

SWEEPSTAKE UPON SWEEPSTAKE

CANADA ADDING OTHERS TO ITS SERIES OF VICTORIES.

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 feeds 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, Match, 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 years.

In February, 1911, Hill & Sons of Lloydminster, Saskatchewan, showed a peck of oats at the National Corn Exposition, held at Columbus, Ohio, and carried off the Colorado silver trophy, valued at \$1,500.

In February, 1913, the same men, father and son, had a similar victory at Columbia, N. C., and should they win in 1914 at Dallas, Texas, they will own the trophy.

In 1911, Seager Wheeler of Rosthern won \$1,000 in gold at the New York Land Show for the best 100 pounds of wheat.

In 1912 at the Dry Farming Congress at Lethbridge, Alberta, Mr. Holmes of Cardston won the \$2,500 Rumley engine for best wheat in the world.

In 1913, at the Dry Farming Congress, held at Tulsa, Okla., Mr. P. Gerlack of Allen, Saskatchewan, carried off the honors and a threshing machine for the best bushel of wheat shown in competition with the world.

In 1913 at the International Dry Farming Congress at Tulsa, Okla., Canada won the majority of the world's honors in individual classes, and seven out of the sixteen sweepstakes, 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 that 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, Elmiger, Claresholm, Alberta.
- Best peck of oats, E. J. Lanigan, Eltross, Saskatchewan.
- Best sheaf of barley, John, Eltross, Saskatchewan.
- Best sheaf of barley, A. H. Crossman, Kindersley, Saskatchewan.
- Best sheaf of flax, R. C. West, Kindersley, Saskatchewan.
- Best sheaf of oats, Arthur Perry, Cardston, Alberta.
- In district exhibits, Swift Current, Saskatchewan, won the board of Trade Award, with Maple Creek second.
- Other exhibitors and winners were: Red Fife spring wheat, E. A. Fredrick, 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'Appelle, Sask.
- Sheaf of Marquis wheat, C. N. Carney, Dysart, Sask.
- Oats, any other variety, Wm. S. Simpson, Pambrun, Sask.
- Two-rowed barley, R. H. Carter, Fort Qu'Appelle, Sask.
- Six-rowed barley, R. H. Carter, Fort Qu'Appelle, Sask.
- Western rye grass, Arthur Perry, Cardston, Alta.
- Alsike clover, Seager Wheeler, Rosthern, Sask.—Advertisement.

Famous Authors Receive.

More than twenty famous authors held a reception at the Caxton hall, London, on Tuesday afternoon, February 3. They gave ten-minute readings from their own works and autographed their books for sale by auction. The list of celebrities on the platform included Cicely Hamilton, Beatrice Harnden, Elizabeth Robins, Mrs. St. Clair Stobart, C. R. Sims and Eden Phillpotts.

Shepherd girls in Switzerland wear men's clothes.

A STERLING NOVEL OF THE GREAT MIDDLE WEST

THE MILLINNERS

By CHARLES TENNEY JACKSON

THE DAY OF SOULS, MY BROTHERS' KEEPER, etc., etc.

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CHAPTER XIV—(Continued).

"Mr. Wiley!" She looked at him. Mr. Wiley sighed. "Get a telegram from Hen McPetridge yesterday. They played to S. R. O. at Marshalltown. And another one from Cedar Rapids says: 'Biggest house here since '98.' Janet—the looked at her the first burst of enthusiasm she had seen this morning—"Aurelle's a winner!"

The woman of 30 was looking off to the hills. "Wiley, I wouldn't publish all the things you do about her in the News. It's not good taste—at least, even notices and things. And it doesn't do you any good in your new career." She had hesitated and looked full at him. Uncle Michigan had gone back to scratching his garden bed. "His resentful wonder." "The town says what?" "That you must be rather in love with Aurelle."

He was on his feet before her. "Janet, they say that?" "Well, you've run on in such enthusiasm about her. Of course it's just your way." "My way? I can't help what the town says. The town made an outcast of me much as it did of Aurelle in the '90s. But by George, Janet—this!" "She is the sort you would love, Wiley. With all her courage, the brave fight, as you say she is making her score at—well, what you men stupidly imagine is the really feminine. Appealing to your absurd chivalry, as you call it; but actually your vanity—clinging to you and so giving you an enlarged sense of your strength, your wisdom, your indispensableness to womankind! Come now—she smiled good humoredly—"Isn't that the type of woman you like best?"

He faced her with a hurt laugh; she had begun with a touch of bitterness which her common sense subdued. "The paradox? Not the woman who can help—and who dares demand! You men are all primitive in your ideas of women, Wiley." "Janet," he answered slowly, "you don't understand. A child, misplaced, hurt, proud, struggling for the best, good she sees—that is what I saw in Aurelle. I don't deny her appeal. I've felt like taking her in my arms and saying: 'Why, your dear kid, you ought not to be in this business, knocking about cheap hotels and in such shows. You ought to have a home—a shelter—some one—'" "That is just it." She smiled impersonally, and briefly. "Well, no matter, Wiley. Only I wondered why the bluebirds were calling to you this morning, and in congress. It is spring, Wiley."

But Mr. Curran was put out and angry. He did not want her to divert the matter with her serenely measuring smile. "Janet!" he cried again. "I don't love her—no, no!" "Yes, no! Moreso attracted. As you are to book-keeper girls and the magazine cover girls!" She laughed now. "Oh, well, the eternal masculine!" Then she turned to him stubbornly. "But you are coming through this fight in this campaign—this man's war for us!" "Yes," he answered quietly. "I will, and you've hurt me, Janet. But perhaps you were intending to."

She left him with another banter. He had a feeling that she was guessing shrewdly the struggle dimly going on in his mind; he was trying to grasp her larger standards, her victorious self as a woman of the time, and his yielding to the common thrall of men in this bit of a girl. And he was it up as a bad job, and turned to his work. But he observed that he did work the rest of the day, savagely and with effect. He would not listen to the bluebirds.

to buck into the work, the worst you ever saw, Wiley." "It's great. So many of our young men drift west or to the cities. But you—right here with the home folks." "Right here." He looked at his friend with the old affectionate intimacy. "I hear, Wiley, you're going to run for congress."

"Yes. They got me into it. We'll make Hall busy, too." Harlan smiled gravely. "Father wrote me of it." Wiley glanced up at him. "Your father isn't for me, Harlan. And he's a pretty big man. But—eastern. We're rattling on pretty strong for 'em out here. Direct elections for senators, the initiative, the recall of judges—the control of wealth by the state—the new democracy, boy. But you know all of it. The old dreams we used to argue in the old News shop. Why we—the old News and I—we sort of raised you, Harlan. We made you as much as Harvard!"

Harlan smiled. Wiley's eyes were shining. They had a great brother love, a faith, a pride. "What's got into you, Wiley? You're changed—you're awakened! Your campaign—the big fight ahead? Is that it?" "I shouldn't wonder! Everything seems changed. Even the old town—God bless it, it's come to seem green and fair and livable! Yes, I awakened, Harlan. So's the old town! We're going to have a new building—the McPetridge twins are going to remodel the tin opera house."

"And they've got a new show out. And the leading woman is little Aurelle Lindstrom!" His friend's face had hardened. "Yes, Harlan, you know that." "Yes, I read of it—I sort of followed her—in the reviews." Harlan was gathering up the lines. "Wiley, I wish I had saved her!" Wiley's hand closed over Harlan's on the dashboard. "Boy," he murmured, "I didn't mean to bring this old matter up." Then his face lit with a sudden exaltation as if he had put a great hope to the test. "Tell me—you do love that girl, Harlan!" "I did love her once," retorted Harlan squarely. "You might have guessed why I wanted her out of this. And you got her into it!"

"And now?" Wiley muttered. But Harlan drove on suddenly and without looking back. The older man watched him with a feeling that the fine week of spring had dulled in him. He seemed tramping on some rugged loyalty to the best thing in life—the faith of friends. He sighed as he went back to his shop. "Not her into it? Bless her, I did! But I can't explain to any one what it's meant to me!" But the bluebirds in the maples did not call so jubilantly as they had the summer long.

CHAPTER XV
FIGHTING BLOOD.
The last week of June Mr. Curran received this telegram: "Busted at Broken Bow.—Hen." He showed it to Aunt Abby, and Uncle Mich. Curran, and they were struck with a letter from Aurelle for Mr. Curran to read. Mr. Curran sighed. "Broken Bow is a jerkwater station out in the short grass country. Western Nebraska. Pretty tough. I've been there—I was busted, also."

"I hope," said Aunt Abby, "that the child hasn't been compelled to have anything else cut out, even if it is bust." Mr. Curran explained that this was merely the theatrical company. Then they put the telegram away behind the clock where all of Aurelle's letters and press notices were kept. The next week came Aurelle's explanation. The Beauty Winner company was stranded. All that expensive scenery and the reorganized troupe had gone for nothing. Business was very poor, Hen McPetridge explained, and the actors were clamoring for their salaries. All except Aurelle who received what she was due and sent most of it home. Aurelle intimated that the twins were getting hard up. She heard frequent discussions of oil and Verde copper stock and other things extraneous to art. And the following week Mr. Curran, in Earlville to see some of his political conferees, was surprised to see Morris Feldman in front of his 10 and 20-cent Main street vaudeville and moving picture house.

drinks for some rube and trying to sell him oil stock." Mr. Curran was worried. He asked Aunt Abby if he should not send Aurelle some money to come home on. But he didn't have any. Then another letter came. Aurelle was playing "summer stock" in Denver. "Miss Norman, my dear, but I'm not leading you any more. I'm going Ingenuite bits. Leading lady with Hen and Ben around was pretty bad. They were so foolish! And it was such a noisy play, for the farther west we got, the more shooting Mr. Harlan got me into. Putting in. The big situation always gave me a headache."

"Lana!" murmured Aunt Abby. "I thought she had that cut out?" "But, Mr. Curran," ran on Aurelle's letter, "don't you and Uncle Mich worry about me. I'm working hard and everybody seems to like me. The juvenile I play against is good-looking—quite distinguished. But everybody borrows my money. I'm awful sorry for Hen and Ben—they were broke completely. I don't care for me and said 'Hello, girl, we aren't sorry for a cent we ever blew in on you. If you don't want to marry us, you don't have to.' So they went back to Tulare to hunt more cow going to make me a bigger area than Mrs. Pliske. Yes, sir, you see! Why, I just cried when the twins went west—busted. They were grand good fellows after all!"

"P. S. I'm going to send Uncle Mich some more money next pay day to pay on the cork leg. And, Uncle Mich, I saw a mountain. Just like you said when we came up river to occupy the land. Only such a teeny mountain way off—like a baby's toe sticking out of a blue coverlet! Lots of love." "Aurelle." "Done never forget Uncle Mich!" cried that old rebel thumping his peg-leg joyously on the wood box. "And I done promised I'd never peddle a pint of whiskey long as she sends me money!" "Mich, I understand John won't let the family have a cent of Aurelle's money."

Uncle Mich winked wisely. "Knute and I sneak 'em in—underclothes for the baby and socks and trunks. John's not to know. He's the one planning to drive Tanner's men off the creek survey to think about Aurelle's show money now. Devil's money, John says. But it buys things for the baby, Mr. Curran. Just like my old booting into the south. But these here folks—people that got hold of John, they don't think of that."

"John's a fool, Uncle Mich. If the county decides to divert the creek down the Packet all you squatters will have to get out of it, flooded." "Not John. He says the God o' Battles done told him to fight. Mr. Curran, there'll done be trouble some time over that."

"I'm afraid so," Wiley sighed. The deal for the turning of Sinsinawa creek into the plains above the town to its ancient channel which led to the bottoms above Tanner's quarry, had gone quietly through. Everybody favored it, except the outlying farmers who grumbled that it was another piece of agricultural or maybe worse. "Tanner's boards, however, were always present grievance. The only item of interest the News found in the proceedings was that Harlan Van Hart, Esq., son of Judge Van Hart, the latest addition to the Wyoming bar, made his first public appearance as an attorney for the ordinance. Wiley 'spread' himself in the most approved rural journalistic fashion on Harlan's effort, but he headed and sent the clipping to Arno Vance."

And not even young attorney Van Hart, toiling away that summer in the little side room of the firm of Donley & Van Hart—names reversed, you notice—getting up his briefs and citations, knew that in his little side room in the bank Old Thad Tanner chuckled and roared. The News actually commending something that he had done! But that fool editor didn't really think Van Hart's boy had anything to do with it? He took the paper to his son-in-law, Old Rice, the pallid cashier. "We gotta get this boy, Cal. We gotta get him on the ticket next fall, if he can hold the News and these sorehead cusses who've started that progressive league over in Earlville. Yes, sir, Cal, I might be a clever boy, and a good boy—like his father—steady and safe. The party needs more young men like that—and maybe it would be just as well to put old jelly-belly Jewett off the ticket this year, and run Harlan for district attorney."

Old Thad juked about this to Judge Van Hart the next day; and the Judge frowned. He deprecated politics. But when he went in the bank Cal Rice said something that made him frown. He frowns and worriedly told his wife. Her eye brightened. Harlan should have a career in the state—certainly. But it was absurd to talk of it his first year out of school. But the next day Old Thad stopped her and said "spunk it if it when she was shopping about the square. He had a joking and yet deferential patronizing for the Van Harts that always made the good lady detest him—as much as one may the richest man in the county—and the most influential."

JUDGE GOT THE INFORMATION

Remark of Prisoner Not Especially Complimentary, and There Were No Further Questions.

Mr. Justice Hawkins, whose name is not yet forgotten in Yorkshire, is the central figure in the following incident: In a murder case, counsel for the prosecution discerned the prisoner say something earnestly to the policeman in the dock. He demanded to know what the prisoner had said. The policeman said he would prefer not to repeat it. But counsel was obdurate, and the judge supported his demand. "I would rather not, your lordship." "It was—" stammered the officer, getting red. "Never mind what you would rather not do. Inform the court what the prisoner said."

"He asked me, your lordship, who that hoary heathen with the sheepskin was, as he had often seen him at the race course." "That will do," said his lordship. "Proceed with the case."—London Tid-Bits.

ECZEMA SPREAD OVER BODY
Roxbury, Ohio.—"When my little boy was two weeks old he began breaking out on his cheeks. The eczema began just with pimples and they seemed to itch so badly he would scratch his face and cause a matter to run. Wherever that matter would touch it would cause another pimple until it spread all over his body. It caused disfigurement while it lasted. He had fifteen places on one arm and his head had several. The deepest places on his cheeks were as large as a silver dollar on each side. He was so restless at night we had to put mittens on him to keep him from scratching them with his finger nails. If he got a little too warm at night it seemed to hurt badly.

"We tried a treatment and he didn't get any better. He had the eczema about three weeks when we began using Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I bathed him at night with the Cuticura Soap and spread the Cuticura Ointment on and the eczema left." (Signed) Mrs. John White, Mar. 19, 1913.

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