

CANADA WEEK IN CHICAGO

CANADIAN EXHIBITS AT LIVE STOCK AND LAND SHOWS CENTER OF ATTRACTION.

The hats were doffed to Canada during the two weeks of the Land Show and the week of the Live Stock Show at Chicago. Willing to display its goods, anxious to let the people of the central states know what could be produced on Canadian farms, and the quality of the article, Hon. Dr. Roche, minister of the interior of Canada, directed that sufficient space be secured at the United States Land Show, recently held, to give some adequate idea of the field resources of western Canada. Those in charge had splendid location, and installed one of the most attractive grain and grass exhibits ever seen anywhere. Thousands, anxious to get "back to the land," saw the exhibit, saw wheat that weighed 68 pounds to the measured bushel, oats that went 48 and barley that tipped the scales at 55 pounds. The clover, the alfalfa, the wild pea vine and vetch, the rye grass, the red-top and many other succulent and nutritious varieties of wild grasses demanded and deserved from their prominence and quality the attention they received. The grain in the straw, bright in color, and carrying heads that gave evidence of the truth of the statements of Mr. W. J. White of Ottawa, and his attendants, that the wheat would average 28 to 35 bushels and over per acre, the oats 55 to 105 bushels, the flax 12 to 28 bushels, were strongly in evidence, and arranged with artistic taste on the walls. The vegetable exhibit was a surprise to the visitors. Potatoes, turnips, cabbage—in fact, all of it proved that not only in grains was western Canada prominent, but in vegetables it could successfully compete with the world.

One of the unique and successful features of the exhibit was the successful and systematic daily distribution of bread made from Canadian flour. It was a treat to those who got it. Canadian butter, Canadian cheese and Canadian honey helped to complete an exhibit that revealed in a splendid way the great resources of a country in which so many Americans have made their home.

A feature of the exhibit was the placards, announcing the several recent successes of Canadian farm produce and live stock in strong competition with exhibits from other countries. There was posted the Leager Wheeler championship prize for Marquis wheat grown at Rosthern in 1911, beating the world. Then L. Holmes of Cardston entered the competitive field at Leithridge Dry Farming Congress, and won the wheat championship of 1912, beating Mr. Wheeler with the same variety of wheat. Hill & Sons of Lloydminster, Saskatchewan, in 1911 won the Colorado silver trophy for best oats grown in a big competition at Columbus, Ohio, in 1911. The produce of British Columbia at the New York Land Show in 1911 carried off the world's championship for potatoes, and incidentally won a \$1,000 silver trophy, and then, but a few days ago, the same province carried off the world's prize for apples at the Horticultural Show in London, England.

But that was not all. These Canadians, who had the temerity to state that corn was not the only feed for finishing high-grade beef cattle, entered for the fat steer championship at the Live Stock Show in Chicago a polled Angus—"Glencarnock Victor." Nearly 300 entries were in the field. "Glencarnock Victor" didn't know a kernel of corn from a Brazilian walnut. There were Iowa, Illinois, Nebraska, Kansas, Minnesota, Wisconsin and their corn-fed articles, determined to win, bound to beat this black animal from the north, and his "nothing but prairie grass, oats and barley feed," as his owner proudly stated, but they didn't. Canada and McGregor & Sons, with their "Glencarnock Victor," won, and today the swiftness of America is eating of his steaks and roasts—the champion steer of the world.

But once more the herd of corn that won the sweepstakes at the same show was bred and owned by the owners of "Glencarnock Victor," fed only on prairie grass, oats and barley, near Brandon, Manitoba.

royal reception given to Mr. Gregor on his return to his home town was well deserved. Omission must not be made of wonderful and beautiful display articles made by British Columbia, copying a full half section of the great Land Show. This was in the personal charge of Mr. W. E. Scott, deputy minister of agriculture for that province, who was not only a host to those who visited the exhibit, but was also an encyclopedia of information regarding the resources of the country. With 200,000 Americans going to western Canada this year, it is pleasing to know that so many of this side of the line can participate in the honors coming to that new territory.—Advertisement.

Treasure.
"My wife is the most economical woman in the world," said Dublin, proudly. "Why, do you know, she's even found a use for the smell of my motor-car."
"Great heavens—you don't mean it!" said Harkaway.
"Yes," said Dublin. "She hangs cheesecloth over the gasoline exhaust and packs her furs in it to keep the moths out during the summer."

Baseball Reason.
"Why was Napoleon so successful?" "He managed from the field," ventured a voice from the rear of the class. "The kings he went against managed their campaigns from the bench."

PISO'S REMEDY
FOR COUGHS AND COLDS
It is always costly to raise money on expectations. It is the same with many advantages we secure in life. We saddle the future with the debts of today, because we are too impatient to wait. It is patience that brings us whatever is best worth having. Maturity and strength of character are won by waiting. They cannot be forced up in a day. It is the mature man who comes and sees and conquers, because he has ripened and is ready for action. The man who falls is almost always the man who has not been patient.

The Get from Carl Bagdad

by HAROLD MAC GRATH
Author of HEARTS AND MASKS
The MAN ON THE BOX etc.
Illustrations by M. G. KETTNER
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"And Yet This Moment He Asked a Hundred for It."

SYNOPSIS.

George Percival Almeron Jones, vice-president of the Metropolitan Oriental Rug Company of New York, thirsting for romance, is in Cairo on a business trip. Horace Ryanne arrives at the hotel in Cairo with a carefully guarded bundle. Ryanne sells Jones the famous holy Yalderos rug which he admits having stolen from a pasha at Bagdad.

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

Some light steps, a rustle, and he wheeled in time to see a woman open a door, stand for a minute in the full light, and disappear. It was she, George opened the door of his own room, threw the rug inside, and tipped along the corridor, stopping for the briefest time to ascertain the number of that room. He felt vastly more guilty in performing this harmless act than in smothering his mentor.

There was no one in the head-porter's bureau; thus, unobserved and unembarrassed, he was free to inspect the great list. Fortune Chedsoye. He had never seen a name quite like that. Its quaintness did not suggest to him, as it had done to Ryanne, the pastoral, the bucolic. Rather it reminded him of the old French courts, of rapiers and buckles, of powdered wigs and furbelows, masks, astrologers, love-intrigues, of all those colorful, mutable scenes so charmingly described by the genial narrator of the exploits of D'Artagnan. And abruptly out of this age of Lebrun, Watteau and Mollere, reached an ice-cold hand. If that elderly codger wasn't her father, who was he and what?

The Major—for George had looked him up also—was in excellent trim for his age, something of a military dandy besides; but as the husband of so young and exquisite a creature! Out upon the thought! He might be her guardian, or, at most, her uncle, but never her husband. Yet (O poisonous doubt!), at the table she had ignored the Major, both his jests and his attentions. He had seen many wives, joyfully from a safe distance, act toward their husbands in this fashion. Oh, rot! If his name was Callahan and hers Chedsoye, they could not possibly be tied in any legal bonds. He dismissed the ice-cold hand and turned again to the comforting warmth of his ardent.

He had never spoken to young women without presentation, and on these rare occasions he had broached the weather, suggested the possibilities of the weather, and concluded with an apostrophe on the weather at large. It was usually a valedictory. For he was always positive that he had acted like a fool, and was afraid to speak to the girl again. Never it failed, ten minutes after the girl was out of sight, the brightest and cleverest things crowded upon his tongue, to be but wasted on the desert air. He was not particularly afraid of women older than himself, more's the pity. And yet, had he been as shy toward them as toward the girls, there would have been no stolen Yalderos, no sad-eyed maiden, no such thing as The United Romance and Adventure Company, Ltd.; and he would have stepped the even tenor of his way, unknown of grand passions, swift adventure, life.

hurry, the clamor. Over here they dine, there they eat. There's as much difference between those two performances as there is between The Mikado and Florodora. From Portland in Maine to Portland in Oregon, the same dress, same shops, same ungodly high buildings. Here it is different, at the end of every hundred miles.

George agreed conditionally. (The Major wasn't very original in his views.) He would have shed his last drop of blood for his native land, but he was honest in acknowledging her faults.

Conversation idled in various channels, and finally became anchored at Jewels. Here the Major was at home, and he loved emeralds above all other stones. He proved to be an engaging old fellow, had circled the globe three or four times, and had had an adventure or two worth recounting. And when he incidentally mentioned his niece, George wanted to shake his hand.

Would Mr. Jones join him with a peg to sleep on? Mr. Jones certainly would. And after a mutual health, George diplomatically excused himself, retired, buoyant and happy. How simple the affair had been! A fellow could do anything if only he set his mind to it. Tomorrow he would meet Fortune Chedsoye, and may Beelzebub shrive him if he could not manage to control his recalcitrant tongue.

As he passed out of sight, Major Callahan smiled. It was that old familiar smile which, charged with gentle mockery, we send after departing fools. It was plain that he needed another peg to keep company with the first, for he rose and gracefully wended his way down-stairs to the bar. Two men were already leaning against the friendly, inviting mahogany. There was a mug of champagne standing between their glasses. The Major ordered a temperate whisky and soda, drank it, frowned at the mug, paid the reckoning, and went back up-stairs again.

"Don't remember old friends, eh?" said the shorter of the two men, addressing his incarnardined prober. "A smile wouldn't have hurt him any, do you think?"

"Shut up!" admonished Ryanne. "You know the orders; no recognition on the public floors."

"Why, I meant no harm," the other protested. He took a swallow of wine. "But, dash it! here I am, more'n four thousand miles from old Broadway, and still walking blind. When is the show to start?"



"This is the Gentleman I've Often Told You About."

blushing was another of those uncontrollable asinities of his. It was really she, come out of a past he had hoped to be eternally inescapant; the droll, the witty woman, to whom in one mad moment of liberality and Galahadism he had loaned without security one hundred and fifty pounds at the roulette tables in Monte Carlo; she, for whom he had always blushed when he recalled how easily she had mulcted him! And here she was, serene, lovely as ever, unchanged.

"My dear," said the stranger (George couldn't recall by what name he had known her); "my dear," to Fortune Chedsoye, who stood a little behind her, "this is the gentleman I've often told you about. You were at school at the time, I borrowed a hundred and fifty pounds of him at Monte Carlo. And what do you think? When I went to pay him back the next day, he was gone, without leaving the slightest clue to his whereabouts. Isn't that droll?"

"That her name had slipped his memory, if indeed he had ever known it, was true; but one thing lingered incandescently in his mind, and that was, he had written her, following minutely her own specific directions and enclosing his banker's address in Paris, Naples and Cairo; and for many passages of moons he had opened his eyes and his chin protrusive, and hopefully, but hope must have something to feed upon, and after a struggle lasting two years, he rendered up the ghost."

It wasn't the loss of money that hurt; it was the finding of dross metal where he supposed there was naught but gold. Perhaps his later shyness was due as much to this disillusioning incident as to his middle name.

"Isn't it droll, my dear?" the enchantress repeated; and George grew redder and redder under the beautiful, grateful eyes. "I must give him a draft this very morning."

CHAPTER V.

The Girl Who Wasn't Wanted.
If any one wronged George, defrauded him of money or credit, he was always ready to forgive, agreeing that perhaps half the fault had been his. This was not a sign of weakness, but of a sense of justice too well leavened with mercy. Humanity errs in the one as much as in the other, doubtless with some benign purpose in perspective. Now, it might be that this charming woman had really never received his letter; such things have been known to go astray. In any case he could not say that he had written. That would have cast a doubt upon her word, an unpardonable rudeness. So, for her very beauty alone, he gave her the full benefit of the doubt.

ARE ONLY WON BY PATIENCE

Things Best Worth Having in Life Belong to Those Who Can Wait to Conquer.

It is never wise to envy another person the things that are won easily. If we covet anything at all, it should be those things that are won with slow patience, fruits of ripe and mature growth, fabrics raised carefully on a secure foundation. These things, though we may well covet them, are the gifts that we may all win. They may be difficult, but they are always possible. Patience is their condition,

and patience in proportion to their value. Being worth much, they cost much, and yet their price is always within our means.—Arthur S. Salmon.

Stranded.
A negro, with an old gray mule hitched to a ramshackle wagon, stood on the incline of Capitol Hill, in Washington, during one of the worst cold storms in January.

The old man huddled in his rabbit-skin cap, shivering; the mule was trembling with the cold. According to Everybody's Magazine, two congressmen, waiting for a belated car, were attracted by the strange outfit and wondered, as time went on and the negro made no effort to depart, what allied the old fellow.

One of the congressmen walked over and said, "Why don't you move on, uncle?"

The old negro pointed a trembling finger at his "team" and replied, "Cause dis yere mule won't go 'les' I whistle at him, and it's so cold I cya'n't whistle!"

The Average Man.
The average man will hurry to a veterinary when his pet dog gets sick, but he is willing to rely on almost any kind of "dope" when he isn't feeling well himself.