

THE CANADIAN WEST—A NEW LAND OF PROMISE.

**The Great Western Irrigation Scheme—
Calgary One of the Outposts of Civil-
ization—The Picturesque Cowboy and
the "Remittance Man" from Old Eng-
land.**

(Mark Sullivan in the Boston Transcript.)

I stopped at Calgary, just in the eastern shadow of the Canadian Rockies, to see the digging of the biggest irrigation project in America. I expected to see an army of men with shovels, and saw not one shovel. Instead, three colossal steam giants, with monstrous arms which dipped down, took a huge bite out of the earth, rose slowly and dropped the dirt to one side. Dipping and biting, these three machines advance just about 100 feet a day, leaving in their wake a ditch which is the size of a small river, sixty feet wide and from twelve to twenty feet deep. This ditch begins at the river and crawls in a curving course something over a score of miles into the country. The biggest irrigation ditch on the continent is simplicity itself. There is nothing complicated about an irrigation plant. It's just an old-fashioned mill-race on a big scale. You tap the river at a high level, run your ditch along the level, with just the slightest drop that will make water flow at all. Then from the big ditch you run smaller lateral ditches, and from these still smaller ones, till every few acres has its little rivulet. The ditch at Calgary will supply an area of about 150 by 50 miles, and nearly 2,000,000 acres—more territory than is included in some Eastern States. When the work is done—but what irrigation will do for a semi-arid country is an old story. And yet, just the elements of it may bear retelling. Farming with irrigation is as different from ordinary farming as hot-house gardening is from raising wheat. Farming with irrigation comes very close to being an operation in chemistry. You have your sunlight, you have your soil, in fixed quantities and of known chemical constituents. You add your water in quantities as needed. And if you wish, you can put fertilizing elements, salts of potash, for example, in your water, and then farming is a matter of chemistry indeed. And the results to the farmer are as different as a chemist's operations must be from the results to a farmer who lets the caprices of the weather govern the supply of one of his principal ingredients. If a piece of ground which depends for water on rain will raise a hundred bushels, the same piece irrigated will raise five hundred. Twenty acres irrigated will support a family in ample comfort; and forty acres irrigated is as large a farm as one man can well manage.

When one seeks for the broader significance of this big irrigating project here on the western plains of Canada, one wonders at first why such work should be done at all. Canada has literally millions of acres of fertile land, land which does not need irrigation. Canada is so rich and prodigal with fertile land that she gives it away—160 acres to any man who will merely settle on it and improve it. The Canadian Pacific Railroad is almost equally rich in land. It has millions of acres which it sells at four and six dollars an acre. Why, then, this costly irrigation of waste land, as if land were scarce? It suggests, instead of the very sparse population of a country that teems with people, a land like India, where every square inch must be utilized that life may be kept in the people. The explanation made by people here which may be true is this: the Canadian Government and the Canadian Pacific Railroad are absolutely sure of Canada's future. They are laying the foundations broad and deep for a population as dense as our own. They are preparing for the time when their few and all will be gone. I hesitate to dwell further on this, for the Transcript alone of American papers seems to have realized the sweep and scope of the empire-making that is going on up here, and readers of the Transcript must be as familiar with it as one can be who merely reads and does not see. The situation is like this: Winnipeg, with about sixty thousand, is Canada's Chicago; Vancouver, with about half as many, is Canada's San Francisco. In all the vast country between those two—it takes three days to cover on a railroad train—in all that country there is but one town of over ten thousand people. It is as if we at home had no Denver, no Omaha, no Minneapolis, no one of a score of cities. That, in a few decades, Canada will have its Denver, its Omaha, its Kansas City, is as certain as the cooperation of Government, railroad and a tremendous stream of eager immigrants that jostle each other for an early chance, can make it.

But after all the biggest irrigation project on the American continent is merely a big ditch. I found Calgary very interesting for a different reason. In the swift transition of the present, there is very little left of the West as the Easterner conceives it, than a middle-aged man, but his pictures are no longer contemporary art. In so far as they are pictures of the present at all, this little city of Calgary lives up to them more nearly than any other place. It is more nearly typical of the West of literature and the imagination than any other town.

Here, spurs and leggings and riding trousers, flannel shirt dress, the hat are the ordinary dress. The cowboy rides his cayuse in all the glory of fringed leather trousers; Indians, real Indians in picturesque blankets, jostle you on the street. And there is all the bizzarerie that one associates with the West. There are little towns near here named Whoop-up, Stand-off, Moose-jaw, and Man-Who-Stole-the-Coat. These names are not local slang, they are actually on the map. There is that

inevitable accompaniment of the old frontier town, a newspaper eccentric in title and most picturesque in humor and style. The one here is called "The Eye-Opener," and it is edited by an Englishman of distinguished antecedents and university training. There is the leader of the bar, renowned for a robust heartiness of manner, a bull-of-Bashan voice, and a keen Irish wit, rather than for legal subtlety; there is that same old joke about what your name was back East.

But what gives Calgary renown above all other places as a type of the fast passing West, is this: it is the capital and metropolis of the country of the "remittance man," here far more often than you hear "college man" in Boston. The remittance man is an Englishman who neither toils nor spins, but lives by virtue of a friendly mail that once in so often brings him a check from home. There is no fixed rule about the size of that check, but this can always be said of it: it is always less than enough to buy a ticket from Calgary to London. At home in England, the remittance man is said to be in Western Canada for the sake of his health; here in Calgary he is commonly supposed to be here for the sake of the family reputation at home. I am inclined to a more charitable view of them than the common Calgary opinion. They weren't born bad, I fancy. They are the fruit of social conditions in England rather than damned by any doctrine of original sin. You can read the whole story in Kipling's "Gentleman-Rankers," or "Lost Sheep." It is no favor to the younger son to raise him in an environment that means champagne and truffles, the Carlton and Mayfair and all that goes with it; and then turn him loose with just about enough income for beer and frankfurters and all that goes with that.

His education doesn't fit him for any career whatever; there isn't an occupation open to him that would pay him more than twenty shillings a week, and if he goes to work in any but a few selected callings, he loses caste. If he's of the very rare calibre, he may go to the colonies, become an empire-builder, and later he's heard from. But in the more frequent case, he falls into ways that make him an eye sore at home; and by-and-by his people make a more or less definite bargain with him; if he'll go to Western Canada and stay there, they'll send him enough money to keep him. In a few cases, he gets all his money in a lump. His family gives him enough to set him upon a ranch, and cheerfully announce to friends at home who inquire for him he's running a ranch in Western Canada. They have a cheerful optimism which never inquiries whether or not experience may not be an essential prerequisite to running a ranch. As often as not, the money that should have started a ranch, goes over the bar of the Royal Hotel. And then the ingenious stories that the mails carry back to London to get another remittance. It was a hard winter and all the cattle were frozen on the ranch; new stock must be bought. One hears humorous repetitions of these tales at every turn in Calgary. I was told by an Englishman, himself, a remittance man of a better sort, that he knew a fellow-countryman who had several times written home elaborately detailed stories of long sickness, substantiated by bills of an amiable and friendly physician. Finally, as a last resort, forgetting in desperation that of necessity this device must be the last one, this particular remittance man had a fellow countryman write home to his people a pathetic letter recording the details of his final sickness and death. The letter closed with a request for funds for burial. A cable answer said to embalm the body and a week or two later a brother arrived whose bereavement was quickly changed to indignation. These tales of profligacy are commonest talk in Calgary. They say you can find in the local pawnshop silver-mounted, ebony-backed hair brushes and all the paraphernalia of a London club-man's dressing table. But there is one thing the most profligate will cling to as firmly as to his hope of final social redemption. You will find, they say, dress suits bearing a Bond street tailor's trademark in prelate shacks that contain little else to suggest civilization.

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are of noble names; a son of an Irish earl and a son of the best known admiral in the British navy are prosperous ranchers on a large scale within a few miles of Calgary.

ANOTHER G. T. P. SURVEY PARTY

Has Arrived at Grand Falls—Includes Four Nova Scotians—General News.

Grand Falls, Nov. 29.—L. W. Wilson, a prominent and highly respected citizen, is confined to his residence with quite a serious attack of illness, and Dr. Puddington is in attendance. Charles E. McInnes, the wealthy Philadelphia sportsman, who went to the Salmon river country from here a few days ago, accompanied by George Price as guide, has succeeded in shooting a bull moose with a magnificent spread of antlers. He has remained in the woods with the intention of bagging a bear and caribou before the close of the big game season.

Fred Laforet, barrister, Edmundston, is in town today. The Grand Trunk Pacific survey party, under the direction of Charles Garden, C. E., which is working south from Grand Falls to Woodville, will meet Gilmore E. Brown, C. E., and his party proceeding north from Woodstock at East, Florenceville. The Grand Falls-Woodstock line, will be, it is expected, completed before Christmas.

Rev. Mr. Hopkins, held the usual monthly service in the Episcopal church here Sunday.

James Butterfield, who has been visiting his family here, has returned to New York state, where he is engaged and has an interest in a large last block manufacturing concern.

The young people of the Baptist church, will hold a concert and literary entertainment in Hertsion's hall, some evening during Xmas week.

Al. Estey has gone to Violette's camp, for a two week's hunt, accompanied by Gus Violette.

The following St. John gentlemen are in town today—Frank Binby, F. W. Kirkpatrick, C. B. Harrett and T. A. Lawson.

Another Grand Trunk Pacific survey party arrived in town last night and are registered at the Curless Hotel. The party is composed of—John Farley, Bristol, Carleton county; D. A. Allen, Port Elgin; Edward Bulman, Moncton; Wm. Whatley, Londonderry, N. S.; Harley Estey, Wicklow, Carleton Co.; Harry Jones, Lakeville, Carleton Co.; Michael J. Kirlin, Richmond, Carleton Co.; A. W. Bulmer, Aulac; Chas. O. Maguire, Guysboro, N. S.; and Charles T. Breakenah, Sydney, N. S.

La Grippe Coming Again.

The doctors believe another epidemic of Grippe is here, and already many are suffering. The medical men are not afraid of Grippe since Catarrhose was introduced, and claim that no one will ever catch this disease who inhales the fragrant healing vapor of Catarrhose a few times daily. Catarrhose kills the Grippe germ and prevents it spreading through the system. "Last winter I had an attack of Grippe," writes C. P. Mackinnon of St. John's. "I bought Catarrhose and got relief in short time. I found Catarrhose better than anything else and was cured by using it." Catarrhose prevents and cures Grippe, colds and catarrh. Two months' treatment \$1.00; trial size 25c.

THE MEXICAN MONEY BILL.

Mexico, City, Nov. 29.—The monetary reform bill recently submitted by President Diaz passed the chamber of deputies yesterday and will be approved by the senate in a few days.



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124 Cor. Adelaide Road and Peel St.
125 Engine House, No. 5 Main St.
126 Douglas avenue, opp. Hon. James Holly's.
127 Doug. avenue near Bentley St.
128 Cor. Elgin and Victoria Sts.
129 Opp. Hamilton's mill, Strait Shore.
130 Ring Mills, Strait Shore.
131 Cor. Sheriff St. and Strait Shore Road.
132 Cor. Portland and Camden Sts.
133 Police Station, Main St.
134 Head Long Wharf, Main St.
135 Engine House, opp. Mission Chapel.
136 Engine House No. 4, City Road.
137 Cor. Stanley and Winter Sts.
138 Wright Street, Port Howe.
139 Head Middle St. and Somerset Streets, Port Howe.
140 Cor. City Road and Gilbert's Lane.
141 Marsh Road.

WEST END.
112 Engine House, King St.
113 Ludlow and Water Sts.
114 King St. and Market Place.
115 Middle St. Old Fort and Peel St.
116 Winslow and Union Sts.
117 Sand Point Wharf.
118 Queen and Victoria Sts.
119 Lancaster and St. James Sts.
120 St. John and Watson Sts.
121 Watson and Winslow Sts.
122 S. E. R. Ry. and Sand Point.

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One grain of the active principle in Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will digest 3,000 grains of meat, eggs or other wholesome food, and this claim has been proven by actual experiment which anyone can perform for himself in the following manner: Cut hard-boiled eggs into very small pieces, as it would be if masticated, place the egg and two or three of the tablets in a bottle or jar containing warm water, heated to 98 degrees (the temperature of the body), and keep it at this temperature for three and one-half hours, at the end of which time the egg will be as completely digested as it would have been in the healthy stomach of a hungry boy.

The point of this experiment is that what Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will do to the egg in the bottle it will do to the egg or meat in the stomach, and nothing else will rest and invigorate the stomach so safely and effectually. Even a little child can take Stuart's Tablets with safety and benefit if its digestion is weak and the thousands of cures accomplished by their regular daily use are easily explained when it is understood that they are composed of vegetable essences, aseptic pepsin, diastase and Golden Seal, which mingles with the food and digest it thoroughly, giving the overworked stomach a chance to recuperate.

Dieting never cures dyspepsia, neither do pills and cathartic medicines, which simply irritate and inflame the intestines.

When enough food is eaten and promptly digested there will be no constipation, nor in fact will there be disease of any kind, because good digestion means good health in every organ.

The merit and success of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are world-wide and they are sold at the moderate price of 50 cts. for full-sized package in every drug store in the United States and Canada, as well as in Europe.

THE COUNTY W. C. T. U.

The St. John county W. C. T. U. met yesterday afternoon in the Germain street rooms. Satisfactory reports were read from St. John and north end unions. Some discussion took place on the mention of establishing a government house. It was resolved to affiliate with the Women's council.

Letters of sympathy were sent to Mrs. W. W. Turnbull, who is ill and to Mrs. Vanwart, whose husband died in the north end.

The election of officers resulted as follows: President, Mrs. H. Sprague; vice-president (at large), Mrs. (Dr.) Gray, Fairville; vice-presidents, Mrs. Chas. Dearborn, Mrs. Retallick, Mrs. Jas. McAvity and Mrs. Long; secretary-treasurer, Mrs. Lockhart. Mrs. Gilbert Dykeman was appointed secretary for St. John county.

Mrs. Seymour asked for 400 comfort bags on behalf of the Seamen's mission.

PLEASANT LOAD TO CARRY.

When matters of subway etiquette are uppermost, the following story related of Victor Hugo may have its lesson: A young woman losing her balance in a Paris omnibus one day sat down on the knees of the great novelist. "Oh, pardon monsieur," said the young woman in great confusion. "Not at all," quickly responded Hugo, "thank you very much."

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6 Market Square, Auer Light Store.
7 Mechanics' Institute, Carleton St.
8 Cor. Mill and Pond Sts.
9 Foot of Union St. (east).
12 Waterloo St. opposite Peters St.
13 Cor. St. Patrick and Union Sts.
14 Cor. Brussels and Richmond Sts.
15 Brussels St. near old Everitt Foundry.
16 Cor. Brussels and Hanover Sts.
17 Cor. Brunswick and Egin Sts.
18 Cor. Union and Carmarthen Sts.
19 Cor. Courtenay and St. David's Sts.
21 Waterloo, opposite Golding St.
23 Cor. Germain and King Sts.
24 (Private) Manchester, Robertson & Allison.
24 Cor. Princess and Charlotte Sts.
25 No. 1 Engine House, Charlotte St.
26 City Hall, Princess and Prince William Sts.
27 Breeze's Cor. King Square.
28 Cor. Duke and Prince Wm. Sts.
29 Cor. King and Pitt Sts.
32 Cor. Duke and Sydney Sts.
34 Cor. Wentworth and Princess Sts.
35 Cor. Queen and Germain Sts.
36 Cor. Queen and Carmarthen Sts.
37 Cor. St. James and Sydney Sts.
38 Carmarthen St., between Orange and Duke.
41 Cor. St. James and Prince William Sts.
42 Cor. Pitt and Duke Sts.
43 Cor. Broad and Carmarthen Sts.
45 Cor. Britannia and Charlotte Sts.
46 Cor. Pitt and St. James Sts.
47 Foot Sydney St.
48 Cor. Sheffield and Pitt Sts.
51 City Road, near Skating Rink.
52 Pond St. near Fleming's Foundry.
53 Exmouth St.
61 City Hospital.
62 York Cotton Mill Courtney Bays.

NORTH END.

121 Bridge St. near Station's mill.
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No. 4—Mixed, for Moncton and Point du Chene 13.15
No. 26—Express for Point du Chene, Halifax and Pictou 12.15
No. 8—Express for Sussex 17.10
No. 134—Express for Quebec and Montreal 18.00
No. 10—Express for Halifax and Sydney 23.25

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No. 9—Express from Halifax and Sydney 6.20
No. 7—Express from Moncton and Pictou 9.00
No. 138—Express from Montreal and Quebec 13.50
No. 5—Express from Halifax, Pictou, Pt. du Chene and Campbellton 17.40
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Moncton, N. B., Nov. 18, 1904.

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