

One of the Essentials

of the happy homes of to-day is a vast fund of information as to the best methods of promoting health and happiness and right living and knowledge of the world's best products.

Products of actual excellence and reasonable claims truthfully presented and which have attained to world-wide acceptance through the approval of the Well-Informed of the World; not of individuals only, but of the many who have the happy faculty of selecting and obtaining the best the world affords.

One of the products of that class, of known component parts, an ethical remedy, approved by physicians and commended by the Well-Informed of the World as a valuable and wholesome family laxative is the well-known Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna. To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists.

Where He Hung Out Most.

She was sulking over a broken resolution anent late hours, but forgetting this for one the nonce, he said: "Do you know, darling, I never tire of looking at this snapshot of you?" "You might have it framed and hung up in the lodge, then," she answered tartly.

VOLUMES MIGHT BE WRITTEN

Of the Success That Awaits the Farmer in Western Canada.

The story of wheat farming in Western Canada (that portion of Canada lying north of Dakota and Montana) has been frequently told, but it will stand a lot of telling, and still retain its touch of interest. During the year just closed 277,376 persons made their homes in Canada as compared with 215,912 for the year 1906, an increase of 61,464. Those from the United States numbered 56,551. A writer in "Industry" recently said: "To-day the 'Dominion of Canada is witnessing a 'mighty movement of population' than ever stimulated a Biblical writer to pen a chapter of Scripture." The same writer says: "From the Rhine and the Rhone river valleys; from the port cities of Germany and the farms of the Fatherland, from the peasant soil of Russia; and out from the grimy Lancashire and over-populated Yorkshire, the discontented and ambitious of every clime are seeking to take advantage of the opportunities afforded by the fertile soil and exhilarating climate of the 'Empire of the North.'"

Continuing the same writer says: "While a million human beings through the shores of the United States every year, the smaller number arriving in 'Canada come with a more well-defined purpose.' The question has been asked why do these people come to Canada? The available land between the Mississippi and the Pacific has been exhausted, and the farmers within that territory find that their sons have to seek newer climes. Canada offers one hundred and sixty acres of land free to each. This land yields from 20 to 40 bushels of wheat to the acre. In Southern Alberta, the winter wheat belt of Canada, as high as 60 bushels per acre have been harvested. Less yields than the one mentioned have netted the farmer as much as \$35 per acre. There are no words that tell the tale so effectively as those of the farmer himself, the man who has ploughed the fields, sowed the grain, and with folded hands rests while nature, bounteous in that country, in less than three months, placed at his disposal hundreds of acres of ripened grain, now waiting the arrival of the reaper, and therefore we reproduce the following letter.

Any agent of the Canadian government will be pleased to give information regarding the district mentioned or any of any other that may be desired.

E. T. Holmes, Esq.,
Canadian Government Agent,
St. Paul, Minn.

Dear Sir:—

In 1905 I located on a claim about 30 miles from the town of Wadena, on the Canadian Northern Railroad, have lived on my claim most of the time since. I consider this to be one of the best districts in the country for grain growing. In 1906 wheat averaged from 39 to 51 bushels per acre on some of my neighbors' farms, within 4 miles of my claim. Oats go from 75 to 100 bushels. It is also a good country for stock. Where I am there is plenty of fuel. Homesteads nearly all taken the settlement being largely Germans, and Americans, all well-to-do. I left Wadena in February, 1907, returning April 25, so that I missed part of the winter, which the old settlers tell me was one of the worst they ever saw, but there was no suffering, as the people are pretty well fixed, and there are no blizzards in that country, at least there never has been known to be one. Wild land sells at from \$10 to \$15; closer to town it is higher.

In the summer we have all sorts of wild fruits very plentiful, and I never saw better vegetables, and game is so plentiful a man need not starve for want of something to eat. Plenty of good water too. You need not hesitate to recommend this district, but the homesteads are nearly all taken, most of the homesteaders are living right on their claims.

(Signed), FRANK MORREY,
Kelvington, Sask.

Where the Trouble is.
A Washington physician announces that grip is catching. It is worse than that. It is sticking.

THE START

The Funny Things One Sees
in
Smiling Round the World

By
MARSHALL P. WILDER

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Lowles.)

Foreword—There is a compensation in everything—even to the man who was blessed (?) with a disorderly wife. No matter how much everything was at sixes and sevens in the house, and nothing in its rightful place, he could always get up in the middle of the night and put his hand on the flypaper without ever having to strike a match. Merrily yours, Marshall P. Wilder.

There is a morbid desire latent in the breast of nine-tenths of humanity to have it out with Fate, sooner or later, and to "best" her, if we can.

If the old lady has been particularly hard on us, we feel that our grievance is just about the worst ever; and then we want to do something desperate. If we are in the neighborhood of eight years or thereabouts, we fly to the candy shop and sink our all in peppermints and gumdrops. If we are at the romantic period, when love has everything else at a discount, we get real reckless and say to our best girl, "Come! to the altar! Let us plunge! Ho! there, installment man! ragtime portieres and marble-top cradles for ours!" Then, when we have done the deed, we're not sorry—no, indeed; only, it entails responsibilities, and things; and consequences—the inevitable consequences, as Kipling puts it. So, let me give you a little suggestion: When the reckless fit overtakes you, start on a journey, if not 'round the world then 'round the back yard.

Now, that was what we thought when we started to tour the world; but, try as we would, we couldn't keep our place in the procession. We started for the Grand Canyon of the Colorado in Arizona; that was to have been our first stopping place. But we were like the Irishman who started out on a bet to shoot a certain bird; he missed the bird, but killed a frog. He picked it up, and looked at it in surprise. "Be gobs!" he said, "I knocked the feathers off it, anyway!" The Grand Canyon was our bird; we didn't hit it, but we knocked the feathers off it in the way of divers unexpected adventures, as will be shown later.

The start was propitious, and everything progressed favorably, until Kansas City was reached. We arrived early in the morning and were requested by the conductor to get breakfast at the eating station. Yet that man had seemed to be our friend!

There was a youth at the quick-lunch counter who served coffee, and there was a maiden beside him who occasionally changed a plate.

The young man's running fire of remarks to customers, and side compliments to her, sounded something like this:

"See here! If you've finished, get a move on and give somebody else a show! Say, Mame! there's one of them up-town girls that think so much of themselves. Why, they ain't a marker to you! I tell you, you're worth—Fifteen cents, please, and the cup



"Had They Seen Her Abigail?"

don't go with the coffee for a souvenir. Say, Mame, was you to Nellie's last night? I bet you looked out of sight. I couldn't get away from this beanery. That's the very best butter, madam! We get it five miles out in the country. What's that? No; I don't reckon it walked all the way here! Ain't she fresh?"

A stout woman hovered along the line seated by the counter, like a perturbed hen trying to find a hole in the chicken yard fence. She held a small tin can and had evidently come from the car of excursionists attached to our train. She inquired anxiously of the Ganymede of the coffee urn:

"Say, young feller, what's yer coffee with a cup?" But Ganymede was too closely occupied to heed her. Finally she poked a beetle-browed old gentleman in the back with the dime she held, repeating:

"Say, mister, what's coffee with a cup, here?"

Turning fiercely, the man glared at her and snorted:

"Well, they charge ten cents, but it ain't wuth a d—m!"

"Washouts on the road!" was the word when we returned to the train, and we must be switched south at Newton, Kan. We had visions of the Grand Canyon receding into the future and darker ones of spending we knew not how many days on the train. So we looked about us to see what manner of people were to be our traveling companions. They were certainly varied.

Back of us was an old Irish woman—the pathetic sort that are peculiar to County Down. She would confide her story in a plaintive little monotone to everyone.

"To me daughter," she explained, "God knows I want some few days of sunshine before I go intirely. I'm not strong, and I ate nothin' at all, ye'd wonder what I live on. I've had nothin' the past three days but eight bottles of Kumys, four bottles of wine an' a box of crackers. Think of that, now—just nothin' at all!"

She went to one of the eating houses along the way and, not knowing they would charge her for a full meal, she



George.

sat at one of the tables and ordered a cup of tea and a roll. Her indignation, when charged 75 cents, was sublime. It took the cashier, four waitresses and the proprietor to explain that she should have gone to the counter. But of no avail. The blood of County Down was at white heat. She raved like a mad woman. Finally the cashier offered to take 60 cents—that was allowing 15 cents for the rest of the dinner.

Farther down the car was a would-be fashionable woman, the kind who affects an English accent and uses a lorgnette. She was traveling with her small daughter and maid. The maid was evidently her most treasured possession, for she displayed the greatest anxiety on her account, ceaselessly asking everyone the same question: Had they seen her Abigail? The small daughter was a bright, restless child, whose every action called forth a caution or a reprimand from the mother.

"Nita, darling!" in a mincing, elegant tone, and quite piano; "my precious sweetheart"—then sforzando—crescendo fortissimo—"You little vivien—stop that, or I'll break your neck!"

An Australian couple who were returning home by way of San Francisco, after having come to America by way of England, had the next section. She had talented Leslie Carter hair—deeply, darkly, beautifully red; but, after all, good Jesuit hair—the roots justified the ends. She was not at all pleased with America—oh, dear, no!—and constantly aired her impressions in a strident voice, and with a strong cockney accent. She thought America a "shocking plice"—and very much overrated—one she never cared to see "agine." And the railroad service—"the h'idea of dragging them all over the country and cheating them all out of the Grand Canyon—why, it was downright dishonest!"

The porter was an amusing character, and had a droll way of referring to himself in the third person. I asked him if he was married. He said:

"No, sah, but I got a gal. Nicest little gal you ever saw—she's pretty dark—but George likes 'em that-a-way, they can't come too black fer George. I ain't got no kind o' time fer dese yer yaller ones, they simply ornery, they got all the big feelin's o' the white folks, an' the bad qualities o' the niggers!"

Just then the lady with the lorgnette came along and, peering through it at George, asked: "Oh, George, have you seen my maid?"

"No, ma'am, I ain't!" he said, adding, when she passed on: "Seems like she has an awful hard time keepin' up with that maid—she's so feared we won't know she's got one. George has seen big white folks down south so po' they didn't know what their nex' meal was comin' fum, but, sah, impressive-ly, 'dey was quality jis' de same! Dia yer 'ooman ain' got no mo' use fo' a maid dan a hawg got fo' side pawk-ets!"

George's quaint remarks, and very often homely wisdom, were a great solace to us through the long days that dragged by as we meandered aimlessly over the southwestern portion of this great and glorious country of ours. Down through Oklahoma and Texas, from Fort Worth across to El Paso, and up through Arizona and Southern California, we took our devious way, dodging washouts, which seemed to multiply with alarming rapidity.

Parisian Styles



Two Parisian models are shown in the above designs. The first is a street gown in black and brown striped cloth. One of the daintiest of visiting toilettes, with scarf and muff of marabout in the natural shades, is portrayed in the second.

GOOD IDEA FOR THOSE WHO ARE FOND OF THE FRAGRANCE OF ROSES.

What's the use of laboriously saving rose leaves to put into a potpourri of which no one ever lifts the lid? "A rose by any other name may smell as sweet," but certainly its petals will smell a great deal sweeter in some other place than a tight jar, however ornamental.

Why not take up those shut-up rose leaves of last summer's gathering and put them into a pillow to be slipped among your clothes? Then will you ever carry with you the fragrance of the garden in June.

A dainty case for one of these pillows is made of one of the pretty Japanese silks covered with queer designs. Make the case 9½ by 5 inches finished, with a hem that stands out all around for three-quarters of an inch or more.

Slip this over a case of thin lawn in which the rose petals have been placed. This case should be just the size of the cover minus the hem.

The cover, which has first been sewed up and turned, has the end blind stitched and is then stitched on the machine close to the line of the inner case, leaving the hem to stand out as a finish.

Several of these little pillows could be made from the contents of one rose jar and will be found much more satisfactory if one really wants to sniff the fragrant spicy odor.

Dried lavender can be used in the pillows instead of the rose leaves, or it is a dainty way to make a small hop pillow for a nervous friend who finds the smell of hops soporific.



Tricorn hats are coming in again. Footmuffs are a new automobile accessory.

Nattier blue is becoming one of the favorite hues. Short fur and velvet coats are worn with cloth skirts.

Muffs and short cravats of glossy sealskin are not uncommon.

Gold and silver jewel boxes have supplanted the leather kind.

Knowing their beauty too well to risk dye, many lovely women now have gray coiffures.

Even in daytime gray hair can be beautified by adornment with lovely silver gauze or a snood of silver ribbon.

Many pretty tailored gowns are made of soft cotton velvet that is called "frantet."

Negligee saques of knitted Shetland wool are almost unsurpassed for novelty as well as for their delightful warmth.

Touques of swansdown and ermine over youthful faces are even lovelier than the dark fur hats.

Rough Silks Fashionable.

After cloth there come many charming costumes in rough silk, some in plain weaves and some in self-tone figures woven in Oriental characters. One of the most attractive of the new silks is a satin-faced shantung in natural and dyed colors. It is very appropriate for afternoon toilettes, as it lacks the severity and tailored suggestion found in the rough-faced silks.

WAY OF REMODELING THE APPAREL OF THE GROWING GIRL.

If you have a girl who grows so rapidly that her dresses soon become too short in the skirt and waist, you can easily remodel the dress if you have a fair idea of sewing. Rip out the sleeves and cut the dress out to yoke length. The waist may then be let down slightly to make it large enough. Make a yoke and new sleeves for the waist of silk and use the discarded sleeves to make a slightly gathered yoke seven or eight inches deep to lengthen the gathered skirt. Making use of the old sleeves in this way saves expense, and the skirt always looks prettier when the yoke is made of the same material. The joining of the yoke and skirt may be hidden by a three-quarter inch wide braid. Two rows of braid may be stitched an inch or so apart lower down on the skirt.

The joining of the waist and yoke may also be covered with the braid, and it is an easy matter here to carry the braid out at the edges of the yoke over the arms to give a wide-shouldered effect. The braid may also be sewed around the armhole, under the arm, to produce the effect of the large armhole. The silk for the sleeves and yoke should match in color as nearly as possible the material of the dress, as a new, bright colored silk might tend to emphasize any shabbiness if the dress is at all worn.

If a plaid or check silk is decided upon the check or plaid should be small, and the predominating color should match that of the material. The braid should be some bright colored braid, which will brighten the somberness of the dress if it is dark colored. A braid with a pull thread in it will be the easiest to work with.

Better Dressing.

A strict adherence to the distinctive forenoon cloth costume is having its effect.

All unfit gaudiness of dress during the morning hours has almost vanished from the fashionable shopping quarters, while the tailor-made output is giving an air of sobriety linked with elegance that is most gratifying, says Vogue. Never has the distinction between a forenoon and afternoon style of dress, proclaimed by the leading gownmakers and tailors and supported by the best milliners, been taken up with such marked approval as it has this season. It is to be hoped the custom will spread rapidly, and we shall be spared the sight of white plumes and ermine, worn shopping before the luncheon hour.

As the winter opens one sees fewer of the little bodice coats worn. They are replaced by half-long ones and some fur-trimmed coats as well as the all-fur jackets or basque-coats.

A Thread-Needle Roll.

It was made of 24 inches of four-inch ribbon. The lower end had a narrow tie-ribbon attached and the upper end was turned down, then folded back, to make a flat, shallow pocket. Two pieces of whalebone were inserted in the hems across the top of the pocket, which held a small collection of hooks and eyes and odd buttons. Under the pocket was sewed a piece of pink flannel, hanging double against the length of the ribbon. The flannel was well covered with rows of black and white doubled thread, silk and darning cotton, with a few waxed shoe cords, each threaded into its appropriate needle and basted lengthwise down the material ready to pull out for instant use.



This woman says Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound saved her life. Read her letter.

Mrs. T. C. Willadsen, of Manning, Iowa, writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I can truly say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound saved my life, and I cannot express my gratitude to you in words. For years I suffered with the worst forms of female complaints, continually doctoring and spending lots of money for medicine without help. I wrote you for advice, followed it as directed, and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it has restored me to perfect health. Had it not been for you I should have been in my grave to-day. I wish every suffering woman would try it."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

The Alternative. He was growling because his wife wore waists buttoned down the back. "But you know, dear," she said sweetly, "you wouldn't like it at all if I wore one unbuttoned down the back."—Harper's Bazar.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surface. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do to the food you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and its action is entirely direct upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co., Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists. Price 50c per bottle. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

One to Three at Whist. The late Senator Hoar was extremely fond of whist, which he played with remarkable skill.

A friend says that the only time he ever knew the usually placid and genial man from Massachusetts to be absolutely impatient was when on one occasion at whist the senator had an unusually stupid partner. Notwithstanding this handicap, the pair were winning right along even against good players.

In the middle of one game, some one paused behind the senator's chair and asked, "Well, senator, how are you getting on?"

"Very well, indeed," was the reply, "in view of the fact that I have three adversaries."—Sunday Magazine.

THE SOFT ANSWER.



She—I will have the last word!
He—You have the last line, my dear, that's a better game.

COFFEE DRINKING

A Doctor Says it Weakens the Heart.

"In my opinion," says a well known German physician, "no one can truthfully say that coffee agrees with him, as it has long since been proven that caffeine, contained in coffee, is an injurious, poisonous substance which weakens and degenerates the heart muscles."

"For this reason the regular use of coffee, soon or late, causes a condition of undernourishment, which leads to various kinds of organic disease."

"Convinced of this fact, I have often sought for some healthful beverage to use instead of coffee. At last I found the thing desired in Postum. Having had occasion to forbid people using coffee, whose hearts were affected, I have recommended Postum as a beverage, since it is free from all injurious or exciting substances. I know this from results in my own family, and among patients."

"Hundreds of persons who now use Postum in place of coffee, are greatly benefited thereby." "There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.