

Syrup of Figs
and **Elixir of Senna**
acts gently yet promptly on the bowels, cleanses the system effectually, assists one in overcoming habitual constipation permanently. To get its beneficial effects buy the genuine.

Manufactured by the
CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SOLD BY LEADING DRUGGISTS - 50¢ PER BOTTLE

160 FARMS **FREE**
Acres and Perfect Health



What a Settler Can Secure in WESTERN CANADA

160 Acres Grain-Growing Land FREE. 20 to 40 Bushels Wheat to the Acre. 40 to 90 Bushels Oats to the Acre. 35 to 50 Bushels Barley to the Acre. Timber for Fencing and Buildings FREE. Good Laws with Low Taxation. Splendid Railroad Facilities and Low Rates. Schools and Churches Convenient. Satisfactory Markets for all Productions. Good Climate and Perfect Health. Chances for Profitable Investments.

Some of the choicest grain-producing lands in Saskatchewan and Alberta may now be acquired in these most beautiful and prosperous sections under the

Revised Homestead Regulations

by which entry may be made by proxy (on certain conditions) by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Entry fee in each case is \$10.00. For pamphlet, "Last Best West," particulars as to routes, routes, best time to go and where to locate, apply to W. D. Scott, Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or E. T. Holmes, 315 Jackson St., St. Paul, Minn., and J. M. MacLachlan, Box 119, Watertown, So. Dakota. Authorized Government Agents.

Please say where you saw this advertisement.

OLD MILL A LANDMARK.

Beggared Man Who Later Laid Foundation for Fortune in Michigan.

Among the landmarks of Farmington, Mich., is an old water-power mill standing by the side of the now insignificant stream that flows through the village, a branch of the River Rouge. The old mill, known as the Power Mill and later as the Philbrick Mill, is on the farm of John Power, county treasurer. It was built by Samuel Power in 1838 and in that early day was the most imposing structure of its kind in the eastern part of Michigan outside of Detroit.

The castings were all made at Ann Arbor and laboriously hauled by wagon from that city. The consequence was that when at last the mill was completed Mr. Power and an uncle from whom he had borrowed money to complete the mill were impoverished. The country was so sparsely settled at that time that customers were few and the business a losing one.

Mr. Power became discouraged and gave up the business, and with all his earthly belongings in a small satchel and 75 cents in money left Farmington to seek his fortune elsewhere. He landed penniless in Grand Rapids. He finally secured a job on the railroad and eventually became a rich railroad contractor. He returned here in after years and married a Farmington girl. At his death he was worth more than \$100,000. His widow, a comparatively young woman at the time of her husband's death, became a teacher, and for many years has been at the head of an educational institution.—Grand Rapids Herald.

Macaroni Wheat.

Salzer's strain of Macaroni or Kubanka wheat is absolutely pure and is from seed obtained from the Department of Agriculture. Our strain is Dakota grown which laughs at droughts and elements and positively mocks black rust that terrible scourge and would be ashamed of itself if it did not return from 40 to 50 bu. of the finest wheat the sun shines on per acre in good Ill., Ia., Mich., Wis., Ohio, Penn., Mo., Neb., Kan., and other lands, and 40 to 60 bu. per acre in arid lands. No rust, no insects, no failures.

Write six to ten lines on this notice to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., and they will send you the most original seed book published, together with free samples of farm seeds such as Macaroni Wheat, Billion Dollar Grass, Victoria Rape, Sainfoin, the dry soil luxuriant, Bromus Inermis, the desert grassifier, Emperor William Oats, more original than the Emperor himself, etc., etc.

And if you send 14c they will mail in addition a package of farm seed never before seen by you. John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., C. N. U.

Nothing Definite.

The detective was trying to find some clue to the whereabouts of the missing man.

"When your husband went out of the house that morning, slamming the door," he asked, "did he say anything that gave you an idea where he was going?"

"All he said was that he'd be darned if he wasn't going to hunt some place where he could read his morning paper 'in peace.'"

Animal Post Cards.

A set of eight attractive post cards, in five colors, showing wild animals in the Washington Park zoo, in the city of Milwaukee, will be mailed to you on the receipt of twelve cents (coin or stamp). Interesting to grown people and children. Address: The Evening Wisconsin Company, Milwaukee, Wis.

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

AMERICAN GIRLS WITH FOREIGN HUSBANDS.

NEWSPAPERS devote so much attention to marriages of American girls with titled foreigners that there is a general impression in this country that such unions are very numerous. Every now and then some woman's club passes vigorous resolutions of protest against international weddings, ministers preach against them and learned editors appear denouncing heartless parents who allow their daughters to be swallowed up by European fashion.

It is with some surprise, therefore, that we learn from a complete list published by the New York World that since the beginning only 130 American girls have married foreigners of title. Many, if not all, of these, of course, have brought fortunes to their husbands, and have thus acquired a sort of importance, which would not have been the case if they had been poor. But, even so, the fact that 130 members of a nation of 80,000,000 of people have married abroad is not going to disrupt or impoverish the country.

Some such marriages have ended unhappily, but by far the larger proportion of them endure at least as well as marriages here at home. Anna Gould and Consuelo Vanderbilt may have wrecked their happiness, but so have equally conspicuous American girls who have married American men. The possession of a title does not seem to compel its holder to be a bad husband.—Chicago Journal.

RESPONSIBILITY.

IT is three years since Port Arthur surrendered to the Japanese. Meanwhile the commanding officer, General Stoussel, prepared his defense against the charge of cowardice and incompetence. He maintained that he held on as long as was wise and humane in a position poorly equipped and badly armed. The prosecution held that he did not make soldierly use of his opportunities.

Although it seems medieval tyranny to put a man on trial for his life because he was unsuccessful, yet this treatment does not differ fundamentally from the treatment the whole world accords its leaders.

A nation gives a man a flag or army, and bids him go forth and win. If a man fails with poor equipment against impossible odds he is disgraced, or at least not honored. A mediocre man who wins by virtue of fine equipment, a weak enemy, loyal followers and fortunate circumstances, is honored, feted, promoted.

Later history may sum up the results of a case. But the world is immediately concerned not with weighing points like an umpire, but in demanding what it wants—success. The Japanese leader who fails commits suicide, expressing in a direct way that he who loses is of

no further service. Volumes upon Napoleon's superior generalship at Waterloo do not explain away the fact that he was defeated.

In non-military enterprise the leader hears the same loud call of the world for success. The statesman must achieve. The manager of the railroad is held responsible for the train service and for the stockholders' dividends. "The man behind the gun" and the "hero at the throttle" are justly popular figures, but it is the leader who gets the major reward for success, and death or life-long suffering for failure. In this world is unjust to certain individuals, but on the whole it is just; for without its rough rewards and punishments the great motive of responsibility would be lost.—Youth's Companion.

FARMERS, FINANCE AND BACKBONES.

THE farmers are the true backbone of the nation, whether in time of peace or war. But from the outbreak of the republic, while they have been content to bear the brunt of the fighting and of furnishing bread and meat and raiment on which to subsist, they have modestly turned over to their fellow citizens engaged in other pursuits the task of running the government. There are signs of a change. The farmers are getting tired of carrying the load without any proper and equitable voice in the direction of affairs. It will be a most auspicious change for the letter when the Grangers shall assert themselves and assume their rightful and necessary share in regulating the politics of the country. They pay the main share of the taxes, which are so laid as to heavily discriminate against them. They should help to fix the rates. They are in fairness entitled, as the main producers of revenue, to mainly profit by its distribution. They should insist on a suitable control of expenditure.—Philadelphia Record.

AS TO JAPANESE EXCLUSION.

IT is rapidly becoming apparent that with the opening of the Orient we are facing the large condition of two civilizations and the question of their relations. This is a question, of course, that concerns the whole white race, as Vancouver recently demonstrated. But it teaches us, too, and we should be prepared with some quality of statesmanship to meet it with becoming wisdom. It is not to be made a party football nor to be argued by clamor and illustrated by mob law. It is a large question—one of the largest that the twentieth century will have for us—namely, the right adjustment of our civilization with that of the Orient.—Indianapolis News.

CONAN DOYLE IN AMERICA.

Creator of "Sherlock Holmes" Told Some Good Stories While Here.

Not long before his departure for England the Aldine Club in New York gave Conan Doyle a farewell dinner, where he made an offhand speech, a part of which is worth repeating, says the Bookman. He began by telling how on his arrival in Boston the cabman who drove him from the station refused to accept any fare from him, but politely asked for a ticket to the reading. Dr. Doyle expressed surprise that the cabman should have recognized him and asked: "Tell me how you found out who I am and you shall have tickets for your whole family and such gifts as you smoke here in America besides." Whereupon, according to Dr. Doyle, the cabman answered:

"If you will excuse personal remarks, your coat lapels are badly twisted downward, where they have been grasped by the pertinacious New York reporters. Your hair has the quakerish cut of a Philadelphia barber and your hat, battered at the brim in front, shows where you have tightly grasped it in the struggle to stand your ground at a Chicago literary luncheon.

"Your right overcoat has a large block of Buffalo mud just under the instep; the odor of a Ulster cigar hangs about your clothing, and the overcoat itself shows the slovenly brushing of the porters of the through sleepers from Albany. The crumbs of doughnut on the top of your bag—garden me, your luggage—could only have come there in Springfield, and stenciled upon the very end of the 'Wellington' in fairly plain lettering, is the name 'Conan Doyle.'"

Somewhat more voracious than this anecdote is the story which Conan Doyle tells of an experience which he had when leaving school. His teacher must have been one of those noble old Romans such as Thackeray describes as roving at young Penderlens when the major, his uncle, called to take the boy away. When Conan Doyle had finished his course in school, the headmaster called him aside and, after eyeing him with ominous disfavor, spoke to him in measured tones as follows: "Doyle, I have known you now for seven years, and I know you thoroughly. I am going to say something which you will remember in after life. Doyle, you will never come to any good!"

Guileless Gertrude.

Gertrude (who has behaved very rudely to her mamma, to her aunt)—Auntie Clara, pray don't go away yet.

Aunt (thatched)—I had no idea you were so fond of me, Gertrude.

Gertrude—Oh, Auntie Clara, it isn't that, but mamma said I was to be whipped when you had gone.—Tatler.

Sure Cure.

The Young One—What should a man do to break himself of the habit of talking too much?

The Old One—Get married!—Yonkers Statesman.

Of all bors, the goodly good bore is the most tiresome.

HETTY GIVES NO CASH ON VANDERBILT GEMS

Refuses to Play Pawnbroker and Furnish Money to Go to Hungary.

RICH ON VERGE OF POVERTY

Woman Financier Tells of Big Loans and Makes Prophecies on Political Outlook.

Mrs. Hetty Green, Queen of Finance, has been "hearing things," and the other day in an interview at Boston she confided in the public through the press. The financial stringency has plunged many of the notably rich into a sea of temporary poverty, if Mrs. Green's statements are true. Mrs. Green, according to her story, got under cover before the pinch hit, and had plenty of cash. Then the financiers came to her on bended knees for relief. The Vanderbilt family, she says, came to her with their family jewels. They wanted her to take them as security for a loan. This was before Gladys married the count. Mrs. Green told them, she said, that she didn't deal in diamonds, and their offer was spurned. "They say Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt is going to marry a Hungarian count," said Mrs. Green. "She ought to have a guardian instead."

Mrs. Green says men high in politics have tipped off the inside information on the presidential nomination. Roosevelt, she says, is to be nominated again. Taft knows it, too. She says the scheme is to pose Taft before the country as the President's choice. He will get all the delegates he can and then will get up himself and nominate Roosevelt. It is all framed up, declares Mrs. Green. She says money is easier, but hard times will continue until after the election.

VICTIMS OF IGNORANCE.

Donkshobors of Canada Preparing for Another Outburst.

Reports received at Ottawa, Ont., indicate that the coming spring will see the 7,000 Donkshobors leave their Northwest communities and go on another wild pilgrimage. All accounts agree that the fanaticism of the sect has no parallel in modern times.

Donkshobor leaders have been particularly busy issuing decrees since the beginning of winter, and each new regulation seems to have been drafted with a desire to outdo the preceding ones in inflicting hardship and suffering on "the faithful." Children are said to be dying for want of proper food. "The people are paupers. They have obeyed an order to sell all their cattle and sheep."

All products of the land go to the sect leaders. All chickens have been sold in obedience to a decree. Tea, coffee, sugar and pancakes have been tabooed and the general diet has been narrowed to raw potatoes, onions, carrots, turnips and a few other vegetables. Among the latest decrees have been those abolishing timepieces and looking glasses. Agents of the leaders have taken away from the people about \$7,000 worth of clocks and watches. The women, who are noted for their deftness with their needles, have been forbidden to make any more embroidery.

The Donkshobor wheat is handled by a committee, which does what it pleases with it. This committee controls pretty nearly everything in the way of labor. The gangs which work on the railway and in the community brickyard pay over their wages to the committee without receipt. But when it comes to be laborers getting their meager food allowances from the committee they are compelled to give a receipt for every ounce.

In one district 500 persons are living in two houses. Each adult is allowed a sleeping space of four feet wide. All have to climb into their beds over the footboards. The younger men are stowed away in the garrets of the houses after the fashion of canned sardines.

HARD LUCK TALES.

Two women were found dead in the kitchen of a fashionably furnished 22-room house at No. 251 West Seventy-first street, New York, of which they were co-owners. There was a little coal in a bin in the cellar and 17 cents was found in a cupboard.

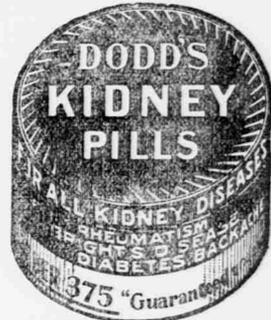
Nelson P. Thoren, a prosperous and respected farmer living on the White Bear road west of Stillwater, Minn., fell from a cake of ice dead. Assisted by his son he was pulling ice from a small lake, to be stored on the farm. Being overcome with faintness he sat down on a cake of ice and a moment later fell over dead. Heart disease was the cause of death.

Capt. Smith, master of the British steamer Ashfield, cleared from Mobile, Ala., for Nipa, Cuba, committed suicide by drinking poison in his stateroom following a mutiny of the crew while on the high seas.

At his own request William Winrich, an orphan boy of Morrisonville, Wis., was sent to the State reformatory at Waukesha. The boy, who is 14 years old, declared to the judge that he was tired of knocking about, and desired to be sent to some place where he would have a chance to learn a useful trade and get some education.

A Domestic Breakdown.

A well-known lord discovered a thief in his London house. Aided by the butler, he secured the man and then rang the bell. A servant appeared whom the peer requested to "go into the kitchen and bring up a policeman or two." The domestic returned and said there were no policemen on the premises. "What!" exclaimed his master in incredulous tones. "Do you mean to tell me that with a cook, two scullery maids, a kitchen maid and three housemaids in my employ there is no policeman in my kitchen? It is indeed a miracle, and our prisoners shall reap the benefit. Turner, let the man go instantly!"—London Standard



VERY BAD FORM OF ECZEMA.

Suffered Three Years—Physicians Did No Good—Perfectly Well After Using Cuticura Remedies.

"I take great pleasure in informing you that I was a sufferer of eczema in a very bad form for the past three years. I consulted and treated with a number of physicians in Chicago, but to no avail. I commenced using the Cuticura Remedies, consisting of Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Pills, three months ago, and to-day I am perfectly well, the disease having left me entirely. I cannot recommend the Cuticura Remedies too highly to anyone suffering with the disease that I have had. Mrs. Florence E. Atwood, 19 Crilly Place, Chicago, Ill., October 2, 1905. Witness: L. S. Berger."

What is said to be the largest telegraph circuit in the world is that between London and Teheran, the capital of Persia. It is 4,000 miles long and is divided into twelve sections.

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.
PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Hemorrhoids, Piles, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded, 50c.

What He Made.

The possibilities of evasion held with in the precincts of the English language are well demonstrated in the report of an accident case printed in the Philadelphia Ledger. The lawyer for the defendant was trying to cross-examine a Swede who had been subpoenaed by the other side as a witness.

"Now, Anderson, what do you do?" asked the lawyer.

"Swank you; Aw am not vara well."

"I didn't ask you how is your health, but what do you do?"

"Oh, yas; Aw work."

"We know that, but what kind of work do you do?"

"Puddy hard work; it ees puddy hard work."

"Yes, but do you drive a team, or do you work on the railroad, or do you handle a machine, or do you work in a factory?"

"Oh, yas; Aw work in a factory."

"Very good. What kind of a factory?"

"It ees a very big factory."

"Your honor," said the lawyer, addressing the court, "if this keeps on I think we shall have to have an interpreter."

"Then he turned to the witness.

"Look here, Anderson, what do you do in that factory? What do you make?"

"Oh, yas; Aw understand. You vant to know vat Aw make in factory, eh?"

"Exactly. Now tell us what you make."

"Van gettin' out a half a day."

BRAIN POWER.

Increased by Proper Feeding.
A lady writer who not only has done good literary work, but reared a family, found in Grape-Nuts the ideal food for brain work and to develop healthy children. She writes:—

"I am an enthusiastic proclaimer of Grape-Nuts as a regular diet. I formerly had no appetite in the morning and for 8 years while nursing my four children, had insufficient nourishment for them.

"Unable to eat breakfast I felt faint later, and would go to the pantry and eat cold chops, sausage, cookies, doughnuts or anything I happened to find. Being a writer, at times my head felt heavy and my brain asleep.

"When I read of Grape-Nuts I began eating it every morning, also gave it to the children, including my 10 months old baby, who soon grew as fat as a little pig, good-natured and contented.

"Within a week I had plenty of breast milk, and felt stronger within two weeks. I wrote evenings and feeling the need of sustained brain power, began eating a small saucer of Grape-Nuts with milk instead of my usual indigestible hot pudding, pie, or cake for dessert at night.

"Grape-Nuts did wonders for me and I learned to like it. I did not mind my housework or mother's cares, for I felt strong and full of 'go.' I grew plump, nerves strong, and when I wrote my brain was active and clear; indeed, the dull head pain never returned.

"There's a Reason."

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



"He'd be a good man to work for if he got the right kind o' boy," said Jimmy. "What he wants is a boy about 60 years old with a bay window on him an' a bald head. If some old feller like he is would come in an' take my seat an' stand off the guys he doesn't want to see an' run his affairs for him he'd be salted—nit-rot."

"He jest thinks that he's all right, that's all," continued Jimmy. "If he had a duplicate of himself around he'd let out a holler you could hear clear out to the city limits. He comes in an' he says to me, 'What are you a-doin' that fer, you young hunk? You don't never see me a-doin' that.' Well, I should say not! I'd like to see him a-balancin' a leather duster on his nuss an' jugglin' a couple o' rubber stamps at the same time. An' whist! He couldn't carry a tune to save his durned old red neck."

"I've got a pitcher o' myself havin' my nails manicured by that fatty up on the tenth floor an' makin' go-go eyes at her, the old skate! Why don't you ever git your hands washed, blame it?" he says. "Look at them finger marks on these here papers." I wanted to say, "If I didn't never have nothin' more to do with my hands 'ceptin' to stroke my whiskers an' sign checks mibbe I'd keep my hands clean, too, you old nit!"

"I takes a message over to West Adams for him this mornin' an' because I didn't git back with the answer in ten minutes he throws a fit. 'What'n blazes have you been a-doin' with the afternoon?' he says. Did he resent me? 'Oh, all right, I'd a notion to take him on the side o' the head with an ink bottle. He's an old peach to talk about vas'tin' time. I don't go out to my lunch an' say I'll be back in ten minutes an' stay gone two hours an' a half, anyway. An' when I come back from my lunch my face ain't no redder nor my hair any thicker than it was afore I went out. He ought to git on the water wagon."

"I've gotter be respectful an' attentive an' peddle an' I've gotter use cheap language. I s'pose he thinks it was nice language he was usin' when that book agent got in to see him the other mornin'. I bet if I talked like that they'd send me to the reform school, but it's all right for him. Them he blames it on to me an' he gives me a nice peddle pain' over. 'What did you let him in for, you little idiot?' he says. 'What am I payin' you wages fer? Do you think you're an ornament to the cr-

BUTTER BY THE YARD.

The Way It Is Sold, Pure and Sweet, in Cambridge, England.

In Cambridge, England, butter is sold by the yard. For generations it has been the practice of Cambridgeshire dairy folk to roll their butter into lengths, each length measuring a yard and weighing a pound. Duffly wrapped in strips of clean white cloth, the cylindrical rolls are packed in long, narrow baskets made for the purpose and thus conveyed to market. The butter women, who, in white linen aprons and shoes, preside over the stalls in the market have no need of weights or scales for dispensing their wares. Constant practice and experienced eyes enable them with a stroke of the knife to divide a yard of butter into halves or quarters with almost mathematical exactness.

The ordinary people are the chief buyers of this curiosity shaped product. In addition to being famed for its purity and sweetness, Cambridge "yard butter" is eminently adapted for being served to the students in the dairy commons. Out in conveniently sized pieces and accompanied by a loaf of the best wheat bread, a staid portion is sent round every morning to the heads of the undergraduates for use at breakfast and tea.—Chicago Record-Herald.

When a woman forgives her erring husband, she is applauded, but when a man forgives an erring wife, he is laughed at.