

It is almost certain—perfectly sure in fact—that if any amateur takes the trouble to proceed thus far with his saddle horse or horses he will be tempted to further flights into the art, and will wish to essay, in however crude fashion, these performances which are regarded as the development of the "high school." If he does he will fail direfully, and certainly spoil a horse or two. Ride he ever so well he has not the seat, and he won't acquire it unless he forgets all he thinks he knows and starts afresh with a clean-wiped mind. There is probably not in all America one single amateur who possesses the seat, balance, attitude of upper body, position of leg, pliancy of pose, consequent exquisite "hands," patience, calmness, courage, and intuition necessary to acquire proficiency of the first class in this most misunderstood and least appreciated art—when one will do well and ease many sleepless hours, and much keen disappointment if he will stick to the A B C of it and leave the rest of the alphabet for those whose discretion is less well-developed.

Lack of space must, in magazine articles, always sadly hamper one. Readers are besought to remember the difficulties under which for this reason the writer labors, and to read not the article only, but the vast amount of matter "between the lines."—F. M. WARE in *Outing*.

WHAT THE WEST DID FOR UNCLE.

(Continued from page 1330)

"Beg your pardon, Madam Leghorn. Hand me the real article, will you." But Algernon Emmerson was busy saluting his visitor. "It's Miss Smith, uncle," he yelled, "my own Miss Smith. Come and see her; never mind the chickens." Uncle held out his hand. "How do you do, Sally?" he said, and drew her so close that for one dark moment his nephew thought he meant to kiss her. Miss Smith hoped he was enjoying good health. In a very indifferent tone Miss Smith explained that she had come in to say good-bye to Algernon E. She was going east. Cheeping chickens, cackling hens, a yard in fine disorder and a ten-year-old lad well in the foreground—no fit time or place for sentiment, of a surety; but uncle was too much in earnest to mind surroundings. "So you didn't marry that artist chap?" A long silence, then: "Why did you write that letter, Sally?"

A pair of mutinous brown eyes were raised to his. "Your mother threw it up to me that I was marrying you for your money."

"Money needn't stand between us now, Sally. I'm only the hired man, earning his bread by the sweat of his brow."

This communication affected his two listeners differently. Algernon E. gasped angrily. A man that owned farms and mills pretending to be poor! He, Algernon E., had brought him west, taught him how to work, how to manage oxen, how to enjoy life, and this was the return!

"Poor hired man!" Miss Smith's voice was the soft warm voice Algernon E. knew so well. "O, poor hired man!" "My dear Sally," he began, but the boy broke in wrathfully.

"You're not a hired man, and she is not your dear Sally. You ought—"

With the little schoolm'a'm's hand in his own, his uncle turned to treat with Algernon E. "You think a good deal of me, don't you?" he asked.

The tow-head nodded. A sulky voice intimated that there was lots of fun in uncle.

"Just so. A lot of my good fortune has come through you. I thought the world of a girl once on a time, but I was a slow old coach. I lost her for ever so hadn't a namesake. He managed to corral her in the back yard, and to give me a chance of a lifetime. He's a trump. I've never given him a present, but I'm going to. Think hard, my boy, and choose something worth while, something you've always wanted."

Algernon E. chuckled. Uncle had evidently alienated the schoolm'a'm's affections, but there were compensations. "I'll take a threshing machine," he said coolly. "Old Ford said if he had one up in this wheat belt he could make his fortune."

"There's nothing small about you."

The "Capital" Is \$40.00 A Year Better Than Other Separators

TESTS made by dairying experts show that the average cream separator leaves 0.054 per cent. of butter fat in the skim milk. That is the average loss you can expect from the average machine.

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Now the Capital machine, although its bowl is the lightest, and its gears the easiest-turning, easily handles 500 pounds of milk an hour. Run it two hours a day, and it will

get you practically Eleven Cents a Day More Butter-Money than the Average Machine.

If that isn't \$40.15 cents a year, what is it? If you don't think that is possible, or if the Average Machine's man says it isn't, write to me and I will prove it to you.

The reason for this big difference is the Capital Wing-Cylinder,—the 7,000-revolutions-a-minute Skimming Device that whirls the fat out of the milk almost drop by drop.

This device is the one that handles the cream and the milk only once,—doesn't mix the cream again and again with the skim and lose a little fat with each needless mixing, as the hollow-bowl machines have to do.

And the Capital machine, with its 3½-pound bowl (the Lightest Bowl there is), and its perfected, simplified, easy-running, gearing, doesn't make you work like a horse to keep it running uniformly fast enough, as you have to do with the Average Machine and its old-fashioned gears.

Nor is there any back-breaking lifting, sloppy, mussy, high-up milk tank about the Capital machine. Its milk-tank stands on the floor,—the Only Really Low-Down Tank there is. Look at the picture of it and see how easy it is to fill.

I will sell you a Capital on terms so easy the machine will buy itself before you realise it.

Tell me how many cows you keep, and what their yield is, and I will tell you just how quick a Capital will pay for itself on your farm—and what it will actually earn you, in money.

I will prove every word I say if you will write and ask me what you want to know about the Right Way to get More Money out of Cows.

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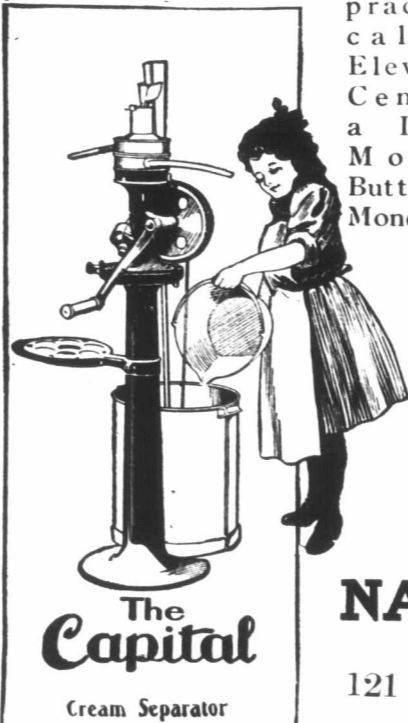
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threshing machine it is," agreed uncle.

Algernon E. stood on his tow-head, righted himself, and remarked that he did hope he'd make a fortune.

"You will; you have the qualities of a born financier." It was the schoolm'a'm who spoke, but he did not wait to catch her words. He was too eager to spread the joyful news abroad.

"I told you," remarked Sarah, later, "I told you the West would do a lot for uncle."—JEAN BLEWETT in *The Globe*.

THE HEREFORDS AT BRANDON

In our report of the Western Manitoba Fair we were so limited to time and space as to be unable to discuss this cattle class as fully as we would have liked. Also, through an unintentional oversight we failed to credit the Poplar Grove herd with everything that was due them in the way of prize and Sweepstakes honors at Winnipeg. At Winnipeg this herd of Mr. Marples in competition with some of the best Hereford companies that could be got together in Western Canada, won their full share of the awards. At Brandon they had no difficulty in doing the same. In two-year-olds bulls and heifers of the same age, they were first. They were best second in every class they entered and, when the finals came, produced the champion

bull. Mr. Marples has been following the "white faces" now for some time and his stock in the show-ring and as breeders have done noticeably well. The Poplar Grove herd of Herefords is one of the largest in numbers of our Western purebred herds and they stand out conspicuously in individual excellence, quality, and breed character. Herefords are becoming more general out here on the prairies now for beef purposes and we believe they are going to become more popular still. Given a few more breeders and they will put up an exhibit at our fairs as extensive and as attractive as any of the cattle breeds. We look for large developments in this breed for the future.

An enthusiastic citizen, about to visit Europe, was rejoicing over the fact and the pleasures to come.

"How delightful it will be," he said to his wife, "to read the bounding billow and inhale the invigorating oxygen of the sea, the sea, the boundless sea! I long to see it. To breathe in great drafts of life-giving air, I shall want to stand every moment on the prow of the steamer with my mouth open."

"You probably will," interrupted his wife encouragingly. "That's the way all the ocean travellers do."

Bishop Sanford Olmsted of Colorado, at a dinner in Denver, said apropos of Sabbath breaking:

"I was talking to an eastern clergyman the other day about his church attendance.

"I suppose," I said, "that in your district rain affects the attendance considerably."

"He smiled faintly. 'Indeed, yes,' he said. 'I hardly have a vacant seat when it is too wet for golf or motoring.'"

Her hat obscured his view at the theatre, and in a kindly voice he leaned forward and asked if it would be possible for her to remove it.

A stiffening of the head was his only answer. After a few moments he repeated his request. Then she turned on him.

"There's no demand for my doing so," she said.

"No demand?" he echoed.

Then he rolled his overcoat and placed it on his seat, sat on it, and getting his hat from under the seat placed it on his head.

In a moment there was a cry of "Take it off!" "Take that hat off!"

And with a swift movement the lady unfastened her hatpins and removed her hat. "Send the man."

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