

SOME WONDERFUL CROPS IN WESTERN CANADA.

The Territorial Government Reports Show Results Beyond Belief.

Regina, Assiniboia, Canada, January 10th.—At the Agricultural Statistics Branch of the Department of Agriculture for the Territories, reports are now being received from grain threshers throughout the Territories, for statistical purposes. The reports are somewhat delayed this year, owing to the extensive crop and the delay in getting it threshed. The Department of Agriculture is leading the way in a new departure, with regard to the collection of crop statistics. In the older provinces, crop estimates are based entirely on the opinion of persons interested in the grain business who ought to be, and no doubt are, well posted upon the probable yields. Still the reports are simply a matter of opinion, in which a mistake may easily be made. The Territorial Department, however, has adopted the system of returns of crops actually threshed, upon which to base their reports. The accuracy of the reports cannot, therefore, be gainsaid, for they represent a compilation of actual threshing results. In this connection, it might be mentioned that the Department is organizing a system of growing crop returns, which will be in operation next summer. The information thus obtained, with estimated acreage, will be available for business men, banks, railway companies, and other interests which have to discount the future in making provision for the conduct of their business.

The crop reports already to hand show some remarkable cases of abnormal development. In the Regina district, many returns are given of crops of wheat running from 40 to 45 bushels to the acre.

J. A. Snell, of Yorkton, threshed 28,000 bushels of oats from 450 acres, an average of 63 bushels per acre for a large acreage.

W. R. Motherwell, of Abernethy, threshed 2,650 bushels of wheat from a 50 acre field, an average of 53 bushels per acre.

In the Edmonton district, T. T. Hutchings threshed 738 bushels of wheat from a ten-acre plot, an average of nearly 73 bushels per acre.

S. Norman threshed 6,950 bushels of oats from 60 acres of land, an average of 116 bushels per acre.

The publication of the actual yields of grain threshed will likely open the eyes of the people to the great capabilities of the western Canadian prairies.

PAIR OF GIANTS TO WED.

Missouri Girl Eight Feet One Inch Tall to Marry Montana Cowboy of Eight Feet.

The marriage of the largest man and woman in the United States, if not in the world, will take place at Helena within the next few weeks. The contracting parties will be Miss Ella Murray, of Missouri, who is eight feet one inch tall and weighs over 400 pounds, and Edward Beaupre, "the Montana cowboy," who tips the scales at 367 pounds, and is eight feet in height.

Miss Murray's father, it is said, has tried for some time to induce some one to marry her, offering a home and liberal expense money.

Beaupre is 21 years old and has never been out of the state. He wears No. 22 shoes and has never had a glove on his hands.

Getting Along in Years.

The emperor of Germany has celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his service in the guards, says the Chicago Record-Herald. Some people insist, however, in believing that he is still young and flighty.

20 MILLION BOTTLES SOLD EVERY YEAR.



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The nation has felt the blows struck in the United States senate the other day, and thoughts on fists and statesmanship are unpleasantly forcing their way to public attention. Admitting that all congressmen (senators especially) are statesmen (a very reckless admission to the minds of some), the question arises as to when the statesman, by a STRIKING display of his powers, entitles himself to classification among the KNIGHTS OF THE FIST. Statesmen with the graceful wave of the hand emphasize their argument, and with the clinking of the points made, the fist reinforces the forcefulness thereof as it thunders on the desk before it. But let that same fist and same energy be directed toward the physical identity of the opponent, with a little of Billingsgate thrown in as garnishment, and you have a scene which makes Uncle Sam and fair Columbia blush with shame and the American eagle scream with indignation.

FISTS VS. STATESMANSHIP

By WILLIS S. EDSON.

My bull pup is a fine specimen of dogdom, for although he has but one eye, his square-set jaw and well-knit muscles, together with his dignified and pugnacious bearing, a heritage of pedigree, entitle him to high classification. My neighbor's cat is also an animal of which she is deservedly proud. Her silken hair and bushy tail carefully groomed make her a sure winner at any bench show. But it chanced one day that my neighbor's cat with the bushy tail and my bull pup with the square-set jaw got into the same room in the house, and after an exchange of a few preliminary pleasantries in the shape of yowlings and growlings they came together in the violence of argument, and when they had been separated and put out of doors where they belonged, with a high fence between, they were no longer the sleek and dignified looking animals they had been before their unfortunate meeting.

Now, while the incident was to be deplored, the friendly relations existing between my neighbor and myself were not very severely strained, for we realized that it was the nature of the beasts to fight, and no amount of grooming or associations of refinement could alter the inbred tendency, but we were taught a lesson and saw to it that thereafter the belligerents were kept out of doors and at a safe distance apart.

But to apologize for the digression and return to the thread of our narrative, as the novelist says, which in this case is a matter of fists and statesmanship. However much we admire both in their proper place and sphere, in conjunctivity there is dire calamity. Dryden says: "A knockdown argument; 'tis but a word and a blow." It is certainly effective for the time being in eliminating the opponent as a contending factor, but it is not convincing. It does not prove that the one is not a liar and the other not a thief, but it does demonstrate that both are not worthy the name of statesmen and have forfeited the respect of the country at large, if not of their own constituency. Such scenes have been enacted before in the halls of congress during the strain of intense political excitement when the country faced a national crisis, and in a measure was excusable, but this is the first time such direct personalities and individual animosities have chosen the senate as an arena in which to settle differences by means of brute force and unreasoning passion. Curtain and oblivion.

Willis S. Edson

TO MAKE A DOG COUNT.

The Owner of a Scotch Collie Explains How the Thing May Be Accomplished.

Noting the profound interest displayed in the tricks of a Scotch Collie dog known as Bozzie II., and the interesting account of the demonstrations of her powers so honestly set forth in the columns of the Tribune, I make bold to give my analysis of the phenomenal cropping out of canine intelligence in this certain species, writes F. C. Reichter, of Chicago, to the editor of the Tribune.

In August of last year I purchased a Collie puppy, then three months old, whose pedigree could not be compared with any of the baser metals, but was of the "pure gold" stripe, whose mother was Fanny Clason, and whose grandmother was Bozzie I., and, thinking that perhaps the same degree of intelligence might be innate with this puppy as of its ancestors, I set about at once to develop, if possible, whatever powers she possessed. The first thing I did was to secure her strict attention by a kindly caress or pat upon the head and at the same time give the firm, sharp command of "tell me" and also "how many," coupling with each of these I would imitate the bark of a dog, holding her attention all this while, until at the end of perhaps two weeks of patient endeavor I succeeded in getting her to understand what I wanted.

Finally, whenever I gave the command "tell me" or "how many," she would bark several times after either of them, never in any instance rewarding her with a morsel of food, but made her understand that when I made use of one of these phrases in the tone of command I demanded obedience, and it was her part to obey—namely, to "speak" several times.

You will readily appreciate that I did not make use of the command "speak," as I could not with this word ask her a question in arithmetic, in order to show off her accomplishments before any one. I then began by holding her attention fixedly with my eyes, having a stern facial expression, asking her a simple question, as "How many are two and two?" Just as soon as she would hear the words "how many" she would start to bark, and, immediately upon her barking four times, the correct answer, I would relax the muscles of my face or brow, and she would immediately stop. And likewise in asking any question in arithmetic I would compel her to look at me, couple one of the key phrases with my question, and at the same time frown, no matter how slightly, and as soon as the correct number had been barked, the relaxation of my facial muscles would cause her to cease, and this would not be noticed by any one looking on, no matter how shrewd or how keenly they may have watched, and

this could be repeated time and again without detection, astounding one and all alike. Now you can readily see that a slight motion of the foot, a slight cough, a light tap of the finger, a sneeze (forced), a wink of the eye, opening and closing the hand, and many other unnoticeable signs could be substituted and used to cause the question and the manner of asking it could be varied innumerable, making it appear that the animal actually does "read the mind" in many instances. But the key to it all is in the key words, "tell me" and "how many," or any other signal which starts the dog to barking, or a look will sometimes cause the animal to begin, and then use the "air brake" signal.

Of course, I do not wish to be misunderstood. I do not deny that this particular "trick" exemplifies a high order of canine intelligence, brought about by a long line of ancestors whose constant companion was man for century upon century; but I do deny that there is the slightest trace of a "mind reading," "mental telepathy," or "thought transference," nor can it be vaunted forth as a "psychological phenomenon." It is a "trick," plain, pure and simple.

I also taught my dog many other "tricks," too numerous to mention here. My main object is to state that I do not believe there is a "mind reading," "calculating" dog. It is a case of obeying the signals of its master.

Height to Which Birds Fly. The aeronaut Hergesal of Strassburg saw, in one of his ascensions, an eagle at a height of 3,000 meters and in another, two storks and a buzzard at 900 meters. Larks have been seen at 1,600 meters, and crows at 1,400. But these are exceptional heights. Birds are rarely seen above 1,000 meters and very few above 400. Birds have been released from balloons at heights varying from 900 to 3,000 meters. In a clear atmosphere they flew directly downward, remaining near the balloon, however, if the sky were cloudy. Pigeons were released from a balloon 30 miles away from home in cloudy weather. The first pigeon returned home in three hours, the second in four and the last took nearly a day. In clear weather they reached home from that distance in about 45 minutes.—Science.

Merely Keeping His Promise. Weary Walker—No, ma'am; I ain't dirty from choice. I'm bound by honor. I wrote a testimonial for a soap-maker once and promised "to use no suds."

Mrs. Housatop—"Well, why do you not use that?" "Because, ma'am, dat firm failed just after de civil war."—Catholic Standard and Times.

The New Broom. A new broom may sweep clean, but the trouble is that after the first round it loses its newness.—Chicago Daily News.

SOLDIERS LIKE HIM.

Gen. Lloyd Wheaton Is Simply Idolized by His Men.

All Sorts of Pleasant Little Stories Are Told About His Courage and Consideration of Privates' Comfort.

Gen. Lloyd Wheaton, whose frankness in expressing his opinions has stirred up a number of senatorial critics, will not ask for defenders. Practically without exception the men who have served under him, whom they fondly call "Dad" Wheaton, would fight for him to the last ditch against any odds. Even among the general officers of the United States army, including so many men of dauntless courage and splendid character, there are few who rank with Wheaton in personal popularity among the enlisted men. In appearance he is the ideal soldier, tall and straight as a pine tree. His thick hair is jet black and the lower part of his face is covered with a black beard, set off by a pair of long and fiercely-pointed black mustaches. On horseback especially he looks the part of a pirate king, and his voice is a deep bass of tremendous power that can be heard at great distances.

It is a favorite joke with the soldiers in the islands that "Old Dad" never is staff, because he can make himself heard half a mile without straining himself. Most endearing of all, from the standpoint of the common soldier, Gen. Wheaton never spares himself, and many a little outpost, hard pressed by an overpowering force of the "niggers," has been inspired by the roaring command of "Old Dad"—"Go in, boys! Go in!"—while he himself, riding like a centaur, led the charge far in advance of the advancing column. Even his presence is inspiring. In many a hot skirmish, when the men have become tired and scattered, his tremendous voice, bellowing in the distance, has had the effect of a trumpet call or the arrival of a regiment of reinforcements.

"Brace up, boys," the call will go across the scattered lines, "here comes



GEN. LLOYD WHEATON. (One of the Most Popular Commanders in the Army.)

"Old Dad," and then rushes into the fight the big bay horse, topped by the big, fierce man, with his black beard, and all is over but the shouting.

Enlisted men returned from service in the islands tell all sorts of little stories of Gen. Wheaton. For instance, there was the night after the landing at San Fabian. Six gunboats, says the Chicago Tribune, had gone down the coast to cover the landing of a lot of men under Gen. Wheaton, who were loaded on a couple of army transports. While the gunboats shelled the town Wheaton got his men into launches and other small boats and waited for the first chance to get ashore. Once or twice his eagerness led him to push ahead within range of the gunboats' fire, and each time he had to face about and retire, much to the amusement of the men, bobbing about on the swell in their little boats. Finally the party landed, under a hot fire from the insurgents, and rushed the town. After pickets had been thrown out and all arrangements made for guarding against a night attack, Gen. Wheaton started to turn in, with the idea of catching a few hours' sleep. He and his orderly went into a native house on the square and opened the door leading into the corner room. As they did so a couple of privates, who had already lain down to sleep on the floor, rose speedily, came to attention, saluted and started to leave the room.

"Here you!" roared "Old Dad," in his terrifying voice, "you boys need sleep just as much as I do. Lie down again and go to sleep."

So the commanding general and a couple of privates went to sleep side by side on the floor. But early in the morning, before any one else was awake, Gen. Wheaton got up and went out all alone on a reconnoitering tour. He closed the door, and it locked behind him with a spring lock. Several times during the night stragglers had come pounding on the door, and had been ordered away by the somewhat sulphuric orderly. It happened that the orderly had just got into a sound sleep when the general returned and knocked for admission. The orderly, who had no idea that Gen. Wheaton had gone out, woke up hot and angry.

With all the resources of his picturesque vocabulary he cursed the man who had disturbed him and ordered him to go away under awful penalties. "Now, you clear out of here and let us sleep, or I'll come out and kick your head off!" he roared.

"All right, sergeant," roared the deep voice of "Old Dad," "all right, I'll clear out. But won't you please let me have my field glasses first?"

CONGRESSMAN HOWARD.

Of National Reputation are the Men Who Recommend Pe-ru-na to Fellow Sufferers.

A Remarkable Case Reported From the State of New York.



CONGRESSMAN HOWARD, OF ALABAMA. House of Representatives, Washington, Feb. 4, 1899. The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, Ohio.

Genlemen—"I have taken Peruna now for two weeks, and find I am very much relieved. I feel that my cure will be permanent. I have also taken it for the grippe, and I take pleasure in recommending Peruna as an excellent remedy to all fellow sufferers."

M. W. HOWARD. Congressman Howard's home address is Fort Payne, Ala.

MOST people think that catarrh is a disease confined to the head and nose. Nothing is farther from the truth. It may be that the nose and throat are the most affected by catarrh, but if this is so it is only because these parts are more exposed to the vicissitudes of the climate than the other parts of the body.

Every organ, every duct, every cavity of the human body is liable to catarrh. This is true winter and summer. Catarrh causes many cases of chronic disease, where the victim has not the slightest suspicion that catarrh has any thing to do with it.

The following letter which gives the experience of Mr. A. C. Lockhart is a case in point:

Mr. A. C. Lockhart, corner Cottage St. and Thurston Road, Rochester, N. Y., in a letter written to Dr. Hartman says the following of Peruna:

"About fifteen years ago I commenced to be ill, and consulted a physician. He pronounced my trouble a species of dyspepsia, and Constant. Allee—Oh, no! (Golly isn't engaged! He is true to his first love. May—Who is that? "Golly!"—Puck.

Nothing is so infectious as example.—Charles Kingsley.

An infallible characteristic of meanness is cruelty.—Johnson.

Blobs—"I shall have to wear glasses." Slobbs—"Are you troubled with your eyes?" Blobs—"What did you think I was going to wear them for—bunions?"—Philadelphia Record.

Mistress—"Do you know, Carter, that I can actually write my name in the dust on the table?" Carter—"Faith, mum, that's more than I can do. Sure, there's nothing like education, after all!"—Punch.

Two Views—"Mister," began the beggar, "it's pretty hard to lose all your relations and—?" "Hard!" snorted the crusty individual. "Why, man alive, they're none relations it's impossible!"—Philadelphia Press.

Miss Kay (in street car)—"It's really very kind of you, Mr. Crabbe, to give me your seat." Mr. Crabbe—"Not at all. We men are getting tired of being accused of never giving up our seats except to pretty girls."—Philadelphia Press.

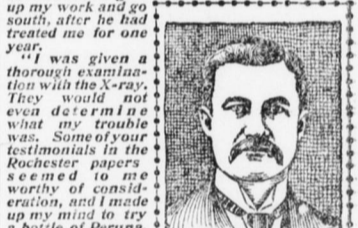
Too Late—"When I was your age I didn't have the advantages you have," said the father, sagely. "Well, father," replied the son, "it's too late to kick about it now. You should have thought about those things at the time."—Ohio State Journal.

"What!" exclaimed the woman who had just started a boarding house, "twenty-five for those string beans?" "Them ain't string beans," said the huckster; "them's butter beans, an'—?" "H'm—butter beans. Maybe you've got some oleomargarine beans that'd come cheaper."—Philadelphia Record.

Knives Before Forks.—Mr. Stungum—"By the way, Sharpe says he saw you in the Bontong cate yesterday." Mr. Nurich Cadd—"Yes; but I cut him. Did he tell you that?" Mr. Stungum—"No; but he did remark that he expected every minute to see you cut yourself."—Philadelphia Press.

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Mr. W. P. Peterson, of Morris, Ill., says: "I was nearly dead with catarrhal dyspepsia and am now a well man, better, in fact, than I have been for twenty years or more. Since I got cured by your Peruna I have been consulted by a great many people."—W. P. Peterson.

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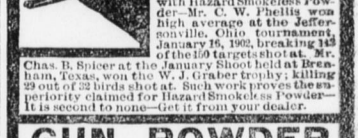
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HAZARD Some more recent records with Hazard Smokeless Powder—Mr. C. W. Phillips won high average at the Jeffersonville, Ohio tournament January 15, 1902, breaking 321 of the 10 targets shot at. Mr. Chas. B. Sider at the January Shoot held at Brenham, Texas, won the W. J. Graber trophy, killing 20 out of 25 birds shot at. Such work proves the superiority claimed for Hazard Smokeless Powder. It is second to none—get it from your dealer.

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