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IN seeking to do justice to the past year's record of Western Canada's winnings in international contests, the press of all sections finds itself confronted with a task that baffles its best efforts. With all sorts of descriptive genius, prophetic instinct and boundless imagination to draw upon, it must after all, in this case, feel very much what Dr. Johnson called "oppressed with a stifling consciousness of its own limitations."

A fitting climax to the year's accumulation of splendid achievement and hard won honors has been reached by Mr. J. D. McGregor of Brandon in winning for the second year in succession the grand championship of the world for fat steers in what was probably the greatest live stock show that has ever been held on either hemisphere.

This, the fourteenth "International" blanketed all records, certainly in point of numbers, and in the judgment of specialists, both of European and American celebrity, it was at least second to no exhibit within living memory in downright quality — which makes the victory of "The McGregor" all the more wonderful and impressive.

No man is yet able to grasp the full significance of the incident to Western Canada. Men are slow to assimilate the real import of these great happenings. Scotch men, particularly, are accounted somewhat sluggish in their efforts

## OUR WORLD-WIDE WINNINGS

to "see the point" whether it is in the nature of a joke or some new experience that calls for the exercise of rapid foresight and calculation over a field with which they are not quite familiar.

McGregor is nothing if it is not a pervasively Scotch name, and it is just possible that Mr. J. D. of that historic clan (known to his

in that vast assembly must have felt a something that could never be expressed in language. What the thoughts of its owner were in that proud moment is not yet a

Harry, a boy of scarcely seventeen years. His father is Mr. McGregor's partner on the farm near Brandon on which the animal was bred. He came West from Ontario some five years ago at Mr. McGregor's invitation, and while at no time has he regretted the step he took, he has now reason to believe it was perhaps the most fortunate move he ever made.

His boy is of the type who is not likely to suffer from the phenomenal success which has waited upon him so early in his career. Judging from the unassuming character of his sire and his own admirable deportment as he responded to the hundreds of inquiries that were addressed to him in that show, the quality of common sense is in the blood and an in-born modesty belongs to him which is likely to last him all his days.

What an incentive to young Canada! We hear a lot and we write a good deal about the attractions of agriculture, and "how to keep the boys on the farm," but here is the whole solution of the thing in a nutshell. This boy's father is an enthusiast in his own line. He at least takes a real delight in stock raising, and because of this feeling, he has instinctively imparted the same intelligent interest to his boy whom he has made his chum and that is the only way to handle a boy.



GLENCARNOCK VICTOR II  
Sweepstakes grand champion steer International, Chicago, 1913. Harry Bowman who fed the steer is holding him and Robert Lorimer, of Ivanston, Ill., a recognized authority on bullocks, is inspecting him.

friends as "Jim") is least of all aware of what he has really done, and what a stir this steer of his will make in the fortunes of succeeding generations—it may even in our own generation.

When the winning "Angus Doddie" was led into the lime light in the presence of the cloud of witnesses that filled the great arena, the heart of every Canadian

matter of general knowledge, but to a select circle he has modestly imparted the information that he felt more proud of the conduct and bearing of the lad, Harry Bowman, who stood by its head than he did of anything else connected with the incident in which he did or did not take a responsible part.

The steer was reared and fed by