

MORNING DAILY FOUNDED 1891 WEEKLY (NOW EVENING DAILY) 1897

"THE LATEST NEWS"

CHARLOTTETOWN, CANADA, SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 13, 1912

FIRST OF ALL

25c A MONTH BY MAIL IN ADVANCE \$2.50 PER YEAR BY MAIL IN ADVANCE



IN THE WHEAT FIELDS, TRAMPING LAKE DISTRICT, NEAR SCOTT.



MILKING TIME SCOTT, SASK.



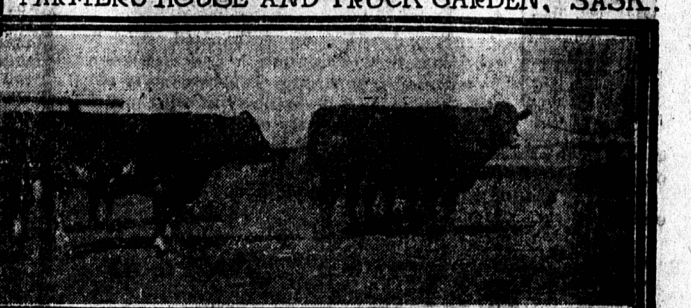
FARMERS HOUSE AND TRUCK GARDEN, SASK.



PURE BRED JERSEYS, WESTERN CANADA



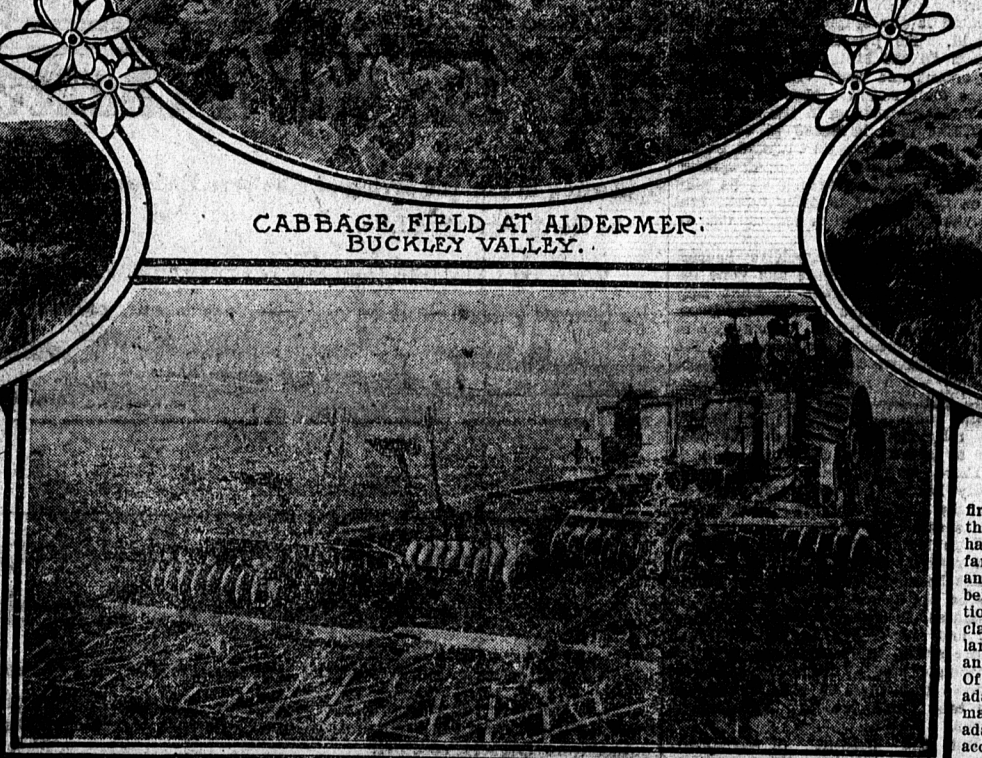
CABBAGE FIELD AT ALDERMER, BUCKLEY VALLEY.



SASKATCHEWAN STEERS



HARVESTING IN THE TRAMPING LAKE DISTRICT NEAR SCOTT, SASK.



PREPARING THE SOIL FOR SEED



A WHEAT FIELD IN ALBERTA

It would be an interesting task for some statistical enthusiast, with a life-time at his disposal, to figure out how many columns of information—and occasionally, shall it be said, of misleading information—has found its way into the columns of the world's press, dealing with some phase or other of life in the great Canadian West. Of the thousands of such articles, the greater number naturally enough, are devoted to farming and the amazing fertility of the prairie soil, but it is interesting to note that where they originally dealt almost exclusively with the wheat crops and the number of bushels of grain shipped east every year by the various railroads, an altered note is beginning to enter into this publicity; exhaustion of the soil is beginning to be hinted at and the advantages of mixed farming

are of the foundation of the deep fertile soil and clay soils of this region. Some of them even after twenty and twenty-five years of almost continuous cropping with wheat or other small grain, still produce in a favorable year 35 or 40 bushels of wheat and 80 or 90 bushels of oats per acre. It would be no exaggeration to say that practically all the land along the light distance traversed by this road is capable of furnishing homes for those who till them. The lands are of three classes. They may be classed

first, as having special adaptation to the production of grain; second, as having such adaptation to mixed farming of which live stock will form an important feature; and third, as being mainly adapted to the production of live stock only. Of course, the land that has high adaptation to the growing of grain may be made to have equally high adaptation to the growing of live stock, according to the way it is farmed. As soon as mixed farming of the character mentioned shall be generally adopted, lands that may now be obtained for from \$8 to \$18 per acre and seven lands now open to homestead will sell for \$50 to \$100 per acre. A study, then, of agricultural conditions along the lines of the Grand Trunk Pacific reveals the fact that

THE BORROWED TIME CLUB HEARKENS TO DEAD VOICES.

HERE is a land of pure delight
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite joy excludes the night
And pleasures banish pain.
It was the voice of a man dead six years that intoned the old hymn he had loved to sing in life—a thin, wavering voice that took a sharp upward turn at the end of each line.
There everlasting spring abides
And never-withering flowers,
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
It was very quiet in the room where the gray-haired listeners sat. Not a man of them was under the age of threescore and ten. Most of them had known the hymn since they were boys. Here it was coming back to them in the ripeness of their years. The singer seemed very near, but they could not see him, except at this strangely intimate chamber music helped to bring them mental pictures.



Members of the Borrowed Time Club Listening to Voice of Comrade's Dead Six Years.

Mr. Barclay was master of ceremonies in this odd gathering of septuagenarians and octogenarians. The party took place in the chamber of Scoville Institute, in Oak Park, a suburb of Chicago. It was there the Borrowed Time Club came into existence, ten years ago. No man may have a right to do beyond paying the last tribute to departed brothers. To-day only seven or eight of the original members are alive. The club suspended its activities, but new members were drawn into it, and it has taken on what appears to be a long lease of existence. Meetings are held each week and sometimes there is an extra attraction. One of these was the phonograph feature, bringing back the singing, the chuckling and the good natured banter of "Father" Robbins and Mr. Hoard.

"I could almost believe," said one of the singers, "that he was standing right in front of me just the way he used to stand when he was alive—one hand in his upper vest pocket and the other holding his cane. When I hear his voice it is hard to understand that he has been gone six years. He always did what he could to make this a land of pure delight. If he is where he can look down on us to-night and hear us, will be glad, I know."
Again the phonograph started. This time Mr. Barclay provided something to relieve the tense feeling. The laugh of Mr. Hoard greeted that of "Father" Robbins.
"Why, hello, Robbie!" came the words. "We weren't looking for you to-night."
"Ah, you wa'n't, eh? Well, you never can tell who's going to happen along when you ain't looking."
There was a laugh in concert down in the machine. The listeners took it up uncertainly, and for the first time in half an hour their faces lighted up with smiles and significant nods were exchanged.
"It's just the way they used to salute each other," whispered a man of seventy. "It didn't make any difference whether they came to the hall together or hadn't seen each other for days. It was a sort of mock ceremonial they went through and then they'd laugh just as you heard them now. They were only gray haired boys after all."
"Well, well, well! How you're getting on," said the voice of Robbie. "Mighty high grown up, ain't you? Congratulations and many returns of the day. Let me see, it's the ninety-third birthday, ain't it?"
"It was his ninety-third and it was his last," explained one of the party. "He died a few months after that."
"It's been a long time since we met," continued the voice of "Father" Robbins, and there was another familiar chuckle.
"Yes, a long time, Robbie. You and I are not so peart as we used to be, but I guess our hearts are young enough."
"Robbie" recited again the story he had told so many times; told of the years before he had met Mr. Hoard and the years after. It was a beautiful story of friendship—a simple tribute to a man he loved. He went back to the time when much of the present New York was a wilderness, recounted what he remembered of the last visit of Lafayette to this country, of the exciting period of "Tippecanoe and Tyler, too"; of the first locomotive he ever saw, of his going West and of the growth of Chicago.
It is proposed that the Borrowed Time Club shall take the initiative in Oak Park toward the building of a club house, where men who have retired from active life may get together from day to day. Mr. Barclay is planning to take the phonograph visit of all the members who will come through and then they'd laugh just as you heard them now. They were only gray haired boys after all.
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