

WONDERFUL GROWTH OF THE CANADIAN WEST

The Cities of Western Canada Reflect the Growth of the Country.

As one passes through Western Canada, taking the City of Winnipeg as a starting point, and then keeping tab on the various cities and towns that line the network of railways that cover the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, and covering the eyes as the gaze is bent on these it is felt that there must be "something of a country" behind it all. Then gaze any direction you like and the same view is presented. Field after field of waving grain, thousands and hundreds of thousands of them. Farm hands and laborers are at work converting the virgin prairie with more fields. Pasture land in every direction on which cattle are feeding, thriving and fattening on the grasses that are rich in both milk and beef properties, but it is unfortunate that more cattle are not seen. That, however, is correcting itself. Here we have in a large measure, the evidence of the wealth that helps to build up the cities, and it should not be forgotten that the cities themselves have as citizens, young men who have come from other parts, and brought with them the experience that has taught them to avoid the mistakes of eastern and southern cities. They also are imbued with the western spirit of enterprise, energy and push, and so Western Canada has its cities. At a banquet recently given in Chicago, a number of prominent citizens of Winnipeg were guests. Among the speakers was Mayor Deacon of Winnipeg. In speaking of the remarkable growth of that city, which in thirty years has risen from a population of 2,000 to one of 200,000, he spoke of it as being the gateway of commerce and continued:

"Now, how great that tide of commerce is you will have some conception of when I tell you that the wheat alone grown in the three prairie provinces this year is sufficient to keep a steady stream of one thousand bushels per minute continuously night and day going to the head of the lakes for three and one-half months, and in addition to that the oats and barley would supply this stream for another four months.

"The value of the grain crop alone grown in the three prairie provinces would be sufficient to build any of our great transcontinental railroads and all their equipment, everything connected with them, from ocean to ocean.

"Now, if we are able to do this with only ten per cent. of our arable land under cultivation what will our possibilities be when 258,000,000 acres of the best land that the sun shines on is brought under the plow? Do you not see the portent of a great, vigorous, populous nation living under those sunny skies north of the 49th parallel? And if with our present development we are able to do as we are doing now, to purchase a million dollars' worth of goods from you every day of the year, what will our trade be worth when we have fully developed the country?

"Now, who shall assist us to develop this great empire that is there? Shall it be the alien races of southern Europe or shall it be men of our own blood and language? In the last three fiscal years no less than 358,000 American farmers have come into Western Canada, bringing with them goods and cash to the value of \$350,000,000. And I want to say here that no man who sets foot on our shores is more entirely and heartily welcome than the agriculturist from the south.

"So long as these conditions remain I consider that this is the best guaranty that the sword will never again be drawn in anger between the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race. The grain crops of Western Canada in 1913 have well upheld the reputation that country has for abundant yields of all small grains.—Advertisement.

The Spender.
At Christmas the millionaire filled his pockets with bills. To the postman, janitor, hallboy, barber, and waiter, each and all, he gave a ten-spot.

"Ha, ha!" he chuckled. "I'm the guy who put the X in Xmas!"

A GRATEFUL OLD MAN.
Mr. W. D. Smith, Ethel, Ky., writes: "I have been using Dodd's Kidney Pills for ten or twelve years and they have done me a great deal of good. I do not think I would be alive today if it were not for Dodd's Kidney Pills. I strained my back about forty years ago, which left it very weak. I was troubled with inflammation of the bladder. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me of that and the Kidney Trouble. I take Dodd's Kidney Pills now to keep from having Backache. I am 77 years old and a farmer. You are at liberty to publish this testimonial, and you may use my picture in connection with it." Correspond with Mr. Smith about this wonderful remedy. Dodd's Kidney Pills, 50c. per box at your dealer or Dodd's Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Write for Household Hints, also music of National Anthem (English and German words) and recipes for dainty dishes. All 3 sent free. Adv.

When a scandal is born in your family watch the neighbors help it grow.

A MERCENARY AFFAIR

By EDITH DOANE.
When Mrs. Palmer announced the engagement of her daughter Helen to James Corey, everyone wondered why on earth Helen had not chosen a younger man.

Until almost in the same breath, it leaked out that Mr. Palmer, who was always trading on tips and going broke on the market, had plunged once too often—had indeed been face to face with bankruptcy until James Corey came to his rescue.

Then the world, as represented by society in Glenwood Park—proffered congratulations and smiled discreetly. Of course, if the Palmers accepted James Corey's money, they must accept its giver, too.

The Park was apt to assemble informally at the Country club for five o'clock tea. There was something pleasantly cozy in gathering around the low China-laden table on the wide club house porch. But now chocolate cooled forgotten, tea boiled quietly away, while their possessors eagerly discussed this marriage of convenience in their midst.

"The poor girl is deliberately sacrificing herself," declared Mrs. Lawrence tragically waving a tea cake.

"And she is so pretty," put in little Mrs. Brooks irrelevantly.

"Her youth has been bartered for gold," said Mrs. Ellis, who had a fondness for light fiction.

"And he is so much older."

"Money isn't everything."

"Perhaps even yet she may be saved from it," faltered little Mrs. Brooks, hopefully.

"Why save her?" briskly interrupted Mrs. Wylie, joining the group and taking the cup of fragrant tea offered her. "Mr. Corey is honorable, charitable, rich—a good man in every respect. She ought to be proud of him. I'm sure I can't imagine what more she could want."

Five pairs of eyes confronted Mrs. Wylie in shocked surprise.

"Well, I'm sure I hope she takes your view of it," said Mrs. Lawrence gloomily.

"If he only were younger. He's as old as—as Father Abraham."

"Oh! if Mr. Palmer had not been in such straits."

"Still, it is lovely to be able to cling to one's faith in human nature as you do."

"I'm clinging to nothing," said Mrs. Wylie stubbornly, "but, for my part, I think she's a very lucky girl."

"Oh, of course, everybody respects him."

"And he is a very rich man."

"But it is so evident that she did it to save her father."

"Besides—there is her cousin, Tom Breuster," said Mrs. Brooks softly.

Tom Breuster was an ordinary sort of a fellow—fairly good looking, fairly clever. In fact, he did not amount to much one way or the other, but he happened to imagine himself very much in love with Helen, and when her engagement was announced burst in on his aunt with a storm of indignation.

"What's this you've done?" he demanded vehemently. "Why was I kept in ignorance all this time?"

"I don't understand you," returned Mrs. Palmer coldly.

"Don't you?" he went on ruthlessly. "Then I'll explain. You have engaged Helen to a man for whom she has not the smallest spark of affection. To save yourselves—for the sake of mere money—mere worldly position—you and her father have consented to sacrifice that poor girl, body and soul."

"You must be insane to talk to me like this," returned his aunt icily. "There is no reason why Helen should not marry Mr. Corey—or any one else she chooses."

"Let us confine ourselves to Mr. Corey. She has no right to marry him at all events."

"No?" said she; "and why?"

"Because a loveless marriage can never be right."

"But who says it isn't a love match?" she went on, forgetting her anger in her desire to convince him of the futility of interfering with Helen's engagement. "Mr. Corey is a charming man. Why not care for him?"

"She doesn't. It isn't her own doing. You are sacrificing her."

"As though I could make Helen marry any one she did not wish to," returned Mrs. Palmer with a low laugh. "My dear boy, if you feel like that, pray go away until you come to your senses."

"I shall not go away until I have seen Helen," he said doggedly.

"Tom, I beg you to—"

"Why are you two glowering at each other like Kilkenny cats?" cried a fresh young voice from the doorway. "How are you, Tommy?" and Helen Palmer, slender, dark-eyed, clad all in soft shimmering gray, entered the room and held out her hand in smiling greeting.

Now that the moment has arrived, words failed him.

Noting his hesitation, she smiled at him again. "Have you come to proffer your congratulations in person?" she said shyly.

"No, not quite," he said. "Still, I suppose one is bound to say something about the clever bargain you have made. That you of all people should prefer money to love."

"What a perfectly horrid thing to say," she returned indignantly. "Do you suppose because you are a member of the family you are privileged to be as disagreeable as you like?"

"I suppose loving you is being disagreeable," he returned moodily. Mrs.

Palmer had slipped from the room and they were both too intent to hear other footsteps that came nearer up the gravel walk—up the steps—and were muffled by the heavy rugs on the porch outside.

"Loving me! How perfectly absurd! Why didn't you say so before? And not come here now—"

"I came to save you from sacrificing yourself from a loveless marriage," he returned prandiloquently.

"Oh, Tommy, you are too funny," she laughed softly. She raised her eyes and looked steadily into his weak, good looking face.

"Tommy," she said gently, "you must not think that I have any feeling but real honest liking for Mr. Corey. I respect him—I care for him—"

"Of course he is a very rich man. I understand."

"He is, at all events, the very best man I have ever met," she returned indignantly. "Of course he has been awfully good about father's troubles, but I should have loved him just the same," she went on with quick conviction. "He is so good—so kind—so just—"

"Why don't you say that he has money and can shower that upon you?"

"I wish you to understand," she said coldly, "that while I appreciate Mr. Corey's money I love him for himself."

Suddenly her mouth quivered and two large tears strolled down her cheeks. "I am so worried about all this," she said unsteadily. "Everyone thinks I care for his money—will no one believe me—"

The curtains at the long open window suddenly parted.

"I believe it. Do I count?" said James Corey, as he entered the room.

After all, fate sometimes consents to interfere benignly, even in a mercenary affair.

LUCKY MEETING FOR YOUTH

Resulted in His Acquiring Handsome Wife and an Income of Some \$20,000 a Year.

A dozen years ago fresh from the school at Versailles came a young lieutenant of artillery, in his new uniform, returning from Normandy, where he had been to see his brother. On the train the young officer found himself seated beside an old man, who, like himself, was going to Paris.

They entered into conversation. An amiable intimacy was established between the two travelers. At the west station the old gentleman taking leave of the young officer, said: "I need a son-in-law like you."

Three months later the officer returned to Normandy. He narrated the incident of the journey to his brother, and questioned him about the strange companion.

"I know this old fellow," responded the brother. "Do you know that he offered you a very pretty partner? His daughter possesses an income of a hundred thousand francs."

"Where is she? I'll go after her," said the officer.

The brother made a sorrowful gesture: "Alas, you are a little late."

"Eh, what, is the young girl to be married?"

"No, her father was buried eight days ago."

The lieutenant was silent for a moment. "I knew her father, a visit of condolence is imposed upon me."

Dressed in his best uniform he called upon the lady. He spoke in the most tender terms of the old gentleman. Without doubt the prestige of the uniform was not without effect on the young provincial, and the story, as in the pleasant dramas, ended with a marriage. The lieutenant is now a prominent member of the chamber of deputies.—Le Cri de Paris.

Squeaked the Barber.

"Shave yourself, sir, don't you?" said a barber who was trimming the hair of a customer.

"Yes," replied the customer. "How did you know?"

"Well," rejoined the barber, "I know I have never shaved you, and I do sometimes trim your hair. Besides that, I think a hairdresser would do a little better job than you seem to do."

"Very likely."

"We'd have pretty hard work making a living if every man was like you," pursued the barber, after clipping and snipping a few minutes in silence.

"Perhaps."

"You're in business, ain't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, s'pose no barbers ever bought anything of you, how would you like that?"

"I don't think it would make any difference in my case," rejoined the customer. "My business is selling mouth-organs."

And the barber finished the job in silence.

Father of Fox Hunting.

John Wards of Westerham is generally believed to have been the father of fox hunting. He was master of hounds for over half a century and then he sold his pack for the record price of 2,000 guineas. "This mighty hunter," writes Gibson Thompson, "died in 1538 at the ripe age of eighty-six, at his house in Charles street, Berkeley square. One of the portraits of him at Squerries court, that by James Green, is in the dining-room. His favorite hounds were two, Glory and Beauty; the picture shows him with both one, and he is supposed to be soliloquizing: 'My Beauty hath departed, but my Glory remains.'"—London Chronicle.

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