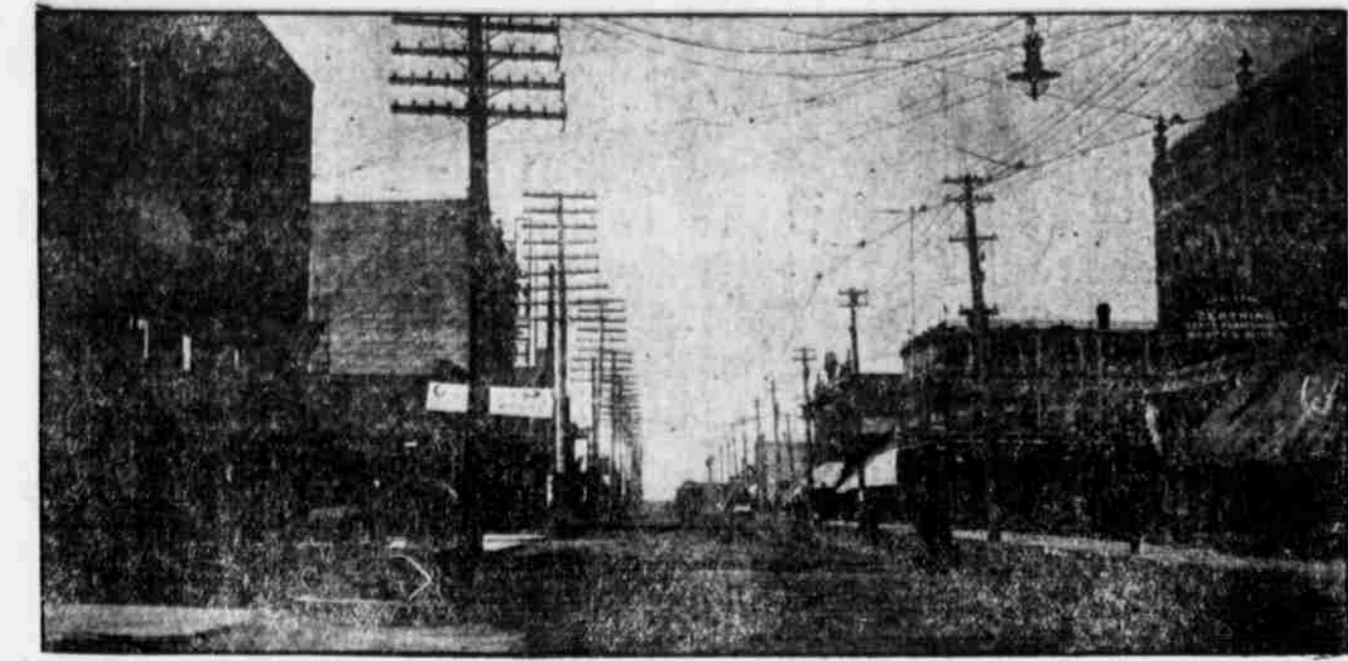


# Canada's Grain Cities the Wheat Hopper of the Great Northwest



VICTORIA AVENUE, PORT WILLIAM.

(Copyright, 1905, by Frank G. Carpenter.)

**P**ORT ARTHUR, Ontario, Dec. 28.—(Special Correspondence of The Bee.)—I am at the nozzle of the great grain funnel at the end of the hopper down which Canada's wheat is pouring into the boats of Lake Superior. The crop amounted to more than 100,000,000 bushels, and during the season a steady stream of golden grain has rolled into Port Arthur. Here and at the sister city of Port William, four miles away, are some of the mightiest elevators of the world. These are now packed almost to bursting, and are closed up for the winter to await the opening of navigation in April or May.

Port Arthur and Port William are the Duluth and Superior City of the Canadian northwest. They promise to have an equal business with those American grain ports, and at the same time to take the place of St. Paul and Minneapolis in the east region now opening up above the international boundary. Both have excellent harbors. Port Arthur is situated right on Thunder bay, and Port William is four miles away, a little back from the bay, at the mouth of the Kaministiquia river.

The cities are the north side of Lake Superior, two or three hundred miles from Duluth, and within about 40 miles of Winnipeg, the Chicago of Western Canada. At both towns there is plenty of water for the biggest of lake steamers, and a great caravan of boats is moving back and forth between them and the east during eight months of the year. The ports already have connection with the west by the Canadian Pacific railroad and the new Canadian Northern, and the Grand Trunk Pacific is now building a branch which will connect with its main line and thus bring another river of wheat to this point. By these roads Port Arthur and Port William have access to every part of the wheat belt, and the traffic which will grow up in consequence, will make this one of the commercial centers of the Canada of the future.

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"The city here has put the horse power in the river and falls nearby. At the Kakabeka falls, which we are now developing, the water drops 180 feet, and it will produce, it is said, 10,000-horse power. A plant is now being put in which will develop 30,000, and 10,000 of this will be ready for delivery next June. Some of your big steeling machine concerns have already bought land and will build factories here. Well known pulp people of Moline have recently been looking over the ground, and we expect in time to make here the agricultural machinery and farming tools of the great west. We recently had a representative of the United States Steel trust investigating our possibilities. It seems a plant in Canada, where it can manufacture and save the high duties entailed by our protective tariff."

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The elevator altogether will hold 7,000,000 bushels of wheat, which is enough to supply a city of 1,500,000—Philadelphia, for instance—with flour the year round. It cost \$1,500,000 to build, and it can, I am told, handle wheat as rapidly as any elevator on the great lakes.

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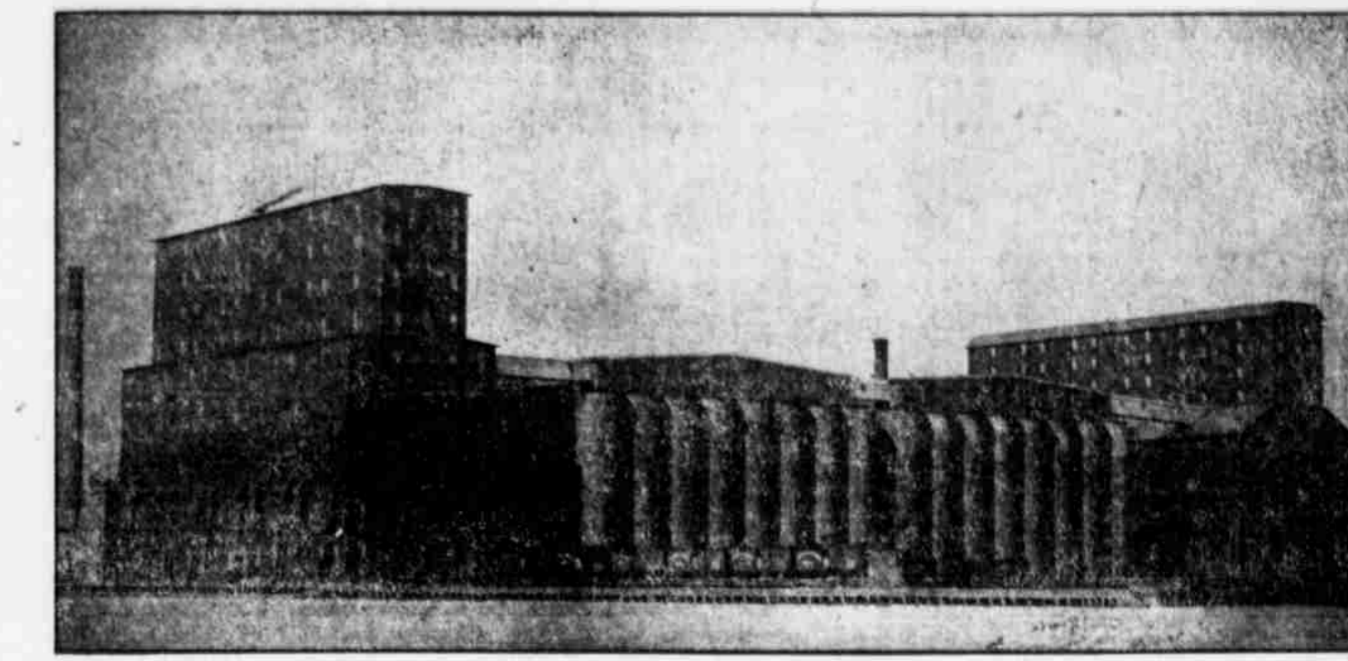
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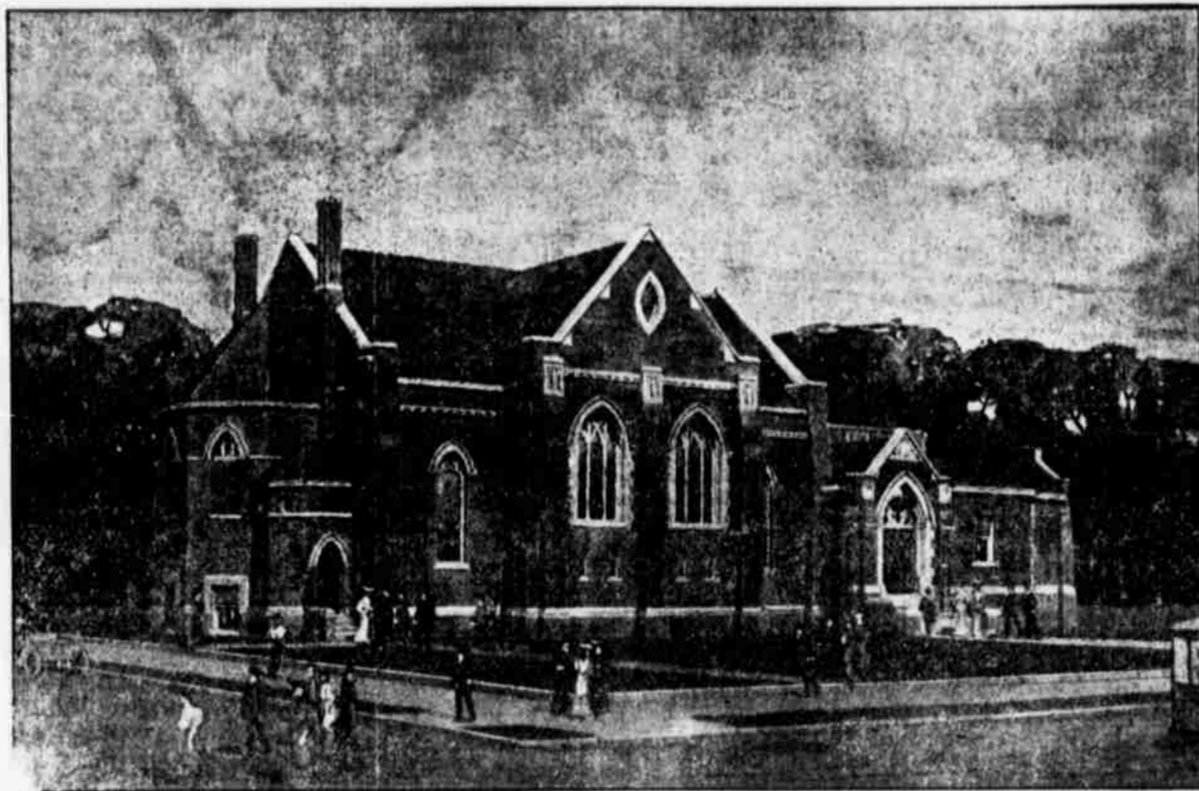
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## New Lowe Avenue Presbyterian Church

**T**HE cut represents the new Lowe Avenue Presbyterian church to be erected on the southeast corner of Fortieth and Nicholas streets. The site of the present house of worship. It will occupy a ground space of 12x100 feet, and cost, including furnishing, \$20,000. The building will face on Fortieth street. The main auditorium will have a capacity of 250 persons and the Sunday school apartment, which will be divided into separate rooms, a new departure, will accommodate 300. These two apartments will be so arranged as to be made into one when desired. The plan is to begin construction in April and finish it in the fall, as early as possible. Money for the building is being raised by subscription, something like \$12,000 now being in hand and an active campaign to raise the rest is in progress.

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CHURCH WHICH THE LOWE AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CONGREGATION IS PREPARING TO ERECT.

# Some Interesting Timely and Tersely Told Tales Both Grim and Gay

**Gentle Touch of Charity.**  
1885 Mary Richmond of the Philadelphia Society for Organizing Charity abominates professional beggars, and has innumerable stories in proof of the worthlessness of these men.

Many of Miss Richmond's stories have a humorous turn. Thus, recently, she said: "As an English gentleman was walking down a quiet street he heard a raucous voice say:

"'Charity! For the love of heaven, charity!'"

"The gentleman, a true philanthropist, turned and saw a thin and ragged figure at whose breast hung a card saying: 'I am blind.' The gentleman took a coin from his pocket and dropped it into the blind beggar's cup.

"But the coin was dropped from too great a height and it bounced out again. It fell and rolled along the pavement, the beggar in pursuit. Finally it lodged in the gutter, whence the blind man fished it out.

"The gentleman said in a stern voice: "'Confound you, you are no more blind than I am.'"

"The beggar at these words looked at the placard on his breast and gave a start of surprise.

"'Right you are, boss,' he said. 'Blamed if they haven't put the wrong card on me. I'm deaf and dumb.'—New York Tribune.

**Two Far from Market.**  
Soon after the civil war General Rufus Ingalls, U. S. A., visited a friend in the south. Taking a walk one morning he met a boy coming up from the river with a fine string of fish.

"What will you take for your fish?" asked the general.

"Thirty cents," was the reply.

"Thirty cents?" replied the general in astonishment. "Why, if you were in New York you could get \$3 for them."

The boy looked critically at the officer for a moment and then said, scornfully: "Yes, sah; in I reckon if I had a bucket of water in hell I could get a million for it."—Saturday Evening Post.

**A Drummer Among Legislators.**  
A drummer by the name of John Dutton, who was stopping at a hotel in Montpelier, Vt., when the legislature was in session, found his hotel, the Pavilion, was the headquarters of most of the representatives.

When supper was announced the legislators rushed in and took their places and began to call upon each other to pass the food, saying: "Will the man from Bradford please pass the rolls?" or "Will the gentleman from Essex pass the pie?" or "Would the man from Portland please pass the butter?"

This did not suit the drummer, who had been unable to get anything, and during

**Advantages of Affidavits.**  
The suggestion of an English barrister that a certain matter was a proper subject for oral examination, not for affidavit, agreed with the emphatic opinion of an English justice, recently retired. He was once trying a case at the Manchester assizes, in which a man had been cross-examined upon an affidavit. Summing up the evidence to the jury, the judge said: "Gentlemen, of all the weapons in the whole armory of iniquity there is nothing so equal an affidavit for concealing the truth."

**Patience and gentleness are necessary qualities in every girl's life. Patience aids in extinguishing envy, overcoming anger, and crushing pride. How much good may be done and joy brought by a gentle word or look. Truly, 'a soft answer turneth away wrath.' Girls are not called upon to do great things, except in rare instances; but the everyday trials of life in the ordinary and appointed exercises of Christian graces afford ample scope for practicing that virtue of mankind which has become proverbial. The best exercises of patience and self-denial, and the latter because not chosen by ourselves, are those in which we have to bear with the failings of those about us to endure neglect when we expected thanks—to bear with disappointment in our expectations, with intrusion or disturbance; in short, with whatever opposes our will or contradicts our humor.**

**Man and Wife.**  
The snow was falling. The day was still and gray and cold. Dr. Parkhurst, shaking the white flakes from his shoulders, said: "I have just witnessed an instructive happening—a happening that might teach us why some marriages do not succeed."

"A man and his wife were walking down a back street. The man had his hands in his pockets. The woman carried a basket filled with cabbage and beets.

"A group of boys danced like imps on a corner. They had snowballs in their hands. As soon as the married couple had passed they they let drive.

"But only the woman was struck. She got the heavy blows about the head and face. Every snowball, somehow, missed the man.

"He looked at his wife as she brushed the snow out of her ears and hair, and then he shook his fist at the boys and shouted: "'It's a good thing for you, you young rascals, that you didn't hit me.'—Chicago Inter Ocean.

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**Some Epitaphs.**  
The following inscriptions are said to have been seen on a double headstone in a New England graveyard:

Rebecca Robinson. Died March 1, 1827. "I await my husband."

Thomas Robinson. Died August 5, 1860. "I have come."

Under these lines some was had scratched on the stone:

Late, as usual.

Hezekiah Ransay. Died June 28, 1850. On his 21st birthday. "Lord, I expected this, but not so soon."

**Origin of "Grand Old Man."**  
Rev. Edward Lloyd Jones of Manchester, England, is credited with having originated the phrase "the grand old man