

Societies
 27 contests were held with a
 of 325 competitors, at the fol-
 ing points:
 evain, Carberry, Carman,
 right, Crystal City, Domin-
 City, Dauphin East, Dauphin
 West, Emerson, Elkhorn, Glad-
 stone, Giroux, Harding, Melita,
 Minnedosa, McAuley, Miniota,
 Morris, Morden, Rapid City, Res-
 ton, Russell, Sanford, St. Jean,
 Springfield, Shoal Lake, Swan
 Lake, Virden.

In spite of the acute labor situa-
 tion, there was, for the most part,
 a noticeable improvement in the
 summerfalls this year over those
 of last year. That no class of men
 are attacking their problems with
 greater intelligence than the far-

have
 of threshers
 to compile, and
 forms are now coming
 thresher has not received
 these forms to fill in, he is
 ed to communicate with the Weeds
 Commission, Department of Agri-
 culture, Winnipeg.

Save All Good Oat Seed

By George Batho, Editor of Agri-
 cultural Publications.

Suitable oat seed will be very
 scarce next spring, and every Man-
 itoba farmer who has a bushel of
 it is advised against permitting it
 to be mixed with other grain and

President J. B. Reynolds. Four
 hundred adult birds of pure bred
 male and female stock have also
 been sold, together with 50,000
 market eggs. The pure breeds most-
 ly in demand in Manitoba are
 Plymouth Rocks, White Leghorns,
 White Wyandottes and Rhode Is-
 land Reds.

**Children Cry
 FOR FLETCHER'S
 CASTORIA**

**TRIED TO CROSS TRACK
 BEFORE TRAIN, KILLED**

WINNIPEG, Man.—Morris Wa-
 chow, of Ashern, Man., was run
 over by a freight train on the C.P.
 R. track in the vicinity of Ogilvie's
 mill a few days ago. Taken to the
 General hospital, he died at that
 institution about three hours later.

Deceased, about whom little is
 known locally, came to the city
 yesterday to see a doctor. At the
 time of the accident he was endeavor-
 ing to cross the track, when
 caught by the engine of an extra

**BETTER RECORD THAN
 YEAR IN VICTORY LOAN**

WINNIPEG, Man.—Manitoba is
 doing better than last year in the
 matter of the Victory Loan cam-
 paign. The reports show that in
 the first three days there were
 twice as many bonds sold as was
 the case in the same period in 1917.

Reports were received by mail
 from every portion of the province
 and all these reports were favor-
 able. Manitoba is divided for the
 purposes of the loan into sixteen
 sections and each advises the local

the opening of the
 mains, which will bring the supply
 of soft water into Winnipeg is to
 be proclaimed a civic holiday and
 will be suitably celebrated. This
 was the resolution passed by the
 executive board of the Greater
 Winnipeg Water District recently.
 All institutions and influential
 bodies in the city will be asked to
 co-operate in making it a red letter
 day in Winnipeg. The purpose of
 the celebration will be to let the
 world know of the huge under-

"Don't you think
 Indian was badly treated?"
 "Yes," answered the inexcu-
 sable person. "The Indian had a
 plan worked out by which he could
 loaf while the women worked and
 the white men came along and
 broke it up."



**A TRAMP'S FAREWELL
 TO HIS DOG.**

By I. B. Stuart.

Good-bye, my faithful friend,
 Good-bye;
 For ten long years together
 We've roamed from sea to rolling
 sea.

In mild and stormy weather,
 We've heard the coyote's wailing
 cry

In Rocky Mountain canyons,
 From Marblehead to Puget Sound
 We've traveled as companions.
 From old Cape Horn to Behring
 Strait

Through heat and cold we've
 wandered;
 From Natal, east, to Lima, west,
 The careless days we've squander-
 ed.

When I could walk no more, I've
 laid
 My head on you, a weary,
 And when my heart has lonely
 beat.

You've made the way less dreary,
 Your tongue has liced the tears
 away

When I have wept in sorrow,
 And when the nights were cold
 and dark,

You've helped me see the morrow,
 When men have kicked me from
 their door,
 My humble plea disdaining,
 And cursed me with a bitter curse,
 I've had one friend remaining.

How can I spare you, canine
 friend,
 Comrade in all my rambles?
 My road from now will all be hard,
 My pathway all be brambles

You've read the feelings of my
 heart

With more than man's acumen;
 Your loyalty men equalled not;
 Your love was more than human.
 Farewell once more, my noble
 friend,

With tears we part forever;
 Though dogs may come, and dogs
 may go,
 I will forget you never.

**The Come Back
 of Old Dad Lane.**

And What He Told About the
 Great Truth That Led to It.

By James Francis Dwyer.

(Continued.)

Mr. Lane went forging ahead.
 From the moment he put his name
 up over Barbour's shop the busi-
 ness started to boom. People want-
 ed to see Mr. Lane in his new
 clothes. They wanted to see what
 he would say, so they took their
 business there.

Barbour knew he had done a
 good stroke of business that even-
 ing he telephoned Will Hammond
 to alter the sign to "Barbour &
 Lane." He walked around with
 smiles all over his round face, and
 when anyone came in to speak to
 him about business he would say:
 "Let me introduce you to my part-
 ner, Mr. Lane. He knows real
 estate from A to Z. He's got the
 eye for bargains. Built the Lane
 Block, you know." In twelve
 months Barbour and Lane were

swinging four-fifths of the real-
 estate deals of the town.

At the end of the second year
 Mr. Lane put over the big deal with
 the Laurel Chemical Works. The
 strip of marshland that Barbour
 told Mr. Lane about on the day he
 joined the firm was unsalable, and
 Barbour offered Mr. Lane a half
 interest in it for some trifling sum.
 Mr. Lane took it and tried hard to
 sell it, but no one wanted the place.

Then one day, as Mr. Lane sat
 in his office, a stranger stepped in
 and came up to the desk to ask
 some questions. He was a big well-
 dressed man, and the moment Mr.
 Lane saw him he sprang to his feet,
 pushed Eddie Morris, the counter
 clerk, aside and bowed to the visi-
 tor.

"Good morning, Mr. Laurel,"
 he said.

The stranger looked at Mr. Lane,
 a little bewildered at being recog-
 nized; then he said: "How do you
 know my name? I've never been
 here in this town before."

"I saw your photograph in a
 magazine some years back," an-
 swered Mr. Lane, "and the moment
 you came in I recognized you.
 You're Mr. Laurel, of the Laurel
 Chemical Works."

The stranger laughed. "That's
 wonderful," he said. "I am Mr.
 Laurel. I intended to call myself
 Brown or Smith, but as you've
 recognized me from my photograph
 I'm going to own up. I'm here to
 ask questions about a possible
 factory site, so you can talk if you
 know of any."

Mr. Laurel spent the day with
 Mr. Lane, and also the next day;
 then a rumor went around the
 town that the new branch of the

Laurel Chemical Works would be
 located on the strip of marshland
 that was owned by Barbour & Lane.

I don't know how much Mr. Lane
 made on the deal, but it must have
 been a great amount of money.
 And it was all through Mr. Lane
 recognizing Mr. Laurel when he
 came in the door.

"Billy," said Mr. Lane to me at
 the depot when the deal was closed,
 "you brought that piece of good
 luck to me."

"Me?" I said. "How?"

"His picture was in one of the
 magazines you threw me from the
 train when you were a newsboy,"
 said Mr. Lane. "I pasted some of
 the leaves against the wall to keep
 the wind out; so I must have been
 looking at the picture of Philip A.
 Laurel for about nine years. No
 wonder I knew him when he came
 in the door."

The next year was a wonder year
 for Barbour & Lane. They put
 over a score of big deals, and then
 Mr. Lane performed a miracle.

There was a financial flurry and
 Mr. Pratt and Mr. Tancred threw
 the Lane Block into the market.
 Barbour & Lane bid for it and they
 got it; at least, Mr. Lane did, for
 it was his money alone that bought
 the buildings upon which his name
 had stood all the years he lived in
 the shack down by the railway
 bridge.

Horace Kenyon, a son of Mr.
 William Kenyon, the tailor, met
 me on the street the day after the
 big sale. Horace was president of
 the Young Men's Business Club,
 of which I was a member. "Billy,"
 he said, "I was thinking we might
 get Mr. Lane to address the club.
 Do you think we could? It would

be a wonderful thing if we could
 get him to come and give an in-
 formal talk some evening."

"We'll ask him now," I said.
 "Come along."

Mr. Lane smiled at us when we
 told him what we wanted him to
 do; then he put a hand on Horace's
 shoulder. "I'll come and do it," he
 said. "I'll come and do it because
 you two boys have asked me."

It was a Saturday evening when
 Mr. Lane came to the club. The
 place was crowded, and when he
 came into the room there was a
 rush of young men who wished to
 shake hands with him. Horace
 Kenyon led him up to a little plat-
 form, and when the cheering had
 stopped he just said "Mr. Lane,"
 and John Henry Lane smiled down
 at us and began to speak slowly
 and clearly, without any gestures
 or flourishes.

No one took down that speech,
 so I cannot record it verbatim. He
 began by speaking of young men
 and the equipment they should
 possess for the battle of life. He
 gave us good sound advice and we
 listened carefully; then, after he
 had been speaking for about thirty
 minutes, he took a step forward
 and, lowering his voice a little he
 said: "To-night I've got a desire
 to tell all you boys who have known
 me for years something about—
 well, about what some people call
 "The Come Back of Old Dad
 Lane." He then told us many
 things, and for some time he
 stood without moving, looking
 down at us, and then he said
 one to another: "Fellow
 of you

father, a sister, a brother, a sweet-
 heart or a wife. Their belief in you
 serves as a rudder that keeps you
 on a straight course. It helps you
 to dodge the rocks, it keeps your
 bows on when gales strike you, and
 by its help you get into port
 through the crooked channels
 where thousands go to pieces. I am
 old and I know. I—I understand
 what a great help it is to a man
 or a woman to have behind them
 a pillow of belief, placed there by
 one who loves them and against
 which they can rest when the fight
 is hard."

(To be continued.)

**A COMMUNITY'S
 GREATEST ASSET**

A good road is one of the great-
 est assets of a community. Consid-
 ered as a means of getting educa-
 tion for the child so that he can
 comfortably get to school; as a
 means for transportation of food-
 stuffs; as a direct link in the life
 of a woman with certain necessary
 social activities; as a spiritual
 means of getting to church—con-
 sider a good road from any stand-
 point you like—civic, educational,
 economic, social, spiritual or moral
 —and it immediately looms up as
 an asset beyond price. The amaz-
 ing part of it is that we have been
 so slow to see the value that lies in
 a good road, and more amazing is
 that we have tolerated so many
 bad roads.

much of the isolation in women's
 lives is due to their inability to get
 from one point to another on even
 a passable road. If that is so, if
 men have not risen to their best in
 this matter, if they have failed to
 do all they might have done, why
 not let women everywhere try what
 they can do in the matter of getting
 better roads? Getting a good road
 does not depend on having a vote;
 men know that. Women have done
 much for good roads in this coun-
 try, but have they done all they
 might do? As the actual value of
 a good road really been brought
 home to the comprehension of
 thousands of women? Have not
 women failed to grasp the full sig-
 nificance of good roads, as a matter
 of fact? If not, why these miles
 and miles of scandalous roads, with
 women living on them everywhere?
 One fact is patent: there should be
 no such thing as a bad road in such
 a country as this, or in such a time
 as this. The time has gone by for
 any excuse for bad road that keeps
 a child from school, a man from
 his market, a woman from her
 church or from those social chances
 to which she is entitled. And the
 sooner we believe this fact, men
 and women, the fuller and happier
 our lives will be. There is scarce-
 ly anything into which a commu-
 nity can so wisely put its money
 as into a good road. It is a man
 who proclaims that a good road
 and day out, it is a man who
 road in her own way, and
 ably traversed. It is a man
 sex!