

DEVELOPMENT OF CENTRAL CANADA

THE STORY OF BIG YIELDS OF GRAIN COMES FROM EVERY SECTION.

When the man in the States was told that he could get 160 acres of land in Central Canada—comprising the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta—that under cultivation would produce from 20 to 30 bushels of wheat to the acre, or if seeded to oats the yield would be 40 to 60 bushels, he was skeptical. The same story was told the man who wished to get nearer to existing lines of railway, and was only asked to pay \$10 to \$12 an acre. But many tried it, some one plan and some another. The man who accepted the 160 acres as a free gift, as a homestead, and was willing to put in the required residence duties of three years has now a farm worth from fifteen to twenty dollars an acre. The man who chose to purchase, and did so, took up his residence just the same. He has land, that, in many cases, is worth twice the money he paid for it. Both have found that the story of splendid yields was verified. They have had crops exceeding that promised; they have seen oats that yielded 100 bushels to the acre, and have grown wheat that averaged 40 and as high as 50 bushels to the acre. Their wheat was not a 57 lb. to the bushel article but 62 and 63 lbs. They have seen within the past year or two trunk lines of railway constructed through their district, and throwing out branch lines to the gates of their farm. They have seen schools established in their neighborhood and the Government contributing largely to their expense. Churches have been erected, villages have been established, towns have sprung into existence and cities are rapidly springing up, as if the magic hand of some unseen conjurer was at work. But it was not; it was the legitimate offering of the wealth of the field which made all these things come about, naturally, and easy. The prairie that three years ago was merely prairie, a patch of brown, just waiting for the ploughman, is to-day dotted with tilled farms and splendid homes. The line of elevators with their glistening metal fireproof sides and roofs, indicate the location of the town and the railroad. There is the glow of newness about it all, but the elevator, the splendid store buildings and the comfortable hostleries denote wealth, beyond that of the strength of the man who fashioned and built them but the wealth of the soil, which means that the newness will be followed by a steady growth. The writer recently was a passenger over the Grand Trunk Pacific, the latest factor in this great marvelous field of development. The rapidity with which towns were being built up, the farmsteads occupied, was something even his experienced eye had not looked for. Everywhere along the line of this new transcontinental was the distinguishing mark of progress. There was not a mile of the length of the road from Winnipeg to Edmonton and west that did not bear token of its ability to pay tribute to the revenue of the road. Mention is made of this line, not because it is the last in the field, but because it is one of the best built roads on the Continent and traverses one of the best districts of an excellent country. It is well operated, and already has gone into active service as another means of making it possible to secure more speedily transit from the grain fields to the shipping centres. It had been the intention in this article to have spoken of some of the yields of grain that have made the farmers of Central Canada contented this year, but space will not permit, so that delightful task will be taken up in another issue. In the meantime it would be well for the reader, if he is interested, to put himself in touch with some official of the Canadian Government and get information that might be useful in making a selection for a home in Central Canada, and become one of those who will be instrumental in building up a great country to the north. In doing so, you will be assisting the United States. In a few years' time the United States will be a wheat importer. Canada will supply the wheat and you will be one of the producers.

When the Sleeper Wakes. "John!" she exclaimed, jabbing her elbow into his ribs at 2:17 a. m., "did you look at the kitchen door?" And John, who is inner guard, and was just then dreaming over last evening's lodge meeting, sprang up in bed, made the proper sign, and responded: "Worthy ruler, our portals are guarded." Oh, he hit the title right, even if he was asleep.—United Presbyterian.

Changed. "He used to kiss me every time we passed through a tunnel before our marriage," said the little woman, with sad reflections. "And does he do so now?" asked the bosom friend. "No, he takes a drink." Hamlin's Wizard Oil will knock the spots off a sore throat. It's use makes tonsillitis, quincy and diphtheria impossible. It is simply great for the relief of all pain, soreness and inflammation. When a man trades his money for experience, it is difficult to convince him that a fair exchange is no robbery.

BREAK UP THAT COUGH with Allen's Lung Balsam, the popular family remedy. It cures where other remedies fail. All dealers. See box. 15c bottles.

When some people talk it is a waste of time to yawn.

TALES OF GOTHAM AND OTHER CITIES

Taft's Visit Stirs Up Bowery Tramps



NEW YORK.—Since President Taft visited the Bowery and addressed 300 of "the boys," more energy has been shown by the hoboes who haunt the resorts of the notorious thoroughfares than ever before in his history. There is not a man, woman, or child along the thoroughfare who will admit he or she was not at the president's side. Nearly 2,000 white collars sent by a Brooklyn laundry the next day aided the men of the Bowery to show they appreciated the visit.

After the free distribution of laundry at the mission the men gazed at one another and waited for the next miracle. "The men are just dazed, and that is the only term that expresses it," said J. T. Hunt, who has charge of the labor bureau of the mission. "They cannot realize the president of this country really came down here to talk with them."

As he was speaking a mild mannered six foot two of humanity, with a two days' stubble beard, came up to the desk and made an attempt at a bow.

Telephone Girl Scores Her Own Sex

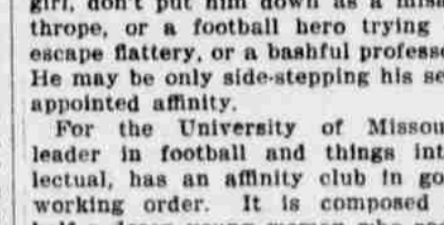


NEW YORK.—"Yes, I know they say that women have more patience than men, but that's just another of those 'they says,'" remarked a telephone girl on duty at one of the uptown exchanges in an expansive half hour. "If women are more patient than men they certainly don't show it when they use the telephone."

"When some women give the number they want they expect to get their party instant, or quicker, and if they don't they immediately become catty about it. "What is the matter, anyhow?" a woman asked me over her wire just about eight seconds after she'd given me the number she wanted. "Why don't you give me my party?"

"I was doing the best I could to get her the number she asked for, but the party didn't reply. I told her so. "I don't believe anything of the sort!" she shouted into her phone.

Affinity Trust at Missouri College

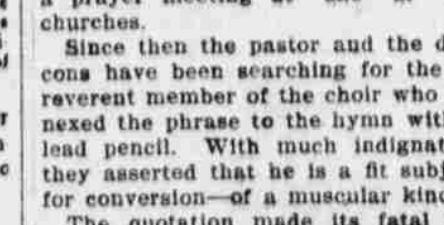


ST. LOUIS.—If you visit Columbia and see a man wearing a bunted look, dodging at the mere sight of a girl, don't put him down as a misanthrope, or a football hero trying to escape flattery, or a bashful professor. He may be only side-stepping his self-appointed affinity.

For the University of Missouri, leader in football and things intellectual, has an affinity club in good working order. It is composed of half a dozen young women who room at one of the popular boarding houses near the campus. Of course, the affinity idea itself is old and can't begin to compare with Uncle Joe Cannon as a space-getter in the newspapers. But the young women of the Affinity Club have added several brand-new wrinkles to the idea.

Each member of the club, as a requisite of membership, has selected

"Oh, You Kid!" Ditty Breaks Up Church



CHICAGO.—"Oh, you kid!" the stale ditty of the five-cent theaters and the vaudeville houses, was heaped into a sacred anthem in Geneva several nights ago with disastrous results to a prayer meeting at one of the churches.

Since then the pastor and the deacons have been searching for the irreverent member of the choir who annexed the phrase to the hymn with a lead pencil. With much indignation they asserted that he is a fit subject for conversion—of a muscular kind.

"What is it, Jake?" asked Mr. Hunt. "Say, boss, it's this way," replied Jake. "I'm just going out to get a job if I have to take it off somebody. If the president comes down here to talk to us bums and tells us we got a chance, why, we're going to make good. He ought to know, hadn't he? Guess his word goes with me. If we are good enough for him to talk to I'm going to get busy!"

"That's the way it has been going all day," said Mr. Hunt. "I never saw men so deeply stirred. The visit of the president has put more ambition into them than they have ever before displayed. Just wait and I will show you."

Stepping before 50 or 60 men, all resplendent in new white collars, Mr. Hunt said to a man whose collar plainly was too tight and who was proud of his distress:

"Come here, Frank. Tell us just what you think and what the men are saying about the president's visit."

"We don't know what to say," said the man. "It's just knocked us clean out. The boys are clean crazy over it. Why, we never thought that the likes of the president cared nothing about us here."

"We're all Democrats, but here Mister Taft comes around and calls us boys and tells us we is as good as anybody. Say, the boys are going to go some now. Wish I could get one day's work and I'd get a necktie."

"Give me the manager this instant! I'll see if I am going to be treated this way."

"Of course I gave her the manager, and she told him a long story about how she was being imposed upon by the exchange girls. Fortunately, though, she is on the list of terrorists—we call them terrorists when we want to be real polite and terriers when we don't have to be polite—and so the manager after asking me about the case let it go."

"The most nonsensical accusation that women are forever making against exchange girls is that the girls are eavesdropping on their phone conversations. Such a thing of course is perfectly impossible, for the very simple reason that a girl working at a board hasn't one instant of time to do anything like that."

"Give me the manager," a woman said to me over the phone a while ago, before she had asked for the number. "Do you wish to make a complaint?" I asked her.

"I wish," she replied in a severe tone, "to have a very private conversation with my lawyer, and I want to talk with the manager first to ascertain if he will assure me that my conversation will not be listened to."

an affinity and has told his name to the other girls. The rules of the organization requires that she shall have had only the most distant speaking acquaintance with the Fortunate One—or the Victim, depending on the point of view. The choice is final; the rules prohibit changing affinities. Having made her choice, the young woman strives to obtain some marked recognition from her affinity. The penalty for failure is a "tubbing."

The open season for the affinities closed at Christmas. If before that time any member of the club did not succeed in having her affinity pay her some "special attention," she was to take a "tubbing" in the presence of the members who have "made good." And the water wasn't to be warm, either.

"Marked attention," as defined by the club, means an invitation to dance or to go to the theater or a request to call. A stroll on the campus wouldn't do.

One young woman appealed to the sister of the young man she had chosen. The sister told the affinity what a fine girl "So-and-So" was, and urged him to call on her. The brother remained obdurate.

WASHINGTON GOSSIP

Carrie Nation Gives Advice on Wooing



WASHINGTON.—"The first thing a fellow ought to do when he goes courting is to get a line on his future mother-in-law, because she's going to be either his best friend or his worst enemy."

It was Carrie Nation who confided this bit of philosophy to a reporter. The enforced leisure of the Washington workhouse, where she was being held pending a hearing on a charge of destroying property, had given Mrs. Nation the chance to turn her attention from her pet theme, and it was an off day for the demon rum as far as she was concerned.

"I am going to devote a large part of my time hereafter to seeing that mothers-in-law get the attention they ought to have from the American people," she said, warning to her theme. "Why, a man ought to love his mother-in-law as much as he does his wife, and if he does not it's a sign either that he's soaked all the decency out of him with whisky or burned it out with these fool cigarettes. If a man does not like the mother of the girl he's going with he

better light out and book his spare time somewhere else, because it's a sure thing that the girl will turn out to be just like the old lady."

"This law of heredity that I've been studying lately is a wonderful thing. It's the keynote of the whole matrimonial problem. Now, if a fellow begins to think his girl's mother is pretty nice dispositioned, he don't need to look any farther than that house for a wife. And after he gets married it's most likely that his mother-in-law will be willing to do more for him than his wife will in the way of cooking and economizing and minding his children."

Mrs. Nation owns to 63 years, but says she will fight to the death against the demon rum. She has now achieved the crowning triumph of her nine years' crusade—the smashing of furnishings in the big Union station.

Mrs. Nation's defense was that she did not destroy private property but a public nuisance.

Carrie thinks the country has improved in the last three years. "Taft ain't my style," she admitted, "but he's a whole lot better than Teddy Roosevelt. He's a well-meaning man and he don't drink, and though I may have said at times that he was chasing around the country eating a whole lot more than is good for him, I think he is better than anything in the presidential line we've been getting lately."

Put Spies on the Trail of Uncle Sam



THE Pressed Steel Car Company of Pittsburg, which was recently in the throes of a long strike, is establishing a branch in Washington, not for the purpose of acquiring new business in that district, but to keep in direct touch with governmental affairs.

This is following out the policy of President F. N. Hofstot, who claims that within a few years every corporation of any size in the United States will maintain a similar office in the national capital to keep close watch on what the government is doing and make an annual report to its head offices wherever they happen to be.

The corporations hope through the newspapers to disseminate the action and policies of the Union's executive officers and offices. They will maintain their own clerical sleuths.

"Business is taking the place of politics in our government," said Mr. Hofstot. "The government of this country is becoming more commercialized every day. The commercial interests are

becoming more important than politics. Commerce and business are the mainstay of the nation, and expect only the right that the government should give greater rights to them.

"Politics in the future should take a back seat. This will increase as the years pass. My own view is that every big industrial firm should keep in close touch with the doings of the government, and particularly with those departments devoted to the commercial and industrial interests."

Mr. Hofstot was asked about politics. "What I get in politics—" he exclaimed. "Why, if a man wants to have his name sullied and his reputation dragged down in this country all he has to do is to get into politics; run for office and the rest is easy."

It is anticipated that the other big corporations of America will follow the ideas outlined by the head of the Pressed Steel Car Company. There are agencies already in existence representing the two biggest corporations in the world in Washington known to-day, the Standard Oil Company and the United States Steel corporation. But as for business offices with regular corps of workmen and public communication with the affairs of the government they do not now exist.

Attorneys Fight in Washington Court



UNITED STATES District Attorney Daniel W. Baker and Andrew A. Lipscomb, the leading criminal lawyer of Washington, passed the lie and engaged in a rough-and-tumble fight under the eyes of Justice Ashley M. Gould several days ago.

Mr. Baker was the prosecutor and Mr. Lipscomb the attorney of the defense in the trial of John W. Collier, a policeman, charged with killing his captain on inauguration day. In the course of the trial Lipscomb instituted that the district attorney had attempted to intimidate Rev. Dr. Edward Mott, Collier's pastor, by writing a letter to the bishop of Washington objecting to Dr. Mott appearing as a character witness for Collier.

—Mr. Baker was on his feet in an instant with an objection, but Lipscomb was not to be headed off.

"I want to show you that the district attorney's office has attempted to intimidate this witness!" shouted Lipscomb.

"Mr. Lipscomb knows that he is not telling the truth!" shouted the district attorney.

"You're a liar!" shouted Mr. Lipscomb.

Then the district attorney made for him. Mr. Baker weighs 250 pounds. He is not so agile as in his college days, but he was full of fight. He launched a wallop at Lipscomb, which had it landed, would have knocked him across the court room. His aim was bad, and the blow landed on the assistant district attorney.

Then Lipscomb and Baker clinched, and rights and lefts, uppercuts and jabs stirred up the court room dust, and likewise the ire of the judge, who ordered the bailiffs to separate them. Before the court officers could interfere, the defendant, Collier, jumped into the melee and stopped the proceedings. Justice Gould called the fighting attorneys before the bar, gave the district attorney a severe reprimand and fined Lipscomb \$50 for contempt.

Anecdotes of the Nation's Lawmakers



DURING the heat of the tariff session Representative Seno E. Payne of New York, who boasts as large a girth as any member of congress, had occasion to go to the White House with frequency. The amount of news he gave up on these occasions to the newspaper men would have starved a space writer to death in about two days. In addition, Mr. Payne, who was always polite on such occasions, finally became a little bit gruff, because of the rapid-fire bombardment of questions which were daily thrown at him. Finally, a reporter on a Washington newspaper, who was about as large around the waist line as Mr. Payne, recorded the call of the Republican leader at the White House by saying that Mr. Payne had, that

day, "waddled" in to see the president and out again. The next day, when hailed by the same reporter for news, Mr. Payne got even by retorting:

"Tell your paper that its reporter waddled after Mr. Payne, who replied that he had no news."

Recently Mr. Payne called at the White House and the reporter greeted him with:

"Well, Mr. Payne, I see you are still waddling to the White House."

"You must go around with a looking-glass in front of you all the time," came the reply from Mr. Payne, without the bat of an eye.

Senator Julius Caesar Burrows of Michigan, after an exceedingly busy day in which he called upon the president and several members of the cabinet, thereby arousing the suspicion of the Michigan newspaper men to a fever heat, was met by one of them, who inquired:

"Senator, have you any news concealed about your person to-day?"

"Yes," replied the senator. "Thoroughly concealed."

BAKING ECONOMY

By the use of perfect baking powder the housewife can derive as much economy as from any other article used in baking and cooking. In selecting a baking powder, therefore, care should be exercised to purchase one that retains its original strength and always remains the same, thus making the food sweet and wholesome and producing sufficient leavening gas to make the baking light.

Very little of this leavening gas is produced by the cheap baking powders, making it necessary to use double the quantity ordinarily required to secure good results.

In using Calumet Baking Powder you are bound to have uniform bread, cake or biscuits, as Calumet does not contain any cheap, useless or adulterating ingredients so commonly used to increase the weight. Further, it produces pure, wholesome food and is a baking powder of rare merit; therefore, it is recommended by leading physicians and chemists. It complies with all pure food laws, both STATE and NATIONAL. The goods are moderate in price, and any lady purchasing Calumet from her grocer, if not satisfied with it can return it and have her money refunded.

WOULD BE THERE.



"Hey, janitor, come quick. Dere's a man fell down de coal hole!"

"All right, sonny, I'll look into it!"

To Spare His Neighbors. Mrs. O. H. F. Belmont, discussing in New York her book on the rearing of children, said:

"Children must be trained to be unselfish and tactful. Without this training the average child is as inconsiderate as a Dark Harbor fisherman the Maine folks tell about.

"This fisherman, walking along the road one day, saw a very ugly man sitting on a fence whittling a stick. He stopped and looked at the man for some time in disgusted silence. Then he said:

"Well, you're ugly for fair. "I can't help it, can I?" the ugly man asked, in a hurt tone.

"The fisherman thought a moment. Then he said, indignantly: "You could stay in the house, couldn't you?"

Eve's New Costume. "Oh, dear!" said Eve, after she had secured all the best fig leaves there were to be had, "I'm so unhappy."

"Come, dear, cheer up," replied Adam. "Things might be worse than they are. We still have each other."

"Yes, but now that I've got to wearing clothes there's no other woman with whom I can talk about them."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury,

Mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co., Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists. Price, 75c. per bottle. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Would Depend. She—You've seen Charley's wife. Would you call her pretty? He—I might if I were talking to Charley.

Getting Wearisome. "Going up to hear that lecture on appendicitis to-day?" "Naw; I'm tired of these organ recitals."

PERRY DAVIS' PAINKILLER has an enviable reputation for curing every yearning reliable remedy for lumbago, neuralgia, pleurisy, stitches, etc., etc. and etc. At all druggists.

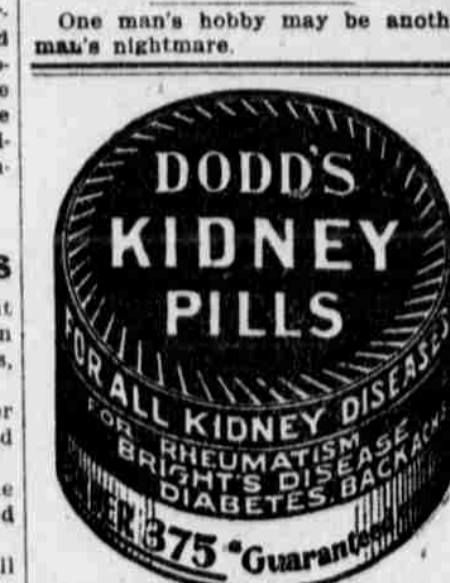
Once in a while you encounter one of those cheerful individuals who never borrow trouble, in spite of the fact that they borrow everything else.

There's a rich, satisfying quality in Lewis' Single Binder that is found in no other Sc cigar.

When doctors disagree they are apt to make sarcastic remarks about each other that savor of the truth.

Dr. Pierce's pleasant Pellets cure constipation. Constipation is the cause of many diseases. Cure the cause and you cure the disease. Easy to take.

One man's hobby may be another man's nightmare.



QUICKEST WITH SAFETY

PISO'S CURE THE BEST MEDICINE FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

For the baby often means rest for both mother and child. Little ones like it too—it's so palatable to take. Free from opiates.

All Druggists, 25 cents.