

The Secret of the Old Chateau

By DAVID WHITELAW.

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Synopsis of Later Chapters.
Darting, in possession of Dartington fortune, has to pay Haverton silence money. On Stella's birthday Baxter gives her the Dartington locket. Stella's mother recognizes the crest it bears as the same as that on a ring handed down from Stella's great-grandmother, the long lost Sylvia Dartington. Baxter, his suspicions aroused, accepts Darting's invitation to Adberbury Towers. He overhears a conversation between his host and Haverton.

CHAPTER XVI.—(Cont'd.)

Robert wished that he could, then and there, take notes of what he had heard and link them up with the other facts in what he called the "Dartington dossier." But it would not do to put on the light in his room, and he must possess himself in what patience he might until the morning.

Tired as he was, he slept but little, and the first glimmer of dawn found him awake. He put on a few clothes and, taking his writing case to the window, began his task. He wrote for perhaps a quarter of an hour, pausing often and looking out over the countryside, rosy with the coming day, his brows crumpled with thought. And then he leant back at last and read what he had written:

"Item: That H. (who apparently has met D. but lately) shows an intimate knowledge of D.'s billiard playing, D. having shown ability in the past with long cannons."
"Item: That D. objects to being addressed as 'Vivian.'"
"Item: That for some reason it is a matter of strain and nerves to D. and H. should hesitate to play cards with a Baxter."
"Item: That D.'s nerves are not what they were and that he is advised by H. to forget some unpleasant occurrence."

There was enough in all this to dispel any qualms that Robert may still have had as to his course of action. He took paper and envelope from his case and wrote a letter. It was addressed to Mr. Silas Berwick, at an address in Shaftesbury avenue, and requested Mr. Berwick to call upon the writer at his Strand office at twelve noon on the following Monday, as there was a matter of importance in which his knowledge of criminals would prove very useful.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Owner of the Towers Smells a Rat.

The time between tea and the dressing bell was usually spent by those staying at the Towers in attending to their correspondence, enabling them to avail themselves of the post basket on the table in the hall, with the contents of which John, the groom, cycled into Barchester in time to catch the up mail from Birmingham, which passed through at nine o'clock.

The letter which Robert had written in the early morning he posted with his own hands at the little High Street office as they passed through the town on their way to the Mayfield golf links the day before. There was a small nine-hole course at Barchester, but Darting had not considered it wise to risk the snub which might follow an application to enter the select membership of the Barchesterian club.

The links at Mayfield, after all, appealed far more to Mr. Baptiste Darting and those who visited the Towers than, as he expressed it, the "potty" Barchester course, and the society to be met with in the clubhouse of the larger place, consisting as it did of well-to-do Mayfield residents, with a sprinkling of racing men, while bank books carried infinitely more weight than Devereux, suited his tastes admirably. And so, much to Robert's relief, the letter he had written to Mr. Silas Berwick had escaped the scrutiny of prying eyes that would probably have been its fate had it been placed with the other correspondence in the hall.

He had been in the library since six o'clock, engaged in writing one or two business letters of minor importance and a long screed to Stella. Now these were sealed and stamped and Robert crossed the hall to drop them among those already in the basket. As he stretched out his hand he gave a little gasp and stood as though carved in stone, his eyes fixed and staring down at an envelope on the top of the little heap. Behind him the drawing room door opened a little, then shut again softly, finally stopping a few inches ajar.

Robert turned slowly and gave a searching glance to right and left as he unbuttoned his coat and took out his pocketcase. His fingers trembled a little as he slipped off the elastic band and drew out the scrap of paper

which Cantle had picked up in the room in Mortimer Terrace.

He took out the envelope from the basket and walked with it to the light that came through the open doorway, comparing the handwriting of the superscription with that on the piece of paper from his pocketcase. A casual glance had told him that the calligraphy was similar, and now, as he carefully compared the formation of the letters and numerals, conviction grew until it became a certainty.

Until his handwriting he knew well—Haverton had been the only other person who had been writing in the library that afternoon. Robert asked for his quest was ended; that he asked for no further proof than this. He knew now, as sure as though it had been told him, that he was in the house with the man who had caused his cousin's death. The mystery of the Adam's document was a mystery no longer, and the whole conspiracy appeared clearly to the understanding.

He stood there in the hall, his hands clenched over the envelope and the scrap of evidence, and asked himself bitterly how he was to get through the remaining hours—how he was to sit at dinner, to take hospitality from the hands red with poor Hubert's blood.

The thought came to him that he might make some excuse and catch the evening train to London, but he saw that there was no time to do so without appearing strange and attracting attention to himself that wiser counsels told him was not advisable. As he stood there the groom entered, and, tipping the contents of the basket into a leather satchel, passed out to his bicycle. Robert had no intention of retaining Haverton's letter, but as the man entered he had crushed it up, together with the other paper, and thrust it into his pocket; it was out of the question to replace it in the now empty basket. He turned and went slowly up to his room to dress.

The dinner that evening was to be of a more formal character than that of the previous night, and Robert was glad that they would not be alone; for the color of his face would have been accepted, and one or two other men would be there. It would be something to have those others to talk to; the time would pass more rapidly and the horror of his ordeal be lightened. He took his writing-case from his kit-bag and added the all-important item relating to the handwriting. He told himself that he would not look further than this—that he had accumulated ample facts to put before Mr. Berwick, the private investigator whose services had so often been used by the firm of Baxter when their work had taken them into the fields of criminal activity.

Dinner could not be served until eight o'clock—the solicitor welcomed the short respite from the hateful presence of the scoundrel downstairs. He began to dress leisurely, hoping that, by the time he was ready, one or two of the other would have arrived. He felt a little annoyed that he had been forced to retain the letter addressed by Haverton. Its non-arrival at its destination might set the men on watch before his plans had arrived at fruition. He smoothed the envelope out and put it in the pocket of his dinner-jacket, together with the scrap that now had assumed such importance to his case. His window commanded a view of the entrance-gate, and when John came in, and he was taken a chair, and, lighting a cigarette, watched for the arrival of the guests.

Meanwhile, in Darting's little study, a dramatic scene might have been witnessed. The master of the house, pale but composed, sat at his desk, his hands clasping the arms of his chair so that the knuckles stood out, little patches of white skin. Before him, and far less at his ease, Haverton paced up and down the square of carpet. Now and again he would pass his handkerchief with a nervous gesture across his forehead, and glance anxiously at the man in the chair.

Darting ran his tongue over his dry lips.

"You saw him, you say, Eddie, deliberately steal your letter?"
"No, I don't say that, Vivian. I don't think for one moment that he meant to take it; he had it in his hand when John came in, and he was taken by surprise and slipped it into his pocket. Perhaps there's nothing in it, after all. But I don't like Baxter; he has a way of looking at me that makes you want to ask him what he means—if one only dared."

The speaker crossed over to the sideboard and busied himself with a tumbler. "Have one, Vivian?" he asked.

"Not now. What could he want with your correspondence, anyway? Who was the letter to?"
"Only my tailor, Vivian; that's what makes it so strange. Heaven knows what interest it could have for him. He took it over to the light and compared it with a small square of paper he took out of his pocket-book; I was watching him from the drawing-room door. It was the look on his face that frightened me. I wasn't near enough to see what was on the paper; it was nearly square—folded this size."

Eddie tore out a leaf from a magazine that lay on the desk and nervously folded it twice. As he held it out, it slipped from his trembling hands and fluttered to the floor, and Darting, as his eyes followed it, stifled back a hoarse cry that rose to his lips. For the paper had fallen beneath a chair—and memories flooded in upon the man at the sight.

Through a mist he seemed to see the furnishings of that fatal room in

Mortimer Terrace. Just so had he dropped a square of paper, the ruse that was to lead poor Hubert Baxter to his death. Through the haze the little square of white seemed to stand out with amazing clearness. In Darting's ears were the sounds that had risen to him as he stood on the gray roof beside the huddled body of his victim—the murmur of London life awakening and the crying of the beasts in the zoological gardens. For the second time since he had left the house in the terrace, the mental picture of it filled his vision. The little study seemed to grow darker, and he silver clock on his desk out the air solemnly with its tick-tack—murder-tick-tack! The sunlight that was flooding the lawns outside the window darkened, and Darting breathed again the foul air of the shut-up house of death.

He pulled himself together with an effort and reached out his hand for the drink Eddie had mixed and was holding out for him, and which he had but a moment before refused. As he gulped down the liquor Haverton crossed over to the door and turned the key in the lock.

"And now, Vivian," he said, as he came back, "what is it all about? There anything wrong, really, or is it your nerves? What is it?"
"Only"—Darting was speaking slowly and with meaning—"that we must see to-night what is in Baxter's pocketbook, must find out just how much he knows. Then we will decide how to deal with him."

"Deal with him—you mean—I'll have no more killing, I—"
Darting turned fiercely upon the trembling man.

"Who spoke of killing, you fool? Leave him to me. Whose nerves are rusty now, eh? Get upstairs and dress; let him see nothing; he must not guess that we are onto his game. I'll come and see you in your room before we go down. It'll be all right. But when Eddie had left the room Darting sank back in his chair and stared out over the sunlit garden, a prey to the gloomiest thoughts. Like all men who live by their wits, he was a mass of superstition, and he told himself that it was no accident that the scrap of paper had fallen as it had. That it conveyed a warning he did not for a moment question, and he knew that at last a net was closing round him. He had let the paper rest when it had fallen, and now he reached down and picked it up, tearing it savagely into minute pieces, as though the innocent page of magazine advertisements were in itself a menace.

For the first few months after the crime in Mortimer Terrace he had been worried by his failure to locate the paper he had used as a decoy. It contained, as he knew, only a few words and figures, notes of a game of chance, and Haverton, the young whom they had entered into a Soho gambling hell—was in fact, part of a record of their division of the spoils they had taken from their pigeon. He did not for a moment think that there was any flying importance to it, but it haunted him.

(To be continued.)

She Knew a "Windfall."

Mrs. Youngbridge thought the apples the farmer had brought her were rather dirty, but he explained that they were because they had fallen off the tree onto the ground—in short, they were windfalls—so she bought them.

A week later she called the farmer's wife up on the telephone. "I ordered the best cucumbers for pickling," she said sharply, "and you've sent me windfalls."

"Sent what?" gasped the farmer's wife.

"Windfall cucumbers! I can tell; you needn't think I can't. There's dirt on them."

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City, offers a three years' course of training to young women who have completed education, and desirous of becoming nurses. This hospital has adopted the eight-hour system. The pupils receive uniforms of the School, a monthly allowance and travelling expenses to and from New York. For further information apply to the Superintendent.

Progress in Western Canada.

The "Made in British Columbia" campaign is gaining in popularity and according to the secretary three thousand families in the province have already pledged themselves to use only British Columbia made goods, with the expectation of two thousand additional pledges this week.

The renewal of the development of the mica deposits at Tite Jaune Cache, B.C., is announced by a Calgary organization. These deposits have long been known and shipments were made from them in 1898 and 1899, the dressed mica being taken down by pack train to Kamloops. The ore is musk-ovite of a high quality.

Hand picked settlers are to be brought out to British Columbia in large numbers to fill up the vacant lands in the northern and central parts of the province, according to plans just completed by owners of large areas, most of whom are in England. Some of the choicest lands in the province will be offered settlers, including the Bulkley and Nechako valleys.

A recent hemp "breaking" demonstration proved conclusively that hemp can be successfully grown in Western Canada and that a machine has been invented capable of converting the hemp stalks into marketable hemp fibre which can be manufactured into practically anything from the coarsest rope to the finest linen. The demonstration was conducted by Col. Wm. Grassie, D.S.O., president of the Canada Fibre Product Company, and the hemp was grown at the Manitoba Agricultural College and lay under the snow all winter.

An option has been taken on nineteen acres of land with water frontage at Victoria, B.C., for the purpose of establishing a woollen factory. The interest behind the scheme is a Lancashire, England, woollen establishment of high standing.

A new method of calcining Hydro-Magnesite has been discovered by C. D. Oliver of Vancouver. The first deposit of this product, of which British Columbia has a monopoly, is at Watson Lake, near Vancouver. Other parts of central and northern British Columbia are rich with the same and similar deposits—soda, epsom salts, etc. The new method of calcining has been found to be an undoubted success and this will obviate the necessity of importing improved magnesite from California and elsewhere.

There is still plenty of employment for experienced farm help or for Old Country farmers who are emigrating to Western Canada, according to officials of Regina employment offices. The market for trade and industrial classes is congested, but many agriculturalists can be absorbed.

Japanese soldiers have increased two inches in height on an average since meat was included in their rations.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

A Crewless Battleship Operated by Radio

A battleship operated without a man aboard is a hitherto unprecedented realization of the United States Navy Department. The U. S. S. "Iowa" has been equipped with wireless apparatus adequate to its complete control from another vessel at a considerable distance. The bombing tests of the Army and Navy air forces afforded the incentive for the operation of a crewless battleship, the "Iowa" manoeuvring as an enemy boat—a target for dummy bombs from the air.

Radical modifications have been made in the power plant of the "Iowa" to insure its functioning without a man aboard. The boilers have been equipped to consume oil instead of coal as fuel. The propelling machinery will function for a considerable length of time without the care of a machinist. Automatic devices are capable of dispensing fuel to the burners and supplying water to the boilers. The main engines may be started at a slow pace, and the ship forthwith abandoned. Meanwhile an officer, aboard the controlling vessel, has assumed the direction of the proverbial "ship without a rudder."

The apparatus for guiding the boat adroitly comprises a standard radio transmitter aboard the controlling ship, a receiving aerial on the "Iowa" with special wireless receivers, amplifiers, relays, etc. These, in turn, convert radio signals into such a form as to insure the operation of electrical equipment which controls the steering gear and throttle of the main engine.

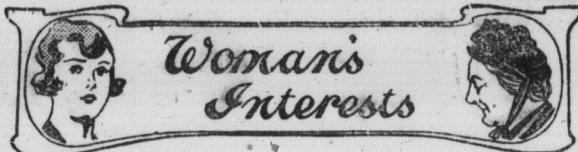
The initial wireless signal flashed from the controlling boat is intercepted by the aerial on the "Iowa," its reception being acknowledged by the radio receiver situated well below the deck. The signal is amplified by vacuum-tube amplifiers which operate an extremely sensitive relay or switch which in turn gives impetus to a larger relay. The latter closes an electrical circuit which operates an electrically controlled pneumatic valve. When

this valve opens, compressed air is admitted to the throttle control of the main engines. The subsequent opening of this throttle speeds the ship to its maximum capacity.

The large relay referred to in the preceding paragraph likewise gives momentum to a device described as a commutator—the steering mechanism. The guiding gear embraces a standard steam-engine-driven rudder, the throttle valve of this engine being geared to an electric motor. The operation of this unit is thus capably effected, the electric motor in turn being responsible for the steam engine driving the rudder to either starboard or port as needs may dictate. A gyrocompass, electrically connected to the control panel of the electric motor on the steering gear, provides a means of automatic steering.

The commutator has been called the "mechanical brains" of the manless battleship. The scope of its activities is quite as varied as are the responsibilities imposed. Radio signals are received, interpreted, and conveyed directly to the electric motor controlling the steering engine by the commutator. The latter duty is hedged by the proviso that the order be either starboard or port; otherwise, the gyrocompass is given control. The "Iowa" may be halted by the transmission of a signal of ten seconds' duration.

The first absolutely radio-guided battleship in its adaptation as a moving target for bombs, to all practical purposes, will manoeuvre as an enemy ship just as though a crew were aboard. Starting from a point say 100 miles at sea off the Virginia coast, the "Iowa" will move toward shore, while bombing airplanes, starting at the same hour, will go on a searching errand. Having determined the location of the battleship, dummy bombs will be dropped mercilessly thereon in the hope of fortifying the contention that future wars will be waged from the air.



Woman's Interests

Jelly Making.

It is not uncommon for householders to find difficulty in their jelly making. Even the most careful and experienced householders will fail sometimes when they undertake the making of their annual supply of jelly.

Fruit juice, in order to make good jelly, must contain both pectin and acid. Pectin is a substance soluble in hot water, which, when cooked in the presence of sugar and acid and cooled, gives the right consistency to jelly.

Fruit for jelly making should be just ripe or slightly under-ripe.

Wash and cut the larger fruit into pieces. Put in a saucepan, adding a small quantity of water according to the amount of juice in the fruit. To the very juicy fruits, such as grapes and currants, add only enough water to prevent burning. Boil slowly until well cooked.

Drain through a jelly bag made of double thickness of cheesecloth, unbleached cotton, or flannel.

Measure and find out how much sugar it is necessary to use for the particular fruit juice.

To determine amount of sugar needed mix 1 tablespoon of juice with 1 tablespoon of grain alcohol. If a firm jelly forms, use equal measures of sugar and juice; if a loose jelly, $\frac{1}{2}$ sugar, 1 of juice; and if a very loose jelly, $\frac{1}{4}$ sugar and 1 of juice.

The juice is allowed to come to a boil before the heated sugar is added. The jellying point is reached when the juice drops as one mass from the side of a spoon, or when two drops run together and fall from the spoon as one. Pour immediately into jelly glasses. When the jelly is cold, pour over it a thin layer of hot paraffin wax.

Ideal fruits for jelly making include the following: Currants, sour apples, crab-apples, and grapes. Raspberries, blackberries, and blueberries may be used in combination with apples.

What Other Women Have Learned About Traveling.

Some of the most enjoyable and broadening experiences come when you are exploring cities and towns with which you are unfamiliar. Long trips can often be so arranged as to enable you to see the interesting things in the cities and the parts of the country through which you pass, with little or no extra expense. Sometimes you do it merely by staying over, even while you are waiting for a train. Almost every large community has something distinctive about it, an institution, an industry, a building, a thoroughfare, a place of public recreation, a colony or quarter, a work of art or a natural wonder. By planning trips with the idea of observing in mind you can travel through beautiful scenery by day and spend the evenings sightseeing in a city through which you may never pass again. Not only is it intensely interesting and instructive, but it is decidedly more restful than sitting or sleeping right through until you reach your destination.

Tired feet have always been the bane of tourists. How many good things travelers miss just because their feet forbid further walking! None but a novice will wear new shoes on a trip; an experienced traveler knows well the value in dollars and cents and pleasure of well-broken shoes with very low heels, broad toes, and arch supports if they are necessary. And no matter how tired a traveler may be, it pays to give the feet a bath just before going to bed. Chase them well afterwards to stimulate circulation, then rub them with cold cream and dust them lightly with talcum powder. Foot powder shaken into the shoes is another great help; but even if you can do nothing else, change the shoes and stockings once or twice a day.

Most persons travel so little that it is well worth their while to make the most of the trips that they do take. A little notebook may help, in years to come, to recall memories that would otherwise have faded. It may be a common memorandum pad or it may be a more elaborate affair. Divide it into sections with plenty of space for each topic, such as "Funny things I heard and saw," "People I met," "The sights I saw," and other things that appeal to you. But do not be too great a hurry to enter the items. Some things that seem interesting at the moment do not seem so well worth while the next morning.

If you have to travel with a baby, have a harness and bells for it. The harness is a support to the child as well as a help to you, and the bells not only amuse the child but acquaint others of its presence. Often the jingle of the bells in a crowded street car or elevator will cause other occupants to move a bit and give the baby more breathing space.

Opera glasses are a help to adults as well as a source of amusement to children when traveling. With them you can learn many interesting things about insects, birds and plants, and you can see the numbers on houses, the price tags on articles for sale, and the architectural details of places that without them would be obscure. In picture galleries they enable you while sitting at ease to read artists' names, the numbers and titles of pic-

tures, and to study the pictures as a whole.

A candle is a convenience when you are traveling, especially if you carry bottles with you. When you pack, light the candle and let the tallow drip round the cork. You will then have the satisfaction of knowing that the bottles will not leak. It is a good plan to pack the bottles in shoes; the soles protect the glass, and in case of accident the shoes may retain most of the contents of the bottles. Moreover, it is easy to find the bottles when you want them.

Before you start on a short journey, find out whether it will be better to check your trunk or to send it by express. From the point of view of economy of expense as well as of nervous strain and delay, it is sometimes quite as cheap to send baggage by express as it is to check it and pay the high cartage rates at both ends of the trip.

A Boy in the House.

A racket, a rattle, a rollicking shout, Above and below and round and about, A-whistling, a pouncing, a hammering of nails,

A-building of houses, the shaping of sails, Entrances for paper, for scissors, for string,

For every unfindable, bothersome thing, A bang at the door, and a dash up the stairs,

In the interest of burdensome business affairs;

An elephant hunt for a bit of a mouse Makes it easy to hear there's a boy in the house.

But, oh! if the tops were not scattered about, And the house never echoed to racket and rout;

If forever the rooms were all tidy and neat And one need not brush after wet muddy feet,

If one laughed out when the morning was red, And with kisses went tumbling all tired to bed,

What a wearisome, workaday world, don't you see, For all who love wild little laddies 'twould be.

And I'm happy to say, though I shrink like a mouse, From disorder and din—there's a boy in the house.

The Leopard's Adopted Son.

Captured by a leopard, reared in a jungle and at the age of five years rescued and returned to civilized life—this is the story of a native boy that comes from Bombay, India. Mr. Stewart Baker, fellow of the British Zoological Society, who saw the boy after he had been rescued from his foster mother, vouches for the truth of the tale.

When the boy was caught he could run on all fours almost as fast as an adult man can run on two legs, and in dodging in and out of bushes he was a miracle of swiftness. When Mr. Baker saw him his knees had hard callouses on them, and his toes were upright and almost at right angles to his instep. The palms of his hands and the pads of his toes and of his fingers were covered with very tough, horny skin. He bit and fought with everyone who came within reach; and any village fowl that came near him he seized, tore to pieces and ate with extraordinary rapidity.

When he was brought before Mr. Baker he had become more or less tamed. Although generally assuming a crouching attitude, he walked almost upright, but when suddenly startled he would run off rapidly on all fours.

For a long time the boy would not sleep in his father's hut; they tied him with a rope and left him to make his bed in the grass. Now, however, he has been trained to sleep indoors. At first he did not know how to speak, but growled and grunted like an animal; now he is gradually learning his native tongue. He has an exceptional development of muscle for a child of his years; his strength was such that it took two men to handle him.

It is useless to grasp an opportunity if you don't intend to do anything but stand around and hold on to it.

The sun, if it were a hollow sphere, would hold a million globes as large as the earth.

Minard's Liniment for Burns, etc.

Champion egg-layer of the world, a hen known as Lady Walnut Hill, recently died in Kentucky, U.S.A., after laying her 876th egg; she was five years old.

Used Autos

BREAKEY SELLS THEM; USED cars of all types; all cars sold subject to delivery up to 100 miles, or less run of same distance if you wish. In as good order as purchased, or purchase price refunded.

Bring mechanic of your own choice to look them over, or ask us to take any car to city representative for inspection. Very large stock always on hand.

Breakey's Used Car Market

605 Yonge Street, Toronto

NOTABLE SUCCESS IN MIXED FARMING

CITY BOY MADE GOOD AS A FARMER.

Pedigreed Stock and Selected Grain Are Cheap, Considering Results.

In certain sections of the Canadian West, there still exist large ranches with wide sweeping vistas of prairie range thickly dotted with browsing cattle. In other areas, waving grain fields stretched from the observer to the horizon, with scarcely an animal to be seen as far as the eye can reach. But there is an infinitely greater number of localities where these two agricultural systems combine on a lesser scale to make for greater farming security, where the farmer, besides his land under cultivation, has his herd of dairy or beef cattle and other side lines of agriculture which combine to make a sure and healthy annual farm revenue.

John W. Lucas, of Cayley, Alberta, the grand champion winner for oats and other prizes at the Chicago International Exposition this year, and a regular winner at international exhibitions for several years, stands out not only as an example of the city boy who made good as a farmer, but also as exemplifying that class of western agriculturalists who, believing in the precaution and safeguard of distributing their eggs, have sought and found prosperity along the line of mixed farming.

Mr. Lucas is not a large farmer as farmers go in Western Canada. He has never been a large farmer. His success does not lie in the fact that he did things on a big scale but that he worked carefully and intensively, believing in doing a little well rather than a great deal in a shipshod manner. It is his conviction, backed up by years of successes, that pedigreed stock and selected grain are cheap in the light of the value of progeny and production.

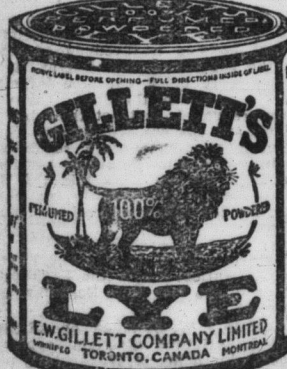
Perseverance and Application.

Mr. Lucas was a town-bred boy of Stratford, Ontario, and at the age of eighteen all he knew about the farm had been gleaned from a few occasional visits to the country as holidays. But when he had reached the age of twenty it became his desire and ambition to own land of his own, and he had the conviction that the utmost contentment and ultimate prosperity to be derived from honest human efforts lay in that direction. His material assets were nil, and for a man in this position, the farm lands of Western Canada were out of reach and hope for some years. He did the logical thing. He went to Western Canada and took a government homestead of one hundred and sixty acres. That was in 1903, and he is still living on that homestead. True, he has added to his holdings by acquiring adjacent farms, but he has never undertaken more than he can conveniently handle in a thorough and efficient manner, and the 1,000 acres he now farms is excellent for every agricultural viewpoint. He has followed, exacting, intelligent farming from the first, tilling good clear land in methods to preserve its fertile state, and exercising the same judgment in building up his cattle herd. His agricultural library is an extensive one, and any reading matter, government pamphlet or otherwise, likely to aid in the production of better grain or livestock, has its place there.

From the first, when he commenced to exhibit the products of his farm, his success was gratifying, and for five consecutive years he carried off the first prize for white oats at the Alberta annual seed fair. Going farther afield, he exhibited at the International Soil Products Exhibition at El Paso, Texas, in 1916, and was awarded the sweepstakes for oats, and the second prize for barley in the open classes, as well as the dry farming sections. Again, at Peoria, Illinois, in 1917, he won third prize for white oats, barley, and field peas in the open classes, and second for oats, first for rye, and first for brown grass in the dry farming section. This year the pinnacle of success was achieved with the grand championship for oats at Chicago.

This, in brief, is the record of a mixed farming success. The fact that a commencement was made in ignorance of farming and lacking capital, did not count against the assiduity, faith, and systematic efforts put forth. It exemplifies the work of that large section of westerners making the same direction, who believe mixed farming is the surest road to agricultural prosperity and the basis of success on the land.

For the future historian, novelist or dramatist who would seek to reconstruct the everyday life of our times there will be few newspaper sources of information. Newspapers printed on pulp wood stock go to pieces in a very short time, unless unusual care is taken to preserve them. Some of the larger public libraries that have been working on the problem have found that the best way to treat a newspaper is to cover each sheet with transparent Japanese tissue, stuck on with rice paste. The newspapers of the 1860's and earlier, having been printed on rag stock, will last with good care almost indefinitely.



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