

EVERYTHING WAS FAVORABLE

SORRY HE DIDN'T MOVE TO WESTERN CANADA BEFORE.

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-'08. J. N. Grive, Esqr., Spokane, Washington—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 live stock to Edmonton. I assisted this man with the stock over one hundred miles out in the Birch Lake County, 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 to 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 shoveled 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 cost \$100.00 to go on. But my first prospecting in my life. I was very awkward in my work but nature was glad and I was abundantly paid for my efforts. Our cattle has increased to about fifty head, which was very profitable on account of the abundance of forage. To farm was compelled to buy about four hundred dollars' 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 lazy 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 it is true, nevertheless, at 40 degrees below zero we have more comfort than you would at 20 degrees above, so still and dry—bright, sunny days. My wife says that the only regret she has is that she 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 two 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 \$10.00 to \$15.00 per acre which will produce more crops than a half dozen acres of your \$50.00 to \$75.00 per acre land. And it is not very much mistaken, this year will prove an eye opener to those who are a little sceptical. The trouble with me is that I have so much to say so favorable to Alberta it's hard to be brief. Respectfully, (Signed) "P. S. AUSTIN."

ONE THING AT A TIME.



"Have you noticed that the barones never talks about other women?" "How could she? She is all the time talking about herself."

Professor Munyon has just issued a most beautiful, useful and complete Almanac; it contains not only all the scientific information concerning the moon's phases, in all the latitudes, but has illustrated articles on how to read character by phrenology, palmistry and birth month. It also tells all about card reading, birth stones and their meaning, and gives the interpretation of dreams. It teaches beauty culture, manicuring, gives weights and measures, and antidotes for poison. In fact, it is a Magazine Almanac, that not only gives valuable information, but will afford much amusement for every member of the family, especially for parties and evening entertainments. Farmers and people in the rural districts will find this Almanac almost invaluable. It will be sent to anyone absolutely free on application to the MUNYON REMEDY COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA.

Editorial Verdict. From a serious-minded jester the editor received this note, together with a consignment of humor that was heavy enough to go by freight: "Dear Sir: I read all these jokes to my wife, and she laughed heartily. Now, I have it on good authority that when a man's wife will laugh at his jokes they are bound to be very good—or she is. Yours, etc." The editor slipped them into the return envelope with the letter, after writing on the margin: "She is." It certainly is. "You shouldn't cast your pearls before swine." "I know it; but it's hard telling who is the hog these days."

Peck's Bad Boy and Airship BY HENRY GEORGE W. PECK

HE DESCRIBES AN ELEPHANT HUNT

We thought when we came to Africa we would be near to nature, where the natives were simple and honest, but Pa has found that the almost naked negroes can give the white men cards and spades and little casino and then beat them at the game. Pa has been blackmailed and scared out of his boots and a lot of money, by an injured husband, as natural as could be he could have been film-fanned in New York.

We noticed that Pa was quite interested in a likely negro woman, one of 20 wives of a heathen, to the extent of having her wash his shirts, and he would linger at the tent of the husband and teach the woman some words of English, such as, "You bet your life," and "not on your life," and a few casual words which she seemed to enjoy repeating.

She was a real nice looking nigger, and smiled on Pa to beat the band, but that was all. Of course she enjoyed having Pa call on her, and evidently showed her interest in him, but that seemed only natural as Pa is a nice, clean white man with clothes on, and she looked upon him as a sort of king, until the other wives became jealous, and they filled the husband up with stories about Pa and the young negroess, but Pa was as innocent as could be. Where Pa made the mistake was in taking hold of her hand and looking at the lines in her palm, to read her future by the lines in her hand, and as Pa is some near sighted he had to bend over her hand and then she stroked Pa's bald head with the other hand, and the other

after with his fatal beauty and winning ways, or we shall have more negro women to bring back than animals in cages.

Talk about your innocent negroes, they will cheat you out of your boots. Pa went off in the jungle to buy animals of a negro king or some kind of a nine spot, and he found the king had in a corral half a dozen green zebras, the usual yellow stripes being the most beautiful green you ever saw. The king told Pa it was a rare species only procured in a mountain fastness hundreds of miles away, and Pa bought the whole bunch at a fabulous price, and brought them to camp. Mr. Hagenbach was tickled to death at the rare animals, and praised Pa, and said there was a fortune in the green and black striped zebras. I thought there was something wrong when I heard one of those zebras bring like a mule when he was eating hay, but it wasn't my put in, and I didn't say anything.

That night there was the greatest rain we have had since we came here, and in the morning the green and black striped zebras hadn't a stripe on them, and they proved to be nothing but wild asses and asses, white and dirty, and all around the corral the water standing on the ground was colored green and black.

Mr. Hagenbach took Pa out to the corral and pointed to the wild white mules and said, "What do you think of your green zebras now?" Pa looked over and said: "Say, that negro king is nothing but a Pullman porter, and he painted those mules and sawed

on the game, and all of a sudden she came to a point and held up one foot, and her eyes stuck out, and Pa said the game was near, and he told her to "charge down," and we went on to surround the elephant. Pa was ahead and he saw a baby elephant not bigger than a Shetland pony, looking scared, and Pa made a lunge and fell on top of the little elephant which began to make a noise like a baby that



After an Hour Pa Comprised by Giving Him Sixteen Dollars, His Coat, Shirt and Pants.

wants a bottle of milk, and we captured the little thing and started for camp with it, but before we got in sight of camp all the elephants in Africa were after us crashing through the timber and trumpeting like a menagerie.

Pa and a cowboy and some negroes lifted the little elephant up into a tree, and the whole herd surrounded us, and were going to tear down the tree, when the camp was alarmed and Hagenbach came out with all the men and negroes on horseback, and they drove the herd into a canyon, and built a fence across the entrance, and there we had about fifty elephants in the strongest kind of a corral, and we climbed down from the tree with the baby elephant and took it to camp, and put it in a big bag that Pa's airship was shipped in, and we are feeding the little animal on condensed milk and dried apples.

We have got a tame elephant that was bought to use on the wild elephants, to teach them to be good, and the next day Pa was ordered to ride the tame elephant into the corral to get the wild animals used to society.

Pa didn't want to go but he had bragged so much about the way he handled elephants with the circus in the States that he couldn't back out, and so they opened the bars and let Pa and his tame elephant in, and closed the bars.

I think the manager thought that would be the end of Pa, and the men all went back to camp figuring on whether there would be enough left of Pa to bury or send home by express, or whether the elephants would walk on Pa until he was a part of the soil. In about an hour we saw a white spot on a rock above the canyon, waving a piece of shirt, and we watched it with glasses, and soon we saw a fat man climbing down on the outside, and after while Pa came sauntering into camp, across the veldt, with his coat on his arm, and his sleeves rolled up like a canvasser in a show, singing, "A Charge to Keep I Have." Pa came up to the mess tent and asked if lunch was ready, and he was surrounded by the men and asked how he got out alive. Pa said: "Well, there is not much to tell, only when I got into the corral the whole bunch made a rush for me and my tame elephant. I stood on my elephant and told them to lie down, and they got on their knees, and then I made them walk turkey for a while, and march around, and then they struck on doing tricks and began to show my elephant and get saucy, so I stood up on my elephant's head and looked the wild elephants in the eyes, and made them form a pyramid until I could reach a tree that grew over the bank of the canyon, and I climbed out and slid down as you saw me. There was nothing to it but nerve," and Pa began to eat corned zebra and bread as though he was at a restaurant.

"Now," says Pa, as he picked his teeth with a thorn off a tree, "tomorrow we got to capture a mess of wild African lions, right in their dens, cause the gasoline has come by freight, and the airship is mended, and you can look out for a strenuous session, for I found a canyon where the lions are thicker than prairie dogs in Arizona," and Pa laid down for a little sleeping sickness, so I guess we will have the time of our lives tomorrow and Pa has promised me a baby lion for a pet.

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Pa Made a Lunge and Fell on Top of the Little Elephant, Which Began to Make a Noise Like a Baby.

wives went off and left Pa and the young wife alone, and they called the husband to put a stop to it.

Well, I never saw a giant negro so mad as that husband was when he came into the tent and saw Pa, and Pa was scared and turned pale, and the woman had a fit when she saw her husband with a baseball club with spikes on it. He took his wife by the neck and threw her out of the tent, and then closed the tent and he and Pa were alone, and for an hour no one knew what happened, but when Pa came back to our camp, wobbly in the legs, and with not much clothes on, we knew the worst had happened.

Pa told Mr. Hagenbach that the negro acted like a human being. He cried and told Pa he had broken into his family circle and picked the fairest flower, broke his heart and left him an irresponsible and broken man, the laughing stock of his friends, and nothing but Pa's life or his money could settle it. Pa offered to give up his life, but the injured husband had rather have the money, and after an hour Pa compromised by giving him \$16 and his coat, pants and shirt, and Pa is to have the wife in the bargain. Pa didn't want to take the wife, but the husband insisted on it, and Mr. Hagenbach says we can take her to America and put her into the show as an unnamed Zulu, or a missing link, but he insists that Pa shall be careful here-

them onto me," so we had to kill Pa's green zebras and feed them to the negroes and the animals. Mr. Hagenbach told Pa plainly that he couldn't stand for such conduct. He said he was willing to give Pa carte blanche, whatever that is, in his love affairs in South Africa, but he drew the line at being bunked on painted animals. He believed in encouraging art, and all that, but animals that wouldn't wash were not up to the Hagenbach standard.

Pa went off and sulked all day, but he made good the next day.

Our intention was to let elephants alone until we were about to return home, as they are so plenty we can find them any day, and after you have once captured your elephants you have got to cut hay to feed them, but Pa gets some particular animal bug in his head, and the management has to let him have his way, so the other day through the jungle with only a few men, and the negro wife that he horn swoggled the husband out of. Pa said he was going to use her for a pointer to point elephants, the same as they use dogs to point chickens, and when we got about a mile into the jungle he told her to "lie on" and find an elephant. Well, sir, she has got the best elephant nose I ever saw on a woman. She ranged ahead and beat the ground thoroughly, and pretty soon she began to sniff and sneak up

Manias Are Epidemics. Manias and delusions are mental phenomena, but they are social. They are diseases of the mind, but they are epidemic. They are contagious, but contact is essential to them. They are mass phenomena.—Prof. W. G. Sumner, in "Folkways."

Feinting. Statistics—Of the 1,001 young women who fainted last year 987 fell into the arms of men, two fell on the floor and one into a water butt.—Life.

Relation of Body and Mind

Assertion Made That No Healthy Person is Wholly Bad. The close relation of body and mind in the matter of physical health, of which so much is said by various religious and semi-religious organizations and by a class of professional "healers," is considered from a fresh point of view by an English clergyman. His argument is that no per-

English Regimental Customs.

A peculiar custom obtains in the Twelfth Lancers—the playing of the Vesper Hymn, the Spanish Chant, and the Russian National Hymn every night of the year after the "Last Post" has sounded. It is said that the playing of the Vesper Hymn originated in one of the officers' wives presenting the regiment with a new set of instruments on condition that the hymn was played every night after the "Last Post." The playing of the

Spanish Chant is declared to be a penance for the sacking of a convent during the Peninsular war. No reason is assigned for the playing of the Russian National Anthem.

Not Worried. "Doesn't it make you nervous to have your son play football?" "Oh, no, I don't mind it a bit. He is only my stepson, you know."—Chicago Record-Herald.

ates. From this it would seem that he does not confine his designation of "badness" to the vices involved in intemperance and other forms of sensual dissipation, but, since convicts are guilty of many things apart from these, as theft, burglary, forgery and the like, holds that they are led to the perpetration of even this class of crimes by a defective bodily state. New York's Growth in Century. New York city has added 4,100,000 to its population in the last century.

FOR THE HOSTESS

Birthday Dinner, Described by Mme. Merri, Sure to Be a Most Enjoyable Event—Entertainment Suggestions.

A birthday dinner which is to be given next week is so charming in its appointments I can hardly wait to tell about it for the benefit of others who may claim the first month in the year for their natal day. I used to think that winter functions were not half so pretty as summer ones, but of late it seems as if nothing could be more suggestive of hospitality than a room warm with red and green decorations, quantities of candles and a blazing fire in an open fireplace, with a table which no up-to-date house is complete.

What most grocers are not generous with—Measure What artists make—Mistake What a speaker uses—Gesture When one leaves—Departure A hole—Aperture

European Cities. This contest was used to liven up things before the regular game of cards in which the club indulges once a week. The cards were foreign postals with thick white paper pasted over the address side, on which the following questions were written: Where Americans go when they die Paris A make of shoes Brussels What housekeepers use... cabinet Dresden Favorite name for a girl... Florence Part of the neck and a Roman numeral... Naples A toilet water... Cologne A house of prayer and a domestic animal... Moscow Name of a famous modern writer London A girl's name and the French for "good"... Lisbon A girl relative... Nice

Interesting to Brides-Elect. This is an incident verselet that may help a bride to be to decide upon the month in which to launch her ship upon the matrimonial sea: Married in January's hour and time, Widowed you'll be before your prime. Married in February's sleety weather, Life you'll tread in tune together. Married when March winds shrill and roar, Your home will be on a foreign shore. Married "neath April's changeful skies, A checkered path before you lies. Married when bees o'er May blooms sit, Strangers around your board will sit. Married in month of roses—June— Life will be one long honeymoon. Married in July, with flowers ablaze, Bitter-sweet memories in after days. Married in August's heat and drowse, Lover and friend in your chosen spouse. Married in golden September's glow, Smooth and serene your life will flow. Married when leaves in October thin, Toil and hardship for you begin. Married in vetts of November mist, Dame Fortune your wedding ring has kissed. Married in days of December's cheer, Love's star burns brighter from year to year.

MADAME MERRI.

IN VOGUE. Many of the designs recall the old polonaise of 1860. Faded colors are more in evidence than the distinct shades. Paris is smiling at present upon metalized gold and silver net. A color known as kingfisher is being shown in the various shades. Gold and silver lace is being used for yokes instead of tulle and net. Sleeves are never worn on ball gowns nowadays except for the merest apology. Ribbons are playing a foremost part in the construction of the new evening gowns.

Fillet for the Hair



The hair ornaments of this season are unlike those that girls have worn before. This metal fillet, with gauze wings, is probably the most popular accessory to the coiffure. The wings are of gold gauze ornamented with crystals. They are mounted in front of a thin gold fillet which fits neatly over the top of the head. length of the person, while any ray light colors made the figure look just the reverse; indeed, they too often make a woman look both short and stout, and this also applies to broad dress trimmings.

A Curling Fluid. Since it is the fashionable thing to wear the hair in large waves at all times, women have hunted in vain for good curling fluids that will take the place of the Marcel iron. So far, no one has found a formula that is infallible, but the following one has been tried with good success. It is not simple, and, therefore, the majority may not care to indulge in it. It is made of five-eighths of a dram of carbonate of potash, half a dram of ammonia water, two drams of extract of violet, an ounce of glycerin, three-quarters of an ounce of rectified spirits, and half a pint of water.

ADAPTING DRESS TO THE FORM. Trimmings of Gown, as Well as Material, Are Most Important. Here is some good advice for stout women and for those below the medium height: For stout figures, arrange the trimming on the gown from the shoulder to waist, and trim the sleeves up from the wrist, or from the top of the sleeve down, according to fashion. Or they can be worn without trimming; in this case the sleeve must be a very good shape and perfect fit. Short women should never wear deep flounces or too many small ones. All their dress trimmings, to look well, must be put on the gown lengthways, and the bodice trimmed to correspond with the skirt. Medium-sized women, if not too stout or too slender, can wear almost any style of dress. At the same time they must be careful to avoid any fashion that will cause them to appear either too stout or too short; and it is as well to understand that quite light and dark shades of material without a set pattern, when made up into dresses

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OFTEN THE CASE.

Women Struggle Hopelessly Along, Suffering Backache, Dizzy Spells, Languor, Etc.

Women have so much to go through in life that it's a pity there is so much suffering from backache and other common curable kidney ills. If you suffer so, profit by this woman's example: Mrs. Martin Douglas, 52 Cedar St., Kingston, N. Y., says: "I had a lame, aching back, dizzy spells, headaches, and a feeling of languor. Part of the time I could not attend to my work and irregularity of the kidney secretions was annoying. Doan's Kidney Pills brought me prompt relief." Sold by all dealers. 50c a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.



HIS FATE. Mr. Dude—I was thinking how much I resemble your carpet—always at your feet, you know. Miss Sly—Yes, very much like my carpet. I'm going to shake it soon.

SKIN ERUPTION CURED. Was So Sore, Irritating and Painful That Little Sufferer Could Not Sleep—Scratched Constantly. Cuticura's Efficacy Clearly Proven.

"When about two and a half years old my daughter broke out on her hips and the upper parts of her legs with a very irritating and painful eruption. It began in October; the first I noticed was a little red surface and a constant desire on her part to scratch her limbs. She could not sleep and the eruptions got sore, and yellow water came out of them. I had two doctors treat her, but she grew worse under their treatment. Then I bought the Cuticura Remedies and only used them two weeks when she was entirely well. This was in February. She has never had another rough place on her skin, and she is now fourteen years old. Mrs. R. R. Whitaker, Winchester, Tenn., Sept. 22, 1908." Pater Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

Too Much for His Mind. "My first impulses," wailed the Sad-Eyed Individual, "are invariably good. In fact, I think that I may venture, without fear of undue exaggeration, to say that they are very good. But I never act on them! I always act on second thoughts. This trait in my character has ruined my career, because my second thoughts are always bad! In fact, I think I may say, without fear of misrepresentation, that they're punk."

"Well," suggested he who was listening, "you didn't you wait until third thoughts, and act on them?" Mournfully, despondently, the Sad-Eyed Individual shook his head. "My dear sir," he groaned, "I never had three successive thoughts about anything in my life!"

Ready Theme. "Archibald," called the wife of the special writer, in excited tones. "Don't bother me, Lucy," shouted her husband from his "den." "Archibald," she persisted. "Please keep quiet. Didn't I tell you not to bother me when I am busy?" "But I must, dear. The children have taken those six bottles of gold paint you bought for the gas fixtures and smeared it on the walls from garret to cellar."

Uncertainty in Pittsburg. It was Christmas eve in Pittsburg. The snow sparkled in the tin roofs. Far away could be seen the rubicund glow of the coke ovens. All was quiet in the home of the Pittsburg official. Suddenly a low tap resounded on the outer door. "Hark, George!" said the official's wife. "Did you hear that? It may be Santa Claus." "It may be Santa Claus," said the official, "but I'll bet \$4 it's a deputy sheriff!" And he arose and put on his shoes.

JOY WORK And the Other Kind.

Did you ever stand on a prominent corner at an early morning hour and watch the throngs of people on their way to work? Noting the number who were forcing themselves along because it meant their daily bread, and the others cheerfully and eagerly pursuing their way because of love of their work.

It is a fact that one's food has much to do with it. As an example: If an engine has poor oil, or a boiler is fired with poor coal, a bad result is certain, isn't it? Treating your stomach right is the keystone that sustains the arch of health's temple, and you will find "Grape-Nuts" as a daily food is the most nourishing and beneficial you can use.

We have thousands of testimonials, real genuine little heart throbs, from people who simply tried Grape-Nuts out of curiosity—as a last resort—with the result that prompted the testimonial. If you have never tried Grape-Nuts it's worth while to give it a fair impartial trial. Remember there are millions eating Grape-Nuts every day—they know, and we know if you will use Grape-Nuts every morning your work is more likely to be joy-work, because you can keep well, and with the brain well nourished work is a joy. Read the "Road to Wellville" in every package—"There's a Reason."