



Western Citizens, chiefly Winnipeggers, leave to travel through 2500 miles of country to ascertain what Westerners think of a 1912 World's Fair at Winnipeg.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GIBSON, WINNIPEG

A Dutch Salad

By S. Rupert Broadfoot, Guelph.

OLD "Jaky" Schmidt used to run the Imperial Hotel in Guelph, Ontario. This genial German was justly famous all over the country for his good "square" meals, but especially for the unconscious drollery of his remarks. Probably his most noted characteristic was an overweening fondness for a game of "schmer," a harmless sort of cross between poker and seven up. "Jaky" would sooner indulge in this mildly exciting form of amusement than eat, which is saying a good deal in his case.

On one occasion he was enjoying his favourite pastime, when the hostler rushed in, and breathlessly announced that the stable was on fire. The old man never took his eyes off his hand.

"Did you git the horse out?" he calmly queried.

"Yes."

"Did you get the buggy out?" still scanning the cards.

"Yes."

"And the harness?"

"Yes."

"Vell," he drawled nonchalantly, "I'll bid two."

When Herr Schmidt had passed the four-score mark, his eye-sight began to fail, and a great unreasoning fear took possession of him that he was going blind. To show him the folly of this, some of his drummer friends played a joke on him one night. They arranged with the clerk to switch off the electric lights at the psychological moment, and late in the evening proposed a game of "schmer," to which "Jaky" quite readily agreed. After a few rounds the player on the old man's right bid "three." Off went the lights. All sat in silence for a minute or two, then his neighbour said:

"Mr. Schmidt, I bid three; what are you going to do?"

"How can I bid when de lights is oud?"

"Oh," cried everyone, "the lights are not out. Go on and bid!"

"By golly!" shrieked mine host, "if der lights aind't oud I'm plind!"

Guelph people will tell you that the consistent manner in which the Grand Trunk Railway Company fails to live up to its time-table is nothing short of proverbial. A traveller once asked our hoary-headed publican what time the afternoon train would leave for Hamilton. The old man's gout was bothering him and he howled querulously:

"How der Dickens do I know?"

"Well," returned the stranger in a subdued tone, "I thought the south train was supposed to leave at two-fifty."

"Oh-h, mè poy, that's a fery different t'ing, she's supposed to leave then, but she never does!"

It was for many years the hotelkeeper's dearest boast that no guest who had left an early call at his house had ever missed his train. But he got fooled once. A commercial man left a five o'clock call in order to catch the five-fifty-five express for Toronto. Through some oversight he forgot to enter it in the register. About half-past five next morning Schmidt suddenly remembered that someone had wanted to rise early, but to save his life he could not recollect who it was. So he began a systematic tour of the halls, knocking at every door, and yelling, "Are you der feller what put that five o'clock call in?" From the depths of the coverlets would presently come a muffled "No!" Then he proceeded to the next room. Over forty sleepers had been thus aroused, and had answered negatively in none too angelic tones before his stereotyped question elicited the blithe response: "Yes, sir." "Jaky" took out his watch. It was about seven-thirty! "Ach!" he chuckled, "what's der use, anyway; your train iss gone long ago!"

BUILDING THE GREATEST CANADIAN WHEAT ELEVATOR



Canada has now the largest Wheat Elevator in the world, the C.N.R. Elevator at Port Arthur with a capacity of seven million bushels. Here is shown the foundations for the first unit of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Elevator, planned to an ultimate capacity of forty million bushels. This is being built on "The Mission," across the Kaministiquia River from Fort William, the terminus of the Lake Superior Branch of the G.T.P. It was hoped this Elevator would be ready for the shipping season of 1909, but this is doubtful. In the distance, beyond the River, tower some of the present Elevators of Fort William; these are six or seven in number and have a present capacity of twenty million bushels.

PHOTOGRAPH BY FRYER, FORT WILLIAM