

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 honors...

At the Dry Farming Congress held at Lethbridge in 1912, Alberta and Saskatchewan, farmers carried off the principal prizes competing with the world.

The chief prize, a thrashing machine, valued at \$1,200 for the best bushel of hard wheat, went to Peter Gerlack of Allan, Saskatchewan.

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.

Those Sweeping Gestures. "Campaigning is hard on a man's vocal chords."

DIZZY, HEADACHY, SICK, "CASCARETS"

Gently cleanse your liver and sluggish bowels while you sleep.

Get a 10-cent box. Sick headache, biliousness, dizziness, coated tongue, foul taste and foul breath—always trace them to torpid liver; delayed, fermenting food in the bowels or sour, gassy stomach.

Cascarets immediately cleanse the stomach, remove the sour, undigested food and foul gases, take the excess bile from the liver and carry out all the constipated waste matter and poisons in the bowels.

A Good Place. "Here's a story of sailors raising chickens on shipboard."

FALLING HAIR MEANS DANDRUFF IS ACTIVE

Save Your Hair! Get a 25 Cent Bottle of Danderine Right Now—Also Stops Itching Scalp.

Thin, brittle, colorless and scraggy hair is mute evidence of a neglected scalp; of dandruff—that awful scurf.

Get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any store, and after the first application your hair will take on that life, luster and luxuriance which is so beautiful.

SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES. Allen's Foot-Powder, the Antiseptic powder for Itch, Tender, swollen, nervous feet. Gives rest and comfort.

Of course right thinking people are those who think as you do.

Red Cross Ball Blue will wash double as many clothes as any other blue. Don't put your money into any other. Adv.

It is better to have loved and lost than to pay alimony.



A Man in the Open

by Roger Roock

Illustrations by Ellsworth Young

SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with Jesse Smith relating the story of his birth, early life in Labrador and of the death of his father. Jesse becomes a sailor. His mother marries the master of the ship and both are lost in the wreck of the vessel. Jesse becomes a cowboy in Texas. He marries Polly, a singer of questionable morals, who later is reported to have committed suicide. Jesse becomes a rancher and moves to British Columbia. Kate Trevor takes up the narrative. Unhappily married she contemplates suicide, but changes her mind after meeting Jesse.

CHAPTER II—Continued. To judge by the hind shoes, Mrs. Trevor's mean cot had gone down toward the river not more than ten minutes ago, on the dead run, then back up the road at a racking out-of-breath trot.

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vor could see I was blushing down to my belt. Shocked? Nothing! Great ladies don't shock like common people. No, in spite of the pain-racking and the fear-haunting, she laughed, and it done me good. She said I looked like Mr. Polio Belvidere, a dago she'd met up with in Italy. Dagos are swine, but the way she spoke made me proud.

Washing day after supper. We weren't more than half-way down to the river when we heard Trevor surging and yelling astern, somewhere up on the bank. At that I broke to a trot, telling the lady to let out a howl the moment it hurt beyond bearing. I wonder what amount of pain is beyond the bearing of real thoroughbreds? That lady would burn before she'd even whimper.

Nearing the ferry my innards went sick, for the punt was on the far bank, the man was out of sight, and even Jones wouldn't propose to swim a river with a cargo of mineral and a dead load. As we got to the door of Brown's cabin, Trevor here in sight. I le'p to the ground, giving Jones a hearty slap on the off quarter, which would steer her behind Brown's cabin; then with one jump I grabbed off man Brown's Winchester rifle from its slings above the hearth, shoved home two cartridges from the mantle, rammed the muzzle through the window-pane, which commands a view up the trail, and proceeded to take stock of Mr. Trevor.

The man's eyes being stark staring mad, it was a sure fact he'd never listen to argument. I waited, following with the rifle until the horse's shoulder widened out, giving me a clear aim at the heart.

The horse finished his stride, but while I was running to the door he crumpled and went down dead, the carcass sliding three yards before it stopped. As to the man, he was shot a long curve down on his back in a splash of dust, which looked like a brown explosion. His revolver went further on whirling, until a stump touched off the trigger, and its bullet whined over my head.

Next thing I heard was the rapids, like a church organ finishing a hymn, and Mrs. Trevor's call.

"You've killed him?" "No, ma'am, but he's had an accident. I'll take him to the cabin for first aid."

Trevor was sitting up by the time I reached him. He looked sort of sick.

"Get up," said I, remembering to be polite in the presence of a lady. "Get up, you cherub."

Instead of rising, he reached out a flask from his pocket, and uncorked to take a little nourishment. I flicked the bottle into the river, and assisted him to rise with my foot. "My poor erring brother," said I, "please step this way, or I'll kick your tail through your hat."

He said he wasn't feeling very well, so when I got him into the cabin, I let him lie on Brown's bed, lashing him down good and hard. I gave him a stick to bite instead of my fingers, which is private. "Now," said I, "your name is Polecat. You're due to rest right here, Mr. Polecat, until I get the provincial constable."

I gathered from his expression that he'd sort of taken a dislike to me.

Swift and the mare were grazing on pine chips beside the cabin, and Mrs. Trevor looked wonderfully peaceful. "Your husband," said I, "is resting."

She gave me a wry laugh, and seeing she was in pain, I poured water over her foot.

"That's better," said she, "how good you are to me!"

Old man Brown was coming across with a punt, mighty peevish because I'd dropped a horse carcass to rot at his cabin door, and still worse when he seen I had a lunatic roped in his bunk. I gave him his Winchester, which he set down by his door, also a dollar bill, but he was still crowded full of peevishness, wasting a lady's time.

At last I hustled the ponies aboard the punt, and set the guide lines so that we started out along the cable, leaving the old man to come or stay as he pleased. He came. Face is, I remembered that while I took Mrs. Trevor to my home, I'd need a messenger to ride for doctor, nurse, grocer, and constable. I'm afraid old man Brown was torn some, catching on a nail while I lifted him into the punt. His language was plentiful.

Now I thought I'd arranged Mrs. Trevor and Mr. Trevor and Mr. entirely, or in great part, prevented. And even after dermatitis has begun it can often be reduced to slight intensity and cut short by the same measures.

"Of course after irritation has become intense vigorous washing of the surface cannot be done, and sponging with alcohol is painful. To relieve the itching, sponging with cool water, or distilled extract of hamamelis (witch hazel) followed by an application of dusting powder, is comforting. Salves, as a rule, are not well borne."

Consider the Dew. The question is often asked: Does the dew rise or fall? Dewfall is as admissible an expression as sunrise or sunset, says Harper's Weekly. In both cases the expression is at variance with scientific fact. Meteorologically, the formation of dew is not accompanied by motion in the vertical plane, hence there can be no question of rise or fall. Under certain conditions of wind, cloud and temperature, dew is produced. Warm air charged with moisture comes in contact with a cooler surface. When

this contact, the heat is subtracted from the air and the saturation point for that temperature is reached, the moisture which is in the air has existed as water vapor, is condensed upon the cooler surface at the point of contact. The dewdrop, also good English, although false physics, has no existence in the air, but comes into being upon the surface bedewed. It does not fall, nor does it drop.

Smoked and Wrote in Comfort. Inevitable smokers do funny things, says the Family Doctor. Carlyle smoked up the chimney with a degree of thoughtfulness for the feelings of others not universal in his conduct. The famous Bishop Burnet, who, like many another author, found composition facilitated by puffing of the seductive weed, disliked the interruption of removing his pipe constantly while he was writing. In order to combine the two operations with due comfort to himself he bored a hole through the broad brim of his hat, and putting his long pipe through it, puffed and wrote and puffed with the most philosophical calm.

"I can't bear it!" she cried, turning her face away. "Tell me—" "I guess," said I, feeling mighty grave, "you're due to become a widow."

The rapids got Trevor, and I watched. "You are a widow," says I, at last. She faints.

There, I'm dead sick of writing this letter, and my wrist is all toothache. JESSE.

CHAPTER III.

Love.

Kate's Narrative. I married Lionel Trevor in the days when he looked like a god as Parsifal, sang like an angel, had Europe at his feet. "Something wrong with Europe," is Jesse's comment. "West of the Rockies we don't use such, except to sell their skins."

When Lionel lost his voice—more to him than are horse and gun to Jesse—he would not ask me to follow him into the wilderness but tried to persuade me to stay on in London. I was singing "Eurydice" in "Orfeo," my feet, thanks to Lionel, were at last on the great ladder, and if I was ambitious, who shall blame me? Yet for better, for worse, we were married, and here among the pines, in this celestial air, a year or two at the most would give him back his voice. My place was at his side, for better or worse, and when he drank, when day by day I watched the light of reason give place in his eyes to bestial vice, until at last I found myself chained to a maniac—till death do us part—it was then I first saw Jesse, the one man whose eyes showed understanding.

I can't write about that day when Lionel, a thing possessed of devils, hunted me through the woods like a bear. I doubt if I remember all that happened. I must have been crazed with pain and fear until suddenly I woke up on a boulder by that awful river, and saw him drift past me, caught in the rapids, drowning. I would have shouted if it was so glad, until he saw me, and dying as he was, looked at me with Lionel's clear sane eyes.

I fainted, and when I awoke again in the dusk, Jesse bent over me. That night and for three weeks afterward, I lay delirious. At the ferryman's cabin he made me a bed of pine boughs, until my household stuff and the Chinese servant could be brought down from the ranch. He sent Sarty Brown to bring Doctor McGee, and the Widow O'Flynn as my nurse, while her son Billy was hired to do his pack-train work. From that time onward the pack outfit carried cargoes of ore from the mine, and loads from Hundred Mile House of every comfort and luxury which money could buy for me. When I got well, I found that Jesse had spent the savings of years, and had not a dollar left.

When at last I crept out of doors to bask in the autumn sunlight, the cottonwoods and aspens were changed to lemon, the sumac to crimson, the fallen needles of the pines clothed the slopes with orange, and a mist of milky blue lay in the canon.

Jesse had arranged with lawyers for the probate of Lionel's will, and settlement of his debts, which would leave me nothing. As far as Jesse knew, I was penniless, and to this day I have never dared acknowledge that, secured from the extravagance of my late husband, I have capital bringing in some seven thousand five hundred dollars a year. Jesse supposed me to be destitute, and when I spoke of returning to my work in Europe, offered to raise the money for my passage. Knowing this ranch to be mortgaged already to its full value, I wondered what limit there was to this poor man's pity. Yes, I would accept, assuring him of swift repayment, yet dared not tell him the wages offered me at Covent Garden. It seemed indeed that a woman's voice should be valued at more than week than his heroic earnings for a year.

I sang to him, simple emotional music: Orfeo's lament, the finale of "Il Trovatore," the angel song from Chopin's "Marche Funebre."

I wonder why women make it so important that a man should propose? It needed no telling that Jesse and I were in love. It seemed only natural that we should marry, and any pretense of mourning for the late Mr. Trevor would have been distasteful.

Although born in the Labrador, Jesse had been a cow-boy in Texas for half his working life. As a stockman, he was to wed a rancher's widow. Was he ashamed of his business? No, proud as Lucifer! Was he ashamed of the dress of his trade? Not by a damned sight! Soldiers and sailors are proud to wear the dress of their trade when they marry. "So are cow punchers," said he, with his head in the air. "Spose we ride to Cariboo City, and get married in that little log church."

He managed to persuade me; and I consented also to a hunting trip, instead of the usual honeymoon. When I was well enough for the journey, I rode my colt, and Jesse

bite me yesterday again. If he don't tame himself, I'll slap his face. Thinka he's editor!" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

His Skill a Natural Gift. James Cran, who astonished the world by his reproduction of flowers in his Belgian blacksmith shop, works at a forge in Cranfield, N. J. (Not long ago he was doing common blacksmithing work. Art critics say that he has gone much closer to nature in his work than Van Boeckel. He uses no models, and works with only the simplest tools. He began his apprenticeship as a blacksmith in Scotland at the age of eighteen, but since 1896 has lived in this country, where he was one of the first men to make an iron golf club.)

Enormous Irrigation Projects. The Assouan dam and other irrigation works in Egypt have cost about \$53,000,000; but the increase in value of land in middle and lower Egypt and the Fayum provinces has been from \$95,000,000 to \$2,440,000,000. The total rent of this land has risen from \$82,000,000 to \$190,000,000.

CONDUCTRESSES ON BUS LINE. Brooklyn Suggestion Stirs the Imagination of Possible Passengers, Anyhow.

Conductresses are to ring up the fares on one of the new Brooklyn bus lines which are to supplement our transportation facilities—if the board of estimate consents.

One of the lines seeking a franchise announces that to do the conducting only girls need apply. They didn't say pretty girls, but let us hope that pretty girls are meant. If she should step on our toes while reaching for the bell rope, her light weight and gracious apologies will make us happy to have been in the way.

For she must be thin waisted in order to squeeze by comfortably. And we shall insist that she set a common sense fashion in the matter of hampins. Nor can she be permitted to knot her small change in a handkerchief or to carry her bills in the unconventional manner favored by some women shoppers. Moreover, the company must insist that no stops shall be made in

front of candy stores. It is bad enough to wait while the conductor gulps a beer. No passenger should be expected to bide the conductress' consumption of an ice cream soda.

No Judge of Scenery. The late Bishop Doane of Albany hated socialism, and at a dinner in Albany he once said: "The Socialist, who abhors aristocracy and superiority and elegance, is as misguided and wrong-headed as the miner who went through Hell; Glen. Hell's Glen, between Glasgow and Inverary, is one of the most picturesque and rugged pieces of scenery in all Scotland."

"Well, a miner once drove through the Glen in a coach, and while his companions went into raptures over the wild, weird, awe-inspiring features of the place, the miner yawned over his cigar and newspaper.

"Don't you like Hell's Glen, sir?" the driver asked, at a particularly precipitous and striking spot.

"Why," grunted the miner. "I guess it's all right, but I can't see none of the scenery for these darned hills."

his demon mare—Jones—my sole rival, I think except that dreadful bear, in his affections. Two pack-ponies carried our camp and baggage, and each night he would set up a little tent for me, bedding himself down beside the fire. At the end of five days' journey, we rode at dusk into Cariboo.

Captain Taylor, of Hundred Mile House, and Pete Mathson, the cargador of the Star Pack-train, two old staunch friends of Jesse, witnessed our marriage in the quaint log building which served as church and school-house.

Captain Taylor is a retired naval officer, a pioneer of the gold mines, a magistrate, a man to trust, and when he gave me his heartfelt congratulations, it was not without knowledge of Jesse's character. "He and Pete, the cargador, rode with us to the camp of his Star Pack-train, and it was there in the forest that we ate our wedding-breakfast. We drank the healths in champagne from tin cups, and then, saddling up, Jesse and I rode away alone into the solitudes."

CHAPTER IV.

The Landlord.

Kate's Narrative. Of his life before he reached this province Jesse will so far tell me nothing, yet his speech betrays him, for under the vivid dialect of the stock range, there is a streak of sailor, and beneath that I detect traces of brogue which may be native perhaps to Labrador. Out of a chaos of books he has pecked words which pleased him, pronounced, of course, to suit himself, and used in some sense which would shock any dictionary.

His manners and customs, too, are a field for research. Of course one expects him to be professional with rope, gun, and ax, but how did he learn the rest? I wanted a lantern—he made one; my boot was torn—he made one; my water-proof coat was ruined—he made one; and if I asked for a sewing-machine, he would refuse to move camp until he had one finished. If his name were not Smith I could prove him directly descended from the Swiss family Robinson.

His project sounds risky, I have to assume that it is something unusually safe, as the only way to keep him out of danger. If I should ever wish to be a widow, I have only to doubt his power to fly without wings.

Guided by his uncanny woodcraft, I began to meet the parishioners, my mountain-sheep and goats, the elk and caribou, eagles, bears, Wolverines, and certainly I shared something of Jesse's untiring delight in all wild creatures. Even when we needed meat in camp, and some plump goose or mallard was at the mercy of his gun, Jesse would sometimes beg the victim off, and catch more trout. "So long as they don't hunt us," he would say, "I'd rather tote your camera than my gun. But that's that dog-gone beaver down the crick, he tried to

Each Night He Would Set Up a Little Tent for Me.

bite me yesterday again. If he don't tame himself, I'll slap his face. Thinka he's editor!" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

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"Well, a miner once drove through the Glen in a coach, and while his companions went into raptures over the wild, weird, awe-inspiring features of the place, the miner yawned over his cigar and newspaper.

"Don't you like Hell's Glen, sir?" the driver asked, at a particularly precipitous and striking spot.

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CHILDREN LOVE

SYRUP OF FIGS

It is cruel to force nauseating, harsh physic into a sick child.

Look back at your childhood days. Remember the "dose" mother insisted on—castor oil, colomel, cathartics. How you hated them, how you fought against taking them.

With our children it's different. Mothers who cling to the old form of physic simply don't realize what they do. The children's revolt is well-founded. Their tender little "insides" are injured by them.

If your child's stomach, liver and bowels need cleansing, give only delicious "California Syrup of Figs." Its action is positive, but gentle. Millions of mothers keep this harmless "fruit laxative" handy; they know children love to take it; that it never fails to clean the liver and bowels and sweeten the stomach, and that a teaspoonful given today saves a sick child tomorrow.

Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly on each bottle. Adv.

The Result. "I forgot to buy the curtains my wife asked me to get her."

"What was the result?" "A certain lecture."

Stubbish Colds and irritated Bronchial Tubes are easily relieved by Dean's Mentholated Cough Drops—5c at Druggists.

You'll always have a dull ax if you wait for a volunteer to turn the grindstone.

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

Most financial disasters result from trying to make money fast.

Be Thankful

If you are able to eat without distress and your liver and bowels are daily active, but to those not "in this class" we urge a trial of

HOSTETTER'S Stomach Bitters

It is compounded especially for relieving such ills as Poor Appetite, Weak Digestion, Constipation, Biliousness, Colds and Grippe. Try a bottle today.

A Personal Question With You

The main thing with breakfast is coffee, and it must be good coffee. Your whole day depends on your having Paxton's Gas Roasted if you would feel your best.

Paxton's Gas Roasted Coffee

contains no bitter berries to spoil your cup of good cheer.

The Great Morning Tonic

Red Cans At Your Grocers

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