Thrown from His Cab and Killed.

The following is a most interesting and, in one respect, pathetic tale:

Mr. J. Pope, 42 Ferrar Road, Streatham, said:

"Yes, poor chap, he is gone, dead—horse bolted, thrown off his seat on his cab he was driving and killed—poor chap, and a good sort, too, mate. It was him, you see, who gave me the half-bottle of St. Jacobs Oil that made a new man of me. 'Twas like this: me and Bowman were great friends. Some gentleman had given him a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil which had done him a lot of good; he only used half the bottle, and remembering that I had been a martyr to rheumatism and sciatica for years, that I had literally tried everything, had doctors, and all without benefit, I became discouraged and looked upon it that there was no help for me. Well," said Pope, "you may not believe me, for it is a miracle, but before I had used the contents of the half-bottle of St. Jacobs Oil which poor Bowman gave me, I was a well man. There it is, you see, after years of pain, after using remedies, oils, embrocations, horse liniments, and spent money on doctors without getting any better, I was completely cured in a few days. I bought another bottle, thinking the pain might come back, but it did not, so I gave the bottle away to a friend who had a lame back. I can't speak too highly of this wonderful pain-killer."

RAILWAY GROWTH.

Transportation Next to the Largest American Industry.

Philadelphia Inquirer: When we consider that there are over $11,000,000,000 invested in steam railways in this country and that transportation outside of agriculture is the largest industry in this country, it is with astonishment that some persons will read that the first man who ran a locomotive in this country is just dead in the poor house. We are willing to admit that there is a great controversy as to the actual engineer who performed this service, but the man in question was certainly one of the pioneers.

Those who have reached only three score and ten cannot look back to a time when there was not a considerable development of railways in this country. So soon as they were said to be practical there was a rush of capital to these enterprises, most of which were aided by the nation, state or municipalities. In 1850 there were about 10,000 miles of railway either built or under construction, while much more was contemplated. The longest line was the Erie, which was completed the next year and was considered a wonder, since it reached from the port of New York to Lake Erie. For twenty years more railways were built much as suburban trolley roads are now, and not until some years after the civil war did the genius of Commodore Vanderbilt exercise itself in the amalgamation of short lines into trunk roads, the outgrowth of which forms the big systems of today.

The railway is today the chief artery of commerce. We cannot suppose a return to the old condition of affairs, when the horse was the chief motive power and the canal was a wonder. To-day it is easier and quicker to go to Chicago than it formerly was to go to Harrisburg. We buy anything we want at a low price simply because distance has been practically annihilated. It is of interest at this time to remember that our life spans so large an amount of scientific development. Morally we may not be better than our fathers, though we trust and believe that we are but surely in every other way we have progressed to an extent that the widest dreams of the imagination could not have conceived when young gray-haired men first saw the light.

A Clergyman's Discovery.

Fredericksburg, Ind., Dec. 2.—According to the positive declaration of Rev. E. P. Stevens of this place that gentleman has found a remedy for all diseases of the Kidneys and urinary organs. For years he suffered severely with these complaints, incontinence of the urine, making life a burden to him, but he never ceased experimenting in the hope that some day he would discover a remedy. After many failures he has at last succeeded and is to-day perfectly cured and a well man, and explains that his recovery is due to the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills. This remedy has been successfully applied to many cases of Lame Back, Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Diabetes and other Kidney Diseases, and there seems to be no case of the kind that Dodd's Kidney Pills will not cure. This is the only remedy that has ever cured Bright's Disease.

Bravado.

Life: 'Let me but own the earth," said the financier, with characteristic bravado, "and I care not who writes the people's songs."

"C. C. C." on Every Tablet.

Every tablet of Cascarets Candy Cathartic bears the famous C. C. C. Never sold in bulk. Look for it and accept no other. Beware of fraud. All druggists, 10c.

A Sure Way.

Detroit Free Press: She (on approaching Niagara)—"How can we make it appear that we haven't just been married?"

He—"We might act like a bride and groom."

ELY'S LIQUID CREAM BALM is prepared for sufferers from nasal catarrh who are used to an atomizer in spraying the diseased membranes. All the healing and soothing properties of Cream Balm are retained in the new preparation. It does not dry up the secretions. Price, including spraying tube, 75 cts. At druggists' or Ely Bros., 56 Warren street, New York, mail it.

All a Mistake.

Philadelphia Bulletin: "I heard her family referred to as 'eminently respectable.'"

"Oh, dear, and I had understood that they belonged to the best society."

DO YOUR CLOTHES LOOK YELLOW?

If so, use Red Cross Ball Blue. It will make them white as snow. 2 oz. Package 5 cents.

A Guess.

Washington Star: "Who is that man who keeps saying it is always the unexpected that happens?"

"I'm not sure. Probably an attache of the weather bureau."

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

ASTHMA-HAY FEVER

CURED BY DR. TAFT'S ASTHMALENE

SEND FOR FREE TRIAL BOTTLE.

ADDRESS DR. TAFT, 79 E. 130TH ST., N.Y. CITY.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U.S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs in civil war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty since.

If afflicted with weak eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water

A Race for Gold

A New Englander's Adventure in Alaska

—BY—
Capt. J. H. B. ROBINSON

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"I don't want to doubt your word, Scott, but I must take every precaution. Before I act anything, tell me what the letter," John said, and what it was signed."

Tom promptly compiled, and apparently convinced the other, for he extended his hand, and exclaiming:

"It's all right, and you shall have all I can help you. Shall we go on together? I have been waiting John's share? I hopes to run across Tarbox. He's coming down after supplies this month."

"I think we'd better start at once." said Tom. "We may meet him and be sure the mate is there sides I'm somewhere."

"We know you know this man Tarbox if you see him?" added Tom.

"No," was the reply. "He's a new partner. Taylor has picked up out here."

"You know Taylor?"

"Yes. We were all out together in the California mines in the '50s. Poor Jo was one of us. Dick Taylor loved his brother, he'll be sad news for him to hear of his story."

It was late that night when Tom and Green returned to their tent. It had been decided to make sure that the man had not arrived from the mine, and, should they be unable to hear of him, they were to start on the day following.

The sailor threw himself down on his bed of boughs and was asleep almost instantly, but Tom Scott could see a pair of blue eyes when his own were tightly shut. His dreams that night were a sad jumble of gold mines and fair damsels in distress, and he awoke but little refreshed.

The day was spent in quiet but fruitless inquiries for the man they sought, and the following morning a little caravan filed away from the harbor toward the wild northern country. Tom led the way on his horse, the pack horses came next, Avery and his daughter followed and Green brought up the rear.

The Dalton trail is over an undulating country all the way to Fort Selkirk, and can easily be traveled on horseback the entire distance of some 375 miles, which relieved our travelers of the hardships attendant upon the other trails, and it was with a light heart that Tom looked back over the well-fitted string of animals and exclaimed:

"If we can only meet the man from the mine we shall be in luck! We have provisions enough for all hands!"

He would not have felt so happy could he have known that at that moment the man he mentioned was seated by a camp fire with Rider and his companion reading John Avery's will and the letter written by Dick Taylor.

Leaving Tom and his party fairly on their way, we must return to Obed Rider and his new friend, who were pushing forward as fast as possible. Their undue haste the first day had proved disastrous, for one of their pack horses had gone lame, and they were obliged to abandon it or go into camp. They chose the former, dividing its burden among the others as best they could.

The second night found them many miles on their journey, but as night came on the weary beasts could hardly be forced ahead, and Hank Bowers cursed the delay roundly.

"We might as well stop here," he growled at last, after helping one of the horses to regain its feet after stumbling. "Get them packs off, will yer, while I see about the fire. I'm as hungry as a shark."

The tent was soon set up, and after supper was disposed of and pipes lighted he said:

"See here, Rider, let's have a sort o' understanding 'bout this job. 'Spose we meet this man Tarbox, then what? We've got ter have our yarns so they'll agree. I guess now is a good time ter fix it up. You don't want ter forget that yer name is Scott. I'll call you Tom all right enuff. You see the young chap jumped overboard and save the old feller, an' you can tell that yarn all right. Any darned fool can see you are a salt water chap, an' he'll swallow that part of it."

Rider nodded, and the other went on. "I've been thinkin' this out an' I've come ter the conclusion that we must pump him about how ter get ter the place where the gold is an' let him go on ter Dyea after his grub. He won't hev enough stuff with him to make it wuth our while to stop him. See?"

After a pause he continued:

"We'll keep on and find this other feller what sent the letter. They've got a big pile all dug by this time, and we must hev it. He'll drop out o' sight."

Rider's face showed that he did not understand the other's meaning, and the miner repeated:

"He'll git off the earth! Understand? Then when we hev the place all ter ourselves, Mr. Tarbox will come back with a lot of grub. We'll tell him his pard got starved out after we reached the place an' took their stuff with him. He'll never know the odds, and if he does make any trouble, there's a mighty quick way of stopping his mouth."

As he spoke he dropped his hand significantly to the butt of the heavy revolver at his hip and his face took on such an evil look that the mate's blood ran cold in his veins. He began to feel decidedly uneasy in this man's company. What assurance had he that this unscrupulous ruffian would not treat him in the same manner after his ends were served?

As if reading his thoughts Bowers laughed hoarsely, and exclaimed:

"What's the matter, Rider? 'Fraid I'll go back on yer? Don't worry as long as yer use me on the square. I'll stick ter yer, but yer too chicken hearted for a job like this."

The day had been very warm and sunny, for summer comes all at once in this part of the country. They had built a small fire to make their coffee, and were lying in their tent where they could command quite a view of the trail ahead. It was still light, and as the speaker glanced carelessly over the valley in which they had halted he uttered a sharp exclamation and sprung to his feet:

"Thar's something movin' over thar!" he said quickly, shading his eyes with his hand as if to aid his vision. "It's a man an' he's afoot, hendin' for our fire, jest as sure's yer born! Ten dollars ter one it's our man! Remember you're Mister Tom Scott, and don't make a mess of it!"

Rider soon saw a dark figure drawing near them, and when it was but a few rods away a man's voice shouted:

"Hello, there!"

"Hello!" responded Bowers, stepping from the tent.

The stranger came rapidly toward him, and there was light enough to reveal a powerfully-built man of middle age, who wore a small pack on his back and carried a serviceable looking revolver at his belt. His beard was long and unkempt, but he walked with a long, swinging step, which told of unimpaired vigor.

When he reached the tent he looked sharply at the two men. As his eyes rested upon Rider's companion a puzzled look came into them for an instant, but he said, heartily:

"Hello, mates, which way are you bound?"

"Up this way," replied Bowers, jerking his thumb in the direction from which the stranger had appeared.

"Going up the Yukon way?"

"Not quite."

The man looked a bit uneasy, but Bowers, who had been watching his face closely, now said:

"Dump yer load, pardner, an' camp along with us. We've got some prime coffee an' bacon, an' them coals is jest right ter cook on. We've fed, but yer welcome. If yer jest in from a long tramp I dare say as yer kinder low on grub."

Without waiting for a reply he seized the coffee pot and set to work in a way which showed he was no novice.

The stranger laid aside his pack, and was soon eating with a relish, which did justice to his host's supposition. When he could eat no more Bowers said:

"Got any tobacco?"

"Haven't a smoke for a month," was the reply.

"That's tough! Here's a pipe. Join us."

His manner was so cordial and frank that Rider looked at him in wonder. The stranger eagerly accepted the pipe, and for a few moments sat in silence, drawing huge puffs of the fragrant weed with an enjoyment which fairly spoke for itself.

Suddenly Rider's companion slapped his thigh as though he had just thought of something wonderful, and, turning to the mate with a look of warning, exclaimed:

"By thunder, Scott, you don't suppose this is—"

He stopped in the middle of the sentence and looked searchingly at the stranger, then continued:

"It would be funny, wouldn't it, Scott, if we had met him out here! You know the letter said he was comin' down this month for grub."

The stranger looked wonderingly at the two men and Bowers hastened to say:

"Excuse me, stranger, but might your name be Tarbox?"

The man took his pipe from his lips and stared at the speaker for full a second before replying, then he replied:

"It might be and it is. How did you know me?"

"An' yer pardner's name is Taylor?"

This time the man was too astonished to reply, and Bowers went on:

"You're going to Dyea after grub, an' he's back in the hills. Ain't that all straight?"

Joe Tarbox rose to his feet and laid his hand on his weapon, saying in a quiet tone:

"That is correct, but it's my turn to ask questions now. How did you find all this out?"

Bowers turned to the mate and said, promptly:

"Tom, old man, you tell him our yarn an' let him see the documents. That'll soon put things straight."

"My name is Scott," said Rider, "I was an officer on the ship where a man name John Avery died. He was coming out here on account of a letter from an old chum of his named Dick Taylor. The old chap fell overboard and I pulled him aboard after a hard tussle. We come nigh going to Davy Jones, both of us and he never got over it. We buried him out to sea and he drawed up a writing to make me his heir. He give me a letter he'd got from this Taylor, telling how to get to a gold mine he'd been working.

"He told me to take what money was in his belt and I did. He said he'd no family. The letter said for him to bring some one with him if he needed any help, and as I didn't know nothing about horses and shore rigging, I brought Bowers here along with me. That's the whole yarn as well as a rough sailor man can spin it."

Bower's face showed his approval of the mate's efforts and Tarbox was apparently convinced, for he shook hands warmly with the speaker and exclaimed:

"It's a lucky thing I met you. Dick told me he had written to both the Averys. They were old friends of his. He told me to look out for them in Dyea. Have you got the papers with you?"

"That's what I have. Here they are, all shipshape and above board," replied Rider as he proceeded to extract them from his belt.

"That's Dick Taylor's fist the world over," asserted Tarbox as he examined the letter. "I remember the day he wrote that in our tent. We had just found the first big nug—"

He coughed to hide his confusion and then added:

"It's all right, of course, but a man has to be careful. Once let the mob know where we are and what we've found and we'd be overrun in no time."

As luck would have it Hank Bowers chose this instant, when Tarbox was examining the papers, to throw a look of ferocious triumph on the mate. Although neither of them noticed the fact, Joe Tarbox raised his eyes just then, and to a man of his training nothing more was needed to put him on his guard.

He cast a keen look at Bowers, and as if his scrutiny had been satisfactory, he dropped his eyes again, but there was a little hardening of the muscles about his jaw, and with a careless twist of his body he brought his weapon nearer his hand.

He was too old a hand, however, to make any outward sign of alarm, and said, coolly:

"It's a pity you didn't pick up the other Avery at Dyea. He ought to be there by this time."

"And how can we find your pardner?" asked Bowers.

"Do just as the letter says," replied Tarbox. "Build a fire and he'll see the smoke and come. The route is too crooked to describe."

"How long afore you'll be back with the grub? We've got a good lot here, but you can't hev too much."

"I'll take me three days to get in and two or three more to get what I want. If I can't find horses I shall have to go to Skaguay. I shan't be back under a fortnight or three weeks at the best."

After finishing his pipe, Tarbox pleaded fatigue, and rolled himself up in his blanket. But there was no sleep for him that night. The sinister look on Bowers' face had given him the clew he wanted, and as he waited patiently for daylight he muttered to himself:

"That was a close shave! There is something wrong about that sailor, if his company is anything to go by. If this Bowers isn't the man I saw driven out of Joe Ladue's station for stealing, then I'm mistaken. Dick will be all right. They may make all the fires they want to, and that's all the good it'll do them. I'll just bring back two or three men of the right sort with me. There's no other way."

At the first sign of daylight he was astir. A hasty meal was soon eaten, and, shaking hands cordially with both men, he said:

"Tell Dick I'll be back as soon as I can. You can't miss the trail."

Then he struck out manfully on the back track to Dyea, leaving the plotters standing in front of their tent, exulting.

CHAPTER IX.

JOINING FORCES.

Tom and his party camped the first night about thirty miles from Dyea. The next morning they were early astir and continued their journey. The young girl was too full of life and spirits to ride quietly at her father's side, and Tom had several long chats with her as they wound their way along the faintly-marked trail.

She confided to him that she did not remember her mother, who died when she was very young. She had always lived in Wisconsin with her father, and was an only child. She refused to be left behind on the present occasion, she said, and it was very apparent she ruled her father in most things.

In return Tom described his life at home, and the young girl listened with breathless interest to the story of the voyage and his adventure at San Francisco.

She was riding by his side late in the afternoon when suddenly she pointed to the summit of a hill not far ahead, and exclaimed:

"See! There's a man coming this way!"

She had scarcely spoken when the second mate announced the same fact. As for Tom, he would not have seen an army just at that time, for candor compels the statement that he was already hopelessly in love with his fair companion, and paid but little attention to other things.

Five minutes later Joe Tarbox had met them, and Tom accosted him at once with:

"How are you! Bound for Dyea?"

"That's just it," was the response as the man ran his eyes rapidly over the liberal outfit with an appreciative glance. "Where might you be heading?"

"We're going toward Fort Selkirk," said Tom.

"Going down the river to Dawson?"

"It's hard to tell where we'll fetch up," replied the young man evasively.

"Did you meet anyone on this trail lately?" asked Avery, pushing forward.

The man hesitated a moment, and then said:

"Well, yes, I did meet two men yesterday. Friends of yours?"

"What were they like?" asked Tom.

"One was a tall chap that I think I've seen at the river stations, and the other was a sailor. He said he was, and he looked it. He was stout built, with a nose that looked as if it was broken some time. He—"

"Obed Rider!"

"It's the mate!"

The exclamations broke simultaneously from Tom and Green, while the stranger looked at them in surprise, and added:

"That wasn'n the name he gave me. He said his name was Tom Scott."

"By thunder! We're on the right course," shouted Green, while Tom could only gasp:

"Tom Scott! That's my name!"

The man looked at them a moment in blank astonishment, and then a light evidently seemed to break on his mind, for he turned and looked sharply at Avery and asked:

"Will you tell me your name?"

"Certainly. My name is William Avery."

The other man stepped up to him at once and extended one of his hands, palm downward, on the middle finger of which was a heavy gold ring with a curious device in the back.

"If that is your name, you can tell me the history of this ring," he said, looking Avery full in the face.

"I surely ought to be able to," was the reply, while the others looked on in surprise at the little scene being enacted so unexpectedly before them. "I gave it to Dick Taylor in California a good many years ago. You must be the man he mentioned in his letter to me. You are Joe Tarbox, or you wouldn't have that ring."

"Right you are," was the hearty response, "and I'm mighty glad to see you. Can you vouch for these two men? Is this really the Scott your brother mentioned in his will?"

"What do you know about his will?" demanded Tom, blankly.

"Because I've seen it."

"Seen it! I was robbed of it in 'Frisco—"

"The mate must have shown it to him!" broke in Green. "I knew I was right all the time!"

(Continued Next Week.)

KLONDIKE GOLD IN PLENTY.

So Says the Official Inspector of the British Yukon Mines.

San Francisco Chronicle: Placer mining in the Klondike is yet in its infancy, according to Dr. A. C. Robertson, inspector of the British Yukon mines, who has just come out. He says:

"As a placer paying proposition the Klondike has yet, in my judgment, twenty years of life and for the next ten years the annual output of gold will continue from $15,000,000 to $20,000,000. By means of the dredge, steam shovel and hydraulic dredging I think every foot of ground heretofore worked in the Klondike will be reworked. This will be done, of course, in the summer. In fact, with the introduction of machinery the Klondike is getting to be more and more a summer camp.

"In view of these improved conditions one must realize that they have only begun to open up the Klondike. The output will continue large. There will be no perceptible decrease in the yield for ten years, though the maximum output in a single year may have been passed. I expect to see great things accomplished by steam shovels and hydraulic operations. The latter, of course requires a lot of water, the supply of which when exhausted in the creeks, will be from the Klondike river. One of the best indications that the Klondike is to be long lived is to be found in the permanent and very expensive purchase of improvements. The new administration under Governor Ross is making wonderful improvements. Expenditures for roads alone this season exceed $250,000.

"The reduction of the royalty from 10 to 5 per cent, with an exemption of $7,000, has been a material factor in bringing about an increase in the annual output of the Klondike and within twelve months I look to see the royalty abolished altogether and an export duty of 2 per cent substituted. This will force the establishment of an assay office in Dawson."

DIPLOMACY WON.

A Buffalo Policeman's Way of Having a Regulation Respected.

Buffalo Courier: Most policemen would have come up and slapped the roysterers on the back and said, gruffly:

"Here, no smoking allowed in this depot."

But the officer who was on duty before the ticket window of the Exchange street station on Saturday night was a diplomat and worthy of a wider sphere than he will ever have, even as a depot policeman.

There were really four in the party, but there were three of them who were seeing the other man off. All of them are exhibit attaches at the Pan-American exposition and the fourth man was leaving for his home in a far western state. With his three companions they had started for the train several hours before train time and they had spent most of the intervening time in drinking his health. Naturally they were in a mood to be a little careless of the depot regulations.

About half an hour before train time one of them discovered there was a later train which their friend could take and arrive at his destination just as soon, while the new arrangement would lengthen the time they would have to express their regard for him at sundry bars. They repaired to the depot to have his ticket changed.

While he was going through this formality at the ticket office they stood a little way back in the waiting room, puffing vigorously on strong cigars. A policeman approached, but he wasn't gruff at all. With a pleasant smile and a strong Hibernian brogue he remarked:

"It's evident none of ye gintlemin believe in seigns."

"Why not?" asked one of them.

"Because," replied the diplomatic policeman, "there be wan over there which rades, 'No smokin' allowed in this waitin' room.'"

Three cigars came out of three mouths with a chorus movement and there was no more smoking.

Quite Impossible.

Spokane Chronicle: "Are you sure there will be no hitch in our elopement?" anxiously asked the beautiful maid.

"How could there be a hitch," assured the ardent lover, "when we are going in an automobile?"

Secret of His Willingness.

Chicago Tribune: The man with the subscription paper stepped into the office of the leading professional man of the place.

"Mr. Hunks," he said, "some of our young men are trying to organize a brass band. How much are you willing to subscribe?"

"I'll give $10," replied old Hunks.

"That will please the boys, I know," rejoined the caller. "If everybody else does as well they'll soon have their instruments and be ready to begin—"

"Great Scott!" interrupted old Hunks. "You don't get a cent out of me for any such purpose as that! I thought you were raising money to buy them off!"

In Doubt.

Philadelphia Press: First Waiter—What are you thinking about?

Second Waiter—I am wondering whether to lay myself out for a tip from that man or not. I can't tell whether it's his wife or an actress he's got with him.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, soften the gums, reduces inflammation allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Not Synonymous.

Philadelphia Press: Mrs. Tufthunter—I suppose you've heard my daughter is to marry a nobleman.

Mrs. Plainbody—Why, no. I heard it was a gentleman who was her accepted lover.

Piso's Cure for Consumption promptly relieves my little 5-year-old sister of croup.—Miss L. A. Pearce, 23 Pilling street, Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 2, 1901.

Nothing to Lose.

Judge: Cholly—I think I may change me mind.

Miss Marbleheart (earnestly) — I would if I were you.

WHAT A LEADING AGRICULTURIST SAYS OF WESTERN CANADA.

Prof. Thomas Shaw of Minnesota University Gives an Unbiased Opinion.

In a letter to "The Farmer," St. Paul, dated Sept. 1, 1901, Prof. Thomas Shaw of the Minnesota State University has the following to say, after having made a trip through Western Canada:

"The capabilities of the immense area known as Western Canada are but little understood on this side of the line. Our people are apt to look upon it as a region of frost and snow, a country in which but a small portion of the land relatively will ever be tillable because of the rigors of the climate. True, the climate is cold in winter, but Western Canada has, nevertheless, just that sort of climate which makes it the most reliable wheat producing country in all the continent.

An Immense Area.

Western Canada is not only an immense area, but the same description will apply to those portions of the country that are capable of being successfully tilled or grazed. Nearly all of the prairie Province of Manitoba can be brought under cultivation, although probably not one-third of its surface has been laid open by the plough. Assiniboia to the west is a grain and stock country. Saskatchewan to the north of Assiniboia has high adaptation for the same. This also may be said of Alberta to the west. Here lies what may be termed a grain growing and stock producing empire, the resources of which have been but little drawn upon comparatively, viewed from the standpoint of the agriculturist. When it is called to mind that even in the Peace river country in Athabasca, and several hundreds of miles north of the Canadian boundary, wheat was grown which won a premium at the World's Fair in 1893, the capabilities of this country in wheat production loom up more brightly than even the brilliant Northern Lights of the land that lies toward the pole.

Adapted to Stock and Grain Production.

The region under consideration is, however, mainly adapted to growing grain and grazing stock. Much of it is adapted to growing both grain and stock, but certain areas, especially towards the mountains, are only adapted to ranching, except where irrigation will yet be introduced. This, of course, can be done successfully along the many streams that flow down from the Rockies and water the country towards the east and north. The adaptation of the country for wheat production is of a high character. The cool nights that usually characterize the ripening season are eminently favorable to the filling of the grain, and to the securing of a plump berry, and consequently large yields. The crop this year is a magnificent one. In Manitoba and the territories it should certainly give an average of more than twenty bushels per acre. But should the yield be not more than twenty bushels, the crop will be a most handsome one, owing to the large area sown to wheat. Many farmers only grow grain. But those who do succeed as well in growing oats and barley as in growing wheat, hence these foods for stock should always be abundant. Some grow cattle mainly and others combine the two. The last named, of course, is doubtless the safest of the three during a long course of years; that is to say, where such farming is practicable.

Quality of the Live Stock.

It was a pleasurable surprise to note the high quality of the stock. The average of quality in cattle is higher than the average of cattle in our State, unless in the dairy classes. This opinion is not reached rashly or without ample opportunity for investigation. I spent three long days in the show ring at Winnipeg making the awards in the beef classes. I question if any of our States, single handed, could make such a showing in cattle. It was my privilege to make the awards at several shows, and at all of them were evidences that much attention is given to the improvement of the stock. I noted carefully the character of the herds that grazed along the railroad and everywhere the high average of the quality of the stock was in evidence.

Reasons for Quality in Stock.

The quality of the grass is good. Many of the settlers came from Ontario and had been schooled as to the value of good stock before going west. The railroads and the government have taken a deep interest in making it less difficult and costly to the farmers to secure good males.

Those who are anxious of changing their residence should bear in mind that the lands in Western Canada are many of them free and others reasonably cheap.

Information will gladly be given by any agent of the Canadian government, whose advertisement appears elsewhere.

A Lottery.

Brooklyn Eagle: First Pessimist—Nor do I believe in a man waiting too long before getting married.

Second Pessimist—No; for then it is quite likely to be a case of 'marry at leisure, repent in haste.'

We refund 10c for every package of PUTNAM FADELESS DYE that fails to give satisfaction. Monroe Drug Co., Unionville, Mo. Sold by druggists.

Malaria continues to be a greater scourge of the British army in India than any other fatal disease.

Miss Lillie Degenkolbe, Treasurer South End Society of Christian Endeavor, 3141 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

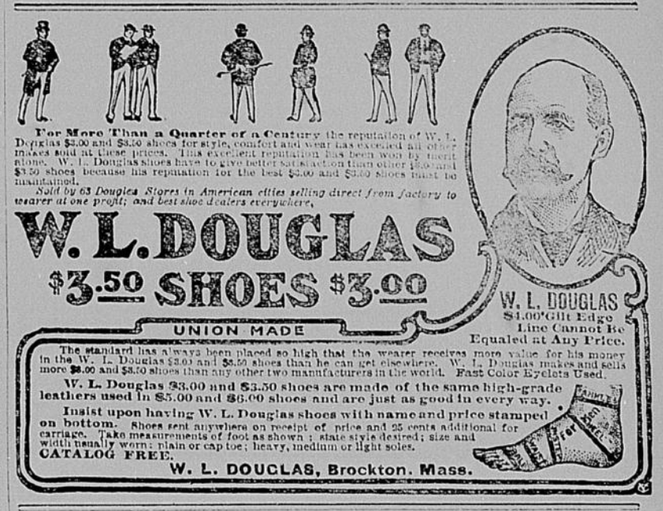
"Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—When life looked brightest to me I sustained a hard fall and internal complications were the result. I was considerably inflamed, did not feel that I could walk, and lost my good spirits. I spent money doctoring without any help, when a relative visited our home. She was so enthusiastic over **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound,** having used it herself, that nothing would satisfy her until I sent for a bottle. I have thanked her a hundred times for it since, for it brought blessed health to me and cured me within seven weeks.

I now wish to thank you, your medicine is a friend to suffering women."—Lillie Degenkolbe.

$5000 FORFEIT IF THE ABOVE LETTER IS NOT GENUINE.

When women are troubled with irregular, suppressed or painful menstruation, weakness, leucorrhœa, displacement or ulceration of the womb, that bearing-down feeling, inflammation of the ovaries, backache, bloating (or flatulence), general debility, indigestion, and nervous prostration, or are beset with such symptoms as dizziness, faintness, lassitude, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, "all-gone," and "want-to-be-left-alone" feelings, blues, and hopelessness, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy. **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** at once removes such troubles. Refuse to buy any other medicine, for you need the best.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.



For More Than a Quarter of a Century the reputation of W. L. Douglas $3.00 and $3.50 shoes for style, comfort and wear has excelled all other makes sold at these prices. This excellent reputation has been won by merit alone. W. L. Douglas shoes have to give better satisfaction than other $4.00 and $5.00 shoes because his reputation for the best $3.00 and $3.50 shoes must be maintained.

Sold by 63 Douglas Stores in American cities selling direct from factory to wearer at one profit; and best shoe dealers everywhere.

W. L. DOUGLAS

$3.50 SHOES $3.00

UNION MADE

W. L. DOUGLAS $4.00 Gilt Edge Line Cannot Be Equaled at Any Price.

The standard has always been placed so high that the wearer receives more value for his money in the W. L. Douglas $3.00 and $3.50 shoes than he can get elsewhere. W. L. Douglas makes and sells more $4.00 and $5.00 shoes than any other two manufacturers in the world. Fast Color Eyelets Used.

W. L. Douglas $3.00 and $3.50 shoes are made of the same high-grade leathers used in $5.00 and $6.00 shoes and are just as good in every way.

Insist upon having W. L. Douglas shoes with name and price stamped on bottom. Shoes sent anywhere on receipt of price and 25 cents additional for carriage. Take measurements of foot as shown; state style desired; size and width usually worn; plain or cap toe; heavy, medium or light soles.

CATALOG FREE.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

WINCHESTER

"NEW RIVAL" FACTORY LOADED SHOTGUN SHELLS

outshoot all other black powder shells, because they are made better and loaded by exact machinery with the standard brands of powder, shot and wadding. Try them and you will be convinced.

ALL ♦ REPUTABLE ♦ DEALERS ♦ KEEP ♦ THEM

Trustful in Some Things.

Boston Transcript: Brown—"It's curious about people's beliefs. They will give entire credence to the most absurd things and put no faith whatever in the most obvious truths."

Black—"Yes, I've noticed it. There's Greene, now. He hasn't the least confidence in hash; but he'll eat all the croquettes and mince pie you can set before him."

Why He Loves Her.

Cleveland Plain Dealer: "That's John Biffers singing to Miss Skaggs."

"What's he singing?"

"'I Can't Tell Why I Love You, But I Do-o-o.'"

"Why does he put so much stress on the 'do-o-o-o?'"

"He is unconsciously accentuating the ciphers that follow the figures of her fortune."

His Criticism.

Baltimore American: "Don't you think she is an actress of a great deal of finish?" asked the admiring friend of the gruff manager, who was the first performance of the amateur leading lady.

"Well, I can see her finish," said the hard-hearted manager, as he wrote the usual two weeks' notice of discharge.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, } ss.
Lucas County.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

{ SEAL } A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The Naked Truth.

New York Sun: It was an extremely formal wedding.

"I didn't see you there," said I to Love, later.

"No," said Love, "I wasn't dressed for it."

Clear white clothes are a sign that the housekeeper uses Red Cross Ball Blue. Large 2 oz. package 5 cents.

Arrests for drunkenness in 120 cities of the United States are said to aggregate 212,000 during the last fiscal year

WESTERN CANADAS.

160 ACRE FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE

Wonderful wheat crop for 1901, now the talk of the commercial world, is by no means phenomenal. The Province of Manitoba and districts of Assiniboia, Saskatchewan and Alberta are the most wonderful grain producing countries in the world. In stock raising they also hold the highest position. Thousands of Americans are annually making this their home, and they succeed as they never did before. Move westward with the tide and secure a farm and home in Western Canada. Low rates and special privileges to homeseekers and settlers. The handsome forty-page Atlas of Western Canada sent free to all applicants. Apply for rates, etc., to F. Pedley, Supt. of Immigration, Ottawa, Can., or to N. Bartholomew, 306 5th-st., Des Moines, Iowa; W. H. Rogers, Watertown, South Dakota; W. V. Bennett, 801 New York Life Bldg., Omaha, Neb.; H. Davies, 151½ East 3d-st., St. Paul, Minn., Agents for the Government of Canada.

Nasal CATARRH

In all its stages.

Ely's Cream Balm

cleanses, soothes and heals the diseased membrane. It cures catarrh and drives away a cold in the head quickly.

Cream Balm is placed into the nostrils, spreads over the membrane and is absorbed. Relief is immediate and a cure follows. It is not drying—does not produce sneezing. Large Size, 50 cents at Druggists or by mail; Trial Size, 10 cents.

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

Capsicum Vaseline

Put Up in Collapsible Tubes.

A Substitute for and Superior to Mustard or any other plaster, and will not blister the most delicate skin. The pain allaying and curative qualities of this article are wonderful. It will stop the toothache at once, and relieve headache and sciatica.

We recommend it as the best and safest external counter-irritant known, also as an external remedy for pains in the chest and stomach and all rheumatic, neuralgic and gouty complaints.

A trial will prove what we claim for it, and it will be found to be invaluable in the household. Many people say "It is the best of all your preparations."

Price 15 cents, at all druggists, or other dealers, or by sending this amount to us in postage stamps we will send you a tube by mail.

No article should be accepted by the public unless the same carries our label, as otherwise it is not genuine.

CHEESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING CO., 17 State Street, New York City.

THERE IS MONEY IN IT!

$5.00 for 50 Cents.

We are packing a $5.00 gold piece in every 100th one-pound box of high grade Palm Brand Chocolate Creams. If your dealer don't have them, send 50 cents for a pound of assorted flavors to

PALMER & CO., Confectioners.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA.

ASTHMA

POPHAM'S ASTHMA SPECIFIC

Gives relief in FIVE minutes. Send for a FREE trial package. Sold by Druggists. One Box sent postpaid on receipt of $1.00. Six boxes $5.00. Address HICKS, POPHAM, PHILA., PA.

"BABY"

HAMMERLESS REVOLVER.

American made interchangeable parts; only 12 inches long; 4½ ozs. For vest pocket or lady; 22-caliber; 6-shot; rifled. Sample by mail $2.50. Address H. M. KOLB, Manufacturer, 1429 North 21st Street, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

WHY GUESS? WHEN YOU CAN BUY WAGON SCALES.

FOR SO LITTLE FROM JONES (HE PAYS THE FREIGHT), BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

SIOUX CITY P'T'G. CO., 906—49, 1901

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION