WESTERN CANADA

During the early days in the period of the growth of the grain crop in Western Canada, as well as throughout the ripening and garnering period, there is yearly growing an increasing interest throughout the United States, as to the results when harvest is completed. These mean much to the thousands of Americans who have made their homes in some of the three Provinces that form that vast agricultural domain, and are of considerable interest to the friends they have left behind.

The year 1909 is no disappointment The crops of wheat, oats and barley have been harvested and it is now safe to speak of results. Careful estimates place the yield of spring wheat

A Central Canada Farmer Finishing Cutting His 70-Acre Field of Wheat

at 30 bushels per acre, winter wheat at over 40 bushels, and oats exceed 50 bushels per acre. Barley also has proved an abundant yield. What will attract the reading public more than volumes of figures will be the fact that those who have been induced through the influence of the Government to accept of 160 acres of free grant land; or, by the persuasion of friends, to leave their home State of Dakota, Minnesota, Iowa, Illinois, Michigan, Indiana, Ohio, Nebraska or the other States from which people have gone, have done well. Financially, they are in a better position than many of them ever expected to be, and in the matter of health, in social conditions, they have lost nothing.

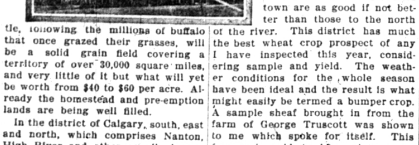
One person who has just returned from a trip through the Lethbridge District, where winter wheat has a strong hold with farmers, says:

"We saw some magnificent sights. The crops were, in fact, all that could be desired."

In a few years from now these great plains over whose breadth for years roved hundreds of thousands of herds of cattle, following the millions of buffalo that once grazed their grasses, will be a solid grain field covering a territory of over 30,000 square miles, and very little of it but what will yet be worth from $40 to $60 per acre. Already the homestead and pre-emption lands are being well filled.

In the district of Calgary, south, east and north, which comprises Nanton, High River and other equally important districts, a correspondent of the Winnipeg (Manitoba) Free Press says: (Aug. 21) "The grain in this district is going to make some money for the farmers this year. All the crop is now crowding along and is good on both irrigated and unirrigated lands."

There are to be found those who speak of a "pioneering" life in western Canada, but as one man said, "if



A Specimen Group of Elevators That May Be Seen in Many Towns in Central Canada

this is pioneering I don't for the life of me see what our forefathers had to complain of." He didn't know, though, for the pioneering of his forefathers was discomfort and hardship. The opening up and development of western Canada, with its railroad lines to carry one to almost the uttermost part of it, the telegraph line to flash the news to the outside world, the telephone to talk to one's neighbor, the daily and weekly mail service which brings and carries letters to the friends in distant parts; the schools headed by college-bred and highly certificated teachers; the churches manned by brilliant divines; the clubs; the social and festive life; what is there about any of this to give to the man who goes there to make his home the credit of being a pioneer? Nothing! He might as well be in any of the old middle-west States. In other parts of the world the production of wheat is diminishing today; but as it diminishes Canada's will increase; therefore, it is safe to predict that in a few years from now a large part of the world will be looking to western Canada for its wheat supply, and especially will the United States. In many parts of western Canada it is possible to have a hundred-mile square of wheat, without a break. A writer says: "We were driven west and north of Moose Jaw through 20 miles of dead ripe wheat, acres of stooks and well-worked summer-fallows. One of these fields would yield 40 bushels to the acre, and another man had oats that would yield 90 or 100 bushels to the acre. In this district wheat will average 30 to 35 bushels. The conditions were never better and throughout the district the people are assured of a most prosperous year."

It would be unfair to close this article without quoting from an expert crop-correspondent regarding the two Battlefords in Central Saskatchewan, on the line of the Canadian Northern Railway. Writing on August 18th of this year, he says:

"It is necessary to drive about six or seven miles out of the town of North Battleford in order to see the best crops of the district. This morning I was driven about 20 miles to the north and west of the town and in all the drive did not see a poor crop. I saw one wheat crop which the owner estimates will yield 40 bushels per acre, and I believe it."

He then crossed the Saskatchewan river to the South town, or Battleford proper, and continues his report:

"Conditions around the old town are as good if not better than those to the north of the river. This district has much the best wheat crop prospect of any I have inspected this year, considering sample and yield. The weather conditions for the whole season have been ideal and the result is what might easily be termed a bumper crop.

A sample wheat brought in from the farm of George Truscott was shown to me which spoke for itself. This farmer is said to have sixty acres which will yield 45 bushels per acre.

In stating an average for the district of South Battleford I would say that the wheat will yield 36 bushels per acre. The oats will yield about 45 and barley 35 bushels per acre."

A correspondent summing up a trip over the Canadian Northern Railway, from Dauphin to Battleford, says:

"As I inspected the crops in the various districts I found the farmers and other citizens without exception filled with expectant enthusiasm over this year's prospects. No district was found which could not boast of fields of 35 bushels per acre wheat, or 50 to 60 bushels per acre oats, and of 40 bushels per acre of barley.

It is not an unusual thing in many parts of western Canada for a farmer to have 10,000 to 30,000 bushels of wheat. In the Rouleau district it is said that there are several farmers who will have 20,000 bushels of oats and many fields will return one hundred bushels to the acre.

It takes an army of men to handle the Western Canada crop, and it is estimated that 30,000 people have been brought in this year to assist in the great undertaking; there being excursions from the outside world nearly every day for the past six weeks.

Too Rapid.

She—Why do you call your chauffeur a leaky vessel? Does he gossip about the fun you have on your motoring parties?

He—No; but I am always bailing the fellow out.

A Contrary Course.

"Here's Jimmy's doctor said he must get away from business and have more fresh air."

"Well?"

"How is he going to get fresh air in a salt sea trip?"

Big Price for an Orchid.

Three hundred dollars was recently paid in Colombia for a single plant of a rare orchid. The natives, in order to expedite the collection of these orchids, fell the trees on which they grow, and then strip them of these floral parasites.

Reassurance.

"Look here! Didn't I tell you not to come around here begging again?"

"Yes'm; but I thought dat I'd drop around an' ask you if you really meant it."

INTO THE PRIMITIVE

BY ROBERT AMES BENNETT

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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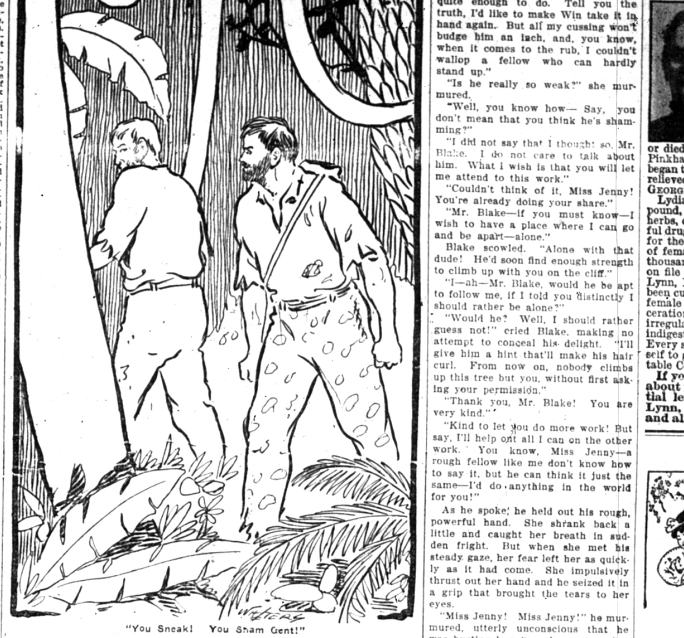


"You Sneak! You Sham Gent!"

SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with the shipwreck of the steamer on which Miss Genevieve Leslie, an American heiress; Lord Winthrope, an Englishman, and Tom Blake, a brusque American, were passengers. The three were tossed upon an uninhabited island and were the only ones not drowned. Blake recovered from a drunken stupor. Blake, shunned on the boat, because of his roughness, became a hero as preserver of the helpless pair. The Englishman was suing for the hand of Miss Leslie. Blake started to swim back to the ship to recover what was left. Blake returned safely. Winthrope wasted his last match on a cigarette, after which he was scored by Blake. Their first meal was a dead fish. The trio started on a mile hike for higher land. On the latter [illegible] was compelled to carry Miss Leslie on his shoulders. Nearing grass, he taunted Winthrope. They entered the jungle. That night was passed roosting high in a tree. The next morning they descended to the open again. All three constructed hats to shield them selves from the sun. They then feasted on cocoanuts, the only procurable food. Miss Leslie showed a liking for Blake, but detested his roughness. Led by Blake they established a home in some cliffs. Blake found a fresh water spring. Miss Leslie faced an unpleasant situation. They planned their campaign. Blake recovered his surveyor's magnifying glass, thus insuring fire. He started a jungle fire, killing a large number of reptiles, covering several cubs. In the leopard's cave Blake built a small home. They gained the cliffs by burning the bottom of a tree until it fell against the heights. The trio secured eggs from the cliffs. Miss Leslie's white skirt was decided upon as a signal. Miss Leslie made a dress from the leopard skin. Blake's efforts to kill antelopes failed. Overhearing a conversation between Blake and Winthrope, Miss Leslie became frightened. Winthrope became ill. Believing he was poisoned by a fish, Jackals attacked the camp that night, but were driven off by Genevieve. Blake returned, after nearly dying. Blake constructed an animal trap. It killed a hyena. On a tour the trio discovered honey and oysters. Miss Leslie was attacked by a poisonous snake. Blake killed it and saved its poison to kill game.

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

When he came to the ant-hill, he found companions and honey alike gone. He went on to the cocoanuts. There he came upon Winthrope stretched flat beside the skin of honey. Miss Leslie was seated a little way beyond, nervously bending a palm-leaf into shape for a hat.

"I say, Blake," drawled Winthrope, "you've been a deuced long time in coaling. It was no end of a task to lug the honey—"

Blake brushed past without replying, and went on until he stood before the girl. As she glanced up at him, he held out the crimson blossom.

"Thought you might like posies," he said, in a hesitating voice.

Instead of taking the flower, she drew back with a gesture of repulsion.

"Oh, take it away!" she exclaimed. Blake flung the rejected gift on the ground, and crushed it beneath his heel.

"Catch me making a fool of myself again!" he growled.

"I did not mean it that way—really I didn't, Mr. Blake. It was the thought of that awful snake."

But Blake, cut to the quick, had turned away far too angry to heed what she said. He stopped short beside the Englishman; but only to slug the skin of honey upon his back. The load was by no means a light one, even for his strength. Yet he caught up the heavy pot as well, and made off across the plain at a pace which the others could not hope to equal.

As Winthrope rose and came forward to join Miss Leslie, he looked about closely for the bruised flower. It was nowhere in sight.

"Er—beg pardon, Miss Genevieve, but did not Blake drop the bloomer—blossom somewhere about here?"

"Perhaps he did," replied Miss Leslie. She spoke with studied indifference.

"I—ah—saw the fellow exhibit his impudence."

"Yes—er—"

"You know, I think it high time the bounder is taken down a peg."

"Ah, indeed! Then why do you not try it?"

"Miss Genevieve! you know that at present I am physically so much his inferior—"

"How about mentally?"

Though the girl's eyes were veiled by their lashes, she saw Winthrope cast after Blake a look that seemed to her almost fiercely vindictive.

"Well?" she said, smiling, but watching him closely.

"Ah, indeed! However, this is now quite another matter. Has it not occurred to you, my dear, that this entire experience of ours since that beastly storm is rather—er—compromising?"

"You—you dare say such a thing! I'll rig this instant and tell Mr. Blake! I'll—"

"Begging your pardon, madam—but are you prepared to marry that barbarous clodhopper?"

"Marry? What do you mean, sir?"

"Precisely that. It is a question of marriage, if you'll pardon me. And, you see, I flatter myself, that when it comes to the point, it will not be Blake, but myself—"

"Ah, indeed! And if I should prefer neither of you?"

"Begging your pardon—I fancy you will honor me with your hand, my dear. For one thing, you admit that I am a gentleman."

"Oh, indeed!"

"One moment, please! I am trying to intimate to you, as delicately as possible, how—er—embarrassing you would find it to have these little occurrences above all, to-day's—noised abroad to the vulgar crowd, or even among your friends—"

"What do you mean? What do you want?" cried the girl, staring at him with a deepening fear in her bewildered eyes.

"Believe me, my dear, it grieves me to so perturb you; but—er—love must have its way, you know."

"You forget. There is Mr. Blake."

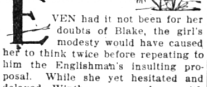
"Ah, to be sure! But really now, you would not ask, or even permit him to murder me; and one is not legally bound, you know, to observe promises—a pledge of silence, for example—when extorted under duress, under violence, you know."

Miss Leslie looked the Englishman up and down, her brown eyes sparkling with quick-returning anger. He met her scorn with a smile of smug complacency.

"Cad!" she cried, and turning her back upon him, she set out across the plain after Blake.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Eavesdropper Caught.



EVEN had it not been for her doubts of Blake, the girl's modesty would have caused her to think twice before repeating to him the Englishman's insulting proposal. While she yet hesitated and delayed, Winthrope came down with a second attack of fever. Blake, who until then had held himself sullenly apart from him as well as from Miss Leslie, at once softened to a gentler, or, at least, to a more considerate mood. Though his speech and bearing continued morose, he took upon himself all the duties of night nurse, besides working and foraging several hours each day.

Much to Miss Leslie's surprise, she found herself tending the invalid through the daytime almost as though nothing had happened. But everything about this wild and perilous life was so strange and unnatural to her that she found herself accepting the most unconventional relations as a regular consequence of the situation. She was feverishly eager for anything that might occupy her mind; for she felt that to brood over the future might mean madness. The mere thought of the possibilities was far too terrifying to be calmly dwelt upon. Though slight, there had been some little comfort in the belief that she could rely on Winthrope. But now she was left alone with her doubt and dread. Even if she had nothing to fear from Blake, there were all the savage dangers of the coast, and behind those, far worse, the fever.

A little before dawn he dipped two of his new arrow-heads in the sticky contents of the cigarette case, fitted them carefully to their shafts and stole away down the cleft. Dawn found him crouched low in the grass where the overflow from the pool ran out into the plain along its little channel. He could see large forms moving away from him; then came the flood of crimson light, and he made out that the figures were a drove of huge eland.

His eyes flashed with eagerness. It was a long shot; but he knew that no more was required to pierce the skin on any part of his quarry's body. He put his fingers between his teeth and sent out a piercing whistle. It was a trick he had tried more than once on deer and pronghorn antelope. As he expected, the eland halted and swung half around. Their ox like sides presented a mark hard to miss.

He rose and shot as they were wheeling to fly. Before he could fit his second arrow to the string the whole herd were running off at a lumbering gallop. He lowered his bow and walked after the animals, smiling with grim anticipation. He had seen his arrow strike against the side of the young bull at which he had aimed.

So great was the abundance of meat that Blake worked all the remainder of the day and all night stringing the flesh on the curing racks, and Miss Leslie tried out pot after pot of fat and tallow, until every spare vessel was filled and she had to resort to a hollow in the rock beside the spring. Blake promised to make more pots as soon as he could fetch the clay, but he had first to dress the eland hide and prepare a new stock of thread and cord from parts of the animal which he was careful not to let her see.

Whatever their concern for the future—and even Blake's was keen and bitter—the party, as a party, for the time being might have been considered extremely fortunate. They had a shelter secure alike from the weather and from wild beasts; an abundance of nutritious food, and, as material for clothing, the bushbuck, hyena, and eland hides. To obtain more skins and more meat Blake now knew would be a simple matter so long as he had enough poison left in the cigarette case to moisten the tips of his arrows.

Even Winthrope's relapse proved far less serious than might reasonably have been expected. The fever soon left him and within a few days he regained strength enough to care for himself. Here, however, much to Blake's perplexity and concern, his progress seemed to stop, and all Blake's urging could do no more than cause him to move languidly from one shady spot to another. He would receive Blake's orders with a smile and a drawling "Ya-as, to be sure!"—and then absolutely ignore the matter.

Only in two ways did the invalid exhibit any signs of energy. He could and did eat with a heartiness little short of that shown by Blake, and he would insist upon seeking opportunities to press his attentions upon Miss Leslie. He was careful to avoid all offensive remarks; yet the veriest commonplace from his lips was now an offense to the girl. While he needed her as nurse she had endured his talk as part of her duty. But now she felt that she could no longer do so. Taking advantage of a time when the Englishman was, as she supposed, enjoying a noonday siesta down towards the barricade, she went to meet Blake, who had been up on the cliff for eggs.

"Hello!" he sang out, as he swung down the tree, one hand gripping the clay pot in which he had gathered the eggs. "What you doing out in the sun? Get into the shade."

She stepped into the shade and waited until he had climbed down the pile of stones which he had built for steps at the foot of the tree.

"Mr. Blake," she began, "could not I do this work—gather the eggs?"

"You could, if I'd let you, Miss Jenny. But it strikes me you've got quite enough to do. Tell you the truth, I'd like to make Win take it in hand again. But all my cussing won't budge him an inch, and, you know, when it comes to the rub, I couldn't wallop a fellow who can hardly stand up."

"Is he really so weak?" she murmured.

"Well, you know how— Say, you don't mean that you think he's shamming?"

"I did not say that I thought so, Mr. Blake. I do not care to talk about him. What I wish is that you will let me attend to this work."

"Couldn't think of it, Miss Jenny! You're already doing your share."

"Mr. Blake—if you must know—I wish to have a place where I can go and be apart—alone."

Blake scowled. "Alone with that dude! He'd soon find enough strength to climb up with you on the cliff."

"I—ah—Mr. Blake, would he be apt to follow me, if I told you distinctly I should rather be alone?"

"Would he? Well, I should rather guess not!" cried Blake, making no attempt to conceal his delight. "I'll give him a hint that'll make his hair curl. From now on, nobody climbs up this tree but you, without first asking your permission."

"Thank you, Mr. Blake! You are very kind."

"Kind to let you do more work! But say, I'll help out all I can on the other work. You know, Miss Jenny—a rough fellow like me don't know how to say it, but he can think it just the same—I'd do anything in the world for you!"

As he spoke he held out his rough, powerful hand. She shrank back a little and caught her breath in sudden fright. But when she met his steady gaze, her fear left her as quickly as it had come. She impulsively thrust out her hand and he seized it in a grip that brought the tears to her eyes.

"Miss Jenny! Miss Jenny!" he murmured, utterly unconscious that he was hurting her, "you know now that I'm your friend, Miss Jenny!"

"Yes, Mr. Blake," she answered, blushing and drawing her hand free. "I believe you are a friend—I believe I can trust you."

"You can, by—Jiminy! But say," he continued, blundering with dense stupidity, "do you really mean that? Can you forgive me for being so confounded meddlesome the other day after the snake—"

He stopped short, for upon the instant she was facing him, as on that eventful day, scarlet with shame and anger.

"How dare you speak of it?" she cried. "You're—you're not a gentleman!"

Before he could reply she turned and left him, walking rapidly and with her head held high. Blake stared after her in bewilderment.

"Well, what in—what in thunder have I done now?" he exclaimed. "Ladies are certainly mighty funny! To go off at a touch—and just when I thought we were going to be chums! But then, of course, I'm the whole thing to learn about nice girls—like her!"

"I—ah—must certainly agree with you there, Blake," drawled Winthrope, from beside the nearest bush.

Blake turned upon him with savage fury: "You dirty sneak!—you gentleman! You've been eavesdropping!"

The Englishman's yellow face paled to a sallow mottled gray. He had seen the same look in Blake's eyes twice before, and this time Blake was far more angry.

"You sneak!—you sham gent!" repeated the American, his voice sinking ominously.

Winthrope dropped in an abject heap, as though Blake had struck him with his club.

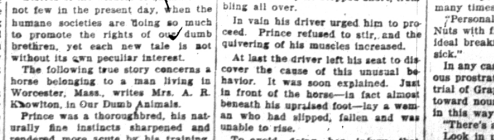
"No, no!" he protested, shrilly. "I am a real—I am—I'm a not—"

"That's it—you're a not! That's true!" broke in Blake, with sudden grim humor. "You're a nothing. A fellow can't even wipe his shoes on nothing!"

The change to sarcasm came as an immense relief to Winthrope.

"Ah, I say now, Blake," he drawled pulling together his assurance the instant the dangerous light left Blake's eyes, "I say, now, do you think it fair to pick on a man who is so much your—er—who is ill and weak?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



INSTINCT THAT SAVED A LIFE

Thoroughbred Horse Refused to Step on Body in Roadway.

Stories of the wisdom of animals are not few in the present day, when the humane societies are doing so much to promote the rights of our dumb brethren, yet each new tale is not without its own peculiar interest.

The following true story concerns a horse belonging to a man living in Worcester, Mass., writes Mrs. A. R. Knowlton, in Our Dumb Animals.

Prince was a thoroughbred, his naturally fine instincts sharpened and rendered more acute by his training, for he had known life on the race track, until some slight accident unfitted him for that career and transformed him into a carriage horse.

He was being driven homeward one evening in winter when dusk was fast rendering even nearby objects invisible. Suddenly he stopped short, trembling all over.

In vain his driver urged him to proceed. Prince refused to stir, and the quivering of his muscles increased.

At last the driver left his seat to discover the cause of this unusual behavior. It was soon explained. Just in front of the horse—in fact almost beneath his upraised foot—lay a woman who had slipped, fallen and was unable to rise.

To avoid doing her injury that splendid animal had resolutely held up his fore foot for more than a minute. No wonder he trembled from the strain of his unaccustomed position.

AFTER SUFFERING TEN YEARS

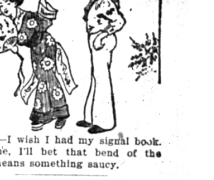
Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

MARLTON, N.J.—"I feel that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has given me new life. I suffered for ten years with serious female troubles, inflammation, ulceration, indigestion, nervousness, and could not sleep. Doctors gave me up, as they said my troubles were chronic. I was in despair, and did not care whether I lived or died, when I read about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; so I began to take it, and am well again and relieved of all my suffering."—Mrs. GEORGE JORDY, Box 40, Marlton, N.J.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotics or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record for the largest number of actual cures of female diseases we know of, and thousands of voluntary testimonials are on file in the Pinkham laboratory at Lynn, Mass., from women who have been cured from almost every form of female complaints, inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion and nervous prostration. Every suffering woman owes it to herself to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial.

If you would like special advice about your case write a confidential letter to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

IN YOKOHAMA.



Jack—I wish I had my signal book. Bust me, I'll bet that bend of the wrist means something saucy.

A New One About Napoleon.

A "new" story about Napoleon is necessarily doubtful; the probability is that it is simply so old that it has been forgotten. However, here is one that Arthur M. Chuquet prints in L'Opinion as never before published. It relates to Napoleon and Blucher.

The emperor received the general at the castle of Finkenstein, while he was preparing for the siege of Danzig. He drew him to a window in an upper story and paid him compliments on his military gifts, and Blucher, going away delighted, described the interview to his aide-de-camp. "What a chance you missed!" exclaimed the latter.

"You might have changed the whole course of history."

"How?"

"Why, you might have thrown him out of the window."

"Confound it!" replied Blucher. "So I might! Only I had thought of it."—New York Evening Post.

Standard Oil Wells.

The Standard Oil Company's real estate holdings in Bayonne, N. J., where its largest oil refining plant in the east is situated, have been increased from $7,360,000, the value fixed upon them in 1908 for taxation, to $13,000,000. The company is appealing against the increased value fixed upon the realty by the Hudson county board of equalization.

Wild Horses in Southwest.

Wild horses are found roaming in bands on the plains of New Mexico, Arizona, Nevada and California. Of 50 horses captured by rangers in the Modoc national forest, about half proved to be branded stock which had grown wild, the others being horses that had never known the ownership of man.

THE DOCTOR'S WIFE
Agrees with Him About Food.

A trained nurse says: "In the practice of my profession I have found so many points in favor of Grape-Nuts food that I unhesitatingly recommend it to all my patients.

"It is delicate and pleasing, to the palate (an essential in food for the sick), and can be adapted to all ages, being softened with milk or cream for babies or the aged or infirmity of teeth renders mastication impossible. For fever patients or those on liquid diet I find 'Grape-Nuts and albumen water very nourishing and refreshing.'

"This recipe is my own idea and is made as follows: Soak a teaspoonful of Grape-Nuts in a glass of water for an hour, strain and serve with the beaten white of an egg and a spoonful of fruit juice for flavouring. This affords a great deal of nourishment that even the weakest stomach can assimilate without any distress.

"My husband is a physician and he uses Grape-Nuts himself and orders it many times for his patients.

"Personally I regard a dish of Grape-Nuts with fresh or stewed fruit as the ideal breakfast for anyone—well or sick."

In any case of stomach trouble, nervous prostration or brain fag, a 10 day trial of Grape-Nuts will work wonders toward nourishing and rebuilding and in this way ending the trouble.

"There's a Reason," and trial proves it.

Look in pkgs. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.