

## Canada's Golden West

The amazing growth of the Pacific ports is one of the outstanding features of recent Canadian progress, we are told, and in proof attention is called to the fact that in the number and tonnage of vessels entered and cleared, Vancouver is in the first place and Victoria in the third. On the whole, some Canadian editors are pleased to believe that the Pacific ports are little behind those of the Atlantic coast. The reference to the tonnage of the vessels arriving and leaving the Canadian Pacific ports, says a writer in the Toronto Globe, applies to the tonnage capacity of the

	Montreal	Toronto	Halifax	Quebec	St. John, N.B.	Ottawa	Vancouver
Imports	173,938	173,509	16,957	14,333	20,688	10,550	46,965
Exports	173,759	515	39,584	15,382	55,127	.....	62,231

\*All export entries are delivered at the "frontier port of exit" and the totals thereof are credited to the respective ports where the goods passed outward from Canada.

Editorially, the Toronto daily remarks that there is much more in this than the rivalry of seaports, for the thing of vital importance is the development of the country which the seaports serve and which furnishes them with business. The advantage possessed by Vancouver and other Pacific ports, it points out, lies in their proximity to the Western prairie and the easy grades through the Yellow Head Pass. The Western movement of grain not only builds up the Pacific ports, it is declared, but helps to solve the Western farmer's problem of transportation. Then attention is called to the following point of importance:

"Agriculture is not the only industry which will feel the benefit of the movement. Coal is found in abundance in Alberta and British Columbia. The latter Province has stores of other minerals, besides fruit-growing land, forests and fisheries. These resources give promise of large and varied industries, able to support many times the present number of inhabitants of the country. There is reason to believe that in course of time the industrial development of Eastern Canada will be repeated in the West. The process may be slow, and there may be difficulty and discouragement during its early stages, but there can be no doubt as to the future of a country so richly endowed and having such con-

venient access to the ocean." Interest in the Western development of Canada is not sectional, but national. The Globe says, because whatever tends to bring content and prosperity to the West is good for all Canada. As the population of the West grows so will its representation and its political influence increase, we are told, with the result that every decade's representatives will have a larger influence in shaping the legislation of Parliament. We are reminded that there has been a certain sectional sentiment in western Canada out of accord with that of eastern Canada, and also, that—

"The growth of the Progressive party in the Prairie region was due to dissatisfaction with both the old political parties, which were regarded as too much under Eastern influence. Now that the tariff is more acceptable to the West, the complaint is made that the Eastern interests are sacrificed. Nothing is to be gained by this sectional quarrelling. The remedy lies in the growth of the West and the increase of its purchasing power. This was a powerful stimulus to Eastern prosperity in the first decade of this century, and there is ground for hope that the process may be repeated. For this reason Eastern people should be keenly interested in the development of the hinterland of the Pacific."—The Literary Digest.

### Cowboys at Home

Visitors to Wembley Just Now Can See Cowboys Performing Wonderful "Stunts"; Here is a Word-Picture of Them at Work.

(By ARTHUR MILLS, Author of "The Yellow Dragon.")

A cowboy's life is one of the hardest in the world. I can only write of what I have seen in South America; but as there are 27,000,000 head of cattle in Argentina and 30,000,000 in Brazil, a few facts may be of interest.

Argentina remains one of the great open spaces of the world where fortunes may be made and lost, and life is still lived adventurously. The very name—Argentina—has a romantic ring. We associate a man from the Argentine with horses and cattle.

#### Phones Everywhere.

My first impression of the "camp," as the Argentines call their vast grazing grounds, was of a great, limitless, rolling grass-plain, divided by wire fences into huge enclosures and stocked with every kind of cattle, from placid, white-faced English Herefords to the long-horned, lank, native "criollo." Here and there, at intervals of ten or fifteen miles, a clump of trees may be seen, and somewhere tucked away among those trees is a white building, where the "estanciero" lives.

The "estancia" may have bath-rooms, electric light, a tennis court, and all conveniences of an English country house, or it may be very much more primitive. Probably there will be a telephone.

#### Before the Introduction of Telephones

families used to live in a state of considerable isolation, in bad weather unable to communicate with the outside world for days at a time. Nowadays the ubiquitous motor-car has come, and a horse is not the only means of going to the nearest town or visiting a neighbor. However, for the actual handling of cattle the horse still remains supreme. The working establishment of one estancia I visited will illustrate this.

#### Men To The Saddle.

The estancia consisted of 50,000 acres, carrying 15,000 cattle, some 2,000 sheep, and 1,000 horses. I asked my host if he really needed 1,000 horses. He laughed and replied non-committally that he needed a great many more than I thought. He had to mount a staff of seventy peons.

Each "camp" peon—i.e., peon whose business it is to look directly after cattle—had eight horses allotted to him; the "shepherds"—peons living on a lonely little spot—had ten horses each. Of course a peon rides a

horse pretty hard in rounding up cattle.

The Argentine peon is a wonderful fellow; he is a lineal descendant of the old time "gaucho," the half-Spanish, half-Indian cattleman of former days. He is a splendid worker, proud, quick-tempered, high-couraged, born to the saddle. He knows nothing of trade union rules, but must be tactfully handled.

#### Tamed In A Morning.

If he thinks his employer has insulted him he won't hesitate to use his knife. An experienced estancia manager will seldom dismiss a peon. Instead he will employ him on some ungenial task till the peon asks of his own accord to be discharged. There are opportunities for young Britons on the cattle ranches, but the openings are not numerous and are eagerly sought after. The right type of man is essential. The applicant should know how to ride, but however much he knows is advised to say little on first arrival. For if he talks about his riding he may be given a test he will not forget in a hurry. There is a vast difference, for example, between galloping round a point-to-point course in local hunt races and riding a "potro."

A "potro" is an untamed horse, who has never had a bit in his mouth or a saddle on his back. "Peons" will tame a "potro" sufficiently to ride in a morning. The poor horse's education is not gentle, but it is exceedingly effective.

One day I was riding through a paddock containing some fifty horses. My host pointed to them.

"Like to see a few ridden? Not one of them has had a man on his back."

At a sign a peon galloped among the loose horses, his torso writhing around his head. A grey colt was marked, and the peon followed, snatching round his neck. The colt fought to free himself, first twisting in and out among his fellows, then galloping over the plain, the peon following, paying out the rope as a man plays a salmon, but never letting the colt go. Another peon galloped forward and lassoed the colt's legs, and it was thrown to the ground. The peon now bent over the animal, applying first the "bocado," a strip of raw hide leather, which they tied tightly around the lower jaw.

Then the legs were loosened, and the colt made to rise; quick as lightning a saddle was slipped on the colt's back, and the cinch tightened and adjusted very carefully—with reason, as we saw later. While this went on the colt, still held firmly round the throat by the lasso, stood sweating and shivering in every limb. Then the rider put a hand on

its mane and jumped into the saddle. Man versus Horse.

For a moment the colt stood motionless, dumbfounded. Then suddenly it realized the indignity that had been put upon it, and the fight began.

"Ay-ah! Ay-ah!" cried the peons, as the colt flung itself into the air. It was hard to believe that any animal could twist itself into such shapes.

Thwack! Thwack! fell the "rebenque"—raw hide riding-whip. The colt bucked; the rider sat firm as a rock. The other peons watched critically. There was something magnificent in the rage of the animal, testing for the first time the mastery of a man.

At last the bucking stopped, and with the rider still up on his back the colt raced over the plain. Two peons galloped and rode on either side of the animal, to keep him from charging into the wire or trees. But the fight was over, the colt would gallop till he tired and came to a rather pathetic standstill.

Such is horse-breaking in Argentina, and the "gringo" who comes out from home boasting of his prowess may be told to go out and catch a "potro" and ride him, to prove his words.

#### Wrestling For Their Lives.

Hardest of all is the life of the cattleman in Matto Grosso, the great, still only partially explored state in the interior of South America. For here the cattle, which are mostly of zebu stock, are really wild. I have seen cattle stampede when they got our wind from a mile away. I have seen a three-year-old bull branded for the first time, because he had never before allowed himself to be caught. I have seen the "vaqueros"—cowboys—tackle savage animals in the corral with their bare hands, taking them by the horns and throwing them; and when a man is "wrestling" with a steer in circumstances such as these he is wrestling for his life.

These "vaqueros" are an extraordinary stout-hearted breed, can only compare them with a steeplechase jockey who, rather than get no mounts at all, continually rides bad horses. To round up their cattle in Matto Grosso they have to go full gallop through the woods, regardless of overhanging branches, holes, roots, and other pitfalls. An "estanciero" told me that he thought some of his lads must average three falls a day—and real crashing falls, too, with no opportunity, in that thick undergrowth, of landing on their feet, as skilled horsemen in other parts can do.

### Superstitions of the Sea

WHY A VOYAGE STARTED ON FRIDAY IS UNLUCKY.

All sea men are by nature superstitious, and although the modern steamship man has lost many of the beliefs of the old-time sailor man, yet he still retains a remarkable number of superstitious beliefs.

Naturally enough, the fishermen and longshoremen on some lonely parts of the coast are far more old-fashioned than the seamen of a liner that runs to railway time, and some of their beliefs are very curious.

Nowadays, it is quite customary for a liner to sail on a Friday, but in the old days no company could have persuaded its men to set out on such a day. The origin of this belief is curious and interesting. Until quite recently the seamen have always maintained that sailing day, justified a carousal, and invariably reached the ship the worse for liquor. Now, Friday used to be a feast day, and good folk who saw the seamen drunk on a fast day would shake their heads and maintain that no good could possibly come to a voyage started under such circumstances.

Clergymen and Corpses Bring Ill-Luck.

Most sailing-men still cling to the belief that a Finnish seaman has control over the winds, and such a man on board is always unpopular with his shipmates, but never molested in any way. All other denizens of Northern Europe are just "square-heads," but he is a "Russian Finn," and nobody dreams of leaving out the adjective.

A clergyman or a corpse on board is always supposed to bring bad luck, even in these days, and when the famous Great Eastern was broken up a skeleton was found in one of the sealed compartments of her double bottom, a skeleton that must have been there ever since she was built. After that every seaman knew why she was such an unlucky ship from the beginning.

The Unmentionable Rabbit.

Tugmen are pillenervous of pigs, while if the average fisherman meets a rabbit on his way to his ship he will abandon the trip rather than risk the bad luck that is bound to be his, for he firmly believes that not only will he catch nothing, but will probably lose his nets. This is taken to such a pitch that few fishermen will ever mention a rabbit by name, keeping on the safe side by referring to them as "furry critters."

An old longshore superstition that has now died out, but which caused a lot of difficulty when the Lifeboat Society was being formed, is that any

## MAJESTIC THIS WEEK

BETTY COMPSON, in

### "The White Flower"

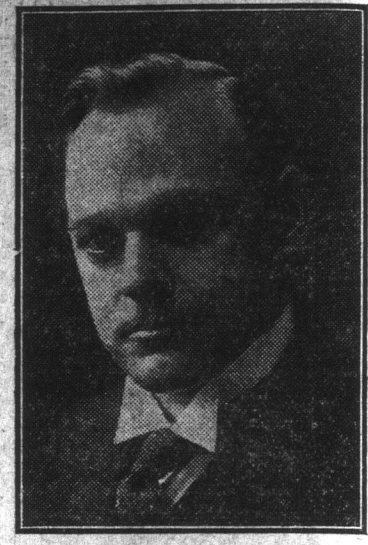
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- (C) ASTHORE.

NOTE—B and C was sung with great success by the celebrated O'Shaughnessy many years ago in St. Patrick's Hall.



man who saves another from drowning will himself be drowned before the year is out. This particular superstition holds principally in Cornwall and the West Country, but it is to be heard in other parts of the coast as well.

When A Glass Rings.

Another curious drowning superstition that is general in the Navy and occasionally heard in the Merchant Service, is that for every time a glass is knocked and allowed to ring down to silence a seaman is invariably drowned. If a glass rings in one of H.M. ships there is always a dash to silence it, and nobody has volunteered an explanation of how or when this superstition originated; it is certainly very old.

Not all sea superstitions deal with bad luck, for one has passed into the ordinary language of the country is whistling for a wind.

French fishermen go one better, and if whistling does not prove effective, they turn the youngest members of the ship's company to the direction from which they want a breeze, and give him a flogging—which he has probably deserved at some time or another, if he does not at that particular moment!

### All About Rodeo

By CHARLES B. COCHRAN

(Who is staging the first International Cowboy Championships at Wembley.)

The word rodeo—you pronounce it row-fay—is a Mexican one, meaning a round-up or gathering together of cattle on the open ranges. There are no ranges in the Stadium at Wembley, but these exceptions, we are giving a complete rodeo at the British Empire Exhibition this month.

I have seen a rodeo in the United States, and to my mind it is the most exciting thing of its kind in the world. If I were a betting man I would wager that the Wembley rodeo will be the biggest thrill that this country will know during the summer. Rodeo sent New York crazy when it was introduced there, and I think it is going to set all England talking.

The most tremendous thrills will come in the bronk-riding and steer-wrestling contests. Here I can promise you sensation piled upon sensation of a kind never before seen in this country.

Bronk-riding is the acme of horsemanship. A bronk (short for broncho) is a vicious, unbroken horse—an "outlaw" that no man has ever been able to tame. He is an incorrigible buck, and the competitor's job is to try to stick on him as long as he possibly can.

As the rider of a bronk is only allowed a plain halter with one rein, is not permitted to hold on to the saddle, and may not use spurs, he has to be absolutely first class to keep on a bronk for even a few seconds. The horse has a dozen violent tricks for getting rid of him.

Thrills of Steer Wrestling.

Steer wrestling is even more thrilling. Briefly, a fierce and angry steer (I don't know why he is fierce and angry, but he always is) is turned into the arena and chased by a superbly-mounted horseman.

It is a trick that cowboys have to be able to perform in their everyday work, and it has been done in rodeo in seven seconds from the beginning of the pursuit. The leap from saddle to steer is just about the most wonderful athletic feat I know. The cowboy risks his neck. The worst that can befall the steer is to find himself on his side for a few surprising seconds.

How Rodeos Began.

Rodeo is a form of local rivalry, just as much as is football or cricket. It grew out of challenges from station to station; individual to individual.

How Rodeos Began.

About fifteen years ago these important competitions became so numerous that organizers got to work to arrange regular contests. Soon rodeos became big prize money propositions all over the Western States of America and in parts of Canada, and then in Australia, New Zealand, the Argentine, and elsewhere.

There is a great deal of local pride at stake in rodeos, and as the Wembley rodeo is to be for undisputed

world championships in all rodeo events the competition will be tremendous.

### Oldest Solicitor Dead

Over Seventy Years' Practice in the Same Town.

England's oldest practising solicitor is dead. He was Mr. Charles Woodbridge, who lived at Heath House, Uxbridge, and was in his 94th year. Deceased was admitted as a solicitor in 1851, and during the whole of his career practised in Uxbridge. He was appointed clerk to the justices in 1874, and only resigned that position a week before his death. Until the date of his resignation he attended the courts regularly, and only a few weeks ago he was in his office dictating letters and signing cheques. When the Volunteer Movement was started in 1859, Mr. Woodbridge was one of the first to join it in the county of Middlesex, and was probably the oldest living Volunteer officer. An enthusiastic Dickens lover, he contributed readings at the local literary institute over 60 years ago.

### In Brief

A Pedestrian, as a Massachusetts Judge ruled, is not obliged legally to jump off the path of a motor car but it sounds like a good time to waive this right.—Wall Street Journal.

We think we have discovered the real reason for the lengthening of skirts. It is to prevent the waistline from falling below the hem.—Punch.

One of the most pathetic sights in the political world is a lame duck counting his chickens before they are hatched.—Dallas Times Herald.

Some one suggested this as a sign to be erected at railroad crossings, "Better Stop a Minute Than Forever."—E. W. Howe's Monthly.

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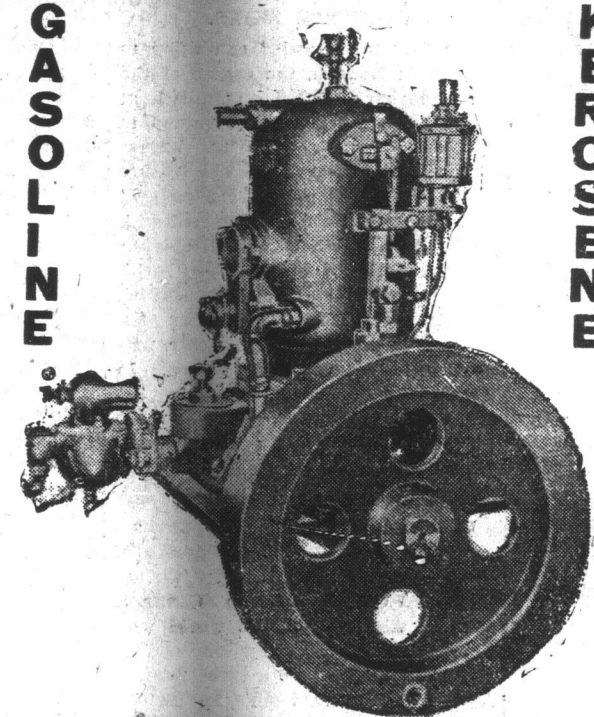
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