

West Prospect of
at Crop

Aug. 1.—The Do-
Department at
keted reports on
rought from the West

At is expected may
ome will be excel-
medium. The crops
stacious and are
good, and the
thern Alberta has

all has been too
the valleys, and
nds. June rains
the July pre-
arge extent over-

Exceptionally fine,
ill be heavy.
eta are in prime
ed very early.

USES' HATS.
of Now Supplies
of fashion in sun
be said to origi-
the largest fac-

and hats are de-
factory to all
and the major-
the protection
supplies them.

Paris, to the es-
and its "confec-
is more than
stock ranges
hat to "trop-

PHOTOS.
of Date of Spirit
ing Dead.
—Spirit photo-
office bank-
ing all kinds
for \$35 for li-

and pictures
and galleries are
any of all the
replied all the
week to get
son, who died
in his teens,

MINER AS MIRACLE WORKER.

Scotch Wizard Who Can Cure Lifelong Cripples in a Few Moments. London Weekly Despatch.

What a sight! It is a procession of cripples. One that Zola would have gazed on with wonder. There is a dragging of useless limbs, the tap of ironshod crutches, the foul smell of lint; PAIN in capitals on a hundred faces; empty trousers-legs; empty sleeves; hunch-backs, spine victims, and a long straggling, slowly-moving line of footballs of disease, hobbling, shuffling, and creeping along, drawn by the magnetism of ignorance and fear.

Yet this is not Lourdes. It is Blantyre, a village on the Glasgow Central Railway. It promises to become as famous as any of the world's miracle spots. Why?

Follow the procession. Slowly it winds its sickly way along to the little cottage of William Rae, the miraculous, bloodless surgeon, whose fame is now running hot foot from John o' Groat's to Land's End. Rae's street is a cripples' paradise. He is the sergeant-instructor. His curriculum consists of one subject only—health. He establishes it where it never reigned before. How? That is his secret. He has treated 200 cripples in four days, and he earns £100 every twenty-four hours. And he used to be a collier.

The Despair of Doctors.

Once within the village, his name is, as it were, written on the very walls. The little place is full of pilgrims, mostly from Lancashire and Yorkshire, bringing with them almost every description of deformity cases that have baffled the doctors for years. In their simple-hearted faith these lasses and lads crowd round the "doctors' door, patiently waiting their turn.

Excursions from all parts bring patients. No sooner is one batch of excursionists polished off than another is crowding round the house. Each corner is treated with scrupulous fairness, his name is entered, and he is given a little numbered ticket. Excursionists from afar are given preference, and most of them manage to see the doctor before their return tickets expire.

The cures are extraordinary. Rae's sudden fame rose in this way. A little time back a gentleman from Blackburn, whose own doctor proved unavailing, was recommended to go to Rae. He replied that it sounded very much like a quack medicine advertisement, but nevertheless he went.

Rae diagnosed his symptoms in a minute, and his long muscular fingers were working at him feverishly in the next. Before long the patient walked out of the modest little cottage cured and happy.

The "Born Doctor" was offered £100 for his treatment. "I'll take naething but my ain sma' fee," replied Rae, and no amount of persuasive eloquence would get him to take more. But the Blackburn gentleman had his revenge. He went home and preached the marvels of Rae among the cotton operatives of Lancashire, and hence the recent rush of feeble folk to the little cottage at Blantyre.

Rae's methods are simple, homely and ungentle. He has no drugs, no ointments and no surgical machinery. He is his own dispensary. At broken bones, twisted rheumatic fingers and toes, and all muscular ailments he is little short of a magician.

Here is one instance among many of his cures. A young lady of good parentage had lain ill for many weary months with a painful spinal disorder. All the best doctors in Glasgow had tried their powers upon her, but she grew no better. As a last hope she went to Rae's little cottage. He laid her flat upon his home-made operating table, and with fingers and thumb worked hard along her spine.

"Get Up and Walk."

When he had finished he turned to her and said quietly, "Now get up and walk." She looked up at his rugged face with sorrowful incredulity. "I can't," she replied sadly. "Get up, my lass, and walk out," repeated the "Born Doctor," whereat she obeyed him, and to her own infinite astonishment walked out of the cottage completely cured.

A white-faced lad from Oldham is on the couch biting his lips. Rae is working at his leg. The boy's hip is out of joint. Presently the ailment is a sharp click. "Did ye feel anything?" says Rae, punching from his stool. "I heard a snap," replied the lad, with a grin.

"Then ye can go," says Rae, and the boy walks out blinking and astonished in the breezy street, with never a limp in the whole carcass of him.

And so it goes on hour after hour until the sun climbs lazily to bed over the distant hills, and the evening mists come up and had him ill for many weary months with a painful spinal disorder.

One mother brought her two infants both helpless little mites, swathed almost from head to foot with bandages, and surgical appliances. They were suffering from hip and spine disease. As she carefully made her way among the crowd, other women turned aside in pity, and then waited anxiously while she sought the "doctor."

In half an hour she came out radiant, the bandages all gone, declaring that the little ones had been cured.

Another case was that of a young woman, who readily related to me her experiences upstairs. She came from Blackup, she said. For years she had been suffering from hip disease, one leg being shorter than the other. Doctors she had tried, without relief, and at last her friends advised her to go to Blantyre.

"It didn't hurt me a bit; not one bit. He just got hold of my leg, gave it a pull, then pushed it right back and it was all over. Of course, I walk just a bit lame still, as you see, but it feels, oh! so much easier. I am to bathe the joint every morning with cold water and walk as much as I can. Eh, but he's a clever man, he is."

A Hunchback That Was.

Half an hour ago that boy surrendered himself into the bonsetter's hands. A hunchback. Now look at him and lis-

ten to his experiences: "He made me take off my things, and with his finger and thumb began, as it seemed to me, to catch hold one at a time every bone in my spine. Sometimes they cracked, and a rib moved.

"Suddenly he placed his hand over the hump, and pulled me sharp on to his breast. I felt something give way, and I was straight."

One of Rae's most startling successes may be found in the case of a seventeen-year-old boy named Johnson, the son of a turner of Low Blantyre. He has been a cripple all his life, with withered, helpless legs. He drags himself painfully along on a pair of crutches. Glasgow surgeons have told him that treatment is no good. "You were born so," they say, "and so you will remain all the rest of your life."

Johnson went to Rae, who examined him carefully, and gave him hope of subsequent recovery. The boy has been sent to the cottage four times. At the last visit Rae discovered the secret of the trouble, and brought both hip bones into their proper position.

"Now your son is cured," said the magician to the lad's father. "It only depends upon nature to do the rest."

And to-day young Johnson's withered legs are beginning to "live," and he is the happiest youth in Blantyre.

A Girl's Delight.

A young woman with a dislocated hip went in. She had no use in her leg, and was wearing some patent springs. Soon afterwards she rushed out with the springs in her hands, and in her delight and excitement jumped over the garden fence and rejoined her friends.

"She has suffered cruel, has my lad," said a mother. "For two whole years, he was lying on his back, quite helpless. A curved spine and a humped back are his troubles. From the time he was six and a half years old he has been through many hospitals, and lots of surgeons have tried in vain to put him straight. But half an hour with Dr. Rae has made him a changed lad, and the doctor says he'll be all right in a month or two."

Another woman with tears in her eyes tells how Rae "has conjured my Jamie's hump away," and another and another—all have some miracle to pour into sympathetic and wondering ears.

Rae is a typical Scot, square and rugged of countenance, with a shaven upper lip and shaggy full beard. He scarcely looks his sixty-three years. For thirty years he worked as a collier in Larkhall pits. A comrade got injured, and in attending to him Mr. Rae suddenly discovered his wonderful healing skill as a bone-setter. Laboriously, but strenuously he set himself to study anatomy; the result is now apparent in some mysterious fashion.

Rae's Philosophy.

"Do you then guarantee to effect a cure in every case?" asked an interviewer. "No, not every case. Those aw can do nothing for aw leave alone, but maist time something can be done."

"Doctors. Yes, it's always doctors. What do they know about these things, eh? What do they know? Tell me. 'Nothin.' Listen to these boys and girls as they come in. What do their fathers tell them? 'Hip disease, bone disease, pschaw! That's the doctors for ye. Did ye ever see a diseased bone in a living man? I never did. Ye can see it when he's dead. I canna see that right, na. Ye canna pit together a leg that's been cut off, but ye can tak' the thing in the beginning."

"How, then, do you explain all these diseases?" "Bluid, mon, the bluid. Where that's wrong a' the rest's wrong. An' then, apart frae that, ye hae careless mithers lettin' their children fall, ye hae old stannin' injuries that hae never been looked to. A've had cases here that hae been wrang for thirty years, an' then hae done something for them."

A Visit to the Doctor.

Whatever sceptical men in America, basing their opinions on the cabled reports, may think of William Rae, the Scottish bonsetter, whose exploits are the talk of the United Kingdom, no one can visit the little village of Blantyre, in which he has temporarily established his surgery, without obtaining abundant evidence that the man is really possessed of a wonderful gift. I found the little place full of pilgrims, mostly from Lancashire and Yorkshire, afflicted with every variety of deformity, many of which have baffled the doctors for years. No need was there to ask where Rae lived. I simply followed the throng until I came to where a crowd stood around the gate of a humble cottage which has already become famous throughout England as the Scottish Lourdes. Some of the pilgrims limped painfully on crutches. Others wore club-soled boots and irons. Gray-headed men and women and little children in arms were among them. While I stood there, taking in the scene, a young woman, with tears of gladness trickling down her cheeks, came out of the house, and in response to eager inquiries related her experiences. For years she had been suffering from hip disease, one leg being shorter than the other. Doctors she had tried without relief, and at last her friends advised her to go to Blantyre.

"It didn't hurt me a bit," she said, "not one bit. He just got hold of my leg, gave it a pull, then pushed it right back and it was all over. Of course, I walk just a bit lame still, as you see, but it feels, oh! so much easier. I am to bathe the joint every morning with cold water and walk as much as I can. Eh, but he's a clever man, he is."

Passing in by the open door, I found the tiny passage lined with patients waiting their turn. The front parlor was full of them; they stood in two rows on the narrow staircase, and as I entered the waiting-room, two little boys were tying up their crutches in a bundle so as to carry them away the easier.

"Has he cured you?" I asked. "Sure, I'm cured, meester," piped one of them. "Eh, but he's a wonder, meester; just look at what he's done for me," chimed in the other, as he walked proud-

ly across the room, with his crutches under his arm. Slipping into the little bedroom which serves him as a surgery, I found the doctor seated in an armchair, smoking a pipe and enjoying a brief respite from his hard work. Tall, strong-framed and rugged of feature, he is in appearance much the same as thousands of other Scots. Yet there is something strikingly intelligent in his homely face, shrewdness, good humor and kindness shine from the grey eyes beneath the bushy brows silvered with the passage of years, for he is now well over 60. The firm mouth and chin, the latter partly hidden in a short beard, indicate a character of forceful doggedness and clear purpose.

No Secret.

"What is the secret of your treatment?" I asked him after greetings had been exchanged. "Secret?" he exclaimed, scornfully; "there's na secret about it; it's just pootin' the bones back in the places where they belong."

Rising to his full height — he measures a good six feet, though somewhat stoop-shouldered — he stretched forth his sinewy arms, supple wrists and strong hands.

"Here an' in ma head," he said with a touch of pride, "lies the power the Lord ha' given me—a natural gift for understanding what's wrang an' pootin' it right."

"Do you guarantee a cure in every case?" "Na, na," he answered, shaking his head, "not in every case. Those aw can do nothing for aw leave alone, but maist times something can be done if they're na too old."

A Colliery Lad.

Rae was born at Larkhall, then a sparsely populated village some fifteen miles from Glasgow, and when a lad began to earn his living by working in a colliery at Larkhall, but before he was out of his teens, yielding, as he says, to "something that told me aw had it in me," he began to practice bonesetting.



MR. WILLIAM RAE, THE BLOODLESS SURGEON OF BLANTYRE.

giving his services gratuitously at first, but as experience rendered him more expert, so numerous became his patients, that he found he would either have to relinquish his work at the colliery or abandon the practice of bloodless surgery. He decided to stick to the latter and in a rough way, by means of such books as he could get hold of, he studied anatomy, but in the school of experience he has gained nearly all his training. For doctors generally, he has a great contempt, which is not unam- tally expressed in his own words: "Doctors! He exclaimed scornfully, "what do they know about these things? Maist of the pair people that come to me have had doctors enoo foolin' with 'em an' na guid, they have done 'em. They just tak' their money an' label their trouble with wrang names an' maybe, after a lot of experiment, tell 'em they can't be cured. I've had lots o' such cases that just needed some bones being set straight to mak' all right. There's doctors for ye!"

When he had finished his pipe he said: "Aw must begin wrang again, noo; there's lots waitin' for me," but he acceded to my request to be allowed to remain and see how he operated. The first case was a little chap with a six-inch patten fixed on to one boot. His mother brought him in and told the old story that the doctor must have heard hundreds of times before. He hardly seemed to listen to it, though his face lighted up, for the case was a good one.

"I was saying just noo," he observed to me after having carefully examined the youngster's thigh, "that the doctors know nothing about these things. Here's an instance. They ca' this hip disease an' do nothing to cure it. It's just a dislocated hip; that's what it is. Just watch what I'll do with it."

His Way.

Suddenly seizing the limb he gave it a jerk, there was a sharp crack, a sharper "Ow!" from the boy, and the doctor seated himself in his chair again and relit his pipe.

"Ye may poot him in level boots noo," he said to the mother, and before she realized what was happening her laddie was walking about the room delightedly waving the patten-weighted boot in the air.

An old man next entered the room. One leg was fairly straight, but the other bent inward, so that he rolled rather than walked. He had been that way for "nigh on 50 years," he said. The former miner passed his hand carefully over the leg that was all awry, only to confirm the judgment he had indicated to me by a significant glance

when the man entered the room that his case was a hopeless one.

"Ye've been over lang, mon," he said, returning to his chair. "Ye should ha' had this seen to when ye were a bairn." The disappointed sufferer slowly pulled on his socks and boots and then as slowly put his hand in his pocket.

"Na, na," said Rae, with a wave of his hand, "ye can poot that back an' gang awa hame, my mon."

A youth of about sixteen, whose appearance plainly proclaimed curvature of the spine, was the next patient.

"Look at that, noo!" exclaimed Rae, angrily, after the lad had pulled up his shirt and exposed his back, "he would na have a humpback if his folks had brought him to me when he was a bairn. No man in the world need ha' a humpback if it's taken in hand early enoo."

So great have been the demands on his skill that the railway has run special excursion trains to accommodate those who sought relief from him. In a single day he has treated as many as 200. The train by which I returned to Glasgow was filled with people who were loudly proclaiming their admiration of him. One Scotsman, after pitching the crutches that he no longer needed out of the window, declared his conviction that William Rae was a greater man than Bobbie Burns.

OFFERS £10,000 FOR CURE.

Extraordinary Tender Made to an English Surgeon.

There arrived at the house of William Rae, the Blantyre collier surgeon, on Saturday morning a letter bearing a London post mark. It contained, says the London Express, an extraordinary offer. The letter ran as follows: "Having heard of your wonderful powers, I beg to ask if you can treat me. I would like my left leg straightened. If you can do this successfully I am prepared to pay you the sum of £10,000. I would give you £100 before starting."

Rae was not at home when the offer

Our Scotch Corner

ABERDEEN AWA!

(By an imported Aberdonian.) Like so many more of my fellow-citizens I am neither by birth nor breeding an Aberdonian, but as I best only a Proselyte of the Gate; and I regard with a feeling akin to envy those "Israelites indeed," the Aberdonians born and bred who with every indication of satisfaction can say "Tak' awa' Aberdeen an' t'wa' mile roon' aboot, an' far ar ye yet!" It is the characteristic note of an energetic, able people, full of self-reliance and of self-assurance. The motto of the city University is in keeping: "They say; What say they? In keeping; They heed not what others may think, and say of them; they are a law unto themselves.

These, however, are the expressions of the character of a past age; and if to-day the grey fathers who made the city could quit St. Nicholas Churchyard for an afternoon and stroll along Union street they would engrave "Ichabod" over the portal of the new Town House, for the old order has changed, giving place to the new. Aberdeen is in a transition stage; its population is changing, and its character with it. There has been a large influx of citizens from the north. Once upon a time it was the Aberdonians' boast that a Jew could not live in their midst; now that boast no longer holds good, for both the Jew and the Italian ice-cream vendor are there and have come to stay. Even yet it is no easy thing to get foothold in Aberdeen, but there was a time when it was almost an impossibility.

A Clannish City.

Not so long ago the city was a sort of private family affair; and to-day the born Aberdonian knows that Union street is pre-eminently his, that his forebears made the city, and he regards with a half-contemptuous indulgence the witalander—like myself—who has come to share his privileges. He is fond of keeping his civic good things within the family still—emoluments, dignities, or whatever may be going. It is no easy task for one not an Aberdonian to rise to the rank of Dean of Guild or Shoresman; yet in recent years a Dundonian arrived at the distinction of Lord Provost. He, however, had to wait a term for his office, and the one reason the man in the street gave for countenancing the delay was his not being an Aberdonian. The family tie is recognized to the full even in filling the University chairs. A man may be a donkey, but if he is one of the proper hue ecclesiastically and politically these are the essentials; fitness for office is a purely secondary affair.

Consequently the magistrates have been men of strongly marked character, mostly merchants, successful hatters and blacksmiths, rarely of professional or academic note; but they have had their training in that most strenuous of universities—Aberdeen business life. Their speeches accordingly are not such as flatter the ear, but they are to the purpose. I have heard an Aberdeen baillie open a lecture on his tour to Egypt after the following fashion: "Ladies and gentlemen—When I was on a tower I kept a dairy, and when his audience laughed he insisted: "It is quite true; but when I am on a tower I never keep a dairy." He gave a graphic narrative of an interview with the Khedive, for an Aberdeen Baillie is as good as the best. "When he asked me about the staple industry of Aberdeen I answered him in one word:

"Fush!"

What the Khedive said of this reply I have no means of knowing. I am afraid my ordinary English-Egyptian dictionary would fail to give the desired light. Still it was a characteristic lecture. The production of a man with eyes in his head, and that head properly screwed on; it was breezy as his own mountains, original and reflecting the lecturer to the finger tips.

One may be a magistrate of Aberdeen and a man of considerable simplicity as well. One of our worthiest, however, was not able in his day for his goodly heartedness and simple vanity, used to regale his clerks with the remark, as he contemplated his phenomenal rise in the civic world: "Man, I have a most tremendous fine head on me!" Along with his shrewdness he sometimes packs away a fund of unconscious humor.

The Baillie's "Leemit."

A notorious character, a pest to the town—an importation from the south, by the way—had been brought before Baillie S. for some scandalous misdemeanor. The offender, whose ways brought him to plenty of money, thought of an alternative fine to any sentence of imprisonment, and snapped his fingers at the entire proceedings. But the Baillie had views of his own, and having heard the evidence, as well as taken notes of the effrontery of the criminal, he gave the laconic sentence: "Sixty days!" "Sixty days, Baillie, sixty days!" the culprit gasped, his breath taken away. "Ay!" the Baillie answered, cheerfully, "sixty days; that's my leemit, ye ken, T—." So for wretched days T— was placed where the wicked cease from troubling; and had it not been for the statutory "leemit" it might have been for six years. The Baillie did not see the humor of the remark—nor did T—. The Aberdonian takes a pride both in himself and in his city, and he does well. For its wealth and population there is not a better administered city in the three kingdoms. Its tramway system, for instance, is a generation ahead of any system in Birmingham. Within the last twenty years vast improvements have been effected in the city. Nervous people are crying out that we are on the verge of bankruptcy, but the sale is not just yet. The true blue Aberdonian is an exaggerated Scot; whatever is characteristic of the Scot is a feature of the Aberdonian in an added degree. He hates despatch. If he has five hundred a year he will live on one hundred, and talk about his poverty. If you ask him for a subscription he will not give half a crown where a florin will serve the purpose; but if he sees cause he will give you a five-pound note. I rather think the wealthiest man in the city to-day does not keep a carriage; and the citizen who does not keep a domestic servant will give a thousand pounds to the church. He gives and withholds in perfectly good faith.

Getting Over the Difficulty.

Many years ago the Town Council planned a sewer along a particular street, but before committing themselves to the proposal thought it advisable to get the goodwill of the proprietors who would have to bear the expense. More especially was this necessary as one interested was a manufacturer of no little influence in the community, pugnacious, on occasion violent, and with a vocabulary to match. A deputa- tion of three, among them a city councillor, was appointed to wait on this gentleman. They proceeded to a corner bell the eat? The doctor, who should no such fight in him as any man need have, undertook to carry out the business single-handed, and the other two were thankful of the relief. With much diplomacy he sought the manufacturer's opinion regarding the scheme, and presented the case so well that the manufacturer fell in heart and soul with the plan. "It ought to be done, it is necessary, it must and shall be done!" he exclaimed. "Yes, the deputy returned, cautiously, "but it will prove a very considerable burden to the proprietors." "True, let me see," the expected opponent reflected; "my neighbor—and I am of the three deputies, and a councillor—is a poor man, and he may raise difficulties in the Council. Tell him to put no obstacle in the way, and I shall pay his share with my own!" — People's Friend.

CLOVER SOD.

By Prof. C. A. Zavitz.

Clover is one of Ontario's most valuable farm crops. It is generally recognized by Ontario farmers to be a heavy yielding of hay, which furnished a large amount of valuable food constituents. Its beneficial effects upon the soil, however, do not seem to be so clearly understood. Scientists who have made a careful study of the influence of clover on the soil, tell us that after large crops have been removed from the land the soil is actually richer in nitrogen after growing clover than it was before, owing to the large amount of nitrogen which the clover roots have obtained from the air. As a rule farmers grow clover and timothy together, and are, therefore, unable to ascertain the comparative influence of each of these crops on the soil.

We have conducted a series of experiments at the Agricultural College, Guelph, on three different occasions, in order to ascertain the comparative value of clover and grass sod for crop production. We first grew clovers and grasses upon separate plots and removed the crops, after which the land was ploughed and other crops were sown. The results, therefore, show the influence of the roots remaining in the soil upon the productiveness of crops following the clovers and the grasses. In 1902, barley was sown after each of four varieties of clovers and three varieties of grasses in four different places in our experimental grounds. The average results of the four tests in pounds of barley per acre were as follows: Red clover, 1,516; lucerne, 1,450; alsike clover, 1,427; mammoth Red clover, 1,418; meadow fescue grass, 1,068; orchard grass, 1,015; and timothy, 916. It will therefore be seen that the red clover sod gave an increase over the timothy sod of 570 pounds, or nearly 12 bushels per acre.

In another experiment, which was completed in 1900, in which winter wheat was shown on both clover and grass sods it was found that an average of 2,514 pounds of wheat per acre was obtained from the clover sod, and only 2,300 pounds from the grass sod.

In 1899 a mixture of oats and barley was sown on clover sod and also on grass sod. The results were very marked, as an average of 2,256 pounds of mixed grains per acre was obtained from the clover sod, and only 1,078 pounds of mixed grains per acre from the grass sod. By averaging the results of these three grains, we find that the crop grown on the clover sod gave an increase over the crop grown on the grass sod by fully 56 per cent.

The results of these experiments help us to appreciate the beneficial influence on the soil from growing clover. It also indicates the suitability of a properly cultivated clover sod as a preparation for winter wheat or for spring grains. G. C. Creelman, President.

OBSERVATIONS.

When a man goes to guessing a woman's age you think he is interested. It's a waste of time to read love stories until the age of discretion has been reached.

How true it is that we find what we are looking for. Rather absurd, isn't it, the way average people change their tune about a person once said person is dead. No wonder those who value their peace of mind refrain from giving advice.

In fiction we sympathize with people from whom in real life we should flee as from the plague. To be philosophical and plegmatic is the desire of those who are constituted exactly the reverse.

The world must be full of people who are fairly uncomfortable with a desire to tell some person or persons why they think of them. When a man is impolite to a woman one always takes it for granted he is a very near relative.

Just because a girl has her photograph as an angel it is not really certain that her temper is angelic. In some instances we can't be too pleased that things are not what they seem. Our grandmamas weren't so wrong when they assured us "handsome is as handsome does."

Much of the verse of the day proves that to feel poetic is not necessarily to be poetic.

Not Stingy With It.

(New York Evening Sun.) "She has a very strong mind." "Yes, and she's so very generous." "Oh, yes, she gives a piece of her mind to anyone who'll take it."

A woman is never quite happy with a man who refuses to argue with her.