

CANADA DID WELL

Honors Worthy Won at International Live Stock Show.

Friendly Rivalry at Chicago Splendidly Revealed the Possibilities of Our Northern Neighbor.

Further evidence, if any were needed, of the friendly relations between Canada and the United States might have been found by a visit to the International Live Stock Show recently held at the Chicago Stock Yards. There the Canadian and American were to be found side by side in the friendliest competition, the loser willingly admitting defeat when the other fellow carried off the blue ribbon. Some of the choicest and best of Canadian stock was there, and much of it returned loaded down with ribbons denoting firsts, championships that indicate pedigree, breeding and worth, and cups and trophies that were won in hard and severe contests.

The hay and grain classes were points of great interest, and here Canada did well, securing many prizes. Twenty-five first prizes were listed in the oats class; Canada carried away 22 of them. A sample of oats from the Province of Alberta, weighing 48 pounds to the bushel, was the heaviest sample in the show. It was Alberta oats that took the sweepstakes, the exhibitor in this case, J. W. Lucas, of Cayley, repeating what he did last year.

In wheat there were 25 first prizes to be awarded; Canada got 23 of them.

The greatest interest was shown when the horse classes were called. Here also Canada stood well to the front. The Percheron entries showed that Canada breeders were popular and successful exhibitors. Championships were awarded to a number, and first prizes were common. The same may be said of Clydesdales. This breed stood out prominently, there were many entries, and this old-time popular breed had an unusual number of admirers. This was especially so in "Wee Donald's" case. Here was a Saskatchewan horse, his owner taking back to Canada the grand championship. Not only has he done it this year, but last year as well—two years in succession—something never before done at the Live Stock show. In Clydesdales Canada won places in every class in which entries were made.

The same story could be repeated in sheep and hogs, honors being heaped upon honors on Canadian entries. Particularly important is the fact that first prize for alfalfa seed was awarded for seed grown at Brooks, Alberta, in competition with 43 entries. Alfalfa growing in Western Canada has been increasing by leaps and bounds, and this victory will give it—and the dairy industry, which is always linked with it—a further impetus.

A visit to the Canadian government exhibit of grains, grasses, vegetables, fruits, minerals and other products of the Dominion to the north, revealed in tabloid form what the great country to the north could do. A great interest was aroused in this exhibit, and it was greatly admired by visitors to the Live Stock show. Representatives of the government were on hand for the purpose of giving information to those desiring it.—Advertisement.

Foolish Question.

Careless like—Any of you fellows see a pair of leggings around here? Boston Mike—Well, as there are about two hundred men in this company and they all wear leggings, I don't suppose it would surprise them any if they did see a pair.—The Leatherneck.

A Grievous Mistake.

At Jim Rose's boarding house is a fellow all out of humor. He does his own mending—likes to do it. Hasn't a wife to do it for him, so just does it himself. But what he's angry about is—well, he has reason for feeling a bit feverish in temperature. The other day he made the mistake of cutting a leg from his Sunday trousers to patch a pair of old ones.—Exchange.

Blue Nose.

Blue Nose is a popular name for a native of Nova Scotia. Halliburton, in "Sam Slick," gives the following account of its origin: "Pray, sir," said one of my fellow passengers, "can you tell me why the Nova Scotians are called Blue Nose?" "It is the name of a potato," said I, "which they produce in the greatest perfection, and boast to be the best in the world. The Americans have in consequence, given them the nickname 'Blue Noses.'"

Railroad Improvement.

A south coast railway company is experimenting with a new engine which can not only go from side to side but forward.—London Punch.

"God Be With Ye."

As a matter of fact we English-speaking folk have a word to say at parting which means a lot. "Good-by" is a contraction of "God be with ye," but not one person in a million thinks of this when using it. While we may not object to our butcher having divine guidance, the wish is certainly not in our mind when we say to him over the telephone: "Now don't forget about the lamb chops; good-by!"

Cooks may come and cooks may go, but the eating habit stays forever.



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PETER AND ALIX.

Synopsis.—Doctor Strickland, retired, is living in Mill Valley, near San Francisco. His family consists of his daughters, Alix, 21, and Cherry, 18, and Anne, his niece, 24. Their closest friend is Peter Joyce, a lovable sort of recluse. Martin Lloyd, a visiting mining engineer, wins Cherry, marries her and carries her off to El Nido, a mine town. Peter realizes that he loves Cherry. Justin Little woos Anne. Cherry comes home for Anne's wedding. Cherry realizes her marriage is a failure. Peter tells Cherry of his "grand passion," without naming the girl. Martin comes for Cherry. Martin and Cherry drift apart. Dr. Strickland dies. Peter returns from a long absence.

CHAPTER X—Continued.

"I can't tell you how surprised I am at Anne," Peter said.

"Well, we all were!" Alix confessed. "But it's just Anne's odd little self-centered way," she added. "It was here, and she wanted it. Well—I let Hong go, and as soon as I can rent this house, I'm going to New York."

"Why New York, my dear girl?"

"Because I believe I can make a living there, singing and teaching and generally struggling with life!" she answered, cheerfully. "Cherry gets most of the money—they are always somewhat in debt, and I imagine that the reason she is able to have a nice apartment and a maid now is because she knows it is coming—and I get the house, and enough money to keep me going—say, a year, in New York."

"Do you want to go, Alix?" he said, affectionately.

"Yes, I think I do," she answered. But her eyes watered. "I do—in a way," she added. "That is, I love my singing, and the thought of making a success is delightful to me. But, of course, it means that I give up everything else. I can't have home life, and—and the valley—for years, four or five anyway, I'll have to give all that up. And I'm twenty-seven, Peter. And I'd always rather hoped that my music was going to be a domestic variety—" She stopped, smiling, but he saw the pain in her eyes. "George Sewall most kindly asked me to mother his small son—" she resumed, casually. "But although he is the dearest—"

"Sewall did!" Peter exclaimed, rather struck. "Great Scott! his father is one of the richest men in San Francisco."

"I know it," Alix agreed. "And he is one of the nicest men," she added. "But, of course, he'll never really love any one but Ursula. And I felt—oh, I felt too tired and alone and depressed to enter upon congratulations and clothes and family dinners with the Sewalls," she ended, a little drearily.

"I wanted—I wanted things in the old way—as they were—" she said, her voice thickening.

"I know—I know!" Peter said, sympathetically. And for a while there was silence in the little house, while the rain fell steadily upon the



She Was Now Beside the Old Square Piano.

dark forest without, and soaked branches swished about eaves and windows. "Can you put me up tonight?" he asked, suddenly. He liked her frank pleasure.

"Rather! I think Cherry's room was made up fresh last Monday," she told him.

She had risen, as if for good-nights, and was now beside the old square piano, where she had placed the lamp.

"I haven't touched it—since—" she said, sadly, sitting on the stool, and with her eyes still smiling on him,

putting back the hinged cover. And a moment later her hands, with the assurance and ease of the adept, drifted into one of the songs of the old days.

"Do you remember the day we put the rose tree back, Peter?" she asked. "When Martin was almost a stranger? And do you remember the day we made biscuits, over by the ocean?"

"I remember all the days," he answered, deeply stirred.

"We didn't see all this, then," Alix mused, still playing softly. "Anne claiming everything for her husband, you and I here talking of Dad's death, and Cherry married—" She sighed.

"She's not happy?" he questioned quickly.

"She's not unhappy," she told him, with a troubled smile. "It's just one of those marriages that don't ever get anywhere, and don't ever stop," she added. "Martin has faults, he's unreasonable, and he makes enemies. But those aren't faults for which a woman can leave her husband. Oh, Peter," she added, laying a smooth, warm hand on his, and looking into his eyes with her honest eyes, "don't go away again! Stay here in the valley for a week or two, and help me get everything worked out and thought out—I've been so much alone!"

"Dear old Alix!" he said, sitting down on the bench beside her and putting his arm about her. She dropped her head on his shoulder, and so they sat, very still, for a long minute. Alix's hand went to her own shoulder, and her fingers tightened on his, and she breathed deep, contented breaths, like a child.

"Somebody ought to wire Mrs. Grundy, collect," she said, after awhile.

"We will defy Mrs. Grundy, my dear," Peter said, kissing the top of a soft brown braid, "by trotting off hand in hand tomorrow and getting ourselves married. Why, Alix, he gave us his consent years ago—don't you remember?"

"He did wish it!" she said, and burst into tears.

"I seem to be doing things in a slightly irregular manner," she said to him the next day, when they had gotten breakfast together, and were basking in the sunlight of the upper deck of the ferryboat, on their way to the city. "I spend the night before my marriage alone—in a small country house hidden in the woods—with my betrothed, and propose to buy my trousseau immediately after the ceremony!"

Her voice fell to a dreamy note, and she watched the gulls, wheeling in the sunshine, with thoughtful, smiling eyes. The man glanced at her once or twice, in the silence that followed, with something like hesitation, or compunction, in his look.

"Look, here, Alix—let's talk. I want to ask you something. There's never been anything—anything to tell you—or your father, if he was here," Peter said, flushed and a trifle awkward. "I'm not that kind of a man. But there has been that one thing—that one woman—"

Flushed, too, she was looking at him with bright, intelligent eyes.

"But I thought she never even knew—"

"No, she never did!"

Alix looked back at the gulls.

"Oh, well, then—" she said, indifferently.

"Alix, would you like to know about her?" Peter said bravely. "Her name—and everything?"

"Oh, no, please, I'd much rather not!" she intercepted him hastily, and after a pause she added, "Our marriage isn't the usual marriage, in that way. I mean I'm not jealous, and I'm not going to cry my eyes out because there was another woman—is another woman, who meant more to you, or might have! I'm going into it with my eyes open, Peter. I know you love me, and I love you, and we both like the same things, and that's enough."

Three weeks later he remembered the moment, and asked her again. They were in the valley house now, and a bitter storm was whirling over the mountain. Peter's little cabin rocked to the gale, but they were warm and comfortable beside the fire; the room was lamp-lighted, scented by Alix's sweet single violets, white and purple, spilling themselves from a glass bowl, and by Peter's pipe, and by the good scent of green bay burning. The Joyces had had a happy day, had climbed the hills under a lowering sky, had come home to dry clothes and do cooking, for Kow was away, and had finally shared an epicurean meal beside the fire.

Peter was wrapped in deep content; the companionship of this normal, pretty woman, her quick words and quick laugh, her music, her glancing, bright interest in anything and everything, was the richest experience of his life. She had said that she would

change nothing in his home, but her clever white fingers had changed everything. There was order now, there was charming fussing and dusting, there were flowers in bowls, and books set straight, and there was just the different little angle to piano and desk and chairs and tables that made the cabin a home at last. She wanted bricks for a path; he had laughed at her fervent, "Do give me a whole car-load of bricks for Christmas, Peter!" She wanted bulbs to pot. He had lazily suggested that they open the town house while carpenters and painters remade the cabin, but she had protested hotly, "Oh, do let's keep it just as it always was!" Smiling, he gave her her way.

CHAPTER XI.

Cherry had a flat now in Red Creek "Park." It differed from an apartment because it had no elevator, no janitor, no steam heat. These things were neither known nor needed in the crude mining town; the flat building itself was considered a rather questionable innovation. It was a wooden building, three stories high, with bay windows. Cherry had watched this building going up, and had thought it everything desirable. She liked the clean kitchen, all fresh white woodwork, tiles, and nickelplate, and she liked the big closets and the gas-logs. She had worried herself almost sick with fear that she would not get this wonderful place, and finally paid twenty-five dollars for the first month's rent with a fast-beating heart. She had the center floor.

But after the excitement of moving in died away, she hated the place. She had enough money to hire a maid

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Alix Met Her Sister at the Ferry.

now, and she had a succession of slat-ternly, independent young women in her kitchen, but she found her freedom strangely flat.

Now and then a play, straight from "a triumphant year on Broadway" came to town for one night; then Martin took his wife, and they bowed to half the men and women in the house, lamenting as they streamed out into the sharp night air that Red Creek did not see more such productions.

The effect of these plays was to make Cherry long vaguely for the stage; she really did not enjoy them for themselves. But they helped her to visualize Eastern cities, lighted streets, restaurants full of lights and music, beautiful women fitly gowned. After one of these performances she would not leave her flat for several days, but would sit dreaming over the thought of herself in the heroine's role.

One day she had a letter from Alix; it gave her a headache, she hardly knew why. She began to dream of her own home, of the warm, sweet little valley whose breezes were like wine, of Tamalpais wreathed in fog, and of the ridges where buttercups and poppies powdered a child's shoes with gold and silver dust. She began to hunger for home. Nothing that Red Creek could offer shook her yearning for the remembered sweetness and beauty of the redwoods, and the great shade of the mountain. She wanted to spend a whole summer with Alix.

She was athirst for home, for old scenes and old friends and old emotions! She had only to hint to Alix to receive a love letter containing a fervent invitation. So it was settled. With a sort of feverish brevity Cherry completed her arrangements; Martin was to use his own judgment in the matter of boarding or keeping the flat. Some of their household goods were stored; Cherry told him that she would come down in September and manage all the details of settling afresh, but she knew that her secret hope was that she might never see Red Creek again.

Alix met her sister at the ferry in San Francisco on a soft May morning. She was an oddly developed Alix, trim and tall, prettily gowned and veiled, laughing and crying with joy at seeing Cherry again. Peter, she explained between kisses, had had to go to Los Angeles three days ago, had been expected home last night, and was not even aware yet that Cherry was definitely arriving.

"Of course, he knew that you were coming, but not exactly when," Alix said, as she guided the newcomer along the familiar ferry place on to the big bay steamer for Mill Valley. Cherry drew back to exclaim, to marvel, to exult, at all the well-remembered sights and sounds and smells,

"Oh, Alix—Market street!" she exclaimed. "And that smell of leather tanning, and that smell of bay water and of coffee! And look—that's a cable-car!"

"We'll come over to San Francisco soon, and you'll see the new hotels," Alix promised when they were seated on the upper deck, with the blue waters of the bay moving softly past them. Cherry's happy eyes followed a wheeling gull; she felt as if the world was suddenly sunshiny and simple and glorious again. "But now, I thought the best thing was to get you home," Alix went on, "and get you rested."

"I can't get used to the idea of you and Peter—married!" Cherry smiled.

"We're well used to it," Alix declared, smiling, too. But a little sigh stubbed through the smile a second later. Cherry's exquisite eyes grew sympathetic; she suspected from the letter Alix had written that there would be no nursery needed in the mountain cabin for a while, and she knew that to baby-loving Alix this would be a bitter cross.

Sausalito, fragrant with acacia and rose blooms, rose steeply into the bright sunshine beyond the marshes skirting the bay glittering in light. Cherry's eager eyes missed nothing, and when they left the train at Mill Valley, and the mountain air enveloped them in a rush of its clear softness and purity she was in ecstasies.

She gave an exclamation of delight when they reached the cabin. It was a picture of peaceful beauty in the summer noon. There were still buttercups and poppies in the fields, and in the garden thousands of roses were growing riotously, flinging their long arms up against the slope of the low brown roof, and hanging in festoons from the low branches of the oaks. Beyond the house the mountain rose; from the porch Cherry could look down upon the familiar valley, and the rivers winding like strips of blue ribbon through the marshes, and the far bay, and San Francisco beyond.

Inside were shady rooms, bowls of flowers, plain little white curtains stirring in the summer breeze, peace and simplicity everywhere. Cherry smiled at the immaculately clad Chinese stirring something in a yellow bowl in a spotless kitchen whose windows showed manzanita and wild lilac and madrone trees; smiled at the big, smoked fireplace where sunlight fell on piled logs down the chimney's great mouth; smiled as she went to and fro on journeys of investigation. But the smile quivered into tears when she came to her own room, just such a room as little Charity Strickland had had, only a few years ago, with white hangings and unpainted wood, fresh air streaming through it, and redwoods outside.

Cherry stumbled into the airy, dark, sweet little bedroom, and somehow undressed and crept between the cool sheets of the bed that stood near Alix's on the wide sleeping porch. Her last thought was for the heavenly redwoods so close to her; she slept, indeed, for almost twelve unbroken hours.

"Oh, Sis, I do feel so deliciously lazy and happy and rested and—and everything!" said Cherry, as she settled herself at the porch table where service for one was spread.

"Cherry, you're prettier than ever!" Alix said, eyeing the white hands so busy with blue china, and the bright head dappled with shade and sunshine coming through the green rose vine.

"Am I?" Cherry said, pleased. "I thought myself that I looked nice this morning," she added, innocently. "But it is really because the air of this place agrees with me, it makes my skin feel right and my eyes feel right; it makes me feel normal and smoothed out somehow!"

"Oh, there's no place in the world like it!" Alix agreed, rubbing some dried mud from the back of her hand with the trowel. "If Martin continues to migrate every little while, I wish you could have a little house here. Then for part of the time, at least, we could be together."

"The old house," Cherry said, dreamily.

"Well, why not?" Alix echoed, eagerly. "It's in pretty bad shape, after being empty so long, but it would make a darling home again! Would Martin object?"

Cherry filled her coffee cup a second time, gave Kow an appreciative smile as he put a hot French loaf before her, and said, indifferently:

"Martin has a constitutional objection to whatever pleases me, and would find some objection to any plan that gave me pleasure!" Her tone was light, but there was a bitter twitch to her lips as she spoke.

"Oh, Cherry!" Alix said, distressed.

"However, I'm not going to talk about Martin!" the younger sister decreed, gaily. "I'm too utterly and absolutely happy!"

There was a worried little cloud on Alix's forehead, but it lighted stendly, as the happy morning wore on, and half an hour later, when she and Cherry were sailing a frog on a shingle, on the busy little stream that poured down the hill near the cabin, both were laughing like children, again.

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There was a worried little cloud on Alix's forehead, but it lighted stendly, as the happy morning wore on, and half an hour later, when she and Cherry were sailing a frog on a shingle, on the busy little stream that poured down the hill near the cabin, both were laughing like children, again.

Cherry stumbled into the airy, dark, sweet little bedroom, and somehow undressed and crept between the cool sheets of the bed that stood near Alix's on the wide sleeping porch. Her last thought was for the heavenly redwoods so close to her; she slept, indeed, for almost twelve unbroken hours.

"Oh, Sis, I do feel so deliciously lazy and happy and rested and—and everything!" said Cherry, as she settled herself at the porch table where service for one was spread.

"Cherry, you're prettier than ever!" Alix said, eyeing the white hands so busy with blue china, and the bright head dappled with shade and sunshine coming through the green rose vine.

"Am I?" Cherry said, pleased. "I thought myself that I looked nice this morning," she added, innocently. "But it is really because the air of this place agrees with me, it makes my skin feel right and my eyes feel right; it makes me feel normal and smoothed out somehow!"

"Oh, there's no place in the world like it!" Alix agreed, rubbing some dried mud from the back of her hand with the trowel. "If Martin continues to migrate every little while, I wish you could have a little house here. Then for part of the time, at least, we could be together."

"The old house," Cherry said, dreamily.

"Well, why not?" Alix echoed, eagerly. "It's in pretty bad shape, after being empty so long, but it would make a darling home again! Would Martin object?"

Cherry filled her coffee cup a second time, gave Kow an appreciative smile as he put a hot French loaf before her, and said, indifferently:

"Martin has a constitutional objection to whatever pleases me, and would find some objection to any plan that gave me pleasure!" Her tone was light, but there was a bitter twitch to her lips as she spoke.

"Oh, Cherry!" Alix said, distressed.

"However, I'm not going to talk about Martin!" the younger sister decreed, gaily. "I'm too utterly and absolutely happy!"

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