

The New Year

WHAT ITS SIGNS OF PROMISE ARE

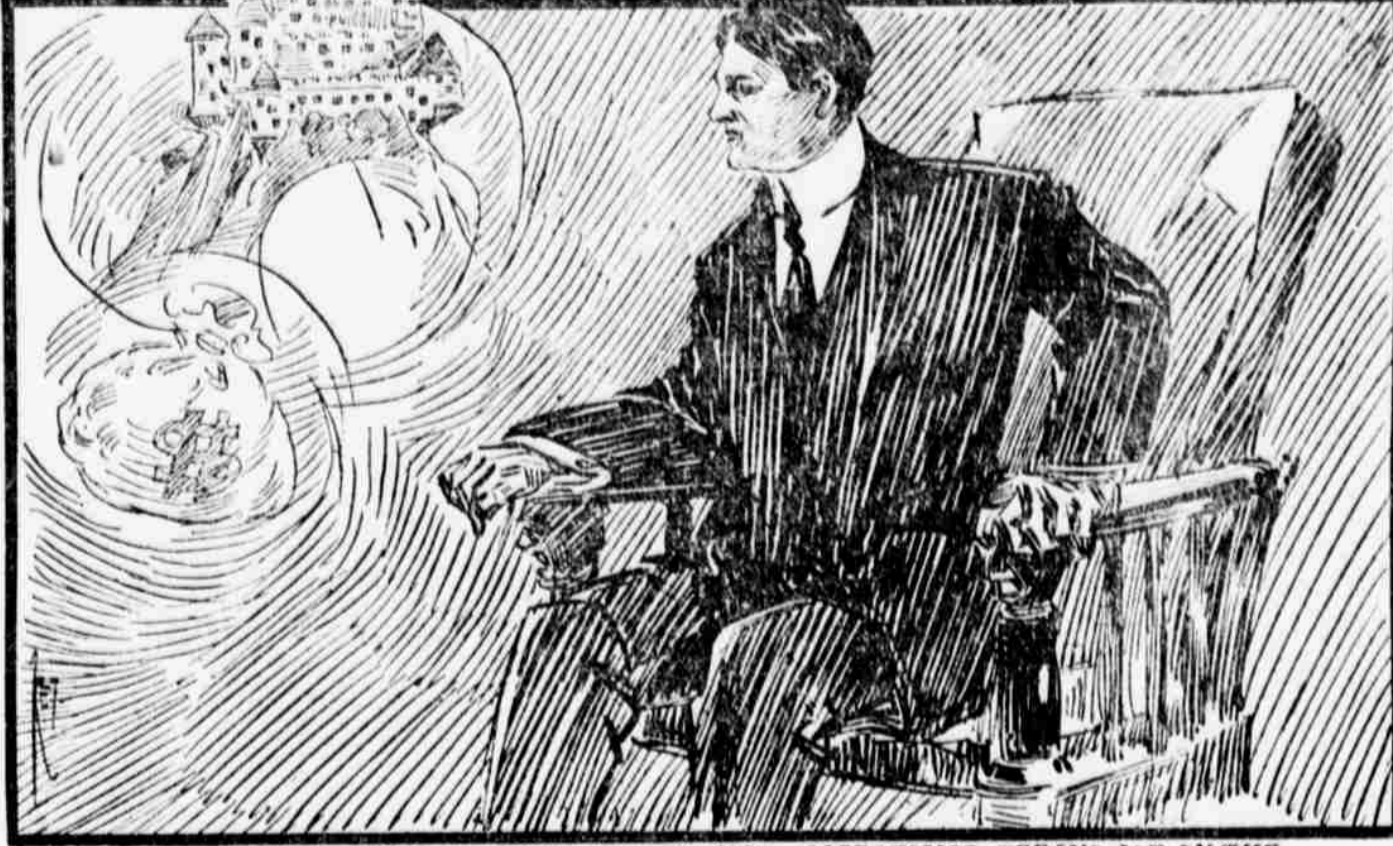
By REV. WM. GARDAM.

NEW YEAR'S DAY has ever occupied a peculiar relation to the three hundred and sixty-five days on which are etched the doings and history of a whole calendar year. The Romans observed the day as a public holiday, and on this day all litigation and strife were suspended, social visits were exchanged, presents were given and received, and feasting throughout the empire was the order of the day. The early Christians at first set themselves against the usages of the day as observed by the Romans until the fixing of Christmas day on the 25th of December, and New Year's day came to be observed as the octave of the Nativity and also as the Festival of the Circumcision.

The observance and spirit of the day have not changed very greatly in the onrush of the centuries. We might go back across the long stretch of years between the day we live in and the day when the Romans interchanged their social visits and their good wishes and both gave and received their stonae, and between the then and the now the identity of feeling, emotion and sentiment concerning this day is readily discovered.

So many sentiments crowd themselves into New Year's day and all are mostly children in the way in which the day appears to them and in the simple feelings and emotions by which it is observed. The greeting: "A Happy New Year!" pushes up through the hard strata of the year, and the simple emotions, which make the whole world kin, bring friend nearer to friend and melt life together into a richer affection, and good will becomes the keynote of life on this day. Grudges are dropped, resentments dissolved, and the average man with the average endowment of affection for his fellows finds it almost impossible to vitalize any of his hatreds through the emotion-laden moments of New Year's day. The personal life has many things to say to itself; it is at once a closing of accounts and the opening of a new career. Old things pass away and all things seem to become new. The things that might have been and have not become are forgotten in the new hopes and aspirations and ambitions which spring up in the heart on the first day of the year.

Of course, nobody will ever be what the hopes and faith of the day project for the individual life. The most ardent believer in the better day, the



NEW HOPES, ASPIRATIONS AND AMBITIONS SPRING UP IN THE HEART ON THE FIRST DAY OF THE YEAR.

most sanguine architect of the richer fortune yet to be will fall short of the ideal that controls his imagination. But the very fact that the day stirs these noble impulses and floods the prospective days with the glow of hope is in itself an assurance that the year shall be rich in the gifts and the good will of the gods.

Another year! another year!
The increasing rush of time sweeps on!
Whelm'd in its surges, disappear
Man's hopes and fears—forever gone!

Oh, no! forbear that idle tale!
The hour demands another strain.
Demands high thoughts that cannot fail,
And strength to conquer and retain.

'Tis midnight—from the dark blue sky
The stars, which now look down on earth,
Have seen ten thousand centuries fly,
And given to countless changes birth.

Shine on! shine on! With you I tread
The march of ages, eras of light!
A last eclipse o'er you may spread—
To me, to me, there comes no night!

The sentiment that phrases itself in the quite depressing words:

The world is very evil,
The times are wearing late,

is hardly in tune with the modern spirit when life is thought of as a corporate business and this

modern spirit takes account of its own enlarged and enlarging kingdom.

Not the most credulous and believing prophet a generation ago could have forecast the world we know and are perfectly at home with to-day. Bulwer Lytton in his short book, "The Coming Race," endeavored to tell the story and achievement of mankind in the day that was shortly to be, but his seeming impossible world has been more than realized in our own day. The half has not been told. The great note of the day is the large grasp human life possesses over its own career and destiny, the growing confidence that this old yet ever renewing world is solving its own problems, and, under the guidance of that Providence which Pope's well-known lines so beautifully express:

All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony, not understood;
All partial evil, universal good.

is working for the day of a perfectly ordered and perfectly adjusted civilization. The greater power man is accumulating and employing over his own bodily life, his mastery of the secrets of life which have been hid from the foundation of the world, the realization that man himself is his own providence in a vastly larger degree than hitherto he has dreamed of, and that the "greater things" the greatest of all Teachers foretold ages ago that he should be endowed with competence to do

—these he is doing in this very day with a miraculous confidence and a mighty faith. He has discovered that his own commission over life, over the happiness and health and the fruitage of the life that is now, is, as well as of that which is to come, is a vastly larger commission than the world hitherto has dreamed of. He is finding out that Providence is a partnership and that no man may be a sleeping partner in the business of living without the penalty of losing the very thing that life is—a world of potencies converted into achievement.

This is the note, surely, as civilization faces the year 1910—the note of competency, the sense of added powers to live, the feeling that the greater things are coming on the earth, and that man is using the key to unlock the treasure-house of his own life with a sureness and a wisdom that give promise of a vastly better, richer, juster universe than he has yet known.

Another note of our time is the fact that life mirrors itself in such a wonderful way and the things and forces that make for the better day to be known and read of all men. We live in the open, and no man may become champion of any cause and keep the world in ignorance of the character of the cause and the nature of his championship. No man to-day may hide his light under a bushel. It is a tell-tale world, and more than any past time, the world to-day has a juster sense of values and knows both the things that are saving it and the things also that threaten and endanger it. Public service was never so responsible as it is to-day, because civilization never had the almost miraculous power of analyzing and testing the value of public service as in this present year. Public life is an open book, and the most impossible of all impossible things to-day is that any national or international movement should be misunderstood or misinterpreted by the world's best mind. And what is true of public movements is true of public men. No public man can deceive his constituents to-day, for his constituents are the world. And the strong man to-day is the man who frankly recognizes this.

Startling Figures.
The lives of all the 55,500,000 residents of the United States are worth \$250,000,000,000.
Unnecessary deaths every year cost in capitalized earnings, \$1,000,000,000.
Workmen's illness annually costs in wages \$500,000,000.
Care of the sick and dead every year costs \$450,000,000.
Tuberculosis taxes the nation \$1,000,000,000, annually.
Typhoid fever costs \$350,000,000.
Malaria costs \$200,000,000.

In spite of all the teacher may do the pupil will not learn unless he himself studies. You cannot make successful use of these simple resolutions without effort on your part. But you should find one among them which can be kept with the minimum of struggle. If you have no choice or you are skeptical as to your ability, try the last one.

HOW TO MAKE NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

RESOLUTION FOR YOUNG WOMEN



NOT TO INSIST ON GRANDMA'S WEARING FRENCH HEELS

RESOLUTION FOR YOUNG MEN



NOT TO MAKE A PILE IN CHURCH

STRIKE up the band, here comes the good resolution. Let the whistles blow their heads off, let the bells ring out, let the fog horn on the lake front shatter the atmosphere to atoms, let the similar gladsome noises be let loose upon the vibrant ozone even in the uttermost corners of our beautiful city. For the good resolution is marching forward. Only a few days more and we will bask in its splendid presence.

Like the village drum major it comes proudly prancing toward us through the week. Get a seat early and avoid the crowd if you would behold it in its glory. Keep your eyes glued to the splendid spectacle, keep your ears open for the lofty sounds, for it will not be long in passing.

It's safe to say that if all the high resolves that go into effect on New Year's day had half the endurance of a Marathon runner the millennium would come so fast that we'd have to enact new speed laws to keep it from melting the asphalt.

If good resolutions were salt mackerel what a universal thirst would spread abroad!

Human experience seems to indicate that progress in any line is necessarily gradual. Take the flying machine, for instance. At present the scientists engaged in the development of this interesting device are in a position to assert that many of their problems are already solved. They can get up into the air without the aid of dynamite and they can come down again with practically no effort. Of course there are other difficulties to be overcome such as the tendency on the part of the machine to select its own time and place for coming down. But these problems are minor

and doubtless the answer is in the book somewhere if they can only find it.

The practice of resolving presents a similar aspect. It is not entirely perfect at present. But considering the few years since Adam inaugurated the outdoor sleeping pad and became grandpa to the human race it is not surprising that some details are still to be worked out. The forming of the resolution has been beautifully worked out, till almost any one, the merest novice, can resolve. The date, too, has been firmly fixed as on the first of January. The chief difficulty that still remains has to do with keeping the resolution once it is made. Something like keeping your aeroplane right side up once you have established a neighborly relation with the stars.

Probably several years will elapse before the custom of resolving reaches perfection and in the meantime it might be well to adopt a makeshift for the present unattainable.

It would seem as if the difficulty might be minimized by more attention to the subjects taken for resolving purposes. It is well to use care in selecting our resolutions, and because of the proximity of January 1, a few suggestions may not be out of place.

For a young woman—Try this one. "I hereby resolve with earnestness to no longer insist on grandma wearing French heels." There are several advantageous features to this resolution. To begin with it is humane. Just think of forcing the poor old lady to teeter down the street with little church steeples under her sole leather! Her silver locks bob under her dignified black bonnet and at every painful step she whispers "Ouch." Fle

COUNTRY WHOSE SOIL SPELLS WHEAT AND OUT OF WHOSE FARMS THOUSANDS ARE GROWING RICH.

WHAT PRESIDENT TAFT AND OTHERS THINK OF CANADA.

Another Fat Year for the Canadian West.

Our Canadian neighbors to the north are again rejoicing over an abundant harvest, and reports from reliable sources go to show that the total yield of 1909 will be far above that of any other year.

It is estimated that \$100,000,000 worth of this year go into the pockets of the Western farmers from wheat alone, another \$60,000,000 from oats and barley, while returns from other crops and from stock will add \$10,000,000 more. Is it any wonder then that the farmers of the Canadian West are happy?

Thousands of American farmers have settled in the above mentioned provinces during the past year; men who know the West and its possibilities, and who also know perhaps better than any other people, the best methods for profitable farming.

President Taft said recently in speaking of Canada:

"We have been going ahead so rapidly in our own country that our heads have been somewhat swelled with the idea that we are carrying on our shoulders all the progress there is in the world. We have not been conscious that there is on the north a young country and a young nation that is looking forward, as it well may, to a great national future. They have 7,000,000 people, but the country is still hardly scratched."

Jas. J. Hill speaking before the Canadian Club of Winnipeg a few days ago said:

"I go back for 53 years, when I came West from Canada. At that time Canada had no North-West. A young boy or man who desired to carve his own way had to cross the line, and to-day it may surprise you—one out of every five children born in Canada lives in the United States. Now you are playing the return match, and the North-West is getting people from the United States very rapidly. We brought 100 land-seekers, mainly from Iowa and Southern Minnesota, last night out of St. Paul, going to the North-West. Now, these people have all the way from five, ten to twenty thousand dollars each, and they will make as much progress on the land in one year as any man coming from the Continent of Europe can make, doing the best he can, in ten, fifteen, or twenty years."

It is evident from the welcome given American settlers in Canada that the Canadian people appreciate them. Writing from Southern Alberta recently an American farmer says:—

"We are giving them some new ideas about being good farmers, and they are giving us some new ideas about being good citizens. They have a law against taking liquor into the Indian Reservation. One of our fellows was caught on a reservation with a bottle on him, and it cost him \$50. One of the Canadian Mounted Police found him, and let me tell you, they find everyone who tries to go up against the laws of the country."

"On Saturday night, every bar-room is closed, at exactly 7 o'clock. Why? Because it is the law, and it's the same with every other law. There isn't a bad man in the whole district, and a woman can come home from town to the farm at midnight if she wants to, alone. That's Canada's idea how to run a frontier; they have certainly taught us a lot."

"On the other hand, we are running their farms for them better than any other class of farmers. I guess I can say this without boasting, and the Canadians appreciate us. We turn out to celebrate Dominion Day; they are glad to have us help to farm the country; they know how to govern; we know how to work."

Another farmer, from Minnesota, who settled in Central Saskatchewan some years ago, has the following to say about the country:—

"My wife and I have done well enough since we came from the States; we can live anyway. We came in the spring of 1901 with the first carload of settlers' effects unloaded in these parts and built the first shanty between Saskatoon and Lumsden. We brought with our car of settlers' effects the sum of \$1800 in cash, to-day we are worth \$40,000. We 'proved up' one of the finest farms in Western Canada and bought 320 acres at \$3 per acre. We took good crops off the land for four years, at the end of which we had \$8000 worth of improvements in the way of buildings, etc., and had planted three acres of trees. Two years ago we got such a good offer that we sold our land at \$45 per acre. From the above you will see that we have not done badly since our arrival."

Prof. Thomas Shaw of St. Paul, Minnesota, with a number of other well known editors of American farm journals, toured Western Canada recently, and in an interview at Winnipeg said in part:—

"With regard to the settlement of the West I should say that it is only well begun. I have estimated that in Manitoba one-tenth of the land has been broken, in Saskatchewan one-third and in Alberta, one-hundred and seventy-fifth. I am satisfied that in all three provinces grain can be

grown successfully up to the sixtieth parallel and in the years to come your vacant land will be taken at a rate of which you have at present no conception. We have enough people in the United States alone, who want homes, to take up this land.

"What you must do in Western Canada is to raise more live stock. When you are doing what you ought to do in this regard, the land which is now selling for \$20 per acre will be worth from \$50 to \$100 per acre. It is as good land as that which is selling for more than \$100 per acre in the corn belt."

"I would rather raise cattle in Western Canada than in the corn belt of the United States. You can get your food cheaper and the climate is better for the purpose. We have a better market, but your market will improve faster than your farmers will produce the supplies. Winter wheat can be grown in one-half of the country through which I have passed, and alfalfa and one of the varieties of clover in three-fourths of it. The farmers do not believe this, but it is true."

Keeping pace with wheat production, the growth of railways has been quite as wonderful, and the whole country from Winnipeg to the Rocky Mountains will soon be a network of trunk and branch lines. Three great transcontinental lines are pushing construction in every direction, and at each adding the grain elevator is to be found. Manitoba being the first settled province, has now an elevator capacity of upwards of 25,000,000 bushels, Saskatchewan 20,000,000, and Alberta about 7,000,000, while the capacity of elevators at Fort William and Port Arthur, on the Great Lakes, is upwards of 20,000,000 more.

Within the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta there are flour and oatmeal mills with a combined capacity of 25,000 barrels per day, and situated along some famous water powers in New Ontario, there are larger mills than will be found anywhere in the Prairie Provinces.

Last year the wheat crop totaled over 100,000,000 bushels. This year the crop will yield 20,000,000 more. A recent summary shows that on the 1st of January, 1909, the surveyed lands of the three western provinces, totaled 134,000,000 acres, of which about 32,000,000 have been given as subsidies to railways, 11,000,000 disposed of in other ways and 38,000,000 given by the Canadian Government as free homesteads, being 236,000 homesteads of 160 acres each. Of this enormous territory, there is probably under crop at the present time less than 11,000,000 acres; what the results will be when wide awake settlers have taken advantage of Canada's offer and are cultivating the fertile prairie lands, one can scarcely imagine.

Just Like Him.
Howell—Do you think that Dr. Rowell will make much of a record in the legislature?
Powell—Sure; the first thing he will try to do will be to perform an operation on the foot of the calendar.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For children teething, soothes the gums, reduces inflammation, always gains, cures whooping cough and croup.

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