## FELIX DIAZ UNABLE TO HOLD SPOTLIGHT: HEADED FOR DISCARD

Predicted He Cannot Possibly Win Presidency In Coming Election In Mexico.

BIG ARMY GRAFT LOCATED

Pessimism Prevails at Capital and Be lief Is General That Huerta Administration Is Riding to

Its Fall.

Mexico City, Special: General Felix Diaz has published his platform in the form of a manifesto or open letter to the political clubs supporting him. In it he has carefully refrained from giving any but the most general undertakings, such as a promise to restore peace; to do justice to all; to encourage education, etc., and all without entering into details as to how he is going

But the election of Diaz appears far from certain. Had the election for president been held the day after the close of hostilities in the capital, there no doubt he would have been without any material opposition. With Huerta in the chair, however, and a big revolution to attract or distract the people, there is much less heard of the popularity of General Diaz. There are many of his own partisans who have expressed the opinion that he never will be president. It is nothing that he has done, say they, to turn from him the popular support, but rather the fact that he has done nothing spectagular since he ceased firing

turn from him the popular support, but rather the fact that he has done nothing spectacular since he ceased firing shrapnel into all quarters of the city.

Investigation of the army payrolls has shown an expenditure of 27,000 pesos (\$13,500) a month for salaries to officers who never appeared in uniform. It is charged that this was the work of one of the Madero family. He is said to have used the paymaster of the Fural guard to pay off his own henchmen. His method was, according to the story told at the palace, to name a man whom he wished to favor or use, an officer in the rurales, at the same time telling the commanding officer that this new officer would report once a month for his pay. None of those appointees has appeared to collect his money since the overthrow of the Madero regime.

Pessimism at the Mexican capital continues dominant. With or without money the administration, in the opinion of thousands of residents, both native and foreign, is bound to fall. These men believe that intervention by the United States or some other power might prevent the overthrow, but, left alone, that the Huerta government will see itself slowly crushed backward against the wall by the constitutional-ists.

Francisco I. Madero, alive, never

Francisco I. Madero, alive, never could induce any considerable number of men to take arms in defense of his government, but Madero, dead, has proved a far more potent figure. Any estimate of the number of rebels is largely a guess, but it is safe to assume that in no previous revolution have there been in the field so many men armed working so closely together.

gether.

It was not the lack of money that handicapped the government so badly in the opening days of the rebellion as it was the smallest and inefficiency of the army. There was a fair part of the irregular establishment which could not be counted on, and when an investigation was made it was discovered that not every name on the payrolls was backed by a soldier "present or accounted for."

It was believed, however, that with money to continue the pay of the soldiers and to organize and equip new

diers and to organize and equip new bodies, the government would whip the rebels. The more hopeful said that if the government could hold them off for a year or more it would win, but the majority regarded the chance slight even in that case.

The Pygmies of Dutch New Guinea For several months, says Captain C. G. Rawling in the June Wide World magazine, all attempts to discover the village of the pygmy people failed, until one day a collecting party unexpectedly came across their habitations 1,800 feet up the mountain side. The pygmies poured in from all directions, but, though suspicious, ever handling their bows and arrows, and always on the alert, they never attempted hostili-

but, though suspicious, ever handling their bows and arrows, and always on the alert, they never attempted hostilities. Their houses were very superior to those owned by the plainsmen, which were built on the ground with rough timber, sticks, and leaves, while the small men constructed their dwellings on piles, raised eight or 10 feet above the earth. In addition, the interiors were lined with strips of bark, affording a more or less effectual protection against the wind and rain.

The pygmies' powers of enumeration, also, raised them considerably above the mental level of the plainsmen, who only possessed words to denote the first two numerals, while the little men could count up to 10. The average height of the coast people was rather over 5 feet 6½ inches, the new tribe of hillmen only 4 feet 8½ inches, Generally speaking, they were excellently proportioned, agile, wiry, and eminently sulted to the densely-covered mountain country in which they dwell. In color they varied little, being what may be termed a chocolate hue, slightly fairer than the dwellers in the plains

they varied little, being what may be termed a chocolate hue, slightly fairer than the dwellers in the plains.

All were extremely dirty, the only clean parts being where their bodies had rubbed against the foliage in their that tempts to force a way through the dense jungle. There was also some difference to be observed in the small amount of clothing adopted. All carried large string bags over one shoulder. large string bags over one shoulder, in which were placed their limited etock of earthly possessions, while round the neck, and more rarely as a form of headdress, were suspended strings of wallaby teeth or the shoulder blades of the same animal.

shoulder blades of the same animal. Through we visited the pygmy village on three occasions expressly with the purpose of seeing the women, we were unable to attain our object in spite of the heaviest bribes. Though we offered one ave for each woman, this most tempting offer being finally doubled, they persisted in keeping the ladies in strict seclusion, so that I am unable to show Wide World readers a picture of a pygmy belle, or even to describe what they look like.

This curious race is believed to be at least as ancient as the Andaman Islanders, and one of the oldest, if not the very oldest inhabiting the globe.

Too Late.

"Are you going fishing tomorrow morning?" asked the rural citizen.
"No," replied the man from town,
"So long as I can't go fishing today I won't bother. I never yet fished without learning that they were biting fine "esterday."

TRAGIC DEATH OF A DOG.

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* The famous Winstead, Conn., correspondent is the subject of an interesting story written to the Cincinnati Times-Star by its New York correspondent: The New York Tribune has a correspondent at Winstead, Conn., who is "there" every Monday morning with a story of the type which is a never failing delight to the oldtime newspaper man. It is always a perfectly inconsequential item about an animal of extraordinary intelligence—nothing of any news value, but something ingenious which is likely to be believed in and remarked upon by anyone who doesn't know, ex-cathedra, that it's simply a good lie. On a recent Monday the story told of the marvelous actions of a collie. It ran like this: "Major The famous Winstead, Conn., corresimply a good lie. On a recent Monday the story told of the marvelous actions of a collie. It ran like this: "Major was taken out for exercise, this morning by his master, on the boulevard which encircles the lake. Running ahead, the dog discovered, just beyond a sharp bend, a giant boulder, which had been dislodged by the frost and had rolled down into the road. Quickly retracing his steps the dog got directly in the track of an approaching automobile and barked until the driver brought the machine to a stop, within two feet of the boulder, which would have either wrecked the machine or hurled it into the lake, which at this point is 70 feet deep." The Tribune telegraph editor, having a sense of humor, printed the story and wired the correspondent as follows: "Dog story very good. Follow up with interesting details about Major's other feats of intelligence." The correspondent was game. He sent a story, the following tails about Major's other feats of intelligence." The correspondent was game. He sent a story, the following day, saying that Major had long been known for his achievements as a hunter. "If his master carries a rifie," the correspondent wrote, "Major will tree a squirrel. If the weapon is a shotgun, he will, without suggestion or word of command, chase a rabbit. On one occasion, which is vouched for by three reputable citizens, when his master took down a fishing pole Major ran out in the backyard and began scratching with his forepaws, presumably in the effort to dig worms." The editor went downstairs and took three drinks. He came back and telegraphed the correspondent: "Bring Major and his owner to New York office tomorrow. All er to New York office tomorrow. All expenses allowed. Sunday feature wanted." After this the editor smiled wanted." After this the editor smiled and muttered profanity to himself. The correspondent replied: "Sorry can not follow instructions. Major is dead. Master prostrated. He trained dog to kill snakes, and Major picked up blacksnake whip, dropped in front of master's home yesterday, and shook it until he whipped himself to death."

The Barbaric Church of St. Helena. At the bottom the chepel of St. Helena seems all the more brilliant as compared with the darkness and its double row of phantoms through which we have just passed. It is lighted through the windows of the dome. It is certainly one of the strangest of all the buildings which make up the Holy Sepulcher. Here we feel in agonizing fashion the weight of the awful past. All was silence when I entered—it was empty, under the eyes of those halfdead specters of the stairway, and I can barely hear the distant rumble of the chants and bells. Behind the altar is another stairway, bordered alike by the long-haired beggars, passing down into darker night.

It seems like a barbarian temple. The Barbaric Church of St. Helena.

the long-haired beggars, passing down into darker night.

It seems like a barbarian temple. There are four enormous columns, supporting ponderously the mighty dome from which hang ostrich eggs and a thousand savage pendants. Bits of paintings on the walls still show saints, with nimbus of gold, although smeared with dust and mold of centuries. All at once the Abyssinian priests issue from the lower cavern, looking like the Magi of old, coming forth from earth, with their dark faces, great gold tiaras, long robes of cloth of gold, sewn with fanciful red and blue flowers. \* \* Quick, quick, in that peculiar exaltation which seems to animate everything here, they pass through the crypts of the chapel and ascend to the other sanctuaries by the ruinous stairway. Illumined on the lower steps by the rays from the windows above, archaically splendid in their golden garb amid the crouching gnomes of the stairway—then all at once they melt away in the darkness as if swallowed up.

Far from there, in the sanctuaries

Far from there, in the sanctuaries of the entrance, near the altar of the Sepulcher, rises the Rock of Calvary. It is surmounted by two chapels to which we ascend by a flight of 20 stone steps, and these are to the crowd the real place for prostration and tear.

The Ghost-Haunted Desert of Gobi. Slowly we traveled across the great vaste of Dzungaria, the "soul-appalling Gobi" of some writers, but to us a land of beauty, even if of a somewhat terrifying character. For here, more nearly than in any other land, says Douglas Carruthers in the Wide World Magazine, is beauty allied to

terror.

These silent steppes, the natives be-liève, are the haunts of "genii" and the rendezvous of evil spirits. As a recent writer has said: "The great sandy desert of Gobi has been looked on as the dwelling place of malignant beings from the days of hoary an-tiquity." All luckless travelers in this region. beings from the days of hoary antiquity." All luckless travelers in this region, from the days of Marco Polo onward, have recorded strange stories of weird beings that inhabit the depths of the wastes. Mysterious singing and wailing, beating of drums, and distant music are said to beguile the traveler and lead him off the track until he is hopelessly lost in the wilderness. A recent Russian explorer gives quite a detailed account of the wild men of the desert. Listen to the strange story told by Kosloff, who traversed the desert of Dzungaria in its widest part not long ago: "These wild men, the Kyz-Kyks as they are called, are covered with short wool similar to the fur of a young camel. They have long black hair and black eyes. They are of ordinary size, but rather long legged. They roam the steppe in pairs, and when harassed by man they scream, whistle, and snarl as they run away. The native Kirghiz claim to have caught them occasionally, but the captives refuse food and drink, and die after a few days."

How the Women Respond.

From the Portland (Ore.) Journal.

The city auditor, A. L. Barbur, has sent another appeal to the women of the city to assist him in filling vacancies in the list of judges and clerks for the forth-coming primary election. This appeal is contained in a letter written by the city auditor to Mrs. Sarah Evans, president of the State Federation of Women's clubs. Mrs. Evans is asked to have her organization suggest the names of women who would be willing to serve as election officials.

would be willing to serve as election officials.

"It is not alone of importance to the organization and to all women voters," reads the city auditor's letter, "but it is also important to the city that the election be carried on in a competent manner and that an honest count may be had. I trust, therefore, that you will give this matter your immediate attention, which will be appreciated by me."

That the women of the city take a live interest in municipal affairs is evidenced by the fact that more than 16 offered their services as election officials before noon, though the letter written by the auditor was sent out only y—erday.

Experimental hops are now being raised at the government botanical station, near Pretoria.



Children and the Streets.

From the Manitoba Free Press. With the letter of "J. D. S." addressed to the Winnipeg city cierk and printed in this issue of the Free Press, we have little sympathy. It is a letter which challenges reply to the following question: Is it in the greater interests of the community that automobile owners should be able to wow randly from should be able to move rapidly from point to point or that children should be allowed to play upon the streets? The suggestion that adequate facili-ties for children's play already exist in

the city recreation grounds is one which will not bear examination. It betrays little study of the problem. While the work of the Playground commission is admirable and beyond all praise, it is only necessary to consider the position of the playgrounds with respect to the homes of the children and to the ages of the children, the availability of the playdren, the availability of the play-grounds with respect to the children's different play-hours, and the capacity of the playgrounds with respect to the number of children who need play-room, to come to this conclusion that

room, to come to this conclusion that the present playground accommodation is wholly and utterly inadequate.

In a really well-ordered community probably every third or fourth lot would be left permanently vacant and equipped as a playground. But whether the youthful ardor of children should even then, be forced to spend itself in restricted areas of this kind may be debated. For in Canada it has been a tradition—and on the whole a wise one—that children should be given the greatest possible freedom and elbowroom. The old fashioned and discredited maxim that children should be seen and not heard has never found seen and not heard has never found favor on this side of the water. The suggestion that children should be kept

suggestion that children should be kept off the streets sniffs, however, strongly of this obsolete doctrine.

What would the proposals mean, if carried out? In the residential sections of the south, and west it would mean restricting either to the house or to the garden, back or front, in the case of the greater number of the children's play times. Restriction to the dren's play times. Restriction to the house is self condemned. But restric-tion to front and back gardens means tion to front and back gardens means interference with domestic operations and with gardening proclivities. Also it means that one or two householders must consent to their gardens being the rendezvous of the children of the neighborhood. This is the position with regard to the better class residential districts. What would be the position of the children if kept off the streets in some of the poorer districts of the city?

City?

Children do not play upon the streets out of pure cussedness or contrariness. They play there in pursuance of perfectly natural instincts, instincts which are healthy, and which, if exercised, are calculated to make streng, resourceful and adaptable men and women, such as Canada needs. If these instincts are thwarted and nature flouted by restriction of the children's playing room the result can only be less virility in the children.

On the other hand, what is to be gained by the exclusion of children

gained by the exclusion of children from the city streets? Is there any economic gain commensurate with the prejudice to the children? We fail to see it. We fail to see that legitimate trade or the rights of automobilists will be unduly interfered with by requiring careful and cautious driving on residential streets.

Thus the only gain—if such it can be called—would be an increase of satisfaction to the automobile owners in permitting speedier travel. While this class—a small class relative to the rest of the population—has undoubtedly its

class—a small class relative to the rest of the population—has undoubtedly its rights, while the automobile is a mod-ern and useful institution, it would be fatal to forget that the rights of childfatal to forget that the rights of child-hood are primary and fundamental. As a community we should be passing foolish to increase the privilege of au-tomobile owners at the expense of the children. Nor can we believe that any considerable portion of the automobile owners of Winnipeg share the desire of "J. D. S." to banish children from the streets in order that the pleasure of the motorist may be perfect.

Forced Feeding. Forced Feeding.

It is the opinion expressed by James Douglas, in London Opinion, that more forced feeding goes on during the London season—he has the suffragets in mind—outside the jails than inside of them—that is inside the jails. He notes the numberless luncheons and dinners and suppers that "demoralized the congested districts" of the bored, and the twittering of 10,000 tongues. "The poor dears," he says, "talk their nerves into rags and then wonder what is the matter with them. The consequence of this feverish life is the wreckage of the whole nervous system. Her dresses and her drugs come out of the same German laboratory. Science dyes her and man laboratory. Science dyes her and she dies of science.

No Lynching Question.
From the Washington Star.
"I understand you went over to
Crimson Gulch and lynched the wrong
man?"
"No."

man?"
"No," replied Three-Finger Sam.
"You can't lynch the wrong man in
Crimson Gulch. We jest got Piute
Pete a little bit ahead of his turn."

A Broken Song.
"Where am I from?" From the green hills of Erin. "Have I no song then?" My songs are all sung. "What o' my love?" 'Tis alone I am farin'. Old grows my heart, an' my voice yet is young.

"If she was tall?" Like a king's own daughter.
"If she was fair?" Like a mornin' o' May. When she'd come laughin' 'twas the dunnin' wather.
When she'd come blushin' 'twas the break o' day.

Where did she dwell?" Where one'st I had my dwellin'.

"Who loved her best?" There's no one now will know.

"Where is she gone?" Och, why would Vhere is she gone.

I be tellin'!
Where she is gone there I can never
—Moira O'Neill.

THE LURE OF THE WEST

WESTERN CANADA ATTRACTING THOUSANDS OF SETTLERS. Writing on the Canadian West, an

eastern exchange truthfully says: "The West still calls with imperative voice. To prairie and mountain, and for the Pacific Coast, Ontario's young men and women are attracted by tens of thousands yearly. The great migration has put an end to the fear, freely expressed not many years ago by those who knew the West from the lakes to the farther coast of Vancouver Island, that Canada would some day break in two because of the predominance of Centinental European and American settlers in the West."

This is true. While the immigration from the United States is large, running close to 150,000 a year, that of the British Isles and Continental Europe nearly twice that number, making a total of 400,000 per year, there is a strong influx from Eastern Canada. It is not only into the prairie provinces that these people go, but many of them continue westward, the glory of British Columbia's great trees and great mountains, the excellent agricultural valleys, where can be grown almost all kinds of agriculture and where fruit has already achieved prominence. Then the vast expanse of the plains attract hundreds of thousands, who at once set to work to cultivate their vast holdings. There is still room, and great opportunity in the West. The work of man's hands, even in the cities with their recordbreaking building rush, is the smallest part of the great panorama that is spread before the eye on a journey through the country. Nature is still supreme, and man is still the divine pigmy audaciously seeking to impose his will and stamp his mark upon an unconquered half continent.

The feature that most commends itself in Western development today is the "home-making spirit." The West will find happiness in planting trees and making gardens and building schools and colleges and universities, and producing a home environment so that there will be no disposition to regard the country as a temporary place of abode in which everyone is trying to make his pile preparatory to going back East or becoming a lotus-eater beside the Pacific.

The lure of the West is strong. It will be still stronger when the crude new towns and villages of the plains embowered in trees and vocal with the song of birds.-Advertise-

Vacillating. At a dinner not long ago Thomas W. Lawson was talking on the subject of success.

"Success in Finance," said Lawson, "is due in a great measure to prompt action. The doubting, hesitating, Hamlet type of man had best keep out of finance. He is quite sure to be swamped. The street hasn't muchuse for him. I had a boyhood friend of this type named Grimes. He was a falterer, a doubter, a Hamlet of the most exaggerated type.

"One evening I stopped to call on him and found him in a deep study, bent over a white waistcoat, lying on

"'Hello, Grimes,' I said. 'What's the

ng the garment up to my view, 'it's too dirty to wear and not dirty enough to send to the laundry. I don't know what to do about it."-Everybody's.

## HAIR CAME OUT IN BUNCHES

813 E. Second St., Muncie, Ind.—"My little girl had a bad breaking out on the scalp. It was little white lumps. The pimples would break out as large as a common pinhead all over her head. They would break and run yellow matter. She suffered nearly a year with itching and burning. It was sore and itched all the time. The matter that ran from her head was very thick. I did not comb her hair very often, her head was too sore to comb it, and when I did comb, it came out in bunches. Some nights her head itched so bad she could not sleep,

"I tried several different soaps and ointments, also patent medicine, but nothing could I get to stop it. I began using Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment this summer after I sent for the free samples. I used them and they did so much good I bought a cake of Cuticura Soap and some Cuticura Ointment. I washed her head with Cuticura Soap and rubbed the Cuticura Ointment in the scalp every two weeks. A week after I had washed her head three times you could not tell she ever had a breaking out on her head. Cuticura Soap and Ointment also made the hair grow beautifully." (Signed) Mrs. Emma Patterson, Dec. 22, 1911.

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

Oh, That Was It. "Where'd you get the black eye?" "He was bragging that he had the finest boy in town." "But a man should be excused for a

little vanity-" "But he was making his brag to a man who had a boy of his own.

Mrs. Winslow's Scothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflamma tion, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle. Entertaining Literature.

"I wish I had a fairy tale to read." "Here's the seed catalogue."

MANY PERSONS COLOR BLIND

Tests Used by Rallroads Show That Almost Everybody Is Slightly Color Blind.

The various tests for color blindness have come into practical use in the examination of railroad engineers and the like, where the ability to distinguish colors is necessary, so that these tests are no longer peculiar to the laberatory. But it is not generally known outside the laboratory that everybody is partially color blindthat is, in certain parts of the field of vision. The most normal individual can see all the colors only when he looks directly at them. If looked at from an angle of about fifteen degrees red and green can no longer be seen, but in their places will appear shades of yellow or blue. This region of the eyes is known as the yellow-blue zone. If the color be moved still farther to the side the yellow and blue will disappear and only gray can be seen This region is known as the zone of complete color blindness. An interesting theory in regard to these zones is that every normal eye represents three stages of evolution. The zone of complete color blindness is the low est stage, and appears in such animals as the frog, whose vision is known as shadow vision. The blueyellow zone is one step higher in the scale, although not clearly marked off in the animal kingdom. And the appearance of the red-green zone marks the highest stage of evolution. Cases of color blindness are, according to this theory, a lack of development beyond the early stage of individual life.—Strand Magazine.

The Lesser of Two Evils. A gentleman from the north was en joying the excitement of a bear hunt

down in Mississippi. The bear was surrounded in a small cane thicket. The dogs could not get the bear out and the planter who was at the head of the hunt called to one of the ne-

"Sam, go in there and get the bear

The negro hesitated for a moment and then plunged into the cane. A few moments after the negro, the bear and the dogs were rolling upon the ground

After the hunt was over the visitor said to the negro:

"Were you not afraid to go into that thicket with that bear?"

"Cap'n," replied the negro. "It wus jest dis way. I nebber had met dat bar, but I wus pussonally 'quainted wid old boss, and I jes' naturally tuck dat b'ar."

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it Bears the

Bears the Signature of Charles Hillsteling. In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Cannon of Solid Rock.

When the island of Malta was under the rule of the Knights of St. John they defended their fortifications with cannon bored in the living rock. Each one of these strange weapons contained an entire barrel of powder, and as it was not possible to vary the aim of these cannon 50 were made ready, "'This waistcoat,' he replied, hold- facing various directions from which the enemy might approach

When the fame of these arms of defense became known to the world the idea was taken up of transporting rocks to summits to serve the same purpose, but it was soon recognized to be impracticable, and the cannon of Malta, bored in solid rock, have passed into history as the sole weapons of the kind ever known.-Har-

Ready Thrift.

Kirby Stone-I hate to mention it, ear, but I must tell you that business has been awfully poor lately. If you could economize a little in dresses wear something plainer.

Mrs. Stone-Certainly, dear. I shall order some plainer dresses tomorrow

ASK FOR ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, the Antiseptic powder to shake into your shoes. Relieves Corns, Bunions, Ingrowing Nails, Swollen and Sweating feet, Blisters and Callous spots. Sold everywhere, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample FREE, Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N.Y. Adv.

Voice of Experience. "I have a suit against a circus and l

propose to attach the elephant."

Take my advice and attach the boa constrictor instead. The elephant eats four times a day, while the snake only eats about four times a month."

## **HOW THIS WOMAN** FOUND HEALTH

Would not give Lydia E.Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for All Rest of Medicine in the World.

Utica, Ohio .- "I suffered everything from a female weakness after baby came. I had numb



spells and was dizzy, had black spots before my eyes, my back ached and I was so weak I could hardly stand up. My face was yellow, even my fingernails were colorless and I had displacement. I

took Lydia E. Pink-ham's Vegetable Compound and now I am stout, well and healthy. I can do all my own work and can walk to town and back and not get tired. I would not give your Vegetable Compound for all the rest of the medicines in the world. I tried doctor's medicines and they did me no good."-Mrs. MARY EARLEWINE, R.F.D. No.3, Utica,

Another Case.

Nebo, Ill.-"I was bothered for ten years with female troubles and the doc-tors did not help me. I was so weak and nervous that I could not do my work and every month I had to spend a few days in bed. I read so many letters about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound curing female troubles that I got a bottle of it. It did me more good than anything else I ever took and now it has cured me. I feel better than I have for years and tell everybody what the Compound has done for me. I believe I would not be living to-day but for that." - Mrs. HETTIE GREENSTREET, Nebo, Illinois.

## The Wretchedness of Constipation Can quickly be overcome by CARTER'S LITTLE

LIVER PILLS. Purely vegetable—act surely and gently on the liver. Cure Head-Dizzi-

ness, and Indigestion. They do their duty. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE, Genuine must bear Signature

CANADA'S OFFERING TO THE SETTLER



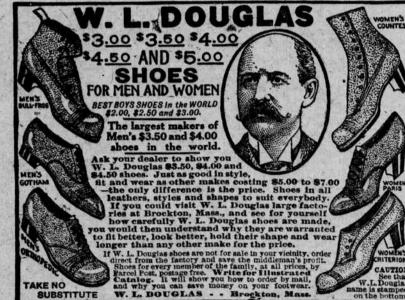
In many cases the railways in Canada have been built in advance of settlement, and in a short time there will not be a settler who need be more than ten or twelve miles from a line of railway. Railway Rates are regulated by Government Commission.

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Stewart's Skin Bleach—A complexion with delicate freshness of a pink rose leaf can be obtained by its use. It is a matchless skin bleach and skin food. Use it if troubled with sunburn, tan or blotches. Pleasant to use, is not of a greasy or sticky nature. Money back if not satisfied. Price One Dollar per bottle. STEWART'S SPECIALTY CO.,



UTNAM FADELESS colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors all fibers. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. You ca part. Write for free booklet—How to Dye, Bleach and Mix Colors. MONROE DRUG COMPANY, Quincy, III