we have left the battlefield otherwise?" I found out upon inquiry that several had received severe bullet wounds. Two showed me the very bullets that had been taken from their bodies.

"They ordered us to go home," one of them said, "but we are good enough for another trial with the Turk if the king wants us!"

In one of the hospitals I have a friend who belonged to one of the first regiments that took part in the engagements south of Lozengrad (Kirk-Klissch). Here is a little story which he told me that is typical of the Bulgarian warrior:

"Our regiment went too far into the enemy's intrenchments when suddenly we saw ourselves nearly surrounded. Our commander gave the order to retreat. For the first time since I have been a soldier I heard an order from a superior that was not obeyed. The order was repeated by other officers, but the men showed no inclination to obey it. Suddenly a deafening cry of 'Oorah!' was raised and then a platoon of reserves led by a lieutenant dashed ahead and shouted: 'Forward, boys! A Bulgarian soldier knows no retreat. Na vofe [charge bayonets]. Oorah!'"

"In a moment the blades on the Mannlicher guns shone in the light as the men rushed at their opponents, who for an instant were stupefied at the unexpectedness of the attack. We were pretty sure we were going to be killed, for we were too few in number. But God was good to us. The Turks, though bloodthirsty and fierce with the knife, are exceedingly afraid of us; at any rate, they were afraid of our 'Na vofe' charge. Their right flank gave way before our attack and after leaving a third of our men dead in the field, mostly killed by the Turkish rapid fire, thus remaining intrenched themselves in an evacuated Turkish fortification.

"I never believed I could be so brutal with the knife. One does not think of it when engaged in battle. A man never thinks of death under these circumstances. Our disobedience to the orders was a very grave one, indeed, but there is always an exception to the rule. Had we obeyed the command to retreat our comrades back of us would have thought we were cowards and we would have caused demoralization among our own men."

The other day I met a wounded officer. Greatly interested in the war, I requested him to tell me something about his experience. "The only thing I can tell you is this: That we officers fall far below our soldiers in point of

### KING PUNISHES A DRIVER

Monarch of Spain Boxes Man's Ears for Beating Exhausted Horse.

Paris.—An interesting anecdote of the king of Spain is now going the rounds of Paris. The other day, it is said, a man was driving up a steep hill just outside of Madrid a heavily laden cart drawn by two miserable horses, both of which looked to be at the end of the tether.

One of them, dead beat, fell exhausted, and was unable to arise, in spite of the blows showered on the unfortunate beast by the driver, with the butt end of his whip.

At this point a large automobile came into view over the brow of the hill, driven by a young man, with a lady at his side. The motorist took in the situation at a glance and at once stopped.

Getting down, he skillfully raised the wretched horse to its legs, and then proceeded to box the ears of the driver soundly.

"Now," he said, starting his automobile, "you can, if you like, go and complain to the king of Spain."

The chivalrous motorist was Alfonso himself, with Queen Victoria.

### HUNTER LASSES A GRIZZLY

Bruin Escapes Bullets of Party of Hunters, but Falls Under the Lariat.

Downsville, Cal.—George Bynum, who was out with a party of hunters two days ago, roped a young grizzly bear. The party sighted the bear near the Yuba river, and fired several shots without effect.

Seeing that the quarry was about to escape, Bynum, an experienced cowboy, unfurled his lasso and chased the animal with his trained range horse.

Overtaking the bear after a mile chase through scrub brush, Bynum placed his line upon it and held it until his companions arrived. The grizzly was then securely tied and brought to Downsville.

## TO STOP SOCIETY "GRAFT"

Devise Plan to Prevent Women From Wearing Gowns and Then Returning Them.

New York.—The latest development of the graft-exposing fraud that is now sweeping through New York life is the revelation that women of wealth and good standing in New York society have joined the ranks of the grafters.

Not only do these women take graft, but they go out and get it, and the situation has now reached a point where the department stores, which have been the worst sufferers, have organized to protect themselves. The women have, of course, been cruelly shocked to hear the right name given to their practice, which was one of the oldest and simplest of gentle grafts.

The woman who feels that none of evening gowns would do for a particularly brilliant occasion would saunter into a store during the early afternoon, look over and try on gowns, till she found the handsomest one that she could wear, and order it sent home immediately "on approval."

Next day she would return the gown, saying that her husband did not like it, or that the color was all changed when she got it in the gas light.

The store people, though they knew from the feel of the fabric that the gown had been worn for an evening, could not protest, for a customer, even a bad one, is always in the right, and the store is always in the wrong when it comes to a difference of opinion.

The department stores' cure for the trouble is simple and effective. They now paste a label of flimsy paper on the sleeve or back of each gown in a contrasting color, big enough to be seen three blocks away. A tag or an ordinary sewed cloth label could be

removed, but the light paper, stuck on with a preparation that cannot harm the cloth, has to be torn off in scraps. If the label is not in place the gown is regarded as sold and there's an end to it.

### TRIPLETS BORN AFTER DEATH

Posthumous Babies Are Hearty and Physicians Are of the Opinion That They Will Live.

Altoona, Pa.—Posthumous triplets were born to Mrs. Mary Gordon of Tateville, Bedford county, at the hospital at Roaring Springs, and the doctor believes they will live, although the mother died an hour before their birth.

They are lusty babes, two girls and a boy. The boy weighs 5½ pounds, one girl 4 pounds, the other 5½ pounds, or 14½ pounds all told.

Some months ago the father died and last week Mrs. Gordon's son, Arlington, a brakeman, was killed in the Pennsylvania yards here. Deeply depressed by the double bereavement, her life hung in the balance. Ten children were previously born to her.

### WILL COMBINE SOCIETIES

Philanthropic Bodies of New York to Work Together to Avoid Duplication.

New York.—Practically all the philanthropic agencies and societies in New York city—nearly 5,000 in number—are to be linked together by a bureau known as the "Social Service Exchange." The aim is to prevent duplication of effort and to make the work of each organization more complete and effective.

### Baking Made Almost Automatic

Science has done many wonderful things in the way of lightning kitchen-work, but possibly the most welcome of its many achievements is the preparation of a baking powder that makes baking almost automatic.

This wonderful baking powder is known as Calumet Baking Powder. As you perhaps know from your own experience—baking is largely a matter of "luck." If your baking powder happens to be just right, your baking will be good. But if it varies in quality or in strength—as so many baking powders do, your baking are more than likely to be ruined. Calumet Baking Powder puts a stop to the dependence on "luck." With it, all quickly-raised foods can be made without the slightest trouble—made pure and wholesome and tasty. For Calumet itself is pure in the can and in the baking—and so uniform in quality, so carefully prepared, that failures are impossible. You can judge of its purity, too, when you know that it has been given the highest awards at two World's Pure Food Expositions—one at Chicago in 1897 and the other at Paris, France, last March. Adv

### JUST THAT.



Cook—A fellow spends a lot of money for Christmas presents, and what has he to show for it?  
Hook—Pawn tickets, usually.

### RINGWORM ON CHILD'S FACE

Stratford, Iowa.—Three years ago this winter my seven-year-old son had ringworm on the face. First it was in small red spots which had a rough crust on the top. When they started they looked like little red dots and then they got bigger, about the size of a bird's egg. They had a white rough ring around them, and grew continually worse and soon spread over his face and legs. The child suffered terrible itching and burning, so that he could not sleep nights. He scratched them and they looked fearful. He was cross when he had them. We used several bottles of liniment, but nothing helped.

"I saw where a child had a rash on the face and was cured by Cuticura Soap and Ointment and I decided to use them. I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment about one month, and they cured my child completely." (Signed) Mrs. Barbara Prim, Jan. 30, 1913.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston." Adv.

### Locating the Fool.

A stout old gentleman was having trouble with the telephone. He could hear nothing but a confused jumble of sounds, and finally he became so exasperated that he shouted into the transmitter:

"Who's the blithering fool at the end of this line?"

"He's not at this end," answered a cool, feminine voice.

She Was Anticipating.

"When he proposed to her she knocked him down."

"Gracious! What did he say to that?"

"He yelled: 'Hold on! Hold on! We ain't married yet!'"—Houstan Post.

### Looked Like a Strike.

Crimsonbeak—Are you against strikes?

Yeast—I certainly am. But how much were you going to strike me for?

### Marriageable.

Patience—Is he a marriageable man?

Patrice—I think not. They say he was never good at making excuses.

### Heredity.

Knicker—Very talkative isn't she?

Bocker—Yes; her father was a barber and her mother was a woman.

### Bachelors are "women's rights," and widowers are women's lefts.

## A COLD WAVE

causes anxiety among those who are sickly and run down, whose blood is impoverished, and vitality low; but don't remain in that condition

### HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

will build you up, strengthen the entire system and prevent Stomach Ills, Colds and Grippe. Try a bottle and be convinced. Start today.

### PISO'S REMEDY

Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in Glass. Sold by Druggists. FOR COUGHS AND COLDS.