

NEVER SAW SUCH LARGE YIELDS.

The Climate is Healthy—The Winters Are Pleasant in Western Canada.

Writing from Stirling, Alberta, to one of the agents representing the Canadian Government free homestead lands, Mr. M. Pickrell, formerly of Beechwood, Ky., says of Western Canada:

"In the first place we will say that the summer season is just lovely indeed. As to the winter, well, we never experienced finer weather than we are now enjoying. We have just returned from Northern Alberta, and will say that we found the weather to be very mild, the air dry, fresh and invigorating. Considering everything we can say that the winters here are most pleasant, healthy and enjoyable to what they are in the States. Here it gets cold and continues so till spring—there are no disagreeable winds. In South Alberta it is some warmer—two to four inches of snow may fall and in a few hours a Chinook wind comes along, evaporating the entire snow, leaving terra firma perfectly dry; in fact, we did not believe this part until we came and saw for ourselves and we now know what we herein write to be just as we write it. There has not been a day this winter that I could not work out doors. Farmers here are calculating on starting the plow the first of March.

"As to farm wages, we would not advise a man to come here with the expectation of living by his day's work, but all who do want a home I advise to have nerve enough to get up and come, for there never has been, and may never be again, such a grand opportunity for a man to get a home almost free.

"As to the crops, I have been in the fields before harvest, saw the grass put up and the grain harvested, and I never saw such large yields. I saw that yielded 80 bushels per acre, and I talked to a farmer near St. Albert who had a field year before last that averaged 110 bushels per acre and weighed 43 pounds to the bushel. All other crops would run in proportion—as to potatoes and vegetables, the turnout was enormous. I have such reports as the above from all sections that I have visited, and that has been every community between the Edmonton district and Raymond, in the Lethbridge district.

"As to stock raising, I would advise a man to locate in this place, or any place, in South Alberta, but for mixed farming I would say go up farther north, say near Lacombe, Wetaskiwin or Edmonton, where it is not quite so dry and where there is some timber to be had. I will say that nowhere have I ever seen a better opportunity for a man, whether he has money or not, to obtain a home. Nowhere can be found a more productive soil, better water and a better governed country than Western Canada affords. Inducements to the homeseeker are unexcelled. I met two men near Ponoka on the C. & E. R. R., who borrowed the money to pay for their homestead, and in four years those two men sold their farms—one for \$2,500, the other for \$3,000. I met a man near Wetaskiwin who landed here with 25 cents six years ago. He is now worth \$8,000. The advantages for ranching are excellent. In fact, I do not believe this section can be beat. Markets are good; as to living, a family can live as cheap here as they can in the States. The average yield of oats in this neighborhood last year was 70 bushels per acre; wheat averaged 35, barley 40, and the beet crop was good. In consequence of the successful cultivation of the beet a large beet sugar factory is being erected at Raymond, seven miles from here.

"In conclusion I will say that N. W. T. from Manitoba to a long distance north of Edmonton produces most wonderful crops. Lakes and rivers abound with fish, and game is plentiful. And that this is unquestionably the country for a man to come to if he desires to better his condition in life. I would advise the prospective settler to look over the Lethbridge, Lacombe, Wetaskiwin and Edmonton districts before locating.

"I will locate in the Edmonton district next fall and several families from the States will locate with me. In the meantime I will receive my mail here and will be pleased to give the interested all the information desired."

For information as to railway rates, etc., apply to any agent of the Canadian Government, whose name appears elsewhere in this paper.

It is well to be off with the old foe before you can fight with the new.

If you don't get the biggest and best it's your own fault. Defiance Starch is for sale everywhere and there is positively nothing to equal it in quality or quantity.

There is a place for everything, but few people have access to the index.

LIVE STOCK BREEDERS. Attention is called to the advertisement of the Lincoln Importing Horse company. They have a large number of imported black Percherons, English Shires and German Coach stallions which they are offering a special inducement to buyers in the way of a discount of 20 per cent. This company has been in business in Lincoln for sixteen years with the largest and most convenient barns in the United States; one barn costing over \$10,000. They own their own plant and their guarantees and statements are well fortified, both financially and morally. This is a rare chance to buy a first-class stallion at a low price. Visit their barns or write them at once.

It sometimes happens that the guy who hesitates doesn't get lost.

THE BLUE HIGHWAY.

The cold beach cries behind us in the grip of the sea's unrest. We've done with stagnant harbors, we're decked out in our best. With a white band on the funnel instead of dirty gray. We're off to meet old friends upon the blue highway.

Wives and sweethearts call us, call us to of home. The red gleam of a tavern creeps out across the foam. But we head for the notched horizon where the great white breakers be, And all the stars are shining, a-shining on the sea.

Comrades' voices warn us of the road we take. The lips of the drowned keep crying, crying in our wake. But we head for the notched horizon where the great white breakers be, And Mother Carey feeds her chicks, feeds her chicks at sea.

The cold beach cries behind us in the grip of the sea's unrest. We've done with stagnant harbors, we're decked out in our best. With a white band on the funnel instead of dirty gray. We're off to meet old friends upon the blue highway.

—Walter Riddall in New York Tribune.



An Elusive Criminal

"The most peculiar experience in all my professional career," said the secret service man, "occurred in a small but ambitious city in Missouri. I do not believe I ever related all the particulars, even to my most intimate friends, and I am sure my official reports failed to relate the story in its entirety.

"I was in search of a young man, who was wanted for using the mails to defraud, and I had reason to believe that he was hiding in this little Missouri city. I had not traced him to the place, but I based my belief on my knowledge of his habits, coupled with the information that he had relatives in M—.

"So I took two men and went to M— to investigate. We put up at an obscure lodging house, and I made cautious inquiries. I found many who were well acquainted with the man I was after, for he had been a frequent visitor in the place, but none of them had seen him for several months. Moreover I learned that the relatives who, I had been led to believe, were concealing him, were the mayor of the city and his family.

"Now, the mayor aside from having an excellent reputation for honor and honesty, was one of the leading politicians of the state.

"Firmly believing that the mayor was harboring a criminal, I dare not let him know that I even suspected such a thing unless I was absolutely certain that such was the fact. For, if I was wrong, the mayor, who very naturally would feel highly indignant at me, would doubtless take such action as would certainly result in my losing my official head.

"Still, my sixth sense told me that I had my man located, and I have always found my sixth sense unerring. "In my extremity I enlisted the aid of a man and his wife, in whom I knew I could place implicit confidence, and to them I explained the situation. They were neighbors of the mayor and his family and they agreed to assist me.

"Following my suggestion, the husband called upon the mayor at his office, and the wife called upon the family at their home, at the same hour of the day. Thus, separately and apart, the mayor and his wife were casually questioned about their nephew who, it was rumored, was visiting them.

"Both expressed genuine surprise at the question, and both, with all the semblance of candor and truthfulness, denied that they had seen the nephew for several months.

"The woman whose services I had secured went even further. With great adroitness she obtained permission to examine every room in the house under pretense of inspecting the arrangements of the building. But she saw not the slightest thing to indicate that anyone was in hiding.

"Boys," said I, "I am positive the man is in that house, and I am going to find him. I intend to burglarize the place tonight. If I am discovered I shall make my escape and they will not suspect that their nocturnal visitor was other than a thief."

"Well, I carried out my plan. I waited until long after midnight, for I knew the family kept late hours, and I, naturally, desired that they should be exceedingly sound asleep. The town had inferior police protection, and I knew I had little to fear in that direc-



I found myself in a parlor. I left my assistant at our lodging house, for I believed I could best escape detection by going alone.

"It was as dark as the ace of spades when I finally approached a window of the house, nor was there any light within. Cautiously I opened the blinds and carefully lifted out the screen. Then, taking the 'jimmy' with which I had provided myself, I slipped its end under the sash and gave a sudden wrench. The latch snapped with a report like a pistol shot. I crouched

in the darkness until I was satisfied no one had been aroused. Then I removed my shoes, raised the window and climbed in.

"I found myself in the parlor. Noiselessly I inspected the room, flashing the light from my dark lantern into every corner. From there I passed to the other rooms on the ground floor, opening every door and peering into every possible hiding place.

"Then I ascended the stairs. On the second floor I found four rooms. In one the mayor and his wife were asleep. I flashed the light in their faces, but they did not awaken. I walked around the room, looked under their bed and in the closets.

"From there I passed into another



He was the man I wanted. room, where two small children were sleeping. I stood a moment and watched them.

"In the third room I found a young man. He was the mayor's son. I kept the light in his face a long time; I even turned him over on his back that I might examine his features the more carefully, for he slightly resembled the one for whom I searched. But he slept soundly.

"In the last room I found the family servants sleeping the sleep of the weary. I opened a door and discovered some narrow, winding stairs leading to an attic.

"Up these I crept. They creaked loudly, but no one was aroused. At the top I found a large room lighted by a window at one end.

"At the end opposite to the window there was a board partition. It had a doorway but no door. I flashed my light through it and saw piles of broken furniture and bric-a-brac scattered about. I made my way around these and came presently upon a dilapidated bed, and on the bed was a man.

"He was sound asleep. The covers were drawn over his head, leaving only his hair visible. I pulled back the covers and flashed the light in his face. He was the man I wanted.

"It was not yet daylight, and I thought courtesy forbade that I should disturb the family at that unseemly hour. So I decided to wait until the household should awaken. I sat on the side of the bed in silence, and soon became drowsy. For many days and nights I had watched the house unceasingly and was nearly exhausted.

"When I found it difficult to longer remain awake I decided to yield to the caresses of Morpheus. But first I carefully slipped a pair of handcuffs on my prisoner. Then I lay down by his side, and with one hand grasping the chain, I fell asleep."

The old secret service man lapsed into silence, while a mischievous glimmer brightened his eyes and a broad grin crept slowly across his good-natured face. Then he continued with a chuckle:

"Well, when I awoke, the sunlight was streaming through the window. I was alone and handcuffed to the bed. My prisoner was gone. I never saw him again.

"Presently the mayor came up the stairs. He was surprised to see me, but I explained matters and we both laughed. I promised to keep his secret, and he agreed to keep mine. He secured a file and released me, and I returned to the lodging house where my assistants were waiting.

"Boys," I said, truthfully, 'he is not there.'—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Gallant Little Culpit. Bobby was kept after school for some misdemeanor. It was at kindergarten, and his first punishment.

The teacher inquired, "Aren't you very sorry, Bobby, to have to stay after school when the others go?"

"Oh, no," replied Bobby. "It was just what I wanted, so as to have you all to myself."—Little Chronicle.

RULES FOR THE EDITOR.

Ten Commandments Which Should Be Implicitly Obeyed.

I. Thou shalt not have respect to thine own style to the exclusion of all others.

II. Thou shalt not make unto thyself a symbolic graven image of thine own composition, nor bow down to it, nor worship it because it is thine own, for the public may not agree with thee and may visit its contempt upon thee and upon the generation of thy precious gray brain tissue, sending all into justly deserved oblivion.

III. Thou shalt not take the blue pencil to an author's work that is superior to what thou canst do thyself.

IV. Remember that thou leave the author's work whole. Six days shalt thou labor to improve thine own style. Then on the seventh day thou shalt respect the individuality of another's composition and give unto thy overworked blue pencil rest.

V. Honor the parentage of all work falling into thy hands, that thy days of revision may be long in the office of thy activities.

VI. Thou shalt not murder the cerebral offspring of another.

VII. Thou shalt not adulterate the author's composition with any of thine own.

VIII. Thou shalt not steal the ideas of a manuscript that thou hast read and rejected.

IX. Thou shalt not bear false witness against the character of a manuscript, thereby causing its rejection.

X. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's manuscript, nor his intuitions, nor anything that is thy neighbor's. Neither shalt thou so revise the manuscript of another as to cause thyself to be likened unto the animal whose name is written with the first vowel and a double sibilant.

THE TEXT FROM "CLOVER."

Colored Parson's Error Pardonable Under the Circumstances.

In portions of the South the ministers of the colored congregations are often more noted for their fervor than their erudition. In a certain revival meeting in a church in North Carolina the minister announced from the pulpit, "My text is 'Let de woman larn in silence wid all subjection.' You will done fin' it in de secon' chapter, 'leventh varse, ob Clover.'"

At this mention of an unknown epistle a good brother plucked the coattails of the minister. The latter turned round, then again faced the audience. "In spite ob de interruption," he said, "I repeat de text 'am from de secon' chapter, 'leventh varse, ob Clover.'"

Again the coattails were plucked, and the minister glared at the plucker, only to turn once more to the congregation.

"Brudder Johnson," he said, "objects to de text, 'Let woman larn in silence.' We all know dat Sister Johnson am not a silent woman. But I done repeats dat de text 'will be foun' in de secon' chapter, 'leventh varse, ob Clover.'"

Here Brother Johnson rose to the minister's ear and whispered earnestly.

"Oh," said the dominie. Then to the gaping people. "I asks Sister Johnson's pardon. Her husband says I made a mistake, he is dat triffin'. My text 'will not be foun' in de secon' chapter, 'leventh varse, ob Clover; but in de secon' chapter, 'leventh varse ob Timothy. I knowed it was some kind ob grass.'"

A Sea Lyric.

There is no music that man has heard— Like the voice of the minstrel Sea, Whose major and minor chords are fraught

With infinite mystery. For the Sea is a harp, and the winds of God Play over his rhythmic breast, And bear on the sweep of their mighty wings The song of a vast unrest.

There is no passion that man has sung— Like the love of the deep-souled Sea, Whose tide responds to the Siren's soft light

With marvelous melody. For the Sea is a harp, and the winds of God Play over his rhythmic breast, And bear on the sweep of their mighty wings The song of a vast unrest.

There is no sorrow that man has known— Like the grief of the wordless Main, Whose Titan bosom forever throbs With an untranslated pain.

For the Sea is a harp, and the winds of God Play over his rhythmic breast, And bear on the sweep of their mighty wings The song of a vast unrest.

—William Hamilton Hayne, in the Atlantic Monthly.

Midday Naps as Beautifiers.

"I am asked almost every day," said an actress, who is one of the Broadway hits of the season, "how I am able to reconcile late hours and a midnight supper with digestion and a good complexion. The secret is very simple—a midday nap. No matter how urgent the appointment, I sleep for two hours every afternoon except on matinee days. Not merely lie down for a nap, but undress, go to bed, and sleep. When on the road, if we reach a hotel in a one-night town too late for their noon dinner, I go straight to bed, and come down as fresh as a daisy, for a good supper and the evening performance.

Most actresses, and actors also, who have been in the business for some time do the same thing."—New York Times.

"Lead" Made from Coke.

The "lead" of black pencils is now made from coke. It is ground and mixed with iron ore and chemicals, and subjected to pressure under great heat.

THE PRAYER OF A MAN.

"Backward, Turn Backward, Oh, Time, in Thy Flight."

Backward, turn backward, oh, Time, in your flight; make me a boy again, just for to-night. Give me the bliss of that rapturous time when I would go swimming, say, half of the time; give me the blister that followed the bliss, on the part of my back that the sun didn't miss; give me the belting that followed it then; make me a jubilant urchin again. Backward, turn backward, oh, Time, in your flight; give me one chance at the teacher to-night, the teacher that larruped me five times a day—Oh, give me one chance at that teacher, I say! And give me the woodpile as big as a hill; let the pleasure of splitting it cheer me and thrill, while the boys gayly jeer me from over the fence. Oh, give me that bliss again—damn the expense! The small reservation just over the hill, where the thought of the boeing would give me a chill; the cow that caressed me each eve with her tail as I tried to draw milk for a twenty-quart pail; the hens that forever were wanting to set; the pig with a stomach man never filled yet; the measles that hit me; the colicky pain—Oh, give me the bliss of my boyhood again! If you'd fill me with rapture and cheerful delight, backward, turn backward, oh, Time, in your flight.—Alfred J. Waterhouse in New York Times.

WHY HE LOST HIS JOB.

Deformity Objected to by People He Served.

He was a bright young fellow and had given such a good account of himself while on trial as a conductor that the superintendent would have liked to keep him.

"But I can't do it, Johnson," he said with real regret.

"Why not?" said Johnson. The superintendent hesitated, but decided it was better to out with the whole truth. "It is because two of your right hand fingers are gone," he said.

"But what difference does that make?" argued Johnson. "I can handle the change all right."

"I know you can," was the reply, "but there have been many complaints from passengers on account of the maimed condition of your hand. Most people are sensitive in regard to a deformity of that kind, and although they do not wish to be unkind they object to being thrown in contact with it. I have been obliged to turn down other estimable young fellows who were thus handicapped. Occasionally a person minus a digit or two does find employment as a conductor on certain street car lines, but he always does so at the risk of arousing a storm of protest that will necessitate his ultimate retirement."

Inappropriate.

Alfred Henry Lewis tells of a Texan who objected to the presence of a local exhorter who wished to offer prayer when the vigilantes were preparing to hang a horse thief.

"Your prayer may be all right merely as a supplication," said the critical one. "I have no fault to find with the prayer as a prayer. But it is plumb inconsistent to pray at this time and place."

"Why so?" inquired the preacher. "This man is about to go into eternity, and he should be comforted and his soul saved if possible."

"Saved nothing," said the other. "You want to send up a petition to get this felon into heaven when we are hanging him because he isn't fit to live in Texas!"—New York Times.

To the Workers.

Shall you complain who feed the world? Who clothe the world? Who house the world? Shall you complain who are the world of what the world may do? As from this hour You use your power The world must follow you.

The world's life hangs on your right hand. See to it what you do! Or dark or light, Or wrong or right, The world is made by you! Then rise as you ne'er rose before, Nor hoped before, Nor dared before, And show as ne'er was shown before, The power that lies in you! Stand all as one 'Till right is done, Believe and dare to do! —Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

Extra Pious.

Little Janet has, besides a good appetite, a devout turn of mind, and in her innocent zeal in this direction is often an example to the rest of the family. Her observance of the silent Quaker grace at the beginning of each meal is a pretty thing to look upon, with its spirit of naive and trustful thanksgiving.

At supper the other evening Janet had gone through her usual grace; then the viands were brought in, and she immediately bowed her little head again in silence.

"Why, Janet is saying two graces," said her elder sister.

"Yes," answered Janet; "but when I said the first one I didn't know we were going to have fried chicken!"

Old Maid Not Afraid.

An Eastern old maid, having read of the inability of directors to keep the schools running on account of the teachers being married by rich bachelors, has made application for a school in Miller, S. D., and in her postscript says: "Unless they act different from the bachelors in Minnesota, where I have taught thirty-eight terms, you can depend on me to teach right along. I do hope there will be no danger out there."



Miss Gannon, Sec'y Detroit Amateur Art Association, tells young women what to do to avoid pain and suffering caused by female troubles.

"I can conscientiously recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to those of my sisters suffering with female weakness and the troubles which so often befall women. I suffered for months with general weakness and felt so weary that I had hard work to keep up. I had shooting pains and was utterly miserable. In my distress I was advised to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it was a red letter day to me when I took the first dose, for at that time my restoration began. In six weeks I was a changed woman, perfectly well in every respect. I felt so elated and happy that I want all women who suffer to get well as I did."—Miss GUILA GANNON, 359 Jones St., Detroit, Corresponding Sec'y Mich. Amateur Art Association.—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

It is clearly shown in this young lady's letter that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will surely cure the sufferings of women; and when one considers that Miss Gannon's letter is only one of hundreds which we have, the great virtue of Mrs. Pinkham's medicine must be admitted by all.

The mayor makes the money go.

"The Klean, Kool Kitchen Kind" of stoves make no smoke, smell, soot, ashes or excessive heat. Always look for trade mark.

Punctuality is the thief of time.

Defiance Starch is guaranteed biggest and best or money refunded. 16 ounces, 10 cents. Try it now.

Some men go to bed too late ever to wake up famous.

Tipped the Mayor.

The lord provost of Glasgow, whose office corresponds with that of mayor in this country, told at a dinner recently how he was "tipped" by an American sightseer. A party of tourists from the United States were viewing the splendid municipal chambers in Glasgow, and were especially enthusiastic about the great marble staircase. The lord provost happened to pass and offered to guide them about. While doing so he gave them some interesting information about the rise and growth of his interesting city. As he was leaving one of the Americans quietly slipped a half dollar into his hand. The provost had not recovered from his amused astonishment until the Americans left the building.

Honeymoon Thirty Years Old.

The honeymoon tour of Mr. and Mrs. Fred A. Hull of Danbury, Conn., interrupted almost at its beginning thirty years ago, was begun all over again last week. They have become grand parents; since then. Mr. and Mrs. Hull were married on March 11, 1873. They started to visit Wisconsin and return through Kentucky. The trip ended abruptly at Albany, for a business telegram called Mr. Hull home. They decided then to postpone their tour until the first anniversary of their marriage, but something happened then to prevent, and also on the following anniversaries. This year they sailed up the Hudson to Albany. They will visit all the places they intended to and will be gone a month. Mr. Hull is wealthy.

BUILT OVER.

Food That Rebuild a Man's Body and Built It Right.

By food alone, with a knowledge of what food to use, disease can be warded off and health maintained, also many even chronic diseases can be cured. It is manifestly best and safest to depend upon food to cure rather than too much drugging.

A case in point will illustrate. A well known man of Reading, Pa., Treas. of a certain club there, says: "I have never written a testimonial letter, but I have been using Grape-Nuts about a year and have recovered my health, and feel that I would like to write you about it for the case is extraordinary."

"For five years I was a sufferer from a dreadful condition of the bowels; the trouble was most obscure." Here follows a detailed description and the condition certainly was distressing enough (details can be given by mail).

"Nothing in the way of treatment of drugs benefited me in the least and an operation was seriously considered. In May, 1901, I commenced using Grape-Nuts as a food and with no idea that it would in any way help my condition. In two or three weeks' time I noticed an improvement and there was a steady gain from that time on until now I am practically well. I don't know how to explain the healing value of the food but for some reason, although it has taken nearly a year, I have recovered my health and the change is entirely attributable to Grape-Nuts food, for I long ago quit medicine. I eat only Grape-Nuts for breakfast and luncheon, but at my night dinner I have an assorted meal." Name furnished by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.