CANADIAN COURIER



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is the honoured leader, millions of acres of the lands of this province have been given high value as wheatproducing areas, which, but for the secrets governing success in grain growing under our conditions of soil and climate, gradually wrested from Nature by them, would still have been classified as ranching lands. As such their average producing power was a steer worth, say, \$75.00, for each twenty acres every fourth year; as arable land their producing power is two crops of wheat, each worth on an average \$15.00 per acre every three years. Thus, by scientific prin-ciples of soil cultivation applied to ciples of soil cultivation applied to practical farming by intelligent and persevering men, has the potential value of millions of acres of its kindliest and most easily worked soil been increased ten-fold to this pro-vince, and, consequently, to the bread-eating world—for this is of im-perial significance. At the same time all of this land that has not already been entered for or is not reserved been entered for or is not reserved from entry is still available to whoso-ever will at the old familiar price of \$10 for one hundred and sixty acres.

A Daring British Aviator

I'T is satisfactory to hear that Mr. Henry Farman, "the man bird," has broken another record on his fly-ing machine, for, although he spends so much of his time in France, Mr. Farman is an Englishman, and Brit-ish aviators are sadly few in num-ber ber

Mr. Farman is still quite a young man—only thirty-five, in fact—and so he has plenty of time to perfect his schemes and to break more records.

schemes and to break more records. Up to the present he has been one of the most daring of flying men, and one of his greatest feats was winning the Deutsch-Archdeacon prize of £2,000 for covering a cir-cular course of a kilometre in a ma-bing heavier than air chine heavier than air.

Mr. Farman makes light of the dangers attaching to aviation. He is much more shy of the dangers of motoring, for some time ago he near-ly lost his life in a motor accident during a race.

Taking a corner too quickly, Mr. Farman suddenly found the car going headlong down a precipice. It was only by a miracle that he man-aged to save his life by clutching the branches of a tree, and holding on until help arrived. Mr. Farman is something of a

humourist, and he is fond of telling

the following story: He visited an American aeronaut on one occasion, and was struck by the smallness of his flat. "It showed

the smallness of his flat. "It showed me the point of a joke I once heard an American make," says Mr. Far-man. "I laughed then at this joke, which I had heard two years before. "Smith, of Brooklyn,' I said to my American friend, 'doesn't strike me as at all literary, yet he declares that he only feels really comfortable when snugly ensconced in his lib-rary.'

"'Oh, that's easily explained,' said my companion, with a smile; 'you see, Smith's bookcase is a folding bed.'"

A HIGHLANDER fell into a river A HIGHLANDER tell into a river and after desperate efforts man-aged to reach the bank in safety. His wife, who had been a distressed on looker, exclaimed, as soon as her anxiety was relieved, "Ah, Donald, ye should be verra thankful tae Providence for saving your life." Donald was somewhat aggrieved at what he deemed an unequal apporwhat he deemed an unequal appor-tionment of the credit. "Yess, yess," he replied; "Providence wass very good, but I was ferry clever, too, whatefer." whatefer.

