

It Might Be of Some Use.
There are some persons who take a sordid, utilitarian view of everything, including the achievements of science. A public-spirited citizen who was trying to raise funds to assist a well-known arctic explorer in fitting out an expedition for polar research called upon a wealthy lumber dealer and asked him for a contribution.
"What's the good of it?" asked the lumber dealer.
"The good of it? Won't it be worth something to mankind if he discovers the north pole?"
"Suppose he does find it. What good is the north pole to anybody?"
Here the caller's patience gave way. "I didn't know but you might have some curiosity, as an expert, to know what kind of lumber it's made of," he said, turning on his heel and walking out.

An Honest Opinion.
Mineral, Idaho, Oct. 16.—(Special.)—That a sure cure has been discovered for those scaly pains that make so many lives miserable, is the firm opinion of Mr. D. S. Colson, a well-known resident of this place, and he does not hesitate to say that cure is Dadd's Kidney Pills. The reason Mr. Colson is so firm in his opinion is that he had those terrible pains and is cured. Speaking of the matter, he says:
"I am only too happy to say Dadd's Kidney Pills have done me lots of good. I had awful pains in my hip so I could hardly walk. Dadd's Kidney Pills cured me entirely. I think they are a grand medicine."
All Sciatic and Rheumatic pains are caused by Uric Acid in the blood. Dadd's Kidney Pills make healthy kidneys and healthy kidneys strain all the Uric Acid out of the blood. With the cause removed there can be no Rheumatism or Sciatica.

A Telling Retort.
A telling retort was made by a commercial traveler to an unkind remark made by a young woman whom he had met at the house of a friend.
The young woman, of New England origin, inquired the occupation of the young man.
"I am a commercial traveler," quietly remarked the young man.
"Ah, indeed?" she returned, in a patronizing manner. "Do you know that in my part of the country commercial travelers are not received in good society?"
"Nor are they here, madam," quickly replied the young man, bowing politely.

Watch the Lawmakers.
It is a settled fact that none of the family medicines, or "patent" medicines, would ever have a large sale unless they gave satisfaction to the people using them. Standard patent medicines that were advertised and sold extensively when the man and woman of 40 or more at this time were boys and girls are yet advertised and sold in large quantities. Had they possessed no merit they would have been forgotten long ago. And yet certain sensational magazines are engineering a crusade against such preparations. It will be well for the people, if they do not wish to be deprived of the right to use family preparations of that character, to keep an eye on their representative in the Legislature next winter.—Mitchellville (Iowa) Index.

Circumstantial Evidence.
At a lawyer's dinner the subject of circumstantial evidence was discussed. One lawyer, says the New York Tribune, said that the best illustration of circumstantial evidence as proof was in a story he had recently heard.
A young and pretty girl had been out walking. On her return her mother said:
"Where have you been, my dear?"
"Only walking in the park," she replied.
"With whom?" pursued her mother.
"No one, mamma," said the young girl.
"No one?" her mother repeated.
"No one," was the reply.
"Then," said the older lady, "explain how it is that you have come home with a walking-stick when you started with an umbrella."

Merely Rusting.
More than half the folks who thus think that they are wearing out are just rusting out, says the Norwich, Conn., Bulletin. Right with a feeling of weakness comes a spirit of resignation. You know what this is—a yielding to conditions—a tumbling down. The chances for a person in this world are fighting chances. Most that is won is achieved by activity and energy. The only time to be resigned is when you have to be. You do not have to be so long as there is a fighting chance. When you feel like being resigned it is time to summon resolution; that will serve you ten times as well and keep your spirits from giving out.

Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.
Shakespeare.

COFFEE NEURALGIA
Leaves When You Quit and Use Postum
A lady who unconsciously drifted into nervous prostration brought on by coffee says:
"I have been a coffee drinker all my life, and used it regularly three times a day.
"A year or two ago I became subject to nervous neuralgia, attacks of nervous headache and general nervous prostration, which not only incapacitated me for doing my housework, but frequently made it necessary for me to remain in a dark room for two or three days at a time.
"I engaged several good doctors, one after the other, but none of them was able to give me permanent relief.
"Eight months ago a friend suggested that perhaps coffee was the cause of my troubles, and that I try Postum Food Glue and give up the old kind. I am glad I took her advice, for my health has been entirely restored. I have no more neuralgia, nor have I had one solitary headache in all these eight months. No more of my days are wasted in solitary confinement in a dark room. I do all my own work with ease. The flesh that I lost during the years of my nervous prostration has come back to me during these months, and I am once more a happy, healthy woman. I enclose a list of names of friends who can vouch for the truth of the statement." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.
There's a reason.
Ten days' trial leaving off coffee and using Postum is sufficient.

Mr. Meeson's Will

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

"John, my dear!" said Lady Holmhurst. "I want to introduce you to Miss Smithers—the Miss Smithers whom we have all been talking about and whose book you have been reading. Miss Smithers, my husband."
Lord Holmhurst bowed most politely, and was proceeding to tell Augusta, in very charming language, how delighted he was to make her acquaintance, when Mr. Meeson arrived on the scene and perceived Augusta for the first time. Quite taken aback at finding her upon the best of terms with people of such quality, he hesitated to consider what course to adopt, whereon Lady Holmhurst, in a somewhat formal way, went on to introduce him. Thereupon, all in a moment, as we do sometimes take such resolutions, Augusta came to a determination. She would have nothing more to do with Mr. Meeson—she would repudiate him then and there, so what would it be.
So, as he advanced upon her with outstretched hand, she drew herself up, and in a cold and determined voice said: "I already know Mr. Meeson, Lady Holmhurst, and I do not wish to have anything more to do with him. Mr. Meeson has not behaved well to me."

"Pon my word," murmured Lord Holmhurst to himself, "I don't wonder she has had enough of him. Sensible young woman, that!"
Lady Holmhurst looked a little astonished, and a little amused. Suddenly, however, a light broke upon her. "Oh, I see," she said. "I suppose that Mr. Meeson published 'Jemima's Vow.' Of course that accounts for it. Why, I declare there is the dinner bell! Come along, Miss Smithers, or we shall lose the place that the captain has promised us." And accordingly they went, leaving Mr. Meeson, positively gasping on the deck.
CHAPTER VI.
From that day forward the voyage on the Kangaroo was, until the last dread catastrophe, a very happy one for Augusta. Lord and Lady Holmhurst made much of her, and all the rest of the first-class passengers followed suit, and soon she found herself the most popular character on board.
As the story of Mr. Meeson's conduct to her got about, the little society of the ship fell away from this publishing prince, and not even the jingling of his money-bags could lure it back. He, the great, the practically omnipotent, the owner of two millions, and the hard master of hundreds upon whose toll he fattened, was practically cut. He, the "printer devil," as poor little Jeannie used to call him, he, the slighted and flouted by a pack of people whom he could buy up three times over, and all on account of a wretched authoress. It made Mr. Meeson very ill—a state of affairs which was brought to a climax when one morning Lord Holmhurst, who had for several days been showing a growing dislike for his society, actually almost cut him dead.
"Never mind, my lord—never mind!" muttered Mr. Meeson. "We'll see if I can't come square with you. I'm a dog who can pull a string or two in the English press, I am! Those who have the money and have got a hold of the people, so that they must write what they tell them, ain't people to be cut by any colonial governor," and in his anger he fairly shook his fist at the unconscious peer.
"Seem to be a little out o' temper, Mr. Meeson," said a voice at his elbow, the owner of which was a big young man with hair but kindly features and a large mustache. "What has the governor been doing to you?"
"Doing, Mr. Tombey? He's been cutting me, that's all—me, Meeson! I held out my hand and he looked right over it, and marched by."
"Ah!" said Mr. Tombey, who was a wealthy New Zealand land owner, "and now, why do you suppose he did that?"
"Why? I'll tell you why. It's about that girl."
"Miss Smithers, do you mean?" said Tombey the big, with a curious flash of his deep-set eyes.
"Yes, Miss Smithers. She wrote a book, and I bought the book for fifty pounds, and stuck a clause in that she should give me the right to publish anything she writes for five years at a price—a common sort o' thing, when you are dealing with some idiot who don't know any better. Well, as it happened, this book sold like wildfire, and in time, the young lady comes to me and wants more money, and when I say, 'No, you don't,' loses her temper and makes a scene. And it turns out that what she wanted the money for was to take a sick sister out of England; and when she could not do it, and the relation died, then she emigrates and goes and tells the people on board ship that it is all my fault!"
"And I suppose that that is a conclusion that you do not feel drawn to, Mr. Meeson."
"Confound her!" went on Meeson, "there's no end to the trouble she has brought on me. I quarreled with my nephew about her, and now she's dragging my name through the dirt here, and I'll bet the story will go all over New Zealand and Australia."
"Yes," said Mr. Tombey. "I fancy you will find it will take a lot of choking; and now, Mr. Meeson, with your permission I will say a word. It never seems to have occurred to you what an out and out blackguard you are, so I may as well put it to you plainly. If you are not a thief, you are at least a very well-colored imitation. You take a girl's book and make hundreds upon hundreds out of it, and give her fifty. You tie her down so as to provide for successful swindling of the same sort during future years, and then, when she comes to beg a few pounds of you, you show her the door. And now you wonder, Mr. Meeson, that respectable people will have nothing to do with you! Well, now, I tell you, my opinion is that the only society to which you would be really suited is that of a cowhide. Good morning," and the large young man walked off, his very mustachos curling with wrath and contempt.
Now this will strike the reader as being very warm advocacy on the part of Mr. Tombey, who, being called in to console and bless, cursed with such extraordinary vigor. Augusta's gray eyes had been too much for Mr. Tombey, as they had been too much for Eustace Meeson before him. And, therefore, it came to pass that that very evening a touching, and on the whole, melancholy, little scene was enacted near the "smoke-stack" of the "Kangaroo."

Mr. Tombey and Miss Augusta Smithers were leaning together on the bulwarks and watching the phosphorescent foam go flashing past. Mr. Tombey was nervous and ill at ease; Miss Smithers very much at ease. Mr. Tombey looked at the star-spangled sky, on which the Southern Cross hung low, and he looked at the phosphorescent sea; but from neither did inspiration come. At last, however, he made a gallant and a desperate effort.
"Miss Smithers," he said, in a voice trembling with agitation, "Miss Augusta, I don't know what you will think of me, but I must tell you, I can't keep it in any longer, I love you!"
Augusta fairly jumped. Mr. Tombey had been markedly polite, and she had seen that he admired her; but she had never expected this.
"Why, Mr. Tombey," she said, in a surprised voice, "you have only known me for a little more than a fortnight."
"I fell in love with you when I had only known you for an hour," he answered with evident sincerity. "Please listen to me. I know I am not worthy of you! But I do love you so dearly, I can't well help it, though, of course, that is nothing, and if you don't like New Zealand, I would give it up and go to live in England."
Augusta collected her wits as well as she could. The man evidently did love her; there was no doubting the sincerity of his words, and she liked him, and he was a gentleman. If she married him, there would be an end of all her worries and troubles, and his strong man. But while she thought Eustace Meeson's bonny face rose before her eyes, and as it did so a faint feeling of repulsion to the man who was pleading with her took form and color in her breast. Eustace Meeson, of course, was nothing to her. And yet that face rose up between her and this man who was pleading at her side. In a very few seconds she had made up her mind.

"I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Tombey," she said; "you have done me a great honor—the greatest honor a man can do to a woman; but I cannot marry you."
"Are you sure?" gasped the unfortunate Tombey. "Is there no hope for me? Perhaps there is somebody else!"
"There is nobody else, Mr. Tombey; and I am sorry to say, you don't know how much it pains me to say it, I cannot hold out any prospect that I shall change my mind."
"Very well," he said, slowly; "it can't be helped. I never loved any woman before, and I never shall again. It is a pity—just a little, little, but it is very, so much a first-class affection should be wasted. But, there you are; it is all part and parcel of the pleasant experiences which make up our lives. Good-by, Miss Smithers; at least, good-by as a friend!"
"We can still be friends," she faltered.
"You are a novelist, Miss Smithers; perhaps some day you will write a book to explain why people fall in love where their affection is not wanted, and what purpose their distress can possibly serve. And now, once more, good-by!" and he lifted her hand to his lips and gently kissed it, and then with a bow turned and went.
Augusta looked after him, sighed deeply, and even wiped away a tear. Then she turned and walked aft, to where Lady Holmhurst was sitting.
"Well, Augusta," said the latter, for she called her "Augusta" now, "and what have you done with that young man, Mr. Tombey—that very nice young man?" she added, with emphasis.
"I think that Mr. Tombey went forward," said Augusta.
"The two women looked at each other and, woman-like, each understood what the other meant. Lady Holmhurst had not been altogether innocent in the Tombey affair.
"Ah!" said Lady Holmhurst, "I am sorry for some things. Mr. Tombey is such a very nice young man and so very gentleman-like. I thought that perhaps it might suit your views, and it would have simplified your future arrangements. But as to that, of course, while you are in New Zealand, I shall be able to see to that. By the way, it is understood that you come to stay with us for a few months at Government House before you hunt up your cousin."
"You are very good to me, Lady Holmhurst," said Augusta, with something like a sob.
"Suppose, my dear," answered the great lady, laying her little hand upon Augusta's beautiful hair, "that you were to drop the 'Lady Holmhurst' and call me 'Bessey'? It sounds so much more sociable, you know, and, besides, it is shorter and does not waste so much breath."
Then Augusta sobbed outright, for her nerves were shaken: "You don't know what your kindness means to me," she said. "I have never had a friend, and since my darling died I have been so very lonely!"

CHAPTER VII.
Presently Lady Holmhurst got up

from her chair and said that she was going to bed, but that, first of all, she must kiss Dick, her little boy, who slept with his nurse in another cabin. Augusta rose and went with her, and they both kissed the sleeping child, a bonny boy of five, and then they kissed each other and separated for the night.
Some hours afterward, Augusta woke up, feeling very restless. For an hour or more she lay thinking of Mr. Tombey and many other things, and listening to the swift "lap, lap" of the water as it slipped past the vessel's sides. At last her feeling of unrest got too much for her, and she rose and partially dressed herself, twisted her long hair in a coil round her head, put on a hat and a thick ulster and slipped out on deck.
It was getting toward dawn, but the night was still dark. Looking up, Augusta could only just make out the outlines of the huge sails, for the westerly wind under a full head of steam, and with every inch of her canvas set to ease the screw. There was something very exhilarating about the movement, the freshness of the night, and the wild, sweet song of the wind as it sung among the rigging. She felt that at every moment she could write as she had never written yet.

Just then her meditations were interrupted by a step, and, turning round, she found herself face to face with the captain.
"Why, Miss Smithers!" he said, "what on earth are you doing here at this hour—making up romances?"
"Yes," she answered, laughing. "The fact of the matter is, I could not sleep, so I came on deck, and very pleasant it is."
"Yes," said the captain. "If you want something to put into your stories you won't find anything better than this. The 'Kangaroo' is showing her heels, isn't she, Miss Smithers? I believe that we have been running over seventeen knots an hour ever since midnight. I hope to make Kerguelen Island by seven o'clock, to correct my chronometers."
"What is Kerguelen Island?" asked Augusta.
"Oh! it is a desert place where nobody goes, except now and then a whaler to fill up with water. I believe that the astronomers sent an expedition there a few years ago to observe the transit of Venus; but it was a failure because the weather was so misty—it is nearly always misty there. Well, I must be off, Miss Smithers. Good-night; or, rather, good-morning. Before the words were well out of his mouth, there was a wild shout forward: "Ship ahead!" Then came an awful yell from a dozen voices: "Star-board! Hard-a-star-board, for Heaven's sake!"

(To be continued.)
ARIZONA'S STURDY GOVERNOR.
Joseph H. Kibbey, the Father of Federal Irrigation in the Southwest.
Among the visitors to San Antonio for the "rough riders" reunion was Governor Joseph H. Kibbey of Arizona, says the San Antonio Express. Governor Kibbey has lived in the territory for the last seventeen years, mostly at Phoenix. He was appointed governor about two months ago to succeed Colonel Alexander Brodie, who was a major and later lieutenant-colonel of the "rough riders." Prior to his service to the government as governor Mr. Kibbey was a territorial judge and it is on his opinions that most of the irrigation laws have been framed. Governor Kibbey, in fact, might be called the father of federal irrigation in the southwest, for he has been an ardent factor in bringing about this result for many years.
Short, square, stocky of build, with kindly blue eyes that have a telltale twinkle in their depths, Governor Kibbey looks the part of the frontier executive. His clothes are plain, he is unpretentious and democratic. In the effete East he would be passed by without a second glance, as far as his general appearance is concerned. Once grasp the Governor's hand, however, and look into his eye, opinion of the man changes on the spot. One realizes he is looking on a diamond in the rough.
"Out in my country just now," said Governor Kibbey, "we are interested especially in the construction of the big dam by the government at Roosevelt. When it is completed and when we have other like irrigation concerns Arizona will not take off her hat to any country in the world, as far as agricultural products are concerned. We have the soil there. All we need is the water, and we are getting that. The dam is being built by the government, but the property holders who will be benefited by it will pay back the cost of construction in ten years. They will easily be able to afford to, for the benefits will be stupendous."
Governor Kibbey was the man who organized the first association of property holders for irrigation. It was on the basis of this "trust" of farmers that the Roosevelt dam was secured. Governor Kibbey has had a hand in every movement for irrigation taken in Arizona in the past few years, since the question has begun to be agitated, and the territory, therefore, is proud of him, as he is proud of the territory.
"No, I wasn't a 'rough rider,'" said Governor Kibbey, "but I've always been intensely interested in the regiment because Arizona furnished so many of its members. I am here because I know a great many of the men and want to see them and shake their hands again."
The Monomaniac.
Dan—I wonder if the Koh-noor is still the biggest diamond there is?
Fan—I don't know that place Koh-noor is, but if the diamond's any more'n 90 feet each way it ain't regulation an' oughtn't to be recognized.—Baltimore American.

Abolish It.
"How can lobbyists be kept out of the legislature?" the anxious New York Press inquires.
Perhaps as good a way as any would be to put the legislature out of business.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.
Ex-Secretary Daniel S. Lamont has the automobile craze and has bought a "Kangaroo" machine.



FARMERS' CORNER

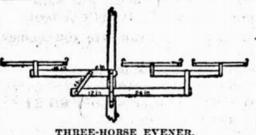
New Apron for Milking.
The average man on the farm does all sorts of work, hence his clothing is generally full of odors which, as they would be absorbed by the milk, makes it desirable that he be dressed especially for the work while milking.
A new idea for a milking apron is here given with exact dimensions for the man of average build. This apron is fifty-two inches down the center of the front; one-half of top in front, seven inches; one-half of hip measure, twenty-five inches; length of extension at back, thirteen inches; suspender, thirty inches. Leg at lower edge 14 inches wide. To make the apron cut it from blue denim or heavy unbleached muslin, with center of front on fold of goods and piece out the extra width on sides. Silt the center of front to within twelve inches of the waistline, being careful not to get this slit too high or it will not protect the front of the trousers. Bind the edges neatly all around with cotton braid or a bias strip of the goods. Make two straps to hold the apron snugly around



the trousers leg, making the straps of ample size to slip over the foot and leg or else arrange so that it can be buttoned at one side. Button the back edges to hold apron around hips and fasten suspenders at front and back. For a large man two full lengths of goods, each one and one-half yards long by thirty-six inches wide will be required. In the illustration the side view shows exactly one-half of the apron and from the illustration any housewife can cut and make this apron.—Indianapolis News.

Ducks Have No Crops.
It will be a surprise to learn that the duck has no crop, like other domestic fowls. The food passes directly from the throat into a large, round duct which opens directly into the gizzard. For this reason ducks need soft food, and when fed such food it is quite necessary for them to have water where they can drink when the food refuses to pass down the passage which takes the place of a crop. It is also for this reason that sand is mixed with their feed, which passes through into the gizzard and aids grinding. Ducks are fond of all kinds of green food and vegetables. They are fond of potatoes when they are prepared in such a manner that they can easily eat them. Bran forms the bulk of the feed usually employed in feeding ducks when kept in confinement.

Serviceable Horse Evener.
Here is a sketch of a three-horse evener which I use on wagon and disk harrow. A hole is made in the tongue 6 inches back of the regular one and a hammer strap with two holes in it (to match the two holes in the tongue) is put on. Strap iron is used to connect the 2-foot and 3-foot eveners. Will say that if a man has



four horses it is best to use them all on the disk harrow.—F. Ames, in Farm Progress.

Fitting the Collar.
The horse collar is made over a form while wet and suits the taste of the maker. Then why not make the collar fit the form of the neck that is to wear it? To do this, select a collar that will fit as nearly as possible the horse it is intended for. On an evening thoroughly wet clothes enough to wrap it up, leaving the collar in that condition all night. It need not be a new one, an old one may be treated the same way. In the morning, and while wet and soft, put the collar on the horse, adjust it properly; also the hames and hame tugs, and work the horse moderately during the day, when the collar will dry and adjust exactly to the form of the neck of the horse whose collar it must be right along. If by getting fatter or leaner the shape of the neck is changed, a reshaping of the collar is advisable, which can be done as in the first place.

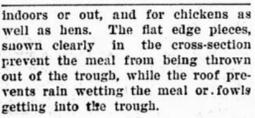
Treating Winter Wheat for Seed.
In each of six years, experiments have been conducted at the Ontario Experiment farms in treating winter wheat in different ways to kill the stinking smut, and the results have been very satisfactory. Untreated seed produced an average of 3.6 per cent of smut in the crop of last year and 0.3 per cent of smut in the crop of this season. Seed wheat which was immersed for twenty minutes in a solution made by adding one pint of formaldehyde (formalin) to forty-two gallons of water produced an average yield of grain per acre of fifty bushels in 1904 and 50.3 bushels in 1905, and that which was untreated

ed produced only 46.6 bushels, and forty-three bushels per acre for the corresponding two years, thus making an average saving of nearly six bushels per acre. The treatment here mentioned was easily performed, comparatively cheap, effective in killing the smut spores, and instrumental in furnishing the largest average yield of wheat per acre of all the treatments used.

Feeding Hogs.
A hog fed at fair profit until it reaches 200 pounds will give less profit with each additional pound, and a point can be reached at which further feeding can be done only at a loss. A reliable authority says that a certain amount of food being required, to make a gain on a hog of 25 pounds, it will require 4 per cent more food with a hog of 70 pounds to make the same gain, 14 per cent more with one of 125 pounds, 22 per cent more on hogs of 225 pounds, and 70 per cent more on those weighing 325 pounds. The tests upon which these figures are based were not official, but it is a well-known fact that with increase of age more feed is required to effect a gain than at earlier age. But the light weights, those under 200 pounds, cannot be so well handled at packeries, and hence those who are feeding for market should bring them to that weight smooth and well finished. At less weight or in bad condition, it will be found that the discrimination against them is strong, so that it will always be best economy to bring them to the most rigid requirements of the market.—Agricultural Epitomist.

Cleaning Up for Winter.
Gather the crops clean. Such as are gathered for sale can be properly stored away and then go over the field again, gathering up the odds and ends which often make more than one wagon load and representing several good feeds for some of the stock. If one can turn swine or sheep into the field to clean up it can generally be done with profit. Any plants with tops like asparagus may be mowed and thousands of weeds thus destroyed if the tops are burned. Then the fields are in better condition for the manure when it is time to supply it. The weakening meadow may be braced up by the top dressing of manure put on late, the corners can be cleaned out; the tools be taken under cover and cleaned, preparatory to being painted later on. Breaks in fences and leaks in roofs can be repaired. There are plenty of things to look after and the doing of them means money saved or earned in every case. Try it.

Trough for Fowls.
Almost everyone who has tried feeding cornmeal to chickens has had difficulty in doing it satisfactorily. The latest idea seems to be to feed it dry. The trough shown herewith is designed for feeding dry meals, either indoors or out, and for chickens as well as hens. The flat edge pieces, sawn clearly in the cross-section prevent the meal from being thrown out of the trough, while the roof prevents rain wetting the meal or fowls getting into the trough.



Clipping Farm Horses.
The advantages of clipping the farm horses are found not only in the greater comfort and ease with which they will do their work, but also in the fact that when the day's work is over they will dry off very quickly, thus being in a condition in which the dust and filth from the day's work may be brushed off and the horse made perfectly clean for a good night's rest.
Not only is there greater comfort and a better physical condition in the care of the clipped horse, but there is less danger from scalded shoulders and from harness galls. And the clipped horse, always being dry at night, is in less danger from colds, will work more easily and keep in good condition on less feed. The name is a nuisance on a farm horse and should be cut close, thus keeping the horse cooler about the neck and collar and so relieving him from the danger of scalded shoulders.—Cor. Farmers Advocate.

Straining the Milk.
Milk should always be strained and cooled by dipping, stirring and surrounding by cold water immediately after milking. It should always be aired where the air is pure, at least fifty feet (or more if possible) from any well barrel, hogpen, hog yard, feed trough, barnyard, milking yard or dusty road. Two or three thicknesses of cheesecloth make a good strainer. Cloth strainers should always be thoroughly washed, then boiled and hung in a pure atmosphere to dry.

Poultry Pickings.
Disinfectants are cheaper than disease. Keep pure, fresh water always within reach.
To avoid disease, it is better to breed away from it.
Fowls in confinement, to do well, need a variety of food.
When chickens have bred disease, look out for large lice.
Crowding induces disease and lowers the vitality of fowls.
Diseases can be readily transmitted from parents to offspring.
In selecting a location for a poultry yard, choose a light, sandy soil. Manure piles are good for the production of gaps in chickens.
The falling off of the rooster's comb shows him to be in bad health.
Fowls having a free range will find their own feather-making food.
Meal should be mixed dry and crumbled, since it causes illness when fed wet.
Do not condemn a breed simply because a few fowls do not come up to your expectations.
The guinea-fowl is a greater forager and destroys many insects that other fowls will not touch.

A COUNTRY THAT IMPROVES ON ACQUAINTANCE.

Crop Conditions in Western Canada Were Never Better than They Are Today.

In order to secure the attention of the reader to any special article that is brought before the public it is often the custom to lead the reader on to the introduction of an interesting story until by one bold jump he is introduced to the subject that is desired shall be brought to his notice. This is not fair to the reader, and it is not the intention to do that in this article. It will discuss in the briefest way "Western Canada" and its possibilities for settlement. For the past six or seven years the government of the Dominion of Canada has talked of the resources of Western Canada to the readers of this and thousands of other papers throughout the United States. The quality of the soil was spoken of, the large area of fertile lands was discussed, the possibilities of the country as a grain-growing district were talked of, and the story of the success of farmers from the United States was told. The story is not an old one. The two hundred thousand who have taken advantage of the 100 acres of land that the government gives free to actual settlers in telling the story today to their friends. They have proven the statements made through these columns, and by the government agents. They have produced from their lands twenty, thirty, forty and more bushels of wheat to the acre, and netted profits ranging from three to ten and more dollars on every acre tilled. They have found the climate fully as good as they were told it would be, schools were convenient and easily organized, railways were not far distant, and markets close at hand. The social conditions were such as they chose to make them, and law and order were observed. Many of them bought land, because it was lower priced and good, and hundreds of cases could be cited where the purchase price of the land was paid out of the first crop. The writer knows of cases this year where the farmer, as a result of the yield on his farm, was put in a position that would enable him to increase his holdings three extra acres for every acre cropped and paid cash for it. Is it any wonder that one grows enthusiastic when talking about Western Canada?

But what may be said of this year? We are now in a position to speak regarding it. The conditions throughout Manitoba and the new provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan have been remarkably favorable. Had conditions been no better than in past years, there would have been every cause for congratulation. We find, though, all previous records broken, and that from a four million acre crop of wheat there will be one hundred million bushels of a yield, or 25 bushels to the acre. Could anything better be desired? Covering the entire country the same splendid reports are being received. The following dispatch was sent by Mr. F. W. Thompson, Vice President of the Ogilvie Milling Co., one of the most careful grain men in America:

"Have just returned from covering several hundred miles of the crop district. I never saw anything like it in this country before. The average yield and quality far exceeds our earlier expectations. It is an immense crop. The weather is extremely favorable. Up to three weeks ago it was Mr. Thompson's opinion that the crop would not reach general expectations. F. W. Thompson sends another telegram from Winnipeg to-night, saying that his estimate of the wheat crop is now one hundred million bushels. Before he went west he thought it would fall considerably short of that figure. The moral of this story is that there should be no hesitation in making a decision if you wish to better your condition; or, if you have a family of boys that you wish to become settled on farms, it is a safe proposition to call on the nearest authorized Canadian government agent, and get particulars as to most suitable districts and railway rates.

Point of View.
Dismal Dave—I ain't got no sympathy for dem guys who goes on er strike. Plodding Pete—Wot yous don't mean ter say dat yese bime fellers fer quitin' wotk?
Dismal Dave—Naw; but fellers who strike 'less dey's at work—an' dey's got no business ter be workin' in de worst place. See?

The Great Man.
It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after your own, but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.—Emerson.

FOR WOMEN.
Much that Every Woman Desires to Know Is Found in Cuticura—'Cuticura Works Wonders.'
Too much stress cannot be placed on the great value of Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Pills in the antiseptic cleansing of the mucous surfaces and of the blood and circulating fluids, thus affording pure, sweet and economical local and constitutional treatment for weakening discharges, ulcerations, inflammations, itching irritations, relaxations, displacements, and irregularities peculiar to females, as well as such sympathetic affections as anemia, chlorosis, hysteria, nervousness and debility.
Too Personal.
Hixon—I ain't going to have that doctor any more. He gets too personal. He signs all his prescriptions 'Kurem, M. D.'
Dixon—What's wrong with that?
Hixon—Wrong! Don't 'M. D.' stand for money do?

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children
Cuts the pain, cures wind colic. It costs a bottle.
In some German towns children are allowed to travel free on the local trainway cars if they are under a certain height, which is marked on the doors of the vehicle.
In all eras and all climes a woman of great genius or beauty has done what she chose.—Cuida.