

# 5th Year Dr. Addison Jones

the regular and reliable chronic disease Specialist, who has been treating patients here continuously for the last five years, will be at his regular office at the

**FOX HOTEL AUSTIN,  
Tuesday, June 13th**

Hours 8 a. m. to 6 p. m.

**Owatonna, June 17.**

One day only and return each 28 days.



Cures permanently the cases he undertakes and sends the incurable home without taking a fee from them. This is why he continues his visits year after year, while other doctors have made a few visits and stopped. Dr. Jones is an eminently successful specialist in all chronic diseases, proven by the many cures effected in chronic cases which have baffled the skill of other physicians. His hospital experience and extensive practice have made him so proficient that he can name and locate a disease in a few minutes.

Treats all curable cases of Lung Diseases, Consumption, all catarrhal diseases, Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Bowels, Gravel, Paralysis, Neuralgia, Nervousness, Sick Headache, Heart, Blood and Skin Diseases, Epilepsy, Appendicitis, Rupture and Bright's Disease, Diseases of Bladder, and Tobacco habit.

Absorption treatment given for Catarrh and Granulated Eyelids.

Special attention given to all Surgical cases, and all Diseases of the Eye, Ear, Nose, Throat, Ringing in Ears and Deafness.

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Remarkable cures are perfected in cases of Catarrh, and all catarrhal discharges, Rheumatism of muscles and joints, Eczema, Gall Stones, Blood Poison, Nervous Debility, St. Vitus Dance.

### Piles, Fissure, Fistula

Guaranteed Cured Without Surgical Operation or Detention from Business. All kinds of piles and rectal diseases treated. Piles injure the general health, produce indigestion, itching and nervousness. Often cause urine suffering and much less blood, some are even thought you have been told a surgical operation is necessary. Hundreds of such cures cured.

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Space forbids the mention of but a few of the Chronic Diseases which I treat of both men and women. If you are nervous, excitable and irritable, despondent, weak and easily tired out, if you have lack of energy, want of confidence, deposit in urine, or uricemic or failures. We do not undertake incurable cases, but cure thousands given up to die.

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**W. F. CHAPMAN**  
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Minneapolis, Minn.

## COMING BY NIGHT

By REV. CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

TEXT—Nicodemus, he that came to Jesus by night.—St. John 7:30.

The gospels are marvels of condensation. There is room for no idle words in them; superfluous statements are rigidly excluded. The importance of repetition is therefore apparent. We find in St. John's evangel a man named Nicodemus thrice mentioned in connection with Jesus. In the first reference it is noted that he came to Jesus secretly and by night. In the next two, one of which took place before the death of the Nazarene and the other after, the fact of that nocturnal visit is related, so that Nicodemus, the rich, wealthy member of the Sanhedrin, who was only a half-hearted disciple of Jesus, is always and forever identified and referred to as a man who came seeking the truth secretly and by night.

To trace his career is interesting. His condition in life has been stated. Timidity was his prevailing characteristic. He had insight to suspect the truth, mentality to acknowledge it, but not courage to live it and proclaim it. It is well that that lacking quality which prevented him from being numbered with the apostles should be brought to the fore, for he is a type of humanity by no means uncommon. He knew what was right, but he did not have courage to shape his life in accordance with his knowledge. His belief was not operative. It was not practical. In politics he would cry loudly for reform and yet vote his party in the final test.

The last scene in his life is tragically typical. When the man in whom he only half believed, whom he had defied faintly heartedly, whom he had sought by night, was dead he came with unavailing tears and futile gifts to pay belated tribute, respect and affection. How useless then! It required some courage, doubtless, to do that. He had progressed somewhat from his nocturnal and secret visits. Even his sorry touch of the Master had wrought that much change. Perhaps that was the beginning of a greater change which would eventually make him a bold adherent, standing four-square for what he thought and believed. We do not know as to that.

How often have we looked at our dead and longed for another opportunity to show them the affection and consideration which we withheld in life and which the great termination has brought into our being as an illumination. "Oh!" said the wife of a deceased lawyer to a body of men who were passing resolutions after the death of their friend and telling what he had been to them, "Oh, gentlemen, if you thought thus of my husband if you didn't tell him while he was yet alive?" and the gentle reproach was well deserved.

Do not be afraid to stand for what you believe. Do not proclaim your adherence to man and creed secretly and by night, but in the broad and open light of day. Do not wait until men or issues are dead, and then seek to expiate your cowardice by a tardy, if expensive, recognition. It is late. It will only serve to show that what might be, but what ought to have been. In belief and action hold it firmly, live it fearlessly, do it now.

### Soul Thirst For God

The soul thirsts after God because nothing else can satisfy. It is a great thing to learn that lesson. Estranged from God through the first transgression, the soul naturally seeks satisfaction in things material and carnal rather than in things spiritual and eternal. Not until brought to an overmastering sense and consciousness of the utter emptiness of all earthly things and their inadequacy to satisfy the higher demands of the soul, will a man give place to the longings of the heart after God. It is a second thirst. Every man's first thirst is after carnal things, and turning from these unto things spiritual and unto unbounded thirst for God, is a most wonderful transition.

No man ever thirsts after God in vain. He is both able and willing to supply every need of all his creatures, and since the redemption of the soul is so precious, why should he withhold any good thing from us?

### Taking Up Our Cross

The cross is to be met with in little things as well as in great things; in the little details of daily life; in our conduct with our friends; in the daily subjection of our creaturely will; in the turning aside from those attractions which lead us out of the way of duty or the path of privilege; in the continual preference of that which savors of God to that which savors of man; in always putting his will first and our own will second; in never doing a thing merely because it pleases us to do it, nor shrinking from doing anything because it is painful, but in ever endeavoring to be guided by the desire to become conformed unto the nature of him who is our leader. It is in such little things as these that the cross is to be taken up.—Rev. W. M. Hay, Atiken.

Let your spiritual life be formed by your duties and by the actions which are called forth by circumstances. Do not take yourself too much for granted. Do not think that you are too good to be troubled. Do not think that you are too good to be troubled. Do not think that you are too good to be troubled.

## WHITTAKER'S PLACE

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

Copyright, 1908, by D. Appleton & Co.

"I intend to look out for Bos'n," he said. "She cares for me more'n any one else in the world. She's as much to me as my own child ever could be, and I'll see that she is happy and provided for. I'm religious enough to believe she was sent to me, and I intend to stick to my trust. As for the money—"

"Yes, yes—the money?"

"Well, I won't be too hard on you that way, either. We'll talk that over later on. Maybe we can arrange for you to pay it a little at a time. You can sign a paper showin' that you owe it, and we'll fix the payin' to suit all hands. 'Tain't as if the child was in want. I've got some money of my own, and what's mine's hers. I think we needn't worry about the money part."

"God bless you, Cyrus! I—"

"Yes, all right. I'm sure you askin' for the blessin' 'll be a great help. Now, you do your part and I'll do mine. No one knows of this business but me. I didn't tell Everdeen a word. He don't know why I hustled out there and back nor why I asked so many questions. And he ain't the kind to pry into what don't concern him. So you're pretty safe, I call 'em. Now, if you don't mind, I wish you'd run along home. I'm—I'm used up; sort of."

Mr. Atkins arose from his knees. Even then, broken as he was—he looked ten years older than when he entered the room—he could hardly believe what he had just heard.

"You mean," he faltered—"Cyrus, do you mean that—that you're not going to reveal this—this—"

"That I'm not goin' to tell on you? Yup; that's what I mean. You get rid of Thomas and squelch that law case and I'll keep mum. You can trust me for that."

"But—but, Cyrus, the people at home? Your story in the Breeze? You're not—"

"No; they needn't know, either. It'll be between you and me."

"God bless you! I'll never forget—"

"That's right. You mustn't forget. It's the one thing you mustn't do. And, see here, you're boss of the political feet in Bayport; you steer the school committee now. Phoebe Dawes ain't too popular with that committee. I'd see that she was popularized."

"Yes, yes; she shall be. She shall not be disturbed. Is there anything else I can do?"

"Why, yes, I guess there is. Speakin' of popularity made me think of it. That harbor appropriation had better go through."

A very faint tinge of color came into the congressman's chalky face. He hesitated in his reply.

"I—I don't know about that, Cyrus," he said. "The bill will probably be voted on in a few days. It is made up and—"

"Then I'd strain a pint and make it over. I'd work real hard on it. I'm sorry about that sugar river, but I call it Bayport 'll have to come first. Yes, it'll have to. Heman; it sartin will."

The reference to the "sugar river" was the final straw. Evidently this man knew everything.

"I—I'll try my best," affirmed Heman. "Thank you, Cyrus. You have been more merciful than I had a right to expect."

"Yes, I guess I have. Why do I do it?" He smiled and shook his head.

"Well, I don't know. For two reasons maybe—first, I'd hate to be responsible for tipplin' over such a sky towerin' idol as you've been to make ruins for Angle Phinney and the other black-birds to peck at and caw over, and, second—well, it does sound presumblin', don't it? But I kind of pity you. Say, Heman," he added, with a chuckle, "that's a kind of distinction in a way, ain't it? A good many folks have hurrahed over you and worshiped you. Some of 'em, I guess likely, have envied you; but by the big dipper, I do believe I'm the only one in this round world that ever pitied you! Goodby! The elevator's right down the hall."

It required some resolution for the Honorable Atkins to walk down that corridor and press the elevator button. But he did it somehow. A guest came out of one of the rooms and approached him as he stood there. It was a man he knew. Heman squared his shoulders and set every nerve and muscle.

"Good evening, Mr. Atkins," said the man. "A miserable night, isn't it?"

"Miserable, indeed," replied the congressman. The strength in his voice surprised him. The man passed on. Heman descended in the elevator and walked steadily through the crowded lobby and out to the curb, where his cab was waiting. The driver noticed nothing strange in his fare's appearance. He noticed nothing strange when the Atkins residence was reached and his tenant mounted the stone steps and opened the door with his latchkey. But if he had seen the dignified form collapse in a library chair and moan and rock back and forth until the morning hours he would have wondered very much indeed.

Meanwhile Captain Cy, coughing and shivering by the radiator, had been summoned from that warm haven by a knock at his door. A bell-boy stood at the threshold, holding a brown envelope in his hand.

"That's Mr. Whittaker's envelope, you see," he said. "It came a while ago."

you went away you didn't leave any address, and whatever letters came for you were sent back to Bayport, Mass. The clerk says you registered from there, sir. But he kept this telegram. It was in your box, and the day clerk forgot to give it to you this afternoon."

The captain tore open the envelope. The telegram was from his lawyer, Mr. Peabody. It was dated a week before and read as follows:

Come home at once. Important.

### CHAPTER XXII

THE blizzard began that night. Bayport has a generous allowance of storms and gales during a winter, although, as a usual thing, there is more rain than snow and more wind than either. But we can count with certainty on at least one blizzard between November and April, and about the time when Captain Cy, feverish and ill, the delayed telegram in his pocket and a great fear in his heart, boarded the sleeper of the eastbound train at Washington, snow was beginning to fall in our village.

Next morning, when Georgianna came downstairs to prepare Bos'n's breakfast—the housekeeper had ceased to "go home nights" since the captain's absence—the world outside was a tumbled, driving whirl of white. The woodshed and barn, dimly seen through the smother, were but gray shapes, emerging now and then only to be wiped from the vision as by a great flapping cloth wielded by the mighty hand of the wind. The old house shook in the blasts, the window panes rattled as if handfuls of small shot were being thrown against them, and the carpet on the floor of the dining room puffed up in miniature billows.

School was out of the question, and Bos'n, her breakfast eaten, prepared to put in a cozy day with her dolls and Christmas playthings.

"When do you s'pose Uncle Cyrus will get home?" she asked of the housekeeper. She had asked the same thing at least three times a day during the fortnight, and Georgianna's answer was always just as unsatisfactory:

"I don't know, dearie, I'm sure. He'll be here pretty soon, though, don't you fret?"

"Oh, I ain't going to fret. I know he'll come. He said he would, and Uncle Cy always does what he says he will."

About 12 Aesaph made his appearance, a white statue.

"Godfrey scissored," he panted, shaking his snow-plastered cap over the coal-hod. "Say, this is one of 'em, ain't it? Don't know's I ever see more of one. Drift out by the front fence pretty nigh up to my waist. This'll be a nasty night along the Orham beach. The life savers 'll have their hands full. Whew! I'm about tuckered out."

"Been to the postoffice?" asked Georgianna in a low tone.

"Yup, I been there. Mornin' mail just this minute sorted. Train's two hours late. Gabe says more'n likely the evenin' train won't be able to get through at all if this keeps up."

"Was there anything from—"

Mr. Tidditt glanced at Bos'n and shook his head.

"Not a word," he said. "Furny, ain't it? It don't seem a bit like him. And he can't be to Washin'ton, because all them letters came back. I—I swan to man, I'm beginnin' to get worried."

"Worried? I'm pretty nigh crazy! What does Phoebe Dawes say?"

"She don't say much. It's pretty tough, when everything else is workin' out so fine, thanks to her, to have this happen. No; she don't say much, but she acts pretty solemn."

"Say, Mr. Tidditt?"

"Yes—what is it?"

"You don't s'pose anything that happened betwixt her and Cap'n Whittaker that afternoon is responsible for—her stayin' away so, do you? You know what he told me to tell her—about her not comin' here?"

Asaph fidgeted with the wet cap.

"Aw, that ain't nothin'," he stammered—"that is, I hope it ain't. I did say somethin' to him that—but Phoebe understands. She's a smart woman."

"You haven't told them—Bos'n, house tattletales about the—Eumie, you go fetch me a card of matches from the kitchen, won't you—of what's been found out about that Thomas thing?"

"Course I ain't. Didn't Peabody say not to tell a soul till we was sure? S'pose I'd tell Keturah and Angie? Might's well paint it on a sign and be done with it. No, no! I've kept mum, and you do the same. Well, I must be goin'. Hope to goodness we hear some good news from Whit by tomorner."

But when tomorrow came news of any kind was unobtainable. No trains could get through, and the telephone and telegraph wires were out of commission owing to the great storm. Bayport was buried under a white coverlet three feet thick on a level, which shone in the winter sun as if powdered with diamond dust. The street shoveling brigade, meaning most of the active male citizens, was busy with plows and shovels. Simmons was deserted in the evening, for most of the regular habitues went to bed after supper tired out.

Two days of this; then Gabe Lumley, his depot wagon replaced by a sleigh, drove the panting Daniel into the yard of the Cy Whittaker place. Gabe was much excited. He had news of importance to communicate and was puffed up in consequence.

"The wire's all right again, Georgianna," he said to the housekeeper, who had hurried to the door to meet him. "That message just came through. Gabe says it's for—"

ever that telegram this minute! you stop to talk! Hand it over!"

Gabe didn't intend to be "corked" thus peremptorily.

"It's pretty important news, Georgianna," he declared. "Kind of bad news too. I think I'd ought to prepare you for it sort of. When Cap'n Obed Pepper died!"

"Died! For the land sakes! What are you sayin'? Give me that, you fool head! Give it to me!"

She snatched the telegram from him and tore it open. It was not as bad as it might have been, but it was bad enough. Lawyer Peabody wired that Captain Cyrus Whittaker was at his home in Ostabile sick in bed and threatened with pneumonia.

### TO BE CONTINUED.

### SUMMONS.

STATE OF MINNESOTA,  
County of Mower—ss:  
In District Court, Tenth Judicial District,  
William McFarland, plaintiff, vs.  
Horace Silver and  
Silver, his wife,  
the unknown heirs of Horace Silver, dec.,  
Velorous P. Lewis, dec., V. P. Lewis, Jr.,  
Darrah and David Darrah, her husband,  
the unknown heirs of B. Darrah, dec., Betsey  
E. Darrah, Betsey Darrah, Dennis Crandall,  
the unknown heirs of Dennis Crandall, dec.,  
Clauess Leverich, Sarah C. Leverich, Sylvia  
Levanich, Lilla DeEta Leverich,  
Hannah E. Leverich, heirs of Chaney  
Leverich, dec. Robert Crippen, the un-  
known heirs of Robert Crippen, dec., E. F.  
Gurney, Edward F. Gurney, Henry D. Gur-  
ney, the unknown heirs of Henry D. Gur-  
ney, Charlotte J. Clark nee Gurney, Mrs.  
C. J. Gurney, I. N. Hawkins, Isaac N.  
Hawkins, Mathias R. Asher, Mathias R.  
Watson, Samuel Hale, S. Hale, the un-  
known heirs of David Tubbs, dec., also all  
other persons unknown claiming any right,  
title, interest or lien in the real estate  
described in the complaint herein, and  
their unknown heirs, Defendants.—Sum-  
mons.

The State of Minnesota to the above named defendants:  
You and each of you are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint of the plaintiff in the above entitled action, which is filed in the office of the Clerk of the District Court, in the City of Austin, County of Mower and State of Minnesota, and to serve a copy of your answer, to said complaint, on the undersigned at his office, in the City of Austin, in said county within twenty days after the service of this summons upon you, exclusive of the day of such service, and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time to the Court, for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Dated at Austin, Minnesota, this 25th day of April, A. D. 1911.

ARTHUR W. WRIGHT,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
Austin, Minn.

Notice of Lis Pendens.

STATE OF MINNESOTA,  
County of Mower—ss:  
In District Court, Tenth Judicial District,  
William McFarland, plaintiff, vs.  
Horace Silver and  
Silver, his wife,  
the unknown heirs of Horace Silver, dec.,  
Velorous P. Lewis, dec., V. P. Lewis, Jr.,  
Darrah and David Darrah, her husband,  
the unknown heirs of B. Darrah, dec., Betsey  
E. Darrah, Betsey Darrah, Dennis Crandall,  
the unknown heirs of Dennis Crandall, dec.,  
Clauess Leverich, Sarah C. Leverich, Sylvia  
Levanich, Lilla DeEta Leverich,  
Hannah E. Leverich, heirs of Chaney  
Leverich, dec. Robert Crippen, the un-  
known heirs of Robert Crippen, dec., E. F.  
Gurney, Edward F. Gurney, Henry D. Gur-  
ney, the unknown heirs of Henry D. Gur-  
ney, Charlotte J. Clark nee Gurney, Mrs.  
C. J. Gurney, I. N. Hawkins, Isaac N.  
Hawkins, Mathias R. Asher, Mathias R.  
Watson, Samuel Hale, S. Hale, the un-  
known heirs of David Tubbs, dec., also all  
other persons unknown claiming any right,  
title, interest or lien in the real estate,  
described in the complaint herein, and  
their unknown heirs, Defendants.—Notice  
of Lis Pendens.

Notice is hereby given, that an action has been commenced in this Court, by the above named plaintiff, the object of which is to obtain a judgment that said plaintiff is the owner in fee of the following described real property situate in the County of Mower, State of Minnesota, viz: The south half of the southeast quarter of section No. Thirty-three (33) Township No. One Hundred Three (103) north, and the north half of the northwest quarter of the northwest quarter of section No. Five (5) in Range No. One Hundred Two (102) north, and Township No. One Hundred Two (102) north, Range No. Eighteen (18) west, also a parcel of land situate in the southwest quarter of the northwest quarter of section No. Three (3) Township No. One Hundred Two (102) north, Range No. Eighteen (18) west, described as follows: Commencing at the south end and in the center of Greenwich street in the City of Austin, Minnesota, thence running east along the south line of Berry's addition, One Hundred Sixty (160) feet to the west line of land formerly owned by C. D. Belden, thence south to the angles Twenty-four rods (24) rods, thence west parallel with said North Line One Hundred Sixty (160) feet, thence north twenty-four (24) rods to the place of beginning, and that said defendants and each of them have no estate or interest therein or lien thereon, and that the title be vested in the plaintiff.

Dated Austin, Minnesota, this 25th day of April, 1911.

ARTHUR W. WRIGHT,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
Austin, Minn.

Citation for Hearing on Petition for Determination of Descent of Land.

STATE OF MINNESOTA,  
County of Mower—ss:  
In Probate Court:  
In the matter of the estate of William D. Medbery, decedent.

The State of Minnesota to the heirs at law of said decedent and to all persons interested in the determination of the descent of the real estate of said decedent: The petition of N. Medbery, having been filed in this court, representing that said decedent died more than five years prior to the filing thereof, leaving certain real estate in said petition described, and that no will of decedent has been proved nor administration of his estate granted in this state, and praying that the descent of said real estate be determined by this court.

Therefore, you, and each of you, are hereby cited and required to show cause if any you have, before this court, at the Probate Court rooms in the City of Austin, in the County of Mower, State of Minnesota, on the 29th day of May, 1911, at three o'clock p. m., why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

Witness the judge of said court, and the seal of said court, this 2nd day of May, 1911.

(Seal) HENRY WEBER, JUN.,  
Judge of Probate,  
May 3-10-11.

Citation for Hearing on Final Account and for Distribution.

STATE OF MINNESOTA,  
County of Mower—ss:  
In Probate Court:  
In the matter of the estate of Donald McDonald, decedent.

The State of Minnesota to the heirs at law of said decedent and to all persons interested in the final account and distribution of the estate of said decedent: The representative of the above named decedent, having filed in this court the final account of the administration of the estate of said decedent, together with her petition praying for the adjustment and allowance of said final account and for distribution of the residue of said estate to the persons thereto entitled.

Therefore, you, and each of you, are hereby cited and required to show cause, if any you have, before this court at the Probate Court rooms in the City of Austin, in the County of Mower, State of Minnesota, on the 22nd day of May, 1911, at 10 o'clock a. m., why said petition should not be granted.

Witness the judge of said court, and the seal of said court, this 19th day of April, 1911.

HENRY WEBER, JUN.,  
Judge of Probate,  
Austin, Minn.

CATERWOOD & NICHOLS,  
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

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**E. T. HANCOCK**  
and Andrew Stone, St. Paul, Minn.