

WINNIPEG.

Great Future Predicted for Prairie City.

WESTERN METROPOLIS TO BECOME SECOND CANADIAN CITY IN SIZE,

And First in Importance in Twenty Years.

Cy Warman, writing in the Cleveland Leader of Winnipeg and its future, says in part:

The total population of Winnipeg in 1871 was 240.

Ten years later when there was a railway to the south and every indication of the Canadian Pacific building across the continent, there broke over the border a stream of land boomers, speculators, and people who were willing to pioneer. By 1882 the excitement was at its height and as many as fifty thousand citizens of the United States in search of new worlds to conquer crossed the line. The movement, however, was premature. The transcontinental line was three or four years in the future, and so these fifty thousand Americans and many thousands of Eastern Canadians hiked back to the fairly good homes they had left, leaving Winnipeg, where the Northwest boom had burned fiercest, flat on the wild prairie. A few brave men and fair women stayed and fought it out.

It took the town ten years to gain 7,744 people. Ten years later, in 1901, she had 42,000 inhabitants. By this time the American West was fairly well filled up; the restless Yankee began once more to gaze across the line. The great wheat crop of 1901 set them on the march. The Manitoba farmer got \$14.30 per acre for his wheat that year. They threshed out 50,000,000 bushels and more in Manitoba alone. Other farm products grew in proportion, and so did Winnipeg. Bank clearings amounted to more than \$134,000,000 that year.

Nearly ten thousand homestead entries were made in 1901. Many of the leading banks began building splendid branch buildings, with the result that the city has today an imposing array of banks that would do credit to a city twice her size and ten times her age.

Another thing, as notable as her bank buildings, are her daily newspapers, two of which, at least, are very creditable indeed. Equally noteworthy are her schools and churches. You would never know by the moral tone of the town, that Winnipeg was a "booming" Western city.

The Boom of 1902.

If there had been any doubt about the awakening in the Canadian Northwest it died with the year 1901. In 1902 the large land companies who had for years guided and directed the immigration to the West, Northwest and Southwest, began to pick up and move over into Canada. It was a great field, and the land man is the real discoverer of the Canadian Northwest. The native Canadian knew not what he had, or its value. One man said to a large land owner, or rather a man who had millions of acres to sell, "I want to buy fifty thousand acres of good wheat land." The land agent looked at the Yankee in amazement. Being thoroughly conscientious, he answered: "I'm not sure that I have 50,000 acres of first class land." Ultimately the Yankee got his fifty thousand acres through a large local land company for about \$3 an acre, and for which he is now asking \$13. The conscientious land agent has since sold millions of acres of wheat land, and has other millions left. And so I say the country is just now being discovered, and the few brave men and fair women who weathered the storm find themselves well fixed; not a few have made fortunes, and they all deserve what they have gained.

Another bumper crop in 1902 set the land-hungry homeseeker trotting and brought more American money to be invested in Winnipeg. New buildings were built that year to the value of two and a half millions dollars. The wheat crop of Manitoba alone amounted to fifty-three million bushels, and sold for thirty million dollars. More than 20,000 homestead entries were made that year. Not less than a hundred thousand settlers came into the country in 1902.

The Tide is Unchecked.

Despite the light wheat yield last year the tide of immigration was unchecked and the growth of Winnipeg continued. She took her place as the third city in the Dominion, measured by her bank clearing. Many of the big land companies made Winnipeg their headquarters. Thirty-two thousand homestead entries were made in 1903, and other thousands were settled on land sold by the railways and land companies.

The cost of Winnipeg's new buildings grew from two and one-half millions in 1902 to five and a half millions last year, and six millions for the first six months of the present year. New York is the one American city to exceed this amount.

An extensive and very expensive water system has just been put in by the city. Winnipeg water was notoriously bad, but with the new plant they draw the water supply from deep artesian wells, break it in a breaking plant, such as is used in Southampton, Eng., and it comes through the pipes almost ice cold and chemically pure.

The city of Winnipeg has a wide-open, airy, hospitable appearance; Main street, asphalted, is 132 feet wide and as long as a sleigh track. There are a number of beautiful parks, many magnificent homes, and miles of wide paved streets. Two railways are preparing to build fine hotels, which are much needed. Thousands of tourists and people travelling on business would stop a day or a week in Winnipeg if there were better hotels, but there are hardly any in keeping with the city.

Better Railroad Facilities.

Mammoth machine shops are being built by the Canadian Pacific, one of the largest switching yards on the continent, having a total trackage of over seventy miles. The municipality has its own quarry and one of the most complete crushing plants in America. They lay their own pavement, get better results, and cheaper than by contract.

I shall predict that if conditions continue for the next twenty years as they have in the past, millions will be added to the population of the Northwest and the city of Winnipeg will be second in size and first in importance in the Dominion. So long as her calamities do not exceed those of other countries, Canada will continue to expand as no other country has expanded because her wealth and population is so small compared to her area, natural resources and the wonderful fertility of her soil.

Human Body Has its Equinoxial Storms.

In its march from the Cradle to the Grave, the Body Has its Periods of Change Which are Associated With Alarming Disturbances.

To keep abreast in the unceasing race that confronts us, both energy and reserve strength are essential. Power is money—that's the way we resolve it today; yet even when evidence of failing strength and dwindling power becomes manifest, very few of us face the actual condition and deal with it as we would with something involving monetary value.

Thousands of people are failing behind in the race of life simply because they are failing in strength. Instead of using Ferrozone, which revitalizes all the functions of the body, forms rich, red blood, improves digestion, thereby renewing vitality and endurance, they simply drift along until the doctor or undertaker confronts them.

If Ferrozone was unpleasant to take, or if its action were not immediate and permanent, if physical improvement were not of the highest value to the individual, there might be some excuse for deferring the use of this remarkable tonic.

If your health is unimportant, then Ferrozone may be dispensed with. But if health and vigor give you more power and comfort, can't you see the foolishness of denying yourself the many advantages of using such a grand medicine?

Do the fair thing by yourself, go right to your druggist and get Ferrozone. You will then know what perfect health, good spirits and strong nerves really mean.

Ferrozone, like other good things is grossly substituted, so insist on getting Ferrozone, which is prepared in tablet form and sold for only 50c. a box, six boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers, or by mail from N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont., and Hartford, Conn., U. S. A.

IF YOU DON'T SLEEP WELL

It's because your nerves are in a weak, irritable condition. Ferrozone will make them strong and correct the trouble causing your insomnia. "I fell into a state of nervous exhaustion last fall," writes Mrs. J. Strand of Dexter, "I was run down, couldn't sleep and felt perfectly miserable—tried Ferrozone and was quickly benefited. I can recommend Ferrozone to anyone suffering from overwrought nerves and sleeplessness." No tonic is better, try Ferrozone. Price 50c. at druggists.

THE ARCHBISHOP

Welcomed at New York on His Way to Quebec.

MAIN PURPOSE OF HIS VISIT TO AMERICA.

Will Pay His Respects to Roosevelt.

New York Times Sunday—"The Right Honorable and Most Reverend Randall Thomas Davidson, the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, the first Primate of the Church of England to visit the United States, arrived in New York yesterday afternoon on the White Star Liner Celtic. The Archbishop was accompanied by his wife and two of his Chaplains, the Rev. J. H. Ellison, Vicar of Windsor, and the Rev. Hyla Holden, domestic chaplain in the Archbishop's Palace at London.

Soon after the Celtic was berthed the Archbishop and his suite landed and immediately left for the Grand Central station, where a special train was waiting to take the party to Quebec in time for the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the Cathedral in that city. The Archbishop will travel in J. Pierpont Morgan's private car in time to conduct the services in the Cathedral this morning.

When the Celtic reached her dock Bishop Potter, the Rev. Mr. Morgan Dix, and J. Pierpont Morgan were on the pier to welcome the Archbishop. There was only a small crowd of people on the pier, and very few of them seemed to know that such a distinguished man as the English Primate was a passenger on the liner. Before the gangplank was placed in position Mr. Morgan escorted Bishop Potter and Dr. Dix into the roped inclosure, and every other visitor was kept out.

When the first of the saloon gangplanks was swung into position Bishop Potter, without waiting for it to be made secure to the liner's deck went on board, followed closely by Mr. Morgan and Dr. Dix.

The Archbishop awaited Bishop Potter, Dr. Dix, and Mr. Morgan in the social saloon of the Celtic on the promenade deck. Bishop Potter was the first to greet the Primate, and, as soon as the formal greetings were over, informed him of the plans made for his reception and entertainment, and then acquainted him with the fact that a special train was ready to take him to Quebec.

"I am here under orders and will do as you think best," answered the Archbishop.

The newspaper reporters asked the Primate if he had anything to say. The Archbishop greeted the reporters very cordially and begged to be excused from talking for publication, referring the interviewers to the Rev. Mr. Ellison.

"The main purpose of the Archbishop's visit to America," said Mr. Ellison, "is in order to be present at the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the consecration of the Cathedral at Quebec, and to attend the Triennial Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States at Boston in the first week in October. His Grace goes to the convention simply as a guest, but will deliver an address before the convention. He has no ecumenical mission before the convention, and has no proposition of an international church character to advance. We will go direct from New York to Quebec, where the Archbishop will preach tomorrow. From Quebec we go to Montreal and later to Toronto and Niagara Falls, after which we return to the United States. On his return the Archbishop will be the guest of Bishop Doane in Albany and also Bishop Potter in New York.

"Perhaps in order that you may understand why this visit is made, I had better give you the Archbishop's own words as contained in his address to the clergy on the eve of his departure for New York. In that address he said: 'The journey is undertaken in the belief that it may and will in the Providence of God tend to promote a yet closer unity in our common work to strengthen our hands for combating the evils which are rife both in England and America, and thus to further so far as in us lies the advance of the Kingdom of our Lord and Saviour.'

Bishop Potter while saying that he had nothing to add to what Mr. Ellison had said, explained that in welcoming the Archbishop he represented the Bishopric, Dr. Dix the

priesthood, and Mr. Morgan the laity of the Protestant Episcopal Church. After this explanation the newspaper men returned to Mr. Ellison and one of them asked him what he thought about Bishop Potter's much discussed tavern at Mulberry and Bleeker Streets.

"The Archbishop," he answered, "approves of the idea, in that it has been tried successfully in England. Mrs. Davidson herself having been interested in the establishment of one in Surrey. On our return to New York we will probably visit the tavern, and if it is conducted as are those in England it will no doubt prove of inestimable benefit to those people who frequent saloons."

Mr. Ellison also said that the Archbishop would visit Washington on his return from Canada, and that while in the capital he hoped to see President Roosevelt. The Archbishop he added, was much interested in Mr. Roosevelt, having read many of his books, and also having watched his political career.

"I feel as if I should fly to pieces." How often those words are on a woman's lips. They express to the uttermost the nerve racked condition of the body, which makes life a daily martyrdom.

If this condition has come suddenly it would have been unbearable. But the transition was gradual. A little more drain each day of the vitality. Any woman would be glad to be rid of such a condition. Every woman tries to be rid of it. Thousands of such women have been cured by Dr. Pierce's treatment with his "Favorite Prescription" when local doctors had entirely failed to cure.

"Favorite Prescription" contains no opium, cocaine or other narcotic.

TWO CENTENARIANS.

Death of Joseph Smith and Mary Macdonald.

Cornwall, Ont., Aug. 28.—The people of Stormont and Glengarry have always been noted for their physique and longevity. A few months ago three centenarians passed away within a week whose united ages amounted to 311 years. This week two more of the old residents have died, whose ages were in each case 105 years.

The oldest citizen in this part of the country and one of the oldest men in Canada, Joseph Smith, passed away on Wednesday, in his 105th year, at Aultsville. The deceased gentleman was a native of Ireland, and came to this country about 70 years ago, along with the family of a deceased brother. He never married, and always lived in Osnabruck township. He was a man of fine character and was held in the highest esteem.

Mary Macdonald, one of the oldest residents of Glengarry, died at the home of her nephew, Alexander Greaves Macdonald, near Alexandria, aged 105 years. The deceased, who was a sister of the late Major Angus Macdonald, came to this country from Glengarry, Scotland, when she was about twenty-five years of age. For the past thirteen years she has been confined to her room, but although impaired physically her faculties remained clear, her memory was excellent, and she could relate with remarkable clearness many incidents in connection with Glengarry's early history.

MRS. MAYBRICK AN AUTHOR.

Writing of English Prison Life--Offer of \$500 a Week to Lecture.

Washington, Aug. 29.—Samuel V. Hayden, counsel for Mrs. Maybrick, says it is the intention of his client to make her residence in this city. Mr. Hayden, accompanied Mrs. Maybrick from Europe, and upon her arrival at his office today found numerous offers from enterprising managers for her to enter the lecture field; from managers of newspapers and magazines for special articles on her experiences, and the like.

One lecture manager offered a compensation of \$500 per week for a period of nine weeks and agreed to increase the amount if that should not be deemed sufficient. None of these letters will be shown to Mrs. Maybrick, and Mr. Hayden declares that no attention will be paid to such offers.

According to Mr. Hayden, Mrs. Maybrick while in prison, employed much of her time in preparation of a paper on prison life in England. In this paper she discusses prison reform, the segregation of habitual criminals from first offenders, and the isolation of persons known to be afflicted with infectious diseases, including tuberculosis. A chapter is devoted to imprisonment for debt, which is still in vogue in England, and where there are said to be 11,000 persons incarcerated because of inability to pay their indebtedness.

The paper is quite lengthy and touches on a variety of matters that came under Mrs. Maybrick's observation.

IN HARD LUCK.

Young Man Arrested for Kissing His Best Girl,

BUT JUDGE SET HIM FREE.

Telling Him to Begin Where He Left off.

New York, Aug. 28.—Charged with the heinous crime of kissing his best girl good night at the gate, August Kuhn, nineteen years old, of 161 Wythe Avenue, Brooklyn, was arraigned in the Lee Avenue Court, that borough, yesterday. Magistrate Higginbotham advised the policeman who had made the brilliant capture to get transferred to Atlantic City or Ocean Grove. The kissable girls of Williamsburg, where there are none but kissable girls, were in a perfect riot of indignation over the arrest, and it was feared at one time that a mob of them might hunt the policeman up and lynch him.

According to what came out in court, August is "sweet" on a "dream" living in South Sixth Street. On Friday night he and the girl took a trolley ride together and returned to her home at about eleven o'clock. The pale light of the moon filtered gently down through the foliage of the trees, but where they stood at the gate there was shadow. The street was deserted and the neighborhood wrapt in slumber. It was time to say good night, but August, undetermined, tarried. He had held her hand and squeezed it now and then coming back on the car, but was that to be all?

"Good—good night," he said softly, slowly, gripping the gate as though he had designed to carry it off with him.

Apparently supposing that to be his purpose, and meaning to thwart it, she, too, clung to the gate and moved not.

"Good night," she responded, tightening her grip on the gate, and inclining her head just a little bit toward him, merely to get a better view of the street.

"Well, I must be going," said August, moving off a foot and sliding back eighteen inches.

"Goodnight, then," she repeated wistfully and with downcast eyes.

She turned slowly, as if to go up the steps, August reached forward over the gate, suddenly and swiftly, and—well, it was just about then that a dark form stole near by. A gruff voice fractured the silence of the night.

"I seen yer do it," it said.

Started, August came back to earth with a dull, sickening thud, and turning found himself confronted by an officer of the law. It was Police-man Jackel of the Bedford Avenue Station.

"You are under arrest," he announced to the dazed and confused August, lugging him heartlessly off to the lock-up.

Led before Magistrate Higginbotham in the morning, August wondered whether he was to be sent up for life or would he get merely thirty years at hard labor.

"What is this young man charged with?" asked the court, looking sternly at the distressed and fearful August.

"Kissin', yer Honor," said the policeman impressively. "I caught him gettin' away with the goods."

Giving ear to the story of the awful crime, the Magistrate shuddered now and then, and took frequent sips of ice water. August, fearing the worst, stood with bowed head, awaiting his fate. The tale done, Magistrate Higginbotham cleared his throat and spoke.

"Young man," he said, "you are sentenced to go back to her on the run and begin where you left off. If there was another one coming to you when this officer butted in, go back in a hurry and get it. And take with you to the girl the humble apologies of the people of the State of New York. Officer, I would advise you to get shifted to the Asbury Park Boardwalk."

And wherever good night was being said at a front gate in Williamsburg last night it was agreed that Magistrate Higginbotham should get Judge Parker's old place at the head of the Court of Appeals.

In washing woollens and flannels, Lever's Dry Soap (a powder) will be found very satisfactory.