PEOPLE AND PLACES

The Miracle of Melville

F OUR years ago this October a man called Redgwick nailed a few boards together, and began to sell things out on the Saskatchewan prairie. That was the beginning, the first of Melville, which right at this moment is whacking ahead at a faster clip than any other town in Canada—as far as development speed records go, at any rate. Robert Garvin was the second storekeeper in Melville. He, and several big sons of his, treked it over the grass from Saltcoats. All the Garvins pitched their camp one day near where the aforesaid Redgwick was bartering with the farmers in galloping distance roundabout. Soon they had a counter over which they dispensed nails and binder twine.

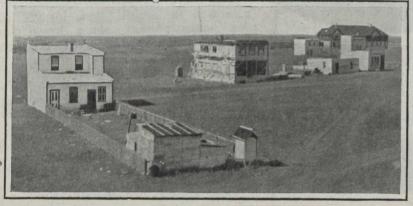
Redgwick is still in Melville. Garvin is big in hardware and on the

WHAT CAN HAPPEN IN CANADA IN FOUR YEARS,

east of Edmonton, and 92 north of Regina. There are rays of steel rails splitting from the town which augures well for it as a distributing centre; also some in the survey stage, of which are: a jaunt to North Portal and the International boundary by way of Regina, making things lively in the coal regions, and part of the Hudson's Bay line via Yorkton and Canora. Melville, junction point of such roads as the G. T. P. and the Hudson route, has indeed potentialities.

ties. Agriculturally the Melville country has been exploited with much success. All the homesteads have been gobbled. Melville is a place for the capitalist farmer who can put down from fifteen to twenty dollars for an acre. Last year 240,000 bushels of wheat came off the land and 150,000 was the record in oats. Mixed farming is in vogue on a rolling prairie

Melville, Sask., to-day--railroad centre and distribution point.



Melville, Sask., tour years ago -- "A child's city of blocks."

Board of Trade. Both these started store in shacks. Now they have offices and clerks. They sell to a hustling, live, modern miracle town of 2,000 people, all of whom came led by fate in the past four years. Jocosely these two men are known as the "old cettlers." They are merely two of the venerable young men of the West. There is something altogether mystical and mysterious about an appar-

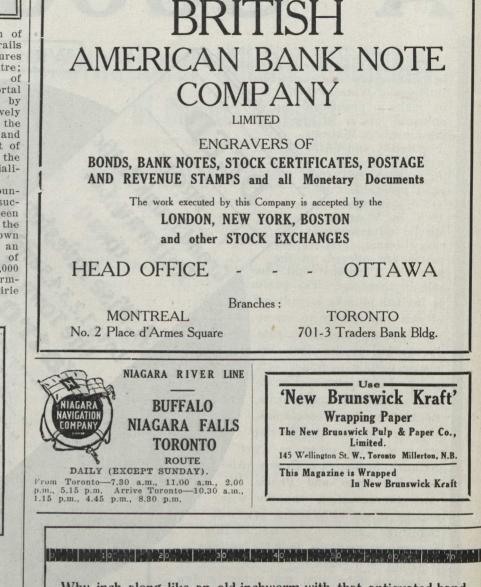
There is something altogether mystical and mysterious about an apparition like Melville. Take a look at the pictures on this page; the one the baby Melville—a few shacks dumped out on the prairie—which looks for all the world like a panoramic view of a child's city of blocks; the other Melville four years later—Melville, with an assessment of a million and a half dollars, schools, churches, barrooms—and all modern conveniences down to a company of boy scouts.

rooms—and all modern conveniences down to a company of boy scouts. The two things which may explain Melville are its fraternity with the big railroads past and future, and the growing power of the soil outside the town limits. As for its railroad connection—Melville is named after a transportation king, genial Charles Melville Hays of the G. T. P. From which circumstance one may expect that the Grand Trunk Pacific slipped into Melville early—which it did. Melville is the second divisional point on the G. T. P. 279 miles west from Winnipeg; 187 east of Saskatoon; 514

land somewhat bluffry, with a sandy loam and heavy black loam soil undermined by a stratum of clay.

The Thief in the Night

A T the recent coronation ceremonies in London, someone played a rather dirty trick on the Province of Saskatchewan which has also its humorous side. The Saskatchewan Grain Growers desired to express their intense loyalty to King George, and they chose a very fitting way to do it. These farming gentlemen solicited gubscriptions from 3,000 other loyal citizens, and had made a large silver bread basket of chaste and realistic design. Inside and outside, the basket was adorned with maple leaves, beautifully wrought. The handle and base of the basket were decorated with an arrangement of gold wheat, a triumph of the smith's art. There was room on the basket for the Dominion coat of arms, the Saskatchewan coat, the proud motto of the Grain Growers, "Let justice be done though the heavens do fall," and the dignified inscription to His Majesty. Who would dare to purloin such an object? But the basket, filled with loaves of pread from Saskatchewan, went to London minus its nourishmen'. Somebody hungered for the staff of life and took it en route.



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