

WHAT A FORMER OREGON FARMER THINKS OF WESTERN CANADA.

Albert Nelson left Benton Co., Oregon, in Sept., 1904, for the great Canadian prairies. To quote from his letter: "I was greatly surprised to find such an immense stretch of rich virgin prairie still almost unoccupied in the very heart of North America. The splendid crops of oats, wheat, barley, potatoes and hay I beheld in the settlements made me very eager for a piece of this rich soil, and I soon located in the Goose Lake country. We have here a great stretch of the rich, deep clay loam of the Saskatchewan—a soil heavy and hard to break, but particularly well adapted for the retention of moisture and production of the bright No. 1 hard wheat, and great crops of oats, barley, flax and potatoes. I had 60 bushels of oats, weighing 44 lb. to the bushel, per acre. Some of my neighbors had still greater yields. Wheat yielded from 20 to 30 bushels per acre. We have all done well here, and I could name many Americans who came here with means to go ahead, who have done big already. For homesteads one has to go further west, but the best prairie can be bought here for from \$12.00 to \$16.00 per acre. The climate is dry and healthy. This is the regular Saskatchewan fall weather—frosty nights, and bright, sunny days—ideal for threshing and hauling out of wheat. The trails are dusty, as thousands of wheat teams are moving towards the elevators.

"The sight of it makes one stop and wonder what it will be in a few years when the immense prairies get under cultivation. Heavy snowfall is the exception here. Snow generally falls in December and goes off by March. It sometimes gets very cold, but the Saskatchewan farmer does not fear the cold. Winter is his season of rest. The first or second crop he builds a comfortable house for himself, and warm stables for his horses. He need not, like some, be poking about in the mud all winter attending a few beasts for a livelihood."

ATTENUATED.



Hi—See, Samantha, that shows how terribly thin some folks are.

GOVERNMENT CAREY ACT OPENING OF IRRIGATED LAND.

MAY 6, the State of Wyoming Will Sell 100 Irrigated Farms
at 50c per acre at Cooper-Lake, Wyo., to those who have made applications for WATER RIGHTS NOW ON SALE at \$5 per acre cash and \$3 per acre annually for ten years. Free railroad fare, sleeping and dining car accommodations and FREE DEED TO TWO TOWN LOTS to all applying BEFORE MAY 1. Applications and particulars furnished by TALLMADGE-BUNTIN LAND CO., Agents, Railway Exchange, Chicago. Agents wanted.

Ample Reason.
During the trial of a man who had made an unsuccessful attempt at suicide, a lawyer had badgered the witness to an exasperating degree, and evidently intended to pursue the same course with a meek appearing little Irishman who next took the stand.
"You say you talked with the accused an hour after his attempt?" the lawyer demanded.
"Oh, did," was the direct reply.
"And did he give any reason for attempting to commit suicide?"
"Well, an' it was a good reason."
"Well, and what reason did he give?"
"Sure, an' he said he wanted to kill himself," Pat answered, and for a moment even his honor could not control his laughter.—Harper's Weekly.

Wanted Longer Sermons.
It was a proud boast one clergyman made to two or three others who were having a quiet chat in his study the other night—namely, that he had actually on one occasion been asked to make his service, both prayers and sermon, a bit longer.
His brethren regarded him with superstitious awe, and one asked, feebly: "Where on earth was that?"
"Well, boys," was the frank confession, "it was with a goal where I acted as chaplain for a short time. The poor beggars dreaded to leave the church for their cells."

STATE OF OHIO CITY OF TOLEDO, O. SS.
FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the CITY OF TOLEDO, Ohio, and state and seal firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.
FRANK J. CHENEY,
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 10th day of December, A. D. 1906.
A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by all Druggists.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Alas, How True!
"I often wonder," remarked Mr. Stubb, in solemn reflection, "if the last man on earth will have the last word."
"Of course he will, John," laughed Mrs. Stubb.
"But why are you so sure?"
"Because the last woman will give it to him."

With a smooth Iron and Defiance Starch, you can launder your shirtwaist 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.

A Distinction.
She—I suppose your uncle didn't fail to remember you in his will?
He—It was scarcely a remembrance—more like a faint recollection.

With the World's Great Humorists

Selections from the Writings of the Best Known Makers of Mirth.

A Medium-Sized Journey

By Strickland W. Gillilan.

Once in Greece lived a high-brow named James H. Pericles. I do not know just when it was he lived, except that it was immediately preceding his demise. But it was so long ago that I have no personal recollection of him, and have had to depend largely on gossip and hearsay for my information on the subject of him.

Pericles was a good man. When he was dead, or even previously, a vigorous search of his desk failed to discover any letters from Archbold, and even in those times that was in a man's favor.

Pericles was a hot advocate of home industry and worked hard to keep the local vote. To do this he took a strong stand (which his followers believed to be a grand stand, though if it had made him any trouble it would have been only a one-night stand or even a center table) against foreign conquests, holding that we should give up the Philippines as soon as we could find anybody who hadn't heard of them and would take them without making us too much trouble about it.

Pericles also built a large theater which was not controlled by the trust and Belasco complimented him very highly on it every time he played there. When "Maid of Athens" was first sung, the boy who had the song and lemonade privilege of the theater went home with enough coin to fill his toga or night shirt so heavily that he could go no more than a quarter of a parasang without stopping to rest. The patrons of the theater bought the song freely, although they



"Pericles Also Built a Large Theater Which Was Not Controlled by the Trust."

ian. This cape has been doubled so often that there are large cracks in it where the creases come. It is a beautiful cape, trimmed in passementerie and Persian bands.
Pericles was the sort of chap that, had he lived to-day, would have stood

in with the administration at all hazards, unless he had seen a good chance to disagree with Roosevelt and get away with it, which is a larger order than any present-day statesman has been able to fill.

Pericles was accused of having Pan-Hellenic theories, for which he took hot foot baths, bonnet tea and lobelia. Three days later the board of health played formaldehyde and seck all about the house and pronounced him entirely well. At the time of going to press there are no new cases reported.

When Pericles, after many years of foxy management of affairs, was taken with pip, bronchitis or whatever was his final ailment, and when on account of his prominence too many doctors had got hold of him to let him possibly recover, some of the old women of Athens hung a bag of asafetida, a rabbit's foot or some other charm around his neck to keep off the kibosh. Pericles smiled at this, casually remarking to an attendant:

"Look how nutty even the brightest of us may become, when he's scared of croaking!"

But the asafetida or bunny-hoof was up against too much handicap, in that large herd of doctors, so Pericles quit living, after which people were glad to admit that he was great, and a lot of Athenian Butinskys and Mr. Fixits found to their sorrow that they could not fill his place. All they could do was to make people shake their heads and say: "If Pericles had lived, that would have been done differently." Then which nothing makes a hard working statesman sorer toward a popular favorite.
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Addison Spriggs, Altruist

By S. E. Kiser.

With a long, deep sigh Addison Spriggs laid his paper aside and made himself a solemn promise. He had just read the beautiful sentiment:

As you travel on your way bravely do the best you can every moment of the day to assist your fellow man.

"There," thought Spriggs, "is a great sermon in a few words. If I can live up to that sentiment I shall be greater than he that rideth in a limousine car. Of course fellow man is not to be taken literally. It embraces woman. Ha, that is good! Embrace woman! And why not? Woman was made to be embraced."

Imbued with the spirit of altruism, Mr. Spriggs sallied forth, and in the crowded street he presently saw a poor woman who was wearily carrying a child that was several sizes too large for her.

"If you will permit me," said he who had resolved to assist his fellow

"May I not aid you?" he asked, reaching for the box. "I happen to be going your way and it will be a pleasure, I assure you."

The lady protested that she could carry the box herself, but Mr. Spriggs politely declined to permit her to do so. He deemed it his duty to be a burden-bearer, and the fair one having two other bundles that required her attention, she was able to offer only a feeble defense when the assister of mankind laid hold of the box and began to pull. Having secured possession of it, he said in his gentlest tones:

"I trust that you will pardon the liberty I take in offering assistance without waiting to be introduced to you. The truth is that I find my greatest pleasure in being a help to others. I have no patience with men who go through life caring not how their brothers and sisters manage to get along. I regard it as my mission to—"

A sudden gust of wind struck him

as they turned a corner near a very high building and, having both arms around the box, Mr. Spriggs was unable to keep his hat from being whisked from his head. Seeing it whirled into the street, which was filled with trolley cars, automobiles, omnibuses and other vehicles, he rushed after it, dodging, jumping and sliding, and at last falling upon the box which was flattened under him.

When he had been dragged from beneath the hoofs of a pair of prancing horses, Addison Spriggs found himself surrounded by many people, and the owner of the \$27 hat which he had ruined was weeping piteously. As he stood there assuring her that he would make it right a boy came with the remnants of what had been his own hat and offered it to him. Taking it and flinging it in the face of the boy, Spriggs broke through the crowd and dodged down an alley, followed by three policemen and a score of men and boys all yelling:

"Stop the crazy man!"
That night Addison Spriggs solemnly decided that poets and altruists were irresponsible dreamers.
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Which College for the Baby?

By Edmund Vance Cooke.

By dint of their combined exertions, exercised alternately, the Honeybuds had finally succeeded in wearing down the opposition of the heir to all things Honeybudian, and the infant was asleep.

Mr. Honeybud dropped into a chair and picked up the evening paper, reading mechanically:

"The cumbersome machinery by which we elect our executives is hopelessly obsolete and notwithstanding that—"

Here Mrs. Honeybud came back from incarcerating the small captive of Morpheus behind the bars of his "cribbly-bed" and observed: "Rufus, hasn't he the most wonderful tenacity of purpose?"

"Yes, indeed," responded Mr. Honeybud, without skipping a word of the editorial:

"notwithstanding the difficulties under which the country labors—"

"He's sure to be a great man, Rufus, with such persistence."

"To obtain a constitutional amendment, the Gazette-Sun is profoundly of the opinion—"

"We must pay particular attention to his education, don't you think?"

"of the opinion that the antiquated method of procedure established by our forefathers, by which—"

"Where shall we send him, Rufus?"

"Send?" said Mr. Honeybud, absently picking a word out of Mrs. Honeybud's flow. "What's the use of sending? Why don't you telephone?"

"Rufus Honeybud, you haven't heard a word of what I'm saying! I'm talking to you of the necessity of sending our son to the right college."

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Honeybud, making amends by throwing aside his paper. "I know the very one."

"It must be old and well-established, you know," stipulated Mrs. Honeybud. "This one is as old as our government," answered Mr. Honeybud, "and was founded by such men as Washington, Hamilton, Franklin and others of their class."

"Is its curriculum elective or prescribed?"

"Wholly elective, but most rigidly prescribed."

"It isn't, some horrid old business college," said Mrs. Honeybud, suspiciously.

"No; but it does the most important piece of business the nation has to do."

"I hope the sessions aren't too long. We don't want our son driven to death with his studies."

"This college has the shortest sessions of any in the country. In fact it has sessions only quadrennially."

"Rufus Honeybud!"

"It is called the Electoral college."

"Rufus Honeybud, I do think you're too bad! Here, I'm discussing the serious question of the education of our son and you're just making fun."

"Making fun!" exclaimed Mr. Honeybud. "Is not our son destined to be president?"

"Of course," responded Mrs. Honeybud.

"Well, then," concluded Mr. Honeybud, triumphantly, "it's him for the Electoral college!"
(Copyright, 1909, by W. G. Chapman.)

Slam has recently passed a law giving women the right to vote in certain cases. While this may seem an extraordinary step for an Oriental people, the Siamese women themselves explain that it is the teaching of Buddhism.

One of the chief reasons for raising the sunken Maine is that it will stop the mouths of those high-souled patriots who love to reiterate the calumnious and exploded charge that she was blown up by our own men.

Walking Dresses



The first sketch shows a kilted skirt and long coat in navy blue serge, worn with a matching waistcoat. The coat can, however, be worn without the waistcoat, and looks really better. The revers, cuffs, lower part of coat and waistcoat are braided in black; silk of the same color is used for lining coat. For costume: 9 yards 46 inches wide, 8 yards silk.
The second is an Empire skirt of Tabac brown face cloth with a deep band of darker brown velvet at foot; the bolero is also of velvet fastened with two gold buttons. Pale blue straw toque, trimmed with brown velvet, and a feather mount. Materials required for the dress: 6 yards 46 inches wide, 4 yards velvet 22 inches wide.
The third is a Princess dress of elephant-gray cloth. The front panel is edged with velvet and trimmed with velvet-covered buttons, the sleeves being trimmed to correspond. The deep yoke is of piece lace, outlined with a fold of velvet. Gray straw hat, lined with rose color, and trimmed with rose-colored ribbon and roses. Materials required: 8 yards 46 inches wide, 3/4 yard piece lace, 2 dozen buttons, 1 1/2 yard velvet on cross.

LIKE THE PARTED POMPADOUR. HOUSE GOWN AT SMALL COST.

Smart Women Quick to Take Up Fancy Recently Introduced.

After all the preaching about the parted pompadour, it didn't come in until the season was well started. Now the smart women are rapidly taking it up. At the opera, at dinner dances, at the theater, and wherever women gather with bare heads the parted pompadour is the mode of the moment.

It is doubtful if the small roll of hair over the temples could be dignified by the name of pompadour. It stands out little from the face. It is slightly waved, more often at home than on the frons of the hairdresser. The parting is on the left side and the hair brushed away from it in man fashion.

At the right side of the part the hair sweeps down over the brow and across the temples in a large rippling wave. The left side goes back over the ear and is tucked into the small Psyche knot that stands straight out from the head.

Every one thought this parted pompadour would be unbecoming; on the contrary, it is quite attractive and a charming relief from the mass of ruffled and matted hair that we have been wearing over the brow for years.

Whatever rats or crepes are put into the hair to keep it out now are used at the sides. They must not go across the back except under the Psyche knot.

The correct coiffure adopted by the majority has the hair brushed up smoothly from the nape of the neck to the knot itself. There is no bulging out or sagging down. It is a clean Grecian sweep, usually held in place by a wide barette.

Physical Culture to Save Figures.

New York young women of society have entered with ardor upon a new system of physical culture, with a view to adding harmony to their figures and preserving them from irregularity of line. They have placed themselves under the instruction of an actress who retains her physical symmetry, though she is no longer young. This woman points to herself as proof of the efficacy of her system. It embraces the varied use of elastic devices of various size and weights. These contrivances are used in many ways, the work being graded with a view to individual needs. Medicine balls of graded sizes and weights also are used, and the teacher also puts her pupils through vigorous movements of arms and body, which bring all the muscles into play.

Help for the Stout.

A woman who has lost 12 pounds in three weeks, and lost it very satisfactorily from her hips, declares that the feat was accomplished by simply dropping and picking up a handkerchief 20 times night and morning. Standing in her stocking feet and without her corsets, she drops the handkerchief directly in front of her toes and stoops to pick it up ten times with one hand and ten times with the other; the trick, of course, being to recover the whisp of cambie without bending the knees. The exercise is repeated 20 times again at night.

Silk-Covered Powder Box.

Here is a clever way of changing an ordinary tin box of powder into a lovely toilet accessory. Some of the standard brands of toilet powder have gilt-sifting tops, and of course the usual printed matter appears on the can. Either paste or bind stitch very closely a piece of dainty silk so as to cover all the printed matter, finish the top and bottom with narrow gilt braid, and presto! the powder can which is usually kept out of sight becomes an exquisite addition to any girl's dressing table.—Woman's Home Companion.

Silk and Cotton Fabrics May Be Used with Excellent Results.

The girl who wants a pretty house gown at small cost is buying the silk and cotton fabrics that take the place of organdy and other thin materials. These are often flowered in charming colors and also made up in polka dots and fine self-covered stripes.

The girl who makes her clothes at home can handle this material quite easily. She wants a one-piece frock of it slightly curved in at the waist, fastening down back and cut out in a slight square at neck.

Below the square she insets a piece of embroidered fillet net over white chiffon, or uses a color, as she prefers. Above this she puts a narrow band of lace.

The sleeves are half way to elbow, fit the arm, and are finished with a frill of lace and a bow of ribbon. There is quite a new touch in arranging this elbow frill. A narrow edge of lace is used around the inside of the arm, then a double box plait at the back that is five inches deep and has a wide square satin bow at the top.

This is much prettier than the old-fashioned way of gathering in a lace frill of one width.

EFFECTIVE COIFFURE.



A charming revival of the "Marie-Antoinette" coiffure of tulle edged with pearls.

A New Veil Pin.

The butterfly has made its appearance again in the form of an ivory pin that clamps the veil to the hat brim either back or front.

The clamp is worked by pressing together the wings. The ornament is pretty, simple and does not detract from the color scheme of a hat.

To Freshen Black Clothes.

A woman who has worn black for years says she keeps her clothes fresh with a mixture made as follows:
Buy five cents' worth of borax and ten cents' worth of camphor gum. Put them into a large bowl, breaking the camphor gum into small pieces. Pour over this a quart of boiling water, stirring to dissolve the borax. All the camphor will not dissolve. When cool, put it into a bottle and cork tightly. When ready to use it pour a little into a basin, diluting it with the quantity of cold water. Wet a stocking with this and sponge your black goods, pressing afterward. This will remove all spots and grease and restore the black.

Ventilate Raincoats.

If the raincoat proves too overheating, a circular row of button-holed eyelets may be worked under the arm and a second row on the under section of the sleeve. If kept far enough under, there will be little danger of their showing, and they will do the ventilating act successfully.

The excessive closeness of the raincoat is distressing whether worn with a coat or without one.

A STRONG NAME.



"What's your name, messenger?"
"Samson, sir."
"Good! Just pop off with this box to the depot."

CUTICURA CURED HIM.

Eczema Came on Legs and Ankles—Could Not Wear Shoes Because

Of Bad Scaling and Itching.

"I have been successfully cured of dry eczema. I was inspecting the removal of noxious weeds from the edge of a river and was constantly in the dust from the weeds. At night I cleansed my limbs but felt a prickly sensation. I paid no attention to it for two years but I noticed a scum on my legs like fish scales. I did not attend to it until it came to be too itchy and sore and began getting two running sores. My ankles were all sore and scabby and I could not wear shoes. I had to use carpet and felt slippers for weeks. I got a cake of the Cuticura Soap and some Cuticura Ointment. In less than ten days I could put on my boots and in less than three weeks I was free from the confounded itching. Capt. George P. Bliss, Chief of Police, Morris, Manitoba, Mar. 20, 1907, and Sept. 24, 1908."
Waterbury & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

Unfortunate Expression.

That fruitful source of mirth, the mixed metaphor, is ever with us. It illustrates on almost every appearance the truth of the saying that the sublime and the ridiculous are but a step apart.

In a book on the laboring man, containing some excellent ideas, there appeared the following sentence:

"What manner of woman is she who would turn her eyes toward other things, which would become ashes on her very lips?"

The flippancy answer is, of course, "A cross-eyed woman.—Youth's Companion.

Fatal Catastrophe.

Young Wife (mourning)—I am afraid, doctor, my poor husband with this wretched cold will cough up his life.

Young Doctor (startled)—Oh, I trust not, my dear madam; at least not until he coughs up my bill.—Baltimore American.

Smokers have to call for Lewis' Single Binder cigar to get it. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

Some men haven't sense enough to do the best they can.

For Colds and Grip.

PE-RU-NA FOR CATARRH OF THE HEAD, THROAT, LUNGS, STOMACH, KIDNEYS, BLADDER AND FEMALE ORGANS.

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