# THE CENSUS OF CANADA

## ITS GROWTH IN TEN YEARS PAST

A census of the Dominion of Canada will be made during 1911. It will show that during the past decade a remarkable development has taken place, and, when compared with the population, a greater percentage of increase in industries of all kinds than has ever been shown by any country. Commerce, mining, agriculture and railways have made a steady march onward. The population will be over, liderably over 5,000,000. Thousands of miles of railway lines have been constructed since the last census was taken ten years ago. This construction was made necessary by the opening up of the new agricultural districts in Western Canada, in which there have been pouring year after year an increasing number of settlers, until the present year will witness settlement of over 300,000, or a trifle less than one-third of the immigration to the United States during the same period, with its 92,000,000 of population. Even with these hundreds of thousands of newcomers, the great majority of whom go upon the land, there is still available room for hundreds of thousands additional. The census figures will therefore show a great—a vast—increase in the number of farms under occupation, as well as in the output of the farms. When the figures of the splendid immigration are added to the natural increase, the total will surprise even the most optimistic. To the excellent growth that the western portion of Canada will show may largely be attributed the commercial and industrial growth of the eastern portion of Canada. All Canada is being upbuilded, and in this transformation there is taking part the people from many countries, but only from those countries that produce the strong and vigorous. As some evidence of the growth of the western portion of Canada, in agricultural industry, it is instructive to point out that over 100,000 homesteads of 160 acres each have been transferred to actual settlers in the past two years. This means 25,000 square miles of territory, and then, when is added the 40,000 160-acre preemption blocks, there is an additional 10,000 square miles, or a total of 35,000 square miles—a territory as large as the State of Indiana, and settled within two years. Reduced into producing capacity, imperative on the cultivation restriction of 50 acres of cultivation on each 160-acre homestead within three years, there will be within a year and a half from now upwards of 5,000,000 additional acres from this one source added to the entire producing area of the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

In 1901, at the time of the last census of Canada, successful agriculture in the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta was an experiment to many. There were skeptics who could not believe that it was possible to grow thirty, forty, and even fifty bushels of wheat to the acre, or that as high as one hundred and thirty bushels of oats to the acre could be grown. The skeptics are not to be found today. The evidence of the hundreds of thousands of farmers is too overwhelming. Not only have the lands of western Canada proven their worth in the matter of raising all the smaller field grains, but for mixed farming, and also for cattle raising there is no better country anywhere. The climate is perfectly adapted to all these pursuits as well as admirable for health. The Dominion government literature, descriptive of the country, is what all that are interested should read. Send for a copy to the nearest Canadian government representative.

## MONOCLE



Cholly Glim—Beg pardon, my good man, but how can I find the customs office?

Jack Tar—I'll tell ye, mate; shift yer lantern from starboard to port and follier the twist in yer faco.

## SKIN BEAUTY PROMOTED

In the treatment of affections of the skin and scalp which torture, disfigure, itch, burn, scale and destroy the hair, as well as for preserving, purifying and beautifying the complexion, infallible, millions of women throughout the world rely on these pure, sweet and gentle emollients for all purposes of the toilet, bath and nursery, and for the sanative, antiseptic cleansing of ulcerated, inflamed mucous surfaces. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp. Boston, Mass., sole Proprietors of the Cuticura Remedies, will mail free, on request, their latest, 32-page Cuticura Book on the skin and hair.

**Cause and Effect.**

"He's a poet of passion, isn't he?"

"Yes; I've seen him fly into one when his verse were returned."

**Worth Its Weight in Gold.**

PETTIT'S EYE SALVE strengthens old eyes, tends for eye strain, weak and water. Druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

The most valuable feature of success is the struggle that precedes it.

# SERIAL STORY

# Archibald's Agatha

By EDITH HUNTINGTON MASON

Author of "The Real Agatha"

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### SYNOPSIS.

Archibald Terhune, a popular and opulent young bachelor of London, receives news that he has been made heir to the estate of his Aunt Georgiana, with an income of £20,000 a year, on condition that he become engaged to be married within ten days. Failing to do so the legacy will go to a third cousin in America. The story opens at Castle Wyckoff, where Lord Vincent and his wife friends of Terhune, are discussing plans to find him a wife within the prescribed time. It seems that Lady Vincent is one of seven persons named Agatha, all close girlhood chums. She decides to invite two of them to the castle and have Archie there as one of the guests. Agatha Sixth arrives. Archie as a handpainted beauty. Agatha First is a Breezy American girl. Lady Vincent tells her husband that Agatha Sixth already cares for Archie. He gains from Agatha Sixth the admission that she cares for him, but will require a month's time fully to make up her mind. Agatha First neglected by Terhune, receives attentions from Leslie Freer. Four days of the precious time have passed when Terhune is called to London on business. Agatha First, on the plea of sickness, excuses herself from a motor trip planned by the Vincents. Later they see Agatha First picking flowers with a strange man. The Vincents discuss Agatha's seeming duplicity. The following day the party visits the ruins of an old convent. Terhune continues his attentions to Agatha Sixth. Then suddenly he transfers his attentions to Agatha First. Vincent scores him for his apparent fickleness. The last evening of the time allotted in which to become engaged arrives. The following day Solicitor Burns will arrive from London and the Vincents are anxious to consummate the engagement. Vincent discovers Agatha First and a man with his arm around her waist. Vincent decides that the man must be Terhune. The next morning Terhune and Agatha First are very friendly at the breakfast table, while Agatha Sixth seems somewhat displeased. Solicitor Burns arrives. The Vincents are anxious. In an interview of Vincent and his wife the latter cries in desperation over the puzzling condition of affairs. Solicitor Barnes arrives. The Vincent's are anxious. Will Terhune report an affianced or a free man? Terhune tells Lord Vincent that he proposed to Agatha Sixth and that she had refused to marry him. Terhune declares that if he cannot have the woman of his choice that she will sacrifice his aunt's fortune. An automobile arrives.

### CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

"So you were the man in the drawing room the other night?" she exclaimed, when he had finished telling her, and she opened her beautiful gray eyes very widely at young Murray.

"By Jove, yes!" he added, "and it wasn't old Terhune, after all!"

"And it wasn't old Terhune, either, who was with Agatha First the day you saw the red automobile in the woods," she said.

"By Jove, no!" I said excitedly. "I knew I'd seen that machine of Brancepeth's before." And as I glanced at it again the whole significance of the mystery we had made in regard to Agatha First and Arch came to me in a flash of revelation. "I jumped to explain it all to Dearest, but as usual, she was ahead of me.

"It was you all the time!" she said to Murray, but with a smile of such unfeigned relief that I wondered, until she turned to Arch and I saw what bearing that fact had on the situation in regard to Agatha Sixth and Terhune's aunt's property.

"I'm so sorry!" she said, holding out her hands to the old boy. "We did you an injustice, Mr. Terhune!" And she told him briefly of the scene she and I and Agatha Sixth had been witness to the other night in the drawing room and our suspicions of him in connection with it.

It took him a moment or two to grasp what she meant, and what her discovery that our suspicions were unjust might mean, and I spoke before he did.

"And now it will be all right, Dearest, I said, "about Agatha Sixth. He will see that she was unjust to him and you will tell her, won't you?" And I looked at her eagerly. But to my surprise, just as I thought everything explained, everything arranged and the road clear to a reconciliation and engagement between my friend and my wife's friend, toward the accomplishing of which object we had invited both parties to come to Castle Wyckoff, Dearest seemed inclined to spoil the whole thing by refusing to act as mediator between the two. And a mediator was necessary, that is if they were to be brought together in time to make the engagement a fact before the final hour had arrived, for Miss Lawrence was still locked in the fastness of her room.

"Fay!" I implored, seizing Dearest's hand, "don't hesitate now! Attend to Arch's affairs. Go and tell Agatha Sixth the news and get her to come down before it's too late! By Jove, it is hard on poor old Terhune to lose a fortune because you choose to have whims!" I was so earnest I was almost angry. "One would think a fortune was a matter of no importance to him at all!"

"That's just it!" replied my wife sadly, "it's of too much importance! The only reason that I hesitate to do as you ask is because I've seen all along that the fortune has been the only important thing to you then! What a pity!" And the eyes I love best in the world filled with tears. And it was then that the whole thing came to me and I saw at once what was the other obstacle I had to face in my attempt to gain a fortune for my friend. That Agatha Sixth's mistake in regard to his fondness for Agatha First had been dissipated by Brancepeth's revelations, the only impediment to the satisfactory conclusion of Arch's affair was Dearest's refusal to co-operate with me at this crucial moment because of her belief that Terhune's wish to marry Agatha Sixth was purely a mercenary one. And as I at length comprehended what I might have seen a long time ago if I had only stopped to think, I understood in a second her scornful and almost resentful attitude toward myself on several occasions, for apparently supporting my friend in his mercenary designs. With this new grasp of the situation suddenly given to me, I couldn't begin fast enough to try to make my wife understand what I had so lately learned myself, that Terhune sincerely loved Miss Lawrence. As quickly as I could speak I began to tell her, as proof, of Arch's repudiation of my suggestion in regard to asking Agatha First instead, a moment ago in the hall. I judged, and judged rightly, as events proved, that the recital of this incident from my lips would convince my wife as nothing else could, that I was right in believing that Terhune had come at length to see that love, more than anything else in the world—even fortune—was the only thing worth considering when it came to a question of getting married.

"Don't you see," I ended, "he refused to do as I suggested, refused to go and ask Agatha First, although he believed thoroughly that she would accept him, solely because he was in love with Agatha Sixth, and would rather have had no fortune at all than a fortune with any other girl. I laid my hand on her arm appealingly. My last trump had been played, but not in vain. Grasping my meaning with lightning-like rapidity, Dearest was on the instant all action. "The time, Wilfred, the time!" she urged, her cheeks aflame, her gray eyes black.

"Six minutes of one," I answered, as she pulled the watch from my hands.

"Archibald Terhune! Do you hear that?" she almost shouted to Arch in uncontrollable excitement. "It's six minutes of one! Find Agatha Sixth and ask her to marry you, for heaven's



During This Meal We Gathered Further Details.

sake!" Then, as Terhune only stood and stared at her with dropped jaw, she stamped her foot vehemently.

"Don't stand and stare like that!" she cried. "Do as I say! Hurry! Run for your life!"

And Arch was gone at the word, though I don't think he had until then any idea that there was still time to retrieve the day and a fortune.

To do him justice, I don't think he had any other thought subsequent to Brancepeth's story and the revelations that followed in regard to Agatha Sixth's reason for refusing him, than that she was more likely to change her mind and marry him after all, since her suspicions had proved unfounded. And this thought, to give him all his due, had been sufficient to make him happy without any thought of his aunt's property. In fact, I think he had forgotten the latter in the first bliss of the moment, but when Dearest raised her warning and inspiring cry he had realized that after all a fortune like that his aunt's property represented was quite well worth the having. I'm not attempting to deny you, Arch, but there was enough of the old self left in spite of the changes love had wrought, not to make him rather resent now that Dearest had reminded him of it, that Aunt George's Australian farm would not make half a bad sort of wedding present. At least I noticed that he lost no time in obeying her mandate, for no sooner were the words out of her mouth than Terhune was in full cry for the staircase, with Dearest and myself hard after him, while a couple of fox terriers that had sprung from no dear knows where added to the confusion by yapping at our heels and otherwise impeding our progress, in a praiseworthy attempt to be in at the death. And even as I tripped and stumbled over them and laughed and whooped with Dearest, I heard that chump of a Brancepeth out on the stoop shrieking, "Gone away! Gone away!" as if he were possessed. It is no wonder, then, having admitted the children's estate of excitement in which Terhune's last throw for a fortune against time had thrown us, that in the confusion we all three succeeded in running into Agatha First as she came round the corner of the hall on her way, I suppose, to find out what all the noise was about. Dearest stopped a moment to explain things to her and I could see over my shoulder, Bilkins—Dern the water! Let it boil itself!

two had given each other a swift embrace before Agatha First hurried on to meet her lover.

"We had just reached the staircase, however, when Dearest overtook us.

"What are you going to do?" she asked Arch, who was just about to ascend.

"Go up and find Miss Lawrence," replied the distracted lover, "as quick as I can."

"But Dearest glided past me and stood in front of him on the stairs, barring the way.

"Wait!" she commanded. "She's in her room, you can't do that! You can't go and scream the good news through her door very well. It wouldn't do at all! You must have more regard for the appearance of the thing!"

"But, good heavens!" cried poor Terhune, "this is no time to think of appearances—it's three minutes of one!"

"But my darling paid no attention to him. "Hold him, Wilfred," she ordered me, and as I sprang to obey was gone in the shadow of the hall above.

Two and a half minutes later, and not a second after, she appeared, leading Agatha Sixth by the hand, though it is true the latter looked weep-eyed, to say the least, and gave every appearance of reluctance.

This vanished, however, at sight of Terhune, red-faced and somewhat warm from his vain efforts to free himself from my embrace, and she flew down the stairs to meet him and by sheer force of arms, not to be facetious, compelled me to relinquish my position in her favor. Something I was jolly well pleased to do, by the way, Arch's hand was to hold when he's dead, and two and a half minutes of suspense had made me his debtor for a couple of knocks and one well-kicked shin.

But just how the miracle of Agatha Sixth's change of heart had been accomplished, or in what manner Dearest had so presented her case as to achieve such speedy results, I am unprepared to state. I only know that it was nothing more than I had expected of the cleverness of my wife, and as for Terhune, I think he was too happy to know or care.

### CHAPTER XIII.

As for the rest of us, including Solicitor Burnes, who had been rescued from the library by some maid or footman, we repaired immediately to the dining room, where the wedding luncheon, of Dearest's creation, awaited us, and had all taken our places before the big clock on the mantel quite ceased booming the hour. Of course the bridal nature of the table decorations made a hit—as my Americanized wife persists in saying—with those two ardent lovers, Brancepeth and Agatha First, and they admired and exclaimed quite as if the whole thing were gotten up for their especial benefit. And it was during this meal that we gathered fuller details of the trials and tribulations that had beset the path of this new happy pair, which explained and accounted for many hitherto unaccountable happenings of our own experience.

Among other things it appeared that Brancepeth was, of course, the owner of the checked coat I had seen in the automobile in the woods, and that the coat we had found in Terhune's closet later had only been a fearful resemblance to it. The young man had run down from his uncle's place in his machine that day, he told us, to meet Agatha First in the woods, by prearrangement with her, which, of course, explained the business of her assumed headache and refusal to go to Northbury with us.

They had been obliged to keep their attachment a secret evidently enough, on account of Brancepeth's uncle's determination to marry him to Miss Simplin. But when we protested against their having left us out of their confidence, Brancepeth explained they had thought it best because they feared that Cecil Chiltern, who, it seemed, was a great friend and political ally of his despotic uncle, would find out from us, probably through my wife's friendship for his wife, about Brancepeth's engagement to Agatha First, in which event Brancepeth felt convinced Chiltern would feel it his duty to inform said despotic uncle. "Thereby," as the young man himself put it, "raising the deuce of a row for nothing, don't you know."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**Your Thoughts.**

Don't go to sleep with a frown on your brow. A drawn-down mouth and screwed-up eyes help to bring wrinkles.

But really, one needs to think pleasant thoughts in the daytime, too. Pleasant thoughts bring a serene expression to the face which, as the years go on, becomes permanent.

The people you meet who have pleasing faces are the ones who have never allowed hard, or sinking or discontented thoughts to find a resting place in their minds, and there is urgent necessity for cultivating serenity to fall asleep with.

**Too Valuable.**

"What you want to do is to have that mudhole in the road fixed," said the visitor.

"That goes to show," replied Farmer Cornfossel, "how little you reformers understand local conditions. I've purty nigh paid off a mortgage with the money I made hauling automobiles out o' that mudhole."

**Out of Place.**

"Everything a woman has she puts on her back."

"Then my wife will look funny wearing that new trousseau I gave her yesterday."

**Assistance Refused.**

Doc—Well, you'll certainly find it a safeguard to boil the water.

Bilkins—Dern the water! Let it boil itself!

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## VERACITY OF THE BIBLE

### After a Visit to the Holy Land Even a Skeptic Must Be Convinced.

One thing cannot fail to impress every visitor to Bethlehem, and, indeed, to the Holy Land generally, who is imbued with true Christian faith and a proper sense of the sanctity of the location and of the events that have transpired there, and that is the more than remarkable correspondence between the things and places shown us today as having been associated with the life and work of the Saviour and other events that enter into the structure of our religious faith and the descriptions and accounts of them as furnished us in the pages of the Holy Scriptures. They agree with them in every respect and it is impossible, after carefully considering and comparing them, to doubt their identity, so exactly are they in accord with the Bible narrative.

The work in the fields, the arrangement of the buildings, the very articles of diet and clothing of ancient days are plainly recognizable in the doings and surroundings of today. Indeed, where modern methods have become obsolete the manners and customs of people remain much the same as in the days of the presence on earth of the Saviour. Between the descriptions given in the Bible of localities, climatic and geographical conditions, distances, etc., of these times and those of today there is hardly any discrepancy, even a skeptic, considering this remarkable accord of circumstances with the Biblical narrative, cannot but be convinced of its veracity; to the believer it comes as a wonderful conviction, a satisfactory corroboration or encouragement to see things as those who dreamed them so graphically saw the so long ago.—Columbian Magazine.

## ACCURACY



"Yes, Henry, I've traveled into every corner of the globe."

"The globe is a spherical body, uncle. Therefore it has no corners!"—Chips.

**It Worked Well.**

"How is the new filing system? Success?" asked the agent of the merchant to whom he had sold a "system" a few days before.

"Great!" said the merchant.

"Good!" said the agent, rubbing his hands. "And how is business?"

"Business?" echoed the merchant. "Oh, we have stopped business to attend to the filing system."

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