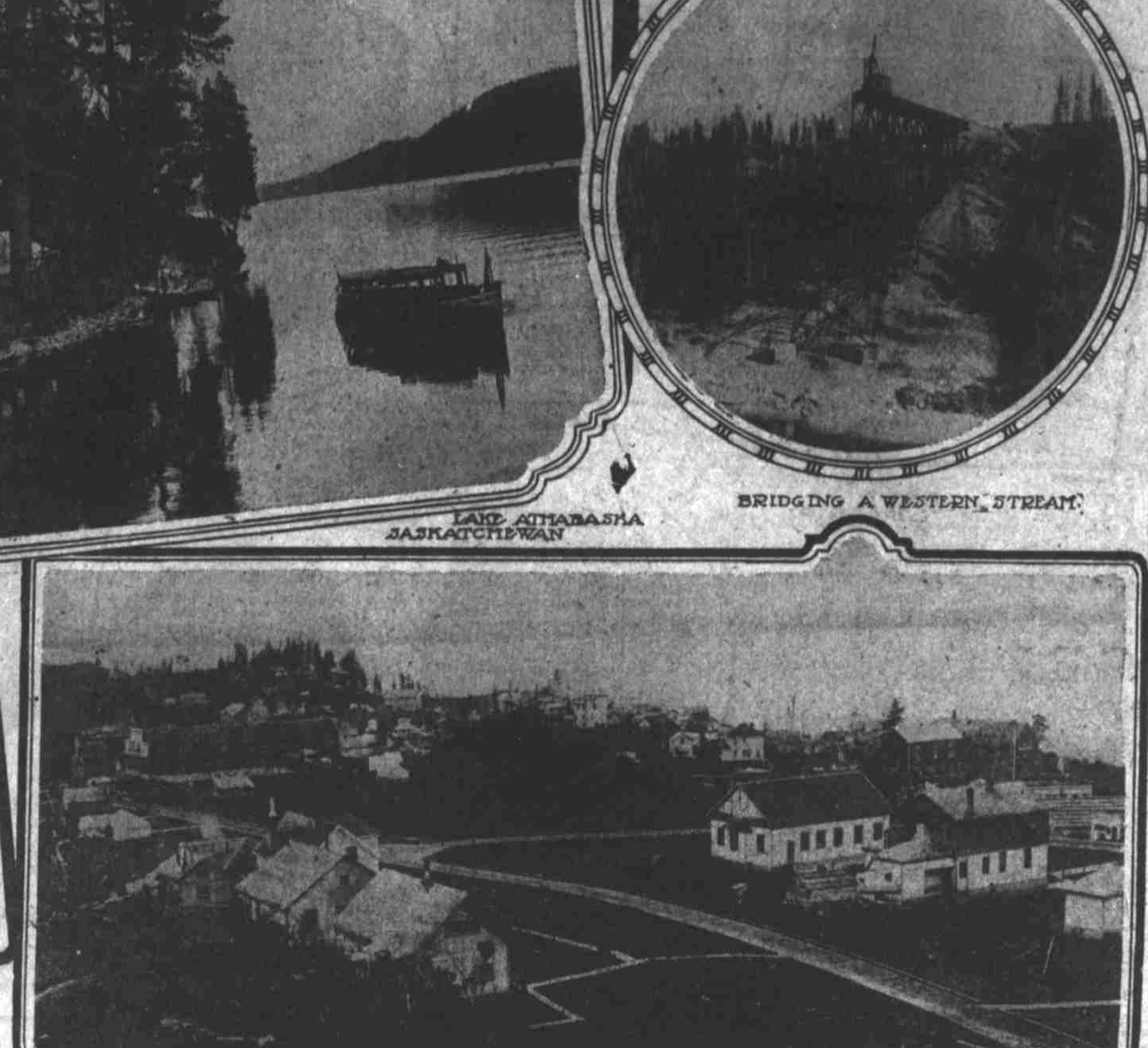


FURIOUS CONQUEST OF PACIFIC COUNTRY.

Significant Railroad Advance
Upon Western Coast



PRINCE RUPERT, WESTERN TERMINAL OF THE GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC

Alaska its significance is of first magnitude. In the days of the first railroad westward from the Missouri river the construction of a single line was heralded as the greatest event of the times. Into the wilderness and into the desert the road plunged, its promoters hoping to develop the country and create business with the sheer force of rapid transportation. The first road, the second and the third were all built for the future, and the most sanguine expectations of the early builders have been realized in many folds. And the beginning has scarcely been made.

Breadbasket Moves Westward.

Transportation brought with it the great American bread basket from the Atlantic coast to Ohio and Indiana. It again shifted it to the fertile valleys of the Mississippi, the Missouri and the Red River of the North. For a quarter of a century the great food supply depot of the continent has been located in the great grain producing belt extending from Kansas City to Winnipeg, and spreading over the states as far west as Colorado. Northward the wheat belt extends to Manitoba and beyond, where, perhaps, the most perfect grain production is carried on. It may not be generally known, but it is a fact that Canada last year produced over one-fifth as much wheat as did the United States, and a large percentage of the grain came from Manitoba alone.

How long the Minnesota, the Dakotas and other Mississippi valley states, with Manitoba, can hold the banner and supply the grain for 100,000,000 people remains to be seen. Away to the north-west, out on the broad plains of Alberta, Saskatchewan and British Columbia, the magic touch of transportation has awakened a country which is certainly destined to become the breadbasket of the North American continent, with all due respect to the grain growing states of the Union. The fates have decreed it, and far-seeing men have foretold it. Railroads will force it to come true.

Noting the Pulse of Progress.

As a business barometer nothing can equal the railroad. As a pioneer reaching out for realities, as a stethoscope taking the heartbeat of the world of progress, the railroad stands in a class by itself. As an estimator of the ultimate development of a country the railroad is perfect, for it has the combined judgment of hundreds of far-seeing men whose business it is to study such things.

Glance at the map along the Missouri river, where stand Kansas City, here the Kansas City, Mexico & Orient railway pushes westward and southward. Through an amazingly rich country it passes, ever developing the country as it extends its lines to the shores of the Pacific. Less than 500 miles of line is needed to connect its trains with the Oriental steamers at Topolobampo, a well located harbor not far from the Panama canal. And the road is being built as fast as possible.

Coming northward to Salt Lake City one sees that the Gould system is all activity and progress. Its line has been extended from the Missouri river to San Francisco, the western section being known as the Western Pacific, which is only now in the first stages of successful operation. The line passes through a rich section of Utah, heretofore isolated, opening mines and farming country of wonderful promise. Nevada and California also feel the awakening impulse of quick and convenient transportation. The seal of half a century has been broken on millions of acres of land. The last spike on the Gould extension connecting Salt Lake City and the rich intermountain country with the Pacific coast was driven November 2. As soon thereafter as the executive opening and traffic departments of the road could be organized freight trains were run and as early as December 15 a gold train of 26 cars sped westward from Joliet, Ill., to San Francisco via the Alton, the Missouri Pacific, the Denver and Rio Grande and the Western Pacific.

Through Montana, Idaho and Washington the Chicago, Milwaukee & Puget Sound railway is pushing to Seattle and Tacoma. Making a direct line as near as possible across the Rocky mountains and the low river valleys, the line seems to be intended especially for through traffic where time is the prime object. The roadbed is permanently built, the bridges are of steel, the sidings are long and plentiful. This road is opening up a wide belt of country, rich in minerals in Idaho and Montana, and

with agricultural possibilities in Washington. The Milwaukee is striking for the largest belt of virgin forest in the United States, the Olympic peninsula, by building to Aberdeen, and thence northward toward Clallam bay.

Opening Canadian Northwest.

But to the student of conditions in the northwest the railroad that has deep and abiding interest is the Grand Trunk Pacific, which will bind eastern and western Canada with bands of steel and change the map of North America. The Grand Trunk Pacific is destined to remove the grain supply depot of the continent at least 800 miles northwest of its present location, and it is more than likely that when the location is once made it will be permanent.

Not since the Northern Pacific liberated Montana, Idaho and Washington, from the primeval isolation has a railroad been built in America, which opens such a vast expanse of territory, that offers such opportunity for development, and which reaches such rich natural resources, as does this line built under government supervision.

The Grand Trunk Pacific does not penetrate a desert or a wilderness. From Montreal to Winnipeg it passes over a rich, well developed country, through a rich, well developed country. From Winnipeg westward it plunges into the greatest undeveloped wheat section known to the world. In Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia alone it will open 20,000,000 acres of land, and

a large percentage of this will come under the plow as first-class grain producing soil. It has been demonstrated that wheat will grow to perfection as far north as the fifty-fifth parallel, which is beyond the most northern point of the railroad. Much of the land is level, covered with grass, and can be cultivated cheaply and quickly after transportation is provided. Isolation alone is the cause of the present non-cultivation of the land. Alberta loses its fame as a cattle country within five years, and the land will be turned to grain with much greater profits to farmer and merchant.

Idle Lands No More.

Men familiar with the topography of the Canadian country state that fully two-thirds of the land is awaiting the plow. If this be true, there is every possibility that along the new line of road within five years 200,000,000 bushels of wheat will be grown annually, or about half as much as is produced in the United States each year. And this along one line of road only! Nor is this a fairy tale. During the year 1909 43 immense elevators were built along the road for the purpose of handling grain, and it is announced that nearly 100 more will be built during the coming six months. In connection with these figures it must be considered that but 43 miles of road is finished west of Winnipeg, which scarcely reaches the best of the grain land. Construction is

going on along the 518 miles which will carry the steel to Prince Rupert, where train will meet ship and connection be made in the "round the world" service. Why this tremendous effort to connect with the Pacific coast? Why run railroads into the northland, where public opinion has it the snows are eternal and the winters continuous? Great cities are to be built on the western coast, while the intermountain country, rich to profusion, is bound to produce an immense freight business for all time. Beyond, toward the setting sun, lies the orient, with its throbbing, burning life, and its promise of tremendous activity in commercial lines. Millions upon millions of human beings must be fed, clothed and sheltered.

True to the instincts which created them, the railroads see into the future, and are preparing to reap the rich rewards which will certainly follow the full conquest of the western coast country.

Baseball Supports Fifty Thousand Men

MORE than 4000 players in organized professional leagues. And for every organized player drawing salary, 10 independents getting their daily bread out of baseball.

In other words, nearly 50,000 boys and men in America drawing living salaries because they can catch, throw and hit a ball with some degree of skill. Add to it the national "sport" of America, employing such an army of men directly, to say nothing of the ticket sellers and ticket takers; landscape gardeners and policemen; ushers, program boys and vendors of refreshments; from the third-inning peanut to the thirt-quenching pop, who draw much coin of the realm from the baseball loving public.

Some institution that, eh? The latest reserve lists of the two big leagues show that there are 750 players tied up with the two organizations. Add to this little bunch, the 3599 players on the reserve lists of the various minor league teams, and it runs the grand total of players under the national agreement up to 4153.

It has been figured that every big league city has about 10 teams of which players receive pay. Smaller cities in organized baseball will hardly average half that number. However, to make up the average, there are hundreds of cities in the country too small to support a league team of any kind, but which have independent paid teams. There are the ones which will keep up the average of 10 games to one in organized baseball.

Some of these 4000 odd players in organized baseball during the winter will be dropped before summer sets in, only to be snapped up by independent teams. So the estimate that there will be 50,000 players drawing salary out of baseball next year is pretty good dope.

An Early Endurance Contest.

One of the most remarkable accomplishments in long-distance horseback riding was in the early part of the last century, when Squire Obaldstone, at Newmarket, England, on a wager of \$5000, was to ride 200 miles within ten hours. The horses were changed at the end of the four-mile circuit, some of them being ridden two or three times, and one, Franby, was brought out for a fourth mount. The squire had to mount and remount each horse from the ground, not using a mounting block, so losing time and taking more strain. In spite of this and the ground not being in good condition, the 200 miles were covered in eight hours and 30 minutes. About 30 horses were ridden.

John L. Sullivan has married an old sweetheart, a spinster 45 years old. May they be happy ever after.

THE LOURDES OF THE NEW WORLD--Continued From First Page of This Section

gaged in the building, was suffering from an infirmity which prevented him from working with his neighbors. To him, a good will, however, he took three small stones and placed them in the foundation. According to a much-loved and oft-quoted tale, Louis Guimond was rewarded for his devotion by his instant cure, to the joy and consolation of his friends.

Another incident, eloquently concerning the devotion of Saint Anne, and one which every devout French Canadian treasures as supreme evidence of the infallibility of their patroness when the incredulous are to be convinced, is that, during the British invasion in 1759, a detachment of Wolfe's troops, under the command of Alexander Montgomery, ravaged the country far and wide, and that the only building left standing in the village was the little church, under the special protection of Saint Anne.

This wooden chapel was supplanted by three other churches, each larger than the former, and the original site is occupied by the present bell tower, erected to this rank, in view of its growing fame, by Pope Leo in 1857.

The Basilica is 200 feet deep and 100 feet wide, including the side chapels and ambulatoria. The seating capacity is 1200, with standing room for as many more. The church contains 18 altars, including those of the chapels and sacristy, which renders it possible for 25 priests to celebrate mass simultaneously.

On the day preceding the feast of Saint Anne 15 masses were said in the Basilica. It may also be mentioned incidentally that for altar bread alone a sum ranging from \$500 to \$800 is yearly expended by the church.

The interior of the edifice is lofty and soaring, with many fluted columns supporting an azure vault, spangled with golden stars, in each center of which blazes a small but powerful electric light. The nave is streaked with radiant colors which the numerous windows flood with a suffusion of tender light.

A communion rail of sculptured marble as transparent as fine-old lace, incloses the choir, where the high altar,

also of marble, most delicately chased, gleams softly amidst pale golden-centered lilies and garlands of Canterbury bells—violet and white. The dominant feature of the building, however, is the glittering and shimmering mass of ornamentation, which transforms the whole of it into a bewildering filigree of jewels and embroidery.

Banners of silk and velvet outspread their lustrous sheen, reflecting the colors that shift and sweep about them like spirits from paradise.

The perfect river of gifts which cling to its walls or gleam from the glass cases where they are enshrined in a flood of silver and gold make the place appear a sort of glowing sanctuary of gratitude, where the thousands of adorments seem to be chanting a perpetual canticle of thankfulness and joy.

The votive offerings that stream into the Basilica are a constantly increasing source of wealth, in which all kinds of riches are represented. Marble statues and diadems enriched with precious stones, exquisite articles of feminine adornment, marvelously carved and gilded; bridal wreaths and crosses of honor, photographs, miniatures, chaplets, agate and jeweled sabers left in penitent remembrance, or in memory of conversion or miraculous cures.

Lamps of massive gold, chased by master hands and adorned with brilliant stones, are suspended from the vault like enormous eyes of light.

The vast interior, thus ornamented, flames with the splendor of a conflagration, when illumined with its thousands of electric lights or when the sun enfolds the nave from the open doors.

The interior of the Basilica is best seen and its atmosphere most subtly felt at any of the benediction services, just at twilight, during the summer, when thousands of pilgrims trail in endless procession through its aisles and chapels. They sweep through the portals as to the arms of a waiting mother into a common home. They steal silently in—sinners and penitents—and in utmost veneration kneel each at the foot of the blazing shrine, pressing their lips to the relic exposed to view.

At this hour the church is flooded with heavenly music. Its star-studded vault is gradually lit with a thousand

points of fire; the majestic proportions of architecture, enhanced with the dazzling adornment of gifts, are displayed in lavish splendor of gold and precious stones; the lily-white main altar is impressively chaste, surrounded with its myriad of burning tapers, each the prayer of a contrite soul, and the incense, like escaping wreaths of azure light, floats and sways before the altar as it rises from swinging jeweled censers, amid the snowy surplices and golden chasubles of the choir. In the midst of all this glory the chanting of the canticles and the blessing of the relics are strongly medieval in their suggestion.

A silent meditation follows, save for the music which gradually dies away into the deepest recesses of the Basilica, leaving the kneeling congregation and procession of pilgrims scattered throughout the aisles and chapels, wrapped in the ecstasies of their faith.

The lights slowly pale as the after-glow of music dies, and only the flickering candles remain to illumine the gloom. The crickets can be heard from without, and the monotone of the river's sigh against the shore. So silent is the whole congregation that the clicking of a rosary resounds beyond the furthest Corinthian column of the nave.

As silently as they have entered, the pilgrims trail out again, past the great rack of crutches that reaches upward, dolorous and sad, from floor to towering vault—a pitiful lacework of canes and bandages and all the instruments of torture with which crippled and suffering humanity is cursed.

Out through the great door they trail again. The bells chime softly from their towers. The pilgrims vanish in the balmy-laden dusk, and silently below the monastery walls the "great river" unwinds its darkening lengths, cradles a few furtive stars on its breast and rolls onward with its mystery to the sea.

The relics of Saint Anne repose in reliquaries of gold and are kept within the safe of the sacristy, save during the pilgrimage season, when, from July 24 to August 5, they are exposed to view

in the Basilica. A small relic, however, is kept in the shrine at all times. This is a fragment of the fingerbone of the saint. The great relic is a portion of the arm, and yet another is a piece of stone from the house in which Saint Anne gave birth to the Blessed Virgin.

And the miracles! As there is no verification office at Saint Anne, there are no documents to prove the infallibility of cures. Whenever one occurs, however, a testimonial to the effect is sent back as evidence, or, if the miracle is wrought at Saint Anne, the miracle, proves itself, presumably. Records are kept and regularly submitted to the court of cardinals for consideration.

In cases of restored sight a certificate is required from an oculist, stating blindness or that the patient is a victim of partially impaired sight. Six months after the supposed cure a testimonial is demanded, attesting that normal conditions are restored.

Frequently crutches are discarded in moments of fervor while the patient is at Saint Anne, which have to be duplicated when the spiritual exaltation is annihilated by returning throes of pain. Likewise, as has been very frankly stated by one of the Redeemerist brothers, the highly nervous temperament of the tubercular patient often creates new forces for itself, for days at a time under the spell of the music, the chanting, the burning tapers, the waves of incense. The miracle seemingly occurs, but with the exhaustion of these superinduced senses conditions of reaction come, hemorrhages result, and not infrequently the patient dies from the strain.

A child of 3 swallowed a staple an inch and a half long. The mother prayed with the child in her arms, at the feet of the statue, and during a violent fit of vomiting the enormous bit of steel was ejected. The staple is shown, and several ladies of the village were present when the miracle took place.

A cure was witnessed at Saint Anne a few years ago which is considered the most remarkable in its history, although its exact parallel is known to have happened at Lourdes.

Malvina Forget, of Montreal, was thrown from her horse at the age of

HYPOCRISY

By Oakley Sellick.

"Honor and praise, face to face, The highest types the human race Have made to worship from afar. But not too close, for they would jar 'Tis out of our supreme repose. Be cautious, or upon our toes you'll tread."

Our "honors" Gee, how we do prate About it, and our vast estate! All have a price, our millionaires Exchange "honors" not once, but pairs. A wife or husband growing gray, Let's get one younger, we can pay!

It is to laugh in strong contempt, A girl for sale—she's not exempt! The business if she is a catch, Her money counts, so make the match. Honor—morals have they a price? Does the amount excuse the vice?

How oft we hear, "It's a good match, 'Tis rich, 'Tis a fine, 'Tis a catch. Not a word said about a love, Emotions fine and from above; It's just the price, the dollar mark of 'honors,' 'morals' not a spark."

A girl who loves with all her soul, And lovingly, she pays the toll. The "Church" and "Morals" be right, But "honors," 'morals' in aright, Sit up and stare, they shake their head, Are our prerogatives quite dead?

Be chaste and humble have their sway, They buy and sell—yes, every day. They call it "morals," "honors" best, The "Church" and "Morals" do the rest. They laugh, he, ha, in flimsy glee, They laugh, he, ha, in flimsy glee, The devil and hypocrisy.