

ONE MAN'S EXPERIENCE IN WESTERN CANADA.

There Are Thousands of Opportunities in This Land of Opportunity. To the Editor—Dear Sir: The following experience of an Illinois man who went to Western Canada six years ago is but one of the thousands of letters that could be reproduced showing how prosperity follows the settler on the fertile lands of Western Canada. This letter was written to the Chicago agent of the Government of the Dominion of Canada and is dated at Evans, Alberta, April 8, 1907:

It is six years the 5th of this month since I and family landed in Red Deer, family sick and only \$75.00 in my pocket. Bought a \$12 lot, built a 12x14 shack and went to work as a carpenter. Next May sold for \$400 (had added 10x18 building to shack). Purchased two lots at \$70 each and built a 28x28 two-story building and sold for \$950. Filled on a quarter section 33 miles northwest of Red Deer and have spent three years on it, and am well pleased. Quarter all fenced and cross fenced, wire and rail, 2 1/2 miles of fence. House 20x31 feet on stone foundation. Last year was my first attempt to raise grain, 1 1/2 acres of fall wheat, yield grand, but was frosted Aug. 2, was cut Aug. 16 and made good pig feed. Had 1 1/2 acres fall rye that I think could not be beat. A farmer from Dakota cut it for me; he said he never saw such heavy grain anywhere. Straw was 7 feet high. I had 4 acres of 2-rowed barley on fall breaking that did not do so well, yet it ripened and gave me all the feed I need for stock and seed for this spring. I did not have grain threshed, so can't give yield, but the wheat would have gone at least 25 bu. to the acre. Have a log stable 21x35 feet, broad roof and two smaller buildings for pigs and chickens.

I have lived in Harvey, Ill., and know something about it. I have been hungry there, and though able and willing to work could get none to do. One Saturday evening found me without any supper or a cent to get it with. A friend, surmising my situation, gave me a dollar, which was thankfully accepted and later paid back. Wife and I are thankful we came here. We were living near Mt. Vernon, Ill., as perhaps you remember visiting me there and getting me headed for the Canadian Northwest and a happy day it has proved for me. I have not grown rich, but I am prospering. I would not take \$3,000 for my quarter now. The past winter has been a hard one, but I worked outside the coldest day (52 below) all day and did not suffer. We are getting a school started now that is badly needed.

Our P. O., Evans, is about 15 miles; there is another office 6 miles, but it is not convenient to us. Wife and I would not exchange our home here for anything Illinois has to offer. Yours truly,

(Signed) E. EMBERLEY.

MEN GROW IN THE HILLS.

This is the Philosophy of an Old Missouri Stage Driver.

"There be some that swap gold and days and risk their bones that they may talk first hand about Niagara and the Alps and the lakes of old Ireland—God bless her memory!—but I'm here to tell you that old Missouri has a landscape that will make 'em all corner pieces in the Lord's great picture gallery of the world."

Col. Hector Evans, stage driver out of Cambria on the valley road, was delivering an oration one morning this week to some legal lights who were traveling on top with him, says the Macon (Mo.) correspondent of the Kansas City Star. As the stage coach swept along up country under the motive power of four sleek Cleverlands, the scenery spread out like the unrolling of a map.

Among the green of the lowlands thousands of dark cattle brushed the dew from the blades and sheep gambled to the music of tiny bells. Far across the plain, like a silver ribbon flashing in the sunlight, the river moved on its silent journey down the valley where it would eventually look arms with a yellow stream that roared out of the mountains of the north.

The lawyers passed the cigars around, and as Col. Evans got his a-going the big team swung around a hill and opened up another picture of surprising loveliness.

"That's land, that is," he said, waving his whip in grave illustration; "every foot of it worth \$100 an acre and more. 'Cause why? 'Cause when the Lord made man He made two kinds. Them of the flat lands and them of the hills. Them of the hills thinks out what them of the bottoms does. You can't grow a man of imagination on a plain, and you can't keep a man of the hills from running things. I don't know why it is, but it's so. Maybe it's 'cause they're nearer to Him and can hear Him whisper."

"Talk to me about the garden of the gods," said the old driver, in a tone of gentle deprecation. "What can they raise there? Nothing but rocks and wildcats and canons and digger Indians and such truck. This ain't no 'garden of the gods'—but—here he raised his hat reverently—"it's God's garden."

In his day the old driver had journeyed across two hemispheres, and judgment abided in his tents.

How She Played. "She's played bridge so much that she can go through a game with her eyes shut."

"Yes, I've been her partner when I thought she was playing that way."—Cleveland Plaindealer.

EDITORIALS Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

THE PASSING OF THE LOTTERY.

GAMBLING is a weed which will spring up overnight and flourish at the heels of the law's reaper, but that even the most deep-rooted species can be destroyed, if time and perseverance are devoted to the task, is shown by the crushing of the so-called Honduras lottery. The recent decision of the Federal court at Mobile, Ala., ends a struggle that has been waged for thirty years, and in which all the cunning and resources of unlimited wealth failed in the end to override the law.

The millions that have been filched from the pockets of the poor to add to the wealth of the lottery men are beyond computation. For years the old Louisiana company flourished on the money squandered by those who could not afford to lose—for it is always those who have no money to risk that wager it most rashly. Then came a time when the lottery became a serious menace to the country's prosperity. Everyone bought tickets, or rather fractions of tickets, and the winners were rich and famous for a day. Of the thousands who threw away their savings in the vain pursuit of the goddess of chance nothing of course was heard.

At length the government was aroused and the lottery was driven from Louisiana to find a new name and nominal home in Central America. But its harvest field remained the United States. Other laws were passed, but the lottery sharks were clever and until January of this year eluded the nets spread for them. At last, however, they have been caught, their outlaw business destroyed and a drop or two taken from the ocean of their profits.

The fines of \$284,000 imposed by the Southern court upon the wealthy and prominent men who pleaded guilty to the charge of operating the lottery are not the greater part of the punishment which should be their share. They are gamblers, and as such should be despised by their neighbors and fellow citizens.—Chicago Post.

THE DIMINISHING BIRTH RATE.

I N the United States in 1900 the proportion of children under 5 to women of child-bearing age was only three-quarters of what it was in 1860. This significant statement was made the other day by Professor Edward A. Ross of the University of Wisconsin in a paper read before the American Economic Association at Providence on "Western Civilization and the Birth Rate." When statistics are corroborated by common observation they have added force. The statistical statement quoted is corroborated by such observation. The average American of to-day is often heard to contrast the big families of his grandparents with his own family and the families of his set.

The remarkable fall which has taken place during the last half-century in the birth rate of this country has been obscured by the swelling of population through

immigration. Only recently has it attracted much attention. A somewhat similar fall, however, is also noticeable, in varying degrees, in many other lands. Even roomy Australia exhibits a like phenomenon. Germany and Russia are the chief exceptions to such a tendency among the leading countries of Europe. The main explanation, according to Professor Ross, of this "willful restriction of the size of the family" is the desire of parents to observe higher standards of life for themselves and for such children as they do have. In order to maintain these higher standards, under the pressure of modern life, the number to be provided for in the family is limited.

On the whole, Professor Ross regards this movement in the line of a diminishing birth rate as "salutary," in which respect he differs from President Roosevelt. The subject is obviously one of basic importance to our social and national future. It would be interesting to know what Professor Ross thinks of the fact that the diminution of the birth rate is most marked, not among wage earners, but among those best qualified by intelligence and surroundings to rear good children.—Chicago News.

THE TOWN BEAUTIFUL.

T HE beginning of summer is a season when the women of every village and town in the country may well organize work for the preservation and creation of beauty. Streets, commons, school yards, cemeteries, all need constant care, and in many towns there are no officials who are entrusted with this duty. In fact, the men who work on the roads too often destroy beauty when they should protect it. Enlightened park commissioners now encourage the growth of bushes and small trees beside the highway at great expense; but in the country regions these very bushes are cut away, with a misdirected zeal for making things tidy.

Ten women banded together into an association for beautifying and cleaning the town can accomplish wonders. There is a certain village where such a committee has wrought something like a miracle. They have put the sidewalks in condition by picking off the stones, cutting side drains, and keeping the turf at the edge neatly clipped. Waste barrels have been set in different parts of the village; they are emptied twice a week, and relieve the streets of the hateful, wind-blown papers. The bill board nuisance has been abated. The women have painted in a pleasant green an old covered bridge, which had been disfigured with advertisements for twenty years. They have also set up a well-drained iron watering trough, in place of an unsanitary wooden one.

Finally, each of the ten women has cultivated an attractive flower garden in front of her own house, and taken down the fence separating it from the street. Thus at one stroke they have forced the citizens to keep cows and hens off the streets, and built up a healthy emulation in lawns and gardens, until the whole village literally blossoms like the rose.—Youth's Companion.

INVENTED ARTIFICIAL PEARLS.

Silvery Luster on a Pond That Set a Beadmaker Thinking.

The string of artificial pearls was very beautiful. But for the regularity of the beads any one would have thought it a rope of real pearls worth a king's ransom, says the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"I'll tell you," said the jeweler, as he wrapped up the deceptive necklet, "how the wonderfully perfect artificial pearl came to be invented.

"A rich French beadmaker, Moise and Jaquin—be lived in the seventeenth century—found a pond in his garden covered one morning with a lovely silvery luster. Amazed, he called his gardener, who said it was nothing—some albatross had got crushed, that was all.

"Albatrosses were little silver fish—bleaks—the Leuciscus alourus. The gardener explained that if you crushed them they always gave the water a pearly sheen like that. Jaquin put on his thinking cap.

"For six years he worked with beads and bleaks, wasting millions on both. But finally he achieved success. He learned how to extract the pearly luster from the bleaks' scales and to oover a glass bead with it.

"What he did—and his method is still used—was to scrape the scales from the fish, wash and rub them and save the water. The water, decanted, gave off a lustrous fluid of the thickness of oil, a veritable pearl paint, a magic fluid that imparts a lovely pearly sheen to everything it is applied to.

"It takes 1,000 bleaks to yield an ounce of this pearl paint."

Webster's Wit.

Most men of weight dislike the frail gilt and satin chairs which accidentally fall to their lot in a crowded drawing room. They were in use in Mr. Webster's time. At an evening reception given to some western lawyers soon after the accession of President Tyler and the dissolution of President Harrison's cabinet Mr. Stanberry, late Attorney General, was accompanied by his bashful friend, Mr. Leonard, who immediately retired to a corner and selected this gilded trifle as a resting place. In order to withdraw still farther from notice he tilted the frail structure backward. Down it went, smashed into a dozen pieces, and Leonard the embarrassed was Leonard the observed of all. Mr. Webster immediately rushed to the rescue of his unfortunate guest and raised him from the floor with the reassuring remark, "Why, my dear Mr. Leonard, you should have remembered that no cabinet work would hold together here."

She Was Cautious.

"Yes, his wife refused to vote at the election and he says all the other women in the club are awfully mad." "What reason did she give?" "Said she hadn't been introduced to any of the candidates."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Conversation.

Small one—Why, sir, do they have the station so far from the campus? Large one—I suppose, my child, they thought it more handy to have it down here near the track.—Cornell Widow.



- 1495—French defeated the Italians at Fornovo.
1540—De Soto entered Alabama territory.
1630—Fifteen hundred colonists arrived at Boston Bay.
1644—Prince Rupert defeated at Marston Moor.
1645—Montrose defeated the Covenanters at Alford.
1758—Lord Howe killed in ambush near Ticonderoga... British embarked on expedition against Ticonderoga and Crown Point.
1775—Gen. Washington assumed command of the Continental army at Cambridge.
1776—Continental Congress adopted resolution of independence.
1777—Americans abandoned Fort Ticonderoga.
1779—New Haven captured by American force under Gov. Tryon of New York.
1785—Congress established the standard of the American dollar.
1812—Captain David Porter, U. S. N., sailed on an expedition against the British.
1814—British surrendered Fort Erie... Americans victorious over British at battle of Chippewa.
1830—French took possession of Algiers.
1832—United States Congress passed a bill to recharter the national bank.
1833—Reaping machines first publicly exhibited in Hamilton county, N. Y.
1837—Grand Junction railway from Liverpool to Birmingham opened.
1839—First normal school in America opened at Lexington, Mass.
1842—Attempted assassination of Queen Victoria by an insane youth named Bean.
1845—President requested to send an army for the protection of Texas.
1846—Boston and Buffalo connected by telegraph.
1856—House of Representatives voted for the admission of Kansas with a free soil constitution.
1864—Sherman's troops occupied Keweenaw mountain... Congress chartered the Northern Pacific Railway Company.
1868—Democrats nominated Horatio Seymour for President.
1881—President Garfield assassinated at Washington by Charles Guiteau.
1890—House of Representatives passed the Lodge Force bill.
1891—City Treasurer Bardsley of Philadelphia sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment... Nineteen persons killed by collision of trains at Ravenna, Ohio.
1893—Prince of Wales married to the Princess Victoria of Teck... Lieut. Peary's expedition left New York for the Arctic regions.
1897—Strike of coal miners in Ohio, Pennsylvania and West Virginia.
1898—Chicago daily newspapers suspended publication on account of stereotypes' strike... Spanish fleet destroyed off Santiago.
1900—Democratic national convention at Kansas City nominated Bryan and Stevenson.
1901—Cornell won the intercollegiate boat race at Poughkeepsie.
1903—Cuba ceded two naval stations to the United States.
1904—People's party national convention at Springfield, Ill., nominated Thomas E. Watson of Georgia for President.
1905—Elihu Root appointed Secretary of State.

Ice Trust Breaks Strike.

The striking drivers having failed to bring the American Ice Trust to the desired terms, namely, a restoration of the higher wages paid to ice wagon drivers last year, with new men rapidly taking their places, and the general public using private wagons or trucks to go after urgent supplies of ice, the striking drivers of New York City gave in and returned to work, largely because they were short of funds and could not hold out any longer. President Oler of the ice trust said the strike was brought on by the leaders of the union, and was not popular with the rank and file. One of the objects was to secure recognition of the union's agents.

Chaos in Guatemala Now.

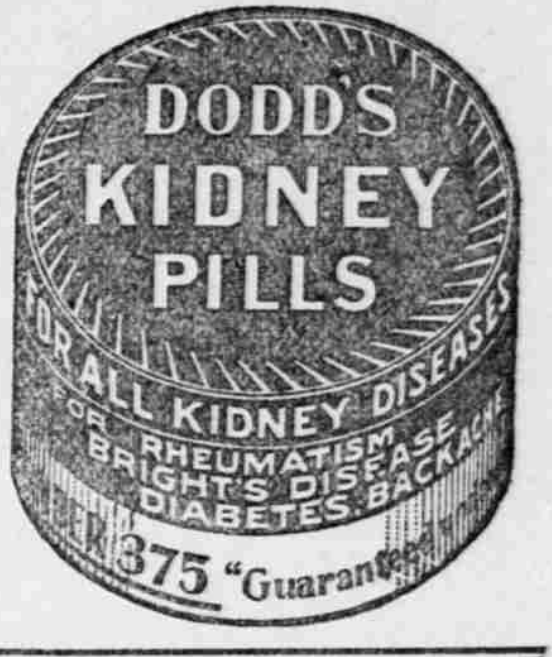
The foreign diplomats in Guatemala City, excepting the American minister, have joined in a protest against the action of President Cabrera in arresting 100 prominent citizens and trying them summarily. Preparations for war continue and a state of chaos prevails.

Regulating the Milk Trade.

The new law regulating the size of the wholesale and retail receptacles used in handling milk between producer and consumer went into effect in Pennsylvania, with drastic penalties for violations. Prior to this the Philadelphia Milk Exchange dealers had used a "40-quart can," which really held 48 1/2 quarts, in buying from the farmers, and a "quart bottle," 2 ounces short of the actual quart, in dispensing milk to the public. Glass factories and can makers have been doing a big business in stocking the dealers with the legal receptacles.

Side Lights on Mythology.

"Sister," asked Melpomene, "why art thou so gloomy?" "Because," said Calliope, who, in her capacity as the muse that presided over eloquence and epic poetry, had done a hard day's work at her desk, reading manuscripts and firing them into the waste basket. "I am oppressed by a foreboding that all my labors have gone for naught. I shall die utterly unknown and my name will perish from the earth!" Little did she think that the most diabolical and soul destroying instrument ever devised for the purpose of torturing the ears of mankind would send her name screaming and tooting down the ages!—Chicago Tribune.



How Paris Got Its Origin. The city of Paris owes its origin to the conquest of Gaul by Caesar. When this Roman general on his path of conquest came to the present site of the French capital he found a swampy island in the river Seine, which was inhabited by a Gallic tribe called Parisii, who lived in huts made of rushes. Rather than be captured by the Romans, these people burned their rude city, which they called Lutetia, or "mud town," and the great Caesar, quick to appreciate the situation, built a temple to Jupiter and a wall round the island. A town soon sprang up about the temple, and was named Parisii, after the ancient tribe. In later years this was shortened to Paris.

COULD HARDLY TOTTER ABOUT.

A Vivid Description of the Most Incurable of Diseases. Miss Emma Shirley, Killbuck, N. Y., writes: "Kidney disease mysteriously fastened itself upon me two years ago and brought awful headaches and dizzy spells. I was all unstrung, weak and nervous, could scarcely totter about. Pains in the side and back completely unnerved me. My food distressed me, I looked badly and the kidneys were noticeably deranged. I sank lower and lower until given up and at this critical time began with Doan's Kidney Pills. Details are unnecessary. Twelve boxes cured me and I weigh six pounds more than ever before. They saved my life."



Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

How It Happened.

Uncounted ages ago, while the Egyptian sphinx was young and tender, there came a season much like this one. The day being unusually warm, with a promise of warmer days to come, the sphinx changed her garments and put on lighter ones. Within a few minutes the weather became 40 degrees colder. The sphinx sneezed with great violence, and her nose drooped off. Petrified with astonishment, she remained rooted to the spot. And has remained there ever since.

SCALY ERUPTION ON BODY.

Doctors and Remedies Fruitless—Suffered Ten Years—Completely Cured by Cuticura.

"Small sores appeared on each of my lower limbs and shortly afterwards they became so sore that I could scarcely walk. The sores began to heal, but small scaly eruptions appeared. The itching was so severe that I would scratch the sores until the blood began to flow. After I suffered thus about ten years I made a renewed effort to effect a cure. The eruptions by this time had appeared on every part of my body except my face and hands. The best doctor in my native county and many remedies gave no relief. All this was fruitless. Finally my hair began to fall out and I was rapidly becoming bald. A few months after, having used almost everything else, I thought I would try Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Soap. After using three boxes I was completely cured, and my hair was restored, after fourteen years of suffering and an expenditure of at least \$50 or \$60 in vainly endeavoring to find a cure. B. Hiram Mattingly, Vermillion, S. Dak., Aug. 18, 1906."

Never Had One.

Citiman—Well, well, looking for an other cook, eh? Subbubs—Why, no, I can't say—Citiman—What? You just said you were. Subbubs—I did not. I said I was looking for a cook. The others we've had were not.—Philadelphia Press.

Naturally.

Nan—How do you like that young Mr. Fish? Fan—O, he's such a cold blooded proposition!

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought. Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Watson.