

Kathleen gave him a dainty bow of recognition; then, apparently, forgot his very existence as her face glowed with admiration for the man at her side, Clifford Gordon, the bridge-builder.

An old look came over Chesley Randolph's face; an air of perfect dejection settled on him; the world looked cold as winter. In his utter dejection, he forgot to flick off a few spots of dust and cinders that had settled on his coat sleeve. He murmured, "Women are strange affairs, anyway. You never can tell what they are going to do; always going opposite. This dragging through life is a monotonous affair, anyway."

A voice floated from the other table. Yes, it was Kathleen's voice, and sweet it sounded to her husband. "You know, Clifford, I notice it is becoming more apparent every day that a man is valued more and more according to his value to the empire, and less and less according to his value to himself and his own personal interests; furthermore, I notice

that when people can get beyond themselves and their own narrow horizons, and take an interest in the "great big things in life," like you do, this world is just riotous with intense interest, ennobling emotion and clean pleasure."

The Farmer in the West

By William Lutton.

Although the C.P.R. lands are worth, today, \$300,000,000 or more than the entire capitalization of the Company, no one thinks that the government of the day which made the grant to the new enterprise of 25,000,000 acres of public lands, were blameworthy. The lands formed part of a vast and untrodden wilderness, they had potential, but no actual, value. However fertile they might be, they were absolutely worthless without the living entity, and the West was a "No Man's Land" or largely so, thirty

years ago. For aeons there was a great silent American continent—not worth a sou in actual currency or value. It contained riches incalculable, but only through the exertion of human intelligence. The ancient Incas in the southern part played with diamonds as our children play with worth less baubles. Latentin the soil was a marvelous productive power, but there was no human instrument to provoke it to life and activity. Who was the first farmer in the North West? It has been said that he who makes two blades of grass to grow where one has grown before is the true philanthropist. Judged by this criterion the first farmer, if he could be discovered, should have a monument erected to his memory. Our French friends travelled, and set up missions; and invading the North West set up the cross; but they did not turn farmers to any extent; they did not plant potatoes; they did not sow or reap. Colonization after the Anglo Saxon model did not fit in with their genius. It was a big gift to offer the

C.P.R. \$300,000,000 for nothing. It seemed, at least for nothing, but consider in what ample measure the C.P.R. has required its obligations. The Company having completed its system, immediately turned its attention to Europe. The old world had a surplus, an increasing human surplus, for which there was no room. It became the duty of the Company to bring such out to the Canadian West, set them down, and show them the virgin soil, ample and rich and gracious to reward honest effort. Thirty years ago the Company had to beg and beseech the landless people in the old world to seize the opportunity. The great stream of emigration found its way, at the time, to the United States. By dint, however of persistent advertising, Canada (a few arrears of snow) as a great and disdainful French monarch once described it—became known. Small groups began to come out to us. The history of the pioneer farmers has to be written. It might be made an heroic record without departing from the truth. The early settlers suffered. They had set themselves down in the vastness—alone in many instances—long distances from the main line of the C.P.R. before there was any talk of other systems or an extension of the original railway. They had to wrestle for a living with the naked earth. They had few implements, nor were they accustomed to farming methods which would accord with conditions or climate. They built bits of shacks or "dug outs" against the hummocks; and pierced the earth and sowed the seed, and reaped marvelously. They were lonely; they felt like giving in; the vastness and solitude were oppressive—but they kept at it. Others came and set themselves down in the vicinity; a faint spark of social life was kindled; it grew; and in time the settlement became a town—a city of might, and power, and magic. Even today, with everything to the hand, you will sometimes hear it said that there is much hardship to put up with. Such people do not know what they are talking about. The early settlers had to go miles for water; for provisions which they had to carry on their backs when secured; they lived in a silence which enwrapped them as a garment. The bright little towns, the roaring city which is now at the elbow, had no existence. The rigors of winter were implacable, nor had they, as now, the means to mitigate them. It would indeed be an epic—the story of the early settlement of the Northwest. Some day it may be written, when as some one has said, we get trees and hedgerows in the West to replace the staring newness of the moment. The groups grew; the tale spread; field was added to field. The stream of emigration was diverted in a measure from the United States; the desolate people of European lands knocked at our door, and we gladly gave them admittance. From Russia, Austria, Hungary, Italy, Roumania, Poland they came,—pouring themselves into the vastness, which promptly swallowed them up. Most of the people who came out to the West in the early days, knew little or nothing of the farming methods to be employed in our climate, and with the character of our soil it is all the more to their credit that they buckled to—making mistakes, indeed, but mastering the difficulties in time. They had poor implements, but these in time, gave place to modern machinery. They had no granaries, no convenient railway stations, no freight cars, no elevators. All that was a later revelation, but heroic work was done: a living was made; money was saved; and even thirty years ago they pointed you, in the immigration literature, to the beautiful homes of Jones and Smith, pioneer farmers in the Northwest. One can recall the immigration of the Doukhobors, the Galicians, the Ruthenians, the Mormons—human tides which flung up a curious ethnic diversity. What we call the foreigner expressed a very passion of joy in new possession. They had to learn the A.B.C. of Northwest farming. They made ludicrous mistakes; but they persevered; and in their several communities are enjoying independence today. Gradually the C.P.R. found it did not need to spend so lavishly on advertising. The Northwest was known. The letters home, of those who had settled, were the best form of advertising. The villages became towns, the towns became cities; and the individual farmer, in his loneliness,

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