

**NEW DISTRICTS AND  
NEW RAILWAYS**

**WESTERN CANADA AFFORDS BETTER CONDITIONS THAN EVER FOR SETTLEMENT.**

To the Editor—Sir:—Doubtless many of your readers will be pleased to have some word from the grain fields of Western Canada, where such a large number of Americans have made their home during the past few years. It is pleasing to be able to report that generally the wheat yield has been good; it will average about 20 bushels to the acre. There will be many cases where the yield will go 35 bushels to the acre, and others where 50 bushels to the acre has been recorded. The oat and barley crop has been splendid. The prices of all grains will bring to the farmers a magnificent return for their labors. An instance has been brought to my notice of a farmer in the Pincher Creek (Southern Alberta) district—where winter wheat is grown—who made a net profit of \$19.55 per acre, or little less than the selling price of his land. 30, 40, and 50 bushel yields are recorded there. The beauty about the lands in Western Canada is that they are so well adapted to grain-raising, while the luxuriant grasses that grow everywhere in abundance make the best possible feed for fattening cattle or for those used for dairying purposes.

The new homestead regulations which went into force September, 1908, attracted thousands of new settlers. It is now possible to secure 160 acres in addition to the 160 acres as a free grant, by paying \$3.00 an acre for it. Particulars as to how to do this and as to the railway rates can be secured from the Canadian Government Agents.

"The development throughout Western Canada during the next ten years will probably exceed that of any other country in the world's history," is not the statement of an optimistic Canadian from the banks of the Saskatchewan, but of Mr. Leslie M. Shaw of New York, ex-Secretary of the United States Treasury under the late President McKinley and President Roosevelt, and considered one of the ablest financiers of the United States. "Our railway companies sold a good deal of their land at from three to five dollars an acre, and now the owners are selling the same land at from fifty to seventy-five dollars, and buying more up in Canada at from ten to fifteen."

The editor of the Monticello (Iowa) Express made a trip through Western Canada last August, and was greatly impressed. He says: "One cannot cross Western Canada to the mountains without being impressed with its immensity of territory and its future prospects. Where I expected to find frontier villages there were substantially built cities and towns with every modern convenience. It was formerly supposed that the climate was too severe for it to be thought of as an agricultural country, but its wheat-raising possibilities have been amply tested. We drew from Ontario many of our best farmers and most progressive citizens. Now the Americans are emigrating in greater numbers to Western Canada. Seventy-five per cent. of the settlers in that good country located southeast of Moose Jaw and Regina are Americans. Canada is well pleased with them and is ready to welcome thousands more."

**A Queer Harvest.**

It was little Ethel's first visit to church, and the sermon had for its text, "As ye sow, so shall ye reap." But on her return home she could not remember it, and in consequence was chided by her mother for being stupid.

A fortnight later a seamstress came to the house to do a day's work. After watching her for awhile fashion old-style garments into those that were the vogue, Ethel suddenly exclaimed: "O mamma, I know now what the preacher said. It was: 'What you sew in the winter you shall rip in the summer.'"

**Well Prepared.**

"I learn," she said reproachfully, "that you were devoted to no fewer than five girls before you finally proposed to me. How do I know that you didn't make desperate love to all of them?"

"I did," he replied, promptly. "You did!" she exclaimed. "Certainly," he returned. "You don't suppose for a moment that I would be foolhardy enough to try for such a prize as you are without practicing a little first, do you?"

**Savagery in Civilization.**

It is no time to say that man cannot, in civilized society, be guilty of cannibalism. I tell you there are more cannibals in New York than in the isles of the Pacific; and if to-day you were suddenly to take away the support that comes from eating men, there would be thousands and thousands of empty maws to-morrow in that city.—Henry Ward Beecher.

With a smooth iron and Defiance Starch, you can launder your shirt-waist just as well at home as the steam laundry can; it will have the proper stiffness and finish, there will be less wear and tear of the goods, and it will be a positive pleasure to use a Starch that does not stick to the iron.

That is an honorable work which is done as well as we can do it.—Browning.

**It Cures While You Walk**  
Allen's Foot-Powder for corns and bunions, hot, sweaty, itchy feet. See all Druggists.

Before attempting to get what you want find out what you want.

**HUNTING WITH ELEPHANTS**



**MAHOUT REMOVING A THORN FROM ELEPHANT'S FOOT**



**SKINNING THE TIGER**



**W**HEN a man goes hunting tigers from the back of an elephant, about one-third of the danger lies in the damage the tiger might do and the other two-thirds is contributed by the various things the elephant is liable to do. In fact, if the danger from the tiger were the only thing to consider, tiger hunting would be a favorite diversion for society hunt clubs where tea is served at the end.

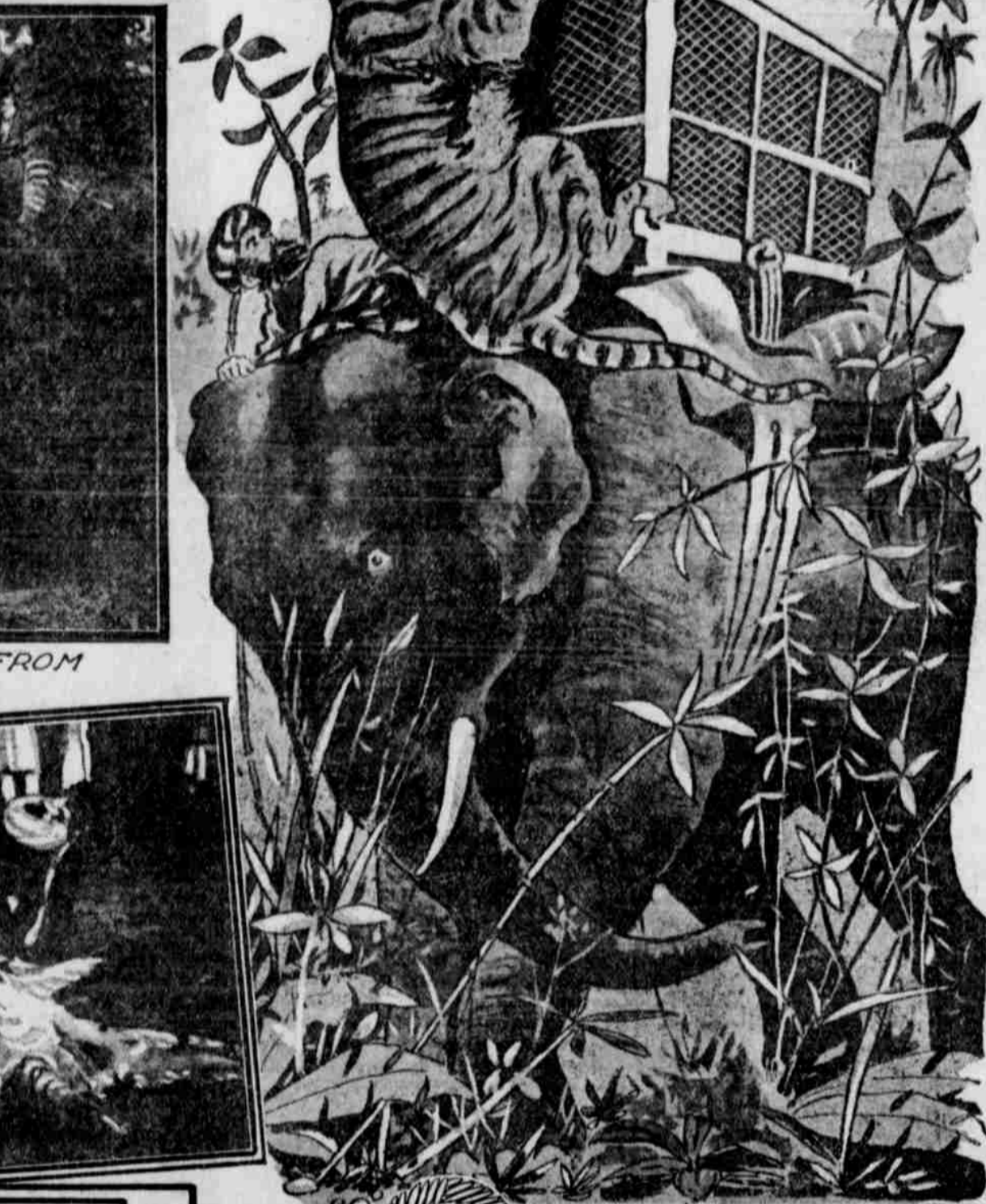
In a tiger hunt, anywhere from a half dozen to 100 elephants are used. When an Indian prince goes forth on a royal hunt, there are even more elephants than that brought along. When a normal man issues forth, he endeavors to get along with the half dozen. For elephants are expensive; they cost all the way from \$400 to \$1,200; a dollar a day to feed, besides the pay of the guides, which is not cheap. So that the man who has a tiger skin that he has captured himself, upon his parlor floor, has probably paid close to \$1,000 for it.

India is the only country in which elephants are used for hunting. In Africa the elephant is not tamed; he is captured almost solely for his ivory. But in India the elephant is used quite entirely for hunting and working purposes.

The excitement of a tiger hunt begins long before a tiger is even sighted. The wild bees of India build their hives in a hanging position on the limbs of trees. Very often these drop down close to the ground and the thick underbrush hides them from view. It is a not infrequent incident of these hunts for an elephant to calmly walk into one of these hives and scatter the busy inmates in all directions, whereupon the bees quickly recover and seek revenge upon the clumsy elephant and his riders, and all the other elephants of the party. Such an incident is a common occurrence that helps to enliven a tiger hunt and for the time being drives all thoughts of tiger skins from the hunters' minds. The basket or howdah in which the hunter rides is another feature that often lends excitement to a hunt, such as no tiger could provide. The hunter, that is the gentleman hunter, who has gone to India for the sport, occupies the howdah. This is a very large basket fastened to the elephant's back by a very strong rope. The spectacle reminds one of a captain standing on his bridge, high above the lashing waves. The native sits on the elephant's neck, or, to follow the same figure of speech, he is down on deck.

Now, elephants are often skittish and liable to fly off in a panic. They do this, quite forgetful of the captain on the bridge, and the result is that the tiger hunter often has to cling with both hands to the sides of the howdah and receive a severe shaking up as though he were a pebble in a tin can. Nor is this without its dangers. Often when the elephant becomes panic stricken he will charge into a jungle and tear madly about until he drops with fatigue.

Another danger is when an elephant gets caught in a tropical mire and flounders about. At these times the elephant will grope about for anything he can reach, to poke down under his feet to get a firmer foothold. Small trees and branches are thrown to him which he dexterously arranges with his trunk and fore legs until he has built a foundation upon which he can rest. But at these times the elephant is not scrupulous in regard to



**CROSSING A STREAM INTO THE JUNGLE**



**BRINGING A BAG INTO CAMP**



**A WAIT ON THE EDGE OF THE JUNGLE**

the material he uses. A story is told in Asia of an inexperienced hunter who, when his elephant was floundering about in this way, thought he would be doing it a service by dismounting. He did so; whereupon the elephant seeing likely foundation material in him, snatched him with his trunk and buried him in the mire.

And so, the actual tiger hunt dwindle into a minor rôle when he is hunted from the backs of elephants. In fact, some sportsmen pooh pooh the idea of using elephants at all. They call it parlor hunting. And, except for these incidental dangers, they are right. When a tiger charges, as he sometimes does, it is only the native on the elephant's neck who is in danger. The man in the howdah is high aloft with a whole head. And if he should miss and the tiger come on, the worst that could happen is that he will have no driver to guide his elephant back to camp.

Yet elephants are more or less indispensable in this kind of hunting. The Asian forests are very dense and stalking is not only very dangerous but it is often impossible. In some parts of the jungle no man can get through. The elephant, on the other hand, simply beats his head against an obstructing tree and flops it over. And then, too, he carries the supplies which, of course, are necessary on trips of this kind.

The control its mahout (driver) has over the huge but docile animal is truly marvelous, as he verbally directs it here to tear down a destructive creeper, or a projecting bough, with its trunk; there to fell with its forehead a good sized tree that may interfere with its course in the line; or to break some precipitous bank of a mullah (water course) with its fore feet, to form a path for descending into it, and then, after the same fashion, to clamber up the other side. And if its driver should chance to let fall his gubbag (iron goad) the elephant gropes for it and lifts it up to him with his trunk. In tiger hunting, however steady an elephant may be, its behavior depends largely on the conduct of the mahout. If an elephant gets frightened he goes

WATERS

**KEPT GETTING WORSE.**

**Five Years of Awful Kidney Disease.**

Nat Anderson, Greenwood, S. C., says: "Kidney trouble began about five years ago with dull backache, which got so severe in time that I could not get around. The kidney secretions became badly disordered, and at times there was almost a complete stop of the flow. I was examined again and again and treated to no avail, and kept getting worse. I have to praise Doan's Kidney Pills for my final relief and cure. Since using them I have gained in strength and flesh and have no sign of kidney trouble."

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

**LAMENT FOR CHANGED TIMES.**

**Adoniram Corntop Discourses on Present-Day Extravagance.**

"Yes, sree, Bill, times is changed since you an' me was doin' our courtin'," said Adoniram Corntop, with a note of sadness in his voice, to old Andy Clover, who had come over to "set a spell."

"When we was doin' our courtin', Andy, a gal thought she was bein' treated right harnsom if a feller bought her ten cents' wuth o' peppimints once in a while, an' if he tuk her to any doin's in town she didn't expect him to go down into his jeans to the tune of a dollar or two for ice cream an' soda water an' candy at fo'ty cents a paound. My son Si tuk his ducky-doodle to the band concert in town yistiday an' there wa'n't a quarter left of a dollar bill he struck me fer time he got home. Beats all the way young folks throw the money away nowadays. I tell ye times is changed mighty since we was boys, an' the Lawd only knows what the end will be with a feller layin' out 75 cents on a gal in one day."—Puck.

**NOTHING LASTS IN THIS WORLD.**



The Girl—Oh, Jimmy, how I wish this could go on forever.  
Jimmy—Well, I'm afraid it won't. I've an idea dat barb wire fence ahead of us 'll stop us.

**Time's Wonderful Changes.**

Harry Lauder says that when Sir Alexander Ramsay was constructing upon his magnificent estate in Scotland a piece of machinery to drive, by means of a small stream in his barnyard, a threshing machine, a winnowing machine, a circular saw for splitting trees, a hay press, an oat roller, etc., he noticed an old fellow, who had long been about the place, looking very attentively at all that was going on. "Robby," said he, "wonderful things people can do nowadays, can't they?" "Ay," said Robby; "indeed, Sir Alexander, I'm thinking if Solomon was alive now he'd be thought naething o'!"

**Unusually Severe Drought.**

The water in Lake Champlain during the recent drought reached the lowest point recorded in local history, nine feet below high water mark. Steamers were obliged to abandon many of their trips on account of the impossibility of making landings at the docks. The mountain brooks became almost dry, and the beds of some of the largest rivers were mere threads of water. The drought and forest fires were ruinous to agricultural interests.—New York Sun

**PUZZLE SOLVED.**

**Coffee at Bottom of Trouble.**

It takes some people a long time to find out that coffee is hurting them. But when once the fact is clear, most people try to keep away from the thing which is followed by ever increasing detriment to the heart, stomach and nerves. "Until two years ago I was a heavy coffee drinker," writes an ill stockman, "and had been all my life. I am now 56 years old."

"About three years ago I began to have nervous spells and could not sleep nights, was bothered by indigestion, bloating, and gas on stomach affected my heart."

"I spent lots of money doctoring—one doctor told me I had chronic catarrh of the stomach; another that I had heart disease and was liable to die at any time. They all dieted me until I was nearly starved but I seemed to get worse instead of better. "Having heard of the good Postum had done for nervous people, I discarded coffee altogether and began to use Postum regularly. I soon got better, and now, after nearly two years, I can truthfully say I am sound and well."

"I sleep well at night, do not have the nervous spells and am not bothered with indigestion or palpitation. I weigh 32 pounds more than when I began Postum, and am better every way than I ever was while drinking coffee. I can't say too much in praise of Postum, as I am sure it saved my life."

"There's a Reason."  
Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.  
Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

**The Call of the Jungle.**

BY BERKELEY HUTTON.

Many a time I've come back from a trip, leaving half my men and all my ivory rotting in some dead African swamp, half dead with fever, swearing that I'm done with the business for good. And some bright day, in six months, or even three, the smell of the jungle gets into my nostrils or the coughing roar of a lion's challenge—and that settles the business. Back I go again, knowing precisely what is coming—the sweating days and the chilling nights, the torments of insects and of thirst, the risks and hardships, and the privations. For once Africa has laid her spell upon a man, he's hers forever. He'll dream of her—of the parched and blistered veils he's crossed under the blazing sunlight; of the nights, those moonlit haunted nights when he's watched beside a runaway, waiting for the game to come down to drink, and listened to the ripple of the water on the flats, the stealthy snapping of branches all around him, the scurry of monkeys overhead; listened to the vast silence, into which all smaller sounds are cast as pebbles are dropped into a pool.—Everybody's Magazine.