

WILL RIVAL UNITED STATES.

Canada's Wheat Crop May Reach One Hundred Million Mark.

AND WILL BE SUFFICIENT TO SUPPLY NEEDS OF ENGLAND.

An Enormous Wheat Field 1200 by 400 Miles.

(Brooklyn Eagle.)

Canada is getting to be a dangerous rival of the United States in the growing of wheat. The aim of the growers there is to furnish all the wheat needed by England. If they succeed in this they will take from the United States one of its best flour markets. Canada produced 80,000,000 bushels of prime wheat last year, and the farmers are talking about a 100,000,000 crop this year.

The Dominion now sends half of her wheat to England, and this proportion will increase as the annual production grows in volume. The farmers of the State have reason to fear their northern neighbors in the struggle for the privilege of feeding England with its breadstuffs. The wealth of Canada lies in her almost limitless areas in the western provinces, which nature appears to have intended for the raising of wheat. Figures make dull reading, and those that must be employed in telling of Canada's resources and possibilities in this regard are so large as to make it difficult to grasp their real meaning.

Westward from the province of Ontario there stretch the wheat fields of Canada. A person can ride for six days and still not get beyond the broad, never-ending patches of beautiful green, which will soon take on the rich golden color of ripening grain. For full 1,200 miles in the direction of the Pacific coast and 400 miles toward the frozen north the wheat belt extends. The wheat growing areas comprise the province of Manitoba and the four districts of Assiniboia, Saskatchewan, Alberta and Athabaska. These territories contain 385,000,000 acres of land. It is estimated that 100,000,000 acres are fit for wheat cultivation. This statement will be better understood when it is known that this area is equal to that of the States of Minnesota, Iowa, Indiana, Nebraska and two states of Ohio. This section is one great continuous prairie, devoid of trees, so that no clearing is necessary. The soil is rich black loam of the kind found in the best districts of Illinois and Iowa. Everything is in readiness for the pioneer. All he has to do is to turn a very thin sod with the plow and sow his wheat. The whole country is divided into blocks, each containing one square mile, or 640 acres. A block is called a section, and is divided into four quarter sections. It is necessary for the Canadian farmer to get his wheat into the ground at the first possible moment in order to escape the fall frost. He will sow when barely an inch of the ground is sufficiently thawed to allow the seed to be covered. The hot sun forces the grain with great rapidity, so that on July 1 the plants measured as high as thirty-five and forty inches.

Some of the well authenticated stories regarding the yield of wheat on an acre are so astounding as to challenge belief. The average yield during fourteen years has been twenty bushels an acre, and the highest nearly average was a little less than twenty-eight bushels. The average wheat yield for ten years in Manitoba, which is the banner wheat section of Canada, was, according to official figures, twenty-one bushels an acre, against 14.2 for Minnesota and twelve for Kansas. In some sections of Canada fifty-five bushels an acre have been grown, and on the government experiment farms as high as sixty bushels have been produced.

"The wheat district of Canada," remarked a Dominion official the other day, "ought to include the State of Oregon. And it would, too, but for the fact that a weak-kneed British official, Lord Ashburton, gave it to you Americans. The Canadians claimed that the boundary between the Dominion and the States was well down into what is now the State of Oregon. Lord Ashburton was told that valuable fisheries were located in that region. The story goes that he threw a line into the Columbia river and because no salmon rose to his fly remarked impatiently: 'Pshaw, there are no fish in that river!' We Canadians have never forgiven Lord Ashburton for allowing Daniel Webster to cede us out of that valuable strip of territory that rightfully belongs to us."

TORY OPPOSITION AND THE SALARY GRAB.

(Note.—The proposal to increase the sessional indemnity at Ottawa passed without any discussion.) They're a lovely bunch of kickers in an ordinary case. Turn 'em loose on any topic, see 'em kick with ease and grace; Hear 'em murmur and complain, Hear 'em protest and explain. Till with clamor and with noise they fill the place.

They've an Opposition down there who are sure the limit quite, And at blocking useful measures they

Secretary of Agriculture Wilson and big growers of wheat in the States are inclined to belittle Canada's pretensions in the wheat growing line.

"Canada will never rival the United States as a grower of grain," said Secretary Wilson, recently. "She will do very well every now and then, but the frost will kill her crops and prevent the cultivation of extensive areas. She is too far north to produce wheat in any quantity."

The Canadians are busy proving that the genial secretary is wrong in his estimate of weather conditions north of the forty-ninth parallel. When the Americans, who are the real pioneers of the development of the Canadian wheat fields, first crossed the line they settled in southern Manitoba and eastern Assiniboia. They found the ground admirably suited to the raising of wheat and gradually extended their farms to the north and westward. They have pushed ahead for 1,000 miles to the foot of the Rockies, and north to the limits of the railroads. Everywhere they are raising big crops without molestation from frost. No one knows how much farther the wheat producing area can be extended, but some claims are being made. It is declared that some day there will be 40,000,000 acres devoted to wheat in western Canada, which would mean a production of 800,000,000 or 1,000,000,000 a year. It is hopefully asserted that in ten years Canada will have 200,000,000 bushels of wheat for sale every fall. The Canadian government is helping the wheat grower of the west by every means in its power. It maintains at this place one of six experimental farms where many scientific discoveries have been made of great value to the men engaged in this industry. Chief of these was the scheme of summer following, which has done away with the danger of crop failures because of the scarcity of rain in the wheat sections. Now the government scientists are trying to find a variety that will ripen a week or ten days earlier than the Red Rife variety. When they succeed they will add many millions of acres of land to the area available for wheat cultivation.

A treatment of the wheat fields of Canada would not be complete without one or two stories of remarkable achievement by persons starting at farming without a dollar. Stories of this kind abound from Manitoba to Athabaska. Some twenty-five years ago a syndicate of British and Canadian capitalists bought 65,000 of land near Indian Head and installed Major W. R. Bell on the reservation as its manager. The latter was not accustomed to farming in America. He built a magnificent house, and was the wonder of the natives for hundreds of miles around, and he stocked the farms and farm buildings with the finest patented machinery that money could buy. One day Major Bell drove to Winnipeg in search of farm hands. He picked out a bright looking English chap, Harry Campkin, by name, who hadn't enough money in his pocket to pay his fare to Indian Head. He was hired by Bell along with a lot of other immigrants and taken to the farm. The hard times of 1882 sat heavily on the big syndicate's big unmanageable farm, and a few successive years of bad crops put the capitalists out of business. The estate was dismembered and passed into the hands of a dozen different owners. Campkin went to work in a store at Indian Head, saved his pennies and took out a homestead. He improved his land, sold it and bought a small piece of the big estate where he formerly worked. He continued this process for fifteen years and now owns and lives in Major Bell's magnificent house. In addition, he has a clear title of 960 acres of the syndicate's farm, and is steadily acquiring more.

Twenty years ago Charles A. Douglas left a small town in Iowa and struck out for northwest Canada. He brought with him about \$300, with which he bought two oxen, a plow and a few supplies necessary to set him up in business on his homestead. Industry and good business management enabled him to succeed, and today he is reputed to be worth \$100,000. Dozens of similar instances may be encountered and are easily authenticated.

are simply out of sight, If the subject, say, is schools, See 'em kick like army mules; Kicking, kicking, kicking, every day and night.

But when someone's found suggesting that they get a raise of pay, Sure, of course, you hear 'em kicking in some old accustomed way. If you do, kind sir, you're dreaming.

For these politicians scheming, When there's something in it for them have not anything to say.

Well, we don't begrudge it, really, and it's really worth a lot To sit in the old Green Chamber

when it's getting very hot. Plainly everybody sees They're but human, those M. P.'s, It's the bluff they hang that makes you think they're not. —H. D. Carman in Toronto Star.

A CHANGING COAT.

A South African tailor is the inventor of a coat which may be worn the entire day without being out of place. The wearer starts out in the morning with a short-tailed coat that is quite in the proper mode, but as the afternoon thrags on he feels the need of a frock and laces voluminous skirts to the short foundation.

A second change is needed for dinner, but he has merely to change the skirts, and behold him in proper evening dress.

The change is made by lacing, and herein lies the patent. Although the change can be quickly effected, there is no way of telling the lacing from an ordinary seam, and so long as plain black is retained the additional skirts provide the owner with three garments in one.

WOULD NOT DANCE.

New Orleans, La., July 23.—Andy Jones, a negro, was killed today at Gay Springs, Miss., for refusing to dance in the public road for the amusement of Noah Cordell, a white man.

Cordell met Jones, who was riding with his sister. He ordered Jones to get down from his horse and dance for the benefit of the women who were present. Jones refused to do so on the ground that he was in a hurry. Cordell pursued him, firing at him and killing him with a bullet through the stomach. The murderer was apparently sober. He has not yet been arrested.

MAILS CLOSING.

6 a.m.—For St. John, etc., St. Stephen and Charlotte Co., Carleton, Victoria and Madawaska Counties, and United States.
6.30 a.m.—Woodstock and Gibson Branch Stations.
WAY MAILS—East Side St. John River.
6.30 a.m.—For Keswick Ridge, Southampton, etc., Mondays and Thursdays.
West Side St. John River.
6.30 a.m.—For Springfield, Kingsclear, Prince William, etc., Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

7.30 a.m.—St. John River via Steamer.—For Ormococt, Sheffield, Gagetown, etc.
8.45 a.m.—St. John, etc. C. P. Railway Stations, East: Nova Scotia and P. E. Island.
10 a.m.—For St. Marys Ferry, Gibson and Marysville.
WAY MAILS.
2 p.m.—For Nashwaakiss and St. Marys Ferry, daily. New Brunswick, New Maryland, Hanwell, Lower St. Marys and Royal Road, Wednesdays and Saturdays.

3.30 p.m.—For Gibson, Marysville, Boiestown, Doaktown, Blackville, etc., Chatham and I. C. Railway Stations north and south.
4.30 p.m.—For St. Stephen, Woodstock, United States, Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa and North West Provinces.

4.15 p.m.—For St. John, etc., Nova Scotia and P. E. Island.
4.15 p.m.—British mail via New York, Mondays and Thursdays.

MAILS RECEIVED.

9.10 a.m.—From St. John, etc., and Nova Scotia.
From Hamtown, Royal Road, etc.
10.30 a.m.—From Nasonworth and New Maryland, Wednesdays and Saturdays.
11.30 a.m.—From Montreal, Ottawa, North West Provinces, etc., and United States.
12.15 p.m.—From I. C. Railway Stations, North Shore and Quebec.
St. John River via Steamer.
5 p.m.—From Ormococt, Sheffield, Gagetown, etc.
9.15 p.m.—From Woodstock and Gibson Branch Stations.
8.45 p.m.—From Nova Scotia and P. E. Island.

WAY MAILS.

6 p.m.—West Side River St. John.—From Meductic and Way Offices, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.
9.15 p.m.—East Side River St. John.—From Woodstock and Way Offices, Tuesdays and Fridays.
5.30 p.m.—From Lower St. Marys, Wednesdays and Saturdays.
4.30 p.m.—From Nashwaakiss and St. Marys Ferry.
7.30 p.m.—From Gibson and Marysville.
10.50 p.m.—From United States. Letters for Registration should be posted half an hour previously.

The White Cliffs of Dover. The white chalk cliffs of Dover, renowned in poetry and history, are said to be slipping slowly into the sea that for so many thousands of years has dashed at their base. A portion of the cliffs fell some time ago, and recently a further portion at St. Margaret's bay, Dover, has given indications that it is also slipping seaward. Cracks in the land have opened, and some portions of the cliffs have already fallen into the sea, where they form at low water a long causeway seaward. It has been suggested that the blasting operations at the admiralty harbor, Dover, may have loosened the outer portions of the cliffs.—London Letter.

THE LITTLE WEEKLY PAPER.

Folks may prize the city dailies with their editorial views. With their boasted circulation and their telegraphic news. With their parliamentary speeches and the same old party song. And their so-called brainy essays which are always dry and long. They may prize the great trade journals or the classic magazine. With its illustrated stories and the science in between. But the one I hail with gladness, which I long so for to come. Is that little village weekly which they send me down from home.

Taint no twenty-page edition for it has but only four. But they breathe the breath of comfort and I always long for more. Taint what folks would call artistic, for at times it's d'ar and blurred. But it only serves to interest and I make out every word. It is mostly bright and cheery, though sometimes my heart is bled. As I read a black-lined notice that some old-time friend is dead, But there's far more joy than sorrow in the messages so sweet. Of that little village weekly, that away back country sheet.

How it fills my heart with gladness as I open to peruse. Through the briefly written columns of the local district news. There ain't no big lettered headlines nor no colored pictured shows. Nor the editor ain't trying for to tell folks all he knows. It don't take up space in telling what has happened o'er the sea. But it speaks of clings and people of great interest to me. Never fills up half its columns with what daff-dumtists say. But it tells me that the farmers all are busy with their hay.

Never prints about four columns of French words I can't pronounce. To describe some maiden's debut and her costly jewelled founce. But it tells me that the neighbors made a bee and got up wood. For the crimple Sammy Johnson and the poor old widow Hood. It don't make no lengthy comment on some swell-head potatote, But it tells me Taylor's filly is a striking quite a gal. That their baseball team is beating nearly everything in sight. That the Rev'rend Simmonds lectured in the Baptist Church last night.

It don't deal with wordy matters which professors call profound. But it tells me Uncle Wreley is in health and pegging 'round. That Uriah Pratt has traded off his team with Cap J. Howe. And that Uncle Silas Hamblin sold his famous Jersey cow. Tells me Sarah Smith is better, that she sat up yesterday. That a welcome little stranger came to Thomas Dunn's to stay. That Joe Bowers had built a silo, and Bill that the widow Westbrook's boy came home, the one she thought was dead.

Folks may prize the city dailies with their essays and reviews. With their parliamentary comments and their latest foreign news. As for me, well I read at 'em and to grasp their meaning try. But when comes that "way-back weekly," then I put the dailies by. For it brings to me glad tidings of the village I love so. And it seems just running over with the things I want to know. It's a little beam of sunshine on life's dark and trackless sea. That every back-country paper which they send from home to me. —Crawf, C. Slack, Montreal.

Notes to Follow in Conversation. Rallies is the finest part of conversation, but as it is our usual custom to counterfeit and adulterate whatever is too dear for us, so we have done with this, and turned it all into what is generally called repartee, or being smart, just as when an expensive fashion cometh up those who are not able to reach it content themselves with some paltry imitation. It now passeth for raffery to run a man down in discourse, to put him out of countenance and make him ridiculous, sometimes to expose the defects of his person or understanding, on all which occasions he is obliged not to be angry to avoid the imputation of not being able to take a jest. It is admirable to observe one who is dexterous at this art singling out a weak adversary, getting the laugh on his side and then carrying all before him. The French, from whom we borrow the word, have a quite different idea of the thing, and so had we in the politer age of our fathers. Rallies was to say something that at first appeared a reproach or reflection, but by some turn of wit, unexpected and surprising, ended always in a compliment and to the advantage of the person it was addressed to. And surely one of the best rules in conversation is never to say a thing which any of the company can reasonably wish we had rather left unsaid, nor can there anything be well more contrary to the ends for which people meet together than to part unsatisfied with each other or themselves.—Dean Swift.

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