

The Weather House.
A very ingenious contrivance for forecasting the weather is the old-fashioned "weather house," largely made in Switzerland. It is arranged in such a way that two figures act in response to the twisting of a piece of catgut. The material, supported by a wire, controls the movements of a little platform, on either end of which is placed a model. Excessive moisture in the air causes the catgut to twist and turn the platform round, so that the man emerges from one of the doors in the front of the house. Reverse conditions of the atmosphere bring about the contraction of the catgut, and the platform swings back, thus bringing the figure of the woman into prominence at her particular door. The making of a weather house is quite an easy matter.

ONE KIDNEY GONE

But Cured After Doctors Said There Was No Hope.

Sylvanus O. Verrill, Milford, Me., says: "Five years ago a bad injury paralyzed me and affected my kidneys. My back hurt me terribly, and the urine was badly disordered. Doctors said my right kidney was practically dead. They said I could never walk again. I read of Don's Kidney Pills and got a box made me stronger and freer from pain. I kept on using them, and in three months was able to get out on crutches, and the kidneys were acting better. I improved rapidly, discarded the crutches and to the wonder of my friends was soon completely cured."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

England spends \$40,000,000 per year for eggs and poultry for one-half of which she is dependent on foreigners.

The Latest Fad.
Anna D. Adams' *Theatrical Beauty Purse*. 10,000 prizes to those who solve it. Amuses young and old. Send 25c to-day. Room 212, 39 State street, Chicago.

It is estimated that 113,000 persons in New York City make their living by their wits, which means the lack of wit is others.

Only One "BROMO QUININE"
That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of Dr. W. GROVE and the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

Too Cautious.
Mayne—You refused that handsome young lawyer? Why, I thought you liked him.
Maybell—I did, but when he proposed to me he put it in the form of a hypothetical question 400 words long.

Priority.
The wagons of "the greatest show on earth" passed up the avenue at daybreak. Their incessant rattle soon awakened ten-year-old Billie and his five-year-old brother Robert. Their mother folded sleep as the two white-robed figures crept past her bed into the hall on the way to investigate. Robert struggled manfully with the unaccustomed task of putting on his clothes. "Wait for me, Billie," his mother heard him beg. "You'll get ahead of me."

"Get mother to help you," counseled Billie, who was having troubles of his own.
Mother started to the rescue and then paused as she heard the voice of her youngster, guarded, but anxious and insistent:

"You ask her, Billie. You've known her longer than I have."—Everybody's.

Out of Order.
Champ Clark loves to tell of how in the heat of a debate Congressman Johnson of Indiana called an Illinois representative a jackass. The expression was unparliamentary, and in retraction Johnson said:

"While I withdraw the unfortunate word, Mr. Speaker, I must insist that the gentleman from Illinois is out of order."
"How am I out of order?" yelled the man from Illinois.

"Probably a veterinary surgeon could tell you," answered Johnson, and that was parliamentary enough to stay on the record.—Success Magazine.

Practical Demonstration.
Teacher—As to those old superstitions many persons are learning that drugs are not the thing to rebuild worn-out nerves, but proper food is required.

There is a certain element in the cereals, wheat, barley, etc., which is grown there by nature for food to brain and nerve tissue. This is the phosphate of potash, of which Grape-Nuts food contains a large proportion.

In making this food all the food elements in the two cereals, wheat and barley, are retained. That is why so many heretofore nervous and run-down people find in Grape-Nuts a true nerve and brain food.

"I can say that Grape-Nuts food has done much for me as a nerve renewer, writes a Wis. bride:
"A few years ago, before my marriage, I became so nervous toward the end of each week that it seemed I must give up my position, which I could not afford to do."
"Mother purchased some Grape-Nuts and we found it not only delicious, but I noticed from day to day that I was improving until I finally realized I was not nervous any more."
"I have recommended it to friends as a brain and nerve food, never having found its equal. I owe much to Grape-Nuts, as it saved me from a nervous collapse, and enabled me to retain my position."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true and full of human interest.

Aunt Diana

The Sunshine of the Family

CHAPTER XIV.
Missie's feelings were decidedly mixed when Roger related at the breakfast table the whole story of the previous night.

Alison was a little surprised by the attention she received. Her pale cheeks and heavy eyes secured a good deal of pity. Mr. Merle questioned her anxiously whether she had caught cold; Miss Leigh fairly overflowed with tender inquiries; Roger waited on her zealously, and Buel sat staring at her, to the obvious neglect of his breakfast. Missie shrugged her shoulders a little over the whole affair. Alison had done very little after all, but they were all making such a fuss over it. She was doubly vexed when Miss Harwood came in, full of enthusiasm for that dear, clever Alison. She had met Roger, and he had stopped and given her and Anna a full account. Missie had to listen to more eulogiums, though Alison modestly disclaimed all praise. Miss Harwood quite frightened her when she assured her the whole thing would be soon all over the town.

"You will be a nice days' wonder, my dear," she said, gradually. "People will stare at you when you walk through the streets. Fancy locking the wretches in! It was quite heroic and romantic. I must run home and tell mamma and Anthony all about it."

All this was rather a trial to Alison. Perhaps the greatest pleasure the day afforded was when Roger showed her a letter he had written to Aunt Diana.

"Oh, you foolish boy," she said, coloring with gratification as she read the glowing sentences, written straight from Roger's warm heart. But the tears were very near the surface too. There was a little space left, and she wrote hurriedly across it, when Roger had left the room a moment: "Don't believe all Roger says, dear Aunt Di. I never felt more frightened in my life; heroes are not made of such cowardly stuff; they do not act in a panic. They all make a great deal too much of it."

Alison would have been quite happy during the next few days except for the depressing effect of Missie's ill-humor. Missie was plainly suffering from a bad attack of jealousy. Missie sought consolation in Eva's attentions. Her visits to Maplewood were now of daily occurrence. Alison once ventured to remonstrate.

"I do not think papa would be quite pleased, Mabel. He has known you were so much in Captain Harper's company," she said, very gently.

"Captain Harper, indeed!" returned Missie, haughtily. "You need not trouble yourself, Alison. My visits are not to him."

"No, dear, of course not," replied Alison, in a pleading tone. "But, all the same, you are going every day to Maplewood, and that throws you necessarily into his company. Miss Harwood can not well banish her cousin from the room; and Mabel, I do feel that it is not quite honorable to papa. He trusts us to carry out his expressed wishes, and in this you are setting them aside."

"I wish you would mind your own business, Alison," she said, angrily. "You have no right to lecture me because you are the eldest. Eva says I am quite justified in asserting myself. I hope I may do my duty without your always pointing it out to me, and you may leave papa to me. We have always understood each other perfectly and there is never anything wrong between us unless you choose to go on and tell tales."

"Mabel how can you be so disagreeable?" began Alison, hotly. But she cooled down on remembering Aunt Diana's advice—"Never get warm over an argument, Allie. When you begin to feel angry it is time to hold your tongue." And Alison held hers.

She would have been a little comforted if she had known how ill at ease Missie really was. Her high complexion and cross eyes only proved that the arrow had gone home. She knew in her secret heart that she was behaving dishonorably. Her father trusted her, and she was betraying his trust. The very next day she had planned to join Eva and her cousin in a pleasure excursion, though she knew it was an act of tacit disobedience, but self-will only gains strength by indulgence.

Alison's vague uneasiness that led to her speaking was changed into positive alarm when Roger came into her room that night. He was in evening dress, having just returned from an early party. Alison was waiting up for him. She had put off her dress, changing it for a dainty pink dressing gown. She looked up brightly at him as he entered.

"Allie," he said, sitting down by her. "I am so bothered about something I have heard to-night. Did you know that Mabel was going down to Durban's with Miss Harwood and Captain Harper tomorrow?"

"Why, no," she said, starting a little. "What place did you say, dear?"

"Durban's. It is about twenty miles from here. There are woods there where people go for picnics. I meant to have taken you and Mabel one day, only we should have gone by train. Miss Anna was all about it quite innocently. It seems that Captain Harper has sent for his dog cart and he means to drive a team over. They are to have dinner and tea at the Castle Inn; so they mean to be away the whole day."

"Oh, Roger! what shall we do?" exclaimed Alison. "If papa were only here I would go to him at once. Mabel has no right to deceive him in this way, and I should certainly get him to put a stop to it at once, but now he will not be home until to-morrow."

"He may possibly come by an earlier train, he told me so as we walked to the station. It will depend on how long business will detain him. Of course we should tell him, Allie; the thing is beyond a joke. Fancy that fellow having the audacity to propose such a thing. I wish I knew what I could do about it. Allie, but father's absence obliges me to be in the office. I must be in the yard early, too. I shall not even be able to speak to Missie."

"I will tell her what you say, and then, of course, she will be obliged to give it up," returned Alison, not relishing her task at all, but counting, nevertheless, on an easy victory. Missie had put herself so completely in the wrong that he herself but submission was left to her. Roger, who knew Missie perfectly, was not so sanguine.

"Tell her that if she goes I shall certainly inform father, and then he will send her home. I am perfectly disgusted at her conduct. I am afraid you must do it, Allie."

"Very well," she sighed. But she lay awake a long time revolving what words she would use.

Alison awoke with a strange oppression, almost a sense of difficulty, that made the daylight seem less bright. She became nervously conscious that she might fail. What if her severity were of no avail, and Missie should persist in going? She was a little later than usual in going down. Roger had already had his breakfast and had gone to the mill, and the meal was half over before she suggested that Poppie should knock at Mabel's door.

"Oh, I forgot," returned Poppie, in a stricken voice, laying down her slice of bread and jam; "Missie came into my room before I was dressed, and told me to tell you she would not want any breakfast—she was going to have it at Maplewood. She looked so smart, Alison, in her new blue dress. It was rather funny for her to put it on for breakfast."

"Miss Leigh, will you come into the school room a moment, if you have finished," said Alison, quietly, but the firmness noticed that she looked rather pale, and rose at once, but she was even more shocked than Alison when she heard the whole story.

"My dear, your papa will never forgive us if we do not prevent it," she said, very solemnly. "You must go, you know how particular he is, and this will seem dreadful to him. You need go to Maplewood yourself, Alison, and speak to Mrs. Harwood. She is the only one who can do anything. Anna can go in Mabel's place, but you must insist on bringing Mabel home. I will not answer for the consequences if this affair comes to your father's ears," continued the governess, moved to tears at this fresh instance of Missie's self-will.

Alison thought this such good advice that she put on her hat at once and walked over to Maplewood. It was not a pleasant errand, she felt, and she hardly knew what she would say to Mrs. Harwood. She only knew she would refuse to return without Missie, even if she had to have the obnoxious Captain Harper herself. But her face fell when she entered the morning room and found Mrs. Harwood and Anna there; the others had just driven from the door. Seeing that her visit was useless Alison returned home. Roger met her at the gate with the news that Mr. Merle had returned.

"I have not seen him yet, Allie; I have only just come across from the mill," he continued. "Would you like me to tell him, dear, or do you think you can do it better?"

"We will go together," returned Alison, uneasily. "I am so afraid that he will put himself out, and then you will know what to say," and Roger acquiesced.

They found Mr. Merle in his study, looking somewhat fagged and weary, but he held out his hand with a smile, as though he were pleased to see them after his brief absence.

"Where is Pussie?" he asked; "she is generally the first to welcome me." And he looked round as though he were disappointed.

"Dear papa," returned Alison, bravely. "I am afraid you will be vexed about something. We have none of us seen Mabel this morning; she breakfasted at Maplewood. Roger met Anna at the Meredith's last night, and she told him that Mabel had promised to join Eva and her cousin in an excursion to Durban's. I went over to speak to Mrs. Harwood and bring Mabel back, but they had already left."

"What! Mabel and Mr. Merle, and the blackness of his brow was dreadful to Alison, "do you dare to tell me that Mabel has gone over to Durban's in that man's company, when I forbade any intercourse with him?"

"Captain Harper is driving them in his dog-cart," rejoined Roger, coming to his sister's relief. "It seems a very silly affair, and I begged her to stop it; it is no fault of hers or of mine, father. Missie slipped out of the house while they were at breakfast, and though Alison started off to Maplewood as soon as she could she was just too late."

"No, it is not your fault," returned Mr. Merle, gloomily. "Mabel must bear the brunt of her own disobedience. Miss Harwood shall never enter this house again."

"Would you like me to take an early afternoon train to Durban's?" interrupted Roger, who had already conceived this plan, "and when I could join them; there is a vacant seat in the dog cart."

"Look out a train in the time table," he said, suddenly; "I will go myself, Roger. Mabel shall not return in the dog cart; I shall bring her back by train."

CHAPTER XV.
Alison passed an anxious and solitary afternoon, and as she sat alone at her needle work she could not divest her mind of all sorts of gloomy anticipations. She knew her father to be a man of strong passions; she dreaded the effects of his displeasure on Mabel. His severity would be tempered with justice, but still the weight of his anger would be crushing. Alison's tender heart was full of compassion and pity for poor Missie.

Toward evening she seated herself under the lime trees within view of the gate. Poppie had come home from her walk, and was playing about the lawn. Now and then Poppie glanced her attention toward the gate, and when she saw Alison she would unheeded, and she would wake up with a start to the conviction that with nearly eight, and the early autumn twilight was creeping over the garden.

So late, and they had not arrived, and what could have become of Roger? She called to Poppie hurriedly to run into the house, as she was hesitating, and supper was waiting in the school room, and the little girl had hardly left her before the latch of the gate was raised, and in another moment Roger came rapidly toward her.

He looked heated, as though he had been walking fast, but it was a white heat, and it struck Alison suddenly that he was ill, or that he had heard something.

"Don't be frightened, Allie," he said, in a quick, nervous voice, that certainly did not reassure her, neither did the touch of his cold, damp hand. "I have come first to prepare you; be as brave as you can, for your help is wanted."

"Something dreadful has happened. Oh, Roger, be quick."

"I have no time to tell you much," he returned, still more hurriedly. "They came back by train—oh, why did he not send me—there was an accident. I was down at the station and saw them come in. They are both hurt; at least, I am afraid Missie is, only she will not say so."

"Oh, Roger!" and Alison's figure swayed for a moment on her arm until she made her sit down, for the sudden shock had turned her lips white. She could not say more at that moment.

"We do not know yet," he half-whispered; "there are two doctors with him, and they are bringing him home. He had a blow on his head, but I am not sure he will get up; there is no wound. There, I hear them coming, Allie; pull ourselves together; we must not think of anything but him."

"No, no," and she gave a quick gulp, and the color came back to her lips. The sparrows were twittering sleepily in the sky. "And one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father," seemed to come into her mind, like the sudden flash of a sunbeam out of a passing cloud. He was in the Divine hands; she must remember that. As Roger went down to open the gates she compelled herself to return to the house.

"Sarah, there has been an accident," she heard herself say, only her voice did not seem to belong to her. "Send Eliza to the school room, to keep Miss Poppie out of the way, and you and Nancy be in readiness for what is wanted. Hot water—I suppose they will want that, and I don't know what besides." And here her voice suddenly failed, for wheels were evidently coming up the gravelled sweep. The next few minutes were simply horrible to Alison. The two doctors and Roger, and some men from the railway, were all helping in removing her father's inanimate figure from the vehicle. Alison recognized the family practitioner, Dr. Greenwood, but the other was a stranger. There was nothing to do; her father's room was in readiness, and Roger was there to show them the way. She could only lean against the wall as they passed with a fleeting consciousness that her father's eyes were still closed, and that there was something terrible in the inert, heavy drop of the limbs. "Very quiet," she heard Dr. Greenwood say. "Yes, I know the room; that is the door, Cameron." And then it closed after them, and she felt some one grip her arm.

"Help me upstairs, Alison," said Missie, hoarsely. She had crept out of the fly under the door. Alison had almost forgotten her in that moment of agony; but when Roger had said surely she was not much hurt, yet there she was clinging to her sister with a white, stony face.

"Lean on me, dear!" exclaimed Alison, passing her arm tenderly round her; but to her alarm Missie uttered a sharp cry of pain.

"No, don't touch me, not that side; I will hold your arm. I want to be in my own room if I can only get there." And leaning heavily on Alison's shoulder, she tottered slowly up the staircase, her faltering and difficulty evidently increasing at every step, but her strong will supporting her until she reached the threshold, and then she suddenly tottered, and if Alison had not caught her in her arms, she would have fallen. Alison dared not call loudly for assistance, for they were young and strong, and she just managed to drag Missie to a chair and summon one of the frightened servants, when Missie revived.

"I am so bruised all over," she said, with a sob of sob. "I did not want them to know; I had to look after papa; but I am afraid my arm is broken."

"To be continued."

BIT FOR BOOKWORMS

Sir Edward Creasy's famous volume, "The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World," which appeared in 1851, has been extended by the addition of eight new battles and published in a revised edition. All the new events are treated by trained historians. The story of Sedan is told by the commander of the German forces.

"There has never been a time in the history of the reading of manuscripts, the making of books, the publication of magazines," according to the Bookman with the new volume with something to say was as eagerly welcomed as he is to-day, "and also," continues the writer, "we do not believe that there has ever been a time when the standard has been so high."

"The Prince and the Pauper," Mark Twain's ever popular story, which has been dramatized and acted much, is now to be made into an operetta. A favorite diminutive actress will play the little boy's part, and the music writers are skillful interpreters who endeavor to make another "Hansel and Gretel" favorite out of this dainty bit of child romance.

James Oliver Curwood, the author of "The Courage of Captain Plum," is an enthusiastic hunter of big game and he says his best ideas come to him when he is on the trail of the bear or the moose. When he is ready to begin work on a new book he takes his rifle, camping outfit and guides and buries himself in the wilderness. "And I fight it out in the bush if it takes a whole season," he says, "and don't return to civilization until I've got my plot."

Now that the "book war" in England is ended the leading combatants are peacefully bringing out together a cheap edition of the very book over which so much bitter conflict was fought—"Queen Victoria's Letters." Inasmuch as the royal author is dead and the royal holder of the copyright, King Edward of England, is not in need of large book royalties, the new cheap edition will no doubt be very popular, except with the people who invested in the expensive first edition.

Lady Randolph Churchill's answer to Bernard Shaw's curt note written in reply to an invitation to a luncheon party is a good illustration of the writer's keen and ready wit. To this invitation Mr. Shaw answered: "Certainly not; what have I done to provoke such an attack upon my well-known habit?" Whereupon Lady Randolph replied: "Know nothing of your habit; hope they are not as bad as your manners." To this telegram Mr. Shaw wrote a long letter excusing himself on the ground that he did not eat "the unfortunate dead animals and things."

It is interesting to learn from Basil Tozer's new book, "The Horse in History," that the number of horses in the United Kingdom of Great Britain decreased last year by 12,512. The number of horses in the world is estimated to be about 100,000,000. In England will be made horses and hunters, so rapidly is motor traction spreading. He also tells us that Libyan women rode astride in the seventeenth century B. C. The first allusion to wagging on horse races occurs in the "Iliad," when a chariot, or tripod, was staked on the winner and an umpire was appointed "to decide whose steeds are first."

A DIGNIFIED LITTLE BOY.
While the Czarevitch likes to romp he is impressed by his rank. It is told in St. Petersburg by those who ought to know that when the four-year-old Czarevitch said his prayers the other evening he ended them by looking his nurse calmly in the eye and shouting "Hurrah for God!"

The nurse was, naturally, somewhat overcome and very gravely tried to make the future Czar understand that, while he undoubtedly meant well, what he had said was not proper.

"Why not?" asked the future Czar. "People 'hurrah' when father goes out, and God is much greater than father."

"Just think of the extraordinary intelligence of the child," remarked the court lady who first told of the incident. "He actually understands that God is greater than the Czar."

Nobody loves a good romp more than Alyosha (that is the pet name of the Czarevitch) but he understands that his exalted rank imposes duties.

A general was sent to the Imperial nursery recently by the Czar, who wished him to be presented to the heir apparent. The four grand duchesses

ITALY HAS AN APPALLING RECORD OF EARTHQUAKES.

Of all geographical sections, the southern part of the Peninsula of Italy, the island of Sicily and the smaller islands north of the latter have suffered most heavily through earthquakes and volcanic disturbances. Following is a partial list of disasters due to these causes since the Christian era, with estimated loss of life:

- A. D. 79—Pompeii and Herculaneum destroyed by eruption of Mount Vesuvius; number killed unknown.
- 1137—Catania destroyed by earthquake; 15,000 killed.
- 1186—Calabria shaken by quake; towns overwhelmed by sea.
- 1456, Dec. 5—Naples overturned; 40,000 killed.
- 1626, July 30—Naples and thirty villages shaken; 70,000 killed.
- 1638, April 27—Calabria devastated; 10,000 killed.
- 1672, April 14—Rimini shaken; 1,500 killed.
- 1693, September—All Sicily devastated; fifty-four cities and 300 villages destroyed; Catania, with 18,000 population, wiped out; 100,000 killed.
- 1703, Feb. 2—Aquila overturned; 5,000 killed.
- 1706, Nov. 3—in the Abruzzi repeated shocks; 15,000 killed.
- 1726, Sept. 1—Palermo shaken; 6,000 killed.
- 1732, Nov. 20—Naples partly destroyed; 2,000 killed.
- 1783, Feb. 4—Messina and other towns shaken; 50,000 killed.
- 1794, June—Torre del Greco, buried by Vesuvius; 2,000 killed.
- 1805, July 26—Frosolone, near Naples, destroyed; 6,000 killed.
- 1819—Several shocks at Palermo, Rome, Genoa; 1,000 killed.
- 1855, April 29—Cosenza and villages destroyed; 1,000 killed.
- 1851, Aug. 14—Southern Italy shaken; Melfi buried; 14,000 killed.
- 1857, Dec. 16—Calabria and towns about Naples shaken; 10,000 killed.
- (In average five years, between 1783 and 1857, the Kingdom of Naples, with an average population of 6,000,000, lost 110,000 by earthquakes.)
- 1891, May 8—Perugia shaken; 2,000 killed.
- 1895, July 18—Maccoba, in Sicily, shaken; 100 killed.
- 1891, March 15—Southern Italy and Isle of Ischia shaken; 200 killed.
- 1883, Aug. 3—Isle of Ischia shaken; 1,000 killed.
- 1893—Several shocks on island of Stromboli; 500 killed.
- 1905, Sept. 8—Calabria devastated; 1,000 killed.

EVERYTHING WAS FAVORABLE

Sovery He Didn't Move to Western Canada Sooner.

Mr. Austin was a man who had never had any previous experience in farming, but Western Canada had allured him, and he profited. He got a low rate certificate from a Canadian Government agent, and then moved. What he says is interesting.

Ranfurly, Alberta, May 10, 1908.
J. N. Grieve, Esq., Spokane, Wash.:
Dear Sir—After a dozen or more years of unsuccessful effort in the mercantile business in western Washington, in August, 1903, decided to come to Alberta with a gentleman who was shipping two cars of live stock to Edmonton. I assisted this man with the stock over 100 miles out in the Birch Lake country, east of Edmonton. Indeed, how surprised, how favorably everything compared with my dream of what I wanted to see in a new country.

Had never had any experience in farming, but I was immediately converted into a farmer. And from that moment I have prospered. Selecting a homestead near Birch Lake, I returned for wife and three small children and freighted out from Edmonton. In March, following year, we shovelled a spot clear of snow and pitched our tent and commenced operations. At that time we had no neighbors. Four years have passed. The locality is well settled; two miles from railway station, with churches and schools, telephone and good road accommodations.

We are enjoying the privileges granted to any rural district in Washington. The Birch Lake country is no exception. This great transformation is rapidly going on in every district in western Canada.

I estimate that every quarter section in every direction is capable of producing a comfortable living for a family of ten forever. After paying for two horses and a cow had just \$10 to go on. Did my first ploughing in my life; was very awkward in my work, but nature was glad I came and abundantly paid me for my efforts. Our cattle have increased to about fifty head, which was very profitable on account of the abundance of forage. To farm was compelled to buy about \$400 worth of farm machinery on time, and the payments fell due last fall, and you may wonder how I expected to pay for them when we had such a bad year. 'Twas a little bad for western Canada or for a Missourian. But is not 35 or 40 bushels oats a pretty good yield per acre in many States? Then the price of grain went out of sight, so when I had sold my crop I found I was able to make my payments nicely; besides, we had lots of feed. No one has any business raising cattle without growing grain, or vice versa. As to the winters, did not feed my cattle, excepting the calves, a fork of hay until in March. Have found the winters much more pleasant than we did in western Washington. This is strange and hard to explain, but 'tis true nevertheless; at 40 degrees below zero we have more comfort than you would at 20 degrees above, so still and dry, with bright, sunny days. My wife says that the only regret she has is that we did not come here ten years ago, as we would now certainly have been in a position to retire from hard work. Most women soon become satisfied as neighbors begin to come round them. Have 98 acres in crop this year, besides 2 acres potatoes, which have always brought me a fair price. We find a ready market for everything we produce. To the poor man—here is a chance to establish yourself. To the rich man—here is a chance to buy land for \$10 to \$15 per acre which will produce more crops than a half dozen acres of your \$50 to \$75 per acre land. And if not very much mistaken, this year will prove an eye-opener to those who are a little skeptical. The trouble with me is that I have so much to say so favorable to Alberta 'tis hard to be brief. Respectfully,

(Signed) P. S. AUSTIN.

A Look Ahead.
In due process of time the battleship had reached the utmost limit of its development.

Likewise the manufacturers of deadly explosives had perfected machines capable of blowing a whole fleet out of water at any imaginable distance.

In great haste the powers summoned a conference.

"What's the use of carrying this thing any farther?" they said. "War has become so appalling and expensive that we can't afford to indulge in it any more."

Seeing that the jig was up they reluctantly inaugurated the era of universal peace.—Chicago Tribune.

Unaccountable Mistake.
All was quiet in the sleeping car. Suddenly the passenger in lower No. 7 parted the curtains and out at a weather-beaten face, and hailed the snub-nosed functionary who was tipping past.

"Say," he grumbled, "where's the pillows for this bunk?"

"There are your pillows, sub," said the porter.

"What things!" exclaimed the passenger. "Smash my telegraph! I thought them was the life preservers!"—Chicago Tribune.

Headache
Can be cured only by a remedy that will remove the cause.

The offender you stop it with headache powders or pills the quicker it will remove the cause.

Generally, headache comes from a disturbed stomach or irregular bowels, and almost invariably

Lane's Family Medicine
(called also Lane's Tea)

a tonic laxative, will cure headache in short order by regulating the bowels and reinvigorating the stomach.

It is a great natural herb blood medicine and the favorite laxative of old and young.

At druggists', 25c. and 50c.