

Ex-Governor Frank S. Black of New York is a staunch believer in state parks and while in office he did much to aid legislation in that regard. On one occasion he said to a number of prominent men at Albany: "What we need now is to have a counsel for the forest commission." "A counsel?" inquired a country member; "what has the forest been committing that it should need a counsel?"

The longest continuous run of a railway train in Europe is that from Paris to Constantinople, 1,321 miles, in sixty-four and a quarter hours.

Maurice Barrymore's wit is famed, but a neat little witticism at his expense was Augustus Thomas' laconic criticism of one of Barrymore's plays. The playwright had been mercilessly picking flaws in the actor's drama until the good natured "Barry" winced. "Oh, come, come," he interrupted, "don't be quite so hard, if it is not an 'Alabama.' Just remember that I wrote it in a week. 'Did you, Barry?' retorted Thomas; "Then you must have loafed."

If you will return this coupon and three one cent stamps to the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass., you will receive in return a copy of the 20th Century Year Book.

This is not an ordinary almanac, but a handsome book, copiously illustrated, and sold for 5 cents on all news-stands. (We simply allow you the two cents you spend in postage for sending.) Great news have written for the Year Book. In it is summed up the progress of the 19th century. In each important line of work and thought the greatest living specialist has recounted the events and advances of the past century and has prophesied what we may expect of the next. Among the most noted of our contributors are:

Secretary of Agriculture Wilson, on Agriculture; Senator Chancy M. Depew, on Politics; Russell Sage, on Finance; Thomas Edison, on Electricity; Dr. Madison Peters, on Religion; General Merritt, on Land Warfare; Admiral Hitchcock, on Naval Warfare; "Al" Smith, on Sports, etc.; making a complete review of the whole field of human endeavor and progress.

Each article is beautifully and appropriately illustrated, and the whole makes an invaluable book of reference, unequalled anywhere for the money. Address J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

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MAGNETIC STARCH The WONDER of the AGE. No Boiling No Cooking. It Stiffens the Goods It Whitens the Goods It Polishes the Goods. It makes all garments fresh and crisp as when first bought new. TRY A SAMPLE PACKAGE. You'll like it if you try it. You'll buy it if you try it. You'll use it if you try it. Try it. Sold by all Grocers.

AGENTS WANTED To sell the products of **THE SWINE VACCINE CO. OF WYOMORE, NEB.** Swine plague or hog cholera successfully treated by inoculation. We cure 95 per cent of sick hogs and render well those remaining by our process. For further particulars call on or address **The Swine Vaccine Co., Wymore, Neb.**

DR. SETH ARNOLD'S has stood the test of 50 years and is still the **Best Cough Remedy** Sold. Cures whooping cough, other remedies fail. Tastes good; children like it. Sold by all druggists—25 cents.

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PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION Cures while all else fails. Best Cough Syrup, Taste Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

SOME GOOD STORIES FOR OUR JUNIOR READERS.

The Leopard with Horns—How Jimmy Was Caught Up in a Tree—An Alaskan Home—Grandma's Cat Story—An Averted Quarrel.

An Averted Quarrel.

Toodles and Toodles were two little kittens, Exactly alike, excepting in name. Around Toodles' neck was a piece of blue ribbon; Around Toodles' neck was a piece of the same. Said Toodles to Toodles: "Get out of my basket!" Said Toodles to Toodles: "This basket is mine." And then there ensued a great spitting and snarling. Till Toodles espied a small ball of twine.

So, breaking away from his little white brother, He started to run, on a frolic intent; But Toodles was cute, and divining his purpose, To reach the ball first, after Toodles he went.

But, eluding their grasp, the ball rolled and bounded, And after it scampered each kitten in glee; Till, quarrel forgotten, they soon were enjoying A boisterous romp, quite good-naturedly.

Then old Mother Tab, from her seat on the hassock, Said, putting her paw up to hide a slight cough: "I really should judge, from all indications, The fight that was brewing can be declared off." —Selected.

The Leopard with Horns.

Once there was a little boy named Jimmy. He had always lived in the city, and the only animals he had ever seen were horses, dogs and cats. But he had heard of leopards, because one of his boy friends had told him all about them, and how they had spots on them and they could climb trees and eat people. Well, one day he went to the country, and in course of time his cousin, who was older than he, helped him into an apple tree, and then went into the house to get something—maybe it was an apple. Jimmy was rather alarmed at being left alone in the tree, but he managed to stay there. Suddenly he saw a beast come prowling up the road. It was about the size of a leopard, as he imagined, and it was covered with spots even larger than a leopard would have, so it must be (thought Jimmy) a very awful kind of a leopard. And, to make matters worse, this leopard had a pair of horns, and large, ferocious-looking ears, and every now and then it roared like this: "Moo-oo, moo-oo!" Jimmy was frightened half to death. But he had the slim hope that the animal would go away without seeing him. Oh, horrible! The animal came right up to the tree and put its head right up among the branches and began to sniff. Then it ate an apple. Jimmy was sure in a moment it would climb the tree after him, so he got up to the top of the tree, though how he did it he couldn't tell next day. He was weak and white with fear when he reached the top branch. The dreadful beast now came close to the trunk and began to rub up and down. Now he would spring up into the tree, beyond a doubt! But just as Jimmy thought he was crouching for a spring he saw his uncle come out of the house, and he screamed to him, "Oh, Uncle Ed, save me, save me! This leopard is going to eat me!" Now, some uncles would have thought the matter a huge joke, but Uncle Ed was not that kind. He knew that to little Jimmy the horned beast was as bad as the most terrible leopard that ever roamed the jungle, and so he went over to the tree and said, "My boy, you are safe while I am here, because, in the first place, this kind of leopard can't climb a tree, and, in the second place, it isn't a leopard at all, but a cow, and, in the third place, it is Daisy, our pet cow, and if you will take my word for it, you can ride on her back as if she were a horse." There was something in Uncle Ed's voice that had a very calming effect on Jimmy, and inside of two minutes the dreadful leopard that had come to eat him was turned into a good-natured old cow, and he rode her all around the place, holding on to Uncle Ed's hand. Now Jimmy is grown up and has a Jimmy of his own, but he will never forget the horror of that five minutes with a horned leopard.

A Wonderful Blue.

Did it ever strike you, young people, to inquire why the cloudless depths of the sky above us are so decidedly blue? It isn't that the gas we call air is in itself blue. So far as we know it is quite transparent and absolutely colorless. No; the blue comes from the reflected light. Air is never pure. You couldn't live in it if it were. Countless millions of tiny particles, chiefly of water, are always suspended in it, and these arrest the free passage of light. Each particle has a double reflection—one internal, the other external—and so the reflected rays suffer the usual result of what is called "interference," and show color. You will notice that the sky appears much bluer if you look straight up than if you look across toward the horizon. The reason is that, in the first instance, you are naturally looking through a much thinner layer of air than in the second. If there were no air, and, consequently, no watery vapor, and nothing to interfere with the free passage of light, even at midday, the sky would look perfectly blank, and all the stars plainer than they do now at midnight.

A Fable.

Timour, the famous Asiatic chief, having, on one occasion, taken shelter from his enemies in a lone building, saw a little ant trying to carry a grain of wheat, larger than itself, up a high wall. Sixty-nine times did Timour see the grain fall to the ground, but the next effort the ant carried off the prize. "I was in despair," said the chief, "but the sight of the ant gave me new courage, and I have never forgotten the noble effort which it taught me." There is an old proverb which says: "Perseverance conquers all things."

An Alaskan Home.

An Alaskan hut is not the worst place in the world—far from it. Its interior consists of a square floor of earth flanked on all sides by two wide ledges rising one above the other like a terrace. On the lower one rest the cooking, weaving and fishing utensils, the knives and needles, pots and pans. On the upper ledge, with much display of wonderfully woven blankets, are the beds. In the center of the room glows the fire, the smoke groping its way out of a hole in the roof. After the day's work is done, and the stomachs of both people and dogs are full, the family gathers around the fire. Facing the door sits the father, next him the mother; on one hand the sons and on the other the daughters, even to the third and fourth generation, it may be. Beyond these are the

servants or slaves. Each has his place, and takes it as a matter of course. Without, in the darkness, the dogs clutter around the door and howl. The mysterious and implacable sea keeps up its thunder. The snow-capped mountains, with their illimitable glaciers, lie just beyond. The shafts of the northern light dart through the sky, like the harpoons of a titan, with incredible celerity. Is it strange that, amid scenes so wild and fearful, superstitions also wild and fearful spring into existence? Or can one be surprised that in an unlettered country the story tellers are of mighty power and tell tales that affright the children till they scramble to the safe shelter of their mother's arms? When the family sings in strange broken yet rhythmical measures, the dogs howl louder than before and the women sway their squat bodies back and forth unceasingly, keeping their hands occupied meanwhile at their tasks of weaving or braiding. The men carve their spoons or cut curious figures from the black slate. The suitor for the hand of one of the daughters enters slyly and takes a seat with the sons. No protest is made. The father and mother go on with their little tasks, the young girls giggle after the fashion of girls the world over. And the suitor, thus unrepulsed, contents himself, thinking his case won. The oldest among them chants some old folk-song, and the father rises. It is the signal for good-nights. The ashes are spread over the fire, and by the light of a few fishes' tails, dried for the lighting, the family goes to bed, forgetful of crashing bergs, of the mysterious aurora, of the mountains where the snow lies forever and away. So is the home made anywhere where the spirit of home exists.—Self-Culture Magazine for November.

Grandma's Cat Story.

From the Philadelphia Call: The family group were speaking of cats and their ways, and the peaceful-looking grandmother was asked to say something. The old lady smiled, for she is not often slighted when in the company of younger people, and consented to tell a story about a kitten she had when she was a child. "You know," she said, "I had a stepfather, and he liked to see me working about the house instead of playing with a kitten, so he ordered me to throw it in the brook which ran through our meadow. I was forced to do it, though I cried a great deal. I threw it in three times, but the little thing struggled out each time and finally dragged itself home after me. Then I pleaded so much that I was allowed to keep it. From that time on it was kind of wild, not staying in the house, but skulking around the barn. When it was full grown it began to kill our chickens, so my stepfather said it had to go. This time he caught it and tied a stone around it and drowned it. After an hour or two he drew it from the water and buried it. Now comes the part that is stranger than fiction. Two days after the same old yellow cat dragged itself up to the barn. We visited the place where he had buried it and found it had come to life and rid itself of the stone, in what way I know not, and dug itself out. It stayed by the edge of our woods, getting the milk I set out every now and then, but disappeared when winter came."

America Says So.

The Entire Country is on the Move.

Cascarets Candy Cathartic Did It, and Record a Phenomenal Victory. Five Million Boxes Sold Last Year.

From every part of America comes the news that sufferers from constipation have found relief in Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the wonderful modern scientific laxative and intestinal tonic. Cascarets are highly recommended by the medical profession. Thousands have tried Cascarets with the most pleasant and effective results, and voluntarily testify to their experiences. Here are a few extracts from some of the letters: "I have been using Cascarets for headache and constipation and have received great benefit from them." Mrs. M. Gable, 512 Larrabee St., Chicago. "I have been taking Cascarets for over a year and I can't say that Cascarets is the very best medicine ever placed before the people." Andrew Woodruff, Dayton, N. Y. "I have taken Cascarets and cheerfully recommend them to all my friends." Mrs. G. J. Gradwell, Frugality, Pa. "Cascarets are fine for biliousness and malaria and are so pleasant to take." Mrs. Mary Cummings, Maund, Oklahoma. "I use Cascarets in my family and find them all you recommend them to be." E. L. Irvin, Cor. Mead and Railroad, Meadville, Pa. "You can safely add appendicitis to the list of diseases that Cascarets will benefit or cure." Eunice J. Smith, Rich Valley, Ohio. "I have used Cascarets; there is nothing better for constipation." Benj. Passage, Knightstown, Ind. "Cascarets are all right. They have cured me of constipation, and I never expected anything would." Charles H. Nye, Lock Box 265, Cincinnati, Ohio. "I am so thankful for your Cascarets. They are better than any medicine I ever used." Mrs. M. Raw, Laclede, Iowa. "I do not hesitate to say that Cascarets is the very best medicine ever placed before the people." Andrew Woodruff, Dayton, N. Y. "Cascarets are the best cathartic I ever used." Tom Holt, Wellwood, Manitoba. "I have tried your Cascarets and I want to tell you they are just splendid." John Wiegman, Box 56, Allegan, Mich. "We could fill the whole paper with expressions of the above. Thousands of similar recognitions of the merits of Cascarets have been volunteered and prove that this delightful laxative is so pleasant of taste, so mild and yet effective, has secured a firmly established place in the hearts of the people." Go buy and try Cascarets yourself today. All druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago or New York.

This is the CASCARET tablet. Every tablet of the only genuine Cascarets bears the magic letters "C C C." Look at the tablet before you buy, and beware of frauds, imitations and substitutes.

Undesired praise may often lead to become really worthy of praise.

On one occasion the Prince of Wales visited a Hindoo school in Madras. The youngsters had been drilled into the propriety of saying, "Your royal highness" should the prince speak to them, and when the heir-apparent accosted a bright-eyed lad, and pointing to a prismatic compass, asked, "What is this?" the youngster, all in a flutter, replied: "It's a royal compass, your prismatic highness."

Egypt and the Sudan have now 2,014 miles of railways; the line from Boeber to Kassala and Suakim is under way of construction.

An American lady who was in the Highlands shooting with her husband, attended the local kirk one Sunday morning, but left it with scandalous precipitation. For an hour the good minister had been fiercely raging at his benighted congregation, and wound up: "And parhaps" (with pious cunning) "ye'll be thinkin', ye worthless waistrals, that ye can gaddle intae Paradise by cloutchin' tae my coat-tails! Dinna be deceivin', for mark weel" (a pause of stern and holy joy), "when the trump of Gabriel sounds, I'll sneek them aft!"

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by Druggists, etc. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Good counsel rejected returns to enrich the giver's bosom.

Those little rubs which Providence sends to enhance the value of its favors.

If you have not tried Magnetic Starch try it now. You will then use no other.

The constantly increasing business of the B. & O. R. R. has necessitated very material additions to the telegraph service. During the past year nearly 2,000 miles of copper wire, 165 pounds to the mile, have been strung. New lines have been placed in service between Baltimore and Pittsburg, Baltimore and Parkersburg, Newark, O. to Chicago, Philadelphia to Newark, Philadelphia to Cumberland and Cumberland to Grafton. During the summer several of these wires were quadruplexed between Baltimore and Cumberland and duplexed west.

The January Century will contain a poem by Rudyard Kipling, "In the Matter of One Compass." Dr. Mitchell's story, "The Autobiography of a Quack," ends in that issue, but another serial by Dr. Mitchell will begin in the March number. It is called "Dr. North and His Friends," and one who has read the manuscript calls it "an epitome of the science, culture and common sense of the nineteenth century."

In Connecticut the percentage of criminal population to the thousand inhabitants has fallen steadily from 2.48 in 1896 to 2.33 in the present year.

Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O! Ask your grocer today to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it, like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. One-fourth the price of coffee, 15c and 25c per package. Sold by all grocers.

Opium eating is described as making serious ravages among the working people in the fen district of Hants and Cambridgeshire, in England.

AMERICA SAYS SO. The Entire Country is on the Move.

Cascarets Candy Cathartic Did It, and Record a Phenomenal Victory. Five Million Boxes Sold Last Year.

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Undesired praise may often lead to become really worthy of praise.

Robert Hilliard, the actor, brought a young Englishwoman to see "El Capitán." She was much impressed with De Wolf Hopper, and remarked: "What a charming man your Mr. Hopper is. Tell me, is he married?" "Been married three times," was the reply. "Three times!" she repeated; "and they are all three dead?" "No," was the answer; "divorced." "Ah!" she rejoined, "I see; he is a Grass-Hopper."

There is no character more contemptible than a man who is a fortune hunter.

The days of courtship are the most happy of our lives.

For starching fine linen use Magnetic Starch.

Finery is unbecoming in us who want the means of decency.

Try Magnetic Starch—it will last longer than any other.

The dullest fellow may learn to be comical for a night or two.

The German government has decided to build a railroad through Eastern Africa, and will effect a junction with the Capota-Cairo railway.

The Hon. John Barrett writes with his accustomed clearness and force in the Review of Reviews for January on "Our Interests in China—A Question of the Hour," setting forth the responsibilities, as well as the opportunities, devolving on the United States as a Pacific power.

The late Lord Watson had a habit of interrupting counsel, and this often caused irritation. One distinguished advocate once reproached him on this account in private. "Eh, man," said Lord Watson, "you need not complain, for I never interrupt a fool."

Hospitality is one of the first Christian duties.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is the only cough medicine used in my house.—D. C. Albright, Millburg, Pa., Dec. 11, '96.

Offences are easily pardoned when there is love at the bottom.

Use Magnetic Starch—if has no equal.

Mortifications are often more painful than calamities.

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The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Mitchell* In Use For Over Thirty Years **CASTORIA**
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9 Sugar Shell, triple plate, best quality	25
10 Stamp Box, sterling silver	25
11 Knife, "Keen Kutter," two blades	25
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13 Shears, "Keen Kutter" brand	25
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16 Alarm Clock, nickel	25
17 Six Genuine Rogers' Teaspoons, best quality	25
18 Watch, nickel stem winder	25
19 Carvers, good steel, buckhorn handles	25
20 Six Genuine Rogers' Forks, best quality	25
21 Six each, Knives and Forks, buckhorn handles	25
22 Six each, Genuine Rogers' Knives and Forks, best plated goods	25
23 Clock, Gold, Calendar, Thermometer, Alarm Clock	25
24 4 in. one blade, no better made	25
25 Revolver, automatic, double action	25
26 2c or 3c tin	25
27 Toy Set, not playthings, but real	25
28 Toilet Set, decorated porcelain, very handsome	25
29 Remington Rifle No. 6, 22 Cal., 300	25
30 Watch, sterling silver, full jeweled	25
31 Dress Suit Case, leather, handsome and durable	25
32 Sewing Machine, first class, with all attachments, guaranteed	25
33 Revolver, Colt's, 32 caliber, 7 1/2 in. steel	25
34 Gun, Remington, double barrel, 12 gauge	25
35 Gunter (Washburn), rosewood, in-hand	25
36 Mandolin, very handsome	25
37 Winchester Repeating Shotgun Gun, 12 gauge	25
38 Remington, double-barrel, hammer Shot Gun, 12 gauge	25
39 Bicycle, standard make, ladies or girls	25
40 Shot Gun, Remington, double barrel, hammerless	25
41 Bicycle, standard make, 15 1/2 inch wheels	25

THE ABOVE OFFER EXPIRES NOVEMBER 30TH, 1907.

Special Notice! Plain "Star" Tin Tags that is, Star tin tags with no stars printed on under side of tag, are not good for presents, but will be paid for in CASH on the basis of twenty cents per hundred, if received by us on or before March 1st, 1908.

BEAR IN MIND that a dime's worth of STAR PLUG TOBACCO will last longer and afford more pleasure than a dime's worth of any other brand. MAKE THE TEST! Send tags to CONTINENTAL TOBACCO CO., St. Louis, Mo.

A SUBSTANTIAL PROFIT will be made by every buyer of La Porte property. First general sale in February, 1907. La Porte, Texas, is destined to be the future greatest resort of the Gulf of Mexico. Every farmer, merchant and manufacturer of the United States west of the Mississippi River is directly interested in La Porte. A small investment will return handsome profits. Write for FREE Folder, Maps and Art Book to **AMERICAN LAND COMPANY, 183 Madison St., CHICAGO.**

CARTER'S INK Grow up with it. If afflicted with Thompson's Eye Water.

WESTERN CANADA FREE Millions of acres of choice agricultural LANDS now opened for settlement in Western Canada. Here is grown the celebrated No. 1 HARD WHEAT, which brings the highest price in the markets of the world; thousands of cattle are fattened for market without being fed grain, and without a day's shelter. Send for information and secure a free home in Western Canada. Write the Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, or address the undersigned, who will mail you addresses, pamphlets, etc., free of cost. W. V. Bennett, 801 N. Y. Life Building, Omaha, Neb.

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