

It is unlucky to lose \$13 on Friday.

Many a man retains his friends by refusing them loans.

Matrimony is the destroyer of many pleasant engagements.

Even if a woman is self-made she wants people to think she is tailor-made.

Many a man who prides himself on his veracity thinks it no harm to lie to the jury.

The man who stops you on the street to ask after your health doesn't necessarily care.

A soft answer turneth away wrath. But it doesn't have the slightest effect on a book agent.

A conceited woman dubs a man a woman-hater just because he doesn't happen to admire her.

A new counterfeit \$100 gold certificate has appeared. Be careful to examine your \$100 bills as they come in.

It isn't a difficult matter for a doctor to ascertain what ails a patient. All he has to do is to perform the autopsy.

When that \$2,500,000,000 ore trust is formed it will be something more than an airy joke to say that Mr. Rockefeller owns the earth.

It is well enough to know that a Pennsylvania court has decided that life insurance cannot be collected on a man that is hanged.

Will the girls of the present generation who would be content with the education of their grandmothers kindly hold up their hands?

A girl may be wise, but if she wants to marry she is foolish to appear more intelligent than the man she is trying to induce to pay her board for life.

It is feared that some people get into Mr. Rockefeller's Bible class who would rather have a tip on the market than information on how to be good.

"Jig dancing," says a terpsichorean professor, "should be taught in the schools." But this is distinctly a concession to the uneducated taste. The jig is the rag time of dancing.

Secretary Hay says that if the press of the world should resolve that war should be no more, there would soon be universal peace. But war news makes such attractive reading!

A New York man wants a divorce because his wife bought nineteen hats in twelve weeks. If the judge is married it will not be hard to guess how this case is going to be decided.

We may find that it is much easier to deal with the mob that lynches or the mob that slugs than with the feminine mob that has on two or three recent occasions turned a wedding into a riot.

An observing physician of New York who has recently traveled about the country a good deal says he finds the farmers are standing and walking straighter now than they were twenty-five or thirty years ago. He attributes this to the use of modern apparatus on the farms. "The Man with the Hoe" is getting the stoop out of his shoulders by reason of the fact that he doesn't use a hoe any more, but a cultivator, on the top of which he rides under an umbrella.

Something scarcely endurable in the way of a mosquito plague is needed to make the average man understand that much patient study, investigation and experimentation have established the fact that the mosquito may be controlled and ultimately exterminated; that he is born and bred very near the scene of his sanguinary activities; that his presence in a neighborhood is evidence of local negligence and indifference; that he is the most efficient and perhaps the sole agent of so-called malarial inoculation, and that the cost of eliminating him is as nothing to the value of the benefits it would confer upon suffering humanity and depressed real estate.

Perhaps, under some halcyon dispensation—say, the millennium, of which we have heard so much—there may be an arrangement whereby universal health, happiness and prosperity will follow on the heels of universal education, spathy, and indolence. But, taking humanity as it is, and measuring its prospects by the actual material at our present disposal, is it wise to depopulate the fields, the factories and the mines by proscribing the multitude into a state of scorn for simple toil? What are all these millions to do when they shall have been exalted above the grade, the plunkerk and the ax? A world composed of millionaires, barons, school teachers, orators and gynecologists would not be able to defend itself for any great length of time from the savage and the anarchist.

Small conversation is the familiar habit of human nature to require discussion as it is continually exhibited. There are some forms of it which

are so subtle as actually to pass for virtues. There is the man who has the reputation of being aggressive and forceful to a degree, but who has no element of courtesy or consideration for his fellow men. He knows that if he allows other men to get close enough to him they will see that behind his bluster is a dearth of ideas and ability. He knows, too, that if he permits those who are associated with him and under his control to manifest their own individual worth the comparison which the world will institute between their genuine abilities and his pretended importance will be not only unflattering to him but destructive to his ambitions. The policy of such a man is to browbeat wherever he can and to systematically disparage others at every opportunity.

Advice, it is said, is cheap. But it sometimes is dear when accepted in cases of sickness. This does not refer to the advice of physicians, which, of course, is dear, but to the advice of well-meaning and sincerely sympathetic friends, which often is far dearer still. All know how prone people are to advise one who is ill and to tell what they did and how they obtained relief under what they think were exactly similar circumstances. It stands to reason that these good people understand neither the illness with which they were afflicted nor the influences that brought about their cures. But the sick do not reason. In their pain and anxiety they are like young robins that sit with open mouths and swallow whatever is dropped in, whether it be worms or shingle nails. And after a long experience with the pills and potions of sympathetic friends, death, if it is not certain, is at least welcome. It seems a sweet relief to sleep under the sod. According to Herodotus, this human habit held good many centuries ago. He quotes the following as one of the wisest of Babylonian institutions: "They have no physicians, but when a man is ill they lay him in the public square, and the passers-by come up to him, and if they have ever had his disease themselves or have known any one who has suffered from it, they give him advice, recommending him to do whatever they found good in their own case or in the case known to them. And no one is allowed to pass the sick man in silence without asking him what his ailment is." Excepting for our present thin veneer of civilization and abundant supply of physicians, human nature seems to have been about the same in all ages. But what is the use of protesting? The habit continues, in spite of the graveyards that are filled. For we like sympathy when we are sick. And, maybe, after all, sympathy is better than nostrums in most of our little ailments. Anyway, the neighbor who drops her own household cares and comes in with sympathy and devotion seems to have almost divine healing in her loving touch. She may know nothing of pathology or therapeutics, but she knows what the sore heart hungers for and supplies it as no other can. She may help us to die in many a case, but if on the other hand, we get well, she has taught us there are things worth living for. If we escape going to join the angels above, we at least have learned that there are angels on earth.

How to Be a Successful Stepmother. Few women who become the second wife of a man with a family realize the great responsibility which they are taking upon themselves; and it is mainly on this account that so many stepmothers fail in their duty to fill the place of the one whose position they take in the household. There are great difficulties in the way of fulfilling the position of second wife to a man and second mother to his children, which require more than an ordinary amount of common sense, tact and patience to overcome, and any lack of these virtues is liable to cause much dissension in a home.

The position of a stepmother is by no means an enviable one. One of the greatest tasks which she must set herself to accomplish is to win the love and respect of another woman's children, and in many cases this is an extremely difficult matter. But, unless she does this, a stepmother is bound to be unpopular in a home, and probably be the cause of much unhappiness. It is not sufficient that a stepmother should rely upon her husband to secure that respect from his first wife's children which is due to her.

She must show them that she has their best interests at heart and is desirous of winning their love if they will allow her to do so. There is always a certain feeling of resentment on the part of children against the one who comes to take their mother's position. To a certain extent it is only natural that there should be, and it is a stepmother's duty to try and remove that resentment by proving how much she wishes to become a second mother to them in every sense of the term.

No action can be more mean on the part of a stepmother than to lavish all her love and care on her own little ones while treating her stepchildren with a cold indifference which creates a dislike toward her and makes their lives miserable. Children are particularly sensitive regarding such a matter, and stepmothers would be far more popular if they would only try to treat the children of their husband's first wife as they would their own.

It is, of course, almost impossible for a woman to love the children of another woman in the same way that she would love her own. But the stepmother who values the happiness of her home will conceal, as far as possible, all difference in her feelings toward the children of her husband, and endeavor to make them feel that she is a real mother to them all.

By so doing she will also win still greater love from her husband. Many widowers do not marry a second time for love, but simply for the sake of their children, who need a woman's care. It is, more often than not, a marriage of convenience, the man choosing the woman whom he considers will best fill the place of mother to his children. After he is grievously disappointed. But when he discovers that his second wife is anxious to do all in her power to win the love and respect of her stepchildren, and make their lives as happy as possible, his respect for her turns to true and sincere love.—New York News.

What Is It Best. I do not ask that life should be A bed of ease; I am not like the child, who wants Each toy he sees. And yet 'tis hard, I think, sometimes To see and know, When life seems full of bitter things, The way 'tis so.

"Tis hard to watch the ones we love Grow sick and die, To lay them in the grave and make No moan or cry. Yet those he loves God chasteneth, So we are told; And each in some way doth believe The story old.

That in this world what is best; Although we see A thousand ways in which we think 'T would better be To have what we have longed for, but 'Tis all in vain. Each one must learn through care and grief.

Sorrow and pain, That God some trials sends to each That one and all May come to Him for sympathy; May heed his call, "Come all ye weary ones to me, For here is rest." And so we all would fain believe What is it best.

Thus, though like others, I should like At peace to be, I only ask that he, in time, Will give to me A faith so sure, a love so great, So strong and true, That I may look to him for help In all I do; Content to know, at last for me Will come sweet rest; When life's hard lesson has been learned. What is it best. —Boston Globe.

Don't Mope. Don't yield to the "blues." Shake off the attack in a hearty laugh, which is good for body and mind. One way to dispel our own clouds is by getting from under them in the effort to dispel other people's. Try it. When the brain is fuddled with too much care and work, drive out such cobwebs with jokes and stories; it will pay. Githness is not piety; nor are sour looks a passport to heaven; the best should not only be, but appear to be, the happiest. When depressed seek the companionship of the man with a cheerful heart and sunny face. We all need the sunshine of life; let us ask it when we may. Some people seem afraid to laugh, or to confess

Careless Habits, if Not Criminal, of Members of the Sex. It was the lunch hour. A well-dressed woman at a table near a side door in the department store restaurant quietly arose and sauntered down the corridor toward the elevator, just as the waitress who had that table in charge emerged from the serving-room. With a quick look about her the waitress set down her tray and made after the vanishing figure. In less time than it takes to tell it she returned with the departing guest in tow looking stern but triumphant. Madam murmured something about having forgotten to pay for her lunch, but the severity of the waitress' face did not relax a whit at her explanation. She did not even pretend to believe it.

"That's a regular game," she explained, when madam had paid and departed. "Only last week a woman and child came in here and took the regular 20-cent lunch. After they had finished it the woman suddenly decided that she would like a piece of pie, and I went out to get it. When I came back she and her child were gone, and I had 58 cents to pay for what they ate."

"Well, what do you think of that?" ejaculated one of her listeners. Then she indulged in an amused giggle.

"They manage so differently at a Y. W. C. A. hotel that I know of," she began, in response to her friend's inquiring look. "The place is patronized by women only, and from its name you kind of expect sweetness and light, faith, trust and all that. There are two doors to the dining room, and at each is stationed an attendant with a small bowl. It is easy enough to pass her going in, but if you want to get out you have to drop a ticket into that bowl."

"Well?"

"The point," she went on, demurely, "is that you can't get a ticket until you've paid your check. The cashier hands it to you with your change."

"I'd much there just aboutness," said her companion, warmly. "The idea of being treated like a malefactor—and at a Y. W. C. A. place, too!"—New York Press.

The better half of the matrimonial combats never ceases trying to find out how the other half lives.

# Women's Doings.

## How to Be a Successful Stepmother.

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The position of a stepmother is by no means an enviable one. One of the greatest tasks which she must set herself to accomplish is to win the love and respect of another woman's children, and in many cases this is an extremely difficult matter. But, unless she does this, a stepmother is bound to be unpopular in a home, and probably be the cause of much unhappiness. It is not sufficient that a stepmother should rely upon her husband to secure that respect from his first wife's children which is due to her.

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How to Clean Walnuts. Odd bodices of net and lace are so much worn of late and are usually such delicate and elaborate affairs that the woman who intrusts them to cleaner or maid is extravagant or reckless. The simplest and safest way to have them cleaned is to do it one's self, a feat not at all difficult to accomplish if one but knows the right way. A woman who has done four net and lace shirtwaists in this way declares that they come out as fresh as ever: Pour two quarts of boiling water over a muslin bag, which has been previously filled with bran.

Let the water stand until warm, and well squeeze the bag in it before taking it out. Now take half the bran water and make a lather together with some soap jelly. Put your bodice into it. Knead well, but do not rub. When perfectly washed, put it in the clean bran water and shake until all soap is removed. Fold in a warm, dry cloth and put through a wringer. Take a moderate iron and iron until dry. The bran acts as starch. Before folding to put away hang the garment on the back of a chair, so that no trace of moisture should remain.

New Uses for Old Stockings. The tops of old woolen stockings make good "every-day" mittens for children. The child's hand may be used for a pattern.

Knee protectors for the small boy can also be made from the tops. They cling close to the stocking, and can easily be held in place with a couple of small safety pins at the top, where they will not show.

Leggings to protect the children's limbs from the cold and their stockings from mud can be made from the legs of old stockings.

If the feet of old stockings are put on in place of the shoes, the children may have a romp in the evening without disturbing the rest of the family.

The upper part of women's stockings make good sleeve protectors, as they require no pinning or elastic to hold them up.

The legs of children's heavy ribbed stockings, if worn too much for any other use, make excellent cloths for washing the cook stove, kettles, etc.—Woman's Home Companion.

The Chicago Standard. Cobwigger—How do you rate and rank your society women in Chicago? Lakeland—By the amount of alimony they are receiving.

Women of the World. According to a feminine writer, the work of the woman's club is threefold—to educate its members mentally and morally; to create public opinion; to secure better conditions of life. Its worth, personal and social, is in proportion to its effectiveness in securing these ends.

The Dowager Empress of China, that lady of most uncertain temper, is magnificent in her taste and hates all poor specimens of flowers. She is said to constantly scold her gardeners because the colossal chrysanthemums they raise do not appear to her to be large enough and she has also expressed her displeasure that all trees could not be made to produce flowers and fruit simultaneously, as do oranges and lemons.

Flower names have always been in favor for girls, but at present the names of precious stones run their good second. Lord Edward Churchill's daughters are Ruby and Beryl; there is Miss Pearl Finch, daughter of Mr. George Finch, of Burley-on-the-Hill; Miss Frances Wolsley, only child and heiress of Lord Wolsley, has also the name of Garnet, and the new Lady Hardinge, whose husband has recently been appointed ambassador at St. Petersburg, owns a beautiful baby called Diamond.



Special correspondence. The old Romans used to say that Gaul was divided into three parts; so is the Canadian Northwest. Gaul's divisions were political; those of the Western Canada's prairies are created by the unerring hand of nature.

Chiefly because of the elevation of the country, the absence of large lakes and rivers, and the operations of the "Chinook" or Pacific ocean winds, which readily cross the Rocky Mountains in Southern Alberta through gaps and passes, the southwestern portion of the Canadian provinces is regarded as somewhat arid, and less fertile than other portions of the country. Although this has been a prevailing idea in the past, it has been left for American settlers, who have invaded this district within the past two or three years, to prove that splendid crops of grain can be grown on the land, which had hitherto been the feeding ground for the herds of cattle and bands of horses that ranged there.

That ranching is carried on most successfully in other portions of the prairies West, just as agriculture is to a limited extent conducted successfully within this boundary is fully established, but taken as a whole it constitutes a territory above all others most admirably adapted to this particular industry.

The buffalo, bunch and other grasses that grow in profusion in this district and retain their nutritive properties the year round, and the moderate climate of mid-winter rendered such by the Chinook winds preventing any considerable depth of snow at any time, especially fit the district for the peculiar methods of the rancher—raising his herds the year round in this whole country.

While there are no large lakes or rivers in this whole country, there are numerous fast running streams fed the year round by melting snow in the mountains, furnishing an abundance of the coolest and purest water, the best of which as well as man. The country has at once an abundance of the best of food and drink the year round, a clear sky, but little wet or stormy weather and a favorable climate the year through.

This makes Southern Alberta more especially the most favorable ranching country in the known world, and the enterprise is making most unprecedented headway. Ranchers, however, as well as others, learn that it pays best to raise thoroughbred stock and accordingly the wild herds of scrub horses and cattle are fast giving way to better animals through the importation of thoroughbred males. Just how many ranchers, ranches and horses, cattle and sheep

els of spring wheat off 837,234 acres, an average of 19.04 bushels per acre; of 440,992 acres of oats there were grown 14,179,705 bushels, an average of 32.17 bushels per acre; 69,007 acres produced 1,741,206 bushels of barley, 24.65 to the acre, and 32,341 acres produced 292,853 bushels of flaxseed, 9.03 to the acre. As but 1,883,434 acres, or a little better than one per cent of the entire wheat growing area of the territories, was under crop, a little figuring shows 13 per cent of the entire country under wheat will raise the 200,000,000 that Great Britain annually requires from outside countries. It is a fairly safe statement to make that in 12 or 15 years the Canadian prairies will be supplying the entire demands of the mother country.

In this part of the country wheat is king, and here it is raised in the greatest possible perfection by a combination of soil and climate in its favor, and the tendency has been to neglect the more laborious branches of husbandry for which the country is equally well adapted.

Free Homestead Lands. There is yet a large quantity of government land for homesteading in this

early bird catches the worm." Those who come first are first served. When it is preferred to purchase railway or other company lands they can be got at from \$5 per acre up. This section cannot be better closed than by saying practically what is made by wheat growing in this district. The average from the first of operations is 20 bushels per acre. Breaking the prairie, as first plowing is called, is, of course, an exceptional expenditure, as when it is once done it is done for all time. This costs about \$2.50 per acre. After the breaking, plowing and seeding, harvesting, threshing and marketing—all expenses combined amount to about \$5.25 per acre, that is, if a man likes everything done it will cost him \$5.25 per acre. If he does the work himself



TYPICAL WESTERN CANADA TOWN.

he is earning wages while producing at that figure, now as the average yield is 20 bushels, and the average price 90 cents—\$12 per acre—the difference between the result and cost, \$6.75, is the profit of grain growing year in and year out in the great wheat belt of the Canadian prairie country. If a man has a half section of land and puts half of it, 100 acres, under wheat, which is a very common occurrence, he makes \$1,080 on wheat alone, and should make, if he is a capable farmer enough, out of other crops, sale of cattle, dairy and other products, to keep himself and family the year round besides.

The Third Division. The third division of this great country lies to the north of the wheat belt, between it and what is known as the forest country. As wheat growing implies the raising of all cereals, that can profitably be raised in the country, the remaining branches of mixed farming are dairying and the raising of farm stock. It must not be supposed that dividing the prairies in this way is saying that any one portion of the country possesses better soil than another, for such is not the case—all districts are equally fertile, but the topography and climatic influences, etc., differ, as well as the conditions for production. Ranching and grain growing are carried on quite successfully in this northern zone; but it is found more profitable to combine all the features of the industry. On account of the land being more broken than in the southern district, though the soil is equally fertile, there are not the same opportunities for extensive operations; and while cattle raising is as profitable here as elsewhere, different methods have to be adopted for their protection, especially in the winter season.

The Second Part. The second part of the Canadian prairies embrace the great wheat growing belt of the country, which is usually a half larger than any other in the world. It includes about 150,000,000 acres. As it is comparatively free of broken land, large lakes and rivers about 125,000,000 acres of it can be brought under the plow. Placing a farmer on every half section (320 acres) it can comfortably locate 800,000 farmers or 4,000,000 of an agricultural community. A glance now at what the farmers of the territories are doing will give the reader a better idea of what can be done in this great wheat growing zone. The territorial government reports show that in 1908 there were raised 15,629,140 bush-

SCHOOLHOUSE AND FARMS, MORDEN, MANITOBA.

There are in this district of country at the present time. It is hard to say, as there are no positive statistics available. It is known, however, that the country is settling up fast.

Englishmen and Americans in the western territories are bringing in their herds as fast as they can and leasing or purchasing land in lots from 1,000 to 20,000 acres from the Dominion Government. An idea of the growth of the industry will, however, be gathered from the fact that in 1899 there were but 41,471 head of cattle shipped and sold from the ranches, these figures ran to 55,129 in 1900, and to 100,000 in 1903, averaging \$40 per head for the owners.

But it takes a great many ranchers and a large number of cattle to cover an area of 200,000,000 acres, the area available for ranching in the Canadian Northwest. It is not at all necessary that large investments should be made at the outset. Many men commenced with small capital and small herds, and have worked themselves into large herds and great

wealth. There is still in the country plenty of room for those who desire to go and do likewise.

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