

RANCHING

Cattle and Horse Ranching in Western Canada—Steers Brought 10 Cents a Pound on the Seattle Market.

That big money is made by the large cattle rancher in Western Canada, and also by the small farmer as well, is shown by the "undisputable" facts presented from time to time. A rancher, near Glendon, Alberta, who commenced in a small way nine years ago, recently disposed of 1,241 cattle at a total of \$103,304.50, and this was only his surplus stock for the present season.

A December shipment of 217 head of ranch steers brought the owner an average of over \$80 per head. They were taken straight from the range without any grain feeding and were in excellent condition to be sold for the Christmas trade. Another shipment of 100 head, averaging \$70 each, was made to Seattle. The highest price paid on the Seattle market was for an Alaskan steer, which weighed 1,700 lbs., and brought the fancy price of 10c per lb., or \$170.

Five carloads of live stock from ranches 65 miles from Fincher, Alberta, shipped to Spokane, excited keen competition there on account of their exceptional quality. The prices realized were \$100.00. And the buyers say they must look to Canada for beef supplies.

A livestock firm, which has shipped over 2,000 head of beef cattle to the American farmer since the middle of November, reports a splendid record of Alberta stock in the United States.

A carload of choice Alberta steers were sold early in January for shipment to the British Columbia coast at \$47.00 per 100 lbs. and, later on, a lot from Carstairs brought \$50.00—the highest price paid since the spring of 1915. Shipments from Calgary livestock yards during 1916 were: Horses, 8,675; cattle, 20,571; hogs, 144,515; sheep, 12,410. A course in agriculture and livestock demonstration which has been conducted by the Provincial Dept. of Agriculture here was well attended, showing the interest taken by city residents in agricultural progress.

John Young, of Sidney, Man., gives his experiences in sheep-raising as follows, as quoted in a local paper: "I bought a bunch of fifty ewes, which cost me \$252.50. With this little flock I demonstrated just what can be done in the sheep business. This fall I sold fifty fat lambs at \$2.50 per head, \$250, and 18 of the best ewe per head, \$144. The wool sold at an average of \$2.07 per head, \$103.50. This makes the very nice total of \$737.50.

"They ran out nearly every day all winter. The value of hay and oats was small, and one can make them very comfortable through the winter with very little expense. For sheep I have a shed, about 125 feet long and 14 feet wide, which I cover with straw. This gives them protection from the cold winds; yet it is always cool enough to be healthy."

"I intend going in more for sheep this fall, as I believe them to be the most profitable stock on the farm." Desire of farmers and ranchers to increase their sheep holdings is indicated by the sale of \$3,500 head recently at \$5.00 each. High wool prices and profitable demand for mutton are the reason given for such a figure.

Manitoba sheep breeders arranged last year for the Provincial Department of Agriculture to handle their wool output on a co-operative basis and obtained most satisfactory results. About 75,000 lbs. of wool were handled, netting the shippers over 25c per lb.—advertisement.

TREATED WELL IN TRENCHES

Adventurers Resented Arrest When They Returned From Period of "Fun" at the Front.

Mr. Norman Wilkinson tells the story in his book, "The Dardanelles," of the adventures of a group of "doughboys" who, after a period of "fun" at the front, were arrested and returned to the trenches. The story is a humorous one, and is full of interesting details of life in the trenches.

"Where are you going?" "To the front, sir." "Do you belong there?" "Yes, sir." "Then what are you doing here?" "Well, sir, hesitating, 'we've just been up to the trenches."

"Where you sent there with orders?" "No, sir." "How long have you been up there?" "Oh, long, sir." Then to his companion, "When was it we went up?" "Just four days, sir."

Finally the captain ordered them under arrest down to a picket boat in which he was about to visit the trenches. On the way out the captain heard the two adventurers discussing their detention with some bitterness, always ending with the same refrain, "Fine thing, this—under arrest. And they treat you like a gentleman. The trenches—treat you like a gentleman."

It is difficult to imagine the point of view of men running away to get into the trenches and leaving their wives and children in the hands of the enemy.

The Life of TWILIGHTS

WALTER PRICHARD EATON

SYNOPSIS.

—10—

I grew tired of my work as a collector on sight. I bought a New England farm and moved there. My wife and I had a beautiful home. I was a farmer, and I was a collector. I was a collector of the best of the best. I was a collector of the best of the best. I was a collector of the best of the best.

What makes home a well-furnished house, quiet, loneliness, and a sense of peace. I was a collector of the best of the best. I was a collector of the best of the best. I was a collector of the best of the best.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

"Oh, forgive me," she answered. "I didn't realize! The path has made it look different, I guess. Forgive me."

She spoke very low, and her voice was soft. I did not mean to hurt her. I was a collector of the best of the best. I was a collector of the best of the best. I was a collector of the best of the best.

"Come," said I. "We have scared him with our chopping. He will come back, though, and then we will walk down the clean path, making no noise, and he will be gone."

"Nice path," she said, "to come out of your door, through your orchard, and wander up a path by a brook, through your own place! Oh, fortunate mortal!"

"And find Diana wading in a pool," I added.

Again she shot an odd, questioning look at me, and shook her head. Then she ran into the south room and put the books back on the shelves.

CHAPTER X.

Advent of the Pillars. The next day it was raining. I set off alone to make ready for the arrival of the pillars. I was standing on the kitchen floor talking to Mike when they arrived. It was a memorable moment. I heard the sound of a door opening, and I looked up. I was alone. I was alone. I was alone.

"Which one did you read, Marjorie?" I asked. "The pillar," she smiled, as I looked the house behind us.

"Good morning, Mr. Upton," said Mrs. Pillig. "This is me and Peter."

"Where's Buster?" said Peter.

At the word Buster, the yellow pup emerged from beneath the cart, wagging the longest tail, in proportion to the dog, ever seen on a canine. It would be more correct to say that the tail wagged in a series of jerks, and the whole body was undulating to the ears, to counter-balance that tail.

I went out and asked Mrs. Pillig to wait, and then Mike and I lifted the trunk to the porch. I looked at the dog, which had also joined us on the porch, where he was leaving muddy paw marks.

"Do I understand that Buster is also an arrival?" said I.

"Oh, dear me, Mr. Upton, you must excuse me," Mrs. Pillig cried anxiously. "Mrs. John Barker's boy Leslie gave Buster to Peter for a month, and he wouldn't stay back, and yesterday we took him away again, and this morning he just suddenly appeared behind the wagon, and I got Peter and Buster wouldn't go back, and I'll make Peter take him away just as soon as the rain stops."

"Well, I hadn't bargained on Buster, that's fact," said I. I didn't like dogs; most people don't who've never had one. But he was such a forlorn, muddy mongrel pup, and so eloquent of tail, that I gave him a name. I called him Buster, and I was right. The great tail wagged him to the ears, and with the friendliest of undulations he was all at once close to me, with his nose in my hand. He was suddenly front in my hand. He was suddenly front in my hand. He was suddenly front in my hand.

"That was too much for me," Peter said. "You may keep him, but I won't have a hard time not to," said that young person, immediately making for the barn, with Buster at his heels.

Mrs. Pillig and I went inside. While she was inspecting the kitchen, Mike and I carried her trunk up the stairs. "I hope your red comes today," said I.

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I returned.

"You see, the house is largely furnished from my two rooms at college, and there was hardly enough to get around."

Mrs. Pillig looked into the south room. "Did you have all them books in your two rooms at college?" she asked.

I nodded. "They must 'a' been pretty big rooms," she said. "Books are awful things to keep dusted."

"Which reminds me," I smiled, leading her over to my desk, at which I pointed impressively. "Woman!" said I, in sepulchral tones, "that desk is never to be dusted, never to be touched."

She looked at me a second with her worried eyes wide open, and then a smile came over her face, and she said, "I guess you're not so terrible as you sound."

"I touched her," she said. "The ashes in those two bedrooms. The ashes there are never to be taken out, no matter if they are piled a foot thick, and spill all over the floor. A noble pile of ashes is a home's best recommendation."

These were the only two orders I have. In all else, I'm at your mercy. But on those two points you are at mine—and I have none."

"Well, I answered. 'The ashes in those two bedrooms. The ashes there are never to be taken out, no matter if they are piled a foot thick, and spill all over the floor. A noble pile of ashes is a home's best recommendation.'

"I was saving up a few sticks from the orchard when the express man drove up with the books, the crockery, and so on. I called on Peter, who responded with a 'Buster' at his heels."

"Peter," said I, "you and I'll now set up the beds. You ought to be in school, though, by the way. What aren't you?"

"I'd better bring my way over here," said Peter.

"That's too bad. Aren't you sorry?" Peter grinned at me and slowly winked. I was very stern. "Nevertheless, you'll have a lesson," I said. "You shall tell the capitals of all the states while we set up your bed."

Peter and I carried the beds, springs and mattresses upstairs and suddenly Buster appeared upon the scene. He was a little dog, and he was a little dog. He was a little dog, and he was a little dog. He was a little dog, and he was a little dog.

"I'll bring your book and coffee now," said I.

The coffee came in steaming, and Mrs. Pillig said, "Buster, the eggs were good, too. But best of all was the centerpiece. She had fresh iris buds from the brookside. Here was the secret, then, of the open door! Mrs. Pillig came in with the platter of eggs and bacon, and she, too, smiled at the former."

"Well, well, you've got yourself a bookie," she said.

"Not a word," Mrs. Pillig said. "They live in this house, a nice, thoughtful pair, who do things like this. If you ever see her, don't be frightened."

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"No, Buster," I cried. "You keep out of this. Peter, put him out." Peter resentfully deposited the pup on the porch, and took my slipper back upstairs. Meanwhile, Buster, after looking wistfully through the screen door a second, pushed it open with his nose and paw and re-entered, immediately sitting up on his hind legs and gazing into my eyes with the most human look I ever saw.

"Buster," said I, "you are the limit. Very well, stay in. I give up."

Buster plopped down on all fours, as if he understood perfectly, and took a bite at my shoe string. I patted his head. I had to. The pup was irresistible.

"And what time will you have your dinner?" asked Mrs. Pillig. "There's no meat in the house. Guess you forgot to order the ham to stop, but there's eggs."

"Eggs will do," said I. "And one o'clock. Bert has his at twelve, but I want mine at one. My wife shall have a guest."

"A guest?" she cried. "You wouldn't be putting a guest on me the first morning?"

"Well, it's doubtful. I'm afraid," I said. "I shall wait till the first of the morning night, and have three guests for supper—just Bert and his wife and their boarder—sort of a housewarming, you know. I want you to make a pile."

"Well, I reckon I can wait on table stuff for Mrs. Pillig," said she, and "I'll make a lemon pie that'll make Bert Pillig sorry he didn't marry me."

"I shouldn't want you to wreck Bert's domestic happiness," said I. "I want the pie, just the same!"

I went into the south room, and sat at my desk awaiting the letters, while I waited for dinner. I could hear the rattle of dishes in the kitchen—the first of those humble domestic sounds which we associate with the word home.

Through the house door I heard, in my mind, the aroma of bacon and of coffee, faintly, just detectable, mingled with the smell of earth under June rain, which drifted through an open window.

Presently I heard a knock. I opened the door. A man in a pleasant time of expectation. But she did not enter. Several minutes passed, and I got up to investigate, but there was no sign of her. The front door, however, stood ajar. Then Mrs. Pillig called "Dinner!"

I walked into my dining room, and sat down at the table, which was covered with a new tablecloth, and adorned with a new centerpiece. Beside my plate was the familiar, old-fashioned silver I had eaten with when a boy, and the sight of it thrilled me. Then I spied the centerpiece—a glass vase brimming with fresh iris buds from the brookside. Here was the secret, then, of the open door! Mrs. Pillig came in with the platter of eggs and bacon, and she, too, smiled at the former.

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INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. Kurland, Acting Director of the Sunday School Course of the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.)

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LESSON FOR AUG. 6

GREATEST THING IN THE WORLD.

(Temperance Lesson.)

True ministry is in the exercise of spiritual gifts (Eph. 4:1-5). Every believer is a member of the body of Christ, and therefore has a definite ministry. Though the gifts are diverse, all are equally honorable because they are bestowed, administered and energized by the Holy Spirit. Love alone gives value to the ministry of any gift.

I. **The Gift With Love (vv. 1-3).** Just as the body is made up of living soul abides in and inspires it, so is the gift unless filled with the spirit of love. This is the "more excellent way" to which Paul makes reference at the conclusion of Chapter 12, in praising love Paul does not fall into the error of criticizing others, not even his followers, and suggests that even he may be wanting in this trait. The Corinthians were eager to attain excellence and to be prominent in wisdom and philosophy; to understand the world in which they lived; to be scholars and to share and improve and correct society. Paul therefore shows how vain are such things unless filled with the motive of love. (1) The gift of tongues. The saints in the church at Corinth seem to have been particularly gifted in this direction, and to have been proud of it. (Ch. 14:2-3) and eager to outstrip