

WESTERN CANADA FARMER SECURES WORLD'S PRIZE FOR WHEAT

A ROSTHERN, SASK., FARMER
THE LUCKY WINNER.

Sir Thomas Shaughnessy of the Canadian Pacific Railway offered \$1,000 in gold as a prize for the best 100 lbs. of wheat, grown on the American continent, to be competed for at the recent Land Show in New York. In making the competition open, the donor of this handsome prize showed his belief in the superiority of Canadian wheat lands, by throwing the contest open to farmers of all America, both United States and Canada. The United States railways were by no means anxious to have the Canadian railways represented at the show and a New York paper commenting on the results of the competitions says that they were not to be blamed, as the Canadians captured the most important prize of the show.

The winner of this big wheat prize was Mr. Seager Wheeler of Rosthern, Saskatchewan, and its winning has brought a great deal of credit on the district. The winning wheat was the Marquis variety, and received no more attention from Mr. Wheeler than his other grain, but he is a very particular farmer. His farm is one of the cleanest and best kept in the Rosthern district, and this year he won first prize in a good farm competition which included every feature of farming and every part of the farm. Last winter Wheeler was a prize winner at the provincial seed fair in Regina.

Wheeler is a firm believer in sowing clean seed of the best quality procurable, consequently his grain is much sought after by the best farmers for seed purposes.

Wheeler is an Englishman. He is a pioneer of Rosthern, coming here fifteen years ago. In the last six years he has done much experimenting, particularly in wheat varieties. His farm resembles an experimental farm. A long driveway, lined on both sides with trees, leads to a modest house, the home of Wheeler, a modest, unassuming man with the appearance of a student rather than a man engaged in commercial pursuits.

There are now no free homesteads to be had in this district, and farm lands are worth from \$20 to \$40 per acre, which a few years ago were secured by their present owners, either as a free gift or purchased at from \$5 to \$8 per acre.

It is not many miles from Rosthern, where the farmer lives, who secured the first prize for wheat last year at the National Corn Exposition at Columbus and West of Rosthern, about 150 miles, lives Messrs. Hill and Son, who won the Colorado Silver Trophy, valued at \$1,500, for the best peck of oats, also awarded at the National Corn Show at Columbus in 1910.

Not contented with the high honors obtained in its wheat, Canada again stepped forward into the show ring, and carried off the Stillwell trophy and \$1,000 for the best potatoes on the continent. This time the winner was a British Columbia man, Mr. Ashel Smith, the "Potato King" of that province. The exhibit consisted of one hundred and one varieties drawn from all parts of the province aggregating in weight one and a half tons.

At the recent Dry Farming Congress, held at Colorado Springs, and at which time it was decided to hold the next Congress at Lethbridge, in 1912, the Province of Alberta made a wonderful showing of grains, grasses and vegetables.

"At the Congress, Alberta got more prizes and trophies, ten to one, than any state of the Union," said Mr. Hotchkiss to the Edmonton Bulletin. "We brought back all but the building with us, and they offered us that, saying we might as well take all that was going. We would have brought it along, too, if we had had a flat car to put it on. Alberta captured nearly 50 first prizes, 20 seconds, 3 thirds, 9 cups, 40 medals, 50 ribbons and 2 sweepstakes. The grand sweepstakes prize, for the best exhibit by state or province, a magnificent silver cup, was presented to us with much ceremony at a reception to the Canadians in the Empress hotel. The presentation was made by Prof. Olin, chairman of the judging committee, and the cup was received on behalf of the province by the Hon. Duncan Marshall.

By Way of Excuse.

"Youngleigh has some singular ideas."

"What, for instance?"

"Well, he says it is mean to profit by other people's experience after they've been at all the trouble and expense of collecting it."

Decidedly Novel.

Ella—It was a novel proposal.
Stella—What did he say?
Ella—That he begged the proud privilege of getting up mornings to build the fire for me.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, small, sugar-coated, easy to take as candy, regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels and cure constipation.

Even though they are all cast in the same mold, the size of a dollar depends on how many of them you have.

Our idea of nothing to beat is the fellow who brags that he begins where we leave off!

There isn't much hope for the man who has no self-respect.



SYNOPSIS.

Jack Keith, a Virginian, now a border platoonman, is riding along the Santa Fe trail on the lookout for roaming war parties of savages. He notices a camp fire at a distance and then sees a team attached to a wagon and at full gallop pursued by men on ponies. When Keith reaches the wagon the raiders have massacred two men and departed. He searches the victims' pockets and finds a locket with a woman's portrait. He resolves to hunt down the murderers. Keith is arrested at Carson City, charged with the murder, his accuser being a ruffian named Black Bart. He goes to jail fully realizing the peril of swift border justice. A companion in his cell is a negro, who tells him he is Neb and that he knew the Keith family back in Virginia. Neb says one of the murdered men was John Sibley, the other Gen. Willis Waite, formerly an officer in the Confederate army. The platoonman and Neb escape from the cell, and later the two fugitives become lost in the sand desert. They come upon a cabin and find its lone occupant to be a young girl, whom Keith recognizes as a singer he saw at Carson City. The girl explains that she came there in search of a brother who had deserted from the army. Mr. Hawley induced her to come to the cabin while he sought to locate her brother. Hawley appears, and Keith in hiding recognizes him as Black Bart. Hawley tries to make love to the girl. There is a terrific battle in the darkened room in which Keith overcomes Black Bart. Horses are appropriated, and the girl who says that her name is Hope, joins in the escape. Keith explains his situation and the fugitives make for Fort Larned, where the girl is left with the hotel landlady. Miss Hope tells that she is the daughter of General Waite. Keith and Neb drift into Sheridan, where Keith meets an old friend, Dr. Fairbairn.

CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

"You say there was no trace?"

"Nothing to travel on after forty-eight hours—a posse started out next morning, soon as they found him—when they got back they reported having run the fellows as far as Cimmaron Crossing—there they got across and escaped."

"Who led the posse?"

"A man called Black, I think," he said.

"Black Bart?"

"Yes, that's the name; so, I reckon you didn't bury Willis Waite this time, Captain. You wouldn't have thought he was a dead one if you had heard him swear while he was telling the story—it did him proud; never heard him do better since the second day at Gettysburg—had his ear shot off then, and I had to fix him up—Lord, but he called me a few things."

Keith sat silent, fully convinced now that the doctor was telling the truth, yet more puzzled than ever over the peculiar situation in which he found himself involved.

"What brought the General up here?" he questioned, finally.

"I haven't much idea," was the reply. "I don't think I asked him directly. I wasn't much interested. There was a hint dropped, however, now you speak about it. He's keen after those papers, and doesn't feel satisfied regarding the report of the posse. It's my opinion he's trailing after Black Bart."

The dining-room was thinning out, and they were about the only ones left at the tables. Keith stretched himself, looking around.

"Well, Doctor, I am very glad to have met you again, and to learn Waite is actually alive. This is a rather queer affair, but will have to work itself out. Anyway, I am too dead tired tonight to hunt after clues in midst of this babel. I've been in the saddle most of the time for a week, and have got to find a bed."

"I reckon you won't discover such a thing here," drily. "Got seven in a room upstairs, and others corded along the hall. Better share my cell—only thing to do."

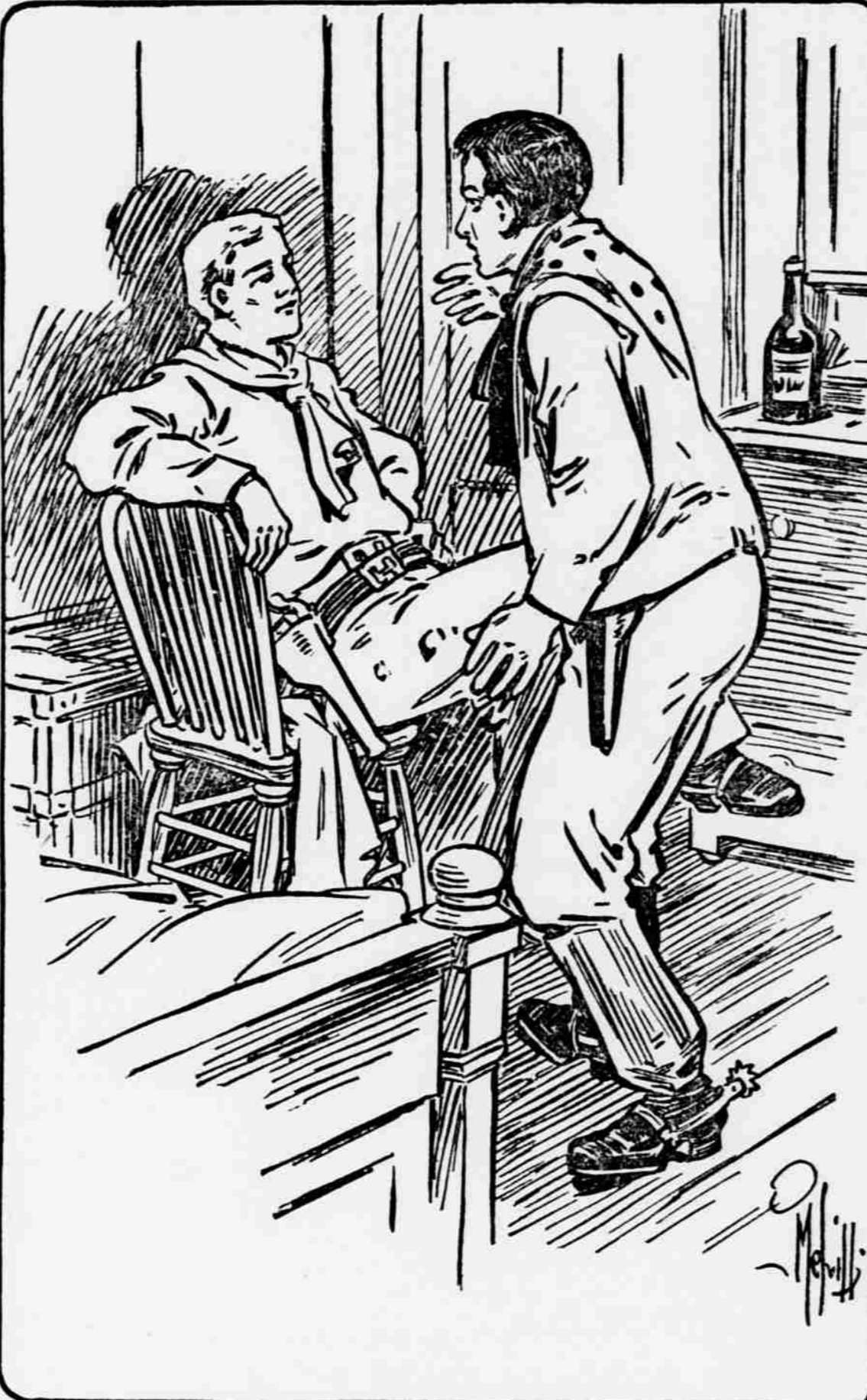
"That would be asking too much—I can turn in at the corral with Neb; I've slept in worse places."

"Couldn't think of it, Keith," and the doctor got up. "Besides, you sleep at night, don't you?"

"Usually, yes," the other admitted.

"Then you won't bother me any—no doctor sleeps at night in Sheridan; that's our harvest time. Come on, and I'll show you the way. When morning comes I'll rout you out and take my turn."

Keith had enjoyed considerable experience in frontier hotels, but nothing before had ever equalled this, the pride of Sheridan. The product of a mushroom town, which merely existed by grace of the temporary railway terminus, it had been hastily and flimsily constructed, so it could be transported elsewhere at a moment's notice. Every creak of a bed echoed from wall to wall. The thin partitions often failed to reach the ceiling by a foot or two, and the slightest noise aroused the entire floor. And there was noise of every conceivable kind, in plenty, from the blare of a band at the Pioneer Dance Hall opposite, to the energetic cursing of the cook in the rear. A discordant din of voices surged up from the street below—laughter, shouts, the shrieks of women, a rattle of dice, an occasional pistol shot, and the continuous yelling of industrious "barkers." There was no safety anywhere. An exploding revolver in No. 47 was quite likely to disturb the peaceful slumbers of the innocent occupant of No. 15, and every sound of quarrel in the thronged barroom below caused the lodger to curl up in momentary expectation of a stray bullet coursing toward him.



"Oh, You Mean Hope? Do You Know Her?"

through the floor. With this to trouble him, he could lie there and hear everything that occurred within and without. Every creak, stamp, and snore was faithfully reported; every curse, blow, snarl re-echoed to his ears. Inside was hell; outside was Sheridan.

Wearied, and half dead, as Keith was, sleep was simply impossible. He heard heavy feet tramping up and down the hall; once a drunken man endeavored vainly to open his door; not far away there was a scuffle, and the sound of a body falling down stairs. In some distant apartment a fellow was struggling to draw off his tight boots, skipping about on one foot amid much profanity. That the boot conquered was evident when the man crawled into the creaking bed, announcing defiantly, "If the landlord wants them boots off, let him come an' pull 'em off." Across the hall was a rattle of chips, and the voices of several men, occasionally raised in anger. Now and then they would stamp on the floor as an order for liquid refreshments from below. From somewhere beyond, the long-drawn melancholy howl of a distressed dog greeted the rising moon.

Out from all this pandemonium Keith began to unconsciously detect the sound of voices talking in the room to his left. In the lull of obstructing sound a few words reached him through the slight open space between wall and ceiling.

"Hell, Bill, what's the use goin' out again when we haven't the price?"

"Oh, we might find Bart somewhere, and he'd stake us. I guess I know enough to make him loosen up. Come on; I'm goin'."

"Not me; this town is too near Fort Hays; I'm liable to run into some of the fellows."

A chair scraped across the floor as Bill arose to his feet; evidently from the noise he had been drinking, but Keith heard him lift the latch of the door.

"All right, Willoughby," he said, thickly, "I'll try my luck, an' if I see Bart I'll tell him yer here. So long."

He shuffled along the hall and went, half sliding, down stairs, and Keith distinguished the click of glass and bottle in the next room. He was sitting up in bed now, wide awake, obsessed with a desire to investigate. The reference overheard must have been to Hawley, and if so, this Willoughby, who was afraid of meeting soldiers from the fort, would be the deserter Miss Hope was seeking. There could be no harm in making sure, and he slipped into his clothes, and as silently as possible, unlatched his door. There was a noisy crowd at the farther end of the hall, and the sound of some one laboriously mounting the stairs. Not desiring to be seen, Keith slipped swiftly toward the door of the other room, and tried the latch. It was unfastened, and he stepped quietly within, closing it behind him.

A small lamp was on the washstand, a half-emptied bottle and two glasses beside it, while a pack of cards lay scattered on the floor. Fully dressed, except for a coat, the sole occupant lay on the bed, but started up at Keith's unceremonious entrance, reaching for his revolver, which had slipped to the wrong side of his belt.

"What the hell!" he exclaimed, startled and confused.

The intruder took one glance at him through the dingy light—a boy of eighteen, dark hair, dark eyes, his face, already exhibiting signs of dissipation, yet manly enough in chin and mouth—and smiled.

"I could draw while you were thinking about it," he said, easily, "but I am not here on the fight. Are you Fred Willoughby?"

The lad stared at him, his uncertain hand now closed on the butt of his revolver, yet held inactive by the other's quiet assurance.

"What do you want to know for?"

"Curiosity largely; thought I'd like to ask you a question or two."

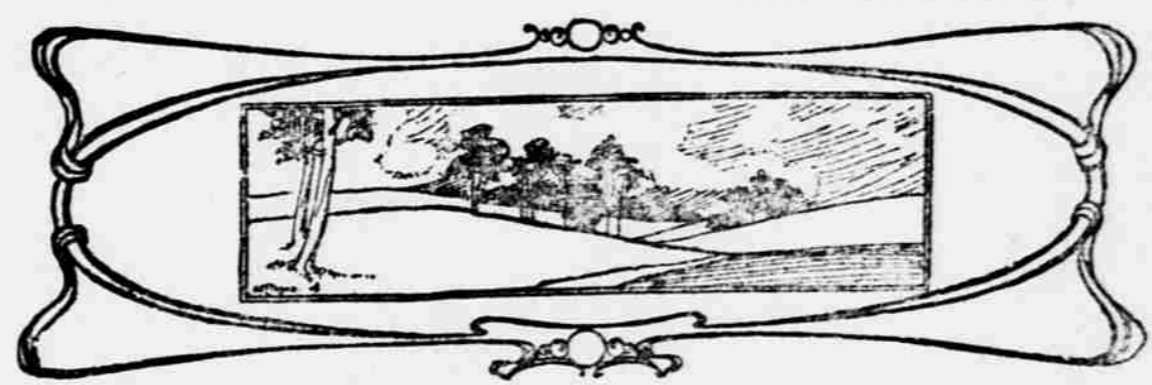
"You—you're not from the fort?"

"Nothing to do with the army; this is a private affair."

The boy was sullen from drink, his eyes heavy.

"Then who the devil are you? I never saw you before."

"That's very true, and my name wouldn't help any. Nevertheless, you're perfectly welcome to it. I am



Merely Obeyed the Rules

How the Late Tom Johnson, In Early Life, Squired Out of Very Tight Place.

When the late Tom Johnson started in life he drove a horse car in Indianapolis.

One night there was a big storm of sleet and snow and the tracks were almost hidden. Johnson was on the night shift, and in the storm he drove his car two blocks beyond a curve before he realized that the car was off the tracks and slipping along on the ice.

He tried to pull the car back and failed. Thereupon he unhitched the horses, drove them back to the barn and left the car where it was.

Next day the superintendent called him. "Here, Johnson," he said, "what do you mean by driving a car off the track and then leaving it in the street?"

"Why," Johnson replied, suavely, "that's in the rules for drivers and conductors."

"In the rules for drivers and conductors?" roared the superintendent. "Where, I'd like to know?"

"Certainly," replied Johnson. "It says always to be polite to passengers. Do you remember the kind of a night last night was? Well, there was a lady on my car who didn't have an umbrella and she lived two blocks from that curve. So I drove her home."—Saturday Evening Post.

No Elevator to Success.

There are men who crowd about the push-button of an elevator, instead of taking kindly to the steep stairs of success and they will never get there or anywhere else.

Be sure you are right and then go ahead. Don't turn around to see if your neighbors are looking.

A 20-year guaranteed teaspoon with two packages of Mother's Oats

This advertisement is good for 10 coupons—cut it out and send to us with two coupons taken from *Mother's Oats* (each package contains a coupon), and we will send you a sample teaspoon. Only one of these advertisements will be accepted from each customer on this offer. The balance of the set must be obtained through the coupons alone.

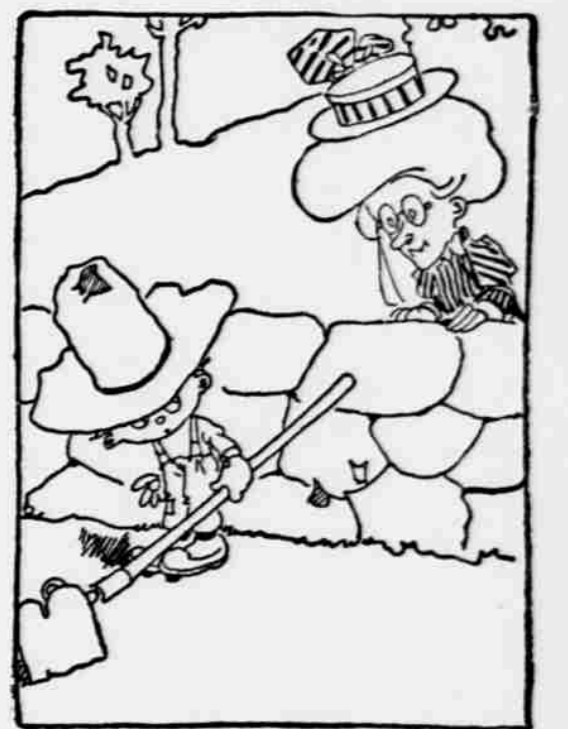
Description: These beautiful teaspoons are the best silver plate, guaranteed for 20-years. The design is especially attractive. The finish is the latest French gray effect, except the bowl which is hand burnished.

Buy a package of *Mother's Oats* today and send a postal for complete premium book of fireless cookers, silver, ware, cameras, household articles, etc.

Address

"Mother's Oats"
Chicago

HIS VOCATION.



"I suppose you'll be an agriculturist when you grow up?"

"No'm. I'm jest goin' to work on this farm, that's all."

IT IS CRIMINAL TO NEGLECT THE SKIN AND HAIR

Think of the suffering entailed by neglected skin troubles—mental because of disfigurement, physical because of pain. Think of the pleasure of a clear skin, soft, white hands, and good hair. These blessings, so essential to happiness and even success in life, are often only a matter of a little thoughtful care in the selection of effective remedial agents. Cuticura Soap and Ointment do so much for poor complexions, red, rough hands, and dry, thin and falling hair, and cost so little, that it is almost criminal not to use them. Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold everywhere, a postal to "Cuticura," Dept. 21 L, Boston, will secure a liberal sample of each, with 32-page booklet on skin and scalp treatment.

No Jury.

"Didn't you give that man a jury trial?"

"Look here," replied Broncho Bob, "there ain't a big lot o' men in this settlement. We couldn't possibly git twelve of 'em together without startin' a fatal argument about somethin' that had nothin' whatever to do with the case."—Washington Star.

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 *Dr. J.C. Jackson* In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

You have a corking good memory if you don't tell the same story to the same crowd twice.—Atchison Globe.

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

We are apt to speak of a man as being lucky when he has succeeded where we have failed