FROM ONE YEAR'S CROP HE PAID FOR HIS LAND IN WESTERN CANADA

Remarkable as are the reports of the yields of wheat in Western Canada, the marketing of which is now under way, they are none the more interesting than are those that are vouched for as to the value of this grain crop to the farmers of that country.

Some months ago the Department of the Interior, at Ottawa, Canada, wrote to those in the United States who were owners of land in Western Canada that was not producing, advising that it be put under crop. The high prices of grain and their probable continuance for some years should be taken advantage of. Cattle and all the produce of the farm commanded good figures, and the opportunity to feed the world was great, while the profits were simply alarming. The Department suggested that money could be made out of the idle lands, lands that could produce anywhere from 25 to 65 bushels of wheat per acre. A number took advantage of the suggestion. One of these was an Illinois farmer. He owned a large quantity of land near Culross, Manitoba. He decided to put one thousand acres of it under wheat. His own story, written to Mr. C. J. Broughton, Canadian Government Agent at Chicago, is interesting.

"I had 1,000 acres in wheat near Culross, Manitoba. I threshed 34,000 bushels, being an average of 34 bushels to the acre. Last Spring I sold my foreman, Mr. F. L. Hill, 240 acres of land for $9,000, or $37.50 per acre. He had saved up about $1,000, which he could buy seed with, and have the land harrowed, drilled and harvested, and put in stook or shock.

"As a first payment I was to take all the crops raised. When he threshed he had 8,300 bushels of wheat, which is worth in all $1.00 per bushel, thereby paying for all the land that was in wheat and more, too, there being only 200 acres in crop. If the 240 acres had all been in wheat he could have paid for it all and had money left."

That is a story that will need no corroboration in this year when, no matter which way you turn, you learn of farmers who had even higher yields than these.

G. E. Davidson of Manitou, Manitoba, had 36 acres of breaking and 14 acres of older land. He got 2,186 bushels of wheat, over 43 bushels per acre.

Walter Tukner of Darlingford, Manitoba, had 3,514 bushels off a 60 acre field, or over 58½ bushels per acre. Forty acres was breaking and 20 acres summer fallow.

Wm. Sharp, formerly Member of Parliament for Lisgar, Manitoba, had 80 acres of wheat on his farm near Manitou, Manitoba, that went 53 bushels per acre.

One of the most remarkable yields in this old settled portion of Manitoba was that of P. Scharf of Manitou, who threshed from 15 acres the phenomenal yield of 73 bushels per acre.

These reports are but from one district, and when it is known that from almost any district in a grain belt of 30,000 square miles, yields while not as large generally as these quoted, but in many cases as good, is it any wonder that Canada is holding its head high in the air in its conquering career as the high wheat yielder of the continent? When it is pointed out that there are millions of acres of the same quality of land that has produced these yields, yet unbroken, and may be had for filing upon them as a homestead, or in some cases may be purchased at from $12 to $30 an acre from railway companies or private land companies, it is felt that the opportunity to take part in this marvelous production should be taken advantage of by those living on land much higher in price, and yielding infinitely less.—Advertisement.

What a contemptible weakness charity is, when it is shown for the faults of those we dislike.

WOMAN'S CROWNING GLORY is her hair. If yours is streaked with ugly, grizzly, gray hairs, use "La Creole" Hair Dressing and change it in the natural way. Price $1.00.—Adv.

But it never kills a law to execute it.

BEAR TURNS PLUMBER

PUZZLED BY THE MYSTERY OF CAGE WATER TANK.

Animal in Brooklyn Zoo Conducts Patient Examination and Has Made Some Progress on Road to the Secret.

Prospect park zoo has a plumber bear, and his name is Bosco. So far as known, he is the only plumber bear in captivity.

Bosco's residence is No. 1 Bear place, and he lives in a great cage, which is far different from his ancient home in the wild Ural mountains. Bosco is a Russian, a big hulking, quietly-ambling fellow, and he is a favorite with Head Keeper O'Brien and his men, because he is so tractable, says the Brooklyn Eagle. No matter how the black bears in the adjoining cage may snap and growl, or the other members of the bear family may display their peevishness, Bosco is always good-natured. He has a great wooden ball that he plays with in the most comical manner imaginable.

But it is about Bosco's plumber-like proclivities that you want to hear. Half of his life is spent in play and sleep, and the other half in trying to puzzle out the mysteries of the big water tank in the center of his cage.

"He is more of a monkey than a bear," said O'Brien. "He is the greatest imitator I ever saw."

Bosco first tried to get through his clumsy old bear head what it meant when the water ran into the tank. He would sit on his hind legs, with a ludicrously foolish expression on his face and study the water as he tried to get the ins and outs of the mystery of why the tank was full at some times and empty at others. To trace the solution of this mystery became the consuming passion of his life. Sometimes he would rub his ear with a contemplative paw, and you would see his eyes brighten as he thought he had at last struck the right trail. Then he would retire into his cave in the rocks, to cogitate at his leisure.

At first he tried to keep the water back by shoving a paw against it, but this did no good. Then, when the tank became clogged and the keepers went into the cage to clean it out, Bosco sat by in an attitude of an alert old man taking in every detail of their operation. He saw them lift up the trap and get down in it.

So, when they had gone, Bosco organized a class in plumbing with himself as sole member. He first put out a hairy paw and seized the trap. It came up easily enough. Then he looked at it, to see what made it come up, and put it back and lifted it again and again in the joy of his discovery. He had part of the secret, at any rate.

The next thing Bosco learned was to get down into the tank and dig around to see what made the water stop running. He acted just like a man about it, and performed each act with comic gravity. He found a cap down there, and he used to take that off.

That is about as far as Bosco has got in the elementary stages of plumbing; but he is ambitious, and if he keeps on he may be ready to don a jumper and overalls soon and start out on a job with soldering irons under his forepaw and charcoal stove swinging.

Activities of Women.

Many of the women engaged in industry in England have donned masculine garb.

In a recent efficiency auto run, Miss Eva Cunningham of Haverhill, Mass., took first prize in the contest with 80 man competitors.

Miss Florence Powdermaker has been made assistant chemist in the Baltimore board of health, a position never before held by a woman.

The Countess Benchendorff, wife of the Russian ambassador in London, is one of the best lady bridge players in that city.

In two Cleveland foundries 300 women run great punching and drilling machines, working side by side with the man machinists.

Miss Ella J. Slutz, a blind student at the Ohio State university, while only a freshman in the college, expects to finish the four-year course on time. Miss Slutz is alone in the world and in her eagerness to fulfill her ambition to secure an education, is doing odd jobs about the school for which she receives room and board free.

Just the Place for Him.

The French sergeant who, as the result of a wound in the head received in 1879, suffered periods of abnormality, during which he neither smelled or felt anything, would be almost an ideal man for trench service in the present unpleasantness, if what the correspondent writes is true.

Courteous Interchange.

"Here's an old friend of yours, Mrs. Gaddy."

"Oh, yes. I refused you when we were young, didn't I?"

"Yes, madam. So kind of you to make me remember one more thing to be thankful for today."

Experience Suggests.

"What," asked the teacher about to expatiate on the domestic beauties of forbearance, "is the crying evil in every home?"

"I guess," volunteered a little girl in the class, "it's the babies, mum."

PEARLS IN TOY DOG'S TAIL

Man From Tokyo Had Gems in Silk Vest and Cigarette Box Worth Large Sum.

A little toy dog, with a stubby tail and a pointed nose, which would emit a bark like a grunt when pressed, stood on the table in the office of Justice Wardell, surveyor of the port of San Francisco, surrounded by a collection of cultivated pearls.

The tip of his tail was missing, as was the end of his nose, both of which had been cut away by customs inspectors.

The dog was only one of many clever contrivances used by Y. Nakane, wealthy pearl merchant, when he made a declaration at the customhouse saying that he carried only $400 worth of pearls.

An investigation of his baggage by Custom Inspector J. B. Brosman revealed pearls valued at more than $5,000.

Nakane arrived in San Francisco aboard the Tenyo Maru and declared to the customs inspector that he had $400 worth of pearls in a small jewel case. An examination of the case showed that it had a false bottom, and pearls valued at $1,000 were revealed with the destruction of the case. This was the first lot to be discovered.

While the jewel case was being taken apart Nakane drew from his pocket a dainty Japanese tobacco box and proceeded to roll a cigarette.

The beauty of the box attracted the attention of Wardell, who asked to see it at closer range. The box, when examined, revealed another $1,000 worth of the precious gems. Nakane removed his coat to assist in the work of unpacking his cases

Again Wardell was attracted by the beauty of a silk vest and made an examination and found that in the center of each of the buttons was set a small pearl, which was so near the color of the shell-like buttons that the gems could only be detected by an expert.

In the bottom of one of the merchant's trunks the inspector found a toy dog carefully wrapped in tissue paper. Nakane explained that it was to be a gift to a child relative here.

An examination of the outside of the toy revealed nothing; finally the tip of the tail was removed with a pair of scissors and it was found to be filled with pearls. A like find was made in the dog's nose.

Nakane then confessed he had tried to smuggle the jewels into this country. The gems were confiscated.

"Jennie Catfish" Dead.

"Jennie Catfish" is dead. In the northeastern part of the city Jennie Catfish was as celebrated as the muffin man of English fame or the old chimney sweep of Charles Lamb's time, states the Philadelphia North American.

Her call, "Any catfish? Any catfish?" has rung through the streets of the city for nearly half a century. Residents of the northeast say they cannot remember when she did not cry her wares night and day. Many remember it mingled with their childish dreams, the shrill, piercing, long-drawn-out wail bringing a picture of a little woman, who always had seemed old, walking swiftly along back streets and alleys with a tray balanced on her head.

To the children she was "Jennie Catfish," which was their translation of her cry. To her neighbors she was Mrs. Amelia Wilson, eighty years old.

She had been ill for some time and had been taken care of by a neighbor, who the other day entered her home with a postal from a niece. She found the old woman dead as the result of pneumonia.

Public Defender's Idea.

"What in heaven's name is the use of sending to jail a man who ought to be with his family? What's the use of giving a man a bad name when a good word will set him right?"

That's what the first public defender to appear in Pittsburgh's police courts asked at the end of his first day's work.

There's no use following that old method, but we've been a long time finding it out. Sending a man to jail is a poor way to take care of the man's family, but it's the way we've taken for ages.

Giving a man a bad name instead of offering him the good word his heart is aching to hear is wasteful, but it was easier, we thought, than the right way. The strange thing about these matters is that the wrong way always seems easier.—Pittsburgh Leader.

Oyster Catches a Duck.

A sheldrake duck, diving into the bay at Smith's Point, L. I., varied life's monotony by capturing an oyster and being captured in turn.

Of course all that the residents of Smith's Point know about the remarkable catch is what they heard from Will Murdock, who tends the draw at the Tangier bridge, and who admits he has an excellent reputation for veracity. Will took duck and oyster to the Smith's Point Coast Guard station and exhibited them to prove the story.

Where did he get them? Oh, he caught the duck after the duck had caught the oyster. The fowl pushed its bill into the shell of the oyster, Murdock said, and the bill stuck fast.

Useless Question.

"Would your wife vote for you as a candidate for office?"

"I don't think there's any use of my bothering my head about that," replied Mr. Meekton. "I don't believe Henrietta would let me run in the first place."

TEMPERANCE NOTES

(Conducted by the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.)

WHY DRINKERS ARE FAT.

The labor leaders are beginning to teach through the pages of their journals the nature and effects of alcohol upon the physical organism. The following is from the United Mine Workers' Journal:

"Not all hard drinkers are fat, but the tendency of alcoholics to obesity is too marked to escape notice. A well-known doctor says it is because the alcohol usurps the function of the fat, which accumulates. This is how he explains it:

"It is noticeable that those addicted to the use of alcoholic beverages often reveal a tendency to corpulence which is proportionate to their use of the drug. The fatness is not a sign of health. It is not even an indication that alcohol is harmless. It is merely the result of the complete oxidization of the substance of alcohol by the human body. The body will oxidize a two-ounce quantity of alcohol in 24 hours, and will do it so completely that no trace of alcohol can be found in any excretory substance. This simply means that the unnatural heat produced in the body by the presence of the stimulant answers, for the time being at least, for what would otherwise be produced by the expenditure of fats and carbohydrates. These latter are the fuel stored up by the body and normally burned up in the production of necessary bodily heat—though not a natural heat—and this expenditure is avoided. The fat is therefore stored up in the body unused, and corpulence is the necessary result. This, of course, is not a normal condition nor a proper process. It becomes more unnatural with increasing use of alcohol."

STOP ALL DRINKING.

A handbook recently issued by the German government for the use of field surgeons sounds a note of warning against John Barleycorn. The article is by Prof. Max Gruber of the Royal Hygienic institute of Munich. We quote:

"This is no time for the use of alcohol. Not only is the guzzling of all alcoholic drinks to be stopped, but the use of even small amounts is, as a rule, an evil.

"It is scientifically established that even small amounts of alcohol weaken and paralyze our powers of observation, memory and judgment, the command of our intellect, our wills and our reason, our impulses, our brains, our body; cut down the gains from exercise, the endurance of hardships, the ability to resist external injuries.

"One's strength and mental power may be enough to withstand the moderate use, but efficiency cannot be improved by it. And those of us who are small and deficient in mental and physical power act recklessly when we dissipate the little that we have, especially when we are under obligations to accomplish the most that we can."

AMERICA'S GREATEST FOES.

"Had saloons never been discovered, and were it then in my power to portray the effects of such a discovery, all men, without exception, would declare it impossible to conceive of any more diabolical plan for the degradation and destruction of the human race. Our greatest foes are the manufacturers and distributers of alcohol. The stories of injuries done by drink are so written in the sad life history of many of our greatest men; are so evident throughout our land in squalor, poverty, misery and crime, and replete in prisons, workhouses and asylums, as well as in domestic infelicity, that it is inconceivable that any intelligent, rational man can deny the necessity for strong, united action to rid the land of both manufacturer and distributor."—Dr. A. Kelley of Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore.

BEER WORSE THAN WHISKY.

This is what the Home Life Insurance company of New York has to say about beer:

"Of all intoxicating drinks, it is the most animalizing. It dulls the intellectual and moral and feeds the sensual and beastly nature. Beyond all other drinks, it qualifies for deliberate and unprovoked crime. In this respect it is much worse than distilled liquors. A whisky drinker will commit murder only under the direct excitement of liquor, a beer drinker is capable of doing it in cold blood. Long observation has assured us that a large proportion of murders deliberately planned and executed, without passion or malice, with no other motive than the acquisition of property or money, often of trifling value, are perpetrated by beer drinkers."

Shrine Saved From Destruction.

In 1871, during the commune, Notre Dame cathedral, famed the world over, was menaced with grave dangers owing to the fury of the communists who, having effected an entrance, collected all the available chairs and other combustible material and, piling it in a huge bonfire, drenched with oil, in the center of the choir, attempted to destroy the cathedral by fire. The evil designs of the incendiaries were, however, happily frustrated by the arrival of the National guard.

Resourceful Tailor.

"Haven't you any larger checks?"

"No," said the tailor, "these are the largest I have."

"I fear you have not a very extensive line of cloth."

"These are about as large as checks come in cloth. I might possibly make you up a vest out of linoleum."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Last Resort.

Pat's one trouble was that he could not wake up in the morning. His landlady had tried every device she could think of, but even the most determined of alarm clocks had no effect on Pat's slumbers.

One day he returned home from his work with a large paper parcel.

"There, now, Mrs. Jones," said he triumphantly, as he unwrapped a huge bell, "and what d'ye think o' that now?"

"Goodness, man!" exclaimed the surprised landlady. "Whatever are you wanting with that great thing?"

As he tucked the bell under his arm and prepared to go upstairs, Pat replied, with a knowing grin:

"Sure, and I'm going to ring it at six o'clock ivry morning and wake mesilf up!"

New Swedish Explosive for Shells.

For many years a superphosphate company in Stockholm has been experimenting with new explosives, and now seems to have found one warranting extensive manufacture. It is very powerful, and one of the principal ingredients is perchloride of ammonia prepared in some special way. "Kaololit," as it is called, has great explosive power and seems especially adapted for shells.

He Had No Kick Coming.

"That's awful pitching."

"What's the matter, my dear?"

"That's the second man he's given a pass to first this inning."

"I don't see why you should complain, George. That's the way you came in to see the game."—Detroit Free Press.

Professional Habit.

"Why do you snub that young dentist who calls on you so?"

"Because he gets on my nerves."

His Reason.

Weary—Always a-grumbling! Why can't yer be contented wiv yer lot?

Walker—'Cos I ain't got a lot!

If a fool is happy in his folly he should worry. Very few wise men are as lucky.

in Willie's Dream.

"Wasn't that a funny dream I had last night?" said little Willie to his mother.

"Why, what did you dream, dear?" she asked him.

"Why, you know; you went with me everywhere," was his reply.

Exceptions.

"Like produces like."

"Not always. Just you try to get any cold cash from a snowbank."