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EXPORTING FISH.

Western Canada is Finding a Good Market for Product.

Notable developments are taking place this fall in the fisheries of Western Canada. The announcement is made by the Grand Trunk Pacific authorities that whitefish is now being shipped in car lots from Lesser Slave Lake in Northern Alberta to Chicago. The construction of the Edmonton, Dunvegan, and British Columbia Railway northward from the main line of the G. T. P. has made this lake accessible, and in its waters are great numbers of fish. Two companies have been formed to carry on the fishing in the lake, and the Canadian Express Company is being called upon to supply special refrigerator care to take the fish to Edmonton and thence by way of the Grand Trunk Pacific to Winnipeg and by connecting lines to Chicago. A great distributing point for fresh fish, the Chicago market states that it can take all the whitefish that can be sent from Western Canada, and the transportation companies, it is expected, will have to enlarge their arrangements next year to meet the growing traffic. Chicago is also taking from Canada large quantities of fresh Prince Rupert halibut, and the fishing industry is very brisk at the new Pacific Coast port. Over fifteen million pounds of fish handled in the month of August was Prince Rupert's record. While the salmon end of the industry was the largest part of the business, halibut showed up well, with 2,106,400 pounds landed at this port. The salmon pack for the month represented 12,999,700 pounds of fish, representing at a modest valuation well on for three-quarters of a million dollars. Of the salmon catch, 4,060 hundredweight was used fresh or shipped fresh. There was about 223 hundredweight that was mild cured, while the remainder was canned. In the canning process, 149,527 cases were taken care of during August. There were 14,000 pounds of cod taken and used fresh, and flounders represented 1,000 pounds.

BIG WHEAT FIELDS.

Some of Canada's Huge Western Farms Breaking Records.

A farmer in the Lethbridge district figured early in the harvesting season that a reasonable estimate of his wheat crop would be 2,500 bushels. After he had finished threshing he found that he had underestimated the total yield by 2,580 bushels.

Campbell & Son, prominent farmers of the Burdett district, have secured an average of 53 bushels from 640 acres, and they have just loaded several cars of the crop, at a price to them of 83 cents.

Thomas Judson, the well-known Taber farmer, has a yield of 65 bushels to the acre from 50 acres. Joe Jolin of Retlaw had an average of 60 from 20 acres.

Grain yields in the Magrath district are breaking all previous records. From the reports coming in it is almost certain that the entire wheat crop of the district will average better than forty bushels to the acre.

The best yields reported thus far come from the well-known John I. Chipman farm just south of Magrath. Mr. Chipman's wheat averaged slightly better than sixty bushels per acre, while his field of barley made the splendid average of 75 bushels.

Probably the most remarkable crop threshed is that of Emil Ehlert's. Mr. Ehlert was hailed out last July and was awarded 35 per cent. hail insurance. With the long spell of ideal growing weather following this disaster the grain took on new life and even ripened before the frosts came. Mr. Ehlert has just finished threshing this crop and obtained a 45-bushel average. Mr. Ehlert thinks that his entire crop would have gone better than 70 bushels per acre had it not suffered so seriously from the hail.—The Lethbridge Daily Herald.

Didn't Get a Job.

In the earlier nineties Sir Mackenzie Bowell was Federal Minister of Trade and Commerce. Although verging closely on to eighty years of age, he took a trip on horse back through the Rockies and the famous Kootenay country. Arriving at Revelstoke one afternoon, he and his party were rather tired, bedraggled, and dishabille after their long journey. Going into a newspaper office, Sir Mackenzie presented an appearance more like that of a "tramp printer," than a Cabinet Minister. Greeting the proprietor, the veteran Parliamentarian said that he was an "old hand at the case," and inquired if there was any chance for a job. The publisher, not recognizing his visitor, remarked in a kindly tone that things were rather quiet just then and that he had no vacancy. Sir Mackenzie thanked him, and walked out. That evening, on learning that a Cabinet Minister was in the city, the newspaper proprietor looked up the party at the hotel, and could scarcely believe his eyes when he discovered who the supposed "tramp printer" was. The former Premier regarded the occurrence as a good joke, and frequently recalls the incident as one of the most amusing in his public career.

The Bishop of Huron.

The Bishop of Huron (D. Williams), who brought in the report of the Prayer Book Revision Committee to the recent Synod in Toronto, is an Old Countryman who was educated at Oxford University, but who has lived in this country for some twenty-eight years, and has labored all that period in the one Diocese of Huron. The bishop has, it is said, figured as one of the leading figures in a novel which at one time had some vogue in this country, and the scene of which is laid in Stratford. The bishop is an Evangelical Churchman. It is thought that one day he will succeed to the archbishopric of the Province, a post for which his organizing ability would admirably fit him.

FARMING IN SCHOOLS

CHILDREN'S FAIRS ARE PROVING AN IMMENSE SUCCESS.

Youngsters Take a Keen Interest in Their Exhibits and Are Roused to a Generous Rivalry Which Reacts Favorably Upon the Farming Industry—A Typical Fair at Cannington, Ont.

RURAL school fairs are no longer regarded as novelties; they now form a regular part of the work of the district representatives, says Gordon Furrow in The Toronto Globe. A few years ago when these fairs were in the experimental stage many of the farmers, the school trustees, and even the agricultural representative thought that the idea was a little premature. "How could mere school children hope to successfully conduct a fair when the majority of the regular ones were barely holding their own."

The ordinary country fairs, particularly this year, are losing some of their popularity. The reason for this is not hard to explain. Too many exhibitions are almost entirely devoted to horse racing. This form of sport, while appealing to many, does not suit the farming community as a whole. Again, many fairs give too much encouragement to the "professional prize winners"—that is men or women who make collections of different prize-winning fowl, fruit, live stock, or even quilts, or who take a certain racehorse and enter it at all the different fairs in the neighborhood, the result being that the bulk of the prize money of that particular section goes to only a few men. Too many fairs encourage fancy instead of utility breeding.

Most of the farming in Ontario is mixed. The people are interested in cows that are kept for their milking or beef qualities, or both; in poultry that lay eggs and make good roasters, and in horses that work. The fairs, on the other hand, seem to have as many classes of exhibits as possible. Though only two or three breeds of cattle may be kept in the community, you will find classes for at least half a dozen. Poultry exhibits show a surprising variety. Fancy fowl carry off more prizes than those strictly bred for utility purposes. It is not strange then to find the town fairs going back and the rural school fairs coming to the front.

Rural school fairs were established to encourage "better agriculture" among the children in the country schools, to teach the pupils the advantages and disadvantages of different grain and clover seeds, to show the results of better breeding of live stock and the best methods of cultivation of the soil.

Have they done it? A trip to any of the school fairs would convince the most skeptical that they have. The method by which children of ten and twelve years have been taught what men of twenty are learning at agricultural colleges is very interesting.

In the spring the District Representative visits the country schools. He gives them a general agricultural talk. Children are asked what experiments they wish to carry out. Some choose a few pounds of grain, some flower seeds, and others decide to take a dozen "bred-to-lay" Barred Rock eggs. A few enterprising young farmers will train a colt or calf for the fair. This year pupils have also taken up the "war plot" idea. For this the pupil marks off a piece of ground one rod by two rods, and plants it in potatoes. The crop is either given direct to the Patriotic Fund, or the proceeds from the sale of it are handed over. The children do all the planting, cultivating, and harvesting of their plots.

Accurate reports are kept of all the work. Are the children interested? Just watch them working in their plots and you will get the answer. According to the District Representatives, parents of the children state that "they cannot keep the boys and girls away from their experiments.

A few days ago the writer was an interested visitor at the second annual Cannington Rural School Fair, held under the direction of District Representative R. M. Tipper and A. W. Sirett. The fair was held in a little park on the outskirts of the village.

About 10 o'clock children and parents began to arrive. From then till 2 in the afternoon the clerk was kept busy handling the entries. The attendance by that time had reached nearly five hundred.

The tables in the tent were soon covered with a great variety of exhibits. Nearly a hundred plates of splendid apples tempted you as you entered. In spite of the lateness of the season there was a remarkably good display of flowers. Old fashioned sewing by the girls was placed opposite their brothers' handiwork with the jackknife. A strict watch was kept over the table of home cooking. Next to the wall on each side was a school exhibit consisting of many varieties of fruits, flowers and vegetables, arranged very attractively. An excellent display of carrots, mangels, and grain was also on hand.

Outside a row of chicken coops housed some very fine birds. There was no fancy fowl here. Big healthy poultry which would be a credit to any farmer were the attraction. One lad was busily engaged in showing how easily his Angus calf could be handled.

Perhaps the facts that impressed the stranger most were the business-like way in which the children handled their exhibits and the intense interest they displayed over the results of the judging. The effect of these fairs will have on these future agriculturists cannot be estimated. The stimulus alone, outside the lasting effect they will have, makes the trouble and expenses of conducting these gathering well worth while.

GALT'S MAGNATE.

Martin N. Todd is President of Lake Erie and Northern.

The town—beg pardon, the city—of Galt has, among other human being products which have done her no small credit, grown at least two noticeable railroad men.

W. B. Lanigan, of the C. P. R., is a great big traffic chief out West. Rides in his private car, and has any number of alert servetors on the Iron Road to whom he says: "do this," and they do it; and "don't do this," and they obey just as blithely and beautifully.

Martin N. Todd, the other man, has kept the noiseless tenor of his way, without the newspaper or the magazine paying him much attention. Not that Mr. N. Todd, in his chosen field of railway work, has not achieved things scoring as high as the things scored for W. B. Lanigan; but because Todd is modest and unobtrusive and never ranked as a past-graduate spell-binder and born humorist, while Lanigan—But, no matter.

The other day they made Martin N. Todd General Manager of the Lake Erie and Northern Railway—a corporation whose enterprise is as yet in the constructive stage and embraces a line of railway from Port Dover on Lake Erie to—well, north as far as it can reasonably go. For the time being, Galt is the terminal, or, if you take in the announced fusion with the Galt, Preston, and Hespler road, of which Mr. Todd is the administrative head, you get to Belir; or again, if you include the Canadian Pacific Railway, with which are directly affiliated these electric lines, you get a stretch which the reader is invited to figure out for himself.

At any rate, Mr. Todd has become the controlling genius of the amalgamation, which affords a straightaway trolley system from the country town of Waterloo to a charming lakeside resort and natural harbor, and incidentally links this country closer up with the rich coal fields of our trans-Erie neighbors. The L. E. and N. is to be completed with a rush and electrified—so as to be in operation for freight and passengers by the oncoming fall, and is expected to fill the proverbial long felt want and to be an all round winner.

Mr. N. Todd is the son of a father who had big visions in all his undertakings, and of which one was the swinging of Galt and Preston Street Railway, many years ago. The then primitive concern has developed into a fine substantial, profit-yielding service, the status of which may best be understood when it is known that the American Official Railway Guide gives the G. P. and H. rank among the steam railroads of the continent, an honor enjoyed by no other electric line in the country.

President Todd has done well with the legacy of a progressive sire. The C. P. R. relationship of the road emphasizes this. He must needs be a capable man and pusher for that is the only sort of men the great C. P. R. takes on its managerial list.

SAVED THE LEG.

Sir Sam Hughes' Mother Refused to Let Operation Go On.

"Brother Jim left out the most interesting part of the story," said Sir Sam Hughes the other day, discussing a story which appeared recently concerning the bravery with which he underwent an operation to his leg when a youngster.

"Of course I was brave. I didnt' know any better," remarked the Minister of Militia. "But the best part of the story was about mother. You know they were really going to cut off my leg, and the doctors kept the door of my room locked while they were preparing for the operation. Presently there came a banging and kicking at the door. It was mother. 'Let me in! Let me in!' she was crying. The doctor, a gruff old surgeon, said to his assistant: 'Don't take any notice of her.' But mother was so insistent that at last the doctors were compelled to open the door to her. She came into the room, took one look at the case of surgical instruments, and then kicked them all over the room. 'You're not going to cut my boy's leg off,' she exclaimed. 'I would rather see him in the little churchyard yonder.' Mother had her way. The leg was allowed to stay."

"Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford, who was he?" asked Sir Sam the other day of his staff when the conversation had turned to fiction. An officer undertook to enlighten the Minister of Militia.

"I haven't read a story since I was a boy," exclaimed the general. "I haven't had time since then. When I did read stories I always said to myself that if I couldnt' write a better one than that I deserved to be shot."

Life Story in Teeth.

Camp dentists can almost tell a recruit's life-story from his teeth. A military dental clinic of six chairs has been in operation at Niagara for several months, and during that time the mouths of 3,000 patients have been looked into. And the general conclusion from this inspection is that the Canadian-born as a whole have better teeth than those born in the British Isles, that of Canadian teeth those of city boys are the best, and those of rural recruits are shockingly bad.

A volunteer dentist who has made a name for himself as a hard worker left for his home recently. He is Dr. J. Teetzel of Barbados. Dr. Teetzel, who is a brother of Mr. Justice Teetzel, heard in Barbados that volunteer dentists were wanted, cabled he was coming, and without waiting for an answer set out for Toronto.

October Raspberries.

On October 12th Mrs. Pears, of 200 Eglinton avenue, Toronto, picked enough raspberries from bushes in her garden to make a piece, and the following day she got enough for a meal.

TRICOLOR OF FRANCE.

First Adopted In 1794, It Fell and Rose Again In 1830.

The French have always favored the colors of red, white and blue, and throughout their history red banners, white plumes and blue scarfs have been largely used in connection with royalty and the army.

The French national flag, the tricolor, however, which combines the three popular colors of France, is comparatively modern. The flag was first adopted about 1794. A decree was issued which gave to all flags a knot of tricolor ribbons at the top of the staff, and later the red, white and blue design was chosen for the national flag. Some years after it was abolished for the white flag of France made famous by Henry IV., and it was not until 1830 that the tricolor came into its own again. Since then the flag has been the national banner of France.

The divisions on the tricolor are not all the same size. The red occupies the largest space, the blue is slightly smaller than the red, and the white is the narrowest stripe of the three. The space occupied by the colors has been scientifically worked out in order to make the flag visible at long distances, a necessary asset for naval purposes.

The tricolor forms the base of nearly every flag connected with the army, navy and merchant service of France. The president's flag consists of the tricolor, with his initials in gold worked into the white stripe.—London Standard.

The Dog Team.

Now the modus operandi of a dog team is as follows: The leader and wheel dog are the whole works on the basis of 75 to 255. The leader starts 'em, he stops 'em, he picks the trail, he turns 'em. When he walks, the rest do; when he gallops, they gallop. All the wheel dog does is to guide the nose of the sled, materially assisted by the driver. The rest of the team merely pull and yelp.

From which follows that a good leader is a very desirable thing to have and a poor leader is worse than useless. The driver, at the handlebars, is often thirty feet from the leader, the dogs being driven tandem and controlled by word of mouth and a whip.—Outing.

Garlic and Milk.

The odor and flavor of garlic is due, like the odor of rotten eggs, to sulphur compounds. Garlic is a member of the onion family, grows in pastures, cultivated fields and even in the woods.

Garlic is a bad pest on any farm, but is exceptionally so on a dairy farm because of the strong flavor it gives to the milk. A temporary expedient is to keep the cows off the infested pasture at least four hours before milking. This will greatly reduce the bad flavor. Then if the milk stands at least four hours the flavor may disappear altogether.—Farm and Fireside.

A Terrific Conflict.

Caller—By the way your husband is carrying on in the next room he must be rehearsing one of his heaviest roles. Actor's Wife—Dear, no! He is having a frightful mental struggle. He wants to have the baby's pictures taken, and if we do some of his own will have to come down.—Pittsburgh Press.

John Hearst, brother of the premier of Ontario, passed away at Sault Ste. Marie Saturday morning, following an operation for apendicitis.

Four Hamburg-American officials in New York were sent to prison for transgressing the laws of neutrality.

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