

THE CENSUS OF CANADA

ITS GROWTH IN TEN YEARS PAST.

A census of the Dominion of Canada will be made during 1911. It will show that during the past decade a remarkable development has taken place, and, when compared with the population, a greater percentage of increase in industries of all kinds than has ever been shown by any country. Commerce, mining, agriculture and railways have made a steady march onward. The population will be considerably over 8,000,000. Thousands of miles of railway lines have been constructed since the last census was taken ten years ago. This construction was made necessary by the opening up of the new agricultural districts in Western Canada, in which there have been pouring year after year an increasing number of settlers, until the present year will witness settlement of over 300,000, or a trifle less than one-third of the immigration to the United States during the same period with its 92,000,000 of population. Even with these hundreds of thousands of newcomers, the great majority of whom go upon the land, there is still available room for hundreds of thousands additional. The census figures will therefore show a great—a vast—increase in the number of farms under occupation, as well as in the output of the farms. When the figures of the splendid immigration are added to the natural increase, the total will surprise even the most optimistic. To the excellent growth that the western portion of Canada will show may largely be attributed the commercial and industrial growth of the eastern portion of Canada. All Canada is being upbuilt, and in this transformation there is taking part the people from many countries, but only from those countries that produce the strong and vigorous. As some evidence of the growth of the western portion of Canada, in agricultural industry, it is instructive to point out that over 100,000 homesteads of 160 acres each have been transferred to actual settlers in the past two years. This means 25,000 square miles of territory, and then, when is added the 40,000 160-acre pre-emption blocks, there is an additional 10,000 square miles, or a total of 35,000 square miles—a territory as large as the State of Indiana, and settled within two years. Reduced to the producing capacity imperative on the cultivation restriction of 50 acres of cultivation on each 160-acre homestead within three years, there will be within a year and a half from now upwards of 5,000,000 additional acres from this one source added to the entire producing area of the Province of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

In 1901, at the time of the last census of Canada, successful agriculture in the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta was an experiment to many. There were skeptics who could not believe that it was possible to grow thirty, forty and even fifty bushels of wheat to the acre, or that as high as one hundred and thirty bushels of oats to the acre could be grown. The evidence of the hundreds of thousands of farmers is too overwhelming. Not only have the lands of western Canada proven their worth in the matter of raising all the smaller field grains, but for mixed farming, and for cattle raising there is no better country anywhere. The climate is perfectly adapted to all these pursuits as well as admirable for health. The Dominion government literature, descriptive of the country, is what all that are interested should read. Send for a copy to the nearest Canadian government representative.

An Ace Up His Sleeve.

Munch has once more become the scene of a "painful incident" through ignorance on the part of a young man, the son of a high official, as to how to hold his cards when playing, says the Munchener Post. A game was in progress at a club when some one saw the young man draw an ace from his sleeve. When the excitement caused by the operation had somewhat subsided a prominent citizen prevented criminal proceedings by bundling the card sharp into an automobile, which took him without stop across the Bavarian frontier.

The Cat Came Home.

The story of a cat's remarkable journey comes from Wycombe Marsh, Buckinghamshire, England, which seems to indicate a marvelous sense of direction. Some few weeks ago the feline went missing. The owner surmised that the animal had been stolen or had strayed away, but the other day communication was received from some friends to the effect that the cat had returned to its old home at St. Neotus, Huntingdonshire, a distance of about 90 miles.

Cure for Scratches.

Scratches are caused by exposure to cold and wet, local irritation or low condition, all of which should be avoided if possible. In simple cases apply cloths wet with a weak solution of sugar of lead and in winter cover to keep out cold. When cracks have appeared, apply a similar lotion with the addition of a few drops of carbolic acid. In case of discharge or pustules, make a lotion of chloride of zinc instead of the lead; finely powdered charcoal may be sprinkled over the cloths.

SERIAL STORY

THE LITTLE BROWN JUG AT KILDARE

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON
Illustrations by RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS.

Thomas Ardmore, a bored millionaire, and Henry Maine Griswold, professor in the University of Virginia, take trains out of Atlanta. Griswold to his college, Ardmore in pursuit of a girl who had winked at him. Mistaken for Gov. Osborne of South Carolina, Griswold's life is threatened. He goes to Columbia to warn the governor and meets Barbara Osborne. Ardmore learns that his winking lady is the daughter of Gov. Dangerfield of North Carolina. He follows her to Raleigh, and on the way is given a brown jug at Kildare. In Raleigh he discovers that the jug bears a message threatening Dangerfield unless Appleweight, a criminal, is allowed to go free. Ardmore becomes allied with Jerry Dangerfield in running the affairs of the state in the absence of the governor. A scathing telegram is sent to Gov. Osborne.

CHAPTER VI.

Mr. Griswold Forsakes the Academic Life.

Miss Osborne had asked Griswold to await the outcome of the day, and, finding himself thus possessed of a vacation, he indulged his antiquarian instincts by exploring Columbia. The late afternoon found him in the lovely cathedral churchyard, where an aged negro, tending the graves of an illustrious family, leaned upon his spade and recited the achievements and virtues of the dead.

As the shadows lengthened, Griswold walked back to the hotel, where he ate supper, then, calling for a horse, he rode through the streets in a mood of more complete alienation than he had ever experienced in a foreign country; yet the very accents of the summer night, stealing out from old gardens, the voices that reached him from open doorways, spoke of home.

As he reached the outskirts of town and rode on toward the governor's mansion, his mood changed, and he laughed softly, for he remembered Ardmore, and Ardmore was beyond question the most amusing person he knew. It was unfortunate, he generously reflected, that Ardmore, rather than himself, had not been plunged into this present undertaking, which was much more in Ardmore's line than his own. There would, however, be a great satisfaction in telling Ardmore of his unexpected visit to Columbia, in exchange for his friend's report of his pursuit of the winking eye. He only regretted that in the nature of things Columbia is a modern city, a seat of commerce as well as of government, a place where bank clearings are seriously computed, and where the jaunty adventurer with sword and ruffles is quite likely to run afoul of the police. Yet his own imagination was far more fertile than Ardmore's, and he would have hailed a troop of mail-clad men as joyfully as his friend had met them clanking in the highway. Thus, modern as we think ourselves, the least venturesome among us dreams that some day some turn of a street corner will bring him face to face with what we please to call our fate; and this is the manifestation of our last drop of medieval blood. The grimmest seeker after reality looks out of the corner of his eye for the flutter of a white handkerchief from the ivied tower he affects to ignore; and, in spite of himself, he is buoyed by the hope that some day a horn will sound for him over the nearest hill.

Miss Osborne met him at the veranda steps. Indoors a mandolin and piano struck up the merry chords of "The Eutaw Girl."

"My young sisters have company. We'll sit here, if you don't mind." She led the way to a quiet corner, and after they were seated she was silent a moment, while the light from the windows showed clearly that her perplexity of the morning was not yet at an end. He felt that she was seriously anxious and troubled, and he wished to hearten her if he could. The soft dusk of the faintly lighted corner folded her in. He heard whispered in his heart a man's first word of the woman he is destined to love, in which he sets her apart; above and beyond all other womenkind—she is different; she is not like other women!

"It is nearly nine," she said, her voice thrilling through him. "My father should have been here an hour ago. We have heard nothing from him. The newspapers have telephoned repeatedly to know his whereabouts. I have put them off by intimating that he is away on important public business, and that his purpose might be defeated if his exact whereabouts were known."

"I have no doubt in the world that the explanation you gave the newspapers is the truth of the matter. Your father must be absent a great deal—it is part of a governor's business to keep in motion. But we may as well

face the fact that his absence just now is most embarrassing. This Appleweight matter has reached a crisis, and a failure to handle it properly may injure your father's future as a public man. If you will pardon me, I would suggest that there must be some one whom you can take into your confidence—some friend, some one in your father's administration that you can rely on?"

"Yes; father has many friends; but I cannot consider acknowledging to any one that father has disappeared when such a matter as this Appleweight case is an issue through the state. No; I have thought of every one this afternoon. It would be a painful thing for his best friends to know what is—what seems to be the truth." Her voice wavered a little, but she was brave, and he was aware that she straightened herself in her chair, and, when forward gleams of light fell upon her face, that her lips were set resolutely.

"You saw the attorney general this morning," she went on. "As you suggested, he would naturally be the one to whom I should turn, but I cannot do it. I—there is a reason—and she faltered a moment—"there are seasons why I cannot appeal to Mr. Bosworth at this time."

She shrugged her shoulders as though throwing off a disagreeable topic, and he saw that there was nothing more to be said on this point. His heart-beats quickened as he realized that she was appealing to him; that, though he was only the most casual acquaintance, she trusted him.

As he pondered for a moment, a messenger rode into the grounds, and Miss Osborne slipped away and met the boy at the steps. She came back and opened a telegram, reading the message at one of the windows. An indignant exclamation escaped her, and she crumpled the paper in her hand.

"The impudence of it!" she exclaimed. He had risen, and she now turned to him with anger and scorn deepening her beautiful color. Her breath came quickly; her head was lifted imperiously; her lips quivered slightly as she spoke.

"This is from Gov. Dangerfield. Can you imagine a man of any character or decency sending such a message to the governor of another state?"

She watched him as he read:
The Honorable Charles Osborne,
Governor of South Carolina,
Columbia, S. C.:

Have written to to-night's mail in Appleweight matter. Your vacillating course not understood.

WILLIAM DANGERFIELD,
Governor of North Carolina.

"What do you think of that?" she demanded.

"I think it's impertinent, to say the least," he replied guardedly.

"Impertinent? It's the most contemptible, outrageous thing I ever heard of in my life! Gov. Dangerfield has dilly-dallied with that case for two years. His administration has been marked from the beginning by the worst kind of incompetence. Why, this man Appleweight and his gang of outlaws only come into South Carolina now and then to hide and steal,



"What Are Our Intentions?"

but they commit most of their crimes in North Carolina, and they always have. Talk about a vacillating course! Father has never taken steps to arrest those men out of sheer regard for Gov. Dangerfield; he thought North Carolina had some pride, and that her governor would prefer to take care of his own criminals. What do you suppose Appleweight is indicted for in this state? For stealing one ham—no single ham from a farmer in Mingo county, and he's killed half a dozen men in North Carolina."

She paced the corner of the veranda angrily, while Griswold groped for a solution of the problem. The telegram from Raleigh was certainly lacking in diplomatic suavity. It was patent that if the governor of North Carolina was not tremendously aroused, he was playing a great game of bluff; and on either hypothesis a prompt response must be made to his telegram.

"I must answer this at once. He must not think we are so stupid in Columbia that we don't know when we're insulted. We can go through the side door to father's study and write the message there," and she led the way.

She found a blank and wrote rapidly, without asking suggestions, with this result:
The Honorable William Dangerfield,
Raleigh, N. C.:

Your extremely diverting telegram in Appleweight case received and filed.

CHARLES OSBORNE,
Governor of South Carolina.

shoestring necktie, who boasts of belonging to the common 'peo-pull.' He doesn't have to tell anybody that, when it's plain as daylight. The way to answer him is not to answer at all."

"Excellent. It's bound to irritate, and it leaves him in the dark as to our—I mean Gov. Osborne's—intentions. And those intentions—" During this by-play he had reached a decision as to what should be done, and he was prepared to answer when she asked, with an employment of the pronoun that pleasantly emphasized their relationship:

"What are our intentions?" "We are going to catch Appleweight, that's the first thing—and until we get him we're going to keep our own counsel. Let me have a telegraph blank and I will try my hand at being governor." He sat down in the governor's chair, asked the name of the county seat of Mingo and wrote without erasure or hesitation this message:
To the Sheriff of Mingo County,
Turner Court House, S. C.:

Make every possible effort to capture Appleweight and any of his gang who are abroad in your county. Swear in all the deputies you need, and if friendliness of citizens to outlaws makes this impossible wire me immediately, and I will send militia. Any delay on your part will be visited with severest penalties. Answer immediately by telegraph.

CHARLES OSBORNE,
Governor of South Carolina.

"That's quite within the law," said Griswold, handing Barbara the message; "and we might as well put the thing through at a gallop. I'll get the telegraph company to hold open the line to Turner Court House until the sheriff answers."

As Barbara read the message he saw her pleasure in the quick compression of her lips, the glow in her cheeks, and then the bright glint of her bronze-brown eyes as she finished.

"There must be no mistake, no failure," she said quietly.

"We are not going to fail; we are going to carry this through! Within three days we'll have Appleweight in a North Carolina jail or a flying fugitive in Gov. Dangerfield's territory. And now these telegrams must be sent. It might be better for you to go to the telegraph office with me. You must remember that I am a pilgrim and a stranger and they might question my filing official messages."

"That is perfectly true. I will go into town with you."

"And if there's an official coach that everybody knows as yours, it would allay suspicions to have it," and while he was still speaking she vanished to order the carriage.

In five minutes it was at the side door, and Griswold and Barbara, fortified by the presence of Phoebe, left the governor's study.

"If they don't know me, everybody in South Carolina knows Phoebe," said Barbara.

"A capital idea. I can see by her eye that she's built for conspiracy."

Griswold's horse was to be returned to town by a boy; and when this had been arranged the three entered the carriage.

"The telegraph office, Tom; and hurry."

CHAPTER VII.

An Affair at the Statehouse.

Barbara filed the messages herself with the manager of the telegraph company, who lifted the green shade from his eyes and smiled upon her.

"We'll rush them, Miss Osborne. Shall I telephone the answers if they come to-night? No; your father likes his telegrams delivered, I remember."

"I will call for them," said Griswold. "Gov. Osborne was only at home a few hours this evening and he left me in charge of these matters."

The manager's face expressed surprise.

"Oh! I didn't know the governor was at home," he remarked, as he finished counting the words and charging them against the state's account. "I will send them myself, and ask the operators at the other end to look lively about the answers. You are Mr.—"

"This is Maj. Griswold," said Barbara, conferring the title with a vague feeling that it strengthened her cause.

"Major," repeated the manager, and he nodded to Griswold with an air that implied his familiarity with official secrets. "You will call? In a couple of hours, major."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NOTABLE CEREMONY IN SIAM

Presentation by the King of Yellow Robes to Priests of Buddhist Temples.

Once a year, says a writer in the Wide World Magazine, all the Buddhist temples in Siam are visited by the king, or his deputies, bearing the Phra Kathin (yellow robes), in conformity with an ancient custom by which the priests were made to seek their apparel for the ensuing year. During the lifetime of Buddha, monks and priests were sent out to beg for old, cast-off garments, which were afterward dyed yellow and patched together to form the required robes. This ancient mendicant custom gradually gave place to the present one of making the garments from new cloth of a bright canary yellow, provided by joint contributions of king, princes, nobles and commoners. When the king goes in the royal throne barge to present the robes in person he does so with great pomp and ceremony. The priestly garments, folded in bundles, are carried to the door of the temple to await the appearance of his majesty and his suite. The king, on arriving, takes a priestly robe and places it on a decorated altar. The chief priest then lays his hands on the garment and chants an acknowledgment.

SAVED FROM DEATH AT SEA

PASSENGERS AND CREW OF WRECKED STEAMER SAFE.

One Hundred and Six Persons Are Taken from Olympia in Safety by Relief Boats.

Valdez, Alaska. — All the 109 persons on the Alaska Steamship company's steamship Olympic, which went on the rocks at Blight Island, Prince William sound, Saturday night, were taken off the ship, together with the mails and baggage, and were conveyed to Valdez and Ellemar.

The Olympic left Cordova after unloading a large quantity of coal in her afterhold and soon ran into a fierce gale. The empty stern stood too high out of the water, and in the tempest the ship became unmanageable and was spun about by the wind. About midnight she went hard and fast on the Blight Island reef.

Wireless Operator Hayes sent out the distress call, which was picked up at Cordova and Valdez, and also gave as much information of the wreck as he could, for the water soon put out the fires and made the wireless unworkable. The government launch Donaldson from Fort Lisicum and the steamship Juno left at once for Blight Island and took off the passengers without mishap to any of them. The crew also was saved.

It is hoped to save the freight on the Olympic, but it is feared the vessel will be a total loss. A rock pierced the ship's hold. The vessel was valued at \$250,000 the cargo at \$50,000.

TAKES UP GREAT PROBLEMS

National Civic Federation Meets to Discuss Trusts, Railroads and Other Matters.

New York. — President Seth Low called to order the eleventh annual meeting of the National Civic Federation and made a brief opening address in which he outlined the matters that would engage the attention of the body during the three days it will be in session.

The most important of the topics that will be considered are: Regulation of corporations and combinations, regulation of railroads and municipal utilities, compensation for industrial accidents, and arbitration and conciliation.

The federation has been organizing councils in every state in the Union, composed of representative business and professional men, and delegates from these councils are attending the meeting. There will be also special meetings of the various departments of the federation.

CONVICT EX-U. S. TREASURER

James N. Huston and Two Others Found Guilty of Using Mails to Defraud.

Washington, D. C.—James N. Huston, treasurer of the United States from 1889 to 1891, was convicted, together with Harvey M. Lewis of Cincinnati, and Everett Dufour of this city, by a jury in the criminal court on indictments charging the use of the mails to defraud in connection with the operation of the National Trust company and other concerns.

The maximum penalty for the offense is two years' imprisonment and a fine of \$1,000. The three men indicted, however, were allowed to remain at liberty on bonds, pending the hearing of a motion for a new trial.

MRS. EDDY'S WILL IS FILED

Bulk of Estate Goes to the Church—Three Relatives Are Given \$10,000 Each.

Concord, N. H.—The will of Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy, founder and head of the Christian Science church, was filed for probate in this city Wednesday.

One of the bequests made in the will is a diamond cross to Mrs. Augusta Stetson, the excommunicated leader of the denomination in New York city. Mrs. Eddy's son and each of his children is willed \$10,000, and a number of friends and members of Mrs. Eddy's household are beneficiaries. The residue of the estate is left to the mother church.

PEABODY CLEARED OF BLAME

Yale Student Is Exonerated by Coroner for Death of Mrs. Jessica Saunders.

Bridgeport, Conn.—By the findings of Coroner Wilson, Stuyvesant Peabody of Chicago, an academic senior at Yale, is exonerated and Louis Peterson, a motorman, is held criminally responsible for the death of Mrs. Jessica Saunders of Mystic, Conn. Mrs. Saunders was killed in a collision between an automobile owned and driven by Peabody and in which she was a passenger and a trolley car operated by Peterson in Stratford last Thursday.

Dr. G. E. Vincent Is Honored. Minneapolis, Minn.—Dr. George Edgar Vincent, dean of the faculty of arts, literature and science in the University of Chicago, was Tuesday chosen by the regents to succeed Dr. Cyrus Northrup as president of the University of Minnesota and has accepted the office.

Two Killed in Explosion. Charleroi, Pa.—Two men were instantly killed Tuesday by a premature explosion of dynamite at the Charleroi Commercial Works.

Sioux City Directory

RUBBER STAMPS

Keats, Stencil, Metal Trade and Blot Checks, Rubber Type, etc.
F. P. HOLLAR & SON
Sioux City, Iowa

SPORTING GOODS

Motor Cycles and Bicycles, Gun Repairing.
W. H. KNIGHT
219 Fourth Street, Sioux City, Iowa

CLAIMS TO BE SQUARE MAN

Big Man With Good-Natured Face Submits Reasons Why—BUILT THAT WAY.

"I don't want to blow my own horn," said the big man with the good-natured face, "but I think I come under the head of square men."

"Did you find a lost purse and restore it to some millionaire?" was asked.

"A little better than that, I think. Ten days before the state election a man came to me and asked: 'John, how do you think things are going to go?'"

"All my way," I replied. "Will it be a landslide?"

"Sure." "But I'm told that it will go the other way."

"Don't you believe it. I'm seeing the signs in the sky. Bet my way. But even up. But all you've got. You'll be a sure winner."

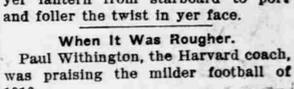
"And he took your advice, did he?" "He did. Went right off and made a bet within an hour."

"And about the landslide?" "It landed the other way. Yes, my party got buried ten feet deep."

"But where did the square deal come in?" "Oh, I saw him afar off on the street next day and ran to him and handed him 50 cents."

"But—but—" "He'd bet that and lost. It was his all. I restored it to him. Square deal, and he is a happy man. No complaints, gentlemen. I am built that way!"

MONOCLE



Cholly Glim—Beg pardon, my good man, but how can I find the customs office?

Jack Tar—I'll tell ye, mate; shift yer lantern from starboard to port and foller the twist in yer face.

When It Was Rougher. Paul Withington, the Harvard coach, was praising the milder football of 1910.

"Football in the '90s was a terrible game," said Mr. Withington. "Bourget, you know, devoted a whole chapter of 'Outre Mer' to its horrors. Some of the stories of the football of '90 or '91 are, in fact, almost incredible."

"A Philadelphia sporting editor returned one November Saturday from West Philadelphia with a pale, frightened face.

"Many accidents at the game?" a police reporter asked him.

"One frightful accident," replied the sporting editor. "A powerful mule from a neighboring coal dealer's entered the field, blundered into one of the hottest scrimmages and got killed."

Its Office. "This cork is very tight in your brandy bottle. I can't budge it."

"Yes, that's the nature of cork. It was put there to keep the bottle's spirits from going down."

Cause and Effect. "He's a poet of passion, isn't he?" "Yes; I've seen him fly into one when his verses were returned."

Unfortunately, the people who garry in haste are not the only ones who repent at leisure.

WONDERED WHY. Found the Answer Was "Coffee."

Many pale, sickly persons wonder for years why they have to suffer so, and eventually discover that the drug—caffeine—in coffee is the main cause of the trouble.

"I was always very fond of coffee and drank it every day. I never had much flesh and often wondered why I was always so pale, thin and weak."

"About five years ago my health completely broke down and I was confined to my bed. My stomach was in such condition that I could hardly take sufficient nourishment to sustain life."

"During this time I was drinking coffee, didn't think I could do without it. After awhile I came to the conclusion that coffee was hurting me, and decided to give it up and try Postum. I didn't like the taste of it at first, but when it was made right—boiled until dark and rich—I soon became fond of it."

"In one week I began to feel better. I could eat more and sleep better. My sick headaches were less frequent, and within five months I looked and felt like a new being, headache spells entirely gone."

"My health continued to improve and today I am well and strong, weigh 148 pounds. I attribute my present health to the life-giving qualities of Postum."

Read "The Road to Wellville" in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new cure appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.