d since Jan. 1,

o Carlo Co. Cal-Perfection 48th s-Breeds.-T. S. ont, first in class ved since Jan. 1,

McEwen, of almost a clean on of the sheep. rams, 2 years or rams I and un-1 and under 2. or, ram: first in ad in the pen of

s in this division. ams 1 and under r.ms 1 and under in the ram lamb and third in the = 2; showed the earling, the chambg won first and ret and third in record and third

division of the Bros., of Clara. ines. In the Helives, of Hallmit an George Rupp. howed rine ani

er 1.

MPION STOKES not show the he show, as she evious occasions udge who picked al from the long list of entries. Monarch, d twoorthorn, the first ein this promier tional was made reed enthustas: 4 and when Capt nada, announced haer to even and ap-

ampien ballock oth the pricher s int. It was shown Purdue, at Lan handily in his by W. A. Dryden.

champion Shortryden eliminated mt the purple on ungster also was of Purdue berd. e first prize bul it was a sensanever has been lve first, prize by the same bull. grandson of the

Toss-bred steer competition all tobson acted as in a tiny grade ansas his choice This steer was of Kansas City. eer was thought claims over all bson foundshim depth and in

ages the Yost to the top, and e Shorthorn calf

n the situation ame somewhat Il had one card ar-old, champion; had won our th splendid pure Kansas Agrieulas made reserve. wonderful tineafter a careful hat he made the

ion steam is a eald Capt. Rob ve of the Cana er the decision oth and smooth is in the pinke of aoved and acted t rarely do we. in his lines and hile he did not ckness over the he other steers, ate, he was very y true over the

AT CHICAGO hed, by Canada son, grides and pion steer: W Ont., breeding Robt, Willer. ing and milking ethbridge, Grenep: Wm. Grant, ale horses; Rob-Ont., Percher-Edmonton, Alfa. Graham ogain

retting his erosa OF, he dee which de the

"BELA"

"I'll be there."

No hetter place for a tryst could have been found. No one ever had any occasion to use the back trail, and it lak he is field!" was invisible for its whole length to Miss Mackall broke into a low, has travelers on the main road. After issuing from the woods of Grier's Point it crosued a wide flat among clumps of , w'at I asy." willows and climbing over the spur

They met half-way across the flat in the tender dusk. The fairy light took away ten years of her age, and Sam experienced almost a bous fide thrill of romance at the sight of her slender figure awaying over the meadow to-

In his gratitude for her kindness he really desired to feel more warmly toward her, which is a perilous state of erfy.
mind for a young man to be in. He "You got go 'way from here," said spread his cost for her to sit on, and dropped beside her in the grass. Smoke your pipe," she said. "It's

He obeyed.

"I wien I had a cigarette myself." whe added with a giggle."
"Do you smoke?" asked Sam, sur-

'No," she confessed; "but all the girie do, nowadays." I don't like it," said Sam, bluntly. "Of course I was only jokir,," she

returned, hastily. Their conversation was not very romantic. Sam, with the best intentions in the world, somehow frustrated her attempts in this direction. He was propped up on one elbow beside her. How thick and bright your hair

is!" she murmured. "You've got some hair yourself." returned Sam politely.

She quickly put both hands up. "Ah! don't look at it. A hair-dresser spoiled It. As a child it hung below my waist." Sam, not knowing exactly what to say to this, blew a cloud of smoke. What a perfect night!"

breathed. "Great!" said Sam, "That nearhorse of mine, Sambo, picked up a stone on the beach this morning. didn't discover what was making him lame until we weer half-way round the bay. I wish I knew more about horses. I pick up all I can, but you never can tell when these fellows are giving it to You straight."

"It's a shame the way they plague you!" she exclaimed warmly.
"Oh, its nothing, now," Sam, "I can stand anything now that I've got a man's job. I'll make good yet. I think I can see a difference already. I think about it day and night. It's my dream. I mean, making good with these fellows. It isn't that I care course to the subject of Indians. on much about them either. But after

what's happened. I've got to make Gilbert Beattle, with an offhand air. them respect me!" was award of no feelings toward her have to deal with. They're fanatica save gratitude and friendliness. Never- by nature, anyway, and it doesn't theless, it would not have been the take much to turn the scale. Weh-tifirst time it happened, if these safe go is their word for insanity. Among and simple feelings had suidenly land- the people around the lake there is ed him in an inextricable coil. Men

are babies in such matters. But nothing happened this night. Sam walked back with he to the foot of the hill, and they pared without touching hands.

"Sha'n't I see you through the wood?" he asked. She shook her head. "Some one might see from the house. There's plenty of light yet. To-morrow night at the same time?"

'All right," said Sam. She stood watching until he dicanpeared among the willows, then turned to mount the shallow hill. Down among the trunks of the big pines it | was gloomier than she had expected. The patches of bright sky seemed immeasurably far overhead. The wood was full of whispers. She began to

he sorry that she had let him go so soon, and hastened her steps. Suddenly, as she neared the top of the hill, a human figure materialized night?" in the trail before her. She was too much startled to scream. She stopped, petrified with terror, struggling to draw her breath. Its shadowy face was urned toward her. It was a very creablocked the way she had to pass. Her

limbs shook under her, and a low mosn of terior escaped her breent. Finding a little strength at last, she made a dart among the trees so that she could encircle the apparition.

Stop!" it commanded. Miss Mackail fell half fainting

against a tree. The figure came closer to her, and she saw that it was a woman. A hor- come up to the house to-morrow sible prescience of what was coming night. I guess there's no reason why still further demoralized her. Women | I shouldn't." do not require explanations in words. Miss Mackall recognized the adventuress of Musquasepi, and knew what she had come for. She sought to tem-

What do you want?" she faltered. "I want kill you," said-Bela, softly. "My finger is hungry for the trigger." She moved elightly, and a spot of her arm. Miss Mackall moaned again. What did I ever do to you?" she

wailed. "You know," replied Bela, grimly.

"You tried tak' my man."
"How r-ridiculous!" stuttered Mes Mackall, "He isn't yours." "Maybe,' returned Bela. "Not yet.

ET a woman ease your suffering. I want

you to write, and let me tell you of d you ten days' free trial, postpaid, and put you in touch with omen in Canada who will fadly tell what my method If you are troubled

"I am only thinking of you," she But no ofer woman goin get him

from me."
"It mu't my fault if he wants me." "Want you!" cried Beis scornfully. 'An old woman! You try catch him

terical weeping. "Shut ap!" said Bela, "Listen

"Let me go! Let me go!" wept the of a wooded hill, dropped in Beattle's other woman. "I'll sersam!"
"No, you won't," said Bela coolly "You not want Gilbert Beattle know you run out at night."

"I won't be murdered in cold won't! I won't!' "Shut up!" said Bela. "I not goin" kill you jus' yet. Not if you do what

want. Miss Mattkati stopped weeping. What do you want?" she asked eag-

Bela cooly. What do you mean?"

"Bishop Lajeunesse goin' back down lake day after to-morrow. If you here after he gone I kill you. A little assurance began to return to Miss Mackall. After all, it was not a supernatural, but a human enemy with whom she had to deal.

"Are you crazy?" she demanded, with quavering dignity. "Yes," replied Bela calmly. they say.'

"Oh!" sneered Miss Mackall. "Do you think I shall pay any attention to your threats. I have only to speak a word to my brother-in-law and you will be arrested." "They got catch me first," said

"No white man can follow me in the bush. I go where I want. Always will follow you-wit' my gun." The white woman's voice broke

again. "If anything happened to me, you'd be tried and hung for murder! What do crazy woman care for that?" asked Bela. Miss Mackell commenced to weep

Bela suddenly stepped aside. "Run home!" she said contemptuously,

"Better pack your trunk." Miss Mackall's legs suddenly recovered their function, and she sped up the trail like a released arrow. Never in her life had she run so fast. She fell into her room, panting and trembling, and offered up a little prayer of thankfulness for the security of four walls and a locked door.

Next morning she was unable to get up in time to see Sam pass. She appeared at the dinner table pale and shaky, and-pleaded a headache in explanation. During the meal she led the conversation by a roundabout "Do they ever go crazy?" she asked

'Wes, indeed," he answered. And so on, in entire innocence. Sam one of the commonest troubles we an extraordinary superstition, which the priests have not been able to eradicate in two hundred years. The Indians say of an insane man that his brain is frozen. And they believe in their hearts that the only way to melt it is by drinking human blood - a woman's or a child's by preference. That is the real explanation of many an obscure tragedy up here.'

> Miss Mackall shuddered and ate no more. Late that afternoon she managed to drag herself down to the road. She waited for Sam at the entrance to a patch of woods a, little wry toward

the French outfit. "What's the matter?" he exclaimed at the sight of her. "Ab, don't look at me!" she said unhappily. "I've had an awful night. Sick headache. I just wanted to tell you not to come to-night."

"Ael rght," said Sam. "To-morrow She shook her head. "I-I don't

think I'll come any more. I don't think it's right." "Just as you say," said Sam. you feel all right to-morrow after-zled.

noon, you might get a horse and ride around the bay. "1-I'm afraid to ride alone," she faltered.

"Well," said Sam, ever quick to take offense, "if you don't want to see me again, of course-" "I do! I do!" she cried. "I've got to have a talk with you. I don't

know what to do!" "Very well," he said stoutly. "I'll

"Yes, that is best" she agreed.

"Drive on now." Sam clucked to his team, and they started briskly down the trail ."Lord. she locks about seventy!" he was thinking. Miss Mackail stood watching until they rounded the first bend. When she turned around there stood Bela beside a big tree, a few feet to light caught the barrel of the rifle over the side of the road. Evidently she had been hidden in the underbush behind. Miss Mackail gasped in piteous terror and stood rooted to the

spot. Bela's face was as relentless as a high priestess's. "I listen if you so-in' tell him 'bout me," she said. "If

you tell him, IL ready to shoot." The other woman was speechless. "You not goin' be here to-morrow night," Bela went on quietly. "Bishop afeunosse leave to-morrow morn-

Miss_Markall turned and flew up

the trail. The trader's house was built bun-Tainw style, all the rocus on a floor. Miss Mackall's room was at the back of the house, her window facing the end of the back trail, where it issued from the woods. The nights were now mild and fragrant, and doors and windows stood wide. Locks are ne-ver used north of the landing. Or if they are, the key beings boup liably

There was no sleep for her.

the footfall of her enemy. She was tormented by the suspicion that there was something lurking outside her window. She regretted leaving the petticoat up, for it prevented her seeing outside. She brooded on it until she felt as if she would go out of her mind, if she were not reas

Pinally she mustered up sufficeint courage to get out of bed and greep to the window. Holding her breath, she gathered the petticoat in her hand and smartly jerked it down. She found herself looking into the face of the native girl, who was peering through the glass. There was a little light in the sky behind her.

Bels sprang back, and Miss Mackall saw the gun-barrel. She uttered a piercing scream and fell fainting to the floor. The whole family rushed to her aid. Hysterics succeeded. They could make nothing of her wild When she recovered she was

In the morning Gilbert Beattle and his wife discussed it soberly."Nerves'," said the man. "We'd best let her go out with the bishop, as she wants.
This is no country for her. We might not get another chance this year to send her out with a proper escort."

"It's too bad!" sighed his wife. thought she would make such a good wife for one of the new men that are coming in now. They need wives so badly!

"H-m!" said Gilbert. Gilbert Beattle, driving home by way of the French outfit, after having seen his sister-in-law embark, found that enother party of settlers had arrived. Many of the natives, attracted by news of those events, had also come in, and the settlement presented a scene of activity such as it had

never known. It gave the trader much food for thought. Clearly the old order was passing fast, and it behooved an enterprising merchant to adjust himself to the new. Beattle was no longer e. young man, and he felt an honest anxiety for the future. Would he beable to maintain his supremacy?

When he reached his own store he found a handsome native girl waiting to see him He had seen her before, but could not place her. He asked her

"Bela Charley." she answered. "O-ho!" he said looking at her with fresh curiosity. "You the she, eh?" Whatever they might be saying about his girl, he commended the calm, selfrespecting air with which she bore his scrutiny. "Do you want to trade?" he asked. "One of the clerks will wait on you."

She shook her head. "Want see you." "What can I do for you?" "Company got little house beside

the road down there. 'Nobody livin' "Well, what of it?"

"You let me live there?" she asked. "You'd better go home to your peo-"I have left them," she returned, "What would you think of doing?"

he asked, curiously. "How could you make your living?" "Plenty people here now," she said. "More comin'. I goin' keen stoppin'house for meals." "Alone?" he asked, frowning.

"Sure!" said Bela. He shook his head. "It wouldn't

'You're too good-looking," he replied, bluntly. "It wouldn't be respectable.' "I tak' care of myself," averred Bela.

'Anybody say so." "How about that story that's going the rounds now?"

"Moch lies, I guess." "Very likely; but it can't be done," he said, firmly. "I can't have a seandal right in front of my wife's

door." "Good for trade." suggested Bela. insinuatingly. "Mak' the new people come up here. Now they always hangin' round Stiffy and Mahoo-

ley's." This argument was not without weight; nevertheless, Beattle continued to shake his head. "Can't do it un-

less you get a chaperon." "Chaperon?" repeated Bela, puz; "Get a respectable woman to come

Bela nodded and marched out of the



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store without wasting any further In an hour she was back, bringing

Mary, Bateese Otter's widow. Mary, according to the standards of the settlement, was a paragon of virtue. Gilbert Beattie grinned. "Here is Mary Otter," said Bela. calmly, "She poor. She goin' live

with me. I guess she is respectable. She live in the mission before and scrub the floors. Pere Lacomba tell her come live wit' me. Is that all right?" Since Bela had secured the sanction

of the church upon her enterprise, Beattle felt that the responsibility was no longer his. He gladly gave her her The astonishing news spread up and

down the road like lightning. Bela Charley was going to open a "resteraw." Here was a new and fascinating subject for gossip. Nobody knew that Bela was in the settlement. Nobody had seen her come. Exactly like her, said those

in the past. What would happen when Bela and Sam met again? others While everybody had helped this story on its rounds, no man believed that Bela had really carried off Sam. Funny that this girl should turn up almost at the moment of the other girl's departure! Nobody, however,

suspected as yet that there was anything more than coincidence in this. The main thing was Bela was known to be an Al cook, and the grub at the French outfit was rotten. Mahooley

himself confessed it. Within two hours six men, including Big Jack and his pals, arrived for dinner. Bela was not at all discomposed. She had already laid in supplies from the company. Dinner would be ready or all who came she said. Sin bits per man. Breakfast and supper.

four bits. floor, but by to-morrow, proper ar- and in making of electrical insula- of the persons holding these prom rangements would be completed. No, there would be no accommodations for the poorest quality of soil, and before sleeping. Everybody must go home at ten o'clock. While they waited they considered a rest could cut some good sods to mend the roof, if they wanted.

past, approached her somewhat diffidently; but if Bela harbored any resame to all, as wary, calm, efficient | The word comes from the Latin word,

hostess. Naturally the men were delighted to be given an opportunity to start fresh. Three of them labored at the roof with a will. Husky, who only had one good arm, cleaned fish for her. The dinner. when it came on, was no disappoint-

ment. fully. Things were going well with was making money. He had conceived a great affection for his lively little team, and, lacking other companions, confided his hopes and fears hour.

in them. and live with you, and I'll say all winning from under the load of deri-processes called "dipping," "pouring." right." sion that had almost crushed him; the "arawing" and "moulding." Few men still greeted him with their candles of commerce are now made

He believed, too, that he was making rogress with them. The hated gibe white slave" was less frequently

heard. Sam, passionately bent on making good in the community, weighed every shade of the men's manner toward him, like a lover his mistress'. He met Big Jack and his pals driving back around the hay in Jack's tory Lowagon. They had staked out their ingly l land acress the bay, but still spent most of their time in the settlement

Both drivers pulled up their horses. The men hailed Sam with at least the appearance of good nature. As for Sam himself, he had made up his mind that since he was going to live among them, he would only make himself ridiculous by maintaining a sore and distant air. He was learning to give as good as he got. (To be continued.)

VEGETABLE WAX.

Old Time Domestic Industry is Spreading Out.

Vegetable wax is already filling an important place in the economic needs of the world, and there are many indications that the production of wax from certain plants will increase as time goes by. It was not long ago that the world supplied certain of its needs with animal oils and development of the vegetable oil industry, as well as the development of the mineral oil industry, has been remarkable The uses for wax have increased, and a number of wax-producing plants are being employed on a commercial scale. The industry of making high grade wax from the candelilla plant has made long strides in the last few

years, and there are several big factories for the extraction of wax in the candilcla-growing sections of the United States. It has been estimated that there are 1,000,000 acres of land on which candelilli is growing wild and in great profusion in what is known as the upper border regions of Texas. It is believed that not only may the candelilla-bearing territory be inlarged, but that the wax-producing qualities of the plant may be improved by cultivation. There are also large areas of the wild candellla lands in who were familiar with her exploits northern Mexico.

The recovery of wax from the bayberry was for centuries a New England household industry, and it has lately become a factory industry, the wax of the plant being generally used in the making of bayberry candles. held in high esteem for use and ornament by New Englanders. A bushel of the berries yields, as a rule, between four and five pounds of wax. Another plant belonging to the same genus is the "sweetgale," which grows princes, but would look to the goldabundantly in the bogs and marshes of Scotland. It is a small shrub with leaves somewhat like those of myrtie or willow, having a fragrant odor and oil by distillation.

The wax of the candelilla paint is used in making candles, phonograph banking with an original deposit of records, wood and leather polishes. floor wax, certain varnishes, linoleum, rubber compounds and celluloid, and it also enters into use in pharmacy was no immediate demand on the part tion. The candelilla plant grows on it was found to have a commercial

considered a pest. Though candles are not so generally used as they were before the days of Some of the guests, thinking of the mineral illuminating oils, gas and electricity, they still constitute an important article, of manufacture. The sentment, she hid it well. She was the candle is an ancient form of lighting.

'candere," which means to "glow." Beeswax and tallow were used for ighting purposes by the Romans. Lengths of cotton or flax fiber were dipped in these substances and they usually burned with much smoke and soot and little light. The rush-lights of the middle ages, and even of re-Sam, rattling back over the rough moter times, were rushes that had trail that afternoon, stamped in his been stripped nearly to the dry pitch empty box wagon and whistled cheer- and dipped in wax or tallow. When "candlepower" was adopted as the him. The long, hard-working days in unit of light measure by the London the open-air were good for both health gas act of 1860 it was taken to mean and spirits. He liked his job, and he the amount of light which would be given by a sperm candle, six of which would weigh a pound, and which consumed 120 grains of the candle each

Candles are made and have been Not that he had yet succeeded in made for centuries by four distinct

eon is that the reliward never so well paid as indeed he is better off a munitions worker, and not of a temperary at the further advantag ileges for his family and

quite a common pay charged Canadian locomotive one carns more than many a an ocean-going liner, and a \$350 is touched. The constucti as a rule from \$200 to \$250 a sometimes more and not Almost as well paid are that from \$150 to \$230 per mo stoker on board ship, who co much, would think the reached the millennium. men, who have special addition vileges of houses at nominal free fuel market passes for wives and free land for gardens from \$80 to \$110 per month. these conditions in view, the co tions to the Victory Loan by ralls employees are less surprising.

RANKS AND BANKSOTES

England's First Paper Money Was Issued by the Goldsmiths.

With the almost entire lase of paper urrency at the present time the history of its origin may not be unfates esting. In the days of the Stuarts merchants used to lodge their reserves of gold in the Tower, and when one day Charles I., in a thoughtless me annexed a large sum lodged in that way and forgot to put it buck the merchants decided that henceforth they would put no more trust in

smiths. The goldsmiths thereby became the first bankers, and the first golds who hit upon the novel idea of giving bitter taste, and yielding an essential a note, not only to the person who deposited gold, but also to the person who came to borrow, founded me

to, say, £25,000, and as long as the into cash business proceeded merri but necessarily there was a limit be possible that something unfor might happen that would bring an unusual number of notes for pres

As a matter of fact, this did has frequently in the early days, and fin ly the Government stepped in and granted the almost entire monor issuing notes to the Bank of Englan -London Standard.

He Had To.

If all men were like a colored port in Frankfort, newspaper men wor find the game an extremely easy one. The porter, who is known to every man and boy in the city, recently was divorced from his first wife and within a few days was married again. A

reporter happened in the clerk's office

just as he was about taking out his

license.

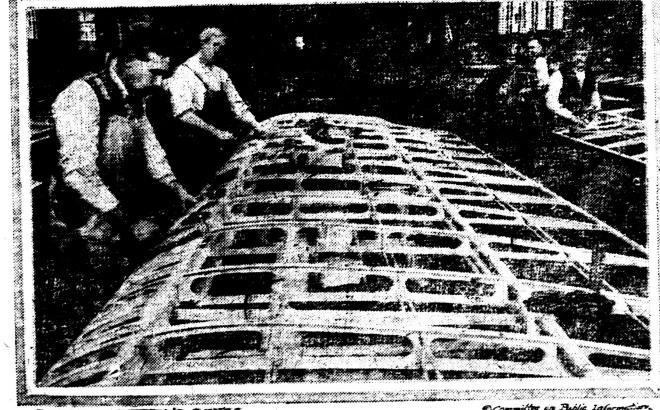
When are you to be Frank," asked the reporter The porter told him, and the tioning was continued until his w to-be grabbed hold of his arm whispered, "Den't tell that man about this." "I've got to," the porter w

THE CAUSE OF BACKACE

Every muccie in the body as

back. "He's a reporter." India

constantly a supply of rich, redoes. The muscles of the back under a heavy strain and have b little rest. When the blood in t they lack nourishment, and sult is a sensation of paint in muscles. Some people think m the back means kidney troub the best medical authorities a backache seldom or never hat thing to do with the hidneys. O kidney disease may have made to a critical point without a pain in the back. This better case, pain in the back should a lead the sufferer to look to I dition of his blood. It will be in most cases that the use of Dr. liams' Pink Pills to build blood will stop the sensation in the ill-nourished muscl back. How much better it is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for the than to give way to u alarm about your kidn pect your kidneys any de tests in ten minutes to fears at rest, or tell y But in any event



MAKING AMERICA'S WINGS. SKILLED WORKERS AS WELL AS SKILLED FLIERS MAKE AIRPLANES UNSURPASSABLE.

magine the care and skill required to put the airplane wings here shown. Euch one of the scores of separate pieces has been cut out to exact measurement on the principle of standerolization introduced into airplane production by the United States, and must be fitted together with the other sections into the stout wing which will soon be carrying an American airman over the German trenches. Uncle Sam has secured the services of the finest automobile body and furniture factories in the country, where this part of the work can be completed and the finished product sent on to some central point for assembling. Thousands of expert wood workers, cabinet makers and heat makers are being taken into the air service for somewhat similar work in the big sinfrances bearing the lines in France.