

## INCREASE IN WESTERN CANADA ACREAGE

Will Prove a Big Factor in Winning the War.

Reports to hand indicate that Western Canada has a vastly increased acreage ready for crop this year over last year. The splendid open fall of 1917, gave a better opportunity for fall plowing than for some years. Work in the fields was almost continuous until the end of November. In fact, in the neighborhood of Pincher Creek, Alberta, there was sufficient mild weather in January of this year to permit farmers to plow, and many took advantage of it. A great many Americans owning land in Canada moved up last year, and this has also helped to increase the acreage. They came into possession of the land at prices varying from \$15.00 to \$30.00 an acre, and with the proven yields of wheat running from twenty and as high as fifty bushels per acre, with a set price of \$2.21 a bushel, they could join production and patriotism together with a big margin of profit. The Post-Intelligencer of Seattle, Wash., gives a very conservative statement of the agricultural development and opportunities in Western Canada. In its issue of December 14, 1917, it says:

"Since the beginning of the year American emigration into Canada has been greatly stimulated according to the reports of the Dominion authorities, and has been almost entirely made up of farmers attracted by the fertile and comparatively cheap wheat lands. 'Whatever may be said of wheat culture as a profitable avocation in ordinary years, since the beginning of the war it has offered advantages quite beyond the usual opportunities. War has boomed the price of wheat until the farmer now receives around \$2 for his product at his granary. Average crops, according to the adaptation of soil and climate are from 12 to 25 bushels to the acre. Even the minimum crop, at \$2 per bushel, brings in these war times a reasonable profit. Before the war wheat culture was fast being abandoned by farmers who worked intelligently for results on the right side of the ledger. It has been the popular crop for new countries, but when the pioneers settled down to business it was generally corn, hogs, cattle and diversified farming that brought the profits. Iowa and the Dakotas in turn, as their prairies became settled, mortgaged the land on wheat culture and afterwards paid off the mortgages with corn and hogs. 'War is thus bringing a temporary encouragement to wheat farming. Many of the ranchers of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta laid away \$20,000 to \$30,000 in the banks last fall. It may be pointed out, however, that the growing of wheat is not the only inducement which is leading settlement to Canadian lands. Low taxation, favorable agricultural climate, and profitable prices not only for grain but for hogs, cattle and all forms of farm produce all contribute their share toward the rapid settlement of the fertile lands of Western Canada.'—Advertisement.

### Up in the World.

"I overheard Mr. and Mrs. Grabco, having a warm argument as to whether or not they should dress for dinner. Mr. Grabco contended that it would be all right not to put on evening clothes, as no guests were expected. Mr. Grabco said the effect on the servants would be demoralizing. 'Well, well! They are coming on. I can remember the time when Mr. Grabco shed his coat, collar and shoes before sitting down to the evening meal and nothing was said about it.'—Birmingham Age-Herald.

### RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR.

To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and 1/4 oz. of glycerine. Any drugist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Full directions for making and use come in each box of Barbo Compound. It will gradually darken streaked, faded gray hair, and make it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off. Adv.

### End of the Lesson.

"My boy, you can take a lesson from the dog that is trotting by your side, and to whom I point as an example. He doesn't drink, he doesn't smoke, he doesn't swear."

"But if you don't stop yer pointin' at him, mister, he'll do some chewing presently."

### Heal Baby Rashes.

That itchy, burn and torture. A hot Cuticura Soap bath gives instant relief when followed by a gentle application of Cuticura Ointment. For free samples address, "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston." At drugists and by mail. Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50.—Adv.

### Evening Things Up.

"My father has an income," said Bertha, proudly. Loretta looked at her in a puzzled way for a minute and then declared, "My father's got a boil."

### Just It.

"Her part fitted that little child across like a glove." "So to speak, like a kid, glove?"

Most particular women use Red Cross Ball Blue. American made. Sure to please. At all good grocers. Adv.

About the hardest blow that most of us get is a light touch from our frie

## St. Patrick's Day

I cannot write of Ireland's hills as I would write today,  
For I am here and Ireland's there,  
Full half the world away;  
And Ireland's lakes are emerald green  
and 'round her the green seas,  
And I can't hear the colleen's call  
lilt on the Irish breeze  
The way it lilted to me, and I cannot  
see the downs,  
Nor see the peat smoke rising from  
the chimneys of the towns.  
The colleen's call and the high hills  
are half the world away,  
And my heart will break in my breast  
when comes St. Patrick's Day.

She stood beside the low stone wall  
and sent her laughing call—  
The mocking bird I hold so dear  
can't call like that, at all!  
For there was a bit of honey and a  
bit of laughter, too,  
A-singin' in the call and, oh, her  
eyes were Irish blue—  
Her eyes are Irish blue, and, oh, I  
know they watch for me  
Until the golden sun has sunk into  
the western sea!  
And then I know she sends her call  
—and then she turns away—  
And my heart will break in my breast  
when comes St. Patrick's Day.

A little lilt o' laughin' and a little  
lilt o' song—  
And she is half the world away and  
all the days are long!  
No love is like the love that swells  
within the Irish heart!  
Her heart's with me, my heart's with  
her, however far apart!  
And sometimes in the night I hear  
her call and call and call,  
And sleep has gone from me and  
won't come back at all, at all!  
And she is standin' on the hills and  
lookin' far away—  
And, oh, my heart is like to break  
when comes St. Patrick's  
Day!

JUDD MORTIMER LEWIS.

### HAVE ALWAYS FREELY GIVEN

Openhandedness a Characteristic of the Irish Race Wherever They Have Settled.

The following sentences are quoted from "The Old World in the New" (1914), by Edward Alsworth Ross, professor of sociology in the University of Wisconsin:

"Along with their courage and their loyalty, the Irish did not bring the economic virtues. Charity visitors know that the Irish are often as openhanded and improvident as the Bedouins. They are free givers, and no people are more ready to take into the family the orphans of their relatives. The Irish are near the foot of the list of crime. Among a score or more of

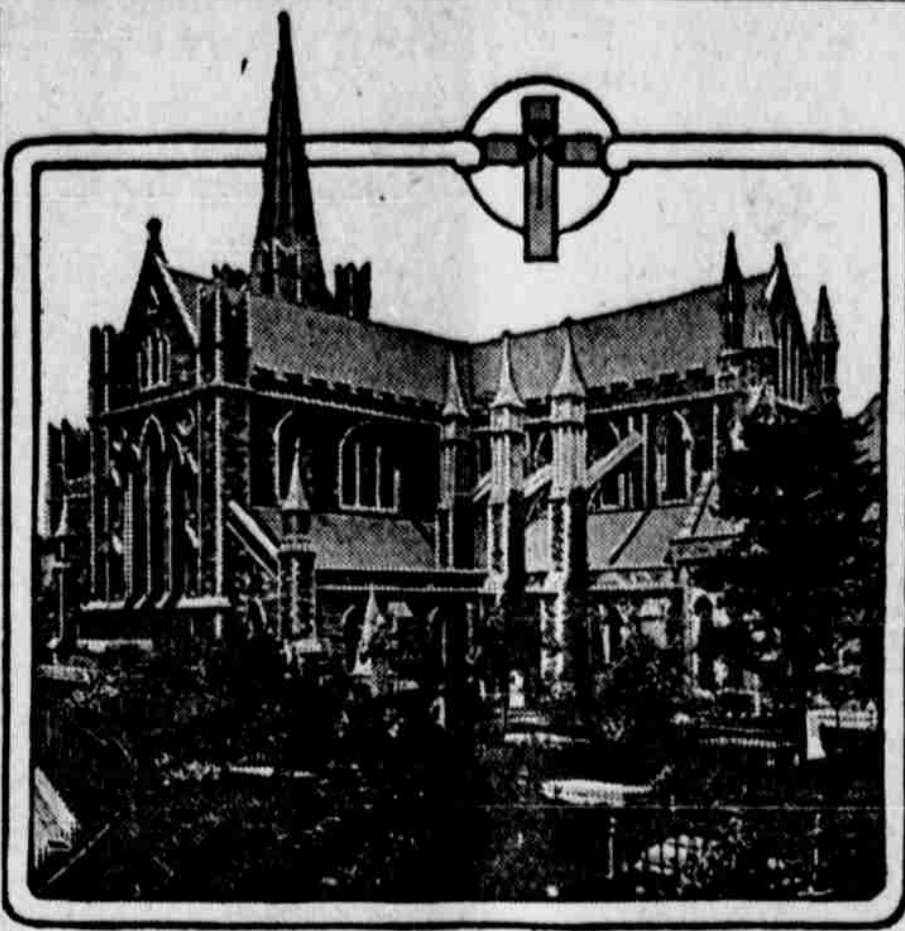


St. Patrick, From an Old Print.

nationalities, the Irish stand nearly at the foot of the list in the commission of larceny, burglary, fraud or homicide. Rape, pandering and the white-slave traffic are almost unknown among them. No immigrant is more loyal to wife and child than the Irishman. As compared with their immigrant fathers, the proportion of laborers among the sons of Irishmen is halved, while that of professional men and salesmen is doubled, and that of clerks, copyists and bookkeepers is trebled. There is no drift into agriculture or into mercantile pursuits."

### Came in Search of Peace.

With all deference to the comic traditions about the blackthorn stick and the shillalah, it was the quest of peace which brought the first group of Irishmen to America, and their first propaganda was for religious freedom, freedom of conscience, which encouraged the coming of the Maryland colony of the Quakers, the Puritans and the Nonconformists banished from other sections.



ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL AT DUBLIN.

## MANY LEGENDS OF ST. PATRICK

Picturesque Variety of Incidents Crowded Into Life of the Great Apostle.

### EXPOSITION OF THE TRINITY

Something That the Druids Could Understand—His Ridding Ireland of Snakes Is of Course More or Less Mythical.

POPULAR tradition has surrounded the life of St. Patrick, whose festival all loyal Irish celebrate, with a more picturesque variety of incidents than has been the fate of any other saint. Whether they are true or not is a matter of little importance if the stories are good. They have to be good, for the Irish are the authors.

One of the most famous of the myths connected with St. Patrick, perhaps the most famous after the traditional expulsion of snakes from Ireland, is the story of how the saint became connected with the shamrock. When St. Patrick first began to talk to the heathen Irish of the Trinity they did not believe him till he picked a shamrock and illustrated the doctrine by three leaves growing on one stem. This concrete analogy appealed to the druids and most of them became Christians. These druids were St. Patrick's worst enemies, and he was forced by their hostility to act in a manner somewhat inappropriate for a saint. He cursed their lands for them, so that they became waste and drear bogs; he cursed their rivers, so that no fish could live in them; he cursed their kettles, so that they would not boil, and finally he cursed the earth, so that it opened and swallowed them up.

### His Most Famous Act.

The saint's most famous achievement was the ridding Ireland of snakes. The method he employed was novel at least. He simply called all the serpents together to the top of a mountain and compelled them to swallow each other until there was none left, but, as the Englishman said, that seems improbable.

A more authentic account is that he drove the snakes out by beating a drum, and that, in his enthusiasm, he knocked a hole in it, which an angel at once came and mended. One huge snake he is said to have chained in Lough Dilveen, and even to this day, every Monday morning, the snake calls out in good Irish:

"It's a long Monday, Patrick!"

St. Patrick seems to have taken a great delight in performing miracles. Once when he was in England he saw a leper who wanted to make a voyage in a certain ship, but the captain would not let him. St. Patrick took a stone altar which had been consecrated by the pope and threw it into the water. He then made the leper sit on the altar, which floated and kept up with the ship for the whole voyage.

### Put Cross Over Night Grave.

He had a habit of setting a cross at the grave of a Christian whenever he could. In his travels one day he came upon two newly made graves at the head of one of which was a cross. St. Patrick stopped and asked the man in this grave what his religion was. The man replied he was a pagan.

"Why, then, is this cross placed at your head?" St. Patrick asked. The man replied that his companion had become a Christian and that a mistake had been made in placing the cross. St. Patrick then corrected the error and went his way.

But even St. Patrick made mistakes. He was once tempted to eat meat when it was not proper to do so. He got some pork, but hid it for a time and before he found an opportunity to eat it he met a man with a pair of eyes in the back of his head in addition to the usual ones in front. St. Patrick asked the meaning of this and the man replied that with the eyes in his face he saw such things as other men saw.

but with those in the back of his head he saw secret things and he now saw a monk hiding some fresh meat that he might eat it secretly. St. Patrick was at once stricken with remorse and prayed for forgiveness. An angel then appeared and commanded him to put the pork into water. This he did, and it was immediately changed into fishes.

### His Memory Worshiped.

Such tales as these are told of by the Irish themselves with no hint of disrespect. They are merely the evidences of the all-pervading humor of this light-hearted people and should be taken in the same spirit by others. In spite of them the Irish worship the memory of St. Patrick above all other saints.

It should not be imagined, however, that the traditions concerning the patron saint of Ireland are all humorous. Some of them embody that sense of the beautiful which is also an Irish characteristic. One of the most attractive of these tales is that of St. Patrick and the king's daughters.

In the year 433 he celebrated Easter by converting many thousands of the inhabitants. After the termination of the services he went to Tara to try to convert the king. But the king would



Interior of St. Patrick's.

have none of the new religion, and St. Patrick's life was in danger. In despair he was departing from the town when he passed a fountain near which were two fair maidens. The maidens, full of wonder at St. Patrick's white garments, asked him who he was.

### Brought King Into Fold.

St. Patrick told them he was a bishop of God and expounded the principles of Christianity. They were delighted with his discourse and became converted at once. Then they asked St. Patrick to return to Tara, where their father was king.

St. Patrick, much surprised to hear that the two maidens were daughters of the king he had just visited, accompanied them back to the castle. Here the king was persuaded by the princesses to accept the new religion. The next day 12,000 of the people followed the example of their king and princesses.

### Ireland's Patroness.

The first day of February is the anniversary of St. Brigid, or Brigit, the "patroness" of Ireland and of Fleet street. She was the beautiful daughter of an Irish bard, and her story seems to have fired the Celtic imagination. Wherever the early Irish missionaries wandered in western Europe, from Cologne to Seville, churches or abbeys will be found dedicated to her honor, and wherever the "exiles of Erin" may migrate the name of Bridget marks a woman of Irish race. The spire of her church in Fleet street has been repeatedly struck by lightning and is now much reduced in height, but remains one of the three tallest steeples in London.—London Chronicle.

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**—the benefit, the pleasure, the economy of a 5c package of WRIGLEY'S**

**—has made it the favorite "sweet ration" of the Allied armies.**

**—send it to your friend at the front:**

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coming to farmers from the rich wheat fields of Western Canada. Where you can buy good farm land at \$15 to \$30 per acre and raise from 20 to 45 bushels of \$3 wheat to the acre it's easy to make money. Canada offers in her provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta

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**Maid Are So Dishonest.**  
"You simply cannot trust anybody. Everyone seems so dishonest nowadays," declared the woman. "My maid, in whom I had the utmost confidence, left me suddenly yesterday and took with her 'my beautiful pearl brooch.'"

**Conservation.**  
"Mercy on us!" ejaculated Mrs. Flint, in the midst of her reading. "Here in the paper is a piece by a professor proving by the Scriptures that this war means the end of the world in April, and—"

"That is too bad," sympathized the friend. "Which one was it?"

"That very pretty one I smuggled through last spring."—Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.

**Their Idea.**  
"I see the hens have refused to lay, although Hoover has spared them till March."

"Yes, but a mere respite was no way to egg them on."

**Cruel Facts.**  
He—"I could hold your hand till I die!" She—"Well, you're apt to die if you try it."

**No Doubt.**  
Hubby—"I'll be back at eleven, my dear; I give you my word." Wife—"I would rather you keep it, my love."

A genius is a man who doesn't know whether he is eating boiled cabbage or stewed fudge.

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