

EVERYTHING WAS FAVORABLE

SORRY HE DIDN'T MOVE TO WESTERN CANADA BEFORE.

Mr. Austin was a man who had never had any previous experience in farming, but Western Canada had allurements, and he profited. He got a low-rate certificate from a Canadian Government agent, and then moved. What he says is interesting:

"Ranfurly, Alberta, May 10-'08.
"J. N. Grieve, Esqr., Spokane, Washington.—Dear Sir: After a dozen or more years of unsuccessful effort in the mercantile business in Western Washington, in August, 1903, decided to come to Alberta with a gentleman who was shipping two cars live stock to Edmonton. I assisted this man with the stock over one hundred miles out in the Birch Lake Country, East of Edmonton. Indeed, how surprised, how favorably everything compared with my dream of what I wanted to see in a new country.

"Had never had any experience in farming, but I was immediately converted into a farmer. And from that moment I have prospered. Selecting a homestead near Birch Lake, I returned for wife and three small children and freighted out from Edmonton in March following year we shoveled a spot clear of snow and pitched our tent and commenced operations, at that time we had no neighbors. Four years have passed, the locality is well settled, two miles from railway station, with churches and schools, telephone and good road accommodations.

"We are enjoying the privileges granted to any rural district in Washington. The Birch Lake Country is no exception, this great transformation is rapidly going on in every district in Western Canada.

"I estimate that every quarter section in every direction is capable of producing a comfortable living for a family of ten forever. After paying for two horses and a cow, had just \$10.00 to go on. Did my first ploughing in my life. I was very awkward in my work, but nature was glad and I was abundantly paid for my efforts. Our cattle has increased to about fifty head, which was very profitable on account of the abundance of forage. To farm was compelled to buy about four hundred dollars' worth of farm machinery on time, and the payments fell due last fall, and you may wonder how I expected to pay for them when we had such a bad year. 'Twas a little bad for Western Canada or for a Missourian. But is not 35 or 40 bushels oats a pretty good yield per acre in many States? Then the price of grain went out of sight, so when I had sold my crop I found I was able to make my payments nicely, besides we had lots of feed. No one has any business raising cattle without growing grain, or vice versa. As to the winters, did not feed my cattle, excepting the calves, a fork of hay until in March. Have found the winters much more pleasant than we did in Western Washington. This is strange and hard to explain, but 'tis true, nevertheless, at 40 degrees below zero we have more comfort than you would at 20 degrees above, so still and dry—with bright, junny days. My wife says that the only regret she has is that we did not come here ten years ago, as we would now certainly have been in a position to retire from hard work. Most women soon become satisfied as neighbors begin to come round them. Have 98 acres in crop this year, besides two acres potatoes, which have always brought me a fair price. We find a ready market for everything we produce. To the Poor Man—Here is a chance to establish yourself. To the Rich Man—Here is a chance to buy land for \$10.00 to \$15.00 per acre which will produce more crops than a half dozen acres of your \$50.00 to \$75.00 per acre land. And if not very much mistaken, this year will prove an eye opener to those who are a little sceptical. The trouble with me is that I have so much to say so favorable to Alberta 'tis hard to be brief. Respectfully,

(Signed) "P. S. AUSTIN."

Still Puzzled.

"Well, Pat, after a year at the automobile school, I suppose you understand everything?"

"All but one thing, sir."

"What's that?"

"What makes the thing go without horses."

RHEUMATISM PRESCRIPTION

The increased use of "Toris" for rheumatism is causing considerable discussion among the medical fraternity. It is an almost infallible cure when mixed with certain other ingredients and taken properly. The following formula is effective: "To one-half pint of good whiskey add one ounce of Toris Compound and one ounce of Syrup Sarsaparilla Compound. Take in tablespoonful doses before each meal and before retiring."

Toris compound is a product of the laboratories of the Globe Pharmaceutical Co., Chicago, but it as well as the other ingredients can be had from any good druggist.

Told by the Sheriff

By W. T. FERNANDEZ

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"What is it this time—rustlers?" asked the doctor, as Sheriff Bill Jeffords, sun-browned, booted and spurred, a murderous .44 slung on each hip, flipped his sombrero on one chair and deposited himself in another.

"No—hold-up," answered Bill, stuffing a short pipe with cut plug. "That gang what held up the 'Overland' a few days ago. Had to chase 'em 30 miles into the hills before we could convince 'em they were our game, an' then had to plant three of 'em out there. The boys are fetchin' the other two, a little the worse for wear, down to the calaboose. Curious how things keep a comin' up after a fellow's almost forgotten 'em. A story'll begin in Texas an' wind up in Alaska, an' its mighty disturbin' to meet the son in Arizona of the fellow you had to hang in Montana, but it's a cussed small world an' I found it out again to-day for about the four hundred and fifty-fourth time, by comin' across a woman's picture on one of those gents we collared.

"Well, Doc, as I said, when we searched the two gents, I come across a picture on one of 'em that took me back 15 years, when I was a captain of Rangers down in the Lone Star



"She Laughed in My Face."

country. Those were lively times, Doc, what with Injuns, rustlers an' Greasers, not to mention gangs of boozey cow punchers what'd tear into a town an' paw it up to see what made it grow an' shoot out all the mirrors in the swell gin emporium of the said town, it was lively, you bet.

"One day word came from the major to swing up the river about ten miles an' help out a half-baked town located thereabouts. Smallpox an' the whole durned population down with it. Quarantine 'em and help 'em all you can,' was the major's message.

"The first thing we raised on gettin' up to the town was a priest standin' on the steps of a little old-fashioned church. He was a tall, thin man, very weak lookin' an' although he couldn't have been over 40, his hair was as white as the snow caps on those hills over there. Holdin' up his hand for us to halt, he came toward us an' hailed me. 'How many men have you got what's had smallpox?'

"I put it up to the tribe, an' about five held up their hands 'Let 'em come forward,' said the padre, as he was bossin' the whole show, instead of yours truly.

"Just hold up a minute, your reverence," said I. "Tell me the conditions here an' with all due respect to yourself, I'll do the orderin'." You see, Doc, I couldn't let a casocked padre come a-bossin' my rangers, me bein' a Methodist—leastways I was started that way, an' wound up by bein' sheriff of this cussed county, which is worse. The padre took it very quietly an' just said: 'I don't want to expose your whole force, captain. A few men can render me enough help until the relief comes from El Paso.'

"I'll give you 15,' I said, 'an' the rest of us will straighten up things in general a bit.'

"The 15 went off with the padre, an' the rest of us got busy around the town. It only covered about an acre. We corralled some chickens an' soon had a chicken dinner with corn cakes an' coffee for the sick folks, an' mighty glad they was to get it, too. The padre had tried to do the cookin', nursin' an' everything else, but it was a little too much for him.

"We'd pitched camp a short ways out of town an' shortly after we'd sent the grub in. I saw the padre headed our way. As he came nearer he looked

to be a mighty sick man. 'Got it,' says I to myself, as I started toward him. He waved me back, sayin' he'd just come from a sick bed, an' I might get the smallpox from him, but I wasn't worryin' about that, 'cause, you see, Doc, I'd taken a great shine to that padre. From what the boys had told when they came out for the grub, that 'man was a 'white' man all the way through, an' while I don't go much on 'sky pilots,' I'll take off my hat to the kind of 'sky pilot' he was in any county I meet him. It ain't the kind of pious talk a fellow puts out, Doc, but the way he lives it that keeps the herd straight, an' the padre showed down—that's what he did. I just got to him in time to grab him as he collapsed. He was clean played out, an' bein' a sickly kind of man, was no way fitted to do all that he did do before he got word up to El Paso.

"It seemed to worry the padre a heap, an' then he said he'd hate to die without the consolation of the rites of his church.

"Well, I felt pretty durn bad myself, Doc, 'cause you see, I was sort of in the dark about the rites of his church, an' so I couldn't make an offer of puttin' him over the 'divide' the way he'd like to go, so I says: 'If you're dead sure you're goin' to cash in, padre, I'll stand by an' do anything for you that a 'white' man can do.'

"He didn't say anything for a few minutes. Then, reachin' inside his cassock, he pulled out a picture, an' holdin' my hand, told me he wanted me to find the woman of that picture an' give her a message from him. I gave him a little more whisky an' broth, an' motioned away some of the boys what had gathered around. He rested a minute after swallowin' the broth, an' then began to talk in a weak voice.

"He told me the woman had been his wife some years before, an' instead of raisin' a family as a decent woman should, she'd just raised the devil, an' wound up by skippin' out with a cattle rustler, takin' the kid with her. He could get no trace of her anywhere, an' broken-hearted, he had joined a brotherhood of priests that were tryin' to keep the Greasers straight along the Rio Grande. For years he hadn't heard of her until just before the smallpox hit his town, when he heard she had come back to El Paso an' was runnin' a joint that wasn't in the Sunday school line—not by a jugful. He'd made up his mind to get the boy away from her an' was just ready to go to the courts when the smallpox hit his town an' he had to tie down there. He gave me a message of forgiveness for her an' to tell her to bring the boy up decent an' try an' make a 'white' man of him.

"Well, the good padre didn't last long. He was just worked an' worried to death. His heart went back on him along toward sunset an' he died, with his crucifix against his lips, an' a smile that was just like a mother's blessing. We buried him alongside his church, in a shady spot where the birds he used to feed could sing to him all day long.

"Not havin' any Catholics in the bunch, eight or ten of them bein' Protestants an' the rest heathens, we were kind of stood up as to the proper kind of send-off to give him, until Jim Thomson, the first luff, said: 'Dog-gone it, cap, he was a Ranger of the Lord, warn't he? We'll give him a soldier's funeral!' An' we did, with three volleys an' 'taps' at the wind-up.

"The doctors an' nurses came a few days later an' we pulled our freight for El Paso. I hunted up the woman, an' she was a sizzler all right. Must have been a fine-looker in her younger days, but what with booze an' a continual raisin' of the devil she made a mighty tough show-down when I struck her trail.

"She laughed in my face when I gave her the good padre's message about the kid, an' said she'd raise him any way she durned please, an' when I pointed out to her that it's considerable difficult to keep a boy straight in the bunch she was runnin' with, she laced into me with all kinds of abuse. I never laid my hands on a woman yet, Doc, but I came mighty near it that day an' I gave her some mighty plain Texas talk.

"Well, that's about all, Doc, 'cept that one of the fellows that's gone down to the calaboose is the padre's son. He'd kept the picture I carried to El Paso years ago, 'cause there was some writin' of his father's on the back. The boy's kept straight in spite of his mother, an' older heads led him into the hold-up affair. I've had a talk with him about his father an' if you should hear a fellow hittin' the breeze for the county line about moon-up tonight, forget it, 'cause he'll be on the sheriff's best broc' an' I sort'r think 'will kind'r please the padre to know the boy's been given a chance.'

The sheriff looked off toward the snow-capped hills, as he finished, and said, meditatively: "A Ranger of the Lord; yes, siree—that's what he was—an' his smile was just like my dear old mother's blessin' that's stuck to me all these years."

The doctor looked at the sun-browned, square-jawed face and caught a light in the keen, gray eyes that revealed to him why the sheriff was called "white" by every man, woman and child in the county.

LIVING ON NOTHING

APPARENTLY MANY IN WASHINGTON SUCCEED IN THIS.

Lives of "Hangers-On" in the Capital Are a Mystery—Seem to Be the Beneficiaries of a Special Providence.

In proportion to its population there are probably more men who contrive to live on nothing



in Washington than in any other American city. The non-producer—who, as a natural consequence, is a non-earner—is everywhere in Washington. He is mostly in mysterious evidence as a hanger-around in hotel lobbies—high class or low-grade.

He tolleth not, neither does he spin, but he has mastered the art of living on nothing a year and living moderately well on that intangible income.

In New York, Chicago, Boston, St. Louis and other commercial centers, there are hordes of the well-fed, well-groomed, who live sumptuously year in and year out without any visible means of support; but the Washington gang who manage to eke out existence on zero income are in general a shabby lot. Whence they come, and whither they go, are equally impenetrable mysteries. How they live, as well as where they live, are bothersome matters to study out. When Augustus Thomas, the dramatist, spent several months in Washington a number of years ago for the purpose of picking up characters and absorbing "atmosphere" for a Washington play, he was deeply interested in the capital's unique collection of hotel hangers-on. The dramatist thought the hangers-around existence must be a gloomy one and yet they appeared to him as cheerful chaps.

"How these fellows," said he, "contrive to perennially provide themselves with shelter, food, raiment, moderately clean linen, even an occasional smoke, is a subject that fascinates me, because it looks too craggy for elucidation. Of course, in the matter of whisky, that is an easy one. Any man wearing a clean collar—even if his shoes be shined with stove polish—can get whisky. He can get booze when he can't get a mouthful to eat. Of all the free commodities in the world, whisky is the freest. But how, when and where they eat—how some of them even manage to keep their trousers creased—how they manage to square themselves for being just hangers-around—I want to know, as they put it in Boston town."

Most of these unfortunates are men who have lost government jobs either on account of incompetency or reckless habits—for exchange of administration now amounts to but little so far as job-loss is concerned, though these men always charge their dismissal from service to this. It does not take long for many of them to degenerate into the type slangily known as booze-grafters. After getting a taste of Washington life it is difficult to return to their homes in the states, but, with bulldog tenacity, they remain in Washington and drift from bad to worse, until some big-hearted senator or congressman gives them free transportation home, and this is the best day's work ever done for them.

—Lillian M. Cheshire in Detroit Free Press.

Laying Up Treasure.

No man lays up treasure in heaven until he quits dodging taxes on earth. —Dallas News.

One Tipple for Two Colonels.

"The old National hotel in Washington used to be the hangout of the best collection of colonels," said the veteran actor.

"All of them were habitually broke while looking for government positions. Col. Calhoun and Col. Boone scraped up 15 cents somehow, this being the price of one portion of bourbon.

"Have a little tipple, Boone?" says Calhoun.

"No, sir; I am abstemious," was the reply.

"Calhoun filled his glass to the brim, drank half of it, smacked his lips, and spoke as follows:

"That, suh, is suah 'nuff the best tucker I have ever tasted. Now, Boone, taste this and pass judgment. It will recall to your mind the joyous feuds of Kaintuck.'

"Well, if you insist," said Boone, as he hastily gobbled up the remaining booze.

"Thus the pair of them got a drink apiece for the price of one.

"Can you beat it said the barkeep to me."—New York Telegraph

OFTEN THE CASE.

Women Struggle Hopelessly Along, Suffering Backache, Dizzy Spells, Languor, Etc.

Women have so much to go through in life that it's a pity there is so much suffering from backache and other common curable kidney ills. If you suffer so, profit by this woman's example: Mrs. Martin Douglass, 52 Cedar St., Kingston, N. Y., says: "I had a lame, aching back, dizzy spells, headaches, and a feeling of languor. Part of the time I could not attend to my work and irregularity of the kidney secretions was annoying. Doan's Kidney Pills brought me prompt relief."

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

The Truth About Paunchins.

"Please, suh," asked little Eph'm of his Sunday school teacher—"please, suh, huccome Pontius Pilate got sich er cu'ious name?"

"Paunch'us Pilate, ma boy," Mr. Blackburn replied with profound dignity, "was so called because he wuz a man ob generous propotions."

A Difficult Position.

A young captain, who was drilling the awkward squad, commanded thus: "Now, my men, listen to me. When I say 'Halt!' put the foot that's on the ground beside the one that's in the air and remain motionless."

Professor Munyon has just issued a most beautiful, useful and complete Almanac; it contains not only all the scientific information concerning the moon's phases, in all the latitudes, but has illustrated articles on how to read character by phrenology, palmistry and birth month. It also tells all about card reading, birth stones and their meaning, and gives the interpretation of dreams. It teaches beauty culture, manicuring, gives weights and measures, and antidotes for poison. In fact, it is a Magazine Almanac, that not only gives valuable information, but will afford much amusement for every member of the family, especially for parties and evening entertainments. Farmers and people in the rural districts will find this Almanac almost invaluable.

It will be sent to anyone absolutely free on application to the MUNYON REMEDY COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA.

Rivals.

Eleanor, aged four, was given pennies for Sunday school. Upon her return from Sunday school mamma discovered she still held her pennies.

"Why did you not give your pennies to the teacher?" she was asked.

"Teacher said the money was for Jesus, and I thought I'd keep mine for gum."

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

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

Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Speedy Justice.

"Guilty or not guilty?" asked the Dutch justice.

"Not guilty."

"Den what do you want here? Go about your pizness."

DR. J. H. RINDLAUB, (Specialist),
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat,
 Fargo, N. D.

It sometimes happens that a girl may get rid of a persistent suitor by marrying him.

Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes Relieved by Murine Eye Remedy. Compounded by Experienced Physicians. Murine Doesn't Smart; Soothes Eye Pain. Write Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, for illustrated Eye Book. At Druggists.

Mother Eve handed Adam an apple, and her daughters have been handiing men lemons ever since.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S Positively cured by these Little Pills.

LITTLE LIVER PILLS. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Browsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Refuse Substitutes.