

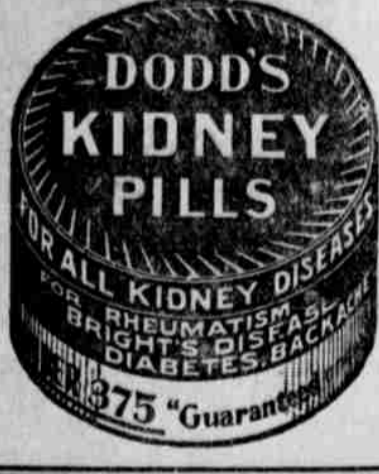
**A Conservative Speech.**  
There were some doubts in the community as to Homer Floyd's fitness for a position on the school board, owing to certain lapses in his early education; but his first speech in his official capacity silenced the tongues of all critics.

He listened to several recitations with a grave and interested air, and at the end of the last one he rose to address the school, "by request."

"Some things are in my province as member of the school board, and some are not," he said, with a genial smile.

"It's within my province to say that I never heard scholars answer up more promptly than you children of District Number Three."

"As to whether your answers were or were not correct, it is not my place to say. Your teacher knows, and in her hands I leave the matter."



As far as human beings are concerned, the hair of the female grows much faster than that of the male.

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

**Judgment of Posterity.**  
Teacher of night school—It is scarcely necessary for me to say that Tenyson ranks deservedly as one of the greatest of English poets.

Shaggy Haired Pup—Sure. He's the only man that could rhyme "onward" with "hundred," and make it go.

**VOLUMES MIGHT BE WRITTEN**  
Of the Success That Awaits the Farmer in Western Canada.

The story of wheat farming in Western Canada (that portion of Canada lying north of Dakota and Montana), has been frequently told, but it will stand a lot of telling, and still retain its touch of interest. During the year just closed 277,376 persons made their homes in Canada as compared with 215,972 for the year 1906, an increase of 61,404. Those from the United States numbered 66,551.

A writer in industry recently said: "To-day the Dominion of Canada is witnessing a mightier movement of population than ever stimulated a Biblical writer to pen a chapter of Scripture." The same writer says: "From the Rhine and the Rhone river valleys; from the port cities of Germany and the farms of the Fatherland; from the peasant soil of Russia; and out from the grimy Lancashire and over-populated Yorkshire, the discontented and ambitious of every clime are seeking to take advantage of the opportunities afforded by the fertile soil and exhilarating climate of the Empire of the North."

Continuing, the same writer says: "While a million human beings through the shores of the United States every year, the smaller number arriving in Canada come with a more well-defined purpose." The question has been asked, why do these people come to Canada? The available land between the Mississippi and the Pacific has been exhausted, and the farmers within that territory find that their soils have to seek newer climes. Canada offers one hundred and sixty acres of land free to each. This land yields from 20 to 40 bushels of wheat to the acre.

In Southern Alberta, the winter wheat belt of Canada, as high as 60 bushels per acre have been harvested. Less yields than the one mentioned have netted the farmer as much as \$35 per acre. There are no words that tell the tale so effectively as those of the farmer himself, the man who has ploughed the fields, sowed the grain, and with folded hands rests, while nature, bounteous in that country, in less than three months, placed at his disposal hundreds of acres of ripened grain, now waiting the arrival of the reaper, and therefore we reproduce the following letter. Any agent of the Canadian government, whose advertisement appears elsewhere, will be pleased to give information regarding the district mentioned or any other that may be in mind:

E. T. Holmes, Esq., Canadian Government Agent, St. Paul, Minn.  
Dear Sir—In 1906 I located on a claim about 30 miles from the town of Wadena, on the Canadian Northern Railroad, have lived on my claim most of the time since. I consider this to be one of the best districts in the country for grain growing. In 1900 wheat averaged from 30 to 51 bushels per acre on some of my neighbors' farms, within 4 miles of my claim. Oats go from 75 to 100 bushels. It is also a good country for stock. Where I am there is plenty of fuel. Homesteads nearly all taken, the settlement being largely Germans and Americans, all well-to-do. I left Wadena in February, 1907, returning April 25, so that I missed part of the winter, which the old settlers tell me was one of the worst they ever saw, but there was no suffering, as the people are pretty well fixed, and there are no blizzards in that country, at least there never has been known to be one. Wild land sells at from \$10 to \$15; closer to town it is higher.

In the summer we have all sorts of wild fruits very plentiful, and I never saw better vegetables and game in so plentiful a man need not starve for want of something to eat. Plenty of good water, too. You need not hesitate to recommend this district, but the homesteads are nearly all taken, most of the homesteaders are living right on their claims.

(Signed) FRANK MORREY,  
Kelvington, Sask.

# AIKENSIDE

BY  
MRS. MARY J. HOLMES

Author of "Dora Deane," "The English Orphan," "Homesick on the Hillsides," "Lena Rivers," "Kiddowood," "Tessie and Sunshine," "Lavinia Maudie," etc.

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)  
Conducting him through the wide, marble hall, she ushered him into the drawing room, where for a time he stood perfectly bewildered. It was his first introduction to rosewood, velvet, and brocade, and it seemed to him as if he had suddenly been transported to fairyland. He saw the silk chairs, slyly touching one to see if it did feel like the gored, peach-blossom dress worn by his wife forty-two years ago, the very spring. Then he tried one of them, examined the rare ornaments, and came near bowing to the portrait of the first Mrs. Remington, so natural and lifelike it looked standing out from the canvas.

"This will last Maddy a week. I thank you, ma'am. You have added some considerable to the happiness of a young girl, who wouldn't disgrace even such a room as this," he said, as he passed into the hall.

Mrs. Noah received his thanks graciously, and led him to the yard, where Sorrel stood waiting for him.

Driving at a brisk trot through the grounds, Sorrel was soon out upon the highway; and with spirits exhilarated by thoughts of going home, he kept up the trot until, turning a sudden corner, his master saw the carriage from Aikenside approaching at a rapid rate. The driver, Paul, saw him, too, and scorning to give half the road to such a Sorrel and the square-boxed wagon, he kept steadily on, while Grandpa Markham, determined to speak with Guy, reined his horse a little nearer, raising his hand in token that the negro should stop.

As a natural consequence, the wheels of the two vehicles became interlocked, and as the powerful grays were more than a match for Sorrel, the front wheel of Grandpa Markham's wagon was wrenched off, and the old man precipitated to the ground, which, fortunately for him, was in that locality covered with sand banks, so that he was only stunned for an instant, and thus failed to hear the insolent negro's remark: "Saved your right, old cove; might of turned out for gentlemen." Neither did he see the sudden flashing of Guy Remington's eye, as, leaping from his carriage, he seized the astonished African by the collar, and hurling him from the box demanded what he meant by serving an old man so shameful a trick and then insulting him.

All apology and regret the crazing driver tried to make some excuse but Guy stopped him short telling him to see how much the wagon was damaged while he ran to the old man who had recovered from the first shock and was trying to extricate himself from the folds of his camel cloak. Nearby was a blacksmith's shop and thither Guy ordered his driver to take the broken-down wagon with a view to getting it repaired.

"Tell him I want it done at once," he said, authoritatively, as if he well knew his name carried weight with it; then, turning to Grandpa, he asked again if he were hurt.

"No, not specially—jolted my old bones some. You are very kind, sir," Grandpa replied, brushing the dust from his pantaloons and then involuntarily grasping Guy's arm for support, as his weak knees began to tremble from the effects of excitement and fright.

"That darky shall rue this job," Guy said, savagely, as he gazed pityingly upon the shaky old creature beside him. "I'll discharge him to-morrow."

"No, young man. Don't be rash. He'll never do it again; and springs like him think they're a right to make fun of old codgers like me," was Grandpa's meek expostulation. "I was just up to Aikenside to see Squire Guy, and—"

"What did you say? You have been to Aikenside to see me?"

"Yes, and I was sorry to miss you. I—I—it makes me feel awkward to tell you, but I wanted to borrow some money, and I didn't know nobody as likely to have it as you. This woman up to your house said she knew you wouldn't let me have it, 'cause you hadn't it to spare. Meby you haven't," and Grandpa waited anxiously for Guy's reply.

Now, Mrs. Noah had a singular influence over her young master, who was in the habit of consulting her with regard to his affairs, and nothing could have been more suppliant to the success of Grandpa's suit than the knowing she disapproved. Beside this, Guy had only the previous week lost a small amount loaned under similar circumstances. Standing silent for a moment, while he buried and reburied his shining patent leather boots in the hills of sand, he said at last:

"Candidly, sir, I don't believe I can accommodate you. An amount to make repairs at Aikenside, and have partly promised to loan money of good security to Mr. Silas Sloum, who, if things work right, as he expressed it, intends building a mill on some property which has come, or is coming, into his hands."

"That's mine—that's mine, my homestead," gasped Grandpa, turning white almost as his hair blowing in the April wind. "There's a stream of water on it, and he says if he forecloses and gets it he shall build a mill, and tear our old house down."

Guy was in a dilemma. He had not asked how much Mr. Markham wanted, and as the latter had not told him, he naturally concluded it a much larger sum than it really was, and did not care just then to lend it.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," he said, after a little. "I'll drop Sloum a note to-night saying I've changed my mind, and shall not let him have the money. Perhaps then he won't be so anxious to foreclose, and will give you time to look among your friends."

Guy laid a little emphasis on that last word, and looking up quickly, Grandpa was about to say: "I'm not so much a stranger as you think. I knew your father well," but he checked himself with the thought: "No, that will be too much like begging pay for a deed of mercy done years ago." So Guy never suspected that the old man before him had once laid his sins under a debt of gratitude. The more he reflected the less inclined he was to lend the money, and as Grandpa was too timid to urge his needs, the result was that when at last the wheel was replaced, and Sorrel again trotting on toward Devonshire, he drew after him a sad, heavy heart.

Maddy's disappointment was keener than his own, and so after the sorrowful words, "and I failed, too," he bent himself to comfort the poor child, who, leaning her throbbing head against his shoulder, sobbed bitterly, as in the soft spring twilight they drove back to the low red cottage where Grandpa waited for them.

That conformed examination. I tell you, Guy, my inward parts get terribly mixed up when I hear her talk, and my heart thumps like a trip-hammer. That's the reason I have not been up to Aikenside. I wouldn't have Maddy so long as there was hope. I did not tell them this morning. I couldn't make that poor couple feel worse than they are feeling; but when I looked at her looking from side to side and picking at the bedclothes, I knew it would soon be over—that when I saw her again the poor little arms would be still enough and the bright eyes shut forever. Guy, I couldn't see her die! I don't like to see anybody die, but her, Maddy, of all others—and so I came away. If you stay long enough, you'll hear the bell toll, I reckon. There is none at Housdale church, which they attend. They are Episcopalians, you see, and so they'll come up here maybe. I hope I shall be deafer than an adder."

Here the doctor stopped, wholly out of breath, while Guy for a moment sat without speaking a single word. Jessie, in his hearing, had told her mother what the sick girl in the doctor's office had said about being poor and wanting the money for Grandpa, while Mrs. Noah had given him a rather exaggerated account of Mr. Markham's visit; but he had not associated the two together until now, when he saw the whole, and almost as much as the doctor himself regretted the part he had had in Maddy's illness and her grandfather's distress.

"Doc," he said, laying his hand on the doctor's arm, "I am that old hunk, the miserly rascal who refused the money. I met the old man going home that day, and he asked me for help. You say the place must be sold. I never shall, never. I'll see to that, and you must save the girl."

"I can't, Guy. I've done all I can, and now, if she lives, it will be wholly owing to the prayers of that old saint of a grandfather says for her. I never thought much of these things until I heard him pray; not that she should live anyway, but that, if it were right, Maddy might not die. Guy, there's something in such a prayer as that. It's more powerful than all my medicine swallowed at one grand gulp."

Guy didn't know very much about praying then, and so he did not respond, but he thought of Lucy Atherton, whose life was one hymn of prayer and praise, and he wished she could know of Maddy, and join her petitions with those of the grandfather. Starting suddenly from his chair, he exclaimed, "I am going down here. It will look queerly, too, to go alone. Ah, I have it! I'll drive back to Aikenside for Jessie. She has talked so much of the girl that her lady mother, forgetting that she was once a teacher, is disgusted."

(To be continued.)

### LITTLE THINGS THAT HELP.

Devices for Keeping Liquids Hot or Cold—Invalids' Tongues.

The hot-water bag is the latest object to which electricity is applied. A simple device which can be attached to any bulb socket enters the bag itself and keeps the water hot indefinitely.

Bottle cases are another new invention availing of magic, but in no way depending upon electricity or any agent supplying heat. The device is simply a bottle, set in a practical and presentable case, which will keep its contents at the same temperature as when filled for a period of twenty-four hours.

Coffee stays hot and lemonade cold no matter where the bottle is carried and regardless of weather changes. The secret lies in the fact that the bottle rests in a vacuum, which prevents changes of temperature by radiation.

Combination dishes are a great convenience, says Modern Housekeeping and Food News. Relish dishes have separate compartments for different kinds of cold cuts, relishes, etc. Covered vegetable dishes may be separated into two dishes. Silver holders are offered for the plank on which fish or steak is served and for pudding dishes hot from the oven.

An ingenious and simple contrivance is that of nickel-plated aluminum tongs for an invalid's use. These tongs are of lattice work which closes and opens after the manner of a ferryboat gate.

A gentle pressure causes the lattice to spring out fully eighteen inches long and in the hand may be directed by an invalid toward any article, book or newspaper within the reach at that distance. Another slight pressure causes the ends to close like a pair of tongs over the desired object, which is then easily drawn up to a comfortable handling.

Where a patient is not allowed to make any exertion this invention proves a boon indeed. The lightness of the tongs is an added aid in preserving strength.

For the unforeseen but always recurrent emergency there is a combination of small steel tools, set side by side in a lyre-shaped steel frame, which is in reality the handle for each one of the tools. The whole combination may lie in a man's hand and be slipped into an overcoat pocket with no perceptible increase of weight.

In the set there are two sizes of screwdrivers, two sets of gimlets, a pick which can be used to break ice and is equally handy to remove stones from a horse's shoe, wire pliers and a corkscrew. A small number of collection of the same rows upon a flat leather strap that rolls up like a diminutive carryall (either to be put into a coat pocket or handbag), scissors and knives being a feature of this useful medley, to suit any emergency.

### MODERN SURGERY.

Its Minute and Elaborate System of Sterilization.

The scope at an operating table in one of our hospitals now would make one of the old masters of surgery stare. The operator himself and all his staff are dressed like the old holy priests of Solomon's temple, wearing white caps and gowns, with the nurses standing around like priestesses all in spotless white, while every one about the table has gone through as many ablutions as beds the occasion of a bloody sacrifice under the auspices of the immaculate goddess of cleanliness. A minute and elaborate ritual has been observed of sterilizing everything—towels, threads, needles, forceps, instruments, and what not—while the floor itself is made of glass or glazed tiles rather than of wood. The surgeon himself does not venture to cut the victim till he has put on his sterilized gloves, because he cannot possibly clean his fingers enough. Should any onlooker take his

hand out of his pocket to reach for the gaping wound he would be ejected instantly for spoiling the whole performance with his defiling touch.

The results of this vigilant war against microbes are simply marvelous and can be fully appreciated only by those who, like myself, can remember the surgery of former days in hospital wards and on the battlefield.—Everybody's Magazine.

### SWEEPING THE ROOMS.

Systematic Cleaning Far Better than the Annual Upheaval.

It is a unique experience and one worth chronicling to visit a large class in a prominent college for women, where not mathematical logarithms or Greek meters, but principles of household management are considered, says the New York Tribune. "And out of such an experience," says the instructor, "come points deserving to be widespread."

"Through cleaning of a room does not mean a semi-annual cleaning. As a clever woman said: 'House cleaning? Don't!' There are certain things which need to be done annually or semi-annually, such as painting, whitening of walls, cleaning stoves, but with the modern house it is more sanitary and more economical to keep clean all the time than to try to do it twice a year."

"Following a regular sequence of processes is the most effective way to clean. If the mistress knows this sequence she can instruct the maid. First, collect your materials—dusters, mops, brooms. Next, look out for the piano. Dust and clean it thoroughly with an oiled cloth—preferably kerosene, because this is cleansing, evaporates quickly, is cheap and is always at hand; but sweet oil or salad oil may be substituted. Clean the white keys with alcohol, the black keys with soap and water. Dust the case after closing the piano and cover the instrument carefully."

"Now open the windows wide, if the weather permits. Dust and cover all large, permanent articles of furniture. The best dust covers are made of glazed goods—some smooth, washable stuff which may be starched. Then, in order, take down the draperies and, if possible, put them out of doors for the wind and sunshine to purify. Dust the window shades and roll them close to the top. Remove from the window, after dusting, all the easily movable furniture—tables, chairs, etc. Next dust the pictures, both glasses, frames and backs. Newspapers make excellent coverings for pictures. And, by the way, study the use of newspapers. (Wash the picture glasses after the sweeping is over.)"

"As to books: There is an admirable process expressed in four words—clap, stamp, blow, wipe. As to rugs, roll them inside in; spread out, if possible, on the grass or snow, or hang out in the clothesline if there is no other place. Better still, hang them over two or three lines, as this will relieve the strain. Let your rugs have the sunshine for the sake of your health; never mind the fading. Last of all, remove the plants from the room and dust, and tie up the chandelier."

"Then, while the dust is settling, go outside and do some of the work needed on rugs, draperies, plants. When the dust has settled, clean the walls and ceiling, and dust or sweep or wash the floor. Clean the paint and the windows at the end, after the room is cleaned. The final process is very simple: Remove all the large articles of furniture, the draperies, etc. Fold the sweeping covers in and put all your cleaning materials into their places, in readiness for the next time of use."

### HAS A PASSION FOR ANIMALS.

London's New Reformatory Jail for Society's Spoiled Pets.

London has invented a new terror for its animal pets. A prison for reformatory cats, dogs, monkeys and, in fact, animals of every kind has been opened, says the Kansas City Star. The first prisoner, a Mandalay monkey, much to his evident disgust, is now serving a three weeks' term behind iron bars for wilfully tearing a woman's dress.

The prison is a new department of the "Animal's hospital," an institution already famous in its way. Erring animals are received for solitary confinement or other punitive treatment without question as to the justice of the sentence which has been passed upon them by their masters. Behind heavy bars and restricted to a diet from which all luxuries are rigorously excluded they learn to rue the ways that landed them there.

Although the Mandalay monkey is the only four-footed individual who has, to date, undergone confinement, the prison is not an experiment, says the matron of the Animal's hospital.

"You can soften the temper of the most sullen and sulky of the animals by a few days of solitary confinement. Especially is this so in the case of over-tempered pets of the society matron, who miss the soft cushions and special foods to which they have been used. Under confinement they are miserable and frequently cry for days at a time without a let-up. Release brings humbleness."

The convict monkey, however, appears to be withstanding the softening effect of confinement to a degree that does not speak hopefully for his future liberty. He sits all day long scratching his head in gloomy contemplation. His chief failing seems to be a confirmed hatred of women, for he resents with a snarl the approach of petticoats to the cell. Toward men he is a different creature, amiable and friendly.

### A Model Citizen.

"I have come all the way out here," said the tenderfoot, "to see your beautiful sunset."

"Somebody's been stringin' you, stranger," replied Arizona Al. "It ain't mine."

—It Is Queer.

Little Boy—Isn't father queer?  
Auntie—in what way?  
Little Boy—When a boy does anything for his pa, he doesn't get anything, but if another man's boy does it he gets a nickel.

There are few women who do not buy hats too young for them.



This woman says Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound saved her life. Read her letter.

Mrs. T. C. Willadsen, of Manning, Iowa, writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I can truly say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound saved my life, and I cannot express my gratitude to you in words. For years I suffered with the worst forms of female complaints, continually doctoring, and spending lots of money for medicine without help. I wrote you for advice, followed it as directed, and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it has restored me to perfect health. Had it not been for you I should have been in my grave today. I wish every suffering woman would try it."

### FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ailments, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

### SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

Evidently a Mistake.

"That watch," said the jeweler, handing it back, "is one of the kind that's made to sell."

"Durn it!" exploded Uncle Josh, who had bought the timepiece at a State street auction establishment. "I've showed that watch to eleven different jewelers. They all tell me it was made to sell an' yet I can't get a blamed cent for it nowhere!"

### Consolation.

Mrs. Upsome—It's too bad that Prince Wilhelm isn't coming to Chicago.

Mrs. Hignhus—Why do you mention it? He's only the second son of a crown prince, anyway.—Chicago Tribune.

### PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.

PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 60c.

### New Culture of Wheat.

At Pullman, in the State of Washington, there is in connection with the State Agricultural College an experimental farm where are now growing more than 1,000 different kinds of grain that are to be separately cut, threshed, sorted and bagged this season. Many of these are hybrid varieties of wheat, crossed fourteen years ago by Professor Spillman, now in the service of the United States government.

The tracts sown to the several kinds vary from one to five acres in extent. In the intervening years these several varieties have been carefully sowed, the best seed selected and sown again until properly established. This season is the first in which any large amount of seed has been secured, which will be thrashed and distributed to farmers who desire to test the new kinds. It will be sold at a good price to cover the large expense involved in the long culture.

The new varieties are not yet named, but will be before distribution. Some combine early maturity with hardness or good milling qualities and each has some definite quality or qualities that are reckoned desirable. The object, of course, is the development of varieties that will prove of most advantage to the farmers of that State. The improvement of the wheat crop is a matter of the highest importance to agriculturists and also to bread eaters.—Boston Herald.

### COFFEE DRINKING.

A Doctor Says It Weakens the Heart.

"In my opinion," says a well-known German physician, "no one can truthfully say coffee agrees with him, as it has long since been proven that caffeine, contained in coffee, is an injurious, poisonous substance which weakens and degenerates the heart muscles."

"For this reason the regular use of coffee, soon or late, causes a condition of undernourishment, which leads to various kinds of organic disease."

"Convinced of this fact, I have often sought for some healthful beverage to use instead of coffee. At last I found the thing I desired in Postum. Having had occasion to forbid people using coffee, whose hearts were affected, I have recommended Postum as a beverage, since it is free from all injurious or exciting substances. I know this from results in my own family, and among patients."

"Hundreds of persons who now use Postum in place of coffee, are greatly benefited thereby."—There's a Reason.

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pgs.