GOT RICH IN THREE YEARS

EXPERIENCES OF A BRITISH IM-MIGRANT IN CANADA-WEST.

The following straightforward statement needs no comment to add to its force and effect. It appears in a recent issue of the Liverpool Mer-

H. Patterson, of Nutana, Saskatchewan, Canada, when he arrived from Liverpool, had "Six of us to support," to use his own phraseology, and his funds were getting low. He secured a homestead 32 miles out from Sundurn, and started living on it April 15, 1907. The previous fall he put all his money, \$137, into a shack and lot, making sure of a home. As cook and caterer in a local hotel he made \$75 a month, and out of this had some savings out of which he paid his breaking and improvements on the homestead. The shack was sold to good advantage. Then Mr. Patterson tells the story after he had removed his family to the homestead:

"For the first month life was so strange and new that I hadn't time to think of anything, only fixing up our new home. I was so 'green' to farm life that I didn't know the difference between wheat and oats (I do now)! Between working out, cropping my place, and with my gun, we managed to live comfortably for the three years, which time was required to put in my duties. I had accumulated quite a stock of horses, cows, pigs, fowls, and machinery in the three years.

"In October, 1909, I secured my patent to my land, so took a few days' holidays to Saskatoon to locate a purchased homestead (viz., 12s. per acre) from the Government. Instead of getting the purchased homestead, I secured a half section (320 acres) on the Saskatchewan River for \$25 per acre on easy terms, nine years' payments with a cash payment of \$1,000. I mortgaged my first homestead, obtained chattel mortgages on my stock, and on December 24th, 1909, took possession; on June 10, 1910, I sold out again for \$40 per acre, clearing, besides my crop (140 acres), \$4,800. I also sold my first homestead, clearing \$1,800 and two Saskatoon town lots, which we value at \$1,000 each today. We placed all our capital in another farm (river frontage) and some trackage lots (60), also a purchased homestead (river frontage). I remained as Manager of the Farm I had sold on a three years' contract at a fine salary and house, garden, and numerous privileges.

"So by the time my three years have expired, with my investments and the increased value of my frontage and lots, I am hoping to have a clear profit on my \$137 investment of \$50,000. My land doesn't eat anything, and it is nearly all paid for. I hold a good position (and secure)"-Adv.

Surprise for Mother.

A certain mother, given to mysticism and impressive theories regarding her highly natural children, one evening was entertaining visitors. Buddenly came the sound of little feet pattering to the head of the stairs. It's wicked-you mustn't make me all them oncharitable thoughts of



<text> no place in his nature. He was deepthose vicissitudes which had befailen him during their separation. They were now seated before a cheerful fire about them were ranged the six small Cavendishes sedately sharing in the reunion of uncle and nevvy, toward which they felt they had honorably labored. "And you wa'n't dead, Uncle Bob?" said Hannibal with a deep breath,

colone's face and a duel is arranged. Mur-rell is arrested for negro stealing and his bubble bursts. The Judge and Mahaffy riscuss the coming duel. Carrington makes frantic search for Betty and the boy. Carrington finds Betty and Hanni-bal, and a flerce gun fight follows. Yancy appears and assists in the rescue.

CHAPTER XXIX .-- (Continued.) But Betty shrank from him in in-

of it again," he said.

and not lose you!"

and dreams and rich content-

directed.

rest there.

voluntary agitation. "Oh, not now, Bruce-not now-we mustn't speak of that-it's wrong- to be able to say that I've got over

counter, yet it was well to provide for | file air of indifference he tossed the a possible emergency-had he not his lietter on the table "And do you know Old Hickory? grandson's future to consider? While cried Mr. Westey hus occupied he saw the alternoon "Why not? Does it surprise you?" tage arrive and depart from before

inquired the judge It was only his innate courtesy which restrained him Half an hour later Mr. Wesley, the from kicking the postmaster into the postmaster, came sauntering up the street, so intense was his desire to street in his hand he carried a lethe rid of him. "No, I don't know as it does, judge.

"That's what Jackson remembers if

smile overspread his battered fea-

tures. He hitched his chin higher and

squared his ponderous shoulders. "1

am not forgotten-no, damn it-no!"

he exuited under his breath. "Recalls

me with sincere esteem and consid-

ers my services to the country as well

worthy of recognition-" the judge

breathed deep. What would Mahalfy

find to say now! Certainly this was

well calculated to disturb the sour

cynicism of his friend. His bleared

his clerk! The judge reached for his

"Howdy," he drawled, from just be Naturally a public man like him is in yond the judge's open door. the way of meeting with all sorts. A The judge glanced up, his quill pen politician can't afford to be too biame poised aloft particular. Well, next time you write

he City Tavern

"Good evening, sir; won't you step you might just send him my regardsinside and be seated?" he asked gra-G W M. de L. Wesley's regardsclously. His dealings with the United there was considerable contention States mail service were of the mo... over my getting this office; I reckon insignificant description, and in perhe ain't forgot. There was speeches sonally delivering a letter, if this was made, I understand the fie was passed what had brought him there, he felt between two United States senators, Mr. Wesley had reached the limit of and that a quid of tobacco was official courtesy and despatch. throwed in anger." Having thus clear-

"Well, sir; it looks like you'd never ly established the fact that he was a told us more than two thirds of the more or less national character, Mr. ly absorbed in Hannibal's account of truth!" said the postmaster. He sur-Wesley took himself off. veyed the judge curiously. When he had disappeared from

"I am complimented by your opinsight down the street, the judge closed ion of my veracity," responded that the door. Then he picked up the letthat blazed on the hearth, the boy gentleman promptly. "I consider twoter. For a long minute he held it in very close to Yancy, with one hand thirds an enormously high per cent. his hand, uncertain, fearful, while his clasped in the Scratch Hiller's, while to have achieved." mind slipped back into the past until "There is something in that, too,"

his inward searching vision ferreted agreed Mr. Westey. "Who is Colonel out a handsome soldierly figure-his Slocum Price Turberville?" OWB. The judge started up from his

chair he remembers anything!" he mut-"I have that honor," said he, bowtered, as with trembling fingers he ing. broke the seal. Almost instantly a

"Well, here's a letter come in addressed like that, and as you've been using part of the name I am willing to assume you're legally entitled to the rest of it. It clears up a point that off and on has troubled me considerable. I can only wonder I wa'n't smarter."

"What point, may I ask?" "Why, about the time you hung out your shingle here, some one wrote a letter to General Jackson. It was mailed after night, and when I seen it eyes brimmed. After all his groping in the morning I was clean beat. I he had touched hands with the reallcouldn't locate the handwriting, and ties at last! Even a federal judgeship, yet I kept that letter back a couple of though not an office of first repute in days and give it all my spare time. the south, had its dignity-it signified It ain't that I'm one of your spying something! He would make Solomon sort-there's nothing of the Yankee about me!'

hat. Mahaffy must know at once that "Certainly not," agreed the judge. fortune had mended for them. Why, "Candid, judge. I reckon you wrote at that moment he was actually in that letter, seeing this one comes unreceipt of an income!

der a frank from Washington. No, sir He sat down, the better to enjoy -I couldn't make out who was cor- the unique sensation. Taxes were be-



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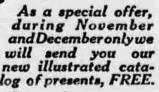
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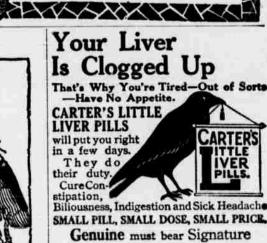


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viewing Yancy unmistakably in the flesh. "Never once. I been floating peacefully along with these here titled friends of mine; but I was some anxlous about you, son." "And Mr. Slosson, Uncle Bob-did you smack him like you smacked Dave Blount that day when he tried to steal me?" asked Hannibal, whose childish sense of justice demanded

reparation for the wrongs they had suffered. Mr. Yancy extended a big right

hand, the knuckle of which was skinned and bruised. "He were the meanest man I ever felt obliged fo' to hit with my fist, Nevvy; it appeared like he had teeth

all over his face." "Sho'-where's his hide, Uncle Bob?" cried the little Cavendishes in an excited chorus. "Sho'-did you forget that?" They themselves had forgotten the unique enterprise to which Mr Yancy was committed, but the allusion to Slosson had revived their memory of it.

"Well, he begged so piteous to be llowed fo' to keep his hide, I hadn't the heart to strip it off," explained Mr. Yancy pleasantly. "And the winter's comin' on-at this moment I can feel a chill in the air-don't you-all reckon he's going' to need it fo' to keep the cold out? Sho', you mustn't be bloodyminded!'

"What was it about Mr. Slosson's hide, Uncle Bob?" demanded Hannibal, "What was you a-goin' to do to that?"

"Why, Nevvy, after he beat me up and throwed me in the river, I was some peevish fo' a spell in my feelings fo' him," said Yancy in a tone of gentle regret. He glanced at his bruised hand. "But I'm right pleased

The mother raised her hand in solemn warning.

"Listen," she said, softly. "The children are going to deliver their goodnight message. It always gives me a feeling of reverence to hear themthey are so much nearer the Creator than we are, and they speak so wonderfully, sometimes. Hush! One of them is speaking now."

Then, breaking through the tense allence, came a shrill whisper:

"Mamma! Willy's found a bug in his bed."

Test Far Beneath His Capacity. The young son of a lawyer who lives out south has just made his first appearance at kindergarten. The other day the teacher asked the children to look over the room and any my best friends, too," he continued who could count, to rise and tell her the number of children in the room. The young South sider arose, and looking about over the heads, remarked with great aplomb:

"Huh! I cain't count these children, because I can count to a hundred. and there ain't that many here."-Kansas City Star.

Uncle Joe on Utopians. "Uncle Joe" Cannon, seated on the plasse of a seaside hotel, condemned a

certain prominent type of social reformer. "They're great borrowers," he said.

"these chaps who are going to make the world over again."

With a chuckle he added: "The worst thing about your Utoplans is that they're all I-O-U-toplans." -Washington Post.

Of Course. "Doesn't the sight of a peach make you want to smack your lips?"

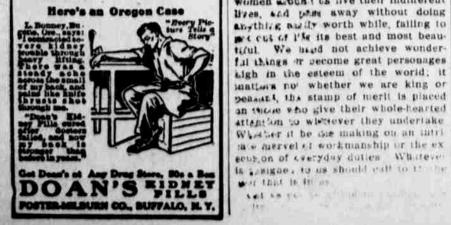
"No, indeed. The sight of a peach makes me want to smack her lips."

A man isn't far from right when he's willing to admit that he is in the wrong.

BAD BACKS DO MAKE WORK HARD

Backache makes the daily toil, for tousands, an agony hard to endure. Many of these poor sufferers have kidney trouble and don't know it. Swollen, aching kidneys usually go hand in hand with irregular kidney eadache, dizziness, nervous action, h ness and despondency.

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forget him!" she cried brokenly, in mine. "And you seen the judge, Uncle protest. Bob?" questioned Hannibal. "Forgive me, Betty, I'll not speak

"Yes, I've seen the judge. We was together fo' part of a day. Me and "Wait, Bruce, and some time-Oh, him gets on fine?" don't make me say it." she gasped,

"Where is he now, Uncle Bob?" "or I shall hate myself!" for in his "I reckon he's back at Belle Plain presence she was feeling the horror by this time. You see we left him in of her past experience grow strangely Raleigh along after noon to 'tend to remote, only the dull ache of her some business he had on hand. I memories remained, and to these she never seen a gentleman of his weight clung. They were silent for a moment, then Carrington said: so truly spry on his legs-and all "After I'm sure you'll be safe here about you, Nevvy; while as to mind!

perhaps I'll go south into the Choctaw Sho'-why, words flowed out of him as naturally as water out of a branch." Purchase. I've been thinking of that Of Hannibal's relationship to the recently; but I'll find my way back here-don't misunderstand me-I'll judge he said nothing. He felt that not come too soon for even you, Betwas a secret to be revealed by the ty. I loved Norton. He was one of judge himself when he should see fit. "Uncle Bob, who'm I going to live gently. "But you know-and I know with now?" questioned Hannibal anxtously. -dear, the day will come when no matter where you are I shall find you

"That p'int's already come up, Nevvy-him and me's decided that Betty made no answer in words, there won't be no friction. You-all but a soft and eloquent little hand will just go on living with him." "But what about you, Uncle Bob?" was slipped into his and allowed to cried Hannibal, lifting a wistful little

face to Yanev's. Presently a light wind stirred the "Oh, me?-well, you-all will go dead dense atmosphere, the mist lifted and enveloped the shore, showing right on living with me."

them the river between plied-up "And what will come of Mr. Mamass of vapor. Apparently it ran haffy?"

for their raft alone. It was just twen-"I reckon you-all will go right on ty-four hours since Carrington had living with him, too." looked upon such another night, but "Uncle Bob, you mean you reckon this was a different world the gray we all are going to live in one tog was unmasking-a world of hopes, house?

and dreams, and rich content. Then "I 'low it will have to be fixed thatthe thought of Norton-poor Nortona-ways," agreed Yancy. who had had his world, too, of hopes

CHAPTER XXX.

The calm of a highly domestic existence had resumed its interrupted The Judge Receives a Letter. sway on the raft. Mr. Cavendish, as-After he had parted with Solomon sociated in Betty's memory with cer-Mahaffy the judge applied himself tain ear-splitting manifestations of diligently to shaping that miracle- letter with marked reluctance. ferocious rage, became in the bosom | working document which he was preof his family low-voiced and geniai paring as an offset to whatever risk and hopelessly impotent to deal with he ran in meeting Fentress. As sanhis five smail sons; while Yancy was guine as he was sanguinary he coult- and unless I am greatly mistaken I sumed his pen. again the Bob Yancy of Scratch Hill, dently expected to survive the en-

responding with the president, and it | ing levied and collected with no other worried me, not knowing, more than | end in view than his stipend-his aranything I've had to contend against dent fancy saw the whole machinery since I came into office. I calculate of government in operation for his there ain't a postmaster in the United benefit. It was a singular feeling he States takes a more personal interest experienced. Then promptly his in the service than me. I've frequent, spendthrift brain became active. He ly set patrons right when they was needed clothes-so did Mahaffy-so in doubt as to the date they had did his grandson; they must take a mailed such and such a letter." As larger house; he would buy himself a Mr. Wesley sometimes canceled as man servant; these were pressing nemany as three or four stamps in a cessities as he now viewed them.

single day he might have been par-Once again he reached for his hat; doned his pride in a brain which thus the desire to rush off to Belle Plain lightly dealt with the burden of offi- was overmastering. cial business. He surrendered the

"I Was Quite Peevish After He Threw Me In the River.

"I reckon I'd be justified in hiring a conveyance from Pegloe," he "Your surmise is correct," said the thought, but just here he had a sayjudge with dignity. "I had occasion ing memory of his unfinished task; to write my friend, General Jackson, that claimed precedence and he rehave my answer here." And with a

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Ought to Know One.

Ill-Disciplined Children.

Molding of a Character

Matter of the Greatest Moment to to weigh our own defects and look them bravely in the face; but it is Which Too Little Thought is

choose?

we be content to drift along without a solid foundation of music-lovers-To nothing ic life, perhaps, is there striving to rise above the level of enough to fill the hall nearly every directed so kttle thought as to the those who do not care? Our charac- time. The city that has one has someshaping of a crreer-the molding of a ter lies in our own hands. There is no churacter. Yoousands of mee and women wount us live their indifferent one else in the world who can can use with large effect in advertislives, and pass away without doing make or mar it. We may be influ- ing literature. For it has come to be anything swilly worth while, failing to enced, of course, by good or evil as recognized in the west that musical sociates, but with ourselves lies the achievement is a municipal asset. The set cut of I'le its best and most beauuniform molding of our career. We tiful. We hand not achieve wonderare the sculptors, our life is the clay. fal things or secome great personages We can make it an indistinguishable wharves, its factories-and its symhigh in the esteem of the world; it mass of material or the masterpiece of mations no' whether we are king or a Michelangelo. Which shall we azine. penanti, the stamp of merit is placed

Music as a Municipal Asset.

tricts, stepped up to the ticket seller Paul, and Minneapolis. A symphony orchestra, be it known, is the ne plus in the Forty-second street subway staultra of a music-center. To support tion and asked: such a luxury is impossible save with "Been in town long?" only by so doing that we may over- the help of many well-to-do John "Quite a while," replied the ticket come them and cast them aside. Shall Stones. It is also impossible without eller. "Know a man named O'Connell?"

"No." "Sure you don't know O'Connell?" "Say," said the ticket seller, imthing that its commercial association patiently, "there are 5 million people in this city. Do you expect me to know everybody here?" "No," replied the ruralist, "but "boosters" of a city now call attenthought you might have sense enough to know one."-New York Telegraph. tion to its banks, its newspapers, its

phony orchestra .-- Metropolitan Mag-

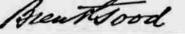
Tea Testing as a Business.

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in the road to accomplishment, is the In the far east the chasi is the father of the man who seeks sine-The deep wave of enthusiasm for most important man in the tea busiit is in the country; the crest of ness. He inspects and tests samples cures, who, with the most selfish sense nore than one-is judgment determines the price to be story Six cities paid in Formosa the tes testers are method to save himself real work and honest effort "-tras of the Americans or Englishmen.

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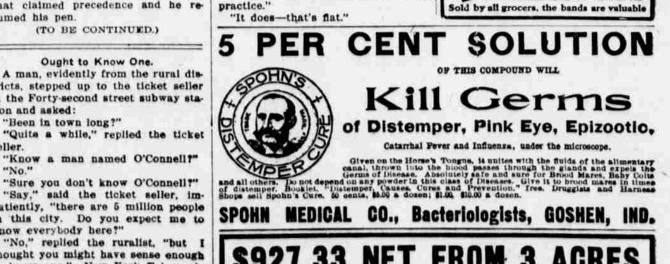
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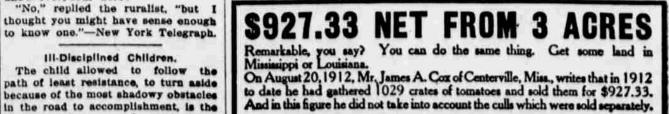
that they say you are the cause of the increasing cost of eggs." RICHARD WEBBER "Yes," responded the hen, wearily, 'they're following the same old rule -when anything goes wrong, always blame the woman.""

Her Neat Trick. "When the actress in question vis-

ited that managerial firm to star her she used a paradoxical argument." "What was it?" "She brought a backer to the front." Way of Words.

"I must say this looks like sharp practice." "It does-that's flat."





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