

# THE CANTON ADVOCATE.

VOL. XII.

CANTON, DAKOTA, THURSDAY, MAY 19, 1887.

NO. 6.



## ROASTED COFFEE

SOLD ONLY IN ONE-POUND PACKAGES.  
5 to 8 Cents a Pound Saved.

You cannot get a good coffee loose for less than the above difference in price. All entering merchants know this and offer it freely.

They consider the best interests of their customers, and know that their thinking will increase their sales, and in the end make them more money. Some dealers look only at immediate results and urge you to buy bulk coffee or some other package coffee on which they can make large profits. Do not be influenced by arguments of interested parties, but judge for yourself. Give our coffee a chance on its merits and you will admit it is better than any other package coffee, and as good as any bought at the above difference in bulk. Sold by principal grocers everywhere.

W. F. McLAUGHLIN & CO.

Importers, Jobbers, and Roasters of Coffee,  
82, 84, 86 and 88 South Water St., CHICAGO, ILL.

If you cannot get this Coffee from your Grocer, send us \$1.00 with a name of your nearest Express Office, and we will send 4 lbs. charges prepaid.

## T. P. Thompson & Co.

—AGENTS FOR—

### tropical Gasoline Stoves.



We buy in carload lots, and make bottom prices at all times.

T. P. THOMPSON & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF TIN AND COPPER WARE.

UNDER BEDFORD HALL, CANTON, DAKOTA.

## Fine Feathers

MAKE

## Fine Birds!

This adage is old but nevertheless true. A nicely-dressed gentleman will find it as sailing if he presents a good appearance. A ill-fitting garment is a detriment to any young man.

## Why Not?

Purchase your clothing and fancy articles at the cheapest place on earth—Franklin Bros. They are the ones that will give you such gains that you can dress in the height of fashion for a very few dollars.

## Spring Goods!

Surprising all the novelties of the season, arriving daily for our clothing emporium. If you want to dress neatly and cheaply, we are the ones who can serve you.

FRANKLIN BROS.  
LEADING CLOTHIERS,  
CANTON DAK.

## The Canton Advocate.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT  
CANTON, LINCOLN COUNTY, DAK.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

ONE COPY, ONE YEAR, \$2.00  
ONE COPY, SIX MONTHS, \$1.00  
ONE COPY, THREE MONTHS, \$0.50

WE have adopted the cash in advance system, believing it much more desirable for the publisher.

**Job Printing.**  
The Advocate Printing House is prepared to promptly execute all kinds of commercial and job printing. Orders taken for blank books. We are not to be excused in this line. We print of quality. Dakota legal blanks in small or large job. Mail orders receive prompt attention.

CARTER BROS., Publishers.  
A. L. CARTER, G. E. CARTER.

**The Newspaper Law.**

Any person who has taken a paper regularly from the postoffice, whether directed to him or not, and whether he has subscribed or not, is responsible for the payment. The carrier has decided that refusing to take newspapers or periodicals from the postoffice, or removing and leaving it uncollected for a prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

If any person orders a paper discontinued, he must pay all arrears, or the publisher may be held liable for the amount, whether the papers taken from the office or not.

Colonel Boynton came in the latter part of the week from his engagement with the railroad commission at Fargo, having succeeded in securing his man Quinn into the commission. Quinn, whose initials by the way are Hon. J. N., is the dashing young specialty publisher on the Bismarck Tribune, who has thrown about as much good natural sarcasm into his work as the next one and who was needed by the commission as a menacing weapon of defense in any possible bout with the Dakota press. We ought to say the selection was bad—an insult upon decency, etc.—because of a few well written squibs at the expense of THE ADVOCATE, but we kind of admire the nerve of the fellow, and can heartily congratulate the commission. Colonel Boynton threatens to have THE ADVOCATE "removed" for "offensiveness" if we don't quit talking about his connection with the coming introduction of a democrat into the Canton postoffice, and also denies having experienced any political aversiveness in regard to the Eden postoffice. But the deeper Colonel Boynton gets into politics the more thinking and less talking he is doing, and so the rest of us do a deal of thinking and talking at the same level. But sometimes we believe that a well grounded suspicion is about as reliable as a halt established fact.

Dr. J. I. Taylor has been pretty well all over the west, and when he talks it is the expression of experience. He writes THE ADVOCATE from Long Pine, Neb., in regard to the sand deserts of Nebraska, and in that letter he presents some pithy points that will bear a great deal of consideration by eastern people looking after new western homes. The moral is, of course—come to Dakota. The Doctor says he is well, doing well, having a good time and nothing to worry him. His letter is as follows:

**Editor Advocate.**—Today an idea occurred to me that perhaps your readers would like to hear from this western wild, and what there is here to make families happy, or invite immigration. The country is a vast sand plain, crusted over here and there with a few inches of grassy covering, with now and then a small hill perfectly destitute of vegetation. It is somewhat amusing to listen to the grangers relate their prospects and experience. One remarks, "I had a pretty smart chance for wheat or so, but the last blow has covered my field six inches deep with sand." Another chimed in, "I lost my harvest, but found my plow." The handles sticking out is what saved it." Another very soberly related, "Well, when I was coming in back here about four miles, I discovered a field, with here and there I suppose some kind of a vegetable growing several inches high, waving in the breeze, but upon examination found that a small herd of cattle had been buried, and their tails were sticking out above the surface." Aside from this seeming little difficulty there is no doubt this might become a fine farming and grazing country.

Long Pine creek and the Elk River are fine streams of water, in this vicinity, and if anything could be invented to keep the soil down, any length of time as to form a crust, one could live here with ease and comfort. The towns seem to be flourishing all along the line, the inhabitants living principally on fish and strangers—mostly strangers—now since the warm weather has commenced.

Those who are well fixed in Lincoln county I would not advise them to migrate to this region, just now, not before winter anyway, as the ground then hardens somewhat, and the surface of the country would not be so much disturbed as at the present time.

Dakota people, looking around for a place in which to pass the heated days of the coming summer, should write J. E. Haneagan, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, for a free copy of the "Broxy Beach," which tells all about the points of popular interest at Spirit and Lake Okoboji, Iowa. These lakes are unquestionably the leading places of resort in the northwest.

The advent of Mason Long, a "converted" gambler, into the city the other day, with the clash of the church trumpet and the pomp and glitter of the circus parade, is only another evidence of the gullibility of the holier-than-thou class of people. The "man of the world," who makes no false pretense in regard to his religion—who claims to be no better than he really is—can never be taken in by the Mason Long class of takers and gamblers. A fair study of human nature by the class of people mentioned above enables them to discern at a glance the difference between the false and real—the wide divergence of value between the real and unreal. The opening of a gilded palace or a low doggerly with prayer would be considered devilish recklessness and blasphemy in the eyes of the saloon-keeper, yet when Mason Long was about to open his meeting the other evening—"meeting" that can never be elevated to the high tone of a soap seller or a shell fish—there were many who doffed their hats and expressed a hearty amen. It was an amen to hypocrisy, an amen to deceit and an amen to all that is wrong in the eyes of God. A Chicago board of trade organizer, a gambler, a saloon-keeper, a confidence man—all these wrought into one—Mason Long stands up and condemns the dance, the cigar, the game of baseball and other harmless forms of diversion indulged in by the young generation, and is applauded by the church. After a few prayers, a trade against the saloon, a harangue against America's social forms—Mason disposes of an immense amount

## A YOUNG CYCLOPE

of Amusements—Nothing Too Rich for a Cantonite—The Boston Society's Entertainment—Tuesday Evening's Dance—The Indian Medicine Company—Notes of a Divorced Nature

'Tis past the middle of May, and still the amusement ball keeps rolling. Right in the midst of paradisaical weather and rich, productive crops, the boneless courtier, merry fiddle and ecclesiastical warbler is gazed at and listened to with considerable interest. By the way—it is getting near those days when great red glaring circus and wild-animal posters are pasted on high fences and barns—when the crowd follows the elephant and follows the clown over to the wonderful side show, where the howling rhapsody of stretched hemp two feet from the canvases—when the interlurker of huge snakes and fat women rises up on a pedestal and speaks in glowing terms of his, the great and only show on earth—when the dizzy, airy, light and fairy, questionnaire, whirls around the ring of sauciest in blue tights and spangles to quick music—when, after the crowd comes from under the tent they say they knew the show would be no good—they just went to let the dear children see something.

The more Dakota blossoms into prominence, and the more dense the population, thicker and faster come the festive tramp and half-dog to drive away old care. We are fast assuming eastern metropolitan airs, and by the time we are blown up by dynamite and have two or three street car strikes will be perfect.

**THE DANCE.**

Prof. Allison's dancing class gave a social party at Bedford Hall Tuesday evening, to which a goodly number gathered and enjoyed themselves. The class was organized last winter, and has made rapid strides towards perfection in the graceful art of dancing. The professor is a gentleman, painstaking in his endeavor to please everybody, and the manner in which he conducted this series of dances went to show he is skilled in the profession.

**OPEN AIR CONCERT.**

Bozara's Indian Medicine company is giving free entertainments on an elevated stage on Fourth street, just east of Broadway. From the fact that large crowds congregate there every night the people must be interested in the performance. The program consists of expert movements of a child roller skater, marvelous feats of a contortionist, rapid crayon sketches, orchestra selections, songs and dances, mandolin solos and last but not least the extracting of teeth by a lightning artist. This last feature in the drawing card, and creates considerable excitement. The Dopter is an Indian medicine, which is no doubt valuable, judging by the numerous sales made.

The Bozara company has several fine artists, who are giving a really meritorious entertainment. Dr. Bozara, head medicine man, is a good talker and seemingly a thorough gentleman. Percy Hudson, the lightning tooth extractor, is justly called the world's champion, and is really a lightning manipulator. Ed A. Hall, a rapid razor artist, is great and no mistake by a lightning artist. This last feature with an occasional mandolin solo, and can do it all with easy grace. The contortionist is also a marvel of boneless humanity. Harry A. Nessel, as motto and topical vocabulary, and Percy Damon, the child roller skater, rifle shot and general utility specialist, coupled with a fine orchestra—all together make up a first-class free open air show.

**MARRIED.**

At the marriage of Wm. H. Phillips and Miss Nancy A. Carpenter, at Beloit last week, the following presents were tendered the newly married couple:

Household goods—Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Carpenter, silver case stand—Louis Bait.

Silver cut-glass set—Miss E. Tilton.

Work-stand—Mr. and Mrs. D. N. Tilton and Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Tilton.

Glass set—Mr. and Mrs. F. Gilman.

Gold pin—Miss Stella Keep.

Gold watch—Miss Stella Keep.

Hand painted tambourine—Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Tilton.

Founded brass cymbal—L. E. Tilton.

Parlour set—Mr. and Mrs. Rose, Beloit, Ia.

Tenbyson's poems—Miss Annie Keep, Beloit.

Founded brass server—Miss Stella Keep.

The union of Mr. Phillips and Miss Nina is cause for hearty congratulations among their numerous friends in this section. The wedding seemed more of a family reunion than the usual formality of a marriage ceremony, and with such a start, and the best wishes of all acquaintances, their new life opens brightly.

**ESMERILDA.**

Our neighbor on the west, Parker, will send down a home dramatic company to this city next Tuesday evening, at Bedford Hall, in Esmerilda. The company gives an entirely new version of this old but popular play, there being considerable of a change from the Esmerilda of today and that of a few years ago. The company is composed of the elite of Parker's society, who arranged the drama for an Episcopal church benefit at that place, and the entertainment here will be for the benefit of the Canton Episcopal society. Reserved seats will be found on sale at the Corner Drug Store, the general price of admission being thirty-five cents. Relative to the ability of their home company the Parker Press says:

Esmerilda, the beautiful drama given at Opera hall last Tuesday evening, by our home talent, was a complete success, the parts being well rendered and showed that no pains or labor had been spared in preparing it. The hall was packed by an appreciative audience, who were enraptured with the play. It was decidedly better than many of the traveling troupes that make a business of playing. We hope to see the same troupe soon again. The proceeds netted \$25, which goes for the benefit of the Episcopal church.

**NOTES.**

An Uncle Tom's Cabin company disbanded at Sioux Falls Monday. It seems the manager gave a few of the boys the shake. The Press says: When the notice was given Sunday that Uncle Tom wouldn't be killed any more, the

## members took their gruel philosophically, and when the time came for taking the train to Chicago all the members went down to the depot, expecting to have their fares paid to Chicago. Mr. Ruess stepped up to the ticket window and bought eight tickets, this being the number he is going to take out for a circus concert snafu, pulling out a roll of bills, of between \$6,000 and \$7,000, and two \$1,000 bills for wrappers, to pay for them. He then informed the five people he was going to shake that he would not pay for their passage, and if they wanted to return to Chicago and hadn't the money to buy a ticket, they must walk.

The Woman's Relief Corps will hold a Boquet Social at G. A. R. hall, on Friday evening. Ice cream and cake, and a very amusing exhibition of numbers will be furnished for entertainment and everyone specially invited. Don't forget the time and place.

Mrs. W. H. Baxter, of Chamberlain, delivered a temperance lecture to a fair sized audience at the Presbyterian Church Monday evening.

Nellie A. Brown gave an eloquent entertainment at Bedford Hall last evening. The attendance was not very large, and the satisfaction of the audience may be averaged about the same.

"That tooth Richard Feyne," she said to herself, "will get himself into a scrape by and by, and will lose all his chances with Lady Elanore (a good \$7,000 a year, and that beautiful old place in Hampshire). He doesn't see what he's doing, and a friendly word in season will put

Just as You Can Off of Newspapers. Digusted Settler—I have farmed that quarter section for two whole years and haven't raised enough to make a grandstand. It's nothing but red sand. If I'm not mistaken you told me I could make a living out of that farm from very start.

Roll Estate Agent—That's what I told you, sir—you could make a living out of it, and so you could; the further off the better.—Chicago Tribune.

Wool or Wool. "Ree" hit an "frissmed wool," called the new watter girl.

The tired boarder ordered both. After a while he laid down his knife and fork.

"Have you any frissmed wool?" he asked gently; "if you have I'll try that," and he signed as one without hope.—Detroit Free Press.

Now, What Makes You Say That? How is it that when a friend of yours shows you a new watch you invariably open the case and examine the works critically, remarking that "it's a dandy," and that the "works are very fine?" What in the world do you know about the works of a watch, anyway?—Chicago Journal.

A Spring Garden Definition.

School Teacher—Johnny, what is the second letter of the alphabet?

Johnny—Don't know.

School Teacher—What lies about the garden?

Johnny—When?

School Teacher—In the summer.

Johnny—Oh, I know—summer after the hens.—Tit Bit.

Baby Mine.

I am going to a ball.

Don't you dare put up the signal.

Baby mine, baby mine!

Don't you dare put up the signal.

Baby mine, baby mine!

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Don't you dare put up the signal.

Baby mine, baby mine!

## FIDELITY & CASUALTY INSURANCE COMPANY.

of New York, organized under the laws of the State of New York, made to the Auditor of the Territory of Dakota, in pursuance of the laws of the said Territory. Principal Office, 115 Broadway, N. Y. City.

Commenced Business, March 30, 1874.

Amount of Capital Stock actually paid in cash, \$1,000,000.

Amount of Cash on hand and in the Treasury of the United States, \$21,000.00.

Amount of Cash on hand in the office, \$1,411.98.

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