

**THE CLIMATE IS IDEAL.**

**Great Wealth Acquired in Growing Grain.**

Writing from Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, Canada, W. H. Ellwanger, who was formerly a resident of Green Mountain, Iowa, says: "The climate in summer is ideal for growing grain. Long, clear days of sunshine, no bad storms. We never need to guard against cyclones. I never saw a better climate in my life. We made more money during the season of 1906 than any previous five years in Central Iowa—one of the best districts in the State." But Mr. Ellwanger was a resident of the town, and it might be more interesting to read what a farmer has to say about Western Canada. From hundreds of letters received with words of praise, praising success in Western Canada, there has been one selected. It is as follows:

Paynton, Sask., Canada,  
Dec. 10th, 1907.

**To Whom This May Concern:**

I moved to this address Feb. 3, 1907, from Montgomery, Iowa, and took a homestead 35 miles north of Paynton. It was cold when I moved here, but it did not stay cold long; it broke up the 8th of February, and was not so cold after that; but the spring was late on account of the heavy snow fall, but in spite of the late spring I saw better grain than I ever saw in the States raised this year. I helped a man finish sowing oats the 4th of July, and they made fair oats. In a good year oats will go 100 bushels to the acre, and wheat 25 to 50; all root crops do well here. I saw turnips weigh 7 and 8 pounds. I raised potatoes this year that measured 1 1/2 inches one way and 1 3/4 the other in circumference. This is a fine stock country; hay in abundance, good water, plenty of fuel and plenty of building material, the government gives us timber to saw into lumber, and we can get it sawed for about \$5.00 per thousand. All small fruit grows wild here. Then there are ducks, geese, grouse, pheasants, deer, moose, elk and fish in abundance. I was over to Turtle Lake yesterday, where there is lots of fishing being done this winter. I saw about a carload of white fish in one pile. I gave 25 cents for 80 pounds of fish. What do you think of that, Brother Yankee? I think this is a fine place, both to make money and to live. There was an old man up here visiting his brother-in-law. Now this man owns land close to Des Moines, Iowa, and is in good circumstances, but he took a homestead and says he will be contented if he can only get in the rest of his days in Canada. He would get up in the morning and look out of the door and say: "Well, who wouldn't live in Canada?" Now I have been in 13 different States in the United States and I never saw the change that there is here for a man that has a little muscle and a little brains.

Three cheers for Canada!  
(Signed) W. A. SPICE.  
This is the temperature through November. I took it myself, so I know it is right, in the shade.

Morn-		Morn-	
ing at	At	ing at	At
Sun-	Sun-	Sun-	Sun-
rise,	set.	rise,	set.
1	.....27	37	.....28
2	.....36	40	.....12
3	.....29	37	.....12
4	.....23	34	.....20
5	.....27	33	.....12
6	.....39	38	.....18
7	.....12	39	.....16
8	.....28	34	.....15
9	.....17	36	.....18
10	.....2	13	.....8
11	.....5	26	.....32
12	.....28	29	.....20
13	.....7	11	.....8
14	.....21	18	.....29
15	.....20	31	.....18

**Breaking the News.**  
The matrimonial failure of Pat, a bartender in the center of the city, has been common knowledge for some time, and it has also been no secret that Pat really does not blame his wife for her impatience with his habits. Pat is in dead earnest when he says that his wife really is too good for him and deserves a divorce, which the self-abasing Pat would gladly grant her if it wasn't so expensive. The good faith of Pat in this respect was, however, never more forcibly illustrated than during the severe attack of pneumonia from which he has just recovered. "Pat, the doctors say you are very sick," said his wife during her visit to the hospital one day. "What do they really say? You can't hurt me by telling the truth," answered Pat. "Well, Pat, they say that you cannot live," whispered the wife, finally yielding to Pat's insistent demand for the truth. "Don't you believe it. Doctors make a habit of holding out hopes to the last," drawled Pat in his wearisome style. "They are only breaking the news to you gently. I am going to get well."—Philadelphia Record.

**For Satisfactory Reasons.**  
"You ought to be trying to earn your own living," suggested Mrs. Goodsoe. "Why aren't you?" "That's asking a personal question, mum," answered Tufford Knutt, pouring his coffee into the saucer and blowing on it. "I know it. This is a personal matter. Why aren't you?" "For the reason, mum," he said, tacking the plate of fresh doughnuts. "at I don't haf to."

**No Time for Trifling.**  
"Hands up!" commanded the footpad. "Get out of my way!" thundered the other man, swooping at him and striding on. "I hafn't got no time to fool with you. I'm dola' a ninety mile walkin' stunk."

**Editorials**  
Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

**THE EBBING TIDE.**

**M**UCH has been written about the enormous number of immigrants who sought the hospitable shores of the United States in 1907. Much less has been made of the number of aliens who returned to their native land, yet this in many respects the more interesting fact of the two. During last year more than half a million returned to Europe from United States and Canadian ports; and in the last ten years the number reaches the astonishing total of two and a half millions, or nearly one-third as many as the number of immigrants in the same time.

Much has been discovered by the national commission appointed last year, even during its one year of service, as to the influence of this returning tide on European life. Nearly all of it is of a sort to stir the hearts of Americans with sympathy and pride. Not only have families been raised to a higher plane of comfort by the labor of certain members in the great "land of promise," but whole villages have felt the impetus and enjoyed the benefits. The United States is thus becoming a world power in a new sense, and a leader among nations by ways which involve no military oppression and no diplomatic selfishness.

No man need grudge to the returning immigrant the money he carries with him as something lost to the United States. It has been earned, in most cases doubly earned, by the hardest kind of labor, of which this country has had the benefit. The more becoming attitude is that of the man toward the garment which had served him for fifteen years. "Well," he said, as he finally relinquished it to the ragman, "it doesn't owe me anything for board."—Youth's Companion.

**BEHIND CLOSED DOORS.**

**H**OW much better it would be for the American people if the courts here were to close their doors occasionally and start out the public when gross details of immoral relations or of crime are required to elucidate the issues involved in celebrated cases! As long as the doors remain open publicity is inevitable. The better class of newspapers print and trim down their reports as far as they can, and even yet there will remain at times a residue which offends the finer sensibilities. The less considerate press treats its readers to the full dross of unseemly stuff. Meanwhile the courtroom is packed with a morbid crowd of sensation seekers, gleaning over the shoulders of shamed womanhood or writhed manhood and carrying away the most demoralizing impressions to be scattered broadcast by word of mouth.—Washington (D. C.) Star.

**INTERNATIONAL MARRIAGE LINES.**

**N**EW people seek when they read of a new international marriage between an American, it guesses and a European of title. What the title may be, or what they may happen to know about the contracting parties, signifies little. They distrust these marriages and are apt, when they hear of a new one, to think that another American girl is about to make a bad bargain.

We must remember, however, that the international alliances that turn out disastrously and end in the divorce court are those that make the most noise, and also that our own divorce courts at home are kept pretty busy

separating the mismatched in whose antipathies race differences have no part. Furthermore, some of our girls who have married titles have accepted with them men of such demonstrated worthlessness that there was no chance of living happily with them. Such women had not sense enough to make good marriages anywhere.—Harper's Weekly.

**OVER THE SEA ON CONCRETE.**

**T**HE great ocean railway linking Florida's mainland with Key West and bringing Cuba 100 miles nearer the United States is nearing completion. The undertaking is doubtless the most remarkable piece of railway building now under construction. The distance from Miami, the Florida terminal, to Key West is 156 miles. Of this distance 104 miles will be constructed on land; counting, of course, the coral formation of the keys as land. The rest of the route, which will connect the string of keys, will be constructed over swamp and water, of which about twenty-five miles may be considered swamp and twenty-five miles open water. On the entire route fifty keys must be crossed. Some of these are of considerable size—that is, they have an area of several square miles, but the larger number can be measured in square yards. The distances apart vary considerably, and the depth of water between varies from a depth of thirty inches to thirty feet, the average being about six and one-half feet. Included in the 156 miles will be six miles of concrete viaduct and some eighty miles of embankment, which rises about thirty-one feet above the water, this height being considered ample to protect the track from the action of the storms.—Popular Mechanics.

**AGRICULTURAL PROSPERITY.**

**T**HE ten years of prosperity that this country has enjoyed since 1897, and the reaction which has been wrought in the agricultural industry, has placed the American farmer in a position of financial and economic independence such as the rural population of this or no other country has ever known before. The fixed capital represented in the agricultural industry today is approximately \$25,000,000,000, or more than four times the capital invested in all of the manufacturing industries in the country. From the position the American farmer now occupies, no financial disturbances, no business failures in the outside world, no failure of any one or several crops, no hysteria or political agitation, can hope to dislodge him.—Van Norden Magazine.

**VALUE OF COLLEGE EDUCATION.**

**N**EVER was the need of a college education for all who would engage in professional work more widely recognized. There has been much railing to the mechanical and technical fields of labor, but there has never been a time when a good old-fashioned education was not the best preparation for the larger life. The college course should precede the technical and the professional course, and any omission of college work in the hope of a short cut to practical success is a mistake. In the future professional men must be better equipped than ever before if they expect to hold their own and to rise to distinction.—Indianapolis News.

**HER FIRST LION.**

The roar of a lion, hunting, is a never-to-be-forgotten sound, declares Miss Agnes Herbert in "Two Dinners in So-malland." She describes hearing the lions, following them up through the jungle, and the nearly fatal results to herself in their capture.

In one tense second I realized that I had seen two monstrous moving beasts, yellowish and majestic. They were very close, and moved at a slow pace from the bush ahead into a patch of still thicker cover to the left. I remember that though the great moment for which we had planned and longed and striven was really at hand, all my excitement left me, and there was nothing but a cold, tingling sensation running about my veins.

The jungle cover parted, and with little, stretched shoulders a lioness shook herself half-free of the density, then crouched low again. Down, until only the flat of her skull showed, and her small twitching ears. In one moment more she would be on us.

Sighting as low as I could on that half-acre of yellow I pulled the trigger, and Cecily's rifle cracked simultaneously. The head of the lioness pressed lower, and nothing showed above the ridge of grass and thorn. The lioness must be dead. And yet, could one kill so great a foe so quickly?

Then I did an innately stupid thing. It was my first lion-hunt, and my ignorance and enthusiasm carried me away. I ran forward to investigate, with my rifle at the trail. I had forgotten that the bush concealed another enemy.

A snarling roared, and almost before I could do anything but bring up my rifle and fire without the sights, a lion broke from the side of the bush. My nerves seemed to relax, and I tried to hurl myself to one side. There was no power of hurling left in me, and I simply fell sideways, and that saved me. For the great cat had not bargained for a victim slightly to the right or left. His weight fell on my legs merely, and his claws stuck in.

Before he had time to turn and rend me, almost instantaneously my cousin fired. The top of the lion's head was blown to smithereens, and the heavy body sank. The whole world seemed to me to be bounded north, south, east and west by lion.

**MOURNERS ON SKATES; STRANGE FUNERAL CORTEGE.**



Among the Wends, a remnant of the ancient Slavonic race inhabiting the Spreewald, a region enclosed by an arm of the Spree about fifty miles south of Berlin, Germany, all the traffic is carried on waterways. In winter funeral processions pass along the ice. The coffin is carried on a sledge, and is drawn by six mourners, who wear long black streamers on their hats. The whole company goes on skates, and the women wear the ancient national costume.

away. I sat up, feeling indescribably shaky. I don't remember anything else until I found myself in my tent, with my cousin rendering "first aid."

**THE CHORUS GIRL.**

**Her Life a Hard One but She Has the Manners of a "Grande Dame."**  
There are lots of chorus girls, says Rose Stahl, struggling, plucky, spunky, straight and good-hearted. They are funny, but they are pathetic, too, and they have a hard life. I studied the chorus "lady" on and off the stage for years. It's a sight for the gods and humorists to see her at a lunch counter on the road. She falls off the train and rushes into the station to get a sandwich and a glass of milk, or a doughnut and a piece of pie. She gives her orders as King Richard might call for his horses, or Cleopatra her barge, and heaven help the poor attendants if they do not fly to do her bidding. She is disdainful of her food and scathing in her comments on the service. She pays her check with the air of an injured queen and stalks out, leaving the lunchroom menials under the impression that they have failed to please Mme. Duse or Sarah Bernhardt.

Then she goes back to the train and will sit up half the night sewing fits on her costumes, to make a brave showing on the opening night in the next town, and then, after a night of work, she trudges out of the station in the chilly dawn to search for a cheap lodging.

These girls have a long idle summer to get through on their savings of the winter, and many of them have a younger sister to look after or a mother at home to help, and they manage somehow to do it. And most of them run straight and turn down the Johnnies who think, like the villain in the play, that they can pay for the havoc they cause.

A word that we dislike very much is that word "natural," when used by women in describing the appearance of a corpse.

**HOW TO KNOW PURE PAINT**

**A Way in Which It May Be Identified Before Using.**

After a building has been painted long enough for a weather test, it is easy to tell if the paint used was made of pure White Lead or not. But such belated knowledge comes like locking the barn after the colt is stolen.

Nature has provided a way in which genuine White Lead may be positively distinguished from adulterated or fake White Lead before you spend a cent on your painting.

Pure White Lead is made from metallic lead, and, under intense heat, such as is produced by a blow-pipe, pure White Lead will resolve itself back into metallic lead. If, however, it is not genuine White Lead, or if it contains the slightest trace of adulteration, the change will not take place. Therefore the "blow-pipe" test is an absolute and final one.

The National Lead Company are urging every one interested in painting to make this test of paint before using it, and they guarantee that the pure White Lead sold under their "Dutch Boy Painter" trade-mark will always prove absolutely pure under the "blow-pipe" or any other test. To make it easy for you to perform the experiment they will send you free upon request, a blow-pipe and everything necessary for you to make the test, together with a valuable booklet on paint. Address, National Lead Company, Woodbridge Building, New York City.

An English nun in Madrid gave King Alfonso his first taste of gingerbread, and now he can't get enough of it, and sometimes goes to the convent himself for it.

**WHAT CAUSES HEADACHE.**

From October to May, colds are the most frequent cause of headache. LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE removes cause. E. W. Grove on box 250c

**Tangled Bank Accounts.**  
"It is remarkable," said an old bank employe, "how few people keep their bank accounts absolutely correct. At ordinary times this failing is not conspicuous, because books are usually balanced when there is still a credit to the depositor's account. When the balanced book is received with the vouchers the usual discrepancy is found after much labor in an omitted entry, either deposit or check or in the form of an error in addition or subtraction. The thing is usually settled at home without our help. But when a lot of women go to a bank, each one with a check already made out representing her balance, then look out. Fortunately I have had an experience in that way, but I know that not one woman in ten—and I am charitable with the figure—keeps her book correctly, and many women keep no record at all. We have one depositor who used to receive an overdraft notice regularly every month. Now, by an arrangement with her, we give her notice when the balance nears the \$100 mark. Men laugh at the women for their failure to keep their bank accounts right, but except when a book-keeper does the work for them the men are nearly as bad."—New York Tribune.

**Pedigree.**  
"Well," said the statistical boarder, leaning back in his chair, "we have at this meal the representatives of two widely separated generations."  
"How is that?" asked the inquisitive boarder.  
"The hen we have been trying to eat was in all probability the great-grandmother of this omelet."—Chicago Tribune.

**Shifting the Garden.**  
"When I started in business," said Mr. Dustin Stax, reflectively, "I resolved never to tell an untruth."  
"And you kept your word?"  
"Yes. Whenever I had any delicate business of that sort on hand I hired an expert."—Washington Star.

**MUSIC STUDENTS**  
**Should Have Steady Nerves.**  
The nervous system of the musician is often very sensitive and any habit like coffee drinking may so upset the nerves as to make regular and necessary daily practice next to impossible. "I practice from seven to eight hours a day and study Harmony two hours," writes a Mich. music student. "Last September I was so nervous I could only practice a few minutes at a time and mother said I would have to drop my music for a year."  
"This was terribly discouraging, as I couldn't bear the thought of losing a whole year of study. Becoming convinced that my nervousness was caused largely by coffee, and seeing Postum so highly spoken of, I decided I would test it for a while."  
"Mother followed the directions carefully and I thought I had never tasted such a delicious drink. We drank Postum every morning instead of coffee, and by November I felt more like myself than for years, and was ready to resume my music."  
"I now practice as usual, do my studying and when my day's work is finished I am not any more nervous than when I began."  
"I cannot too highly recommend Postum to musicians who practice half a day. My father is a physician and recommends Postum to his patients. Words cannot express my appreciation for this most valuable health beverage, and experience has proven its superiority over all others." "There's a Reason."  
Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Well-Ville," in pkgs.



**Proof is inexhaustible that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound carries women safely through the Change of Life.**

Read the letter Mrs. E. Hanson, 304 E. Long St., Columbus, Ohio, writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I was passing through the Change of Life, and suffered from nervousness, headaches, and other annoying symptoms. My doctor told me that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was good for me, and since taking it I feel so much better, and I can again do my own work. I never forget to tell my friends what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for me during this trying period."

**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.

**SICK HEADACHE**

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**  
Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Bile, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

**SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.**

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**  
Genuine Must Bear Face-Simile Signature  
REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

**Squaw as Housekeeper.**

Put a squaw in a tepee and she is the neatest of housekeepers. The blankets are neatly rolled and stowed away under the edge of the tepee, leaving the center clear. Bright-colored blankets and fine fur robes are spread about, and a wonderfully beaded dance drum hangs from one of the poles. But put a squaw in a house and she is anything but a success. Go into one of these frame houses and you will find the mattresses laid along the floor, with the whole family sprawling thereon. The cracked cook stove will be in the middle of the floor, with anything but agreeable odors coming therefrom. Outside the bedstead and spring will be used as chicken roosts. But the squaw doesn't let her housekeeping shortcomings worry her. When she puts on an elk tooth robe, valued at anywhere from \$1,500 to \$3,000, and rides to the fair or to the agency on a Sunday astride a beaded saddle, she is a picture of contentment.—Denver Republican.

**Why He Brought His Along.**  
Whenever the penurious manager of the large store wanted to sharpen his pencil he would enter the shipping department and borrow a knife from one of the boys. Sometimes the boys did not have their knives with them, but there was one lad, Tommy Breen, who always could be depended upon.  
"How is it, Tommy?" asked the manager one day as he whittled his pencil. "that you always have your knife with you and the other boys haven't?" Tommy hesitated for a moment, then, gathering courage, said:  
"The wages I get aren't enough for me to afford more than one pair of pants."—Harper's Weekly.

**Truth and Quality**

appeal to the Well-Informed in every walk of life and are essential to permanent success and creditable standing. Accordingly, it is not claimed that Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is the only remedy of known value, but one of many reasons why it is the best of personal and family laxatives is the fact that it cleanses, sweetens and relieves the internal organs on which it acts without having to increase the quantity from time to time.

It acts pleasantly and naturally and truly as a laxative, and its component parts are known to and approved by physicians, as it is free from all objectionable substances. To get it, beneficial effects always purchase the genuine—manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists.