

**WELL PLEASED WITH WESTERN CANADA.**

**GOOD CROPS, SPLENDID CLIMATE AND WELL ENFORCED LAWS.**

Mr. George E. Hunter is a Maidstone, Saskatchewan (Central Canada), farmer, who writes to a Canadian Government Agent as follows:

"It was the first week in November, 1907, when we arrived here. There was very little snow or cold weather until after the holidays, then the snow and cold increased, but to no great extent. I think the coldest I heard of was 30 degrees below zero, but that degree of cold would not be felt here any more than 10 degrees below zero would be back home in Michigan, owing to the beautiful dry atmosphere of this country. There came a good thaw every month that settled the snow, the fields soon became bare, and on the 12th of April I commenced ploughing. The snow was then all gone and summer at hand. This last season was something more than an average year around here, with fine crops gathered from a large acreage. In parts the crops were less than average, but generally speaking they were above it. The price of wheat was quite good. Some fine yields sold at \$1.10 per bushel, while some were marketed at much less, but hardly any went below about 50 cents a bushel.

"Oats started on the market at 35 cents a bushel, barley about 50 cents, and flax from 90 cents to \$1.00 a bushel.

"As this was my first year in this country, it was a hard year for my horses, owing to their being eastern horses, and not used to the western climate, but they will soon get climatized.

"The soil on my farm is a black loam, about one foot in thickness, below that we find about six feet of clay, and below that again gravel and sand, with an abundance of excellent water. This was the condition of the ground as I found it when I dug a well. I can say that the water is as sweet and as free from alkali and impurities as I ever saw.

"My opinion is that the man who comes here with a little means can do no better than invest \$500 or \$1,000 in cattle, after locating a homestead adjoining or near some hilly part of the country where it will not be taken up as soon. There is plenty of grass and hay to be found in the hilly country and small lakes and sloughs will afford sufficient water for any amount of cattle. The bluffs with a few hay or straw sheds will make sufficient shelter for them. There is no need to worry about the market for cattle, as there is already a great call for stock of all kinds to satisfy the continued demands of the large packing house at Edmonton, established by Swift and Company.

"The dairy business should by no means be forgotten. It is one of the paying enterprises of this great west. The price of butter seldom goes below 25 cents and reaches as high as 40 cents a pound. Also the new creameries that are fast being erected along the lines of railroad are calling on the farmers for their cream.

"These creameries are greatly welcomed in all communities, because selling cream is better than making butter, even at an average price of 25 cents a pound. For a new country the railroad transportation facilities are good; not yet, of course, what they are in older countries, but the new lines are swiftly gaining as the country gets more settled and supplies them with produce to ship. It is hard to say too much in favor of this country. All one needs is a little money with grit and ambition. I have seen homesteads that were filed on a little over three years ago that the owners have refused \$2,000 for.

"There is much more that can be said in favor of Western Canada, but I think my letter has been long enough."

**Tenderness.**

It was in the hotel of a western mining town that the New England guest, registering in the office, heard a succession of yond yells.

"What in the world is that—a murder going on upstairs?" he demanded.

"No," said the clerk, as he slammed the book and lounged toward the stairs. "It is the spring bed up in No. 5. That tenderfoot up there don't get the hang of it, and every few days he gets one of the spiral springs screwed into him like a shirt stud. I guess I'll have to go up, if there ain't anything more I can do for you for a few minutes."—Youth's Companion.

**GOVERNMENT LAND OPENING UNDER GAREY ACT.**

May 6, the State Land Commissioner of Wyoming will distribute 7,000 acres irrigated land at Cooper Lake, near Laramie and Denver, on main line of Union Pacific; 50 cents per acre. Oldest Reservoir and Direct Water Rights; \$5 an acre cash and \$3 an acre annually for ten years. Free trip and two town lots to all who apply before May 1. Write for application and circulars. Tallmadge-Buntin Land Co., Agents, 2nd floor, Railway Exchange, Chicago. Agents wanted.

**To Save Time.**

A small machine glass with markings indicating different numbers of drops will be found a great saving of time to every mother, while the accuracy of measurements by means of it is well worth taking into consideration.

**The Night of the Game.**

First Spicified Person—Does this student belong here? Leadlady (coldly)—No, all my students were brought home an hour ago.—Wisconsin Spicifix.

**I'VE BEEN THINKING**

About a Dream I Had

By Charles Battell Loomis

(Copyright by W. G. Chapman.)

I had a dream last night. I dreamed that I had grown a good deal stouter and a good deal better looking, and it was the New Year—pretty well on in the New Year—after the Fourth of March, but just exactly when I couldn't determine.

Wherever I walked people waved their hats at me, and I was more popular than I had ever thought of being before.

I was not at all used to the action of my jaws which were more energetic and strong and quick-acting than any I had ever had, and I wondered who in the world I was, anyhow.

All of a sudden a rough-looking chap in a blue flannel shirt and bearing a shovel on his shoulders passed me and looked kind of hard at me, and I recognized him at once as a fellow who had busted bronchos with me years ago.

With a smile broader than any I was ever able to compass before, I rushed up to him and said: "Don't you know me, Frank?" And he grabbed my hand and called me "Teddy"—and at that I said "Dee-lighted!" and realized at once who I was.

I wasn't the least bit sorry that I

had developed into quite a husky young man and I made him my private secretary, as he wrote a good hand.

At last I was in Africa and was going after big game, and then I was going to write it up at a dollar a word.

At this point I didn't seem to be Teddy Roosevelt so much as I seemed to be myself—and that is why a dollar a word seemed bigger than shooting a covey of hippopotami.

We were in the middle of an American forest reservation in the heart of Africa and I saw a rhinoceros high up on the limb of a giant redwood, twitching his bushy tail and scolding at me. I immediately leveled or rather raised my Krag-Jorgensen at him and fired and the big fellow came tumbling at my feet. He still showed signs of life when he fell to the ground, but with my big stick I clubbed the life out of him and called for a typewriter and an ocean cable. These Theodore Taft brought to me.

"Do you understand the Morse code?" I asked.

He did not answer, but taking out a telegraph key he began to click it, spelling the name of my New York publisher.

"Never mind the typewriter," said I, impatiently, hurling the machine from me. I struck a herd of Bengal tigers and exploded, and when the smoke had cleared away I found that I had killed nine.

I at once began to dictate my story at a dollar a word, first writing that I wished the money cabled to me as soon as the words were counted.

"I came, I saw, I conquered," I cabled, "which is six dollars and rather more than Caesar got for the same words." Here I realized that the modifying clause had brought me in \$14 and I was very happy.

I proceeded, Theodore cabling it as I spoke.

"I was happy when I was a cowboy, but this beats it. I was happy when I was a student at Harvard under Prexy Elliot, but this big game



"Twitching His Bushy Tail."

had ceased to be myself, because if I was Teddy I'd always be myself.

I found I was on my way to the African steamer, which sailed from Hoboken in an hour.

Then the scene changed and a whole lot of people clustered around me and I was standing on the back platform of a railroad train, saying pleasant things to the multitude, but all the time thinking: "Dear me, will they ever start, or am I going to miss that boat?"

At last the whistle sounded, and I shook hands with five or six who clambered on the steps at the imminent risk of their lives, and then—just as the train pulled out a mother handed me her baby to kiss, and before I could hand it back we were at least a quarter of a mile away and going at a rattling rate—in the wrong direction, and I had a strange baby in my arms, and didn't know what on earth to do with it.

But the mother seized a megaphone from a Harvard boy and shouted: "You may have it. I have nine more."

That delighted me. I yelled back above the roar of the train: "What's the baby's name?" "Theodore Taft."

I instinctively put off my hand to shake the mother's, and there I was back at the station, handing her my photograph with my autograph on it and asking her the quickest way to the African steamer.

She said: "Three squares to the right and mind the baby doesn't get lost in the jungle."

I told her I'd be careful, and grabbing the child in my left arm, I sprang on a horse that happened to be standing at hand and did what you might call a Teddy bareback ride at a pace that would have killed some cavalry officers I've heard of.

Just as I got to the dock I saw the African steamer pulling out, and there was a crowd of about a million people bidding me farewell—and I not on the steamer!

I was in such a state of mind that I flung the baby at the captain, who was standing on the bridge, and he caught him and clapped a uniform on him so that he wouldn't catch cold, and made them put back the gang plank—and I was safe on board.

It seemed as if we never would get to Africa, and in point of fact it was over an hour before the longed-for land appeared on the horizon. The

hunting in Africa is the happiest thing yet. I was happy when I was fighting in Cuba, but I am happier now. I was happy when I was police commissioner, but this has it beaten to a frazzle. I was happy when I was an assemblyman, but this knocks it silly. I was happy when I was assistant secretary of the navy, but this gives it the goby. I was happy when I was governor of New York, but this is the bulledest thing I ever struck. I was happy when I was president, but none of these former things could hold a candle to this hunting big game in Africa—How many words is that, Theodore?"

"One hundred and fifty-six at a dollar a word."

"Gee, this is slow work! Cable 'em to go hang. Tell 'em Theodore Roosevelt doesn't want the money. It's the sport of the thing he's after."

And at that moment I saw a Numidian lion climbing a redwood and just ahead of him a nature faker climbing for dear life.

With a most chivalrous instinct I leveled my gun at the lion—there was a tremendous report, the whole middle of Africa dropped out of the map, leaving an inland sea, into which I slipped and immediately woke up.

But I was happy while it lasted, and I think I understand Roosevelt better for the dream.

**THE WHITE FLAG'S RAVAGES.**

Surprise That Came to One Who Was Pasting on Red Cross Stamps.

"I never actually realized the extent of the white plague," said one who has been buying and using the Red Cross Christmas stamps, "till I came to do up my Christmas packages."

"Then it struck me all at once that I hadn't put the stamps on bundles sent to anybody suffering from this malady or into any family with a member thus afflicted or that perhaps had lost one. And do you know that when I came to think I was surprised at the number of those I could recall from right among my own close acquaintances and friends to whom these stamps would be a far from pleasant reminder."

"So I withheld stamps from some packages, but I put double stamps on all the rest; and I am going to buy more stamps to give what help I can to the Right against this dread disease."

**THE VALUE OF PERSONAL KNOWLEDGE**

Personal knowledge is the winning factor in the culminating contests of this competitive age and when of ample character it places its fortunate possessor in the front ranks of

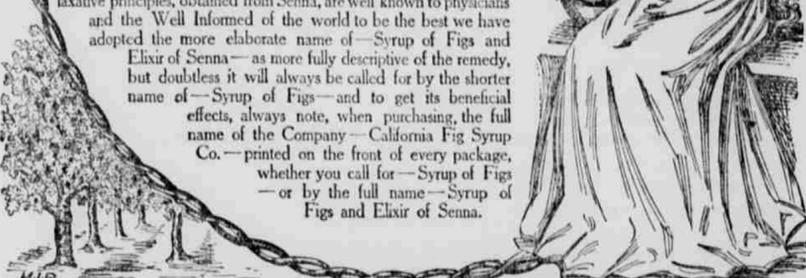
**The Well Informed of the World.**

A vast fund of personal knowledge is really essential to the achievement of the highest excellence in any field of human effort.

**A Knowledge of Forms, Knowledge of Functions and Knowledge of Products** are all of the utmost value and in questions of life and health when a true and wholesome remedy is desired it should be remembered that Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., is an ethical product which has met with the approval of the most eminent physicians and gives universal satisfaction, because it is a remedy of

**Known Quality, Known Excellence and Known Component Parts** and has won the valuable patronage of millions of the Well Informed of the world, who know of their own personal knowledge and from actual use that it is the first and best of family laxatives, for which no extravagant or unreasonable claims are made.

This valuable remedy has been long and favorably known under the name of—Syrup of Figs—and has attained to world-wide acceptance as the most excellent family laxative. As its pure laxative principles, obtained from Senna, are well known to physicians and the Well Informed of the world to be the best we have adopted the more elaborate name of—Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna—as more fully descriptive of the remedy, but doubtless it will always be called for by the shorter name of—Syrup of Figs—and to get its beneficial effects, always note, when purchasing, the full name of the Company—California Fig Syrup Co.—printed on the front of every package, whether you call for—Syrup of Figs—or by the full name—Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna.



**CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.**  
ADDRESSES: SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., U.S.A., LONDON, ENGLAND, NEW YORK, N.Y.

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As nearly as can be ascertained, the wealthy persons of New York city receive 35,000 begging letters a day from strangers, and the writers stand a better chance of finding money than in getting from them, for even the most liberal of philanthropists do not dispense their charity excepting according to careful plans and after investigation.

**His First Practice.**

The old farmer stood in front of the "Human Frog" in the museum. "How did you ever find out you were a contortionist?" he drawled, curiously. "Sh!" whispered the contortionist. "It's a secret, but I once tried to dress in the upper berth of a Pullman sleeper."

No harmful drugs in Garfield Tea. Nature's laxative—it is composed wholly of clean, sweet, health-giving Herbs! For constipation, liver and kidney troubles.

Why doesn't some enterprising attorney write a book of unwritten laws?

A Cough, if neglected, often affects the Lungs. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" give relief. 35 cents a box. Samples sent free by John I. Brown & Son, Boston, Mass.

When a man's heart is broken by a woman he employs some other woman to mend it.

Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c cigar. Made of extra quality tobacco. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

A woman probably feels blue when she is green with envy.

**PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.** PAIN EXTINGUISHED. Guaranteed to cure any case of itching, burning, bleeding or protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 10c.

What you call temper in your wife you call temperament in yourself.

Allen's Foot-Powder, a Powder. For swollen, sweating feet, gives instant relief. The original powder for the feet. 25c at all drugists.

The common people believe without proof.—Tactius.

**45 to 50 Bu. of Wheat Per Acre**

have been grown on farm lands in

**WESTERN CANADA**



Much less would be satisfactory. The general average is above twenty bushels.

"All are loud in their praises of the great crops and that wonderful country."—The Association of August, 1908.

It is now possible to secure a homestead of 160 acres free and another 160 acres at \$3.00 per acre. Hundreds have paid the cost of their farms (if purchased) and then had a balance of from \$10.00 to \$12.00 per acre from one crop. Wheat, barley, oats, flax—all do well. Mixed farming is a great success and dairying is highly profitable. Excellent climate, splendid schools and churches, railways bring most every district within easy reach of market. Railway and land companies have lands for sale at low prices and on easy terms.

"Last Best West" pamphlets and maps sent free. For these and information as to how to secure lowest railway rates, apply to Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or the authorized Canadian Government Agent:

W. V. BENNETT, Omaha, Nebraska, 501 New York Life Building.

**Omaha Directory**

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**THE MOUTH** Paxtine used as a mouth-wash disinfects the mouth and throat, purifies the breath, and kills the germs which collect in the mouth, causing sore throat, bad teeth, bad breath, grippe, and much sickness.

**THE EYES** and burn, may be instantly relieved and strengthened by Paxtine.

**CATARRH** Paxtine will destroy the germs that cause catarrh, heal the inflammation and stop the discharge. It is a sure remedy for uterine catarrh.

Paxtine is a harmless yet powerful germicide, disinfectant and deodorizer. Used in bathing it destroys odors and leaves the body antiseptically clean. FOR SALE AT DRUG STORES, 50c OR POSTPAID BY MAIL.

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makes laundry work a pleasure. 16 oz. pkg. 10c

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