

Second Letter
written especially
for the Advertiser.

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The Twentieth Century Canada

New Glimpses of the West Through Eastern Eyes.

BY FRANK YEIGH, TORONTO.

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Edmonton is "feeling its oats," like all the thriving centers of the thriving West. Ever since the first Canadian Northern engine tooted its train a year ago into the town-on-the-heights, and Mackenzie & Mann gave their celebrated free lunch to four thousand hungry appetites; ever since, too, it was made the capital of Alberta, Edmonton has strutted just a little and with some reason.

Let an Old Timer tell the tale. The Western Old Timer may be only a 2-year-old resident, as against the New Timer who arrived yesterday. But a genuine Edmontonian will lead you up on facts quicker than a gopher will find its hole.

"We're the real center of the West," he will assert. "We're in the same latitude as Liverpool. We're the gateway to the thousand mile of Canada due north of us; we're the Mecca toward which all the big railways are hurrying as fast as rails can be laid; we grow winter wheat and spring wheat, cattle and corn, horses and hogs, sheep and children. We are the center of the Northwestern fur trade. We are built on a coal bed; we are on the banks of a great river soon to be spanned by a two-million dollar high level bridge; we have eleven banks, schools and churches many; and we had two hundred race horses at our Fair!"

Miles before reaching the wonderful town I espied a lonely bicyclist astray on the prairie, with all creation in which to ride. This note of modernity in the great out-of-doors was a surprise, but no less so than the same evil odor as in the East, and to learn that they could be hired by the day or hour. Then I chanced on a man who told me his agricultural implement firm would soon place on the market an auto suitable for the prairie farmer and rancher. The picturesque horseman may be disappointed in the same trials, and in his place, a gasoline launch-on-wheels will frighten the cayuses and scare the gophers to death.

LIVE IN STYLE FIT FOR KINGS

ELEGANCE OF LONDON HOME OF
AMBASSADOR REID AND
FAMILY.

\$40,000 a Year Rent Paid for Beautiful
Dorchester House, and \$10,000
for Summer Home.

Whitelaw Reid, the United States ambassador to Great Britain, pays \$40,000 a year rent for Dorchester House in London. This is a fraction less than \$800 a week. Ambassador Reid's salary is only \$17,500 a year, so he is actually spending more than double his salary as rent for his London residence alone. In the last two or three weeks Ambassador Reid has entertained the King of England and many other distinguished guests at Dorchester House. Among the "many others" may be mentioned Congressman and Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, in whose honor a series of elaborate receptions, dinners and presentations have been provided by the American ambassador.

And as a really smart diplomatic dinner or reception in London, one for instance, such as King Edward would be expected to attend, generally costs the host about \$10,000, it is easily seen how Ambassador Reid's household expenses for one evening entertainment could be greater than his salary for half a year.

SUMMER HOME AT \$10,000 YEAR.

In addition to his town house, Ambassador Reid has a country place, West Park, the lovely Bedfordshire home of the late Lord Cowper. Reid has taken West Park for term of years at an annual rental of \$10,000. To maintain both of these expensive establishments a staff of more than 60 servants is necessary. Dorchester House alone has twenty footmen in livery and thirty house servants. At a very low estimate, and making all due allowance for the fact that a liveried footman in England is not nearly so expensive a luxury as a liveried footman in America, it must cost the American ambassador \$6,000 a year to feed twenty footmen, pay them their wages and provide them with livery.

NOBODY NEED HAVE INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM!

THAT'S FACT THAT MEDICAL SCIENCE CAN PROVE TO YOU EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR—CARELESSNESS COURTS IT—PRECAUTION PREVENTS—IT'S NOT A CONTAGION THAT STEALS IN UNAWARES!

South American Rheumatic Cure

Is the fortress behind which you may be perfectly secure; and why take chances if, through exposure to heat and wet, you feel those unwelcome chills, then the fever, then the pains in the joints. Do not put off securing the greatest of rheumatic and neuralgia cures. Experience shows that the duration of inflammatory rheumatism, under ordinary treatment, will cover a period of six to eight weeks; and what a wracking it gives to the sufferer, and it seems almost incredible that the great South American Rheumatic Cure has, in thousands of instances, controlled and conquered most stubborn and next to baffling cases in from one to three days.

Lumbago is one of rheumatism's full brothers. It comes and prostrates at times with the suddenness of a thunderclap, and yet, as in the most acute inflammatory cases, the great South American Rheumatic Cure comes as a ministering angel, holds out its healing hand, and bids the bent and bedridden take on the suppleness of youth. Lots of testimony for the asking.

Healthy kidneys are kept so by South American Kidney Cure, and unhealthy kidneys are cured by the same great remedy sold by C. McCallum and Callard & McLaughlin.

With winter wheat grown two hundred miles north of Edmonton, with the grainings by the Western Grain Association of a distinctive standard growth of Alberta red winter wheat, with landseekers already compelled to go thirty miles from the capital for homesteads, with three transcontinental railways tapping the town, and with no rival nearer than Calgary two hundred miles south, no wonder Edmonton struts a trifle and the Old Timer loudly sings its song of progress.

Then there are the people of the plains, and the towns. See them by the thousands at the Edmonton Exhibition. No country on earth can show a finer gathering of well set up, bright eyed, healthy, honest, hopeful folks, and this comment applies to the West generally. True, one hears some virile Western language not suited for drawing-room consumption. Some drink too much—"Till you can smell the devil on them," some swear too much, but these are happily in the minority. The degree in which the church and school rise with the home and store and shop tells of the higher and highest things. But I wonder if Edmonton is the place where a sign reads: "S. P. Q. R." which is alleged to stand for: "Settlers' Pockets Allegedly Relieved."

Edmonton is as spick and span as a new coat. The sound of the hammer is heard in the land, and streets of houses are springing up like mushrooms. What used to be an outpost of empire is now an in-post of Canada. The new trail to Dawson City, recently completed by the Mounted Police, may be the forerunner of a line of railway thereto, and Edmonton may then be an important station on the all-rail around-the-world line via Bering Straits.

If you want to experience crowded railway cars, go West. The railways can hardly carry the throngs of travelers. Travel, for example, between Edmonton and Calgary, and on the long trains you will see represented a world

of about \$7,500 a year must be required for the wages and feeding of thirty house servants, exclusive of gardeners, lodge keepers, stablemen, coachmen, groomers and hall boys. A staff of these proportionate to the extent of the United States embassy and the degree of magnificence maintained there will call for a further outlay of probably \$5,000 a year. Then there are the ordinary living expenses of the Whitelaw Reids and their large retinue, the horses, the gas bill, the coal bill, the plumber, the butcher, the baker, the fashionable tailor and dressmaker and milliner, and so on and so on until the total probably represents an outlay of \$300,000 a year.

A COMMANDING SITE.

No other private residence in London occupies such a commanding site as Dorchester House, or is better adapted for entertaining on a scale of lavish splendor. It stands nearly half way up to Park Lane in the apex of a triangle formed by Park Lane, Dean street and South street, and the main entrance is nearly opposite the Stanhope gate, by which many of the fashionable people of the West End enter Hyde Park.

For stateliness there is nothing in Buckingham Palace equal to the \$150,000 marble staircase in the American ambassador's home. Dorchester House contains six magnificent reception rooms, arranged that they can be readily converted into one immense ballroom in which 1,000 couples can dance without being in the least crowded. There are twelve sitting-rooms, 24 bedrooms for the accommodation of guests, dining-rooms, a grand banquet hall, smoking, music and billiard-rooms, two large libraries, immense kitchens and larders and ample accommodations for entertaining from 25 to 50 house guests at one time.

FINEST RESIDENCE TO LET IN LONDON.

Mr. Reid rented Dorchester House for the reason that it was the finest available residence in all London. And he rented it furnished for two other reasons. One was that the mansion was luxuriously fitted up and quite ready to step into when he took it. The other reason was that it would have required

of races. I sat beside a veteran Catholic bishop who a few years ago had fifteen priests under his jurisdiction, but who now has fifty, and with him was an expatriated priest from France on a "lollapaloozer," though what that means is a mystery to the uninitiated. In front sat a business alderman; another is a smooth guy; a third is a Skidoo, poor chap; and a local bank magnate is "a hustler from h—l." The opinions regarding the editor on the part of his readers thus characterized do not come within the scope of my chronicles.

It is difficult to analyze Westerners, at least until a settling down takes place. The predominant type has yet to be produced. In the meantime the mixture of peoples has been described as "heterogeneous nondescripts."

I traveled through many towns on both the first and fourth of July, and evidences were everywhere apparent by the interchange of flags, that both were being impartially observed by the United States immigrants. Our American settler dearly loves a holiday, and is as ready to turn in to make Dominion Day a success as he is to recall his own glorious day of gunpowder and noise. Dancing pavilions strewn the prairie, and rustic grand stands overlooked unfenced areas where baseball and football had held sway.

Whatever his faults, or however a fear of Americanization may prevail, the Western Canadian heartily welcomes his brother farmer from over the border, and pronounces him a first rate fellow and an excellent neighbor.

Then there's Calgary. It would never do to speak admiringly of Edmonton without a similar reference to Calgary, and neither task is one that need strain the truth. Both centers have wide agricultural areas to draw from; both are already important distributing trade centers; both have alluring futures.

Situate on "the bonny, bonny banks of the Bow," as the Eye-Opener man puts it, and with no rival within hundreds of miles, Calgary is bound to be

an outlay of millions of dollars to provide furniture, paintings, tapestries and other appointments equally magnificent and valuable as those already in Dorchester House.

"Millions of dollars" seems an extravagant term when it refers merely to house furnishings, but consideration must be taken of the fact that the pictures alone in Dorchester House are worth a big fortune. They comprise one of the finest private collections of paintings in England and a recent dispatch from London stated that they had been insured for \$25,000,000. Most of the paintings in the Dorchester House collection are by old masters. They include representative works of Titian, Velasquez, Tintoretto, Van Dyke, Rubens, Murillo, Teniers, Paul Veronese, Claude and Poussin.

For many years previous to the arrival of Ambassador Reid at the Court of St. James, Dorchester House had remained unoccupied save by the caretakers. Its owner, Major George Lind-say Holford, one of King Edward's equerries, had found himself unable to bear the enormous expense of occupying it in a style appropriate to so partial an edifice.

Dorchester House was built in 1853 and is the finest example of domestic architecture added to London in the last century. It has the faults as well as the qualities of the mansions erected at that time. In its arrangement everything has been sacrificed to the state rooms, and above all to the marble staircase. The actual living rooms, though beautiful and spacious, are commonplace beside the apartments set aside for entertainments.

WONDERFUL ART TREASURES.

Major Holford accumulated a rare and beautiful collection of works of art. His Dutch pictures are not so numerous as those at Bridgewater House, but are equally fine in quality. His son, Major Holford, the present owner, might have revived his fortune by selling them, but he makes it a point of family pride to keep his collection intact, in the hope that before many years he may be able himself to enter into the full enjoyment of it at Dorchester House.

Then there are pictures of the finest kind of the English, French and Spanish schools, in addition to wonderful china, marbles, French decorative furniture and rare cuisine. There is everything, in fact, that taste and money could accumulate in the way of works of art at a period exceptionally favorable for the sagacious collector.

BOILED DOWN.

An amusing story is told of the editor of a go-ahead newspaper, who, in the eternal rushing to press to get ahead of the opposition, was constantly impressing upon his reporters the necessity for condensing all news. A terrific boiler explosion had taken place on board a big ship lying at Portsmouth.

"Get down there as hard as you can," he said to one of his men. "If you catch the 11:40 from London bridge you'll be there soon after 2, and can just wire up something for the fifth edition, but boil it down."

Soon after 2 o'clock that afternoon they got a wire from him: "Terrible explosion. Melpomene. Boiler empty. Engineer full. Funeral tomorrow. No flowers."—London Times.

It is in fact already great, for it is the city of the Eye-Opener—paper that manufactures language and says things. It describes one citizen as a "lollapaloozer," though what that means is a mystery to the uninitiated. A civil representative is "a lumpy jaw alderman"; another is a smooth guy; a third is a Skidoo, poor chap; and a local bank magnate is "a hustler from h—l." The opinions regarding the editor on the part of his readers thus characterized do not come within the scope of my chronicles.

Glimpses of the varied and picturesque life of the Albertan plains are still to be had even in Calgary. Stray groups of Indians parade the town, gay in blankets and gowns, the men proud of their long black braided hair, the women proud of the copper-tinted pickaninies strapped to their backs. The White Man's civilization is making sad havoc, however, for down a side street came a stalwart son of the tepee, drawing a little bundle of Indian humanity in a 25-cent go-cart! A perambulator will follow, sure as sunshine.

Calgary is, moreover, a ranching center, with its large abattoirs and its facilities for shipping live stock. The cowboy occasionally strikes town, though it is alleged there are some limitations on the market. The sight of the great ranches in the Bow River Valley, with their herds of grazing cattle, is an alluring one, and the tenderfoot from the Eastern city can imagine the charm of the life.

I want free life, and I want fresh air. And I sigh for the canter after the cattle.

The crack of the whips like shot in a battle.

The melody of horns, and hoofs, and heads.

That wars, and wrangles, and scatters, and spreads;

The green beneath and the blue above, And dash and danger, and life and love.

It is only thirty years since the first

that a thought wave travels a mile of nerve in a minute, while Herach learned that a touch was recognized by the brain and responded to in one-seventh of a second.

Prof. Donders, perhaps the greatest authority and experimenter, has learned that the brain action in responding to one of the senses is 75-1000 of a second. Of this 40-1000 of a second is consumed by the act of recognition and 35-1000 to responding.

PECULIARITIES OF GREAT BRAINS

All great brains have their peculiarities and their weaknesses, resulting from unconscious brain action.

Dr. Johnson, the great philosopher, was terribly afraid of death, and with all his philosophy could not overcome the horror, and would not permit death to be mentioned in his presence. Also he was superstitious. He would not enter a room with his left foot foremost, and, if by accident, he took the first step with his left foot, he stepped backward in sudden terror and entered with his right foot.

Julius Caesar, to whom the music of great battles was sweet, trembled at the sound of thunder and built cellars under his house where he might hide away from the sound of a cat, screaming and fled at the sight of a cat, one of the most fearless of women, trembled like a leaf at the sound of the word "death," and Talleyrand shivered and changed color at the same word.

How TO HAVE IDEAS AT WILL.

Dr. Laurence Brunton has discovered how to have ideas at will. If you want to remember something that has slipped your mind or to force a wearied brain to work either lie down or hang your head low. Better still, in extreme cases, stand on the head.

Dr. Brunton, after a particularly hard day's work, was compelled to finish an important medical treatise. He sat down with pen and paper ready—when his brain quit work. Not an idea would come nor could he write a word.

"My brain is the same as yesterday," he thought. "It worked well then. Why not now? It must be because my circulation is bad because of weariness." He studied the problem for some time, and came to the conclusion that, if the cerebral circulation was so poor that there was no mental activity, he must create the circulation. If the blood would not flow to the brain he would force it there. So he put his head down on the table, and the ideas began to flow at once. After ten minutes he thought he had enough ideas to start the article, so he raised his head again—but the ideas flowed away. He finished the treatise by refilling his head flat on the table and writing.

BRAIN ACTS IN 75-1000 OF SECOND

While it requires some time for any organ to respond to the order of the brain—the speed of thought itself is much faster. Helmholtz discovered

Be a Strong Man.

Increase Your vitality. Restore your nerve energy and feel as you ought, brisk, hearty and ever ready for work. You need Ferrozone. It is just the remedy for you. It creates a keen appetite, gives prodigious digestion, pours richness and vitality into the blood. It takes power to rebuild a worn-out man, but Ferrozone has that power. Mr. Walter Wood, of Beaupre, N. B., supplies the proof.

Ferrozone has given me a new lease of life. A year ago I suffered terribly from nervous weakness. I was scarcely able to drag myself out of bed. My appetite was gone, I had lost all ambition, and I felt used up. The first box of Ferrozone started me back to health. I took a lot of Ferrozone, but it was worth while, as my health was completely restored."

The ablest restorative known to man is Ferrozone. Get it today, 50 cents per box, at all dealers, or by mail from N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont., or Hartford, Conn.

herd of twenty-five cattle made the in-round-up in Alberta; today, more than a million cattle, horses and sheep are dining off the succulent grasses a bountiful Nature has there provided.

Calgary too will benefit, as Edmonton, from the discovery that winter wheat is cultivatable. In three years, running to forty bushels per acre. The prospective market for this surplus winter wheat, and for the flour therefrom, is China and Japan, the Orientals preferring it to the harder spring wheat of Manitoba. The Mormon farmers of Southern Alberta are indeed already shipping winter wheat flour direct to the Far East.

The extensive nature of the irrigation works of the C. P. R. form yet another surprise to the man from the East country. A tract of land is being irrigated almost as great in area as all the irrigated lands of Colorado or California, and twice as large as that of Utah. No less than six millions of expenditure are involved in the scheme now being worked out, which will make available three million acres—one-half for wheat growing; one-half for ranching. It is the greatest irrigation work of the first big canal—sixty feet wide in the feet deep—gives one a slight idea of the magnitude of the enterprise and its possible far-reaching effects. It is also asserted that the Alberta Mormons were the first to prove the feasibility of irrigation in this part of the country, and if so, all Canada is under obligation to them.

It may be added that Medicine Hat bids fair to be the center of another large irrigation scheme. An English company—the Robbins Irrigation Company—has undertaken the irrigation of 300,000 acres at a cost of a million and a half on the Bow and Belly Rivers lying between the C. P. main line and the Crow's Nest Pass Railway, west and south of Medicine Hat.

The story of the natural resources of

the West though old is ever new, for only by reiteration will the wondrous truth of it all dawn upon us. Everything would seem to be there, ready to be tapped, on the Athabasca, and on the Kootenay; natural gas going to waste at Athabasca Landing at a pressure of 60 pounds to the square inch. At Pelican Rapids tremendous quantities of gas have for nine years been running to waste.

There are forests enough north of Edmonton alone to keep scores of mills going for scores of years. There are mountains and rivers of coal, north and south, awaiting the miner. If the waterfalls be regarded as a natural resource, then the West is rich beyond compare therein, and as for our natural real estate area of 171 million acres, who will dare prophesy its ultimate resourcefulness when all the cultivatable soil will have been "tickled back with the plow and will have laughed at its harvests?"

Then compute if you can the hidden storehouses of metals in the granite ribs of the Rockies; consider the gold deposits yet unmined; add up, if there are figures sufficient, the fishery riches of our rivers and ocean shores; and who is equal to the task of striking a total?

And all these latent riches of the West are in Canada and belong to us Canadians.

The Westerner lives on Facts. Everything in active life is reduced to a Fact. Leave Theory to the effete East.

Facts are hurled at one on every hand; even your bus driver or your barber will take part in the general assault. I have purposely thus far resisted the temptation to make my readers suffer, but the "thus far" is ended and you must needs share in the suffering.

Think of Winnipeg's bank clearings. This is a highly practical way of re- for the first six months of 1905 totaling Western clearing of \$1,000,000,000. Men Wanted!"

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Think of saucy little Saskatoon's building operations thus far this year, equaling its total assessment of last year.

Think of a 66 foot lot selling in Prince Albert for \$10,000 and a 50 foot lot in Edmonton for \$40,000.

Think of nineteen new papers started in nine weeks.

The C. P. R. is building 4,000 miles of additional telegraph wires. The same company has 2,500 men at work on seven new branches of railway (involving a thousand miles of track), besides laying new rails on Crow's Nest Pass, practically rebuilding the main line across the plains; and double tracking the stretch between Fort William and Winnipeg.

The Canadian Northern is adding four millions worth of equipment to its western lines, including 2,100 new cars, and 60 locomotives. It is also spending or has already spent more millions on a score of branch lines covering hundreds of miles of new territory.

The Grand Trunk Pacific is pushing construction work at Fort William and Portage la Prairie. At Fort William I saw the first train bearing the words: "Grand Trunk Pacific Railway."

Five thousand miles of additional railway in all is planned for early building in the Canadian West alone at a cost of a hundred millions!

One hundred and eighty-five million immigrants arrived during the year 1905-6 in the great Canada-trend; 10,000 naturalizations were recorded in 1905.

In addition to all these suggestive facts, and amid all the glowing crop reports appearing in the press day by day, one of the most satisfactory items is that recently recorded in a Cardston, Alberta, paper: "The spring crop of wheat in this locality is the best it has ever been."

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DISCOURAGED MEN IS LIFE WORTH LIVING



Pay When Cured.

READER Are you a victim? Have you lost hope? Are you tending to marry? Has your blood been diseased? Have you any weakness? Our New Method Treatment will cure you. What it has done for others it will do for you. **CONSULTATION FREE.** No matter who has treated you, write for an honest opinion. Free of charge. Charges reasonable. **BOOKS FREE.** The Golden Monitor (illustrated), on Diseases of Men. Sealed Free on "Diseases of Women" Free.

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