

CANADA WINS AGAIN

This Time at the International Soil Products in Oklahoma.

Last year and the year before, and the year before that, the farm products of Western Canada carried off first premiums, championships and honours, together with medals and diplomas, feasts that were likely to give a swelled head to any other people than those who had so much more behind. At Columbus, Ohio, and then again at Columbia, North Carolina, a farmer of Saskatchewan carried off the highest prize for oats, and in another year, will become the possessor of the \$1,500 Colorado Trophy; another farmer made two successful exhibits of wheat at the biggest shows in the United States; another farmer of Manitoba won championships and sweepstakes at the live stock show in Chicago, and this year expects to duplicate his successes of last year. These winnings are the more creditable as none of the cattle were ever fed any corn, but raised and fattened on nature grasses and small grains.

At the Dry Farming Congress held at Lethbridge in 1912, Alberta and Saskatchewan, farmers carried off the principal prizes competing with the world. The most recent winnings of Canada have been made at Tulsa, Oklahoma, where seven of the eighteen sweepstakes awards at the International Soil Products Exposition were taken by Canada in competition with eleven states.

The chief prize, a thrashing machine, valued at \$1,200 for the best bushel of hard wheat, went to Peter Gerlach of Allan, Saskatchewan. Montana took four of the sweepstakes, Oklahoma four, and Nebraska two. Russia sent one delegate, Spain had two, Belgium three, China four, Canada fifty, Mexico five, Norway one, Brazil three.

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. Gerlach 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.—Advertisement

A little push will generally last longer than a political pull.

SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES

Allen's Foot-Powder, the Antiseptic powder for Tired Tenders, swollen, nervous feet. Gives rest and comfort. Makes walking a delight. Sold everywhere. Don't accept any substitute. For F. H. B. sample, address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y. Adv.

An unmarried man never realizes how many faults he has.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children's Teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

"Look out for pain!"—before falling in love with a beautiful complexion.

Cautious Porter.

"So you gave up your job at the depot?"

"Yes, suh. I ain't liftin' no mo' sull cases. When dem militant suffragettes is so busy dar ain' no tellin' which of 'em is kerryin' wardrobe an' which is kerryin' dynamite."

Her Aid.

"If that girl ever gets into danger in a lonely place she can signal for help with her collar."

"How could she do anything like that?"

"I noticed it is wireless."

His Specialty.

"What does your member of congress think of these questions?"

"He don't pay no 'tention to questions," replied Farmer Cornstossel.

"He's the man that knows what all the answers are, without botherin' 'bout the questions."

See?

He stopped before a blind peddler and bought a pencil, putting five pennies into the man's hand.

"How do you know these are cents I've given you?" asked the purchaser.

"Well, sir, I can distinguish the touch of cents by my sense of touch," was the blind man's prompt reply.

FULLY NOURISHED

Grape-Nuts a Perfectly Balanced Food.

No chemist's analysis of Grape-Nuts can begin to show the real value of the food—the practical value as shown by personal experience.

It is a food that is perfectly balanced, supplies the needed elements for both brain and body in all stages of life from the infant, through the strenuous times of active middle life, and is a comfort and support in old age.

"For two years I have used Grape-Nuts with milk and a little cream, for breakfast. I am comfortably hungry for my dinner at noon."

"I use little meat, plenty of vegetables and fruit, in season, for the noon meal, and if tired at tea time, take Grape-Nuts alone and feel perfectly nourished."

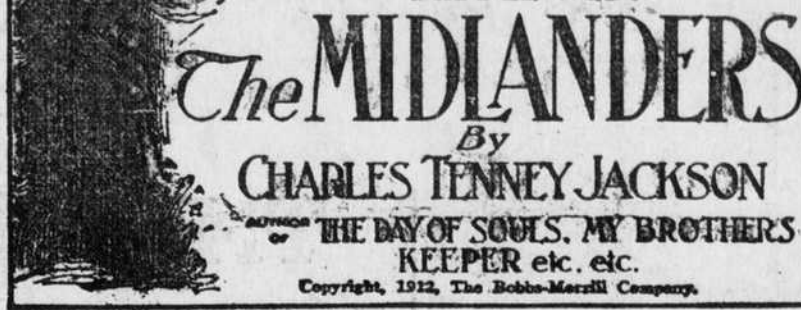
"Nerve and brain power and memory are much improved since using Grape-Nuts. I am over sixty and weigh 155 lbs. My son and husband seeing how I had improved are now using Grape-Nuts."

"My son, who is a traveling man, eats nothing for breakfast but Grape-Nuts and a glass of milk. An aunt, over 70, seems fully nourished on Grape-Nuts and cream." "There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

A STERLING NOVEL OF THE GREAT MIDDLE WEST



CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

He went on gently, but troubled by the tenseness of her face: "Only a year. And the east isn't far, dear. Only two days' travel or so!"

The east was an unknown splendor to her. It looked too critically at the cool measuring of his mother, the same reserve she had seen at times in his own eyes. And she—she was ready to give all, to pour out her life at his feet. She took his arm and put it about her and looked down at the front of her simple little gown. "I don't know what I'll do. I was only going to school because of you, Harlan. I hate it! Only for you . . . and now Papa Lindstrom won't have that. Just to be sure, and his wife's no good—just worn out, and the boys are too little to help. Sometimes I think I ought to work—perhaps clerk at Dickinson's grocery."

He smiled at the idea of Aurelia, the wild hawk, clerking! She would stand the day. Then he winced. He thought of Elsie, the grocer's daughter, and her amiable patronizing of the town girls who worked there; of his mother giving her orders of a morning from the survey to some young woman who brought out a spoonful of sugar for inspection and apologized for a delay. Aurelia—she would throw it into the customer's face if she fancied a slight!

She read his thoughts. "You think I couldn't, don't you? Oh, boy, I could—for you! You hold me from being rebellious and ridiculous. I could just do anything for you—run away with you, or go to work—just anything! I could get you a new hat, or a new dress. Sometimes, Aurelia, I think we ought to go down to the house and make a clean breast of it. Tell them everything—that I love you, dear!"

Her voice choked with gratefulness—dreadfully so—she hesitated, wondering how to say it and not hurt her absurd price—"raise you, so that some day people would sort of forget!"

"Forget?"

"Where you came from, dear. Down the river with Old Michigan—and that you haven't even a name except a borrowed one from Lindstrom. He laughed to smooth it over—"Oh, but it's funny! You're a wild hawk, Aurelia. I remember when you used to come into town with Knute to sell rabbits, and the coldest winter day you always had a bit of bright leaf stuck somewhere about you—like an Indian girl! I thought you were at first. Then I forgot all about you and went to work. And when I next heard you were in high school, and then this year I met you in the hills, here."

"And wasn't it right?—it wasn't right!—then, in the way of all men and all lovers, he laughingly kissed and comforted her. They went down a moon-filled glen and up a slope, and there the silent town lay, the court house tower white as silver above the tinkle down from the highland at their feet, and across it a trail lay to the first street at the foot of the bluff. In a window of a cottage tucked at the foot of the rock, they saw the blur of a lamp, and it was Wiley Curran idling over his editorials, for the graceless renegade of Rome had a way of turning night into day and writing or wasting hours when decent folk were all abed.

And when it seemed that he was about to leave her at this accustomed parting place, she clung to him, suddenly whispering: "Take me with you—oh, take me with you! I can't let you go—oh, can't!"

She held so tightly to him that he could not go if he had tried, and after long vain comforting, murmuring to her all he had said a hundred times, he slowly unfolded her arms and looked down at her intently. A sense of her loneliness without him, without her school, without the bit of aspiration and of vague hope she had come to find, touched him as it had never done before.

"Aurelia," he muttered, "I can't do that—you know I can't. I must finish school and buck into work. Before I—I—marry you," he blurted tenderly.

"But you ought to have a place—something to do and—be while we're waiting. And I'm going to take you to mother and tell her all!"

She looked up frightened at his stubborn face. "No—no—wait!"

"First I'll tell Wiley Curran. You know that editor? He's my best friend here—the only one I care about, I think. He lives in town. And I trust him in things of this sort—he could look at it right and honestly, without any foolishness about my family and that kind of thing. Dear, we'll go tell mother and father, and if he says to tell mother and father, we'll do it—and have the whole matter out!" He cried out joyously, brave with the hazard of it. He felt suddenly a man going out to a man's world and work, knowing that he left behind him a woman who would be worth all the miserable travesties of "good form"—the smug and easy conventions of his "set". These were well enough for old women to fiddle over, but they were not for youth, nor love, nor the glory of this first protecting manhood and its surety of the years to come, that future which would achieve all, ennoble all, redeem all.

He saw suddenly her own fine achievement. She, who gave her whole life to him, as one would place a rose in his hand. She would sit small, pensive, alone, waiting for him in the hills, or in the squallid quarry house; she would wear old and faded gowns when she loved brightness and pleasant things; about her the corn fields would crown the hills green, and turn to bronze shields before the winter; and spring bring again its black damp to the woods—always she would wait, if he asked her—wait, wait, wait! Always he felt this steadfastness above her impulses and rebellions. With him she might find her real self, rise to any station, become anything, so great he felt her love to be.

"Aurelia, we're not afraid! Why, dear—we ought to have done it long ago! Why, mother—after all, she's the best mother in the world! Why, a word from her would make everything different for you, Aurelia—just to have it known she was your friend." He

was taking her on exultantly, now, by the trail down through the laurel and boulders which led to the end of the street back of Curran's house. She was frightened; she had never seen him so direct, so rebellious.

"Tonight!" she cried—"oh, Harlan—my dress!"

"It's a dear little dress!"

Her hand went to the flower in her hair; she was dumb before his resolution.

"Don't touch it! It's a bit of flame—just like you." He laughed. This was so easy! This was what they should have done long ago! All his life had been without secrecy or reproach; he was now, to take his sweetheart by the hand and go down buoyantly to the town to face them all! How easy it was under the witchery of the September moon!

They were both laughing, nervously yet with happiness, when he lifted her down the last rock among the night-damp leaves and burst through the grape tangle to the street, crossing Sinsinawa, looking down in the pools at their reflections. They were coming to the first house—the lamp in the window, and somewhere the murmur of voices from neighbors visiting on the lawns—his people, kind and true people. They should be here people now. This was the beautiful answer he would make to conventions and curious eyes and tongues—to take her by the hand and lead her among them. Love was enough; love was all—and they should see!

They came about the corner of the old News building. On the platform walk a man stood who was staring off so strangely above the sugar trees of the Square that Harlan did not, at first, recognize Wiley Curran himself. Under one arm he held the exchange from the night's mail; at his feet, in the moonlight, lay an envelope, and in his hand was the key-ring with which he always opened his letters.

Harlan drew his sweetheart on. But he did not touch the envelope before Curran did the latter appear to notice them. Then he stared down at the opened letter in his hand and muttered: "The girl's got it—wait till the old town boys see that!"

"Wiley?"

"Hello, Harlan," responded Wiley absently. Then his black eye fell upon Aurelia. He started. "Wy, how did you know?"

She looked puzzled at him. "By George, we both know!—did you hear from 'em?" Then he seized her hand frantically and shook it. "Miss Lindstrom—it's the greatest thing that ever hit the old town!"

She had no idea what he meant. Harlan interposed. "What's the matter, Wiley?"

"Don't you know? Then what the mischief are you bringing her here for?" The editor shook the letter before them.

"This?"

"Aurelia? Why don't you know anything you're talking about? What?"

"Aurelia," went on the editor, "you've won the beauty contest!"

She continued to stare at him. "You got it?" cried Curran. "The Sunday editor of the Chicago Chronicle wrote me this—he wants a column of dope about you. They'll print your picture—the prize winner!"

"Prize winner!" Harlan shouted. "You're crazy! How did the Chronicle get it?"

"I sent it to 'em. Last spring when the Chicago paper started this beauty contest, Vawter, the photographer, and I were looking over that bunch of high-school pictures—the Junior bunch. And under one of 'em, the picture of a girl we entered three of 'em! The Mill girl and Elsie Dickinson—and Aurelia's. And Aurelia's won it!"

Harlan stood paling before him. "Elsie—and Aurelia! The picture? What picture? I never saw any picture!"

"It was a peach. Sort of Spanish, with lilacs in her hair! Vawter caught something in it that was indescribable. He started again at Aurelia, hungrily, fascinated, as if seeking the thing that would call beautiful in her. "Why, girl, I never looked at you before—never thought you were so—so—good-looking!"

Harlan tore the letter from his hand and read it. "The editor looked at the girl's mute and puzzled face. 'The most beautiful girl in the west—that's the way they'll spring it! The syndicate—thirty of the biggest papers in the United States—will take the picture, and twenty million people will see it!' He danced up and down. 'Aurelia, you little madcap, you'll be the most famous woman in the country!'"

Still she looked at her lover expectantly, uncomprehending.

Harlan seemed gasping for breath. Then he crushed the letter and slammed it at the editor's feet. "Aurelia—her picture! You big damned fool, Wiley! Her picture!"

And going Aurelia by the hand, he whirled about and dragged her after him from the sidewalk. The editor continued to watch them until they were lost in the sugar-tree shade of High street, still like one bereft of his senses. Even the startling idea of the judges' scores and Old Michigan's girl coming from a trust down Eagle Point trail to town together could not awaken him. After a while he muttered: "The most beautiful woman in America—maybe the whole world. Biggest thing ever hit the old town since Jay Smith killed himself up above the First National bank! Aurelia, the beauty-prize winner!"

CHAPTER V.

HER GLIMPSE OF LIFE.

She went with her lover obediently, curiously so, and as Harlan looked down at her smoothing her simple gown, going with him along the moonlit street to any adventure, to any end he wished, his heart smote him for his roughness. He had not spoken to her for some time, and a certain matter frightened her—it was something terrible from which he was trying to shield her; but he was angry, very angry, merely because she was pretty! Mon Dieu, was that it?

"I never gave any one my picture!" she burst out, at length. "I never knew anything about it!"

"I know," he muttered. "That's the hateful thing about Wiley! He ought to know better."

"Oh, I must be very good-looking!" she glanced up at him with her quick gaiety. "When they want my picture, and to print things about me. And give me a prize, Harlan!"

"Aurelia," he muttered sternly. "This is simply horrible! To be advertised to be exploited—to have all sorts of

slush written about you in the Sunday papers!"

She was puzzled, trying to understand his viewpoint. It seemed that the brilliant world had beckoned to her, found her in her dolorous corner, her defeated and stormy little life—and he who loved her best was angry at it all!

"Oh, little girl!" he whispered, "Just an hour ago I thought I was going to claim you—to have you all my own, and defy the whole world for you! Just mine, Aurelia—and what would I do with you? I'd be big and brave. If mother wouldn't have it, I'd run away with you! I'd go to work at anything, give up my law and chance with the firm—everything—for you!"

"Yes! And I felt like dancing, perfectly happy! And? Proud—look so proud of you. But what's the matter—I'll be famous the editor said—and maybe rich—and go to Chicago . . . and have pieces in the paper! Oh, boy, is that so terrible? Just because I'm pretty?" She looked at him with mingled humiliation and rebellion. "You ought to be glad!"

His grave eyes were ruthless with some new command. He took her shoulders and held her so that she could not evade him. She started up at him, then reeled from her tenseness, laughing. "Oh, well, then, Harlan, I just kept on in school this year to please you—I only try anything because you want me to. And now you'd think I'd committed some crime—and I've done nothing except be pretty! Ah, Name of God! Sometimes I wish I was a Cajun girl again, back on Bayou Perot, where we lived in a grass house one time. I can remember! I wish we never came up here among these cold Yankees!" She clasped him passionately. "But then I love one. You don't know what that means, dear, to me! Down in the bayou country we're women at 16—we marry because we love—oh, just as I love you—without thinking, or reason, or virtue!"

"I know," he whispered. "You've told me all."

"I saw a man killed once, down-river. A woman stabbed him and he fell on the deck right where I was playing. I don't know why, but he looked at him with her next challenge—"But I can guess! She loved him. Why, even when I was a child I didn't blame her. Harlan, I suppose I am a savage now, ain't I—going to school with all this nice girls in white dresses!"

"Aurelia," he answered slowly. "I'm going away to school tomorrow. And I was going to take you to mother tonight. Tell her everything—ask her to protect you, help you—make of you the sort of woman you can be if you have the chance. I thought you'd be waiting for me—and trying, always!"

Her eyes were quick with tears. Beneath her laughter they were never far away.

"I wanted you to know my mother," he went on patiently. "But I wanted you to be yourself, always, too. Good and fine—the best in your gay little self, because it's all there! And now this ghastly thing of Wiley's—the furor and publicity of it. Why, my mother—she couldn't stand it!"

She looked at him long; her fingers plucked slowly at a tattered leaf upon his shoulder. "Well, then," she muttered humbly, "I won't. I'll give it all up—the prize and everything—if you ask me to!"

"It's too late for that."

"It isn't. I won't have a thing to do with 'em! My picture in the paper—or anything!"

He smiled at her simplicity. "Oh, Aurelia, I wish they'd never have discovered you!"

She watched the path they were descending she watched a distant patch of water touched by a mist of light. Beyond it was the east, the radiant land; over the silent hills of the river was some unknown glory beckoning her. She sighed, and not be embittered, but lamented; it seemed that since she had known Harlan she was always putting something by, renouncing, struggling; trying to do or be something quite unattained. That was love, she answered—to renounce and not be embittered, to try for something better than one had, to be better than one truly was. That was it. Love meant trying!

"Nobody will have me," she went on slowly. "I won't pay any attention to 'em. I love you that way, Harlan. I love you, and I was ugly if it pleased you. To scratch my cheeks and eyes, if you wanted me! Just to live on here and be the bootlegger's girl from the bottoms, and never have a pretty dress. I will, if you want me to."

He did not answer for a time. She could not tell that he was conquering the lump in his throat at the pathos of her passion. "For me!" he whispered, and she nodded; and so they went on through the moonlight to his home.

They crossed the wide lawn where Pat, the great friendly Saint Bernard, came to greet them. Some one was singing in the parlors. It was Elsie Dickinson, and a Schumann song; and Harlan slowly remembered that this was their last night at home before he went to Harvard and Elsie to Bryn Mawr, and that all the boys he had danced with; and all the girls he had danced with his life long, had gathered to speed him well. His was going too; it was partly in her honor.

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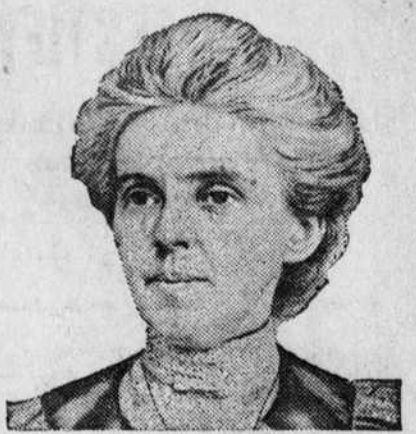
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What is Woman's Beauty but Health?

And the Basis of Her Health and Vigor Lies in the Careful Regulation of the Bowels.



MRS. C. S. VANCE

If woman's beauty depended upon cosmetics, every woman would be a picture of loveliness. But beauty lies deeper than that. It lies in health. In the majority of cases the basis of health, and the cause of sickness, can be traced to the action of the bowels.

The headaches, the lassitude, the sallow skin and the lusterless eyes are usually due to constipation. So many things that women do habitually conduce to this trouble. They do not eat carefully, they eat indigestible foods because the foods are served daintily and they do not exercise enough. But whatever the particular cause may be it is important that the condition should be corrected.

An ideal remedy for women, and one especially suited to their delicate requirements, is Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, which thousands of women endorse highly, among them Mrs. C. S. Vance, of 511 S. Ray St., New Castle, Pa. At times she had spells of indigestion so severe that she thought she would die. Syrup Pepsin regulated her stomach and bowels, and she attributes her excellent health today to this remedy.