

HOME TOWN HELPS

BEST OF ENGLISH GARDENING

American Parks Show Highest Expression of Natural Style in Landscape Work.

Though many of our citizens abroad have seen the parks and gardens of Europe that are famous examples of formal or architectural gardening, this style has not found lodgment in the hearts of the American people. Much has been said about our not being an Anglo-Saxon race, but our taste in park building is one with that of the English people. Landscape, natural or English gardening, call it what you will, originated with the English people and finds its highest expression in the parks of our country. In Golden Gate park in San Francisco we may see one of the grandest examples in the United States, and it was built by a Scotchman who still continues to mold its present and plan its future.

In the English style of park building the grandest examples may be seen in the simple copying of nature, and its reproduction in places previously laid waste by the hand of man, or in those barren parts where little natural beauty was present, man has practiced "the art that doth mend" nature until under his plastic hand all has become beautiful. One cannot see in such places even a suggestion of the French, Italian or other styles, but will notice that the simple needs of the landscape have been met. That is the general conception of English and American parks, though small formal gardens of the older style may be imposed upon the natural in appropriate spots. In French and Italian parks, especially the smaller ones, the visitor feels the presence of man in the studied scheme, and a conscious effort for effect.

TO SAVE JOB OF FORESTER

Important Office in Chicago in Danger of Perishing for Lack of Funds.

An appropriation by the Chicago council for the city forester was a Christmas gift suggestion made by Eames MacVeagh. He offered it as an officer of the Municipal Art league.

The council appropriated \$6,000 last year for civic forestry. Mr. MacVeagh says the forester has done much with this limited sum, but that to expect him to make Chicago beautiful with this expenditure is ridiculous. He calls attention to much larger appropriations which smaller cities have given similar offices.

In Chicago there are more than 2,000 miles of residence streets," said Mr. MacVeagh. "It is possible to maintain trees and parkways along most of them, but only a small mileage is so planted. The value of trees to public health is generally recognized. The ethical influence of green foliage in creating attractive surroundings for the home are more vaguely appreciated. Trees, however, stimulate so pleasantly the sense of beauty in every normal being that any defense of tree planting becomes almost unnecessary."

Planting Firmly.
Failure in planting of trees and shrubs is often caused by not firming the plants in the ground. A plant or tree that does not have the soil properly pressed around the roots is very slow to take hold and in the case of trees that sway in the wind it invariably means failure if the season is at all unfavorable.

Dig good sized holes, twice as deep and as wide as the size of the roots require, fill in again with sufficient soil that the plant may rest on it at the proper depth (by a glance at the plant you will readily see how deep it has been in the ground before), then fill in around the roots with fine soil, firming with the foot or rammer as you proceed. When completely filled up it should be as firmly in the ground as if it had been growing for some time.

Parks in Manila.
Five years ago the areas recognized as public parks in Manila were confined to the Luneta and half a dozen comparatively small plazas. In accordance with plans and reports prepared by the committee on parks the municipal board has not only converted the moats surrounding the Intramuros, in the heart of the city, into spacious parks and playgrounds, but has been acquiring areas in the suburbs at a rate which in five years more will make Manila, where large, open breathing spaces are essential to public health and comfort, one of the best park cities in the world—Century.

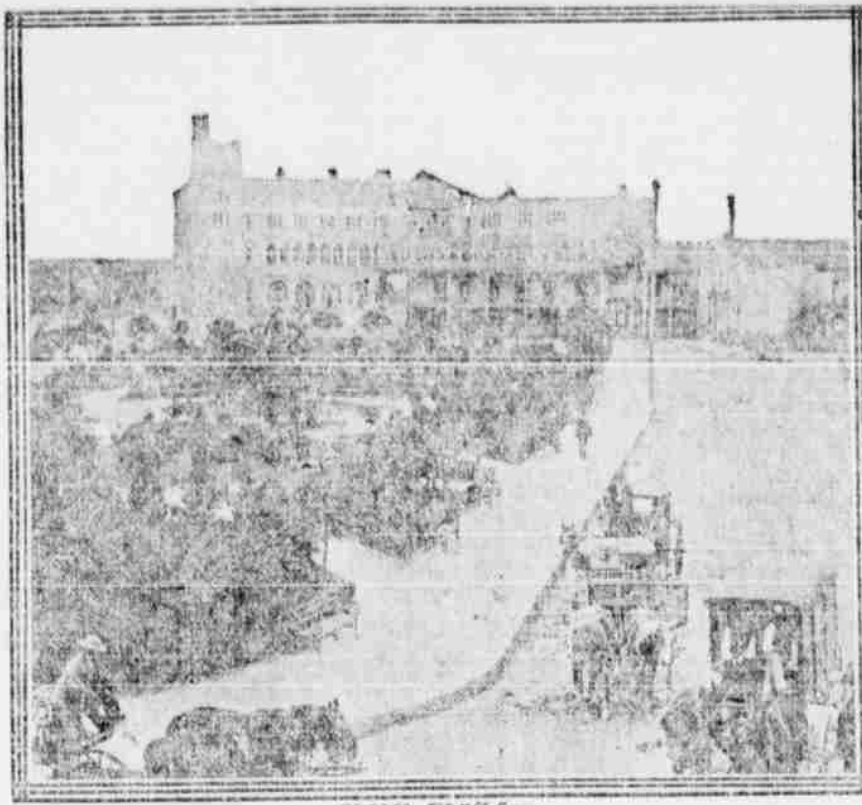
Great Writer's Idea.
"There is an idea abroad among moral people that they should make their neighbors good. One person I have to make good myself. But my duty to my neighbor is much more nearly expressed by saying that I have to make him happy if I may."—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Her Fault.
A certain Scotch professor was left a widower in his old age. Not very long after he suddenly announced his intention of marrying again, half apologetically, adding, "I never would have thought of it, if Lizzie hadn't died."—Harper's Magazine.

Post-Mortem.
Bystander—"Did you lick him for a great, big boy like you?"
New York Kid—"He was reading 'Jack, the Giant Killer,' and he comes from Philadelphia."—Judge.

Hostile Relations.
Jack Perkins—"What relations exist between you and Miss Richlight?"
Tom Poore—"Her father and mother."

RESTORATION OF THE ALAMO



AS soon as plans, designed by State Superintendent of Public Buildings and Grounds A. B. Conley, and approved by Governor Colquitt, can be carried into execution, the historic Alamo will present a different appearance to visitors to San Antonio, and for that matter, to San Antonians themselves. Governor Colquitt wants the old mission, where the seed that sprouted into Texas liberty was first planted, to be restored to as nearly its original condition as possible.

There has been for years a difference of view as to just what was the physical condition of the Alamo on the 6th of March, 1836, and an even greater divergence of opinion as to the actual arrangement of the old convent structure adjoining. But Governor Colquitt is not willing for mere differences of this nature to longer retard the doing of a public work that should have been attended to long ago.

At a cost of \$50,000 the state, several years ago, bought of Hugo Schmeltzer & Co. the old convent property adjoining the Alamo chapel. This wholesale grocery firm had been using for commercial purposes part of a property dear to liberty lovers everywhere.

Nobody thought any the less of them under the circumstances, and when a movement to have the state take over the land and the old walls was crystallized, the price fixed by the Hugo-Schmeltzer interests was so satisfactory as to seem generous. The property bought for \$50,000 would probably sell today for ten times this sum.

It is the purpose of the governor to have the entire mission renovated and made to look just like it did when it was used by the Franciscan monks and the sisters who conducted the convent. Already the tenants who were using the old buildings have been ousted. It is desired after all the debris is removed, to make a park of the inclosures and to have it just as much of a beauty spot as in the remainder of Alamo plaza. Architects and landscape experts say this can be done within a very few years, and there is not a San Antonian who does not hold the plans with pleasure.

Nobody ought to form the idea that the Alamo chapel, the old church where the massacre of Crockett and Bowie and the rest of those countless souls took place, has ever been used except as a show-place, as the shrine of many thousands who have journeyed thither from all parts of the world. It is true, however, that tradesmen for years occupied the old convent, which once formed the larger part of the mission proper. It was not until a few months ago that much of a beauty spot as in the remainder of Alamo plaza. Architects and landscape experts say this can be done within a very few years, and there is not a San Antonian who does not hold the plans with pleasure.

No other spot in Texas, and few anywhere in the world, are filled with half the historic interest that attaches to the Alamo. It has been known to historians for 75 years as "the cradle of Texas liberty," and it deserves, in the mind of every Texan, all the glory that has been heaped upon it. It is a matter of regret and humiliation to every Texan that better care has not been taken of the old pile and all its adjuncts by the state authorities.

Story of the Alamo.
Know the story of the Alamo? It's fine stuff for American men. It stands out in the historic pages of the past century as the true expression of the Lone Star spirit.
It was on the 23d of February, 1836, that General Santa Ana, with an army of 4,000 Mexicans, invested the village of San Antonio, and stormed the Alamo. Texas had been declared in a state of rebellion, the inhabitants had been ordered to disarm, and the invasion of Santa Ana had followed as thunder follows the lightning flash. Gen. Sam Houston, the military leader of the "rebels" had no army. There were no railroad or telegraph lines by which to summon the scattered fighters. But Colonel Travis, with Davy Crockett and Jim Bowie, J. R. Henshaw, J. Washington and 129 "exas bravos" men, were in San Antonio when the Mexican army appeared, and at once resolved to barricade the Alamo, and

hold the enemy until Houston was ready. At first there was a slender chance of rescue, but it disappeared as the days went by, and the rifle-men quickly knew that the fate of Texas rested upon them. "There was no talk of surrender, of safety, of escape. They knew that the world would not hear of their prowess until after they were dust; that there was no gallery of admiring friends to cheer them to their doom; the foe outnumbered them 20 to 1; horse, foot and artillery stormed, enflamed, rushed them. Hungry, famished and without sleep, they crouched upon the flat roof of the Alamo, behind the low masonry of the projecting walls for days and nights, as cool as squirrel hunters, as patient and as relentless as the vindictive Indian at bay. The fate of Texas was in their hands, and they knew it. But when, at last, their ammunition gave, and quick death at hand, Colonel Travis asked them how many wished to "stay with him to the finish," only one man hesitated. He had fought well for ten days. He was brave, but he preferred to live. I think it was Crockett who said: "Oh, come on, Mr. Rose; you've got to die anyhow, some day. Might as well die with us."

And he said it without recrimination, without a sneer, just as he would have said: "Be a good fellow and take a drink with us!"
It was early the next morning, after Rose had been added to escape, that the Mexicans knew that the hour of revenge was at hand. The crack of the rifles from the roof became infrequent and then ceased. A thousand of Santa Ana's men had already fallen and were buried. Three thousand more, with fixed bayonets, backed by a park of artillery and equipped with

ladders, now surged to the final assault. Up they swarmed like angry bees to be met at the summit by the great Texas, a handful now, but terrible in the last ecstasy of a sublime and superhuman sacrifice. The awful "Bowie knives," clubbed rifles, boards wrenched from the altars of the deserted church, such were the weapons with which this forlorn garrison met and hurled from the walls in two short hours nearly a thousand dead and dying Mexicans. And when, by sheer weight of numbers, they were at last forced, step by step, from the embattled roof of this house of heroism, they descended into the dark church to make a last rally by the cot where the wounded, fever-smitten Bowie lay, his pistols loaded with a farewell volley. It was here that Bowie died, tragically by a stroke of Mexican bayonets. Outside, with in sound of his leader's voice, Crockett, plucking and laughing to the end his back against the barred oak door of the church, smote with his uplifted rifle until a hundred enemies fell beneath his thrashing hail. And Travis, dying at his feet, could only cheer for Texas. And so they perished, every one. And the "conquering" Mexicans bore their bodies to the Alamo, now a part of Congress street, and built a pyre which was the beacon of Texas freedom. The next morn'g with the battle of San Jacinto, when Houston led to victory his little army, "Remember the Alamo!"

GEORGE D. ARMISTEAD.
Test of Ambition.
The true test of ambition is, how does it stand disappointments?

SURELY HARD MAN TO PLEASE

Artist Did His Best, but Somehow Managing Editor Would Not Be Satisfied.

An artist was drawing a cartoon wherein the flag of our nation played a large part. He drew the flag, first time, with five stars in the blue field and took it to the managing editor, who promptly let out a yelp.

"Wade think this country is," said the managing editor, "a trust?"

"What's the trouble?" asked the artist.

"Trouble," bellowed the managing editor, "why we need more stars, stars, stars!"

So the artist brought the picture back and this time he had 117 stars in it by actual count.

The managing editor felt his head and choked slightly.

"What do you think you're drawing?" he asked as last.

"You're the hardest man to please I ever met in my life," said the artist indignantly; "first it's too few and then it's too many. How many stars do you want, anyway?"

EXPLAINED.



"There! That refutes the comic paper joke that messengers don't run!"

"Yes, I believe there is a dog fight up the street."

Good Marksmen.

A Yankee entered a hotel in the Highlands when he overheard a party of gentlemen speaking about shooting.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I guess I have seen some good shooting in my time. I have seen a fly killed on a flagpole at 500 yards."

An Irishman, who was one of the party, said: "Before, it's party good, but I believe I've seen better. When I was in the army the major used to roll an empty beer barrel down the hill and very time the bung-hole turned up we put a bullet in. Any man who couldn't do it was dismissed. I was in that corps for fifteen years and never saw a man dismissed."

Quite the Contrary.

Being anxious as to his prospects in one of the early attempts to enter parliament, Herbert Samuel consulted his agent, who said the chances were not very, because he was a "carpetbagger."

Mr. Samuel then proposed to live in the division if he were successful, and bills were immediately posted that "if Herbert Samuel is returned next Tuesday he will come to live here."

Some of the other side, however, posted one of these bills on a pigsty.

Mr. Samuel did not win the election.—London Telegraph.

Consolation.

Father (to his daughter's suitor)—I have sad news for you. I am ruined! I have lost everything!

Suitor—Console yourself, dear sir, with the thought that you are now in no danger of losing your daughter.

The Commander.

"Does Mrs. Peck's husband command a good salary?"

"He earns a good salary; she commands it."

A TROUBLE MAKER

Coffee Poison Breeds Variety of Ills.

A California woman who didn't know for twenty years what kept her ill, writes to tell how she won back her health by quitting coffee.

"I am 54 years old," she says, "and for 29 years suffered from indigestion and insomnia. Life was a burden and a drag to me all the time, and about once a year my ailments got such hold upon me that I was regularly 'sick in bed' for several weeks each time.

"I was reluctant to conclude that coffee was the cause of my trouble, but I am thankful that I found out the truth.

"Then I determined to use Postum exclusively—for a week at first—for I doubted my ability to do without coffee for any length of time. I made the Postum carefully, as directed, and before the week expired had my reward in a perceptible increase in strength and spirits.

"Seeing the good that my short experiment had accomplished, I resolved to continue the use of Postum, cutting out the coffee entirely. This I did for nine months, finding, daily, increased cause for gratification at my steadily improving health. My indigestion gradually left me, my sleep returned, I gained 20 pounds in weight, my color changed from ashy to a fresh, rosy hue and life became a blessing.

"Then I thought I would try coffee again, and did so for a few weeks. The punishment for deserting my good friend, Postum, was a return of my old troubles.

"That taught me wisdom, and I am now and shall be all my life hereafter using Postum exclusively and enjoying the benefits it brings me." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason," and it is explained in the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in parts.

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

COST OF GRAIN GROWING IN CENTRAL CANADA

A careful canvass made of a number of men farming in a large way indicates that even with the extreme expense of harvesting the crop, which has been caused by the bad weather and difficulty in threshing, wheat has been produced and put on the market for less than 55 cents a bushel. The average freight rate is not over 15 cents per bushel. This would make the cost of production and freight 68 cents and would leave the farmer an actual margin on his low-grade wheat of 17 1/2 cents and for his high-grade wheat of 19 1/2 cents; and though this is not as large a profit as the farmer has every right to expect, it is a profit not to be despised, and which should leave a very fair amount of money to his credit when all the expenses of the year have been paid, unless the value of low-grade wheat sinks very much below its present level. A matter of importance to the prospective settler is that of the cost of production. The following table has been prepared after careful investigation:

Interest on 320 acres, value \$30 per acre, 3 years at 6 per cent interest.....	\$1,720.00
Interest on horses, machinery, wagons, ploughs, harrows, etc., to operate 320 acres—say \$2,500 for 3 years.....	450.00
Getting 320 acres ready for crop first year, doing one's own work, with hired help, about \$1.50 per acre.....	1,120.00
Getting 320 acres ready for crop, second and third year, about \$1.25 per acre per year, or \$2.50 per acre 2 years one's own work and hired help.....	800.00
Seed per year, wheat, per acre \$1.25, 3 years.....	1,200.00
Seeding, 320 acres, 25 cents per acre, 3 years.....	240.00
Twine, 320 acres, 30 cents per acre, 3 years.....	288.00
Harvesting, 320 acres, 30 cents per acre, 3 years.....	288.00
Marketing, 320 acres, estimate 20 bushels per acre per year for 3 years, 3 cents per bushel, or 9 cents per bushel for 3 years.....	576.00
Threshing 320 acres, estimate 20 bushels per acre per year for 3 years, 6 cents per bushel per year or 18 cents for 3 years.....	1,152.00
Total.....	\$7,834.00

By wheat crop farm 320 acres for 3 years, average 20 bushels per acre per year for 3 years, or a total of 60 bushels, = 19,200 bushels at 80 cents per bushel.....

Balance to credit of farm after 3 years operation, \$2,552.00 per year.....

To operate 480 acres would cost less in proportion, as the plant required for 320 acres would do for the larger farm, and the interest on plant for the extra 160 acres would be saved.

The figures given may be open to criticism, but they will be found to be reasonably accurate, with a fairness given to the expense columns. There are those who profess to do the work at a much less cost than those given.

Turning the Tables.

Having done his best, by every fair and unfair means, during the last election to catch the candidate tripping, the heckler grew offensively personal.

"Is it true that your mother washed?" he began, but before he could add the word "clothes" the witty candidate called out smartly:—

"Of course she does. Why, don't you?"

This raised a loud laugh at the heckler's expense; but, still undaunted, he returned to the attack.

"You can't deny," he said, "that your father was a rag-and-bone man. I bought some clothes of him thirty years ago."

"And I see you're still wearing them!" was the candidate's lightning retort.

There was no more heckling that night.

Sun a Lamplighter.

In the acetylene burning lighthouses along the Panama canal will be installed copper cylinders exposed to the sun. When the sun rises in the morning and the rays fall upon these cylinders they will expand and close valves that admit gas to the burners.

As night approaches and the sun's rays diminish in power the cylinders will contract and again turn on the gas, which will be ignited by small pilot jets.—Scientific American.

Dental Operation on Pony.

A remarkable operation has been performed by a Waukesha (Eng.) veterinary surgeon on a pony which had a bad fracture of the lower jaw. After injecting cocaine and wiring the teeth together, the surgeon drilled a hole through the jawbone, and the broken parts were then firmly drawn together by strong silver wire. The pony is expected to make a complete recovery.

Self-Sacrificing Essential.

"You don't claim to be a party leader?"

"No," replied the quiet citizen. "Everybody wants to be the leader of the party. It strikes me that somebody ought to be willing to be the party."

Such Confidences.

The bride, to show her undying confidence in her new husband, gave him a night key.

Then she telephoned for the locksmith to change the lock.

Whoever serves his country well has no need of ancestors.—Voltaire.

PECULIAR LINE OF COMFORT

Most People Who Have Been Afflicted With Colds Will Recognize This Type of Human Hyena.

Binks—Got a cold, I see.
Jinks—Yes, a little one.
"You ought to be very careful that cold needs attention."

"Think so?"
"It has a regular graveyard sound."
"Good gracious."
"Awfully dangerous time for colds, influenza, pneumonia and quick consumption everywhere."

"Yes, a friend of mine took a cold, not half so bad as yours, last week, and in three days he was dead!"
"My stars!"

"Fast. The doctor said my friend might have pulled through if he hadn't worried so much. Take my advice and try not to think about it."

What the Copy Boy Wrote.

Representative Dan Anthony of Kansas, publisher of the Leavenworth Times, once had a office boy who yearned to know how to use a typewriter—which accomplishment, the boy figured, would make him a regular reporter.

Anthony turned an old broken-down machine over to him, says the Washington Herald, and made him learn to run it.

"What'll I write?" the boy asked.
"Oh, just take some sentence, any sentence at all," Anthony told him, "and see how long it will take you to fill a page with it."

The boy set to work. An hour or two later Anthony chanced to notice the page on which the lad had been working. From top to bottom of the sheet, and from margin to margin, the boy had written one sentence over and over again until there was scarcely a white spot visible on the paper. The sentence the boy had selected to practice with was: "Who the— invented school?"

Unjustifiable Suspicion.

The colonel had caught Rastus red-handed, coming out of the hen coop with three fat pullets under his coat.

"So," he said, "I've caught you at last stealing my hens, have I?"
"What, me, suh?" replied Rastus, in pained surprise, "Why, Mars Colonel, I ain't a-stealin' no hens, suh."

"Then what are you doing with them under your coat?" demanded the colonel.

"Why, Mars Colonel, hit lock to me so like it war gwine to snow, suh, dat ah went out to de coop to bring dem hens in de kitchen fiah, suh, to keep 'em from gettin' froze, suh," said the old man, with a deep sigh, to think that his honor had been suspected.—Harper's Weekly.

Proved.

"I wonder if Jack knows I have money?"
"Has he proposed?"
"Yes."
"He knows."—Kansas City Journal.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher* In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Bostoness.

Hokus—So that Boston girl said I wasn't worth my salt, eh?
Pokus—Well, she did remark that you were in inverse ratio to our chloride of sodium.—Puck.

A pretty girl doesn't have to prope during leap year, and a homely one is afraid to—but there's the strenuous widow.

Constipation causes many serious diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. One a laxative, three for cathartic.

Referred to the Lexicographer.

To Reneg—Not to follow suit.
To Reno—To begin suit.—Life.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE TABLETS. Dissolve in water and drink. It cures. B. W. Co. 100 N. 3rd St. St. Paul, Minn.

You can flatter silly girls by calling them flirts.

Most people look at trouble through a microscope.

BETTER FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN THAN CASTOR OIL, SALTS, OR PILLS, AS IT SWEETENS AND CLEANSSES THE SYSTEM MORE EFFICIENTLY AND IS FAR MORE PLEASANT TO TAKE.

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NOTE THE NAME CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. in the Circle, on every Package of the Genuine.

ALL RELIABLE DRUGGISTS SELL THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE WHEN CALLED FOR, ALTHOUGH THEY COULD MAKE A LARGER PROFIT BY SELLING INFERIOR PREPARATIONS, YET THEY PREFER TO SELL THE GENUINE, BECAUSE IT IS RIGHT TO DO SO AND FOR THE GOOD OF THEIR CUSTOMERS. WHEN IN NEED OF MEDICINE, SUCH DRUGGISTS ARE THE ONES TO DEAL WITH, AS YOUR LIFE OR HEALTH MAY AT SOME TIME DEPEND UPON THEIR SKILL AND RELIABILITY.

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Colorless goods hold their color longer than any other dye. One lb. package colors all fibers. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. Write for free booklet—How to Dye, Wash and Mix Colors. MONROE DRUG COMPANY, Quincy, Ill.

TESTIMONY OF FIVE WOMEN

Proves That Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is Reliable.

Reedville, Ore.—"I can truly recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to all women who are passing through the Change of Life, as it made me feel like a young woman after suffering three years."

—Mrs. MARY BOGARE, Reedville, Oregon.

New Orleans, La.—"When passing through the Change of Life I was troubled with hot flashes, weak and dizzy spells and backache. I was not fit for anything until I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound which proved worth its weight in gold to me."

—Mrs. GASTON BLONDEAU, 1541 Polymnia St., New Orleans.

Mishawaka, Ind.—"Women passing through the Change of Life can take nothing better than Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I am recommending it to my friends because of what it has done for me."

—Mrs. CHAS. BAUER, 523 E. Marion St., Mishawaka, Ind.

Alton Station, Ky.—"For months I suffered from troubles in consequence of my age and thought I could not live. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made me well and I want other suffering women to know about it."

—Mrs. ENMA BAILEY, Alton Station, Ky.

Deismen, No. Dak.—"I was passing through Change of Life and felt very bad. I could not sleep and was very nervous. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound restored me to perfect health and I would not be without it."

—Mrs. F. M. THORN, Deismen, No. Dak.

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