Columbus Journal

R. G. STROTHER, Editor.
F. K. STROTHER, Manager.

COLUMBUS, - - NEBRASKA.

Bacon.

Do you remember what Charles Lamb says about roast pig? How he falls into an ecstasy of laudation, spelling the very name with small capitals, as if the lower case were too mean for such a delicacy, and breaking away from the cheap encomiums of the vulgar tongue to hail it in sonorous Latin as principes obsoniorum. There is some truth in his compliments, no doubt; but they are wasteful, excessive, imprudent. For if all this praise is to be lavished on plain, fresh, immature, roast pig, what adjectives shall we find for the riper, richer, more subtle and sustaining viand, broiled bacon? asks Henry Van Dyke, in Scribner's. On roast pig a man cannot work; often he cannot sleep, if he have partaken of it immoderately. But bacon "brings to its sweetness no satiety." It strengthens the arm while it satisfies the palate. Crisp, juicy, savory; delicately salt as the breeze that blows from the sea; faintly pungent as the blue smoke of incense wafted from a clean wood fire; aromatic, appetizing, nourishing, a stimulant to the hunger which it appeases, 'tis the matured bloom and consummation of the mild little pig, spared by foresight for a nobler fate than juvenile roasting, and brought by art and man's device to a perfection surpassing nature. All the problems of woodland cookery are best solved by the baconian method. And when we say of one escaping great disaster that he has "saved his bacon," we say that the physical basis and the quintessinal comfort of his life are untouched and secure.

New Plan to Save Child Labor.

A proposition to take all children under 14 years of age from factories and other places of employment and send them to school has been made by N. O. Nelson, a millionaire manufacturer, to the women's clubs of St. Louis. Mr. Nelson is to pay the children half the amount they would receive for their work, and the clubs the other half. The clubs have yet to give their decision and, pending it, Mr. Nelson has undertaken to do the work himself, says Reader Magazine. He has investigated for several weeks past every application to the truant officer for permits for children under age to work in the factories, and has, at the present writing, found seven worthy cases. Each week these children call at Nelson's office and receive the money they would have been paid for working—an average of three dollars a week. Then the children have been returned to their schools. In less than one-third of the cases investigated by Mr. Nelson did he find the people to be actually in need of the children's services.

Trouble Ahead.

The trustees of the public library at Malden, Mass., announce that they will not "put in circulation a novel which a decent woman may not read to a decent man without blushing." As this is a standard of excellence which cannot be applied a priori, it may be necessary to appoint a committee to exercise the novel censorship. The difficulty of finding a deecnt man will be equalled only by that of submitting a decent woman to such an ordeal, says the New York Post. The latter might, after a time, grow hardened and maintain a deathly pallor while reading aloud from dubious works. It would not always be easy to distinguish a blush of modesty from what novelists call " a flush of vexation." The man might even blush while the woman remained pale, and, lastly, the blushing might be caused not by the book, but by the presence of the man.

Index to Prosperity.

The earnings of the great steel corporation afford an infallible index to the prosperity of the country. The figures for the calendar year 1906 are impressive, the total being over $156,619,000, against $119,850,000 in 1905, $73,176,000 in 1904, and $109,271,000 in 1903. The showing for last year was a result of the phenomenal activity in building, railroad construction and improvement and steadily increasing demand for iron and steel in every form. And, continues the Troy Times, the business done by concerns outside the so-called "trust" attained still larger proportions. The new year begins with mills overcrowded with orders, those of the "trust" yet unfilled amounting to 8,489,718 tons, the largest ever known, and the prospects are favorable to another record breaker.

If the Elkhart man who, in a fit of jealousy, threw scalding coffee in his pretty wife's face, disfiguring her for life, were to be tried before a jury of women he would doubtless be sentenced to be boiled in oil. If he had merely killed her he might have some hope.

In Kansas City a man was fined for taking his wife across his knee and spanking her. Evidently she did not consider that she was in her second childhood.

Now it is reported that another eruption is threatened of Mount Vesuvius, endangering the villages on the side of the mountain. It certainly looks as though the earth were trying hard to turn itself inside out without the slightest regard for the feelings of its population.

If the Swedish investigator has really succeeded in overcoming gravitation, then flying machines should only be a matter of buckling on a pair of ten-cent wings.

THE DELUGE

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS, Author of "THE COST," etc.

COPYRIGHT 1905 by the BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY

CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

She gazed at me without flinching. "And I suppose," she said satirically; "you wonder why I—why you are repellent to me. Haven't you learned that, though I may have been made into a moral coward, I'm not a physical coward? Don't bully and threaten. It's useless."

I put my hand strongly on her shoulder—taunts and jeers do not turn me aside. "What did you mean?" I repeated.

"Take your hand off me," she commanded.

"What did you mean?" I repeated sternly. "Don't be afraid to answer."

She was very young—so the taunt stung her. "I was about to tell you," said she, "when you began to make it impossible."

I took advantage of this to extricate myself from the awkward position in which she had put me—I took my hand from her shoulder.

"I am going to leave," she announced.

"You forgot that you are my wife," said I.

"I am not your wife," was her answer, and if she had not looked so childlike, there in the moonlight all in white, I could not have held myself in check, so insolent was the tone and so helpless of ever being able to win her did she make me feel.

"You are my wife and you will stay here with me," I reiterated, my brain on fire.

"I am my own, and I shall go where I please, and do what I please," was her contemptuous retort. "Why won't you be reasonable? Why won't you see how utterly unsuited we are? I don't ask you to be a gentleman—but just a man, and be ashamed even to wish to detain a woman against her will."

I drew up a chair so close to her that to retreat, she was forced to sit in the broad window-seat. Then I seated myself. "By all means, let us be reasonable," said I. "Now, let me explain my position. I have heard you and your friends discussing the views of marriage you've just been expressing. Their views may be right, maybe more civilized, more 'advanced' than mine. No matter. They are not mine. I hold by the old standards—and you are my wife—mine. Do you understand?" All this as tranquilly as if we were discussing fair weather. "And you will live up to the obligation which the marriage service has put upon you."

She might have been a marble statue pedestaled in that window seat.

"You married me of your own free will—for you could have protested to the preacher and he would have sustained you. You tacitly put certain conditions on our marriage. I assented to them. I have respected them. I shall continue to respect them. But—when you married me, you didn't marry a dawdling dude chattering 'advanced ideas' with his head full of libertinism. You married a man. And that man is your husband."

I waited, but she made no comment—not even by gesture or movement. She simply sat, her hands interlaced in her lap, her eyes straight upon mine.

"You say let us be reasonable," I went on. "Well, let us be reasonable. There may come a time when woman can be free and independent, but that time is a long way off yet. The world is organized on the basis of every woman's having a protector—of every decent woman's having a husband, unless she remains in the home of some of her blood-relations. There may be women strong enough to set the world at defiance. But you are not one of them—and you know it. You have shown it to yourself again and again in the last forty-eight hours. Your bringing-up has kept you a child in real knowledge of real life, as distinguished from life in that fashionable hothouse. If you tried to assert your so-called independence, you would be the easy prey of a scoundrel or scoundrels. When I, who have lived in the thick of the fight all my life, who have learned by many a surprise and defeat never to sleep except with the sword and gun in hand, and one eye open—when I have been trapped as Roebuck and Langdon have just trapped me—what chance would a woman like you have?"

She did not answer or change expression.

"Is what I say reasonable or unreasonable?" I asked gently.

"Reasonable — from your standpoint," she said.

She gazed out into the moonlight, up into the sky. And at the look in her face, the primeval savage in me strained to close round that slender white throat of hers and crush and crush until it had killed in her the thought of that other man which was transforming her from marble to flesh that glowed and blood that surged. I pushed back my chair with a sudden noise; by the way she trembled I gaged how tense her nerves must be. I rose and in a fairly calm tone, said: "We understand each other?"

"Yes," she answered. "As before."

I ignored this. "Think it over, Anita," I urged—she seemed to me so like a sweet, spoiled child again. I longed to go straight at her about that other man. I stood for a moment with Tom Langdon's name on my lips, but I could not trust myself. I went away to my own rooms.

I thrust thoughts of her from my mind. I spent the night gnawing upon the ropes with which Mowbray Langdon and Roebuck had bound me, hand and foot. I now say they were ropes of steel—and it had long been broad day before I found that weak strand which is in every rope of human make.

XXV.

THE WEAK STRAND.

No sane creature, not even a sane bulldog, will fight simply from love of fighting. When a man is attacked, he may be sure he has excited either fear or cupidity, or both. As far as I could see, it was absurd that cupidity was inciting Langdon and Roebuck against me. I hadn't enough to tempt them. Thus, I was forced to conclude that I must possess a strength of which I was unaware, and which stirred even Roebuck's fears But what could it be?

Besides Langdon and Roebuck and me there were six principals in the proposed Coal combine, three of them richer and more influential in finance than even Langdon, all of them except possibly Dykeman, the lawyer, or navigating officer of the combine, more formidable figures than I. Yet none of these men was being assailed. "Why am I singled out?" I asked myself, and I felt that if I could answer, I should find I had the means wholly or partly to defeat them. But

THE PRIMEVAL SAVAGE IN ME STRAINED TO CLOSE ROUND THAT SLENDER WHITE THROAT AND CRUSH AND CRUSH.

I could not explain to my satisfaction even Langdon's activities against me. I felt that Anita was somehow, in part at least, the cause; but, even so, how had he succeeded in convincing Roebuck that I must be clipped and plucked into a groundling?

"It must have something to do with the Manasquale mines," I decided. "I thought I had given over my control of them, but somehow I must still have a control that makes me too powerful for Roebuck to be at ease so long as I am afoot and armed." And I resolved to take my lawyers and search the whole Manasquale transaction—to explore it from attic to underneath the cellar flooring. "We'll go through it," said I, "like ferrets through a ship's hold." As I was finishing breakfast, Anita came in. She had evidently slept well, and I regarded that as ominous. At her age, a crisis means little sleep until a decision has been reached. I rose, but her manner warned me not to advance and try to shake hands with her.

"I have asked Alva to stop with me here for a few days," she said formally.

"Alva!" said I, much surprised. She had not asked one of her own friends; she had asked a girl she had met less than two days before, and that girl my partner's daughter.

"She was here yesterday morning," Anita explained. And I now wondered how much Alva there was in Anita's firm stand against her parents.

"Why don't you take her down to our place on Long Island?" said I, most carefully concealing my delight—for Alva near her meant a friend of mine and an advocate and example of real womanhood near her. "Everything's ready for you there and I'm going to be busy the next few days—busy day and night."

She reflected. "Very well," she assented presently. And she gave me a puzzled glance she thought I did not see—as if she were wondering whether th enemy was not hiding new and deeper guile under an apparently harmless suggestion.

"Then I'll not see you again for several days," said I, most businesslike. "If you want anything, there will be Monson out at the stables where he can't annoy you. Or you can get me on the 'long distance.' Good-by. Good luck."

And I nodded carelessly and friendlily to her, and went away, enjoying the pleasure of having startled her into visible astonishment. "There's a better game than icy hostility, you very young, young lady," said I to myself, "and that game is friendly indifference."

Alva would be with her. So she was secure for the present and my mind was free for "finance."

At that time the two most powerful men in finance were Galloway and Roebuck. In Spain I once saw a fight between a bull and a tiger—or, rather the beginning of a fight. They were released into a huge iron cage. After circling it several times in the same direction, searching for a way out, they came face to face. The bull tossed the tiger; the tiger clawed the bull. The bull roared; the tiger screamed. Each retreated to his own side of the cage. The bull pawed and snorted as if he could hardly wait to get at the tiger; the tiger crouched and quivered and glared murderously, as if he were going instantly to spring upon the bull. But the bull did not rush, neither did the tiger spring. That was the Roebuck-Galloway situation.

How to bait Tiger Galloway to attack Bull Roebuck—that was the problem I must solve, and solve straightway. If I could bring about war between the giants, spreading confusion over the whole field of finance and filling all men with dread and fear, there was a chance, that in the confusion I might bear off part of my fortune. Certainly, conditions would result in which I could more easily get myself intrenched again; then, too, there would be a by no means small satisfaction in seeing Roebuck clawed and bitten in punishment for having plotted against me.

Mutual fear had kept these two at peace for five years, and most considerate and polite about each other's "rights." But while our country's industrial territory is vast, the interests of the few great controllers who determine wages and prices for all are equally vast, and each plutocrat is tormented incessantly by jealousy and suspicion; not a day passes without conflicts of interest that adroit diplomacy couud turn into ferocious warfare. And in this matter of monopolizing the coal, despite Roebuck's earnest assurances to Galloway that the combine was purely defensive, and was really concerned only with the labor question, Galloway, a great manufacturer, or, rather, a huge lever of the taxes of dividends and interest upon manufacturing enterprises, could not but be uneasy.

Before I rose that morning I had a tentative plan for stirring him to action. I was elaborating it on the way down town in my electric. It shown how badly Anita was crippling my brain, that not until I was almost at my office did it occur to me: "That was a tremendous luxury Roebuck indulged his conscience in last night. It isn't like him to forewarn a man, even when he's sure he can't escape. Though his prayers were hot in his mouth, still, it's strange he didn't try to fool me. In fact, it's suspicious. In fact—"

Suspicious? The instant the idea was fairly before my mind, I knew I had let his canting fool me once more. I entered my offices, feeling that the blow had already fallen; and I was surprised, but not relieved, when I found everything calm. "But fall it will within an hour or so—before I can move to avert it," said I to myself.

And fall it did. At eleven o'clock, just as I was setting out to make my first move toward heating old Galloway's heels for the war-path, Joe came in with the news: "A general lockout's declared in the coal regions. The operators have stolen a march on the men who, so they allege, were secretly getting ready to strike. By night every coal road will be tied up and every mine shut down."

Joe knew our coal interests were heavy, but he did not dream his news meant that before the day was over we would be bankrupt and not able to pay fifteen cents on the dollar. However, he knew enough to throw him into a fever of fright. He watched my calmness with terror. "Coal stocks are dropping like a thermometer in a cold wave," he said, like a fireman at a sleeper in a burning house.

"Naturally," said I, unruffled, apparently. "What can we do about it?"

"We must do something!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, we must," I admitted. "For instance, we must keep cool, especially when two or three dozen people are watching us. Also, you must attend to your usual routine."

"What are you going to do?" he cried. "For God's sake, Matt, don't keep me in suspense!"

"Go to your desk," I commanded. And he quieted down and went. I hadn't been schooling him in the fire-drill for fifteen years in vain.

I went up the street and into the great banking and brokerage house of Galloway and Company. I made my way through the small army of guards, behind which the old beast of prey was intrenched, and into his private den. There he sat, at a small, plain table, in the middle of the room without any article of furniture in it but his table and his chair. On the table was a small inkstand, perfectly clean, a steel pen equally clean, on the rest attached to it. And that was all—not a letter, not a scrap of paper, not a sign of work or of intention to work. It might have been the desk of a man who did nothing; in fact, it was the desk of a man who had so much to do that his only hope of escape from being overwhelmed was to despatch and clear away each matter the instant it was presented to him. Many things could be read from the powerful form, bolt upright in that stiff chair, and from the cynical, masterful old face. But to me the chief quality there revealed was that quality of qualities, decision—the greatest power a man can have, except only courage. And old James Galloway had both.

He pierced me with his blue eyes, keen as a youth's, though his face was seamed with scars of seventy tumultuous years. He extended toward me over the table his broad, stubby white hand—the hand of a builder, of a constructive genius. "How are you, Blacklock?" said he. "What can I do for you?" He just touched my hand before dropping it, and resumed that idol-like pose. But although there was only repose and deliberation in his manner, and not a suggestion of haste, I, like every one who came into that room and that presence, had a sense of an interminable procession behind me, a procession of men who must be seen by this master-mover that they might submit important and pressing affairs to him for decision. It was unnecessary for him to tell any one to be brief and pointed.

"I shall have to go to the wall today," said I, taking a paper from my pocket, "unless you save me. Here is a statement of my assets and liabilities. I call to your attention my Coal holdings. I was one of the eight men whom Roebuck got round him for the new combine—it is a secret, but I assume you know all about it."

He laid the paper before him, put on his noseglasses and looked at it.

(To be Continued.)

Zebra Would Be Useful.

Of all wild animals the zebra would be most useful to man if domesticated. It is not liable to horse fever or tsetse fly.

Why He Wanted to Know

Had a Reason for His Request for Information.

The steamer Morning Star, commanded by Capt. Brown, in the summer of 1904, while on a trip up the Maine coast with a party of excursionists, was caught in a severe storm, and the waves washed the decks repeatedly. The captain assured the passengers that there was no immediate danger. Most of the passengers were satisfied with this answer, but a little gentleman with an excited face stepped forward and asked the captain, time and time again, the same question: "Do you think we shall be wrecked?"

After the captain answered many times, he at last became tired at the persistent passenger, and said: "Don't you hear what I say? Look at the other passengers, they do not seem at all disturbed. If there should be danger, I will inform you in time."

The passenger, in reply, said: "I want to know in time, if we are going to be lost, because there is a friend of mine on board."

"To you want to say good-by to him?" inquired the captain.

"No, not exactly that," answered the frightened man. "You see, the thing of it is, he has shamefully deceived me, and if we are going to the bottom I just want to tell him what I think of him."

To Cure Neuralgia.

Here is a simple method of curing facial neuralgia: If the neuralgia is in the right side of the face the left hand should be placed in a basin of water as hot as can be borne. Or if neuralgia is in the left side of the face then the right hand should be placed in the hot water. It is asserted that in this way relief may be obtained in less than five minutes.—Indian Review.

Memorial to Irish Novelist.

A centenary memorial in honor of Charles Lever, the Irish novelist, will be in the form of a chancel to be erected at Ardmurcher church, Moate, County Westmeath, of which Rev. John Lever, the author's brother, was the rector from 1844 till his death there in 1864. Charles Lever paid long visits there, worshiped in the church and found material for some of his books in the vicinity.

GOOD PRESCRIPTION

SIMPLE MIXTURE THAT IS SAID TO BREAK A COLD QUICKLY.

Ingredients Can be Easily Purchased at Little Cost From Any Good Prescription Druggist and Mixed at Home.

A noted authority on lung trouble advises that as soon as a cold is contracted the following simple treatment should be given. The ingredients can be purchased from any prescription druggist at small cost and easily prepared in your own home. It is said to be so effective that it will break up a cold in twenty-four hours and cure any cough that is curable.

Take a half ounce Virgin Oil of Pine (Pure), two ounces of Glycerine, and eight ounces of good Whisky. Shake well and take in teaspoonful doses every four hours.

Be sure that the Virgin Oil of Pine (Pure) is in the original half-ounce vials, which are put up expressly for druggists to dispense. Each vial is securely sealed in a round wooden case, with engraved wrapper, with the name—Virgin Oil of Pine (Pure); guaranteed under the Food and Drug Act, June 30, 1906. Prepared only by Leach Chemical Co., Cincinnati, O.—plainly printed thereon. Only the adulterated oils are sold in bulk; these create nausea and never effect the desired results.

Typical Soldier of Fortune.

Though many of the descendants of the illustrious Edgar Allan Poe inherit some of his illustrious instincts, it is probably more marked in the case of "Johnnie" Poe, who can well be styled a typical soldier of fortune. Mr. Poe belonged to the great Fifth regiment of Baltimore and served during the war with Spain, after which he went to the Philippines, where he was offered a commission for efficient work. For the second time, however, he refused the honor and remained a private. At the expiration of his term he came back to this country and wandered to the famous Death valley and from there to the Tonopah district, from which he was lured in the late fall by the call of the gridiron.

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 prefectly well, the disease having left me entirely. I cannot recommend the Cuticura Remedies too highly to any one suffering with the disease that I have had. Mrs. Florence E. Atwood, 18 Crilly Place, Chicago, Ill., October 2, 1905. Witness: L. S. Berger."

Good Type of New Woman.

One of the youngest assistants ever appointed by Vassar college is Miss Corliss Babson, who also has the distinction of being the champion woman high jumper. Miss Babson was recently appointed assistant to President Taylor. A graduate of the class of 1905, Miss Babson made her wonderful jumping record in the class games of 1904, when she cleared the bar at four feet two and one-half inches. a full inch above the best previous record by a woman. Excellence in athletics, however, is not Miss Babson's only forte, for she secured the prize for the best class poem two years in succession.

Oats—Heads 2 Foot Long.

The John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., are bringing out a new oats this year with heads 2 foot long! That's a wonder. Their catalog tells!

Spetz—the greatest cereal hay food America ever saw! Catalog tells!

FREE

Our mammoth 148-page Seed and Tool Catalog is mailed free to all intending buyers, or send 6c in stamps and receive free samples of new Two Foot Long Oats and other cereals and big catalog free. John A. Salzer Seed Co., Box W, La Crosse, Wis.

Clung to Old Fashions.

Augustus Squire, for 65 years a member of the Cutlers' company, London, whose death, in his ninety-third year, is announced, always burnt candles in his house, for he would never have gas or electricity laid on. He never sent a telegram in his life, never used the telephone, and hardly ever rode in a train, traveling by bus, carriage, cab or boat.

With a smooth iron and Defiance Starch, you can launder your shirtwaist just as well at home as the steam laundry can; it will have the proper stiffness and finish, there will be less wear and tear of the goods, and it will be a positive pleasure to use a Starch that does not stick to the iron.

California's Prune Crop.

California's prune crop in 1906, was 185,000,000 pounds, against 62,500,000 pounds in 1905. This has only been exceeded once in 17 years. That was in 1902, when the crop was 197,000,000.

Defiance Starch is the latest invention in that line and an improvement on all other makes; it is more economical, does better work, takes less time. Get it from any grocer.

The man who knows nothing outside of his own business may have a good income, but he is mighty uninteresting.

ONLY ONE "BROMO QUININE"

This is LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine. Similarly named imitations sometimes offered. The first and original Cold Tablet is a WHITE PACKAGE with black and red lettering, and bears the signature of E. W. GROVE. 25c.

Sixty-four balloons were sent out of Paris during the siege of 1870-71.

Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c. You pay 10c for cigars not so good. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

You can have a mighty hot time on a cool million.

The Motor Voice.

The tennis elbow, the bicycle foot, the clergyman's sore throat and all manner of disabilities that come from modern conveniences are familiar to us. The motor-omnibus voice was discovered by a young woman who was riding outside a motor-omnibus, and trying (as is her habit) to talk. And the horrible truth suddenly flashed on her mind, and from her lips. . . . "I c-c-can't keep-pip-pip my voice sut-tut-till."—The Reader.

Pure White Lead is the Natural Paint Pigment

Numerous compounds are being offered to take the place of white lead as a paint, but no real substitute for it has yet been found. Pure White Lead has a peculiar property of amalgamating with the wood upon which it is used—added to this it has an elasticity which permits the paint to follow the natural expansion and contraction of the wood. Pure White Lead (with its full natural tenacity and elasticity, unimpaired by adulterants), alone fulfills all the requirements of the ideal paint. Every keg which bears the Dutch Boy trade mark is positively guaranteed to be absolutely Pure White Lead made by the Old Dutch Process.

All lead packed in 1907 bears this mark.

SEND FOR BOOK

"A Talk on Paint," gives valuable information on the paint subject. Sent free upon request.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

in whichever of the following cities is nearest you:

New York, Boston, Buffalo, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, Philadelphia (John T. Lewis & Bros. Co.), Pittsburgh (National Lead & Oil Co.)

COMING OF THE STORK SUGGESTS Cuticura SOAP

For Baby's First Bath and Subsequent Baths.

Because of its delicate, emollient, sanative, antiseptic properties derived from Cuticura, united with the purest of saponaceous ingredients and most refreshing of flower odours, Cuticura Soap is all that the fondest of fond mothers desires for cleansing, preserving and purifying the skin, scalp, hair and hands of infants and children. Guaranteed absolutely pure and may be used from the hour of birth.

Depots: London, 27 Charterhouse Sq.; Paris, 5 Rue de la Paix; Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Boston. U. S. A. Sole Props. Post-free, Cuticura Book.

Canadian Government Free Farms

FARMS WESTERN CANADA FREE

Over 200,000 American farmers who have settled in Canada during the past few years testify to the fact that Canada is, beyond question, the greatest farming land in the world.

OVER NINETY MILLION BUSHELS

of wheat from the harvest of 1906 means good money to the farmers of Western Canada when the world has to be fed. Cattle Raising, Dairying and Mixed Farming are also profitable callings. Coal, wood and water in abundance; churches and schools convenient; markets easy of access. Taxes low.

For advice and information address the Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or any authorized Canadian Government Agent.

W. V. BENNETT, 801 New York Life Building, Omaha, Nebraska.

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 Dizziness, 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 Fac-Simile Signature

Brent Good

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.