WESTERN CANADA'S **PHENOMENAL** DEVELOPMENT

ITS PERMANENCY VERY LITTLE QUESTIONED.

There have been booms in almost every civilized country and they were ocked upon as such, and in the course of time the bubble was pricked and they burst. But in no country has the development been as great nor as rapid, whether in city or in country, as in Western Canada. There may sometimes be found one who will say "Can it last?" Winnipeg, today, stands where Chicago stands as far as being the base of the great commercial and agricultural country lying a thousand miles back of it. It has an advantage that Chicago did not have, for no country in the world's history has attracted to its borders a larger number of settlers in so short a time, or has attracted so much wealth in a period of equal length, as have the Canadian prairies. Never before has pioneering been accomplished under conditions so favorable as those that exist in Western Canada today.

The provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta have the largest area of desirable lands on the North American Continent, and their cultivation has just begun.

Even with a two hundred million bushel wheat crop less than eight per cent. of the land is under the plough, four per cent. being in wheat. Less than five years ago the wheat crop was only seventy-one million bushels. It is a simple calculation to estimate that if four per cent. of the available cultivable area produces something over two hundred million bushels, what will forty-four per cent. produce? And then look at the immigration that is coming into the country. In 1901 It was 49,149; 17,000 being from the United States. In 1906 it was 189,064, of which 57,000 were Americans, and in 1912 it was about 400,000, of which about 200,000 are Americans. In the three years prior to 1912, there were \$58,859 persons who declared themselves for Canada, who brought into Canada in cash, bank drafts, stock, implements and effects over \$350,000,-Why have they gone to Canada? The American farmer is a man of shrewd business instincts, and when he finds that he can sell his own farm at from \$100 to \$200 per acre and move into Canada and homestead 160 acres for himself, and similarly for all his sons who are adult and of age, upon lands as rich and fertile as those he had left, and producing, indeed, several bushels to the acre in excess of anything he has ever known, it will take more than an ordinary effort to prevent bim from making the change. He can also purchase good lands at from \$12 to \$25 per acre

And, then, too, there is the American capital following the capital of brawn, muscle and sinew, following it so as to keep in touch with the indus-trious farmer with which he has had dealings for years back. This capital and the capital of farming experience s no small matter in the building up

of a country.

Will Western Canada's development continue? Why not? The total area of land reported as available for cultivation is estimated as 218,000,000 under cultivation. Nothing is said of the great mineral and forest wealth, of which but little has yet been touched.—Advertisement.

Its Negative Virtues. "I wish you'd get rid of that abso-lutely worthless poodle."

"Absolutely worthless?"
"That's what I said! Absolutely—absolutely worthless! What does it do that makes it good for anything?" "I was thinking of what it doesn't

"Oh-h, what it doesn't do."
"Yes. It doesn't chew tobacco,
smoke a pipe, fight booze or use profane language."

What's the Use? "It did Jack no good to marry his stenographer, for she continued the habit of the office in their home."

When he starts to dictate she takes

Pa's Explanation. "Why did Diogenes go around with a lantern, pa?" "I suppose the auto-mobile law required it."

To Women Do Not Delay

If you are convinced that your sickness is because of some derangement or dis-ease distinctly feminine, you ought at once bring to your aid

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

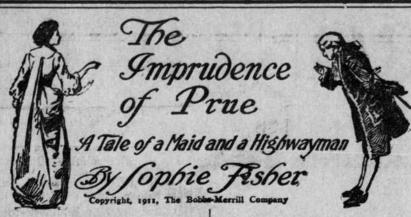
It acts directly on the organs affected and tones the entire system. Ask Your Druggist

The Man Who Put the EEsinFEET ook for This Trade-Mark Pic

ALLEN'S FOOT=EASE where, 25c. Sample FREE, Addres

Pettits Eve Salve FOR EYES

PISO'S REMEDY



In the time of Queen Anne, Lady Prue-fence Brook, widowed at 16 and still a widow at two and twenty, while journey-ng in a coach to London with her cousin Peggy, is accosted by a highwayman who, nowever, takes nothing from her except a kiss.

The two girls live with their grand-nother, Lady Drumloch, who, despite her reduced circumstances, maintains a gay local position in the court circle.

Prue is small, gay, delightful, daring, extravagant, and always in debt.

She is perpetually pursued by creditors and just now is in deep water for want of a few guineas with which to buy a new gowp by whose aid she hopes to win back the queen's favor, very recently lost by one of her mad pranks.

She decides to visit Aaron's a notorious money lender, and asks him to take care of her debts on the strength of her approaching marriage to Sir Geoffrey Beaudesert.

Aaron informs her, however, that Beau-desert is himself head over heels in debt and while Prue is still in his office Sir Geoffrey arrives.

Prue at once secrets herself in a closet and to her astonishment overhears Sir Geoffrey ask for advances of money, also on the strength of their engagement.

Prue reads in a paper an account of the trial and sentence of Robin Freemantle, the highwayman who had kissed her on the moors, and that he is to be hanged at Tyburn the following Monday.

Suddenly she recalls that according to legal custom the debts of a widow "are buried in the coffin of her husband." She conceives the whimsical idea of marrying Robin in order to escape her debts.

Accompanied by Peggy she visits New-gate prison and Robin, who is already in love with her, consents to the ceremony. Afterward Prue asks to be alone with him for a few minutes and allows him to kiss her again and feels pity for his ap-proaching execution.

Lord Beaucombe also visits Robin and Robin tells him that he has proof that Beaucombe is not the legitimate hair to the title and threatens if he is not released to see that proof of this fact gets to Beaucombe's enemies.

On Monday Peggy is suffering keenly because of her belief that Robin, now beginning to be a hero in her eyes, is about to be hanged she is astonished at seeing him enter the house and is told that he has been reprieved and set at liberty.

For his freedom Robin, whose real name in DeCliffe, agrees to make over to Lord Beaucombe a paper conveying his claim to the title and estate to him.

He has no sooner done this than Lord Beaucombe treacherously tries to capture him. Robin by cleverly disguising him-self in a borrowed coat and hat and using Lord Beaucombe's horse, escapes.

At a rout at Marlborough House the queen loses a diamond necklace and as it is known that Robin is a red domino has been present he is suspected of the theft.

CHAPTER XXIII, Continued.

Prue soon appeared, all smiles and artiess witcheries, quite determined to see nothing strange in this untimely visit, and as ready to gossip as though she had nothing more serious on her mind than the latest epigram and the newest scandal. Lord Beachcombe, however, was in too deadly earnest to encourage her frivolity, and

should I know anything about him?"
You must be dreaming, Lord Beachcombe!"
"I am not dreaming, Viscountess,"
he said resentfully. "Nor was I dreaming a couple of hours ago, when, quite
by accident, I saw him here," he indicated the spot by a motion of his hand,
"In close—ahem!—conversation with
your ladyship."
"With me?" she cried. "Oh! you
are in error. The gentleman you spied
upon—pardon, I mean accidentally interrupted—is your relative, Captain de
Cliffe"—

"The difference is merely nominal," he interposed with a sour smile. "It is of great importance that I should have a few words with that—gentleman."

"Oh! how fortunate," she cried, with

profound regret; "he went away hours ago—oh! ages ago!"
"Went away? Impossible! he could not have left this house without my knowledge," exclaimed Beachcombe, too thoroughly roused for dissimulation

"Indeed!" said Prue, ominously gentle, 'May' I inquire since when you took upon yourself the right to observe the movements of my guests?"

He pulled himself together a little. "My dear Lady Brooke,' he said, as suavely as he could, "can you not understand my anxiety about you? You surely are not surprised that I was reluctant to leave you unprotected in the power of a ruffian—an escaped convict"—

"Whose escape you procured, I am

Whose escape you procured, I am

"The same reasons for which I am now anxious to meet him," retorted the earl. "I know not by what arts he has induced you to help him—or to conceal him, perhaps—under a mistaken compassion for a fugitive"—

"Would you wish to search the house, Lord Beachcombe?" said Prue, majestically rising. "If so, do not hesitate to make the minutest investigation. You will be quite as successful today as your emissaries were yesterday. Captain de Cliffe came into my grandmother's house openly and terday. Captain de Cliffe came into my grandmother's house openly and without precaution and walked out of it two hours are just as you, Lord Beachcombe. 'o when you have satisfied your my veracity—and with as little, ect of ever returning!"

Lord Beachcombe stood dumfounded. Could this pale, proud woman, her azure eyes suddenly black with anger azure eyes suddenly black with anger and her clear voice vibrant with passion, be the gay, frivolous creature, who had played with his heart for a few weeks and tossed it back to him with a gibe and a laugh; whom no one could anger, because nothing ever seemed worth being angry about, and whose deepest emotion had always been more volatile than the bubbles of champagne? What had happened to work such a transformation?

"If ear that you have misunderstood me, Lady Prudence," he said at last. "If I have unwittingly offended you, I beg to apologize most humbly."

Prue preserved a disdainful silence. "Pray pardon my inadvertence," Beachcombe went on, still more abjectly. "I cannot leave you again unjour prospects is so great that I came today expressly," he drew a morocco case from his breast pocket, "to

der sentence of banishment-at least der sentence of banishment—at least permit me to withdraw"—
"What! without searching the house?" interrupted Prue trenchantly; "I should advise you not to miss an opportunity that may not recur."

Lord Beachcombe drew himself up with a grieved air. "I merely wished to withdraw any remark that might be displeasing to you. Viscountess. It

displeasing to you, Viscountess. It would grieve me beyond expression to offend you. If, in my excitement, I appeared incredulous, it was not that I presumed to doubt your word, but that I found it hard to believe that Fate would have played me so scurvy a trick."

a trick."

Prue accepted his apologies with a dignified coolness that left him no excuse for prolonging his visit, so he departed, much crestfallen, but far from being convinced. While he was dismissing his followers with a none too liberal douceur, an elderly man, attired with rich simplicity, saluted him unobtrustively. Beachcombe stared

liberal douceur, an elderly man, attired with rich simplicity, saluted him unobtrustively. Beachcombe stared after him as he disappeared into the house, at first not recognizing the somewhat plebeian figure, then muttering, "What is that old Jew doing here?" drove away, pondering on the strangeness of Prue's visitors and the atmosphere of mystery with which she had surrounded herself.

Could he have penetrated the actual motive of Mr. Aaron's visit, his surprise would have grown into amazement, for surely no greater tribute to the versatility of Prue's charms could be offered than the fact that they had brought Mr. Aarons to her feet. At least 30 of his 50 years had been spent in the exclusive pursuit of wealth. Pleasure he only knew by name. Love was to him merely a curious spell under which men became utterly reckless of consequences and unhesitatingly bartered their present possessions and future prospects for the means of dazzling a silly woman or purchasing a worthless one. That it brought easy prey into his silly woman or purchasing a worthless one. That it brought easy prey into his net was the only thing he knew in its favor, and it must be acknowledged that his late proposal of marriage to the Viscountess Brooks was not prompted by any sentiments loftier than those he so contemptuously dis-

He knew her to be thoughtless and extravagant, for her visits to him had been the invariable result of losses at the card table, or debts equally press-ing and unprofitable. Such gossip about her as reached his ears, roused his derision which her frequent matrimonial entanglements certainly did not abate. Yet he was no more capable of resisting her fascination than any butterfly of the court, and although his declaration had been to some artern to the court of the court of the court, and although his declaration had been to some artern to the court of th of the court, and although his declara-tion had been to some extent unpre-meditated, he was resolved, now he had offered his hand to the "Widow Brooke" to lose no time and spare no effort to

win her acceptance.

He had waited a week, trusting that her necessities would drive her back to her necessities would drive her back to him, but hearing of her triumphant return to court, and her startling adventures later, decided to wait no longer. Therefore it was that, armed with what he believed to be an irresistible argument in his favor, he presented himself at Lady Drumloch's door at the very moment of Lord Beachcombe's hasty exit.

Prue and Peggie were in earnest con-

Prue and Peggie were in earnest conthough she had nothing more serious on her mind than the latest epigram and the newest scandal. Lord Beach-combe, however, was in too deadly earnest to encourage her frivolity, and with very little circumlocution inquired for Captain—Freemantle—?" she questioned, with a puzzled air. "Do you mean the highwayman? La! how should I know anything about him?" You must be dreaming, Lord Beach—form their consultation was as to the form their confession should take, rather than any form of concealment rather than any form of concealment

when James announced that "Mr. Aarons" was below and besought an audience of the Viscountess Brooke, Prue was not quite sure whether this interruption was a welcome respite or a tiresome delay.

"Aarons!" exclaimed Peggie. "What brings him here?" Then, lowering her voice, "Can he be coming to pay his

voice, "Can he be coming to pay his court to you, Prue?"

"I know not," returned Prue, shrugging her shoulders. "I should scarce have imagined that he would presume to present himself here. Well, bid Mr. Aarons come up, James; we will receive him here."

"We!" laughed Peggie, making for the door. "I have no wish to see him, and I am sure he does not come here on my account." And she decamped without giving her cousin time to re-Prue greeted the money lender in her

stateliest manner, and entrenching her-self behind the little tea table, re-quested him to be seated. "This is indeed a surprise," she said.

"I should never have supposed that the busy Mr. Aarons had time to spare for visiting." You are right, Viscountess. I never

'You are right, viscountess. I never, in my life, made a visit without an object," he replied, "but the busiest of men may discover that there are other things in life besides business. I, for example, have discovered that youth, beauty and accomplishments—such as yours—may outvalue wealth and powurs—may outvalue wealth and pow—such as mine."
"You are mistaken, Mr. Aarons." said yours

"You are mistaken, Mr. Aarons." said Prue, in a moralizing tone. "Youth is fleeting, beauty is but skin deep and accomplishments—such as mine—are apt to lead their possessor into mischief of more kinds than you wot of." "Most mischief can be repaired by money." said Aarons insinuatingly.

money," said Aarons insinuatingly, "and what cannot be achieved by youth, beauty and accomplishments with unlimited wealth to boot? You,

with unlimited wealth to boot? You, dear Viscountess, have gone far without money. Think what you could aspire to with more than you could spend if you tried your hardest!"

"Why tantalize me with such visions?" cried Prue. Then suddenly recalling the motive of her last visit to the money lender, she added maliciously, "Sir Geoffrey, according to you, will not be likely to test my extravagance so severely!"

so severely!"

"Sir Geoffrey!" exclaimed, with a frown. "He is no match for your ladyship. You have but to wait a few weeks for the dissolution of parliament to see him lu.uriously lodged in his lown mansion of the Ouese's Bench

restore the necklace you left in my care. Your court tollets must need diamonds to set them off, though you do not, and it is a pity to keep this hidden any longer in my strong box, where there are many—and still finer ones, waiting to adorn the loveliest of her sex."

As he spoke, he opened the case and displayed a necklace of fine diamonds, provided the case and displayed a necklace of fine diamonds. Prue's wedding gift from her fatherin-law, the Earl of Overbridge. At this sight, her eyes sparkled more brightly than the gems, and her hand involun-tarily stretched out toward the glitter-ing thing.

Aarons watched her with a sardonic smile, in which triumph and admiration contended with his innate con-

tion contended with his innate contempt for feminine weakness, and
thrusting the casket into her hands,
said in a voice far less harsh than
usual, "It is yours. Only let me have
the pleasure of seeing you wear it."
The softening of his tone roused
Prue with a sort of shock. The scorn
and repulsion with which she had
listened to Aarons' first declaration revived, made sharper by an unfamiliar
touch of shame, and she withdrew her
hand as though the gift had stung her.
Then, swift as thought, a bright glow hand as though the gift had stung her. Then, swift as thought, a bright glow and sparkle sprang into her face and she darted from the room, leaving Aarons transfixed with amazement.

He was still in the same position—leaning forward with the open jewel case in his outstretched hand—when she fluttered back, radiant and breathless, and dropped into her seat behind the table with a laugh of glee.

"Pardon my discourtesy, my good Mr. Aarons," she cried. "You took me somewhat by surprise; I was not prepared for much forethought. Tell me, was it not 200 guineas you lent me upon that necklace?"

was it not 200 guineas you lent me upon that necklace?"
"Yes—but"— began the usurer.
"One moment," Prue quickly interposed; "I am hopelesly stupid about such matters, but even I know that there is interest to pay for that loan. Please tell me how much? Another however and the property of the state of the property of Please tell me how much? Another hundred pounds, perhaps, or"—
"I don't know how much," Aarons interrupted bruskly. "This is not a matter of loan and interest."
"Oh! pardon me, I think it is," said Prue, drawing up her slender neck with a vast access of dignity. "I am charmed to have my diamonds once more—God he knows for how long!" and she took the jewel case from Aarons' unresisting hand. "And here, my good sir, are three hundred pounds;

Aarons' unresisting hand, "And here, my good sir, are three hundred pounds; if I am still in your debt, let me know and I will pay you some other day."

She placed three of Robin's bank notes before him, and lifting the neck-lace from its velvet bed clasped it about her throat.

"There!" she cried, facing Aarons with a bewitching smile. "Now you can have your wish; I have put it on so that you can see me wear it!"

"It is a sight I shall always remember with admiration," said Aarons, recovering his self command with the ease of long practice, " and I will leave it to your mirror's reflection to remind you that I only await a word remind you that I only await a word from you to place my fortune at your

"Ah!" sighed Prue, "If it were only a question of your fortune! Must you go, Mr. Aarons?" for he had risen, and hat in hand, was already bowing himself

in hand, was already bowing himself out.

"Unfortunately, I am pressed for time, Viscountess, so I am reluctantly compelled to take my leave; but I trust not for long. Fare you well." And he was gone, leaving the bank notes where she had placed them on the table.

In the hall he found James engaged in an altercation with a red faced person in shabby black of a quasi-clerical cut. This individual was not precisely drunk, but most evidently not very sober, and the voice in which he expressed his intention of seeing and speaking with the Viscountess Brooke—if he had to wait until midnight—was very husky and rather bellicose. "If I can not see the Lady Brooke, I'll wait and see Sir Geoffrey Beaudesert," he insisted, as James reiterated the utter impossibility of such a visitor to any member of the family.

"Sir Geoffrey Beaudesert does not live here," replied James loftily. "You had better call at his house."

The tipsy gentleman leered in a most impertinent fashion. "I'm a good deal more likely to find him at Lady Brooke's house than his own," he observed confidentially.

A hand was placed on his arm, and

served confidentially.

A hand was placed on his arm, and

turning with a nervous start he found the harsh gaze of Mr. Aarons bent sternly upon him.
"Parson Goodridge! you here and in this condition?" exclaimed the money lender.
"Me here? Well so are you!" hic-

"Me here? Well, so are you!" coughed the reverend gentleman. "Who the devil would expect to find old 'shent-per-shent' in a lady's boudoir?" "I am frequently in places where you would least expect to meet me," said Aarons, with a scowl at the other's tipsy familiarity. "But this meeting is opportune; I want a few words with you, and as you will gain nothing by waiting here you may as well come

with me."
Goodridge hesitated and made an usurer's firm grasp.

"You can't do anything to me," he said at last, in a resigned tone. "I'm safe in the 'Rules, and all the creditors in London town can not touch

by waiting here, you may as well come

(Continued Next Week.) First Class In Matrimony.

Dr. Ellot advised the Harvard freshmen

Lo! Harvard, college of the blessed An Early-Marriage class possessed

An Early-Marriage class possessed Its yummy-yum Curriculum Was famed in all the lands. The course began by making less The handicap of bashfulness, For at the start Youths learned the art Of holding maidens' hands.

To execute the proper kiss
They trained the facial orifice,
And arm to waist
Was neatly placed
By precept and by rule.
There was a special branch for those
Who were entitled to propose;
The girls, you'll guess.

The girls, you'll guess, Were taught to "yes" In Eliot's Marriage School.

Less popular among the boys
The class in After-Marriage Joys,
They tried to shirk
Its daily work
As not the kind for them,
For each must take an infant hired
(Who to grand opera aspired)
And lug the brat
Around a flat
From I to 6 a. m.

The teacher had some girls come in
To exercise the female chin
In saying flat:
"I need a hat:
How can you stint your wife?
That horrid Mrs. Dunn M. Brown
Has bought her season's thirteenth gown!"
And thus they grew
Accustomed to

Accustomed to The joys of married life. But jealous Yale at once began, In rivalry to Harvard's plan,

For students wise
A counteracting course,
And thereupon, without a blush,
Those Harvard husbands made a rush
For Ell's great
Post-graduate
Instruction in divorce!
—John O'Keefe.

Well Fed.
From the Washington Post.
Come to think of it, we can't recall any former presidents who ever starved to death.

Dr. Hartman's Plain Talk to Young Men

My plain talk to young men in my you in the name of thousands of oth-fast article certainly brought out er young men, like myself." many responses from young men. I take this means of answering them men who did not write me. One

writer says: "I was greatly interested in your coffee, go to bed early. I will take the cold water towel bath every morn-

To this letter I replied:

take this means of answering them My Dear Boy:—I cannot tell you briefly, for the benefit of other young how much good your letter has done the young men in matters of right living fills me with gratitude and enself to be. I am going to begin at once and follow your advice and take care of myself as I ought to. I will quit the use of all stimulants. I was thusiasm. I want to help you. Write me any time you wish and I will consider your letter strictly confidential and give you prompt reply. Follow the advice I gave in my article. further do not hesitate. Let us be friends. If you will be obedient to me as a son ought to be I will be ing. I want to live to be old and faithful and true to you as a father useful, like you. And I shall also ought to be. Yours sincerely, S. B. keep Peruna at hand, in case of slight Hartman, M. D., Columbus, Ohio. allments as they may arise. I thank Peruna is for sale at all drug stores.

His Favorite Paper.

"What is your favorite illustrated paper?" asked the Cheerful Idiot. "The ten dollar bill," replied the Boob.

ECZEMA IN RED BLOTCHES

205 Kanter Ave., Detroit, Mich. "Some time last summer I was taken with eczema. It began in my hair first with red blotches, then scaly, spreading to my face. The blotches were red on my face, dry and scaly, not large; on my scalp they were larger, some scabby. They came on my hands. The inside of my hands were all little lumps as though full of shot about one-sixteenth of an inch under the skin. Then they went to the outside and between and all over my fingers. It also began on the bottoms of my feet and the calves of my legs, and itch, oh, my! I never had anything like it and hope I never will again. The itching was terrible. My hands got so I could scarcely work.

"I tried different eczema ointments but without results. I also took medicine for it but it did no good. I saw the advertisement for a sample of Cuticura Ointment and Soap and sent for one. They did me so much good I bought some more, using them as per directions, and in about three weeks I was well again. Cuticura Soap and Ointment entirely cured me. (Signed) Benj. Passage, Apr. 8, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L. Boston."

Some Hope. Man (making rescue)-He may not be dead vet. Small Girl-I don't think he is, mis-

ter. He was the slowest kid in the neighborhood.-Puck.

Spring Clipping of Horses.

The modern practice among the best posted and most progressive horse owners and farmers is to clip all horses in the spring. It is done on the theory that in their natural state horses were not obliged to work, so could shed the winter coat in comfort over a period of several weeks. Since we oblige them to do hard work on warm spring days, the winter coat should be removed for the same reason that we lay off our heavy winter garments. Clipped horses dry off rapidly, hence they do not take cold as easily nor are they as prone to be affected with other ailments as un-clipped animals whose longer hair holds the perspiration for hours. Because clipped horses dry off rapidly they rest better, get more good from their food and come out in the morning refreshed and fit for work. Since the advent of the ball bearing enclosed gear clipping machine, the work of taking off the winter coat is easy. With in half an hour, whereas with the old twohand clipper it required several hours to

Dairymen also now clip the cows all over two or three times a year. The flanks and udders are clipped every three or four weeks, so it is easy to clean the parts be-fore milking. This means less opportunity for dirt and other impurities to get into

Sometimes a man uses gold bricks in constructing his air castles:

An Ear for Music. "What is that tune your daughter is playing?"

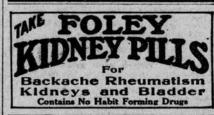
"Which daughter?" asked Mrs. Cumrox. "If it is the older girl it's Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody, and if it's the younger one it's Exercise Twenty-seven."

Only One "BROMO QUININE" That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Cures in One Day, Cures Grip in Two Days. 25c.

Too Well Known.

"Have you a speaking acquaintance with the woman who lives next door to you?" we asked an east end lady,

just to make a little conversation. "A speaking acquaintance?" echoed the lady, opening her eyes wide "Why, I know her so well that I don't speak to her at all!"



Your Liver Is Clogged Up That's Why You're Tired-Out of Sorts -Have No Appetite.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS will put you right in a few days.

They do
their duty.

CureConstipation, SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature Brentsood

Get a Canadian Home In Western Canada's



For Grain Growing and Cattle Raising
this province has no superior and
in profitable agriculture shows an
unbroken period of over a quarter

00 Vacant lands adjacent to Free Homesteads may be purchased and also in the older district lands can be bought at reason able prices.

For further particulars write t J. H. MacLachian, Drawer 578, Watertown, S. B., W. V. BENNETT, Bee Building, Omaha, Nebrasia, and R.A.Garrett, 315 Jackson St., St. Paul, Minn.

Canadian Government Agen address Superintendent Immigration, Ottawa, C

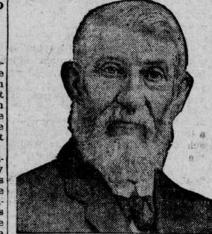
Bowels Get Weak As Age Advances

The First Necessity is to Keep the Bowels Gently Open With a Mild Laxative Tonic

Healthy old age is so absolutely de pendent upon the condition of the bowels that great care should be taken to see that they act regularly. The fact is that as age advances the stomach muscles become weak and inactive and the liver does not store up the juices that are necessary to prompt

Some help can be obtained by eat ing easily digested foods and by plenty of exercise, but this latter is irksome to most elderly people. One thing is certain, that a state of constipation should always be avoided as it is dangerous to life and health. The best plan is to take a mild laxative as often as is deemed necessary. But with equal certainty it is suggested that cathartics, purgatives, physics, salts and pills be avoided, as they do salts and pills be avoided, as they do very letter. I can not recommend it but temporary good and are so harsh too highly." as to be a shock to a delicate system.

thousands of elderly people are followto act naturally again, when medicines of all kinds can usually be dispensed with. This is the opinion of many ever used Syrup Pepsin and you would



Mr. O. P. Miller.

it is the best remedy I ever used and does just what you claim for .. to the

A bottle can be bought of any drug-A much better plan, and one that gist at fifty cents or one dollar. Peo-cousands of elderly people are follow-ple usually buy the fifty cent size first, ing, is to take a gentle laxative tonic and then, having convinced themselves Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, of its merits they buy the dollar size, which acts as nearly like nature as is which is more economical. Results are possible. In fact, the tendency of this always guaranteed or money will be remedy is to strengthen the stomach refunded. Any elderly person can foland bowel muscles and so train them low these suggestions with safety and

people of different ages, among them like to make a personal trial of it be Mr. O. P. Miller, Baroda, Mich., who fore buying it in the regular way of a "I am 80 years old and have druggist, send your address-a postal been constipated for many years. Since will do—to Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 203 receiving your sample bottle I have Washington St., Monticello, Ill., and a procured two 50c bottles and find that free sample bottle will be mailed you.