MY DUTY

Statement to 'Fruit-a-Tives'"

icke, Miramichi, N. B., Jan. 17th, 1910.
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"I saw the strong testimonial in favor of 'Fruit-a-tives' by New Brunswick's 'Grand Old Man,' the Hon. John Costigan, and I knew that anything he stated was honest and true and given only to help his fellow-men. I tried 'Fruit-a-tives' and the effects were most marvellous, and now I am entirely well from all my Chronic Constipation that I suffered from for so many years. My general health is once more excellent and I cannot say too much to express my thanks for the great benefits derived from taking 'Fruit-a-tives.'"

A. G. WILLISTON.

"Fruit-a-tives" is not gotten up by druggists or expert chemists — who know nothing about disease and the needs of the human body—but is the scientific discovery of a edicine in the world made of fruit juices. 5c. At all dealers, or sent, postpaid, on Ottawa.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"LET THE PEOPLE PRAISE THEE, O GOD."

To the Editor of The Telegraph:

Sir,—As a visitor to, and probable future resident of, this God-gifted country, I have been puzzled at the vast indifference to worship shown by Canadians; a land bursting with good things, superb landscape, vitalizing atmosphere, optimism materialized, is treated entirely as a matter of course; noticeably in Montreal, more marked still in St. John, in churches.

I attended the Presbyterian church in the morning, Episcopal in the evening; in the first case the service was almost entirely in the hands of the choir and minister; an intellectual treat as regards the sermon; an esthetic one as regards the musical part, enhanced by most artistic singing by a lady in my pew; but one entirely lacking or almost entirely, in any healthy, hearty expression of worship and thanks from the congregation.

In the evening "performance," if without irreverence it might be so termed, the beautiful but theatrical "processional" and "recessional," the masterful "collaring" of the rest of the hymns, and the entire monopolizing of the Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis, left me prepared for the announcement that "the words of the anthem are taken" (and taken they certainly were) the congregation only rising to the collection. Now, Sir, why do we so hypocritically express surprise at the fact that congregations are so thin? As a spectacle for femininity the "service" is no doubt attractive, but unless congregations are allowed and encouraged to express their worship and thanks, it is vanity; it does not appeal to virile men, Canadian or English; it is putting religion on the same decadent plane as the "watched" football, base ball, or boxing match; looking on, instead of participating, is bad for physical and moral "livers."

Let us have ritual, decent and beautiful, by all means; but let us share it, not witness silently; teach us.

Unless religion is shorn of its present day accompaniments of mawkish, sickly, sentimental fripperies, and the honest, cheerful, manly gospel of Christ allowed to go round, and even "pushed," men will only use the names of God and Christ in profane, not devout language. Let us pray, not watch.

Yours sincerely,
JOHN EDSFORTH.

Y. M. C. A., St. John, Aug. 7.

WAS WARRANTED.

As a Presbyterian elder was shaving just before going to church he made a slight cut with the razor on the tip of his nose. Calling his wife he asked her if she had any court-plaster. "You will find some in my sewing-basket," she said. The elder soon had the cut covered. At church, in assisting with the collection, he noticed that every one smiled as he passed the plate. Very much annoyed he asked one of his assistants if there was anything wrong with his appearance. "I should say there was," answered the assistant. "What is that upon your nose" "Court-plaster." "No," said his friend; "it is the label from a reel of cotton. It says, 'Warranted 200 yards'!"

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RAPID STRIDES OF SASKATOON

Has a Population of 14,000 and It is Increasing Fast

The Telegraph Man on Laurier's Tour Tells How Rev. George E. Lloyd Came to the Rescue of the Swindled Barr Colonists—University of Saskatchewan Has 260 Acres Site, and Plans to Have 5,000 Students—Grand Work of President Murray.

(From Telegraph Man on Tour.)

Saskatoon, July 31—Wheat we have seen and hustlers galore in the west; but we have been obliged to accept the statement which the Saskatoonites are not backward about making: that for wheat, hustle and everything else, Saskatoon beats them all. My stay here was made particularly pleasant by the fact that Dr. Walter C. Murray, formerly of Dalhousie, and now head of the University of Saskatchewan, was here and had not forgotten his old love, Halifax, in taking on his new. Dr. Murray is the same as he has always been—quiet, smiling and thoroughly efficient, with a genialty which not even the struggle with the planning of what is to be in many respects the greatest university in Canada, can ruffle. He has a heavy task on his hands here, but goes about it in the same quiet way which Haligonians learned to know and admire, and which even the more noisy westerner admits is getting results; but more about him and his work hereafter.

Statistics about any western town are hardly worth giving; they are constantly changing and only the broad aspects of western development are of general interest. Saskatoon is of mushroom growth, but that is a statement which applies to nine out of ten places in the west. In 1903 there were 113 people in the place; then the Barr colonists, of undying memory, came along and the town arose. The population is now about 14,000 and growing with every train.

When Barr arrived here with his big detachment of English colonists which he had recruited in the old country, they were about ready to give up and die, but with a decided inclination before doing so, to kill Barr. As a Moses he was one of the most colossal failures the west has ever seen. He was not a colonizer, so much as a Cook tourist impresario. His main idea was to make money out of his band of unfortunate charges, and it was here at Saskatoon that he began to put the screws on hardest. He used to buy provisions from the few local dealers and retail them to the helpless people under his care at a profit which would have made a Jew money-lender blush with shame. The colonists supposed it was "the custom of the bally country, don't you know," and kept on being bled until the practice grew so unblushing that even they began to take notice. Then they turned upon Barr to rend him, but he pocketed his gains and fled, disappearing from the ken of the world for ever.

In the meantime, here they were helpless. Some of the prosperous Saskatoonites of the present day are said to have owned their start to selling bread and other necessities of life to the stranded immigrants at extortionate prices, but they are now pillars in the community, so far be it from us to examine too closely into their foundation.

Before the colonists were driven to desperation another clergyman of a different stamp, Rev. George Lloyd, stepped in and came to their aid. They must have been inclined to look askance at clergymen of all sorts by that time, but they were willing to turn to almost any quarter for help, and Lloyd did not fail them. He took them under his wing and they trekked out 125 miles on to the prairie to their present location, which in honor of him they called Lloydminster. Mr. Lloyd is now head of the Emmanuel college at Saskatoon which will be one of those to be affiliated with the university. He is a man of great force and activity.

Funny Stories About Newcomers

They tell many funny stories about the colonists in Saskatoon, most of which are vouched for. One man drove in and purchased a ton of bran which he proposed to sow as his principal crop. Another was seen cutting wood, with his feet protected from any chance blows of the axe by standing in a washtub. One whose horse was equipped with a checkrain was seen trying to lift up his waggon from the rear in the hope that this would enable the animal to drink. The most of them had so many misfortunes of their own that they could not spare the time to help a neighbor. One drove along and came upon a fellow-trekker hopelessly mired, team and all. "Sorry, old man," he said, kindly, and drove on.

This is all over, however, and the Barr colonists are now among the most prosperous people in the country, without any of the humility which distinguished them for some time after their advent to Canada. They walk up to the premier and make requests for tariff concessions and railroads as freely as any farmer in this land; and some of that class are free enough in this respect for anything.

Saskatoon voted $5,000 for this reception to the premier, and they put it to good purpose. Handsome, solid arches, (designed by a Nova Scotian engineer, Mr. McKenzie, of McKenzie & Cahan), covered with wheat and outlined with electric lights, spanned the streets, and electric lights were strung about in all directions. The stores and houses were gay with bunting and the shops and houses handsomely decorated, prizes being offered to promote competition. The whole town made holiday. They were pleased and proud of the chance to show Sir Wilfrid Laurier what they thought of the opportunity for a good start which his policy had been the means of presenting to them, and whenever he appeared he was followed by cheering throngs. For two days Saskatoon let itself loose, and the crowds on its broad, beautiful streets made it look like a much larger city than it claims to be.

Old Men Rare.

If you wonder where the young men of the east are disappearing to, take a walk down any western thoroughfare in the evening and you will find them. An old man is almost a rarity here. And the most of them seem to be Laurier's young men.

Saskatoon is situated on the high banks of the Saskatchewan river. They are very proud of that river, because water is scarce in the west. They mention it in their booklet in this way:

"And our river!—even were we bereft of all those other natural charms so gratefully evident, still would this city be "beautiful Saskatoon," did but the glory of our river remain. And when work is over, the honest toiler and his wife bring their little ones, etc. Can a city without a river be truly beautiful?"

I am compelled to say that this tribute to the river appears to me to be a little exaggerated. It is a broad river and it is a long river, but so far as any particular beauty or use in it are concerned it only ehows to advantage when compared with places that have no river at all. You cannot bathe in it with safety or pleasure, you cannot boat on it. They say its water is a prolific source of typhoid fever. It looks to me as though it would do the honest toiler and his wife, mentioned above, as much good to take the little ones to the moving picture show, when a river is on the bill, and show them what a real river is like. But then, any river at all goes a long way out here. This one goes several hundred miles.

A University on Big Scale.

Across the river is Nutana, a residential suburb and also the site of the university. The site covers over 1,300 acres and includes the agricultural college and experimental farm grounds, but the campus alone of the new university will cover about 260 acres. The land cost the province $150,000, but the expenditure was wise and posterity will thank Dr. Murray and the others who held out for plenty of room. The crops now growing on the farm look fine.

The plans of the university are large, because the people of Saskatchewan are looking far ahead. An attendance of 5,000 is what they have in view. It is hardly necessary to say they do not expect this for many years to come, but when it comes they will be able to make provision for it without disturbing the symmetry of their buildings or their grounds. The whole plan is a grand one, and worthy of the fine site and the fine province where it is to be worked out. They have every confidence here that "Professor Walter" (though they have not learned to call him that yet) is the man to do it.

West Wild Over Laurier.

I shall be almost charged with "putting it on too thick" if I say that here again at Saskatoon a new record for enthusiasm on the part of the people, and eloquence and forcefulness, on the part of the speakers, distinguished the meeting, yet such is the simple fact. The people of the west are simply going wild over Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and tonight it seemed a toss-up among the other speakers as to which aroused the most enthusiasm. We reporters are obscure individuals, but we have to be the judges of this matter, for we are the constant factor in the audience night after night. Of the premier's speeches, of course, we could never tire. He can say what must necessarily be to a large extent the same thing night after night in a way which his eloquent tongue and captivating manner makes like a new story to us, and none of the audience join more heartily in the applause than we do. Your pardon for obtruding our humble personality, but this may explain much of the charm of this man, who above all others in Canada's history has become an ideal for his followers and a source of secret pride to all others.

When he had concluded his eloquent peroration here tonight there was a great scurrying among the reporters after one phlegmatic stenographer (not a Canadian, be it said for his excuse) who had been able to hold himself to his hurrying pencil while the rest of us had put away every thought but the mere intellectual pleasure of listening to the man, which excluded the possibility of taking notes. At the end of his speech we were all up with the others trying to shout our emotions at the calm, slightly weary old man who sat with the same half sad air which always marks him, looking out at the sea of enthusiastic Canadians who seemed as though they would like to throw themselves at his feet, and tell him in words or sobs the feelings animating them as these words rang in their ears:

Laurier's Touching Appeal.

"My days now must be short. You see my hairs are grey and I cannot hope to live many years; but when I am gone I want to feel sure that it will have to be admitted by my bitterest enemy that during fourteen years at least Canada made progress as she never made it before. And then, in addition to this, when my last day comes, if my eyes shall close upon an united people, upon all the races which have been congregated here by our policy, if I can look upon them as true Canadians all preserving, I hope, the pride of their race, but all having in their hearts the greater pride of our Canadian nationality, then, sir, I shall feel that my life has not been lived in vain, and I shall die happy!"

I have said above that among the other speakers it was hard to choose, certainly everyone agreed that the speech of the representative from the maritime provinces was one of the best of the evening. Next to that of the premier it was the one I heard most comment on by the crowd after the meeting. There are many Nova Scotians in Saskatoon, and it is needless to say they were proud to claim kinship. He got in touch with his audience at once with the following words:

"I have anticipated coming to this city for many days, for among all the cities springing up as if by magic on the western plains none is better known in eastern Canada than Saskatoon. We in Nova Scotia have sent to the west many of our sons and daughters, and many of them are here. In Winnipeg I heard from a man who was in a position to speak, that of all places west of Winnipeg, Saskatoon would be the one great city between Winnipeg and the Rockies."

That is the sort of thing that Saskatoon people feed on, and the man who uttered the words was sure of an attentive hearing from them for all time to come. He told them that we had all been surprised at the advance and development in this city, and the opinion of the Winnipeg man above quoted was shared in by all of our party. He congratulated them on the consummation of the founding of the university. They say western people are material and out for the money; but the people of Saskatoon have shown greater judgment than those of some other cities in this western land, by appreciating the importance of such an institution.

Liberals United from Coast to Coast.

Their great leader had not come here in the past fourteen years, not because he did not wish to come, but because they had been very busy years. He had now come back to witness the progress that had been made since that time. Where was this country in 1894? Ninety per cent of the audience had come here since that time. Perhaps some of them could not appreciate the conditions that existed then. In 1895-6 there was the same number of homesteads taken up yearly as had been taken up 20 years before. So far as the northern part of this country was concerned the Tory method of transportation had been by ox-cart. We come here now and as a result of the government's policy we find two lines of railway in this western country, and the Laurier party from sea to sea are committed to the proposition that the Hudson Bay railroad must be built at once.

He was personally interested in this. The Liberals in the west stand together behind their leader on all his policies. You do not find the Liberals in Ontario and Nova Scotia taking different stands. We have one policy all over this land, on transportation, tariff and everything else. The one doctrine we preach is that promulgated by our leader. We also come here preaching that this party of ours is above all, the party of the people. We have here the most magnificent democracy ever found in any land under the sun. The people of the United States boast about their country. He could show them how fallacious that was, when we compare their privileges with those we enjoy under the British constitution. Those rights and privileges were not won for us by war, but by genius and statesmanship of the leaders of the Liberals in old days. They fought against the aristocrats and the classes which have always composed the Tory party, in every place where the English language is spoken. We claim that we inherit the same traditions and fight for the same principles which our fathers fought for, we want this democracy in the west to realize that fact. You can all remember the arrogance of the Conservatives who after many years of power disregarded the wishes of the people of this country and forced them into complaint and insurrection; and when I hear a man say the Tory party is the party of the people, I say he does not know the history of Canada. If he comes from some other land, I would ask him to study the history of this country, and if he does that, he must come to the conclusion that the Liberal party is the party of the plain people.

He said the younger members of the party would probably come back to visit them again in a few years more; he trusted their great chieftain might come also. "His aspiration is to do so in a few more years. God grant that he may be long spared to this land; spared to come back and witness the great development which owes so much to his statesmanship. If he comes, we trust he will see the fruition of all the hopes you people here have in your great future."

Saskatoon, Sask., Aug. 1—This land-hunger is a strange thing. It has been pushing the people of this continent westward, ever westward, for more than a century, and now that it can be clearly seen that "the last west" is only a little way ahead, and with it the last cheap land on this continent, the hunger has become ravenous. Looking at the statistics, merely, there would seem to be enough and to spare for all, for many years to come; and one might think the same thing when traveling for day after day beside lands which seem to have population not up to a tithe of that which they are able to support, but there is probably not a foot of land now available within sight of any road in the west. It may not be farmed but it is held closely and for high prices.

So soon as you reach the west you begin to feel that you could easily digest a respectable tract of land. If you are a farmer, you want it for the most legitimate purpose—cultivation; if you are a speculator, you want it for the excellent chance of an advance in price; but even if you are a casual visitor merely, you want some because it is what everyone else wants and seems a desirable thing to have. It is off casual visitors that real estate agents make some of their very best coups.

When I was in Saskatoon I heard two rather interesting stories of Nova Scotians and their pertinacity in pursuit of the desirable homestead. At intervals, certain homesteads revert to the province either because those who have taken them up have not fulfilled the statutory requirements in regard to residence upon them, or for some other reason. These lands are competent to be re-homesteaded, and before the date upon which entry may be made, the fact is advertised for some days. Then the first to come is the first served, and as a number of homesteads are usually put up together, a crowd of applicants camps out in front of the registry office for days. It was by keeping her place at the head of such a crowd for ten days that a Truro girl became the proud possessor of a homestead worth several thousand dollars.

Truro Girl's Pluck.

About the first of this year Miss Mildred Williams, of Truro, who is a teacher in the Saskatoon schools, learned that an excellent homestead in the Goose Lake country was to be open for settlement, and was on the stairs leading to the registry office two days even before the notice was posted. And she had many days to spend there after that. Her friends brought her food to her, and by mutual agreement among those in the crowd anyone could have a substitute for ten minutes or so at a time when absolutely necessary. She slept, like the others, on a mattress on the floor, and in daytime had a chair to sit on; but if she abandoned her front place without having someone to keep it for her, the next in line could step in and secure her position of vantage. And there were not wanting those to do it. One morning she arose from her seat for an instant, whereupon some one on the watch immediately popped into it. She screamed at the sight of her homestead fading away before her eyes, there was considerable sympathy for her, being a young girl, and some of the others quickly made it known to the interloper that it would be advisable for him to get out. He took the hint.

That it was a long and wearisome performance may be imagined. Dressing or undressing was impossible. There was always the possibility of her place being taken if she attempted to retire for such a purpose, and besides there was no chance to secure the necessary privacy. Finally, however, it ended and Miss Williams was the proud possessor of a farm in her own name. There is the further necessary element of romance in the story provided by the fact that this pertinacious young lady has secured a good farmer to work the property for her.

Two other young men, from Pictou town, were not so fortunate in their homesteading experience. They, too, had got on the ground early (this was on a different occasion) and were waiting at the pool. Every morning a genial gentleman used to pass up and down the stairs and give them a kindly "good-morning" and word of encouragement, incidentally finding out what property they were after. Finally he came one morning shortly before the eventful day and after the usual greeting gave them a plausible story about desiring to get into the office on business in no way connected with the land they intended to file on. Would they allow him to go ahead of them for that purpose which would not interfere with them in any way? The boys were obliging and made way for him at once. He stepped in and took up the land they were after.

Now, the man who did this was a member of one of the most prominent real estate firms in the city. The newspapers took the matter up and made such a "howl" that this man found it advisable to relinquish the homestead. He had been foolish enough to mention in his club before the matter occurred that he had such a trick in contemplation. He has, not unnaturally, suffered somewhat in the estimation of the community, but this is not much consolation to the boys from Pictou county for the loss of their land, which has reverted to the province. Under the peculiar circumstances of the case there is a possibility that they may get it eventually.

"Bedsteaded" Their Claim.

After a claim is once secured it is not all plain sailing by any means. They tell in Saskatoon of a couple of maiden ladies who secured a farm after a somewhat trying experience. In order to make good one's title, six months in each year for three successive years must be spent on the land. The winter is the time usually chosen to serve this penance.

The greatest problem in passing the winter is to secure the necessary fuel. Coal is high and hard to get on the prairies, and the year chosen by our two lady homesteaders coal was particularly scarce. The result was that about January they found themselves a good many miles from anywhere with their coal running low, and the possibility of having to return to civilization and lose the months already put in, staring them in the face. A council of war was held by the carefully conserved flame on the kitchen hearth, and it was resolved that they should take to their beds, with plenty of warm covering, and use their fuel for cooking purposes only. This they did. They spent the ensuing three months in bed and emerged in good condition in the spring. They may be said to have not homesteaded, but "bedsteaded" their claim.

The day of cheap land for the masses in the west is rapidly drawing to a close. Land anywhere within reasonable distance of railroads is very scarce. It is this fact which makes railroad development in the west not only desirable but necessary. Large tracts are held, not only by speculators, but by farmers who have been constantly increasing their holdings. The greatest prosperity of the west will come when this land, in a generation or two, begins to be disseminated among the children of the holders or otherwise reaches the hands of the individual cultivator.

Regina, Aug. 1—All the meetings on this tour are necessarily to a considerable extent very much alike in their main features; but at every meeting there is some one feature to make it notable. At Regina, it was the address presented by the German-speaking people, of whom there are a great many in the city.

The premier was in no condition to attend this Regina meeting and it was only his indomitable resolution to go through with this tour in all its features that brought him out; but the greeting of the Regina Germans made him a new man, and he replied to them with a spirit and grace which surprised those of us who knew his condition.

The whole reception at Regina was of the most enthusiastic nature, an immense throng gathering at the station when the train entered and giving the premier an ovation which was repeated again and again on every occasion of his appearance. At the meeting tonight there were over 500 German-Canadians and they received Sir Wilfrid Laurier with an enthusiasm which has not been excelled on any portion of the tour. The address they presented to him expressed sentiments of the truest Canadianism, and it was a stirring sight to see this body of men rise and wave small Union Jacks as the premier entered the building. Later, the president of the German society, Mr. Schmitz, in addressing the audience, said: "In another twenty or twenty-five years there would be available a generation of strong, healthy German boys who would make fitting material to man the navy which Sir Wilfrid Laurier's government is now constructing. Others will make good soldiers who will take an active part in the defending of our new homes."

Naturally, Sir Wilfrid made much of this stirring sentiment in his reply. "When the telegraph wires tomorrow flash their message around the world," said he, "that the German citizens tell that we can depend upon them to man our navy and defend the flag of our country and of our empire, there will be a thrill of pride from one end of Canada to the other that will be a lesson to the bigots."

He then went on to deal briefly of the relations between Germany and England, declaring his belief that the relations were and would remain friendly, but if, unfortunately, a day of strife between the two nations should ever come, "and our German citizens should be called upon to man our fleet, I would wish them to throw themselves into the breach between the two nations as did the Sabine women and try to prevent the struggle."

This was but one incident of the many stirring ones which have arisen on the tour. Wherever we have gone there has been something to show a different phase of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's character. Here among the Germans he has carried himself as well as among his own compatriots at Ste. Anne des Chenes and elsewhere. He is always ready with the right word; is always ready with the "sunny smile;" is never ruffled or disturbed when, as at Saskatoon, some bad-natured Tory tries under the cover of being a "grain grower," to say something unpleasant.

Regina, like all the west, is flourishing and full of hope. As the capital of Saskatchewan, it is a city of importance. Magnificent new parliamentary buildings, to cost $2,000,000, are now being erected. We were taken up to the tower and from it could look out over the plain for a distance of thirty-five miles. The site for the buildings, while apparently the best in the vicinity, does not show them up to such advantage as if they were situated on an eminence, but they are very beautiful in themselves, and the surroundings are being beautified also, including the formation of an artificial lake. This is a big feature to such an arid place as Regina.

Here, as usual, we were automobiled through the surrounding wheat fields. The stock of adjectives applicable to wheat fields and their beauties is not large, and I feel that they have been long ago exhausted. Regina wheat is good this year, and this district will do its share towards making up the 60,000,000 bushel crop anticipated from the province. Wheat grows exceedingly tiresome when it is forced upon you morning, noon and night; but it is the biggest thing (in fact about the only thing) the westerner has to astound you with and he works it to the limit.

Regina has a number of fine buildings, as becomes a capital. One of the most modern and beautiful of these is the Land Titles Office, of marble and brick, and absolutely fire-proof. The Torrens System of land titles is in force here, and works admirably, this being a new country with practically all the titles of recent origin. The city hall, post office and Methodist College are other fine buildings. It has several capital hotels.

Regina is filled with people from the maritime provinces. Among those whom I met or heard of were J. F. Mahoney, running the cigar stand in the Kings hotel; R. L. Ritchie, manager of the Bank of Nova Scotia; W. J. Leahy, J. F. Frame and H. V. Bigelow, practising law; Raymond & McConnel, who are running a cafe, are from Yarmouth; Judge Newman was a former resident of Dartmouth, and Chief Justice Wetmore is a native of Fredericton (N. B.) Others are Nichol & Loggie, shoe merchants, from Chatham; Norman Edgar, Chatham; N. L. Green, St. John; B. W. Stevens, Moncton; Dr. Mack, Truro; H. Y. McDonald, Sydney, barrister; A. G. McKinnon, brother of J. L. McKinnon, Halifax, who was formerly in insurance here but is now studying law. They are all apparently doing well, and like the prospects which the country offers them, although any of them would prefer to live in the land of their birth. And who can blame them!

Weyburn, Sask., Aug. 4—Weyburn is a small but exceedingly lively town on the way from Regina to Moose Jaw on the Soo line. It is less than ten years old, and was settled largely by Americans, who are now, of course, all loyal Canadians. That they were of a good class is evident from the prosperous condition of the place. They had a banquet for the press at Weyburn and we heard all about the place and its sentiments and aspirations. The atmosphere was as Canadian as anything could be, and two Americans who spoke did so in a sensible and gratifying manner, making no bones of the fact that they had a warm feeling of affection for the land from which they had come; but declaring that they had prospered and been well treated in Canada, and it was now home to them.

It is a singular and not ungratifying fact that in this country where there are so many former Americans, there is none of that flapping of the American flag and intermingling of it with the flag of our own country, which is not uncommon among restaurant keepers and others in the east, animated with what must be taken to be more an effort to get at the American's pocket than his heart. Born in the United States, as so many of them here have been, they seem able, nevertheless, to get along without any unnecessary display of their affection for that country, which may be taken by all persons of judgment to be none the less strong.

Much of the land surrounding Weyburn is devoted to the cultivation of flax, which is a lucrative crop and does well in this country, even in a dry season such as the present. At present only the seed of the plant is used, principally for oil; but the time must soon come when the straw, now allowed to go to waste, will be used for the manufacture of cloth and particularly of binder twine. It has been said that flax is hard on the land, but those who raise it here say that is not so. Much wheat and other grain is raised here also, and land is high in price, as indeed it is everywhere now in the west within reach of civilization.

Some miles out of Weyburn is a farm of 1,600 acres to which we motored. This farmer expects a return of thirty-five bushels to the acre this year. Much of the labor on this farm usually done by horses is here done by mules. He had twenty-two of the animals working on the harrows when we visited the place. The animals were brought from Missouri. They are much more expensive than horses, some of them running as high as $100 a pair; but they cost much less to keep, and it is claimed they will do as much work. They presented an unusual sight to us as they were all lined up in the field abreast, with their ears stuck forward, and they looked very intelligent and "workmanlike." But they did not like the camera fiends, and when we went close to snap them they became restless and looked as though preparing to stampede. From the way in which their drivers humored their caprices, we judged they were "kittle cattle" to deal with.

We were conveyed from the hotel to the rink at Weyburn in a genuine western mail coach. It was an enormous, lumbering affair, dragged by four horses, and we were assured that it had gone through many a hold-up in Montana and the Black Hills, from which it came to Weyburn. Inside and on top there was accommodation for sixteen or twenty, and for baggage behind. Sir Wilfrid, Mr. Graham and the others got into the body of the coach while the rest of us clambered on top, and preceded and followed by bands made our way to the rink in true western style.

The premier took advantage of the presence of so many Americans in the audience to refer to the relations existing and that might be hoped to exist between the people of different origins. The influence of the two peoples, those from the United States who had come here to make their homes and our own living in harmony beside them, might extend far beyond their borders even to the motherlands of both, and make it impossible that any serious quarrel should ever arise between them. This sentiment was strongly applauded by all present.

T. M. FRASER.

OH STRONG DESIRES.

(By Fanny Stearns Davis, in Harper's Magazine.)

Oh strong desires that hurt the heart
With useless strife of blunted wings.
I weary of your travailings.
Why must you always surge and start
When I am nearer happiness?
Across the freedom of the sky
Like dazzling phantom gods you fly,
And seeing you, my joy is less.

When sometimes by an April brook
Beneath the birchen buds I kneel,
And, almost turned a dryad, feel
The thrill of that green life which shook
Old woodlands, that the Hellenes knew,—
When every breath is rare and good,
There sweeps a shudder down the wood—
Wild-hearted wonders pierce me through.

Or when beside the hearth I lie
And listen to the liquid flame,
While one I love most speaks my name,
And in that peace my dreams all die:—
Then from the shadow-pools beyond
Our small red-circled joy, there leap
Tall shapes, fantastical as sleep,
To call us mortal, helpless, fond;
And blind my eyes with visions,—vain,
Enormous, never known on earth,—
A longing for immortal mirth
That mortal lips may never stain.

Oh strong desires! Oh worthless wings!
Star-reachings, heaven-failings, why
Will you remind me I must die
To taste the utmost joyful things?

"Did Mrs. Comeup use that crude oil on her furniture, as I advised?"

"No, she didn't. She was shocked at the mere idea."

"Shocked at it? What for?"

"She said she wouldn't use anything that wasn't refined."—Baltimore American.

Every Woman Who Does Her Own Washing

will want a "Puritan" Washing Machine
Ball bearings and roller gear mean easy washing. All cogs and machinery covered. Strong, substantial. A child can wash a tubful of clothes in 5 minutes with the "Puritan".

Yes Ma'am—The Best

"Favorite" Churn has proven itself the best churn in Canada. 8 sizes.

Write us if your dealer does not have them. 72

DAVID MAXWELL & SONS, - ST. MARY'S, ONT.

WHERE CAMPBELLTON'S HOMELESS RECEIVE THEIR FOOD SUPPLIES

THE RELIEF STATION IN CAMPBELLTON

Woman's Power Over Man

Woman's most glorious endowment is the power to awaken and hold the pure and honest love of a worthy man. When she loses it and still loves on, no one in the wide world can know the heart agony she endures. The woman who suffers from weakness and derangement of her special womanly organism soon loses the power to sway the heart of a man. Her general health suffers and she loses her good looks, her attractiveness, her amiability and her power and prestige as a woman. Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N.Y., with the assistance of his staff of able physicians, has prescribed for and cured many thousands of women. He has devised a successful remedy for woman's ailments. It is known as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is a positive specific for the weaknesses and disorders peculiar to women. It purifies, regulates, strengthens and heals. Medicine dealers sell it. No *honest* dealer will advise you to accept a substitute in order to make a little larger profit.

IT MAKES WEAK WOMEN STRONG, SICK WOMEN WELL.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and strengthen Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

IS THIS YOURS?

Is what yours? Is this house that needs painting yours? Be good to it! It is your home! Nothing is too good for it. Make it beautiful. How? Use

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Don't hesitate, they are fully guaranteed. No other paints possess those sterling qualities for beauty, durability and covering power so well known for over seventy years as Ramsay's Paints. Everybody uses them. Write and ask us for our beautiful Booklet A. D. on house painting. We mail it free. It will help you.

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THE PAINT MAKERS, - - Montreal.
Est'd 1842.

ST. MARTINS PEOPLE GENEROUS IN AID TO CAMPBELLTON

St. Martins, Aug. 9—An adjourned meeting in the interest of the Campbellton fire sufferers was held in the vestry of the Baptist church last night. The chair was occupied by Rev. Mr. Laird, and Mr. Clarke acted as secretary.

The reports of the different collectors showed splendid results, the total being $450 in money and new merchandise. In addition to this several cases of clothing, etc., on which no value was placed, have gone forward from this parish to Campbellton.

The amounts collected by the different solicitors appointed at the public meetings were as follows:

By Rev. Mr. Laird....	$ 91.10
Florence Cochrane....	153.25
Lila White....	45.70
A. F. Bentley, M. P. P.....	36.85
S. A. Fownes....	38.50
J. P. Mosher....	56.50

During the meeting speeches were made by the chairman and Michael Kelley, congratulating the people of the parish of St. Martins upon their noble call for assistance to the sufferers of the North Shore. Considering the size of the place and the means of the people, St. Martins parish has set an example worthy of imitation of larger and wealthier centres.

The chairman told of a report that he had received from what seemed to be a reliable source, that there was reason for some dissatisfaction with respect to the manner in which the relief funds were being distributed in Campbellton. If such a report is correct it is not creditable to those having charge of the funds there. If untrue, steps should be taken by the Campbellton authorities to correct a wrong impression. He would suggest on behalf of the people of St. Martins that the relief committee of Campbellton be asked the following questions through the press:

How are the funds distributed?

Do the people who have received insurance money receive an equal share of the relief as those who have not?

Are any of the funds received devoted to the paying of interest on the bonded indebtedness of the town?

It has been reported by one who has been in Campbellton that carloads of relief goods are stored in tents while the sufferers need them. Is this statement correct?

What salary do the members of the relief committee receive at the present time?

If a woman can't drive her husband she at least can make him back up.

KENDALLS SPAVIN CURE

To Bring Him Back to the "High-Stepping" Class

THE REMEDY USED ALL OVER THE WORLD

For Spavin, Curb, Splint, Ringbone, Soft Bunches, All Lameness

Horse dealers have made thousands of dollars by buying Lame, Spavined Horses, curing them with Kendall's Spavin Cure, and then selling the sound animals at a handsome profit.

You can do the same with your own horses. Here is one man who saved his horse and his money by using Kendall's.

Oak Bay Mills, Que., Dec. 15th, 1909
"I wish to inform you that I have used Kendall's Spavin Cure with good success, on my horse. I found that it cures quickly and well". Yours truly, ROY HARPER.

$1. a bottle—6 for $5. A copy of our book—"A Treatise On The Horse"—free at dealers or from us 48

Dr. B. J. Kendall Co. - - Enosburg Falls, Vt.