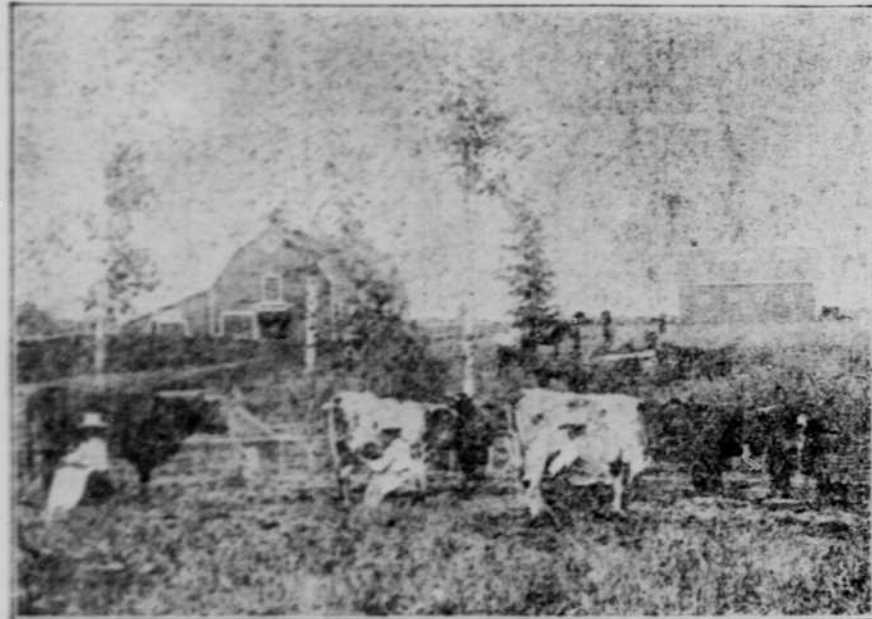


Canada Has Sufficient Coal for 6000 Years

It Has Enough Agricultural Land for the Settling of Millions.

A report dealing with the coal resources of Canada has been issued by the Dominion Department of Mines. The estimates given are only based on what is known. In the western and northern regions, which have been little explored, there may be vast deposits of which nothing whatever is known at present. The officials of the department estimate that of bituminous coal there is in Canada 73 1/2 billion tons; of anthracite 461 million tons; sub-bituminous and lignite over 100 billion tons. The quantity of coal now annually mined in Canada is about 12 million tons. With an estimated quantity of unmined good coal of 74 billion tons, it would require 6,166 years to exhaust the supply. If the inferior grades were included, supply would last for 14,575 years. Of course the coal demands of Canada will keep on increasing, but it will be a good many years before the quantity of Canadian coal mined will equal present output of the United States mines. Their annual output is about 500,000,000 tons. At that rate it would take only 145 years to exhaust the estimated Canadian supply of good coal, and about 250 years to get to the end of the total supply. And with the increasing population, made up of about four hundred thousand persons a year, and it looks now as if this number would be reached this year, one hundred and seventy-five thousand

the opening up of this rich field of agriculture, and it is a high class of agriculture, carried on by the use of brains, and, where energy has not been expended, it has become in that splendid air a case of inoculated energy. The rapid advancement of railways makes the situation easy. Today one may be located thirty miles from one of the many branches of the different systems. A year from now, the whistle of the locomotive and the long train of cars may pass the farm, the elevator is but a short drive from the home, a splendid market is established, and all the advantages of an old settled community are at hand. The prospects this year from an agricultural standpoint are exceedingly bright, and, relieved of untoward conditions, the farmer is already counting his bank roll, planning for more extensive operations for next year, and figuring on paying out for his farm. He is calculating what the increased value of his holdings, as a result of a successful crop, will add to his assets. Already some fields of wheat have been harvested, barley has been cut, and the yield is above his expectation. In fact, the feeling at the time of writing is that never in the history of any country on the continent has there been such a prospect of a large average crop, all over the three central provinces of Canada, as will be harvest-



The Dairy Helps the Farmer in Western Canada.

being an estimate of the immigration from the United States for 1912, the consumption of coal will naturally increase.

The agricultural districts of Canada have now become so well known throughout the world, and the vacant area of splendid land is still so great that it may be expected that the number mentioned will increase from year to year, and it will not be many years before the immigration figures will reach the million mark.

It may be asked what is there to warrant this large immigration? With millions of acres of land, capable of producing twenty-five to forty bushels of wheat to the acre; or, if in oats, from forty to ninety, and even as high as a hundred bushels per acre, or the same splendid yields of flax or barley, there is ample inducement to attract these hundreds of thousands who are filling the present agricultural settlements and pushing forward into the newer settlements year by year, and leave room still for the hundreds of thousands who will follow. There remains not only the agricultural wealth of the country, but there are also the social advantages, the home-making privileges, apart altogether from the financial opportunities, there is the life and the energy born from the knowledge that the settler is more than a unit in the upbuilding, in the making of a country that will soon rank amongst the first in the nations of the world. There is no desire on the part of the writer to dwell upon the success that has followed the American settler in the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta and the coast Province of British Columbia, or to speak of the thousands of individuals whose hundreds of dollars have made them thousands, but attention must be paid to the fact that these people have done well. They are followed by their families and their friends, who also are doing well.

Where, a few years ago, seemingly only months ago, there was nothing but the open prairie, or if we speak of the more central portions of these provinces, the park districts, there are today well tilled and cultivated farms, large farms, too, and the herds of cattle. Cities and towns are the result of

ed this year. The railroads are adding to their already large mileage and have got ready for handling the crop thousands of box cars. The government agents and the railways are making arrangements for from fifty to sixty thousand extra farm hands in order that the crop may be successfully and quickly harvested, business men are laying in larger stocks than usual, real estate men are active, preparing for the rush of business that is sure to follow, and everywhere there is the note of optimism, which seems to be perfectly justifiable.

There is, as has been said, a vast area of the country still open for settlement and homesteading lying in the center north. Speaking of this part a writer, who made the trip when the crop was in its green stage, said:

"Just now, the whole country is a beautiful sight, as it presents itself in full dress of living green, varied in shade, many places elegantly fringed, and interspersed with plantings of shrubbery and patches of sweet scented flowers in rose, yellow, white, pink, scarlet, cardinal and purple. In traveling over the virgin soil, I have seen some of the most charming rolling prairies, sloping hills, deep ravines, mirrored lakes, artistic flower fields, and natural parks that one could wish to behold, and all placed there without the aid of man. The land in general is heavily matted with grass, mixed with vetches and pea vines, nearly up to the knee, and many millions of acres of which are going to waste while beef, pork and mutton are hoarded at prices heretofore unknown. The comparatively small acreage under cultivation reminds one of a few small garden patches.

"When we consider the estimated crop of 300,000,000 bushels of wheat for 1912, to be produced on these western prairies from these garden patches, some faint idea can be formed by the imaginative mind as to the immense possibilities and rich heritage of a glorious western Canada."

The estimate of the wheat crop, as made by the writer quoted, is excessive, but with even 250 million bushels, there will be a great deal of satisfaction on the part of the settlers.

no good. So please be patient. There's a good time coming and I want you here when it comes." The boarders are taking the reduced rations and are "waiting," one of them says, "with shortened belts, for the good time."

Fits the Text.
"Johnnie," asks the teacher, "what do you think may be meant by the text, 'Unto him that hath shall be given, while from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath?'"

"Uncle Bill says it means fat, teacher," answers Johnnie. "He says fat folks keeps a-gettin' fatter an' thin ones keeps a-gettin' thinner. In spite of all they do."—Judge's Library.

Love for Children Halts Suicide.
Fayetteville, N. C.—The love for his two little children, left orphans by the death of their mother, caused Spivey Bullard to change his mind in regard to committing suicide as he hung in space over a 65-foot chasm. He called for help, and was rescued when he was ready to drop from exhaustion.

Biggest Hospital Without Lights.
New York.—Two thousand candles were used to light Bellevue hospital, for five hours, after a storm had flooded the dynamo room. A number of surgical operations had to be postponed.

Technically Discussed.
"That statesman says he wants harmony."
"Yes, but he is no musician. His idea of harmony is permission to do a perpetual solo."

HOLD BIG FESTIVAL IN PERU

Holy Week Is Celebrated by Religious Procession—Beautiful Floats in Parade.

Lima, Peru.—Semana Santa, or Holy Week, is a week of preparation. Booths dedicated to different saints are erected and arches built at intervals from the church to the foot of the Calle de las Palmas, or Street of Psalms. On Saturday the arches are decorated with fruit, vegetables, live fowls, kids, etc., and everything is got in readiness for the great day, Palm Sunday.

Early Sunday morning the few remaining things are added to the arches and the procession leaves the church, taking its way to the booth at the foot of the street, where they remain for the faithful to make their offerings until between five and six at night, when the procession again forms at this booth and is accompanied by soldiers, the band and a crowd of people.

After they form there is a song by the musical professor or singer of the church, music by the band and they start slowly, all carrying palms (young



Gathering for the Festival.

branches of sugar cane), in their hands and waving them. All the music played during this time was dirges.

On Friday night was the great event of the week, the great procession, beginning at ten o'clock and headed by three men, one of them carrying the crown of thorns; the second, the nails which nailed the Lord to the cross; the third, the cock that crowed. This was followed by a float, beautifully trimmed and lighted containing the image of our Lord so painted that blood appeared to be on the forehead and face. Very realistic it looked in the semi-darkness.

Next was a float containing the Virgin Mary beautifully dressed in purple velvet trimmed with priceless lace and jewels, her long train held up by angels. As the streets were dark only for the lights on the floats and torches carried by the crowd, who were all dressed in black, and the procession moved so slowly, appearing to mark time and swaying from side to side, they were more than two hours going around two blocks.

On reaching the church the floats were put within to remain till the resurrection at 9:30 o'clock Saturday morning. No train whistled, no bells rang, no teams were in the streets from Thursday noon. Even the children were told not to talk, for "the Lord is dead;" till 9:30 o'clock Saturday, when the image is restored to its niche in the church and the Lord is risen.—Christian Herald.

FIND THE SECRET OF LIFE

Savants of University of Pennsylvania Produce Guinea Pigs With Serum They Make.

Philadelphia, Pa.—Following up the research experiments performed at the Rockefeller institute in New York pathologists of the University of Pennsylvania have completed a series of tests which are amazing.

The scientists have found it is impossible to produce animal life artificially. The work is still in the experimental stage, but female guinea pigs have been impregnated by an artificial solution, simulating the normal animal secretion, and from this there has been produced the true animal embryo which has grown to normal size and been born as the result of this treatment.

It was found a solution of water, 86 per cent, salts 12 per cent, and an acid similar to the malleic acid that is found in certain forms of vegetable life, would cause human tissues to grow.

When the fact was established, that the men of science were ready to proceed with their comparative animal tests.

Several female guinea pigs were isolated so as to preclude the possibility of their impregnation by natural methods. This solution was injected and three of the animals gave birth to guinea pigs, but they were considerably smaller than those born in the natural way. Two of these artificially produced pigs died, but one is still living.

Navy Forming a Radio Corps.
Washington.—The navy has begun the formation of a corps of efficient radio operators. Under an order issued by Acting Secretary of the Navy Beekman Winthrop the assignments of wireless operators are to be permanent and the men are not, except in cases of emergency, to be shifted to other work.

Love for Children Halts Suicide.
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"BIG ED" WALSH'S SPITTER RANKS AS BEST



Marty O'Toole, \$25,000 Pittsburgh Beauty.

"Marty O'Toole," says Hank O'Day, manager of the Cincinnati Reds, "has a spitball that breaks something like Walsh's, but he has nowhere near as much speed nor anything like as good control, and yet he is getting more strikeouts—getting them against good batters, too. Rather hard to figure, but he's getting away with it in clever style."

Notwithstanding the Reds can't understand how O'Toole gets away with it, it is probable that he will be a successful pitcher unless something happens to his arm.

There is no greater pitcher than Ed Walsh of the Chicago Americans, and in intelligence Big Ed also ranks high.

gents gone in the ninth when my catcher muffed a foul tip. If he had only held the leather it would have meant another out and given me a no-hit game against the Tigers. The muffed gave the batsman one more chance. He dumped a roller to Tannehill, who had a hard play to make and missed his man. The scorer called it a hit.

"Elmer Stricklett invented the spitball in 1904. I swiped the idea from Elmer and have been perfecting it ever since. Now I think I've got the spitball down finer than any other man in the game."



"Big Ed" Walsh.

He says the spitball is and will continue to be the most effective ball a pitcher can throw.

One can understand how O'Toole could fan Beschler (a star hitter on the Cincinnati team), three times straight, and also make every other man on the team miss them after reading what Walsh says he can do to such hitters as Cobb, Crawford and Jackson, the stars of the American league. The White Sox twirler says: "When I've got my spitter breaking right I can beat any ball club in the world. No use trying to bat against it, it's simply unhittable. Larry Lajoie, Ty Cobb and other hitting stars of the American league will tell you the same story. Ask Lajoie about the time I fanned him in Cleveland with the American league championship at stake.

The spitter is a terror when it works right. One day I had Detroit in the nine-hole, and you know the Tigers are some hitters. I think Cobb and Crawford are two of the greatest strikers the game ever produced. The spitter had them all standing on their heads. Neither Ty nor Sam could get it out of the infield. I held them hitless for eight rounds and had two

NOTHING TAKEN FOR GRANTED

New York Giants Cannot Be Depended Upon to Win Pennant—Case of Detroit Tigers.

Nothing in baseball can be taken for granted. Not even the Giants—though they appear just at present to be the real class of their league, superior in ability and condition, fortified as no other team has ever been before with substitutes as good as their regulars, a perfect baseball machine, every department intact and with a manager second to none in knowledge of the up-to-date game and ability to handle men—can be put down with absolute surety to be the ones to go under the wire in the lead.

The case of the Detroit Tigers last season affords a convincing illustration of how suddenly the bottom drops out of a fabric woven with baseball threads. It may look strong and supple enough to stand any kind of a strain, but the old baseball thread was never known to be reliable enough to bank on to the very limit of endurance, and the Tiger fabric was interwoven with the same old threads of uncertainty, and collapsed.

The Giants' fabric seems right now to be much stronger than was the Tigers' of last season, but—

All of the present Giant players, with the exception of Mathewson, Witse and Ames, got the first whiff in their nostrils of the delightful aroma that is thrown off by the "long green" that goes to the men who participate in world's series games. That fragrance still lingers with them and has made them rabidly hungry for another smell of the financial joy fluid that will go with the world's series this fall.

They are more than anxious to become saturated again with the additional fragrance of glory and honors and money that is only to be obtained by the plucking of the rose that is emblematic of the baseball championship of the universe. This is their one ambition now and they are after it hotfoot and with confidence.

Then, again, a trip around the world after the season is finished is another probable reward that will accrue to the winners of the National league pennant, and that is another big inducement for them to put forth their best efforts from start to finish of this race.

Arrangements for such a trip have gone so far and have been so well perfected that it is virtually assured. Even the money for it has been guaranteed—furnished, in fact.

PLAYERS RECALL OLD TIMES

Frank Smith and Harry Gaspar, Former Cincinnati Pitchers, Delay Game to Talk.

Frank Smith and Harry Gaspar pitched a game against each other at Montreal the other day. There was nothing the matter with the pitching—both were in good form and showed all sorts of class—but the game was prolonged way into darkness because Harry and Frank wanted to exchange so many reminiscences of Cincinnati days. Once, when Smith was at bat, Harry came in to hold a gabfest, and they talked for 17 minutes about the good times they had with the Reds. Then they switched into opinions concerning H. O'Day and the chances of the Reds.

Telling Comment.

Ty Cobb of the Tigers said at a recent baseball banquet in Philadelphia:

"I admit that there is too much loud talk, too much arguing and wrangling and chin music in a game of baseball.

"I know a man who was seen the other day getting into a taxicab.

"Where are you going?" they asked him.

"I'm going to hear the ball game," he replied."

The New Sport.

"These here New Yorkers is bound to have their sports, I see," said Uncle Silas.

"In what way?" asked the boarder.

"Why," said Uncle Silas, "sense they give up hoss-racin' they've gone in heavy for the turkey trot. Don't seem to me's if that trod could be very excitin'."—Harper's Weekly.

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Williams*.

In Use For Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for *Wheeler's* Castoria

Of the Bird Kind.

"Say, pa?"

"What is it?"

"Is an aviary a hospital for avi-bators?"

A Skeptic.

"Do you believe in ghosts, Willie?"

"No—not unless I'm alone in the dark."

Injury to Harry Wolter.

Harry Wolter, the Highlanders' star outfielder, is still on crutches and will not play again this year. His leg is broken just below the knee, while the ligaments of the ankle are badly torn. Wolter will draw full pay and the club will settle the doctor's bills. He hobbles to American League park every day to see the game from the center field seats. Wolter's absence from the team practically all season has been a tremendous handicap, and Manager Wolverton says it will be impossible to find his equal.

Baker Coming Famous.

Secretary John Shibe of the Athletics is thinking of getting out big posters to advertise the coming of one J. Franklin Baker. The famous home-run maker is one of the biggest attractions in baseball everywhere he goes, this year.

Third No-Hit Game.

Carl Nichols of the Framingham, Mass., high school team recently pitched his third no-hit game of the season. It is presumed that Connie Mack has signed him by this time.

TOO MUCH.



I begged Loraine to smile to me,
For I with love was daft.
She smiled! She more than smiled,
For she
Just held her sides and laughed!

FACE A SIGHT WITH TETTER

Moberly, Mo.—"My trouble began with a small pimple on the left side of my face and it spread all over my face and to my neck. It would be scarlet red when I got warm. My face was a sight. It looked very unpleasant, and it felt uncomfortable. My face was something awful; it just kept me in agony all the time. Some said it was tetter, and some said it was that awful eczema, but I rather think it was tetter. I had been troubled with it for about two years and tried many remedies, but got no relief until I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment.

"When I would wash my face with the Cuticura Soap and apply the Cuticura Ointment it would cool my skin and draw great big drops of matter out of the skin. You would think I was sweating; it would run down my face just as though I had washed it. It itched and smarted and I suffered in the day time most. I used the Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment for a month and I was cured of it." (Signed) Mrs. J. Brooksher, April 15, 1912.

Awful.

A West End woman called the attention of her husband to a little baby which was trying to sleep on the porch of its home on the opposite side of the street.

"It's lying on the bare boards, isn't it?" he observed.

"Yes, they haven't even placed a rug for the little chap to rest his head on."

The husband took another look.

"And what do you think of that?" he ejaculated. "They haven't even painted the boards."—Youngstown (O.) Telegram.

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