CANADA'S FUTURE

"Granary of the Empire and the World"—Optimistic Prophecy by Hon. Sydney Fisher.

(London Chronicle.)

From some very remarkable facts prepared by the Hon. Sydney Fisher, the Minister of Agriculture of the Dominion Government of Canada, we quote the following. The article in its entirety has been delivered as a lecture before the Canadian Club at Ottawa:

Canada last year had an average of hard winter wheat of 24 bushels to the acre, and of summer or spring wheat 21 bushels to the acre.

The United States had an average of 16 bushels to the acre of both winter and summer wheat.

Canada thus stands pre-eminent amongst the newer nations, with 50 per cent. more per acre than our great rivals the United States.

But, while we thus stand pre-eminent amongst the newer countries, we are far behind the finer and more scientific agriculture of the older nations in Europe.

England alone, which some of our people in their pride of colonial possession and progress think is old, effete, and worn out, last year produced 33 bushels to the acre, and the whole United Kingdom 32 bushels to the acre. Scotland produced 41 bushels to the acre, and little Belgium 35 bushels to the acre.

I fear our farmers are not doing what they might easily do, and what, if they availed themselves of the information that is laid freely at their feet, they could do. To illustrate this I shall only quote one remark. Dr. Robertson, a couple of years ago, in addressing the Seed Growers' Association here, and impressing upon the farmers the importance of good seed and good cultivation, stated that the farmers of the province of Quebec received that year $73,000,000 from their whole crop, but if they had grown a crop equal per acre to the whole crop of the Macdonald College farm per acre, they would have received $147,000,000 instead of $73,000,000.

Wheat is the staple of agriculture everywhere as far as the crude crops are concerned. It is the production of wheat which is watched by merchants and by statisticians the world over. It is as to the supply of wheat that the human race most anxiously scans the agricultural returns of the year, and the food of humanity generally is more gauged by the wheat they consume than by any one other thing.

The United States is one of the great wheat-producing countries, but we have leading men, men of knowledge, men of foresight, men of thought in the United States, pointing to the fact that in the near future, as reckoned by the lives of nations, the United States will turn from being a food-exporting country to being a food-importing country.

Last year they exported a large quantity of wheat, but their population is growing apace and enormously, and it is expected that before half of this century is passed the United States will probably have a population of more than 200,000,000 of people, and they will require more than 1,000,000,000 bushels of wheat to supply their home market alone.

They have not succeeded of late years in increasing their production to any great extent, and, judging from what we know, it is not very likely that they will keep pace at all with their production, as compared with their increase in population.

Then they will have to come to us for their wheat, and the other markets of the world which today count upon the United States will have to come to Canada. And it is no idle thing to say that Canada, in the near future, will be, and must be, the granary of the empire, and of a large portion of the world.

What, then, are our prospects? We have at the present time this last year in the northwest a production of about $195,000,000 worth of all our crops in the three provinces. This was raised on 12,000,000 of acres. Seven millions of those acres were in wheat, and they produced 147,000,000 bushels.

What have we in reserve? At the present time it is estimated by the department of the interior that the land in the hands of the settlers amounts to about 46,000,000 acres, of which 12,000,000 were cultivated last year, 7,000,000 being in wheat.

There are about 32,000,000 of acres in the hands of railroads and other corporations and owners, not settlers. There are about 45,000,000 of acres surveyed but still in the hands of the people of Canada. And, roughly speaking, there are probably 90,000,000 acres more of agricultural land, even unsurveyed in a general way, north of the line of our ordinary surveys.

This gives us available 213,000,000 acres in the three provinces, and I think it is a fair and conservative estimate to say that of this about 50,000,000 acres are actually suitable for wheat production under ordinary circumstances and ordinary farming.

That is to say, there is available about seven times the amount that last year was in wheat, and if we are able to keep up our average of production we will be able to produce 1,000,000,000 bushels of wheat from the three prairie provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta, about one and a half times the production of the whole United States last year.

That needs population; that needs development.

In Canada we have today a number of agencies of an educative character for the farmers. In addition to the agricultural colleges which are being established in all the provinces, where opportunities are afforded to young men, and boys, and girls growing up on the farms, to find out the best systems and methods of farming, we have in the dominion government, and in the provincial governments and departments of agriculture, agencies for the spreading of agricultural knowledge.

This is a kind of technical education. And let me say here that the results of technical education in regard to the farming business are such as would justify a very large expenditure of public money upon technical education in regard to any other business if the same kind of results can be brought about.

We have not in agriculture confined ourselves to the teaching of the new generations, but we have been placing at the disposal of the men actually engaged in the business a vast amount of accurate expert information.

We have gone about through the country at large and held meetings, we have gone out to the highways and byways and gathered the men in—very often indifferent, sometimes contemptuous—but they have come to scoff and have gone away to pray, with the result that when they do occasionally—not always I am sorry to say—put their knowledge into practical operation, they have made farming a practical success in this country everywhere.

FATHER MORRISCY'S WAY

Of Curing Catarrh is Simple and Effective.

In treating catarrh, some doctors recommend internal remedies, while others pin their faith to external application. Internal medicines do not produce immediate relief, while external ones do not reach the seat of the trouble.

Father Morriscy's method was to supplement one treatment with the other. His famous prescription, "No. 26", consists of tablets and salve, each skilfully compounded of Nature's own remedy agents. The learned priest did not believe in using dangerous and powerful drugs, when simpler and better remedies were available.

The tablets, to be taken three times a day, invigorate the system, purify the blood, and restore the health and vitality. The antiseptic salve, applied inside the nostrils, soothes and heals the passages and destroys the germs therein.

Attacking the disease from within and without, and working together, the two treatments known as No. 26 quickly cure catarrh and prevent future trouble.

For this tried and true combined remedy, 50c. at your dealer's or from Father Morriscy Medicine Co., Ltd., Chatham, N.B. 88

SAYS ST. JOHN SHOULD BECOME A GREAT CITY

C. A. Creighton, of Thomaston, Me., Sees Reasons for Development Here; Came to St. John on Purchasing Mission.

"With all your natural resources, your mountains of limestone and lumber industries and every facility for carying on trade I do not see why St. John should not be a great city," remarked C. A. Creighton, a prominent lime burner, of Thomastown, (Me.) who is in the city to arrange for the shipment of a large supply of kiln wood from this port to his kilns in Thomastown.

Mr. Creighton and H. A. Moody, also of Thomastown, arrived in the city last week and registered at the Royal. Talking with a reporter Saturday morning Mr. Creighton said he had completed arrangements for securing a year's supply of kiln wood here. Some fifteen or twenty years ago, he said, practically all the wood used in their kilns had been purchased here but in recent years they had been getting their supply in Maine. The wood secured here is considered better than what is usually obtained in Maine and the price is about the same. There is no duty on kiln wood and the freight rates are reasonable when schooners can be obtained.

One of the difficulties in late years has been lack of vessels to carry the wood and it is possible that Mr. Creighton will have to send his own schooners here to load.

Asked if he thought there was any likelihood of a change in the tariff that would permit lime burners here to ship their product to the United States, he replied, "Not until we have a Democratic president."

"I suppose as a lime burner you would not favor such a change," remarked the reporter.

"Yes, I would," he replied, "I am a free trader. I should think," he continued, "that you have a wonderful opportunity to develop this country. With all your natural resources, your mountains of limestone for cement industries, and your lumber resources, I do not see why you should not be a great city. I was given an opportunity of seeing the city on Friday when John E. Moore took Mr. Moody and myself around in his automobile. I had not been here before for twenty-nine years, my last visit being made as a boy on a schooner, so I noticed a very great change in the city."

Mr. Creighton and Mr. Moody left Saturday evening on the C.P.R. for Moosehead Lake where they will join a party for a fishing trip, before returning home.

TRAGIC DEATH OF RIVER PHILIP MAN

C. F. Colburn Killed by Accidental Discharge of Gun in His Own Hands --- Didn't Know His Son Had Put Cartridges in Weapon.

Amherst, N. S., May 13—(Special)—A shocking accident occurred at Collingwood yesterday morning, resulting in the death of one of the best known citizens of that community, C. F. Colburn, clerk and treasurer of the River Phillip district.

Colburn had a workshop over his kitchen and yesterday morning, after breakfast went to the room, accompanied by his wife. Mrs. Colburn came down later and expected her husband to follow her immediately, and a few minutes afterwards heard the report of a gun. On rushing upstairs she found her husband lying on the floor with life practically extinct from a wound directly in the heart.

A gun was generally kept on a rack, but Wednesday Mr. Colburn's young son had taken it from the wall and placed a cartridge in it. He intended removing the cartridge, but it had stuck and it is thought that Mr. Colburn, seeing the gun standing in the corner, intended to put it in its accustomed place on the wall, and not being aware that it was loaded, snapped the trigger. An inquest was held by Coroner T. M. Johnson of Oxford, and a verdict of accidental death rendered.

Mr. Colburn was one of the best known citizens of River Phillip Valley, and was highly esteemed. He was a lifelong supporter of the Conservative party, also an active member of the Methodist church. He was also a member of the I. O. O. F. He was in his 58th year. The funeral will take place on Saturday morning at 10 o'clock. Rev. Mr. Johnson of the Methodist church will conduct the services.

The charity of some folks consists in giving advice.

AN EMPIRE'S LOSS

In spirit all the Empire and much of the civilized world mourns beside the bier of Edward the Peacemaker.

ST. PIERRE DESERTED AND CITY OF THE DEAD

Silence and Desolation Brood Over the Place Overwhelmed by Mount Pelee—Tropical Vegetation Growing on the Streets—40,000 People Buried Under the Ruins.

Pelee! It looks innocent enough. The island smiling and peaceful in the sunshine, with rich wooded valleys lying between the green shoulders of warm foothills which rise to the heavily timbered slopes of the great hill itself. From well out at sea for a few minutes only we had seen the full outline of the mountain clear cut against the sky, the cone truncated as sharply as the top of an egg which had been sliced with a knife.

In the awful moment on the 8th of May, 1902, when the cap of the mountain lifted before the blast of flame swept down upon the city on the shore, it is said that by the mere concussion, masts and funnels were lifted out of ships that lay off shore. But today, and usually, it is only from out at sea that one sees the monster's outline intact.

One by one the green and happy-looking hills wheel by us still, too suddenly it seems, writes a correspondent of the London Times, the long curved line of the bay is before one where was once St. Pierre. "It is men, not walls, that make a city," the Greek maxim ran, and more, it is living men. For the walls of St. Pierre are there still, and probably no fewer than 40,000 of its inhabitants are there are also. But they have been asleep these eight years now. And it is extraordinarily impressive, this white, sightless skeleton of a dead city.

In orderly rows the houses stand as seen from the sea, the streets rising in tier upon well-graded tier, back from the shore to the hills. But every street is silent, every house roofless, every window cavernous and blind. The sea is as smooth as a sheet of glass. Between us and the shore one small boat contains two boys who have been fishing, the sun shining on their copper-colored skins and on the brilliant red rock fish with which the bottom of the boat is littered. Otherwise there is no life in all the wide roadstead, where seventeen vessels with numerous small boats were swallowed up that day.

Almost without a ripple we slide through the still indigo-colored sea; the anchor runs out, and we swing gently round some 300 yards perhaps from the uncanny land. We go ashore in the ship's launch, for no one puts out to take us off or greet us. The bottom here is buried many feet deep in volcanic dust and ashes, and in such stuff even in a calm like this an anchor drags at times.

On the forlorn wreck of a jetty we are met by half a dozen almost unclad black folk, three women (the elderly hag perhaps the mother of the two others), one old and crippled man and two young boys, all thrusting on us pathetic souvenirs dug from this graveyard of a city—goblets and other glass vessels, showing the action of the fire, half fused and melted out of shape; coins burned and bent; personal ornaments, as a bronze crucifix and chain, bits of bric-a-brac, like an old wrought iron candlestick and an Indian god in Benares brass—all alike bearing witness to the awfulness of that hour when the hot air searched the town as a flame is driven by a forced draught through a furnace, each poor article truly a memento mori.

Dead Lay in Hundreds.

How could human life continue in an atmosphere which almost instantaneously charged and destroyed all woodwork, melted the softer metals and left the hardest half fused, blistered and distorted and split blocks of marble and granite as we see them split here? They say that in these streets the dead lay in their scores and hundreds, all crouched in one direction, all with their useless arms bent across their faces.

Before us as we land lies the wide, paved street, which runs along and parallel to the waterfront. "And there," says the ship's officer, who is my guide and counsellor, "was the wickedest spot in the whole West Indies. That row of houses, pink and white, to the left. The French nature, you know, away from the restraints of home, with the ignorance and docility of the blacks. It is a bad combination."

There are legends now of blasphemous rites which were in progress when the "fire from the Lord out of heaven" was rained down—legends which have probably grown up since the event. But there seems to have been good ground for that description, "the wickedest spot in the West Indies." And of over 40,000 people who were presumably in the city at the time only, one man escaped, prisoner under sentence of death for murder, and confined in a cell impervious to the flames and fumes, and he only escaped to die of the shock a few days later.

Fifty yards of a narrow cross street bring us to what was once the chief business thoroughfare of St. Pierre. Wide and straight it runs for a mile in either direction, the roadway flagged with blocks of stone, fair and smooth, to where on each side the gutters are now green ribbons of herbage. Then the high curb rises, and beyond it the broad paved sidewalk (for the French build their colonial cities better than we) reaches to the straight, clean, orderly frontage of the stone-built shops. Straight and orderly the line of the shop fronts still stands—the fronts only, with gaping doorways and empty windows.

Heavy Masonry.

Here and there, still fixed in the heavy masonry, the rusted clamps and pins show where doors were hung and window shutters fastened, but beyond the bare incombustible stone and metal not a fragment or shred of wood or glass or fabric remains of all the bravery of what was once perhaps the gayest and most fashionable shopping street in the West Indies. Now and again one gathers indications of what kind of stock was carried in this shop or that.

Here a mass of what was once called chain, now fused to a solid lump of metal, suggests that this was an ironmonger's. There the wreckage of a massive safe inside the wide windows, framed for display, makes it likely that a jeweller throve. But for the most part each building is full, choked to the roof, with ash and volcanic dust, dreadful to see, but merciful perhaps, for under it, buried deep, are things that one does not care to think of. No life, no perishable material survived that first sitting, withering blast, then came the rain of dust and ashes, covering all things as for the most part they remain hidden to this day.

And more mercifully yet nature in the tropics is prolific. Whatever man holds he holds only by keeping the vegetable armies at bay; wherever he retreats the ranks of the green things advance. From the hill slopes on all sides vegetation has pushed its way among the ruins. Seeds have been borne by the wind or dropped by birds, or having long lain dormant in crevices of houses and in the uncongenial earth of the city, have now thrust up through the overlying layer of debris to the air. In every interstice, overhanging every wall from where the roofs once were, a mantle of foliage and blossoming shrubs has been drawn over the whole dead city.

Each straight paved street, with the white walls on either hand, is little more than a pergola, a grotto, an average cut through the green. On every side a dense scrub of faint perfumed mimosa and eupatorium, with its clustered flower heads and gray green leaves, has thrust up, and over and among them climb strange creepers, in which the yellow gherkinlike fruits of the momordica are conspicuous.

And over and among these again are the butterflies and moths, gorgeous things to make the European lepidopterist despair; splendid fritillaries, all molten copper and silver and rose, beautiful moths of the Lithosia or Footman family, white butterflies and yellow and a host of representatives of genera unknown to British collectors. So over the huge sepulchre wherein 44,000 human beings lie buried, there is a constant play of life, the grace of green leaves and brilliant flowers and bright-colored wings shimmering in the hot West Indian sun.

Leaving the silent streets we turned shoreward, another and myself, and walked for a mile along the edge of the incoming tide, and it is strange walking, for the sand beneath one's feet treads as firm and sound as anywhere on the English coast. But it is black—soot black. In all the mile also we found not a single shell. A few crabs live in holes in the black stuff, which is part sand, part cinders, and scramble out of one's way as one approaches. A line of debris marks the limits of the tides—stones worn smooth by the action of the water, bits of glass polished and frosted by the salt—in one place a tablespoon, and in another the blade of a knife, both showing through the rust the blistering effects of fire—but all dead things, with not a scrap of seaweed or fragment of a shell.

Ominous and Dreadful.

On this level background, inky black, whatever there is stands out conspicuously, and there is something ominous and dreadful in the utter absence of all signs of life. For some miles out from shore they say that the floor of the sea is even now, after all these years, carpeted deep in this black pall under which and on which nothing lives. A mile or so along the shore one comes to the broad pebble-strewn bed of the watercourse (down the centre of which a ten-foot wide rivulet of water babbles crystal clear from the mountains) which acted as a barrier against the lava flow and kept it from overwhelming the desolated town.

Up to the nearer shore of the old bed everything is green and flower-studded. Beyond it lies a barren land, seamed and brown; such a land as that in which Roland wandered when he came to the Dark Tower. Seamed and parched and brown, it stretches as far as the eye can reach up the slopes of Pelee to the white cloud wreaths.

Back we turned again from the shore through the silent streets of the sleeping city. Here the circular basin of a fountain holds in its centre the pedestal of what was an elaborate bronze group with swans nearly life-size at each corner, which one may believe once poured water through their curved necks. The necks are headless now. Only one swan still stands on its base. Two others, melted out of shape, lie in the empty basin, mere lumps of metal.

In another place the head of an iron lion thrust out from the wall, with open mouth, through which once water used to pour, but the pipes are melted away, and under the rust the features of the lion are blurred and half obliterated by the breath of the furnace. We passed where two massive columns still show what was the stately entrance to the governor's house, but the heavy iron gates lie wrecked and twisted on the ground, and beyond the noble pleasure grounds is a wilderness of tangled woodland growth, with here and there a hummock of ruined masonary half draped in green.

Tombstones Split by Heat.

In the cemetery the tombstones lie split by the heat and twisted from their beds, and the monuments lie strewn and broken on the ground, but it has little meaning now, this place where the resting places of a few hundred dead were honored with monuments of marble and granite, while all round in the city, which is one vast cemetery, lie 40,000 dead unmarked.

My ship's officer told me that he knew St. Pierre well before it was stricken, and no less than once a year since then he has been able to put in here and come ashore, and at each visit he has seen how nature has gained upon the town. In a few more years the streets will all be overgrown, the masonry buried in green, and the forest growth will have pushed its way down to the shore.

This is one of the islands where the dreaded snake, the Fer de Lance, is found. In just such a broken wilderness as this, where under the flowers and the butterflies the wreckage of the city offers strange dark hiding places, it will love to make its home. Then few people will care to push their way through the thick growth among the ruins. Ships will content themselves with passing off shore, and passengers will be shown from a distance the place where once St. Pierre stood. But a little more and a generation will arise to which the story of the disaster is but a tradition, and the very site of the wickedest spot in the West Indies will be forgotten, its memory overgrown with myth and legend, even as the ruins of the city itself are already half submerged in flowers and green leaves.

A LOVELY ONE.

(The Green Bag.)

After John Barrymore had witnessed a performance of Pinero's "Mid-Channel" the other day in New York his sister asked him what he thought of the play.

"It reminds me," said John, "of a scene in the operating room of a hospital. A group of happy surgeons is gathered around a patient who is at the point of death, and one of them is saying, 'Oh what a lovely cancer!'"

TWO FINE HORSES AND THREE COWS WERE POISONED

Revolting Discovery Made on Golden Grove Farm—Suspicion Rests on Man Who Has Disappeared.

A case of wholesale animal poisoning, the most thoroughly heartless which has taken place in the vicinity of the city in a long time, was laid bare at the farm of Mr. Bowes, on the Golden Grove road, during the early part of the week.

Two fine horses and three valuable cows were victims to the poisoner, who, it is said, was actuated by spite against the owner of the farm. One of the horses was the property of a carpenter named Campbell, who is at work on the farm buildings. Another horse was a large gray valued at over $200, and one of the cows had been purchased only a few days before at a cost of $50. Altogether the value of the stock destroyed does not fall far short of $500.

The crime, rightly or wrongly, is attributed to one of the men employed on the farm who was occupied in tending the stock. He had raised an objection, it is said, to the hiring of another man whom he disliked. Suspicion did not rest upon him until after he had made his escape, which he did before it had been ascertained what was the matter with the stock, and before any of the animals had died. The poisoner did his work by the placing of Paris green in the animals' food, as was afterward found through veterinary examination. One of the horses dropped in the road by the One Mile House while being driven to town, and had to be hauled to a nearby stable. Dr. W. H. Simon was called to attend it, but his assistance was too late. Efforts to locate the poisoner have so far been unavailing.

QUEENS COUNTY MAN IS RAISING BEARS

Has Four Animals Now Under His Care—Expects to Sell Them.

There are dog-fanciers, horse-fanciers, and fanciers of other species of dumb animals a plenty, but bear-fanciers are not so common. There is one in Cumberland Bay, Queens county, however. His name is John Grant. Mr. Grant's stock now consists of four animals. One of these he has had for a year, and it is now an accomplished specimen. The others are cubs which were added to the farm only on Sunday last. Their mother fell a victim to a trap set by Mr. Grant, and when the man went to his snare he found the three youngsters nearby mourning in a puzzled way. The mother did not survive, and the trapper adopted the furry orphans. He will raise and train them, and expects to sell them to someone who will use them for exhibition purposes.

HOW READ FOUND HIMSELF PAINTING IN BUENOS AYRES

It is Now Said He Was at Work With Other Painters in South America When He "Came To"--Had Money Still.

"When Herbert recovered his memory he was working as a painter with a number of other men on the side of a house in Buenos Ayres." This was the statement made a few days ago to a friend of the family by a near relative of Herbert Read, whose mysterious disappearance in November last aroused such interest throughout the Maritime Provinces and the search for whom occupied several months, covering an immense stretch of territory.

This relative said that when young Read awoke from the mental sleep into which he had fallen he found that he was still possessed of about half the $250 he had in his pocket when he left Montreal, so that, figuring his expenses while on the way to South America, he probably lost no money nor had any been stolen from him. The money in his possession when he came to was in Canadian bills, so he could not have earned it in the meantime. Herbert Read's recollection of what transpired while he lost time and identity is of the most misty and uncertain nature, it is said, although he remembers very clearly all that took place subsequent to his illness. That his complete balance was not recovered all at once is indicated by the fact that, although having money in his possession, he did not wire but wrote a letter which letter he would have realized if in a normal condition, must take several weeks to reach his family. Had he been mentally acute he would have realized his family's mental anguish because of his mysterious absence and would have wired in order to allay their distress as soon as possible.

It will be recalled that when young Mr. Read returned to New Brunswick both he and his relatives declined to discuss the case. It is now thought there was really little they could tell beyond the fact that the young man did not know how he reached Buenos Ayres, and the case will probably continue to be regarded simply as one of temporary loss of memory and identity, examples of which are frequently reported from month to month in the world's news.

STMR. EMPRESS OF BRITAIN MAKES A NEW RECORD

Montreal, May 13.—The Empress of Britain, the Canadian Pacific Railway Company's first Empress from the St. Lawrence this year, which sailed from Quebec Friday, May 6, has started the season by lowering the record held by her sister ship, the Empress of Ireland, over the Cape Race route by one hour and a half. The Empress of Britain arrived at Liverpool today, Friday, at 3.30 p. m.

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853-tf-sw JAME

SHERIFF'S S

There will be sold at on SATURDAY, the seco A. D., 1910, at 12 o' Chubb's Corner (so called) Saint John, in the Province wick, all the estate right t of George Burns in and to lot, piece and parcel of l situate lying and being in Lancaster in the County County of Saint John, acres more or less, and d lows: Beginning on the we of lot number six at a ma placed by Paul Bedell, S running north eighty-seve eleven rods, thence north side lines of lot number rods more or less till it str or boundary on the marsh at right angles in an easte it strikes the side line of thence running south by line till it strikes the pla together with all the privileges and appurtenan therto belonging.

The same having been seized by me under an out of the Supreme Court of New Brunswick against Burns at the suit of Isa

Dated this twenty-fifth A. D., 1910.

ROBERT R Sheriff of the City and John.

No Better Time fo Than Just N

St. John's summers a position so elevated and ventilated, that we do no sary to take a summer v have good classes durin weather.

Also, students can get than in winter, when crowded.

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