

A REMARKABLE MAN.
Active and Bright, Though Almost a Centenarian.

Shepard Kollock, of 44 Wallace St., New York, N. Y., is a remarkable man at the age of 94.

For 40 years he was a victim of kidney troubles and doctors said he would never be cured. "I was trying everything," says Mr. Kollock, "but my back was lame and weak, and every motion sent a sharp twinge through me. I had to get up several times each night and the kidney secretions contained a heavy sediment. Recently I began using Doan's Kidney Pills, with fine results. They have given me entire relief."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE.

Schoolmaster—Do you wish your son to learn the dead languages?
Mr. Kolla—Certainly, as I shall require him to assist in my business as an undertaker.

DEEP CRACKS FROM ECZEMA

Could Lay Slate-Pencil in One—Hands in Dreadful State—Permanent Cure in Cuticura.

"I had eczema on my hands for about seven years and during that time I had used several so-called remedies, together with physicians' and druggists' prescriptions. The disease was so bad on my hands that I could lay a slate-pencil in one of the cracks and a rule placed across the hand would not touch the pencil. I kept using remedy after remedy, and while some gave partial relief, none relieved as much as did the first box of Cuticura Ointment. I made a purchase of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and my hands were perfectly cured after two boxes of Cuticura Ointment and one cake of Cuticura Soap were used. W. H. Dean, Newark, Del., Mar. 23, 1907."

GLAD TO HAVE HIM GO.

Toll-Gate Keeper Thought He Had Visit from His Satanic Majesty.

This is not the only age in which motor cars have created excitement and disturbance. In 1802 such apparitions were few and far between; at present they are too frequent to attract attention. Mr. Joseph Hutton, in "Old Lamps and New," tells of the fright caused by one of Trevithick's steam locomotives, made to run on unrailed roads in the early part of the last century.

Now and then one of these extraordinary vehicles would be encountered, snorting and puffing on the highway. The countrymen regarded them as the evil one in disguise.

One of the cars, coming to a toll-gate, stopped for the gate to be opened. The toll-man came hurrying out. He flung the gate open with trembling hands, and teeth which chattered audibly.

The driver asked him how much toll there was to pay.

"O, nothing, dear Mr. Satan, nothing!" hastily assured the man. "Go on as fast as you like; there's nothing to pay."—Youth's Companion.

HAPPY OLD AGE

Most Likely to Follow Proper Eating.

An old age advances, we require less food to replace waste, and food that will not overtax the digestive organs, while supplying true nourishment.

Such an ideal food is found in Grape-Nuts, made of whole wheat and barley by long baking and action of starch into sugar.

The phosphates also, placed up under the bran-coat of the wheat, are included in Grape-Nuts, but left out of white flour. They are necessary to the building of brain and nerve cells.

"I have used Grape-Nuts," writes an Iowa man, "for 8 years and feel as good and as strong as ever in my life. I am over 74 years old, and attend to my business every day."

"Among my customers I meet a man every day who is 72 years old and attributes his good health to the use of Grape-Nuts and Postum which he has used for the last 5 years. He mixes Grape-Nuts with Postum and says they go fine together."

"For many years before I began to eat Grape-Nuts, I could not say that I enjoyed life or knew what it was to be able to say 'I am well.' I suffered greatly with constipation, now my habits are as regular as ever in my life."

"Whenever I make extra effort I depend on Grape-Nuts food and it just fits the bill. I can think and write a great deal easier."

"Prep'n'd by E. H. Bussard. Name given by Foster Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read 'The Road to Well-being' in place.

NOTES FROM MEADOWBROOK FARM
By William Pitt



Little pigs should not have corn meal.

The thoroughly baiter-broke colt is more than half broke.

A sun bath for the early spring calves is about the proper thing.

Hogs are by nature grazing animals. For this reason provide pasturage for them.

Fruit trees mean added value to the farm. Set out a few this spring. Not too late yet.

Treat the cow kindly and keep her clean and she will give you more milk and of a better quality.

Put in just enough pop corn for your own use next winter when you are gathered about the fire-side.

Clean out the nest boxes often.

Hogs like variety as well as other animals.

Teach the calves to drink from the pail from the start.

Careless, shiftless methods never yet produced profitable pork.

Oil meal is worth about two-fifths more than bran as feed for cows.

Loosen up the mulch on the strawberry vines, if it has become packed down.

Variety of feed is essential to vigorous growth in sheep or other farm animal, for that matter.

Know exactly what it is that you want of the hired man and then be sure that he gets your idea.

As a rule, make it to the boy's interest to stay on the farm and he will stick. Of course there are exceptions.

A fourth of an acre of good land planted with a variety of small fruits will keep a large family supplied throughout the season.

The dirty stable, the dirty cow and the dirty milk is a triple combination of filth which is sure to tell on the quality of the milk.

Does your soil need any special fertilizer? Be sure the commercial fertilizer you contemplate buying contains elements which your soil lacks.

The most profitable gains with pigs is made when allowed a good run of clover or peas. The habit of shoveling corn out to pigs is too prevalent in the corn belt.

Don't let the low prices of hogs discourage you. There will come the swing in the circuit and again they will bring better prices. You cannot keep a good thing down.

Of course you have not forgotten that you promised yourself a garden for this year. Have a good generous variety of the vegetables you like. My, how good they will taste when the time comes.

It does seem as though it was impossible to get time to drag that road when the other work is pressing so hard at this season of the year, but if you will only take the time, before the summer is over you will feel that it paid.

As a rule farm tenantry works ill to the country school. The renter cares little or nothing about local improvements and the land owner takes advantage of the town school and to lessen taxes is disposed to have the country school run as cheaply as possible.

Be careful and not lay out more for the spring than you can successfully do. This does not mean that you should cut out the garden which your wife has been asking you for these many years. Stick to your promise and give her a good one. You will enjoy it as much as she will when the time of harvest comes.

When a boy labors on the farm all through his minority and comes to manhood's estate and feels that he has nothing that he can really call his own it is no wonder that he has a yearning to get out into the world and shift for himself where he has the chance to work for himself and has the chance to know how money of his very own feels.

Care has to be exercised with the mare in hot weather while a colt is suckling her, because overheating her often gives a colt the accurs. By having the colt come in the fall the mare suckles him while she is doing no work, and she can give him a much better start than when he is born in the spring.

Farmers interested in forestry—and who is there who should not be interested in tree growing—will wish with interest the results of the series of scientific reseedling experiments which the government has planned on several of the national forest ranges this spring and summer to determine under what conditions and in what manner those portions of the range which have been seriously damaged by overgrazing may be restored to their former productiveness.

Seed frands still continue, and it is not always the farmer who gets caught. W. G. Fitz-Gerald tells in Technical World of a rascal who was found to have made a small fortune by chopping up palmleaf fans and selling the stuff at a dollar a packet, containing a pinch or two of the precious dust—which was said to be the seed of a rare exotic flower. He advertised widely and numbered professional artists among his victims. True, he disclaimed responsibility for the germinating power of his "seed," but this is a common warning even on the wares of reputable seedsmen, so that the buyers, planted, watched and watered with pathetic zeal until at length an angry lady laid the swindler by the heels. It is a safe rule to buy nursery stock and seeds only from reliable and old-established firms.

NEED FOUND THE COWS.

Western Ranch Boy's Adventure with Cattle Thieves.

It was a warm morning in June when Ned Wilson's father approached him and said: "Ned, you know those cows I bought of Farmer Buckley? Well, they wandered away last night and I wish you could go and find them. Do you think you could?"

"Why, yes, father. Why not?"

"All right, then; get Lightning and go along the river. That's where I think they went."

"Yes, sir," was the quick reply.

Soon Ned was at the barn where his pony was kept. He unfastened the strap, jumped into the saddle and was soon hidden from view by some bushes that grew by the river.

Ned lived with his father on a large cattle ranch in Texas. The night before they had lost three cows which Mr. Wilson felt sure went down by the river that was a few miles from his house.

Lightning was a swift runner and Ned was soon down by the river. As he came toward it he saw footprints in the sand near the water's edge.

"Those footprints don't look like cows'," he thought. He dismounted and, examining the prints, discovered that there was a man's among them.

Just then the constable, on horseback, came around a curve in the road. On seeing Ned he left his saddle and asked: "Have you seen anyone with some cattle around here?"

"No," answered Ned. "I am looking for some cows now."

"Well, there has been a man going around taking cattle from different farms," said the constable. "How did you get lost?"

Ned told him he thought they had strayed, and they decided to hunt together. On riding half a mile farther, they saw something stir in the bushes.

"There are some cows now," said the constable, as he dismounted.

Ned sprang to the ground and they went in among the bushes where they saw Ned's three cows and also a hut not far away.

"Let us go up to the hut," said the boy.

The suggestion was accepted and both went up to the hut, only to find it deserted.

"Looks like some fisherman's hut," said Ned, after looking around it.

"Guess you are right there, boy," answered the constable. "But I think the cattle thief has been here and has probably gotten frightened and has left the premises. I was in hopes I could 'round' him up."

Ned, too, was disappointed in not having an exciting adventure, but he felt grateful for finding his cows safe and unharmed. He drove them out to the road and home, leaving the constable at the crossroads. When Ned arrived home he turned the cows over to one of the ranchmen while he went in and got his dinner. His father was so pleased at getting the cows back that he gave Ned a holiday the next day.—Carl H. Schulte, in Detroit Free Press.

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Nobody loves me, I don't care; I guess I'll go away. I'll pack this satchel full of things Because I'm goin' to stay.

I'll have to take my Sunday suit. But, oh, dear! I don't know The way to pack a satchel right. Or where things ought to go.

My stomach aches a little, too. Or maybe it's my heart; The supper things look awful good—I kind o' hate to start.

It's pretty dark and cold outside, An' mamma looks so sad, I b'lieve I'll go an' tell her that I'm sorry I was bad.—Marie Louise Ward, in Detroit Free Press.

HE FOUND A FRIEND.

Kindness of a Country Lad Marks Turn in His Fortune.

A thinly clad young man was walking along a city street one winter morning, eating peanuts from a five-cent sack in his coat pocket, in lieu of a breakfast, when he saw a number of boys trying to attract the attention of a flock of hungry pigeons in the street by tossing cracker crumbs at them. He stopped and joined in the fun by shelling some of his peanuts, breaking the kernels into small pieces and throwing them on the pavement near the birds.

Recognizing a new benefactor, they flocked round him, eagerly picking up his offerings, but keeping an eye on him meanwhile, prepared for instant flight in the event of his becoming too familiar. Long experience had taught them to be suspicious of strangers.

Stooping down and holding a tempting morsel between his fingers, he called the birds gently.

At first they shrank back, but presently an old bird, having first inspected him critically with one eye and then with the other, stepped forward gingerly, plucked the titbit from his fingers, and darted away. Not finding the experience so very terrible the old bird soon came back, and was rewarded with another choice bit of peanut. The other pigeons speedily followed the example.

"That's more than they'd do for any of us," said one of the boys.

The young man gave the pigeons about half his stock of peanuts, and then straightened up.

"That's all I can spare you this time," he said, starting away.

A middle-aged man who had been watching the performance with considerable interest tapped him on the shoulder.

"Young man," he said, "are you looking for work?"

"Am I?" was the response. "I've been tramping over this town for a week, hunting a job."

"What can you do?"

"I'm a sort of jack of all trades. I can carpenter a little, run an engine, repair bicycles and—"

"Can you take care of horses?"

"Can I?" said the young man, his face lighting up. "I was raised on a farm."

"Well, come along with me. I need a coachman, and I'm not afraid to trust my thoroughbreds with you. I'll take the recommendation of the birds for me for \$30 a month and board till you find something better?"

"Would he? Well!"

The young man is now his middle-aged employer's trusted man of all work, with a wage to correspond, and the pigeons have never had occasion to retract their recommendation.

WILL SOME DAY RULE MEXICO.

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New York.—Ramon Corral is the natural heir to the presidency of the Mexican republic. President Diaz, though nominally elected president by

IMPROVED PLATE SUPPORT.

Three Forks and a Napkin Ring Do the Trick.

The soup tureen is burning hot; the question is to improvise, on the spur of the moment, a support—there is no time to lose. Take your fork and those of two of your neighbors, and run them through a napkin ring, placing the handles on the table in such a manner that the prongs form an equilateral triangle, as indicated in the cut. On these points place a plate—it will be quite secure—and on this the servant can set down the hot tureen in perfect confidence.

Our plate support will be none the less symmetrical for having been made in an instant, the forks thus grouped having a certain artistic resemblance to the Delphic tripod.—Magical Experiments.

Disaster Ahead.

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"He told us about the geological formations of the falls, described the different periods to be traced in the gorge, and then went on to say that the falls were slowly wearing back toward Buffalo, and that in the course of some 200,000 years they would have worn back to Erie, Pa., and that town would be left high and dry."

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"What is the matter?" asked the teacher, in alarm.

"Oh," wailed the girl, "my sister lives in Erie."

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"Whalebone," promptly replied a boy.

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Ramon Corral Natural Heir to Presidency of Republic.

IMPROVED PLATE SUPPORT.

Three Forks and a Napkin Ring Do the Trick.

Disaster Ahead.

"In my school days," said a storyteller who was trying to illustrate the absurdity and futility of unfounded fears, "we used to have a lecturer every Friday afternoon. One day the lecturer was a geologist, and chose Niagara falls for his topic."

"He told us about the geological formations of the falls, described the different periods to be traced in the gorge, and then went on to say that the falls were slowly wearing back toward Buffalo, and that in the course of some 200,000 years they would have worn back to Erie, Pa., and that town would be left high and dry."

Suddenly one of the girls in my class began to sob convulsively.

"What is the matter?" asked the teacher, in alarm.

"Oh," wailed the girl, "my sister lives in Erie."

Her Guess.

During the course of a geography lesson recently the teacher asked the following question:

"Who can tell me what useful article we get from the whale?"

"Whalebone," promptly replied a boy.

"Right. Now, who knows what we get from the seal?"

"Sealing-wax," shouted a little girl.—Harper's Magazine.

The Disobedient Bear.

There once was a man who said, "Oh, please, good Mr. Bear, let me go. Don't you think that you can?"

The bear looked at the man.

And calmly responded, "Why no?"

—Carmela Wells.

TO REPRODUCE FAMOUS STATUE.

Replica of Houdouin's Washington Will Be Placed in National Capitol.

Richmond, Va.—The Virginia legislature has just appropriated \$10,000 for the purpose of making a replica of the Houdouin statue of Washington, now in the rotunda of the state capitol, in this city, to be presented, along with a statue of Gen. Robert E. Lee, to the national statutory hall, in the capitol of the United States, at Washington. Both statues are to occupy space in the niche reserved for Virginia. The work is to be either a replica or a modified copy, but the state does not obligate itself to take the risk of having a cast made of the

WESTERN CANADA CROPS CANNOT BE GREED.

GATS YIELDED 90 BUSHELS TO THE ACRE.

The following letter written the Dominion Government Commissioner of Emigration speaks for itself. It proves the story of the Agents of the Government that on the free homesteads offered by the Government it is possible to become comfortably well off in a few years:

Regina, Sask., 23rd Nov., 1907. Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg.

Dear Sir:

It is with pleasure that I reply to your request. Some years ago I took up a homestead for myself and also one for my son. The half section which we own is situated between Houslean and Drinkwater, adjoining the Moose Jaw creek, in a low level and heavy land. We put in 70 acres of wheat in stubble, which went 20 bushels to the acre, and 30 acres of summer fallow, which went 25 bushels to the acre. All the wheat we harvested this year is No. 1 hard. That means the best wheat that can be raised on the earth. We did not sell any wheat yet as we intend to keep our part for our own seed, and sell the other part to people who want first-class seed, for there is no doubt if you sow good wheat you will harvest good wheat. We also threshed 9,000 bushels of first-class oats out of 160 acres. 80 acres has been fall plowing which yielded 90 bushels per acre, and 80 acres stubble, which went 30 bushels to the acre. These oats are the best kind that can be raised. We have shipped three car loads of them, and got 53 cents per bushel clear. All our grain was cut in the last week of the month of August before any frost could touch it.

Notwithstanding the fact that we have had a late spring, and that the weather conditions this year were very adverse and unfavorable, we will make more money out of our crop this year than last.

For myself I feel compelled to say that Western Canada crops cannot be greed, even by unusual conditions. I am, dear sir,

Yours truly,
(Signed) A. Kaitenbunser.

ONE WOMAN'S WRONGS.

Mrs. Smallpurse (who found only a few dimes in her husband's pockets that morning)—I am just sick of this plodding along year after year. Why don't you do something to make money?

Mr. Smallpurse—I can't make any more than a living at my business, no matter how hard I work.

Mrs. Smallpurse—Then do something else. Invent something. Any American can invent.

Mr. Smallpurse (some months after)—My dear, I've hit it, and I've got a patent. My fortune is made.

Mrs. Smallpurse (delighted)—Isn't that grand? What did you invent?

Mr. Smallpurse—I have invented a barbed-wire safety pocket for husbands.—New York Weekly.

STRENUOUS METHOD OF SAVING LIFE.

Two officers who were hunting wolves on the Dry mountain in central Serbia lost their way in a fog. After wandering for 14 hours one of them lay down in the snow and speedily became unconscious. His comrade bound him with cords, placed him in a sitting position and then rolled him down the slope at terrific speed and reached the bottom safely, being found an hour later in an exhausted condition by a peasant. He is now in the hospital being treated for the lacerations he received in bumping over the rocks during his descent. His companion is unharmed.

GIVING IT THE ACID TEST.

The clairvoyant was swaying back and forth under the severe strain of her mental connection with the realm of spirits.

"Now," she chanted, "call upon any soul you will and I will make it speak to you—yes, even visible to you." For she was up to date in the biz.

"Bring me," asked the masculine skeptic, "Brevity, the soul of Wit."

Right here the seance ended.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

GATHER WISDOM.

Wisdom will enable you to overcome the most difficult problems and frustrate fate itself; therefore gather wisdom wherever you may find it; let the past teach thee lessons for the future.—Loth.