

CANADA DID WELL

Honors Worthily Won at International Live Stock Show.

Friendly Rivrity at Chicago Splendidly Revealed the Possibilities of Our Northern Neighbor.

Further evidence, if any were needed of the friendly relations between Canada and the United States might have been found by a visit to the International Live Stock Show recently held at the Chicago Stock Yards. There the Canadian and American were to be found side by side in the friendliest competition, the loser willingly admitting defeat when the other fellow carried off the blue ribbon. Some of the choicest and best of Canadian stock was there, and much of it returned loaded down with ribbons denoting firsts, championships that indicate pedigree, breeding and worth, and cups and trophies that were won in hard and severe contests. The hay and grain classes were points of great interest, and here Canada did well, securing many prizes.

Twenty-five first prizes were listed in the oats class; Canada carried away 22 of them. A sample of oats from the Province of Alberta, weighing 48 pounds to the bushel, was the heaviest sample in the show. It was Alberta oats that took the sweepstakes, the exhibitor in this case, J. W. Lucas, of Cayley, repeating what he did last year.

In wheat there were 25 first prizes to be awarded; Canada got 23 of them.

The greatest interest was shown when the horse classes were called. Here also Canada stood well to the front. The Percheron entries showed that Canada breeders were popular and successful exhibitors. Championships were awarded to a number, and first prizes were common. The same may be said of Clydesdales. This breed stood out prominently, there were many entries, and this old-time popular breed had an unusual number of admirers. This was especially so in "Wee Donald's" case. Here was a Saskatchewan horse, his owner taking back to Canada the grand championship. Not only has he done it this year, but last year as well—two years in succession—something never before done at the Live Stock show. In Clydesdales Canada won places in every class in which entries were made.

The same story could be repeated in sheep and hogs, honors being heaped upon honors on Canadian entries. Particularly important is the fact that first prize for alfalfa seed was awarded for seed grown at Brooks, Alberta, in competition with 43 entries. Alfalfa growing in Western Canada has been increasing by leaps and bounds, and this victory will give it—and the dairy industry, which is always linked with it—a further impetus.

A visit to the Canadian government exhibit of grains, grasses, vegetables, fruits, minerals and other products of the Dominion to the north, revealed in tabloid form what the great country to the north could do. A great interest was aroused in this exhibit, and it was greatly admired by visitors to the Live Stock show. Representatives of the government were on hand for the purpose of giving information to those desiring it.—Advertisement.

Foolish Question.

Careless like—Any of you fellows see a pair of leggings around here? Boston Mike—Well, as there are about two hundred men in this company and they all wear leggings, I don't suppose it would surprise them any if they did see a pair.—The Leatherneck.

A Grievous Mistake.

At Jim Rose's boarding house is a fellow all out of humor. He does his own mending—likes to do it. Hasn't a wife to do it for him, so just does it himself. But what he's angry about is—well, he has reason for feeling a bit feverish in temperature. The other day he made the mistake of cutting a leg from his Sunday trousers to patch a pair of old ones.—Exchange.

Blue Nose.

Blue Nose is a popular name for a native of Nova Scotia. Halliburton, in "Sam Slick" gives the following account of its origin: "Pray, sir," said one of my fellow passengers, "can you tell me why the Nova Scotians are called Blue Nose?" "It is the name of a potato," said I, "which they produce in the greatest perfection, and boast to be the best in the world. The Americans have in consequence, given them the nickname 'Blue Noses.'"

Railroad Improvement.

A south coast railway company is experimenting with a new engine which can not only go from side to side but forward.—London Punch.

"God Be With Ye."

As a matter of fact we English-speaking folk have a word to say at parting which means a lot. "Good-by" is a contraction of "God be with ye," but not one person in a million thinks of this when using it. While we may not object to our butcher having divine guidance, the wish is certainly not in our mind when we say to him over the telephone: "Now don't forget about the lamb chops; good-by!"

Cooks may come and cooks may go but the eating habit stays forever.

SPANISH DOUBLOONS

By CAMILLA KENYON

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(CHAPTER VIII—Continued.)

This unique proceeding on Cookie's part necessarily awoke the interest both of the recovered Cuthbert Vane, just emerging after his prolonged slumbers, and of the trio who had at that moment returned from the woods. Imperturbed for an explanation, Cookie arose from his devotional posture and put the portentous query: "Mistah Vane, sah, be dey any propah coffin-wood on dis yere island?" Instantly connecting my absence with this terrible question, Aunt Jane shrieked and fell into the arms of



Aunt Jane Shrieked and Fell into the Arms of Mr. Tubbs.

Mr. Tubbs. I got the story from Cuthbert Vane, and I must say I was unpleasantly struck by the facility with which my aunt seemed to have fallen into Mr. Tubbs' embrace—as if with the ease of habit. Mr. Tubbs, it appeared, had staggered a little under his fair burden, which was not to be wondered at, for Aunt Jane is of an overflowing style of figure and Mr. Tubbs more remarkable for brain than brawn. Violet, however, remained admirably calm, and exhorted Aunt Jane to remember that whatever happened it was all for the best.

"Poor Violet," I commented. "To Violet that, after all, it didn't happen!" A slow flush rose to the cheeks of the beautiful youth. He was sitting beside the hammock, where I was supposed to be recuperating.

"It would have happened, though," said the Honorable Cuthbert solemnly, "if it hadn't been for old Shaw. I can't get over it, Vir—Miss Virginia, that I wasn't on deck myself, you know. Here's old Dugald been doing the heroic all his life, and now he gets his chance again while I'm sleeping off those bally coconuts. It's hard on a chap. I—I wish it had been me." However dubious his grammar, there was no mistaking the look that brightened like the dawn in the depths of his clear eyes. My breath went from me suddenly.

"Oh," I cried excitedly, "Isn't that—yes, I thought it was the dinner gong!" For, as if in response to my dire need, the clang of Cookie's gong echoed through the island silences.

CHAPTER IX.

What Crusoe and I Found.

When after those poignant moments in the boat I met Dugald Shaw in commonplace fashion at the table, a sudden, queer, altogether unprecedented shyness seized me. I sat looking down at my plate with the gaucherie of a silly child.

During the meal Mr. Shaw asked Captain Magnus if he had had good sport on the other side of the island. Captain Magnus, as usual, had seemed to feel that time consecrated to eating was wasted in conversation. At this point-blank question he started confusedly, stuttered, and finally explained that though he had taken a rifle he had carried along pistol cartridges, so had come home with an empty bag.

At this moment I happened to be looking at Cookie, who was setting down a dish before Mr. Tubbs. The negro started visibly, and rolled his eyes at Captain Magnus with astonishment depicted in every dusky feature. He said nothing, although went to take part in our conversation as it suited him, but I saw him shake his great grizzled head in a disturbed and puzzled fashion as he turned away.

After this a chill settled on the table. You felt a disturbance in the air, as though wireless currents were crossing and recrossing in general confusion.

As I passed Cookie at his dishpan, after dinner, a sudden thought struck me.

"Cookie," I remarked, "you had a frightfully queer look just now when Captain Magnus told about having taken the wrong cartridges. What was the matter?"

Cookie took his hands out of the water and wiped off the suds, casting about stealthy and mysterious glances. Then he rolled a dubious eye at me.

"What was it, Cookie?" I urged.

"War am Cap'n now?"

"Down on the beach; he can't possibly hear you."

"You won't say nothin' to git Cookie in a rumpus?"

"Cross my heart to die, Cookie."

"Well, den"—Cookie spoke in a hoarse whisper—"Cap'n say he forgit to take his gun ca'tridges. Miss Jinny, when he come back, I see him empty his gun ca'tridges out'n his belt and put back his pistol cartridges. So dere now!"

I turned from Cookie, too surprised to speak. Why had Captain Magnus been at pains to invent a lie about so trivial a matter? I recalled, too, that Mr. Shaw's question had confused him, that he had hesitated and stammered before answering it. Why? Was he a bad shot and ashamed of it? Had he preferred to say that he had taken the wrong ammunition rather than admit that he could get no bag? That must be the explanation, because there was no other. Certainly no imaginable errand but the one assigned could have taken the captain to the other side of the island.

Several days went by, and still the treasure was unfound. Of course, as the unexplored space in the cave contracted, so daily the probability grew stronger that Fortune would shed her golden smile upon us before night. Nevertheless, it seemed to me that the optimistic spirits of most were beginning to flag a little. Only Mr. Shaw, though banned as a confirmed doubter and pessimist, now by the exercise of will kept the others to their task. As for Captain Magnus, his restlessness was manifest. Several times he had suggested blowing the lid off the island with dynamite as the shortest method of getting at the gold. He was always vanishing on solitary excursions inland.

Mr. Tubbs remarked, scornfully, that a man with a nose for money ought to have smelled out the chest before this, but if his own nasal powers were of that character he did not offer to employ them in the service of the expedition. Miss Higglesby-Browne, however, had taken to retreating to the hut for long private sessions with herself. My aunt reverentially explained their purpose. The hiding-place of the chest being of course known to the Universal Wisdom, all Violet had to do was to put herself in harmony and the knowledge would be hers. The difficulty was that you had first to overcome your Mundane Consciousness. To accomplish this Violet was struggling in the hut.

After my meeting with Captain Magnus in the forest, Lookout ridge was barred to me. Crusoe and I must do our rambling in other directions. This being so, I bethought me again of the wrecked sloop lying under the cliffs on the north shore of the cove. I remembered that there had seemed



I Made Out a Word Here and There.

to be a way down the cliffs. I resolved to visit the sloop again. The terrible practicability of the beautiful youth made it difficult to indulge in romantic musings in his presence. And to me a derelict brings a keener pang of romance than any other relic of man's multitudinous and futile strivings.

The descent of the gully proved an easy matter, and soon I was on the sand beside the derelict. Sand had heaped up around her hull, and filled her cockpit level with the rail, and drifted down the companion, stuffing the little cabin nearly to the roof. Only the bow rose free from the white smother of sand. Whatever wounds there were in her buried sides were hidden. You felt that some wild caprice of the storm had lifted her and set her down here, not too roughly, then whirled away and left her to the sand.

Crusoe slipped into the narrow space

under the roof of the cabin, and I leaned idly down to watch him through a warped seam between the planks. Then I found that I was looking, not at Crusoe, but into a little dim inclosure like a locker, in which some small object faintly caught the light. With a revived hope of finding relics, I got out my knife—a present from Cuthbert Vane—and set briskly to work widening the seam.

I penetrated finally into a small locker or cubby-hole, set in the angle under the roof of the cabin, and, as subsequent investigation showed, so placed as to attract no notice from the casual eye. I ascertained this by lying down and wriggling my head and shoulders into the cabin. In other words, I had happened on a little private depository, in which the owner of the sloop might stow away certain small matters that concerned him intimately. Yet the contents of the locker at first seemed trifling. They were an old-fashioned chased silver shoe-buckle, and a brown-covered manuscript book.

The book had suffered much from dampness, whether of rains or the wash of the sea. I seated myself on the cabin roof, extracted a hairpin, and began carefully separating the close-written pages. The first three or four were quite illegible, the ink having run. Then the writing became clearer. I made out a word here and there:

"...directions vague...my grandfather—man a ruffian but...no motive...police of Havana...frightful den...grandfather made sure...registry...Bonny Lass..."

And at that I gave a small excited shriek which brought Crusoe to me in a hurry. What had he to do, the writer of this journal, what had he to do with the Bonny Lass?

Breathlessly I read on: "...thought captain still living but not sure...lost...Benito Bon..."

I closed the book. Now, while the coast was clear, I must get back to camp. It would take hours, perhaps days, to decipher the journal which had suddenly become of such supreme importance. I must smuggle it unobserved into my own quarters, where I could read at my leisure. As I set out I dropped the silver shoe-buckle into my pocket, smiling to think that it was I who had discovered the first bit of precious metal on the island. Yet the book in my hand, I felt instinctively, was of more value than many shoe-buckles.

Safely in my hammock, with a pillow under which I could slip the book in case of interruption, I resumed the reading. From this point on, although the writing was somewhat faded, it was all, with a little effort, legible.

THE DIARY.

"If Sampson did live to tell his secret, then any day there may be a sail in the offing. And still I cannot find it! Oh, if my grandfather had been more worldly wise! If he hadn't been too intent on the eternal welfare of the man he rescued from the Havana tavern brawl to question him about his story. A cave on Leeward Island—nearly a stone marked with the letters B. H. and a cross-bones—'I told the captain,' said the poor dying wretch, 'we wouldn't have no luck after playing it that low down on Bill!' So I presume Bill lies under the stone." "Well, all I have is in this venture. The old farm paid for the Island Queen—or will, if I don't get back in time to prevent foreclosure. All my staid New England relatives think me mad. A copra gatherer! A fine career for a minister's son! Well, when I get home with my Spanish doubloons there'll be another story to tell. I won't be poor crazy Peter then. And Helen—oh, how often I wish I had told her everything! It was too much to ask her to trust me blindly as I did. But from that moment I came across the story in grandfather's old, half-forgotten diary—by the way, the diary habit seems to run in the family—a very passion of secrecy has possessed me. If I had told Helen, I should have had to dread that even in her sweet sleep she might whisper something to put that ferret, her stepmother, on the scent. Oh, Helen, trust me, trust me!

"December 25. I have a calendar with me, so I am not reduced to nothing a stick to keep track of the days. I mark off each carefully in the calendar. If I were to forget to do this, even for a day or two, I believe I should quite lose track. The days are so terribly alike!

"My predecessor here in the copra-gathering business, old Helntz, really left me a very snug establishment. It was odd that I should have run across him at Panama that way.

"Christmas Day! I wonder what they are all doing at home?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Cleaning Marble.

To clean marble mix with water five parts of soda, two and a half parts of powdered chalk and two and a half parts of pumice stone (powdered); spread on the marble and wash off with soap and water. The consistency of the mixture when applied should be that of a thin paste.

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"MISSING" MAN WAS CONVICT

Long Mourned as Dead, English Woman Learns Her Husband Had Served Prison Sentence.

Many people, doubtless, "disappear" for reasons of their own. Debt, crime or some other hidden page in their apparently blameless lives may be the real reason for their going.

Little did the wife of a Manchester man know into what terrible entanglement her husband had got ten years before. He was thought to be a respectable merchant; his home life was happy and blameless.

One day he went out to buy a newspaper and returned no more.

For years his wife mourned him as dead, until one day during the war he came back. He was now a soldier, but his disappearance was explained by the fact that, under another name and in another town, he had been carrying on a fraudulent stock and share office—a "bucket-shop"—and had been arrested and sentenced to a long term. He was released during the war, and while serving in France had thought of the once happy wife he had so missed. Hence his sudden reappearance to a world which had almost forgotten him.—London Answers.

More to the Point.

The old lady could not help going to sleep during the sermon, and when the minister called upon her, he could not refrain from commenting upon the fact.

Aware of one of her habits, he said: "Why don't you take snuff during the sermon?"

"An!" she retorted. "Why don't you put the snuff in your sermon?"

Surrender! Never!
"Why don't you get rid of that horse, if he's so vicious?" asked one farmer of another.

"Well, you see, Jim," replied the other, "I hate to give in. If I was to sell that horse, he'd regard it as a personal victory. He's been tryin' for the last six years to get rid of me."

The more fool questions you ask the more you don't learn.

Conversation.

"Some talk of the duke marrying a local girl." "Whose money is talking?"

WOMEN NEED SWAMP-ROOT

Thousands of women have kidney and bladder trouble and never suspect it. Women's complaints often prove to be nothing else but kidney trouble, or the result of kidney or bladder disease.

If the kidneys are not in a healthy condition, they may cause the other organs to become diseased.

Pain in the back, headache, loss of ambition, nervousness, are often times symptoms of kidney trouble.

Don't delay starting treatment. Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, a physician's prescription, obtained at any drug store, may be just the remedy needed to overcome such conditions.

Get a medium or large size bottle immediately from any drug store.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation, send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Advertisement.

Battle-Battered Monster.

The Curators of the Launceston and Tasmanian museums have presented the Royal Society of Tasmania a preliminary account of a nearly complete skeleton of a gigantic extinct monster, recently discovered in the pleistocene beds of Tasmania. The animal was as large as the largest existing rhinoceros. The new discovery shows clearly that it was a rhinoceros-like animal, with a skull built for aggressive warfare, and at least one powerful horn on the snout. Evidence of the gigantic battles in which this animal engaged is to be found in the complete smashing and partial mending of the collar-bone, and in the crushing and subsequent repair of the bones of the nose and snout.

Irresistible.
Dorothy—I just heard something horrid about Gladys.
Kathleen—You know I just hate gossip! What was it?

One-half of our citizens who are eligible voters fail to vote.

When a Federal Bureau reminds you that children should not drink coffee or tea—why not think of your own health?

The Federal Bureau of Education includes in its rules to promote health among the Nation's school children, the warning that children should not drink coffee or tea.

The reason is well known. Coffee and tea contain drugs which stimulate and often over-excite the nerves, and so upset health.

The harm is by no means confined to children, as any doctor can tell you.

If health is valuable to childhood, it is valuable always. If harm to health should be avoided until bodies grow up, is it worth taking a chance with health when bodies have grown up?

You can have that delicious and satisfying cereal beverage, Postum, with any meal, and be safe—you, and the children, too. There's charm without harm in Postum.

Postum comes in two forms: Instant Postum (in tins) made instantly in the cup by the addition of boiling water. Postum Cereal (in packages of larger bulk, for those who prefer to make the drink while the meal is being prepared) made by boiling 20 minutes. Sold by all grocers.

The road to health is a good road for anybody to follow