EAST MAY NOT DOUBT THE LOYALTY OF THE WEST.

Closing Article by Katherine Hughes is Exceedingly Interesting---What Winnipeg May Be in Thirty Years--Life on the Prairies.

(By Katherine Hughes.)

Some years ago there was in the Federal ministry at Ottawa a very able, very unassuming man who, after organizing the unwieldy Department of the Interior, was selected as first Governor of the Northwest. To his friends at home in letters then he spoke of the big western wildness, quaintly, as "my parish."

Governor Laird's "parish" of the seventies of our golden west today, with the potential wealth of an empire. It is a magnet of prosperity drawing thousands of new settlers weekly, and fortunately for the west it is drawing on the whole a better class than any new country has done before.

When two years ago our Press Club visited the St. Louis Fair, we found that not all the fascinations of foreign nations assembled there was as strong for visitors as the charm of the American States themselves—that federation of big achievements and bigger aspirations. We understood so clearly then what had drawn hundreds of thousands of good Canadians across the border. We could sympathize with them: theirs had been only the attitude of the country youth learning for the clamor and strange delights of the town.

But this year we learned why our own west (apart from its opportunities of money-making) is so potent now in its call to men of spirit; so strong in the ties it makes about them. It is just its youth, its unspoiled youth, its buoyancy, the field it offers to make or mar, and the eternal impulse in spirited manhood to do and know and achieve for himself. Who, being offered his choice of the ages—fifty or twenty—would choose the former? The United States is comparatively mature; Western Canada is still gloriously radiant in her youth; a new Ceres with her hands full of gifts and golden sheafs of grain for her emblem.

It is still too as much a land of mystery as of promise. . . . What may not her metropolis, Winnipeg, be in thirty years? What part is the West destined to play in the administrative future of all Canada? . . . What men will it produce? An American magazine, now giving the story of Andrew Jackson's determined strides up from the humblest station to the highest in the nation, touches lightly on his life as an attorney in the frontier days of logs at Nashville. At the same time, the writer says, Webster was playing about his father's farm, Martin Van Buren in his father's taproom, Clay a boy in Virginia, John Quincy Adams a youth at college—all ignorant of the others' existence: all destined to meet one day and know each other's mettle in great issues.

May not our Canadian west, in frontier towns and lonely farms, hold a group of spirts as rare, developing to "make good" some day the aspirations of the nation, as their fathers are doing now with individual aims?

Winnipeg, as the metropolis of this "last west," is growing splendidly. Last year it spent $10,000,000 in new buildings. This year, according to the present rate of increase in expenditure, estimates place the total at $12,000,000. A number of its business men are Americans and commercially it is somewhat American—that is, quite enterprising—in spirit. But it is thoroughly Canadian and British in sentiment. That Fourth of July incident was a courtesy only, due to a mere handful of men, and unlikely to be repeated.

In Winnipeg ones hears much of the Americans, of course. For the colony is rich, and pleasure-loving, and has the national dislike to hiding its light. Commercially it influences Canadian men—even to the closing of the Grain Exchange on the "glorious Fourth." Socially and politically it does not influence Canadian men or women; and in every country with as much British backbone as Canada has, it is the social and political influences that count in the formation of public sentiment. Moreover, the very qualities that assure the average American's commercial success weakens among British people his prestige otherwise.

The East need not doubt the loyalty of the West. Western Canadians are a practical race. They are welcoming Americans; they treat them fraternally, fairly, and adopt every up-to-date method suggested by them. But they mean to keep Canada for the Canadians, native or adopted.

Many of the farmers coming in from the western states are, according to authorities at different points of the west, natives of Great Britain or Ireland, who have emigrated to America in their youth. And these find, as one of them said to me, "It is pleasant to come back to the old flag, and be able to make as good a living under it."

They like the old flag, and every man of them has unstinted admiration for the Mounted Police.

I was struck with this comment by a young business man at Regina the descendant of three generations of Americans and who, coming last year from a south-western state, intends to be a Canadian citizen soon.

"One thing I remark here," he said, "is the interest men take in politics. It seems part of their life, and they enjoy talking about it at any time. In our state we took a fierce interest in politics around election time, but dropped it to go on with our work again. What do I find most striking in Canada? Why, its wheat; its opportunities generally—and, of course, the Mounted Police."

It was at their headquarters in Regina that we first saw the Mounted Police in force, though at every town we had heard of their splendid work. We felt that if western Canada owed nothing else but the men of this force to the two little islands across the ocean, she would still be under incalculable obligation to them. For the service has been mainly composed of gentlemen—fearless, spirited and loyal men—from the old countries.

And they have been men so innately gentlemen and of such fidelity to duty that the west, remembering these, might learn to overlook more the weaknesses of the remittance-men and the insular ideas of the untravelled, unimaginative class who come out and nag annoyingly at first at the obvious petty crudities of the west, quite failing to grasp the glories and the promise of it.

The adventurous life of the plains—now becoming limited—has drawn, for a few years, young men with life fresh before them, and, for a lifetime often, men wearied or sated with life in the old world. These have not wasted time descanting on the beauties of old cultured England nor bewailing the amenities of life left behind them. They simply set manfully about their voluntary work for Canada, and did it in a way that has challenged the admiration of two continents. The unique body of men they formed, their enforcement of the law and their own respect for it, their deeds of daring and of endurance, the traditions of fidelity and fearlessness imparted to the service—these would make a rare story; one worthy of gentlemen.

At frontier Cardston we met a member of the force of this type, a young Scotchman whom Kipling in his paternal way would probably describe as a thoroughbred youngster and an exceedingly fit officer; spirited, debonair, with the dignity of one who can command others because he first commands self: a wholesome personality. His mount and he were one, and in spite of his handsome youth he looked every inch a man who would ride down danger jauntily or steel himself in a critical moment, while we knew he was even then a self-appointed nurse to an old Indian servant who had been thrown from a broncho and hurt. He is one of the class who only remain a term in Canada, returning home benefitted by their stay, as Canada has been by their coming.

At Regina, where our entertainment throughout was memorably enjoyable, one feature was the reception at the police headquarters, where Asst.-Commissioner MacIlree and his wife, Inspectors Hefternan and Knight with others received us. We met there men who had seen grave duties that lacked romance but were filled with hardship. There was one, for instance, who has suffered acutely for years from rheumatism—simply because he was ordered in midwinter to go one thousand miles and bring a crazy Indian with a taste for blood from a village in the north.

He and another went, unquestioningly. It was not to be a Mayday frolic; they expected that, then realized it through weeks of bitter cold. But.... they returned—with their lives, and of course with the Indian, leaving a peaceful village behind them. There are brass tablets in the barracks chapel to some who have crossed the last Great Divide, but hundreds of others have gone and left no written record.

They brought with them, however, deeds of service that will speak eloquently for them in the gates.

We visited the guardhouse, passed the little cell where Riel fretted his last days away and the small yard where he went out to death. In the riding-school, larger than any existing for the training of Imperial cavalry, we saw a beautiful drill by constables mounted on chosen Indian ponies. We looked down from the gallery on the exceedingly fine display of human and equine skill in the sawdust arena below, and we found it only too brief.

At one portion of the drill we did not know whether to admire more the bronchos or their riders; when at a touch from the latter the bronchos—supple brown creatures—slipped to their knees, rolled on one side, making instant ambush for their riders armed against an imaginary foe along bluff or coulee.

The name of the inspector leading the drill escapes me now, but I know he rode superbly, as one would expect, as one would expect from a man who was formerly one of the "Blues" in old England. Emerson Hough, the novelist, of Chicago, who had joined our party at Regina was one of the Americans whose tribute to the Mounted Police was as pleasing as earnest, his acquaintance with conditions on the American frontier settlement lending force to what he said.

Since its organization in the seventies this efficient force has maintained perfect order and a most wholesome respect for the law on our frontiers and in the wilderness, helped out at first with the Indians by such missionaries as the venerable Father Lacombe. As a practical instance of their effectiveness I would quote Miss Marie Gilroy, the bachelor-maid farmer of the west, who was often obliged to remain alone on her farm some miles out of Regina. She is a native of Australia, a bright, self-reliant educated and capable woman; she said to us:

"I have never felt any fear out on this prairie, even when quite alone. I would have been afraid in a similar position in the western states or Australia—but here the country is so well patrolled by the police one has nothing to fear, unless it is the scarcity or inefficiency of laborers," she added laughingly.

The city of Regina is marvellously altered from the days when it was represented in parliament by the eloquent Davin. His former paper is now occupying large, new offices befitting the new city, which has grown in five years from 2,645 to 9,500. The Regina of the last century is being improved out of recognition. Some idea of the change from the old village-town may be had in these facts supplied by Commissioner Arthur Boyle.

About $500,000 is being spent by the civic authorities on street-paving and granolithic walks; the city hall now under construction will cost $150,000 and the new school nearing completion costs $60,000. In 1905 building permits amounted to $479,403. This year that amount has already been exceeded.

Regina, with ten passenger trains entering it daily on different roads hopes to become a veritable railway centre soon. It is growing at its present truly western rate because it is now the wholesale and distributing centre for the very rich farming district about. Homestead entries are increasing yearly, 4,874 being made in the first five months of this year. The average yield of hard wheat in the district last year was 27 bushels per acre; of oats, 53. The Pope farm, a few miles from the city, was bought eight years ago at eight dollars an acre. The owners, who mortgaged the land to buy it, refused an offer of $100 per acre recently. Their farmhouse, which we visited, was really a pretty suburban home with every comfort. And now with the leisure of assured prosperity Mrs. Pope finds time to attend luncheons and bridge-parties in the town. Certainly the woman we met at the Government House reception later looked as though she enjoyed life and found plenty of amusement.

We visited another farm close by belonging to the Marshalls, formerly of Renfrew county and for ten years residents in Nebraska. They invested $6,500 here four years ago; today their farm is worth over $25,000 with the value increasing rapidly. Last year their wheatlands averaged forty-two bushels an acre, while Mrs. Marshall, the blithest little woman imaginable, and notably happy in her prairie-life, finds excellent profits in her poultry-yard. After a visit to these farms Regina entertained us most hospitably to luncheon in the city hall.

This province of Saskatchewan is filled with memories of the rebellion still. Battleford, that was under Governor Laird's regime, the chief town, has been eclipsed by newer settlements. The old Government House where royalty was entertained has been put to humbler uses. The-man-whose-tongue-is-not-forked, as the Indians named their upright friend the governor, is till their friend and commissioner at Winnipeg.

A great many Americans have settled in Saskatchewan, and American money is being freely invested too. Yet neither there nor in Alberta does their capital monopolize the development of our west. British money is being invested more extensively each year; to do there as it has already very quietly done in Sturgeon Falls and other points in New Ontario. At the Falls alone in seven years the population has grown from 700 to 3,000; the larger paper mills and plant consume 1,000,000 logs of spruce yearly, and 600 men are sent by the company to the bush each season. It seems properly imperial that British capital should have given such an impetus of growth to this town, turning out fine pulp and paper directly in a region rich in spruce, instead of allowing American lumbermen to come over, cut our spruce, boom it across the lakes, manufacture it and return it to us as paper.

COMING TOWNS.

It was down in the cattle and sheep country of southwestern Saskatchewan, where the purple Cypress Hills roll along the horizon, that our train stopped a moment at a very small town that ran its straggling length along the sun-drenched prairie. It was small—but like everything western it was growing. As we passed our porter was given a huge bunch of prairie-roses for us "from a few of the boys" . . . "of the coming town of Cull Lake."

We thanked the boys of the coming town as expressively as we could by telegram, but we could in no way adequately express our fresh delight at this charming western offering. "The coming town!"—that told again of the faith and optimism of the west.

Put a railway station, a hotel, a church, a store and a school down on the wide prairie. In five years, it will be a coming town; in ten or fifteen, the town has arrived.

Ten years ago before the west had found itself, Saskatoon was just such a little place by the roadside. In 1901 the rush began and the town and district has been the scene of a rush every season since. Sewerage and waterworks are being put in the town; banks, offices and hotels are alive with business; hundreds of settlers of a good class are coming in with their effects, and people lacking houses content themselves as they do at Edmonton with tents. Saskatoon even wanted to take the seat of government away from Regina. It failed naturally, but the idea was an excellent one for Saskatoon, bringing its many advantages before the public.

One member of our club, interested in a Saskatoon paper first established by her husband, knows the value of Saskatoon real estate, for in the past few years it has meant over $50,000 profit to her. I should like to repeat the eulogy she passed on the business men of Western Canada. On her husband's death she, unacquainted with business affairs and almost a stranger in Canada, had to close up or continue his business interests. She dreaded it—but she found the western business men, whether of Calgary, Regina or Saskatoon, to be, she says, almost chivalric in their attitude to a woman and that money-making has by no means taken the fine edge off their feelings.

It is down in Southern Saskatchewan we find the town with the very western name of Medicine Hat. As though Nature had not been sufficiently kind in giving here a fertile country and Chinook winds, or the C. P. R. in making it a divisional point, Medicine Hat has been further blessed with a supply of natural gas and fields of coal—good coal that sells at $1.50 a ton.

The natural gas is utilized in various ways for light, heat and power. A 3-horse power engine that runs a newspaper plant there nine hours daily costs just 6 cents a day, so its owner Mr. Forster, stated. A block of buildings, 50 by 70, is heated with natural gas for $25 a month in winter. The Assiniboia Hotel with 100 lights and two stoves expends for this only 65 cents a day.

The city, which has now 4,000 people, makes $33,000 a year revenue from gas. The street lights burn night and day, because, Mr. Forster explained, gas is so cheap it costs less to leave them burn than to hire a man to extinguish and light them again. The conductor on our train told us too that for his furnace, cooking-stove and 16 lights his gas bill last winter was never more than $5 a month.

Medicine Hat is naturaliy looking forward to an industrial future, and besides other advantages given to manufacturers supplies gas for power to several factories now for 5 cents per 1000 feet.

Mixed farming, led by a small colony of Germans, has been successfully introduced into the district about Medicine Hat—at one time given over to stock-raising. It is still a centre of ranching, however. Good horses sell here from $125 to $200 as an average. The range horses are sold for $25 each as they run, good and bad, while good yearlings bring $50 to $60 a head.

But perhaps nowhere in the west did we see more beautiful horses than at Indian Head, the bustling young town that boasts 12 grain elevators to facilitate the shipping of its wealth of grain. It was at Indian Head too that we found a labyrinth of tree-shaded avenues—13 miles in all—where 15 years ago there had not been a tree.

These were all on the Experimental Farm there, started from seed by the Superintendent, Angus Mackay. These poplars, maples, oaks, cottonwoods and balm-of-gileads are irrefutable evidence against the old belief that trees could not easily be cultivated here. That farm with its trees, its gardens and orchards, protected from the winds by shelter-belts of trees, was one of the finest things we saw in the west. Thousands of seeds and cuttings are distributed free to farmers each year, and if the prairie farmer does not improve his homestead with trees the fault in future will be entirely his own.

Close by we visited the farmhouse of Mr. Douglas, formerly of the Eastern Townships. He went west nineteen years ago with practically no money; but he had the thrift of his native place in him, and is now worth over $70,000, has a handsome brick residence and outbuildings, and raises 25,000 or 30,000 bushels of hard wheat yearly. His neighbor, Mr. Wilson, came from England in 1897 with $5,000 as his total capital. He is now worth almost as much as Mr. Douglas. Both own several hundred acres and both have had the good taste to plant trees about their homes.

When going west we had smiled at the huge legend—"Outfitters to Mankind"—displayed over a pretentious small shop in Winnipeg.

But on our return we felt that this would appropriately serve as a tabloid enumeration of western resources. It would stand for the wealth of lumber and furs and minerals in British Columbia and the north, for the fruits of Southern Alberta and Saskatchewan, for the unfenced horizon-bounded wheatlands and the herds of cattle grazing on innumerable hills. These—and the delights provided for the tourist—nomads of all time in the wild white and purple mountains that lie against the roof of our western world.

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It seemed a monstrously impossible thing for us two to starve, yet starve we must, and that right presently, unless relief should come. We were even now on our last bootleg. Of the supplies we had laid in, nothing remained but a tin of nutmegs.

"Of course we can't eat nutmegs," I muttered, half delirious.

Suddenly Paoli leaped to his feet.

"Bring me those nutmegs," he cried, in a tense voice.

I brought him the tin. He glanced at the names on the label and a wild burst of exultation burst from his lips.

"They are! They are Connecticut goods. The bucksaw! Quick!" he shrieked and trembled like a leaf with excitement.

I began to see. In feverish haste I brought the buckshaw.

It was soon over. In less than ten minutes we sat each with his dish of breakfast food before him, and ate, and laughed, and wept hysterically.

YARMOUTH, Aug. 7.—Henry C. Mildram, a Boston man in charge of a trained nurse, committed suicide this morning by jumping overboard from steamer Prince George, as the steamer was coming up the harbor. The body has not been recovered. The nurse will not talk until he hears from the drowned man's friends.

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DROWNED AT FREDERICTON

George G. Pike Knocked Overboard From Victoria

Accident Occured as the Steamer was Docking—Sank Immediately—

George G. Pike of this city, a deckhand on the steamer Victoria, was drowned yesterday afternoon at Fredericton. A despatch from there stated that the accident took place on the arrival of the steamer shortly after five o'clock.

The steamer had been drawn up to the wharf to land her passengers and Pike, as customary, started to assist laying the planks for the gangway. One plank had been laid. In placing the second one, Pike had the end on the boat while one of the other hands was at the other end. The plank slewed and striking Pike, hurled him into the river between the boat and the wharf. The man, unable to swim, sank immediately and failed to rise to the surface.

Captain Taylor lost no time in having three boats launched from the steamer and each manned with a crew and grappling irons used every effort to get the body. Large crowds gathered on the wharf. Up to a late hour the body had not been recovered.

He was very popular with all the patrons of the boat, and his sudden death cast a gloom over the place.

The deceased was in his fifteth year and leaves a widow and one child, a little girl, three years old.

As soon as the accident occurred word was sent to the Star Line Co. here and they immediately had the sad intelligence communicated to his wife. The news of her husband's death was a great shock to Mrs. Pike, but she bore up bravely. On being informed of the accident, Mrs. Pike went to the home of her brother, Chas. M. Clark of Metcalf street. Mr Pike came here from Prince Edward Island and has no relatives in this city. His father is William Pike, at present in New York city. His mother died when he was but a small boy. The deceased was married on the 30th day of April, 1902, to Annie B. Clark of this city, and they lived at 18 Adelaide street.

The deceased was well known in St. John and is highly spoken of. Prior to this summer he had always been engaged as a teamster, and for a long time drove the Indiantown express. Last winter, however, he lost both of his horses and engaged with the Star Line Co. to work as a deck hand on the steamer Victoria, and has been with her since her first trip this season, soon after the middle of April.

Pike is the second man drowned from the Victoria within a month. About three weeks ago a colored man, on coming aboard late at night, a little the worse of liquor, fell overboard and was drowned. It is a strange coincidence that both accidents happened at about the same place.

THE ONLY OPENING.

(Harper's Weekly.)

The story is told of two Trenton men who hired a horse and trap for a little outing not long ago. Upon reaching their destination, the horse was unharnessed and permitted peacefully to graze while the men fished for an hour or two.

When they were ready to go home, a difficulty at once presented itself, inasmuch as neither of the Trentonians know how to reharness the horse. Every effort in this direction met with dire failure, and the worst problem was properly to adjust the bit. The horse himself seemed to resent the idea of going into harness again.

Finally one of the friends, in great disgust, sat down in the road. "There's only one thing we can do, Bill," said he.

"What's that?" asked Bill.

"Wait for the foolish beast to yawn!"

A PERIL AND A PEST.

(Winnipeg Free Press.)

England is increasingly agitated over the motor nuisance. In Kensington, London, a fine residence section has been devastated, with a great depreciation of values. It was the practice in that region to sit on the balconies on pleasant evenings. Now all retreat indoors and shut the windows to exclude the noise and stench of automobiles and motor buses. The home secretary, Herbert Gladstone, lately gave in parliament statistics of accidents in the London area during May and June, showing that in those months there were 1,125 accidents caused by motor buses. In the two months 15 persons were killed and 498 injured. It is not surprising that the public indignation in London threatens revolt. "A peril and a pest"—this is one of the mildest descriptions of London's motor omnibuses to be found nowadays in the English papers.

LIVERPOOL, Aug. 4.—A Glasson (Cumberland) man has received an appointment which brings him in the income of 33 shillings a year—a little more than 3 halfpence a day. The job is that of looking after the village gully traps.

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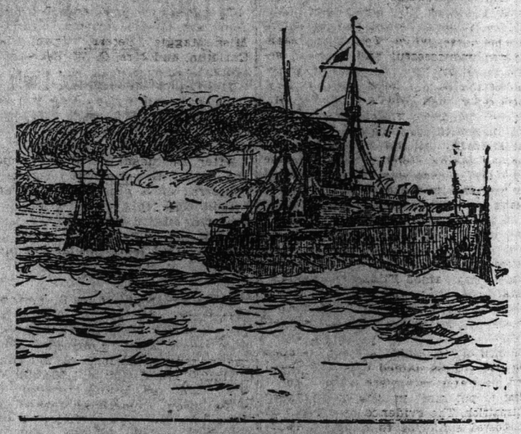

BATTLESHIP DOMINION

HALIFAX, August 6—The battleship Dominion arrived at 9.30 and anchored off the Dockyard. She remains here five days before going to Quebec.

NOW IT'S TAINTED WINE.

(Irish Independent.)

After the tinned meat scandals, it is but natural that the attention of critics should be turned to the question of drink adulteration. And here the total abstainers will find some comfort, for the attacks are so far directed only to the composition of wine. The Washington Bureau of Manufacturers, according to their latest report, state that, as the result of a number of experiments, it has been found possible to imitate the most famous and rarest wines of Bordeaux, Burgundy, and the Rhine at trifling cost. The wine germs are obtained from the dregs of casks which have contained genuine old wine, and those of each particular brand are treated with Japanese isinglass and fruit juice. In this jelly-like mass the germs soon establish a colony. When needed, sufficient germs, mixed with sterilised fruit juice, are added to a cask of cheap wine, thereby imparting to it the exact bouquet desired. This is wine from the wood with a vengeance, but it is some consolation to remember that the discovery comes from America, where, it may be hoped, its results will remain.

FREDERICTON, Aug. 7.—Margaret Gill Currie, wife of Geo. W. Currie, George street, died at an early hour this morning after a lingering illness from diabetes. Deceased was 63 years of age and leaves beside a husband two sons and two daughters. One of these sons, Thomas H., is of the teaching staff in New York and a distinguished graduate of the University. Mrs. Currie herself was well known in literary lines and is the authoress of a volume of poems of merit.

CASTORIA.

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HEAVY RAINS CAUSE HAVOC WITH TRAINS

ARDMORE, I. T., Aug. 7.—A terrific rain, almost equal to a cloudburst, fell in this section last night and today. All streams are out of their banks and the low lands are flooded. A portion of the Gulf, Colorado and Santa Fe railroad north of Paoli, I. T., has been washed away and the St. Louis and San Francisco bridge near Francis, is reported out. All trains are running behind schedule. The Canadian and Washita rivers are the highest in years.

AMHERST IS BOOMING

W. S. Fisher says That St. John Needs Awakening Just Now

W. S. Fisher, who spent part of a day in Amherst last week, says that that town is progressing at a very rapid rate, a number of large business blocks as well as a good deal of house building is going on, evidencing the faith of the people in its future.

A committee of the Amherst Board of Trade are engaged in preparing a programme of deep interest for those who will be in attendance at the meeting of the Maritime Board of Trade which begins its session there on Wednesday, the 15th inst. St. John should send a large delegation of business men to this gathering. Our citizens need awakening at the present time and probably nowhere else can they gain the same amount of inspiration.