

# LOVE IS BEST

By Florence Hodgkinson

## CHAPTER VI.

**A HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD**—Left her home on April 30, a young lady, aged 18, brown hair, grey-blue eyes, fair complexion, a very diminutive figure. When last seen was wearing a black tailor-made costume and a small lace toque trimmed with violets. The above reward will be paid to any one giving such information as may lead to her recovery. Apply to A. B. C., Porter's library, Wilton Place.

Two people at Easthill read that notice and knew what it concerned—Beryl Lindon, who rejoiced with all her heart that the gathering coldness of the April evening had made her get on her cloak before she left Easthill Station; and Harold Dynevor, who felt convinced that the young lady inquired for was no other than the lonely little traveler who had asked the way to Mrs. Tanner's school.

No doubt other people in the neighborhood read the advertisement, but none of them guessed it was in their power to earn the reward. Mrs. Wilmot had never seen her sister's teacher in walking attire, Mrs. Tanner never looked at the agony column. Helen Craven, who was of a romantic turn of mind, read the paragraph aloud to her family, and declared the poor girl it concerned had evidently escaped from a lunatic asylum; but Captain Tempest was at the Manor and engaged most of her attention, so that she soon forgot the matter.

Beryl felt terribly nervous. She had expected her father to be rather relieved at her departure, and the advertisement seemed to imply he was set on finding her. She longed to confide in Mrs. Tanner; but, though she could have trusted the widow perfectly, the possession of such a secret would, if discovered, have embroiled her very much with her sister. So beyond a visit to the one draper's at Easthill-on-Sea, where she purchased a bunch of forget-me-nots to replace the violets in her toque, the advertisement made no immediate difference to Beryl.

As for Harold, he thought of it again and again. He could not get the girl's sweet, sad face out of his head. And after a few days' doubt and perplexity, during which the announcement was repeated in the paper every morning, he decided to call on Mrs. Grey, the wife of the curate-in-charge of the Easthill-on-Sea, and ask her openly for Mrs. Tanner's address.

He was prepared to face her wonder at the question, but it was spared him. The first greetings were barely over when little Olive Grey came in through the French window, with two or three school books strapped together, and a very important little face.

"You don't mean to say you send that mite to school?" Harold asked, when Miss Olive had installed herself on his knee. "Why, she can't be six!"

"Turned eight, Mr. Dynevor. I should have sent her before, only there was no school here. A young widow, Mrs. Tanner, opened one in January, and Olive was one of her first pupils."

"I shouldn't have thought there were enough children for a school to pay."

"I think Mrs. Tanner must be getting on, for she has just started an assistant. Such a pretty girl! I saw her at church on Sunday and lost my heart to her. Lendon her name isn't it, Olive?"

"Yes; only one letter different from Mr. Lindon's," said Miss Olive; "and she comes from London, too."

The child ran off to her tea, and Mrs. Grey, who did not possess as much tact as kindness, suddenly asked:

"Is it true that the Lindons are coming to live at the Manor when General Craven leaves?"

"I have no idea. I know it is rumored."

"Mr. Grey thinks the rumor only got about because Mr. Lindon refused to renew the general's lease."

"General Craven thinks he will re-ent in the end, but is standing out for increased rent. The agent, Wilmot, has hinted as much."

"Then it is probably true. Mr. Wilmot is very much in the big man's confidence. I do hope the Lindons won't come here."

Harold shrugged his shoulders. But he was unusually grave and thoughtful that evening. Before he went to bed he had written a very brief note to Beryl, enclosing the advertisement from the Telegraph.

"One who witnessed Miss Lendon's arrival at Easthill-on-Sea sends this to warn her she is being sought for. She may rely on his absolute silence now and always."

There was no signature. Beryl could not in the least imagine who sent the note, but she felt it was meant to be menacing. And as May faded into June she tried hard to forget the dark shadows which hung threateningly over her pathway, and to be as happy as she could.

It was a quiet and monotonous life she led at Woodlands. After the luxury at Eiochester square, the hard work, and plain fare would have been distasteful to many girls; but Beryl was only too thankful to have escaped from her gilded cage. Mrs. Tanner was kindness itself, and if the Wilmots either grated on Beryl with the condescending patronage, she knew perfectly it was not her employer's fault, and resented their cold reproaches to the gentle widow far more than any slight to herself.

And then a wonderful thing happened. Mrs. Grey, who was the nearest

approach to a friend the widowed school mistress had at Easthill, descended on Woodlands one day, and begged Mrs. Tanner to lend her young assistant to help at a kind of open air fete she was getting up for the church building fund.

The curate's wife never forgot that the widow was unfortunate, that her husband's death had brought her from a pleasant, easeful rectory to fight for her bread. Mrs. Grey had helped the enterprise at Woodlands in many ways, not least by her kindness and friendly sympathy with Woodland's tenant. She told her difficulties as frankly as if Mrs. Tanner had been her sister.

"You know we are not rich, but just because Frank is the curate I have to take a stall and do my utmost to make things go. I'm not clever at bazaars, and I had depended on my sister coming to help me. I've just had a letter to say she has sprained her ankle—nothing serious; but she won't be able to put her foot to the ground for a fortnight, and the fete is next week. Do lend me Miss Lendon! It's a Wednesday, and so, being a half holiday, the school can't suffer. Besides, I'm pretty sure all your pupils will be there. I don't ask you to come"—she looked kindly at the crape-trimmed dress, "it would be hard on you to appear at a gay scene so soon, but you might lend me your assistant."

"I will spare Miss Lendon to you with pleasure," said Mrs. Tanner; "but are you sure she will be of any use? She is a dear little thing, but almost painfully shy. She has been with me over two months, and I know no more of her than I did the day she came."

"Well, may I ask her and see what she says?"

Mrs. Tanner fetched Beryl and explained what was required of her. The girl blushed crimson.

"I never was at a bazaar in my life," she told Mrs. Grey, "but if you think I can be of any use I shall be glad to do my best."

Mrs. Grey was delighted and Beryl left the room, pledged to be her chief lieutenant on the eventual Wednesday.

"You know," said the curate's wife, when Beryl had gone, "she is so pretty she is sure to charm money out of people's pockets, and there was really no one else I could ask. Mrs. Craven has taken a stall, and her daughter and Miss Dynevor will help at it. There wasn't a girl in Easthill I could think of who would have been of any use."

Mrs. Tanner hesitated.

"Ought it to be a very grand toilet? I am not sure what Miss Lendon has in the way of finery."

"Every one is to dress just as they please. The sellers are to wear a favor of black and gold to distinguish them. I'll send over the one I made for Cicely."

Mrs. Tanner and Beryl talked over the bazaar after supper that night.

"It will be a little glimpse of gaiety for you," said the elder woman kindly. "This is a very dull life for you, Miss Lendon."

"I am not at all dull," said Beryl, simply.

She had altered since she came to Easthill. The scared, anxious look had gone from her face, and, in spite of hard work, she looked younger and brighter. She really quite looked forward to the garden fete, as its promoters called it, as a festival; for, after all, she was young enough to enjoy the sight of pretty things and bright faces.

## CHAPTER VII.

Mrs. Tanner almost started when Beryl came to show herself when she was dressed for the fete, and yet the girl only wore the white cashmere which had been her best attire last summer. It was very soft and clinging, falling from waist to hem in long, straight folds, the bodice trimmed with a little white silk, and a broad sash of the softest surah knotted loosely round her waist. Her hat was white, too, and trimmed with a long white feather and a quantity of chiffon. She looked far more like some rich wandering princess than a humble school assistant.

"Shall I do?" asked Beryl, a little anxiously.

"You had better put a cloak over your dress for the drive, the lanes are so dusty," said Mrs. Tanner. "You look charming, and I am sure Mrs. Grey will think so."

That lady drove up then in her rather shabby pony carriage. The fete was to be held in the grounds of Dynevor as the last people to think three miles from Woodlands, so she had arranged to call for Miss Lendon.

"I'll bring her back safely," she promised Mrs. Tanner, "but I can't promise when. The fete opens at 3, and we are supposed to go on till we've sold everything."

She talked very pleasantly to Beryl as they drove along, saying she would introduce her to Miss Dynevor, who was about her own age.

"Please don't," said Beryl shyly—"I mean, she might not like it. Miss Dynevor of Dynevor must be a great lady, and I am only a teacher."

"My dear," said Mrs. Grey, "the Dynevors are the last people to think less of you for that. And so far from being great, they have fallen on very evil times. Harold farms his own land; but it's all he can do to struggle on these bad times, and if Kitty does not have to earn money, she

works very hard at home."

"But the Manor is called after them."

"And it ought to be theirs, only it isn't." She went on to give Beryl the full and particular story of Nina Dynevor's infatuation for Eustace Lindon, and the wrong it had led to. Beryl only kept silent by an effort. It was terrible to listen to the reproach of her own parents and say nothing; but deep down in her own heart the girl felt her gentle mother had never done the wrong ascribed to her. No, the will which left the Manor away from the Dynevors had been extorted from her weakness, not made of her own free will.

"I hope I have not tired you out," concluded Mrs. Grey, "you are looking very pale."

"I am generally pale, thanks."

The general stood on the steps of the Manor to welcome them. He looked a little astonished as Mrs. Grey introduced her companion—the girl was so unlike what he had expected; but he soon led the way to the huge marquee which had been erected in the grounds for the five stalls held by the elite of Easthill.

A smaller tent was devoted to flowers, yet another held refreshments, a ladies' orchestra—from Brighton, he it whispered—discoursed sweet music in a third. Mrs. Grey and Beryl hastened to their places, while the general went back to await the advent of the great lady who was to formally declare the fete open.

It looked to Beryl like fairyland; and when a few minutes later things were in full swing, and the people began to flock in, she proved herself quite an expert saleswoman. Many of the visitors thought Mrs. Grey's assistant the prettiest girl present.

"Harold," whispered Kitty Dynevor to her brother, when he made his appearance, "your fair traveler is here."

"What do you mean?" He asked, bewildered.

"Don't you remember asking if there were a school at Easthill-on-Sea, because a girl was making her way to it at the station one day? Well, the girl is just here at Mrs. Grey's stall; but she doesn't look like a school teacher, does she?"

She did not. It flashed on Harold that he had never seen a sweeter face. He thought the shadow on the grey eyes was lighter, and he wondered if she had ceased to worry over the hundred pounds reward offered for her recovery. She did not look in the least like a fugitive or a runaway.

Mrs. Grey's voice broke on his meditations.

"Mr. Dynevor, do take Miss Lendon to the house to have some tea—Mrs. Craven has some in the dining room specially for our benefit; the tent is only for outsiders, you know, who pay as they go. I have been there long ago; but I couldn't find any one to send with Miss Lendon, and, as she has never been inside the Manor, she does not like to go alone."

"I shall be only too pleased," said Harold; and the two left the marquee together.

It was not far, only a few hundred yards as distance went; but it seemed miles to Beryl because all the way she was trying to decide a question. One glance had told her that Mr. Dynevor had been at Easthill station when she arrived, therefore it must be he who sent her the advertisement and words of kindly warning. Should she allude to it or not?

It was only when she was in sight of the old Manor house that she made up her mind.

(To be continued.)

## ODD OCCUPATION.

**Professor of Being Buried Alive Testifies in a Courtroom.**

One of the witnesses in a recent lawsuit in Cleveland was Edward Kaehn. The Cleveland Leader says: "The examination of Kaehn proved to be very amusing. On the cross-examination Prosecutor Keeler demanded to know the business of the witness. The witness said that he lived at 325 Lake street, and was known as Prof. James Smith, and that his specialty was being buried alive for exhibition purposes. He declared that he never had really died, but claimed that he could lie in a grave six days and nights. He averred that he was ready at any time to be buried for \$500 per week, providing that there was a proper and an unmistakably trustworthy committee to play the role of resurrection angels should they be needed to save his life. He was rather reluctant about 'tipping off his act,' as he expressed it, but Judge Neff became interested and wanted to hear all about it. Kaehn declared that he has been placed in a coffin which had been properly upholstered, and that it has been lowered into a grave 6 feet 4 inches deep. An air shaft is constructed and the grave closed.

"What is the air shaft for?" asked the prosecutor.

"For air," replied Kaehn, "and for sending down the beer, water and grub."

"Then you always had to have air, did you?" continued the prosecutor.

"Oh, no. Sometimes I was completely buried for twenty-four hours. In a case of that kind a bucket of water was placed in the coffin and several sponges saturated with water. The water evaporated, and that furnished all the oxygen I needed to live on."

## Godmothers to the Bells.

An odd ceremony took place in France not long ago in the baptism of two new bells for the Church of Gironde, in the department of the Gironde. Two pretty children, Miles, Mirville de Gironde and Odette de Brasquillange, were godmothers to the bells, and were dressed, respectively, in pale blue and pale pink.



## Spraying Fruit Trees.

Apples at \$3.50 to \$5 a barrel last fall and twice that this spring are apt to make folks interested in fruit trees. The first requisite is a good spray pump with the necessary rigging. The outfit can be bought of the manufacturer or of the implement dealers, and will cost anywhere from \$10 to \$200. A first-class outfit costs \$15 to \$25. Just at this time of the year the spraying needed by the fruit trees is chiefly for the prevention of fungous diseases. For this purpose a plain solution of copper sulphate, one pound in 10 to 20 gallons of water may be used. Bordeaux mixture is equally as good, but it is more bother to make. The first spraying should be given at once, before the blossoms open. A little later, just after the blossoms fall, another spraying should be given. This should be Bordeaux mixture in every case. Bordeaux mixture may be made of varying proportions and strengths. The standard mixture consists of one and one-half pounds copper sulphate, one pound stone lime, ten gallons water (six pounds sulphate, four pounds lime, one barrel water). Dissolve the sulphate and slack the lime in separate vessels, dilute each with about half of the total water to be used and then pour the sulphate solution into the lime water while stirring vigorously. Continue the stirring for a minute to insure perfect mixture. It deteriorates on standing and should be used soon after made. Keep the mixture clean to avoid clogging of pump and nozzles. Strain the solutions and have a strainer on suction tube of pump. A quick, convenient way to dissolve copper sulphate is to suspend it in a cheesecloth or similar bag just below the surface of the water. A third spraying two weeks later, with Bordeaux mixture, will be a paying investment. Even a fourth and fifth spraying at intervals of two weeks, will sometimes pay handsome dividends. In all sprayings, except the first, some paris green should be used. Add one pound of paris green to 200 gallons of water, or four ounces to the barrel. If there is danger of bud moth the paris green might better be used in the first spraying also.

## Trees for Shade.

A communication from the Oklahoma station says: The trees most generally planted have been elm, soft maple, catalpa, black locust and box elder. The elm grows slowly at first and is attacked by borers, but is the best shade tree in the list and should be included in every planting for shade. The soft maple is easily broken by the wind and suffers from drought and the attacks of borers, but it grows rapidly from the start and makes a pretty tree. The limbs of the catalpa tree are easily broken by the winds, but it grows rapidly, makes a fair shade and is valuable timber for posts. The black locust is not generally regarded as a first-class shade tree and its tendency to sprout from the roots makes it somewhat objectionable on lawns. But it is the fastest grower in the list, will stand more neglect than the others, and the wood is very durable for posts. The box elder is a moderate grower and is not adapted to poor upland soil, though it does well in favored locations. The ash and sycamore are good trees, but are not adapted to as wide a range of soils as the others.

## Teaching Floriculture.

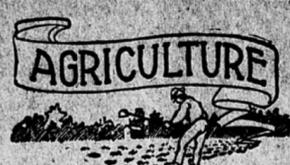
While at the Kansas Agricultural College lately the writer had the pleasure of talking with Mr. Baxter, who has charge of the greenhouses there. Mr. Baxter is perhaps the only man in the country who occupies the double position of manager of greenhouses and instructor in floriculture. At the college are 400 young ladies, most of whom are taking the domestic science course. Several times a week classes go to the greenhouses and are there instructed in the science of cultivating and caring for flowers. The future homes of these girls will show the effects of this teaching. Where there are greenhouses under the charge of competent floriculturists the latter might be used as instructors not only in our colleges, but also in many of our common schools. Probably all advanced educational institutions have greenhouses connected with them; and this opens up a large field for demonstration in this art.

## Honest Packing.

From Farmers' Review: Would advise all growers of small fruit to put their fruit up in new cases and to be honest in their packing; that is, have fruit run uniform in quality and give good measure. The trade here discriminates against the use of second-hand packages and against short measure. If an article is number one the best trade is always in the market to buy. We would further suggest that if grower intends to remain in the business it will be to his advantage to use some particular brand for his number one fruit. Buyers, after finding that some particular line of fruit gives satisfaction to their trade will in the majority of cases leave standing orders for same, the price under the circumstances being of secondary consideration. An attractive package always helps to sell the fruit.—M. George, (Commission Merchant), Chicago.

## Hills for Berillians.

Berlin is getting tired of its fitness and the residents are thinking of building hills in suitable sites with dirt's dust and ashes.



## Asparagus Planting.

The old methods of planting asparagus would hardly apply at this day when that delicacy is raised in immense quantities in large fields. Just imagine trenching a field of several acres extent! It used to be thought that the only way to raise this plant was to dig trenches three and four feet deep and fill them with alternate layers of manure and turf mixed with soil. These trenches were sometimes not only three feet deep, but each one was three feet wide. Practically all the manure buried at such a depth was wasted. The asparagus is a plant that feeds near the surface. It requires a good deal of water, but it does not draw its food from the water. It will not feed below the water table in the soil. Today fields are well prepared and enriched, and the planting of the asparagus roots proceeds about as rapidly as does the planting of potatoes. The roots are placed at a depth of a foot or less, sometimes not more than a fourth of that. It is better to place the plants at a depth of six inches or more. This is especially the case when the plantation covers a large field, as it is necessary to cultivate over the plants to keep down the weeds. Shallow planting may give an early yield for the first year or two, but the plants will not be so satisfactory in years to come. Another old fallacy was that of close planting. Fifty years ago the plantations of asparagus were mostly on small areas. It was no unusual thing to find the plants set in rows a foot apart and six inches apart in the row. This in a few years gave a perfect network of roots in the soil, and the asparagus stalks were hardly larger than lead pencils. Now the plants when set on large areas are generally at least three feet apart, and sometimes the rows are four feet apart, with plants three feet apart in the rows.

## Exterminate Jimson Weed.

The plant that we illustrate on this page is a good one to exterminate, es



FIG. 22.—Jimson weed (*Datura stramonium*): a flowering spray; b, fruiting capsule—both one third natural size.

pecially if there are young children to play in its vicinity. It is poisonous, and the life of more than one child has been sacrificed to it. Children are poisoned by playing with the leaf in the mouth, and after the seeds ripen by eating them. They are also dangerous to cattle. These weeds are generally found on vacant lots. Mow the weeds and scatter grass seed in their place.

## The Price of Beef.

Secretary of Agriculture Wilson says: I predict a fall in the price of beef as soon as the grass cattle are ready for market. There is nothing to hinder the butchers in any city from making an agreement among themselves to put an agent in one of the Western markets for the purpose of buying cattle, having them shipped to their city, slaughtered, and sold at a profit, providing they can get the same transportation rate given to everyone else. Whosoever gets a lower rate becomes a monopolist, as he is at once given a great advantage over all those who are discriminated against. I do not know whether or not there is a combination on the part of the packers to put up the price of meats, as I have no means of knowing. I do know, however, that owing to the shortness of last year's corn crop the farmers were not able to feed cheap corn to their cattle so as to fatten them for market. There is plenty of grass cattle in the country. Corn is high and the farmers have been giving it to their cattle at double the ordinary price—namely, 50 to 60 cents a bushel. They sent South for cotton seed meal so as to help to tide over. There is evidently a large supply of stock—steers, sheep and hogs—but not enough corn to fatten them. The supply of cattle at Chicago shows that fat cattle are scarce. In about two months there should be some relief, as grass fed cattle will begin to reach the market within that time. This depends on the locality, however. Cattle have been on grass since April 1. Those which are in good condition at that time will be ready for the market early in June.

Think more of your own faults and you will have less time to consider the faults of others.

**Gold Pantryman Penalties.**  
Among the official announcements that have appeared in the last few days is one to the effect that the first yeoman of the gold pantry at Windsor Castle, has retired from the service of the king on a pension.  
To the uninitiated the title sounds like so much Greek. As a matter of fact, the first yeoman has charge of the gold plate which belongs to the crown, the value of which is said to be £2,000,000 (\$10,000,000). So, it is easily seen that the quaintly-named post is by no means a sinecure.—London Special Cable to New York Herald.

**Treasure in Sunken Steamer.**  
A dispatch from Vancouver states that a contract to raise the sunken steamer *Islander*, which was sunk last summer by a collision with an iceberg, has been let by the agent for Lloyd's to the Sureties Hope company of Seattle. The work is to be commenced within sixty days. The Canadian Pacific Navigation company made a search for the *Islander* after she sank, but failed to locate her, owing to the great depth of the water. When the steamer sank she had on board \$35,000 in gold, consigned to the Dominion Express company in Vancouver, and many people coming out each had various amounts, which brought the total value of the treasure in the charge of the pursuer up to over \$100,000.—San Francisco Chronicle.

**Burning Heat.**  
Star City, Ark., May 26th.—A very remarkable case has just occurred here. Mr. W. H. McFalls has been suffering severely for two years with an ailment that puzzled the doctors and everybody. The trouble seemed to be all in his head, which had a burning sensation all the time.

Sometimes this burning pain in the head would be worse than at other times, but it never left him.

At last he tried a new remedy called Dodd's Kidney Pills, and was agreeably surprised to find that the burning gradually disappeared.

An attack of La Grippe has laid him up for the last few weeks, but Dodd's Kidney Pills have banished his old trouble entirely.

His son, George, used a few of the Pills which his father did not need, and they have done him so much good that he says he would not take ten dollars a pill for the few he still has left.

When the masses are corrupted in a state, laws are useless without despotism.

**Stops the Cough and Works Off the Cold**

**Lozette Bromo Quinine Tablets. Price 25c.**

We can do more good by being good than by any other way.—Rowland Hill.

**IF YOU HAVE A COUGH**  
Go to your nearest druggist and insist on getting a bottle of Cole's Cough Cure. You can have your money back if it doesn't help you. All druggists, 25 and 50 cents.

## PATENTS.

**List of Patents Issued Last Week to Northwestern Inventors.**

Alphonso Doty, Owatonna, Minn., match box holder; David Houston, Hunter, N. D., photographic roll holder; Robert Lester, Mapleton, N. D., gold separator; John Owens, Minneapolis, Minn., smut machine; Severus Svenggaard, Minnesota, mirror bracket; Max Toltz, St. Paul, Minn., gas distributing system; Edwin McHenry, St. Paul, Minn., weighing machine. Lethrop & Johnson, patent attorneys, 511 & 513 Pioneer Press Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

**Hall's Catarrh Cure**

Is a constitutional cure. Price, 75 cents

Common sense extracts more solid comfort from life than genius does.

I do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—JOHN P. BOWEN, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

A man is wise only when he makes good use of his knowledge.

**Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup**  
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Polliten's is the zero mark of love's thermometer.

**FITS** permanently cured. No flux or nervousness after use. Get day's trial of Dr. King's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$3.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. KING, Ltd., 201 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

**Hypocrites pray cream and live skin milk.**

## I Feel So Tired.

How often do we hear this and similar expressions from tired, overworked women and weary men, who do not know where to find relief. For that intense weariness, so common and so discouraging, we earnestly recommend Vogler's Curative Compound. It is not a stimulant but a true blood purifier and strength restoring tonic, safe and sure, which will gradually build up all the weak organs in such a way as to be a lasting benefit. A fair trial of a free sample bottle which St. Jacobs Oil, Ltd., of Baltimore, Md., will send you for the asking, will convince anyone of its wonderful medicinal value. It will drive all impurities from the blood, give nerve, mental and bodily strength and vigour and make the sufferer wholly a new being. It creates an appetite, makes one sleep and makes his weak strong. Do not forget that Vogler's Curative Compound is made from the formula of a London physician, who has given years of study to same. Sample bottle free from St. Jacobs Oil, Ltd., Baltimore.

Mrs. SOAN, "The Royal Standard," Primley Road, Witley, writes: "I was a great sufferer from eczema for many years. I tried all sorts of ointments and embrocations which had no good effect; I used St. Jacobs Oil, and the pain left me instantly."

## THE CONTENTED FARMER

is the man who never has a failure in crops, gets splendid returns for his labor, and has best social and religious advantages. It is together with splendid climate and excellent health. These we give to the settlers on the lands of Western Canada, which comprise the great grain and ranching lands of Manitoba, Assiniboia, Alberta and Saskatchewan. Exceptional advantages and low rates of fare are given to those desirous of inspecting the fall grain lands. The handsome forty-acre allotment of Western Canada sent free to all applicants. Apply to F. Leidy, Superintendent, Immigration, Ottawa, Canada; or to Ben Dykes, 515 Jackson St., St. Paul, Minn.; or to C. O. Curtis, Collins Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis., Canadian Government Agents.