

WUN LUNG THE HEADLINER

By WILLIAM H. OSBORNE

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THE world is small, and the years go by. Time flies like the old invisible she dragon who visits the temple every hundred years. It is not so long ago that little Wun Lung and his neighbor, Fow Kee, sat at the feet of the smaller Sun Joy in the Street of the Six Hundred Full Blown Roses. Wun Lung and Fow Kee were men—or thought they were. Sun Joy was a woman. Their combined length did not exceed nine feet. Sun Joy was demure and coy and winsome. Wun Lung was lively and good natured. Fow Kee was burly and jealous and ill natured. He and Wun Lung kow-towed; as it were, at the shrine of Sun Joy—and at that shrine, so it would seem, Wun Lung had the inside track. And for that Fow Kee would pull Wun Lung's short, soft pig tail—and Wun Lung would simply laugh.

But Wun Lung had something beside his good nature to recommend him—and that something made him much admired by little Sun Joy and much envied by Fow Kee. For Wun Lung, although he never realized it for many years, was a natural born acrobat. Many believe that feet were made to walk upon. With Wun Lung it was an even toss up as to hands, head or feet. He could wriggle like a snake in the grass. He could tie himself into a knot like a skein of silk. And he didn't keep all this to himself. For the first great event in the lives of Fow Kee and Sun Joy happened on the day when, under the admirable tuition of Wun Lung, they each were able to walk from end to end of the bamboo pole in the market place—the pole where the rickshaws are all lined up. And when they had learned they did the trick, not once but 20 times a day.

Wun Lung and Fow Kee, still bowing low at the shrine of Sun Joy, grew up into young men—Sun Joy grew into a young woman. And one day something happened. Fow Kee was in trouble. Over what no one knew. He had looked upon the glowing opium too often—he had lived too hard. He had disregarded that commandment which to us is the eighth, being also the three thousand and first injunction of Confucius. In other words, he disregarded the law of private property, and one night he silently stole away. And that left Wun Lung only to kowtow before Sun Joy. But one day he too went—went in the daytime, with the good will of his neighbors in the Street of the Six Hundred Roses. He went to make his fortune in the Lew Land favored of all lands. But he went, as he said, but to return.

In a little side street in San Francisco Wun Lung set up the inevitable laundry. And as he washed and ironed he thought of little Sun Joy and his spirits rose and he sang in his mild, quavering oriental voice, the songs of his home land. And many came to look upon him, for he had one interesting peculiarity which others of his race did not have. For if Wun Lung was on one side of his ironing board and desired to reach the other side, he merely vaulted high in the air—and there he was. He made quick little side steps over to the stove, and he whirled round and round on the ball of one foot, like a top. And he laughed as he did it.

One day a scowling, skulking Chinaman, attracted by the crowd, stuck his head inside and uttered a guttural exclamation. Wun Lung responded with a smile and a kind word. His visitor was Fow Kee. Fow Kee came in. He explained that he was rich and prosperous. He did not explain why his clothes were slightly ragged, but he did suggest that if Wun Lung could put up twenty-five American dollars he could make Wun Lung a rich man. Wun Lung put them up and waited to become rich. Fow Kee disappeared. Time flew. Wun Lung moved to Chicago. The crowd there admired him also. He explained that his name, Wun Lung, really meant Aggie Gibbon. It was in Chicago that he again met Fow Kee. This time Fow Kee looked prosperous, but he still scowled. If Wun Lung had not become rich on that twenty-five it was apparent that Fow Kee had. Fow Kee watched some of Wun Lung's antics about the laundry with dusky but interested eyes. In the gathering dusk he whispered in Wun Lung's ear. Wun Lung grew wide-eyed in surprise. The next day Wun Lung shut up shop.

In the Imperial Theater in the metropolis, the headliners were the Kee-Lung troupe—the Chinese (not Japanese mind, but Chinese) grotesque acrobats. They had been running for four weeks and were still popular. The troupe consisted only of Wun Lung and Fow Kee. The stage was rigged up like a Chinese laundry and what they did was done there—even to the mid quavering songs of the imitable Wun Lung. When they had first started, Fow Kee, whose evil mind strayed back to the Street of the Roses, again whispered in the ear of Wun Lung. Again Wun Lung had acquiesced—and he had done more. He had placed in the hands of one of the Chinese Tong's a substantial sum of money for the transportation of the beautiful Sun Joy to America. He knew that the Tong would get her here or bust. And all day long he sang of the little Sun Joy and bided his time. And so also did Fow Kee.

Sun Joy came. Fow Kee who had inside knowledge of the time of her coming, received her at the hands of

the representative of the Tong. He whispered in her ear that it was he who had sent the money to bring her over. She asked about Wun Lung. Fow Kee smiled and said that Wun Lung was happy—Wun Lung and his Irish-American wives. And he scowled and smiled as Sun Joy uttered a low voiced exclamation of despair.

At last Wun Lung and Sun Joy met, with enthusiasm on one side and much reserve on the other. Fow Kee hung about for a time, but finally was compelled to leave them alone. And then Sun Joy burst forth and told Wun Lung about his Irish-American wives. Wun Lung smiled. The wives belonged to Fow Kee, not to himself. And so he told Sun Joy. And she believed him and was glad.

And Sun Joy joined the troupe—and she was a strong drawing card. The Kee-Lung-Joy Chinese Acrobats held their place at the top of the programme. And Sun Joy learned. She had not forgotten the bamboo rod in the market place. But she clung to Wun Lung and rebuffed Fow Kee. She was a queen in her way, was Sun Joy, and Fow Kee was afraid of her. But he thought if Wun Lung was out of the way it would be a good thing—a very good thing. But the troupe made money. Fow Kee got the most of it, but Wun Lung and Sun Joy had plenty too.

High up in the laundry on the stage was a tight wire which was supposed to be an indoor clothesline. This wire was not ten feet—it was 25 feet above the hard boards of the stage. All three of the troupe danced upon this wire. Fow Kee was not altogether graceful and he generally was afraid, and the other two had most of the applause. Wun Lung especially made a hit.

One night before the curtain rose, Fow Kee with his own hands moved the real iron stove over to a point directly under the wire. A man falling from above upon the stove might be crushed to death.

It was at the very climax of the act. The three were upon the wire. Suddenly, by an almost imperceptible movement, Fow Kee jerked his elbow into Wun Lung's side. Wun Lung braced himself, grasped at the air, tottered and fell. He was a little fellow and he did not weigh overmuch. Fow Kee smiled and scowled. But little Sun Joy darted forward and caught Wun Lung as he fell.

This, too, destroyed her balance, but with her other hand she clung to the wire. And there they hung, in mid-air. Fow Kee now grasped the situation. He did not want her harmed, and he saw she would cling to the last gasp. And anyway if they did fall now it was likely that they would light on their feet. He therefore waved his hand lightly to the audience and stooping down, by main force lifted Sun Joy and Wun Lung back to the wire. The audience who thought it was a new trick, laughed and applauded. But Sun Joy who had seen it all, did not laugh. Nor did she laugh later when she saw Fow Kee shake a bit of white powder into Wun Lung's tea.

But she did laugh the next day when she and Wun Lung, in a luxurious palace car, sped west from danger into safety, sped on their hasty wedding trip back to the beautiful Street of the Six Hundred Full Blown Roses. Back in the Imperial Theater a scowling Chinaman was trying to do the Kee-Lung-Joy act all by himself. He didn't do it, well and the crowd knew it. "Bring on the little Chink and the little girl," they yelled.

THE MIDDLE AGED.

Forty-Five is No Longer Regarded as an Age at Which People Are Thought Old.

If the progress of education, and the consequent general development of the intellect of the individual, the frequency of what our grandfathers would have called youthful precocity, is remarkable, almost as significant is what may be described as the refusal of middle age to accept its traditional position in the journey of life, says the London Spectator. Half a century ago a man of 45 was regarded almost as elderly, and a woman of the same age was expected to have long since cut herself adrift from all ties binding her to her youth, and to assume the appearance and deportment of a staid, exemplary matron. All this has changed in a particularly interesting way, of which the prominent feature is a seeming contradiction. If the three-year-old child of to-day is as knowing as was the six-year-old of half a century ago, and the ten-year-old boy of to-day is in many respects quite as much a man as was his grandfather at 18, one might naturally expect that in due gradation the modern middle-aged man should be old beyond his years. But such is not the case. Middle age, so far from hurrying on into senility, so far even from standing still, would seem actually to have stepped backwards and marched alongside of youth. There is a jauntiness, a buoyancy, an elasticity about the middle-aged parent of to-day at which our fathers would have shaken their heads as unseemly. The gulf which once separated the middle-aged parent from his children has been filled up. The curtain which shrouded the middle-aged man generally from the eyes of youth, and which caused him to be regarded with respect, if not with awe, has been lifted, and in obedience to the same influences which have made the schoolmaster the friend of the schoolboy, and the regimental officer almost the comrade of his men, the middle-aged man of to-day is never so happy as when working or playing upon an equality with and actually in competition with youth.

Ohio collects over \$4,000,000 in licenses from 10,739 saloons.

ROUND ABOUT THE STATE.

The 9-year-old son of Paul Rausell, an iron worker, was drowned in Sauk river while bathing at St. Cloud.

Fire destroyed the large livery barn of Gilbertson & Peterson, together with twenty-five head of horses at Rutherford.

Pure food departments of Minnesota, Wisconsin and the Dakotas are planning a vigorous enforcement campaign.

Work has commenced on the building of a 200-foot dock at Beaver Bay, twenty-five miles up the shore from Two Harbors.

The body of a baby boy was found in the Mississippi river near the Crosby farm, by an employe of the St. Paul Boom Company.

The right wing of the dam in Cloquet river, at the lower end of Island lake, gave way, and many millions of feet of logs were released.

The Rock Island will build ten more sidetracks at the West Side freighthouse in St. Paul. It will be necessary to remove several houses.

Joseph A. Jeremy of Nininger was arrested on a charge of larceny of logs valued at \$20 on May 19, the property of R. H. Clute of Minneapolis.

Oscar Wick, a farmer who was unloading a freight car at Watson, was killed by the carelessness of the train crew in switching. He was about 30 years of age and had lived in the vicinity from childhood.

Sheriff Hardy of Cass county reports finding the body of a man in the creek near Backus. It is believed the man was slugged, dragged some distance and then thrown in the creek.

The body of a fully developed male infant was found in a tennis court in the rear of 64 Twelfth street south, Minneapolis, covered with newspapers in an attempt at partial concealment.

Daney Blair, the 12-year-old son of a farmer, near Kensington, had a portion of his hand blown off while experimenting with a dynamite cartridge. He was curious to know whether it would go off and proceeded to pound it with a rock.

One hundred and fifty rural free delivery carriers will meet in Minneapolis next month on invitation of the Commercial Club. It will be the first annual convention of the "farmers' best friend" in Minnesota.

The scholarships awarded by St. Olaf academy for the college were given Ole Brekken and Theodor Sternberg. The winners in the essay contest were George P. Honness, first; B. O. Steffenson, second; C. Stockstad, third.

Daniel Woodbury, eighty years old, was gored to death by a Jersey bull. Woodbury, who was well-to-do, lived alone at 19 Cedar Lake road near Minneapolis. He had raised the bull from a calf and treated the animal as a pet.

William Martin, aged 10 years, was shot and almost instantly killed at Long Prairie. He and an older brother took a revolver from their uncle's trunk. A bullet in the region of the heart was the result of fooling with the gun.

Minneapolis grain houses, with lines of elevators in the Canadian northwest, are inclined to the opinion that the quantity of old crop wheat back in farmers' hands across the line is about 6,000,000 bushels.

The village council of Fosston has let contracts for a new electric light generator and engine. Fosston is one of the few towns that have made a success in owning and operating public utilities.

The state inspector in St. Paul found 222 dairies with 4,897 cows supplying 7,570 gallons of milk the dairies of Minneapolis and St. Paul, dairies with 9,719 cows supplying 16,527 gallons of milk each day.

Details have been decided upon for the most notable prize band contest that has ever taken place in the northwest. It will occur Monday, June 8, Retail Merchants' Association day of the June Fair and Carnival.

The headquarters of the transcontinental freight bureau may be moved from San Francisco to St. Paul because of the better location of St. Paul for the transaction of business.

The Armour Packing Company has filed suit in the United States circuit court against the Minneapolis Cold Storage Company for damages in the sum of \$6,154.18, alleged to have been done to 1,001,880 eggs by reason of neglect and improper care.

The 7-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Sutton was playing on the Great Northern track over a coolie near Angus when he fell through and was drowned.

Because four of their coworkers were discharged, fourteen of the girl telephone operators employed at the central office of the Twin City Telephone Company, in Minneapolis, went out on a sympathetic strike.

The steamer Gazelle, with a raft of logs in tow, had her wheel considerably damaged by striking the protection pier of the railway drawbridge at Hastings.

Willie Wilson, 6 years old, was run down by a street car on Payne avenue, St. Paul, and instantly killed. The lad was standing in the street on the car track and did not notice the approaching car.

A year's extension in the time of settling up the F. H. Peavey estate has been granted by Judge Harvey upon application of George W. Peavey, F. T. Heffelfinger and Frederick B. Wells, executors. The reason for the request is that the will provides that the property shall be kept intact for five years.

The distinguished party of German agriculturalists who are now touring the United States are expected in Minneapolis June 11, and on the evening of their arrival they will be guests of the German-American club at a dinner in the Commercial Club rooms.

The Vasa Farmers' Mutual Insurance Company is making preparations for a big celebration on June 25. The company has a membership of 700.

An order to wage war against sparrows has been issued by the traffic department of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad, and a slaughter of the birds is to follow.

REGISTER OF THE U. S. TREASURY USES PE-RU-NA FOR SUMMER CATARRH.

Summer Catarrh Afflicts Men and Women.

HON. JUDSON W. LYONS, Register of the United States Treasury, in a letter from Washington, D. C., says:

"I find Peruna to be an excellent remedy for the catarrhal affections of spring and summer, and those who suffer from depression from the heat of the summer will find no remedy the equal of Peruna."—Judson W. Lyons.

No man is better known in the financial world than Judson W. Lyons, formerly of Augusta, Ga. His name on every piece of money of recent date makes his signature one of the most familiar ones in the United States.

Two Interesting Letters from Thankful Women.

Miss Camilla Chartier, 5 West Lexington St., Baltimore, Md., writes:

"Late summers gradually affected my digestion and made me miserably dyspeptic, suffering intensely at times. I took several kinds of medicine which were prescribed by different physicians but still continued to suffer. But the trial of one bottle of Peruna convinced me that it would rid me of this trouble, so I continued taking it for several weeks and I was in excellent health, having gained ten pounds."—Miss Camilla Chartier.

Summer Catarrh.

Mrs. Kate Bohm, 1119 Willoughby Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., writes:

"When I wrote you I was troubled with frequent headaches, dizzy, strange feeling in the head, sleeplessness, sinking feelings, faintness and numbness. Sometimes I had heartburn. My food would rise to my throat after every meal, and my bowels were very irregular.

"I wrote you for advice, and I now take pleasure in informing you that my improvement is very great indeed. I did not expect to improve so quickly

Those Delightful Americans.

"Here's a story, the truth of which is vouched for by an English lady resident in Florence. She has a balcony that overhangs a street in which are some shops, and a few days ago an American mother and daughter paused to look in at the window, and interchanged the following remarks: 'Mamma, are you quite sure that this is Venice?' 'Yes, mamma, was the reply, 'you know it says in our itinerary that we are to be in Venice on April 15, and to-day is April 15, sure!'"—London Modern Society.

Lively Occupation.

To one unfamiliar with country nomenclature the question asked by the young man might not seem wholly unanswerable. "And were you never in the country during the season of husking-bees, Mr. S—?" asked the young lady.

"No. The idea! How do you husk a bee, anyway?"—Philadelphia Press.

Minnesota Man's Discovery.

Adrian, Minn., June 1st.—Philip Doyle, of this place, says he has found out a medicine that will cure any case of Kidney Trouble. As Mr. Doyle was himself very sick for a long time with this painful disease, and is now, apparently, as well as his statement carries the confirmation of personal experience.

The remedy that cured Mr. Doyle is called Dodd's Kidney Pills. In speaking of the pills, Mr. Doyle says: "In regard to Dodd's Kidney Pills, they are certainly a wonderful medicine—the best that I have ever taken."

"I was very bad for a long time with Kidney Trouble and could get nothing to help me till I tried Dodd's Kidney Pills. They used altogether about ten boxes, and I can say emphatically that I am completely cured. I am entirely well, without a symptom of Kidney Trouble left."

"I can heartily recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to anyone who is in any way troubled with them, for they made me all right. I have advised several of my friends to try them, and not one has been disappointed."

Her Preference.

Fashionable Doctor.—My dear young lady, you are drinking unfiltered water, which swarms with animal organisms. You should have it boiled. Patient.—Well, doctor, I think I'd sooner use an aquarium than a cemetery.—London Tit-Bits.

Ladies Can Wear Shoes One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease. A certain cure for swollen, sweating, hot, aching feet. At all Druggists, 25c. Accept no substitute. Trial package FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

The fool sits down and waits for extraordinary opportunities to come his way, but the wise man grasps common chances and proceeds to make them great.—Chicago Daily News.

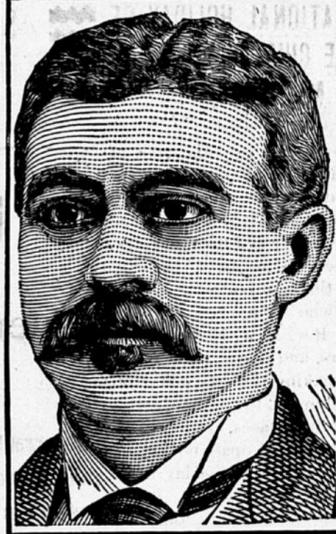
GRIPPE HURT KIDNEYS.

The lingering results of La Grippe remain with the kidneys for a long time. They suffer from over exertion and the heavy drugs of Grippe medicines. Doan's Kidney Pills overcome this condition.

AURORA, NEW MEXICO.—I received the free sample of Doan's Kidney Pills which I ordered for a girl nine years old that was suffering with bed wetting, and she improved very fast. The pills acted directly on the bladder in her case and stopped the trouble. J. C. LUCERO.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH.—My husband received the sample of Doan's Kidney Pills and has taken two more boxes and feels like a new man. He is a fireman on the Grand Trunk R. R., and the work is hard on the kidneys. Mrs. GEO. GIFFORD.

PLINY, W. VA.—The free trial of Doan's Kidney Pills acted so well with me, I wrote Hooff, the druggist, at Point Pleasant, to send me three boxes, with the result I have gained in weight, as well as entirely rid of my kidney trouble. My water had become very offensive and contained a white sediment and cloudy. I would have to get up six and seven times during the night, and then the voiding would dribble and cause frequent attempts, but, thanks to Doan's Kidney Pills, they have regulated all that, and I cannot praise them too much. JAS. A. L'ABRIE.



Hon. Judson W. Lyons.

after suffering for five long years. I am feeling very good and strong. I thank you so much for Peruna. I shall recommend it to all suffering with the effects of catarrh, and I consider it a household blessing. I shall never be without Peruna."

For those phrases of catarrh peculiar to summer Peruna will be found efficacious.

Peruna cures catarrh in all phases and stages.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

The Four-Track News, with a monthly edition of 50,000 copies, has a steadily increasing subscription list, while its system of distribution is one of the best enjoyed by any magazine. In the United States and Canada it is handled by thirty-four news companies, while the International News Co. distributes it throughout Europe. Foreign offices for the reception of subscriptions are maintained at London, Southampton, Bremen, Paris, Havre, Antwerp, Liverpool, Hamburg and Genoa, and files are kept at the office of every United States consul and consular agent in the world. Through the express companies and tourist agents it is also on sale at upwards of 500 places, embracing 210 cities in forty-five foreign countries.—From Printers' Ink.

"How wasteful of that gardener!" murmured the star boarder as he bit savagely but hopelessly at his asparagus. "How is that?" asked the landlady. "Why, if he had let these stalks grow one week longer he could have sold them for telegraph poles."—Baltimore American.

Low Summer Tourist Rates

Via Chicago Great Western Railway. Round trips to Colorado, Utah, Black Hills, New Mexico and Texas points. Tickets on sale daily June 1st to Sept. 30th. Good to return Oct. 31st. For further information apply to any Great Western agent, or J. P. Elmer, G. P. A., Chicago, Ill.

"Some folks," said Uncle Eben, "is busy because dey hab a heap o' work to do on some because dey wants to git away an' go fishin'."—Washington Star.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. Samuel, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

People who live only to amuse themselves work harder at the task than most people do in earning their daily bread.—H. More.

"The Klean, Kool Kitchen Kind" is the trade mark on stoves which enable you to cook in comfort in a cool kitchen.

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Bathe the affected parts with hot water and Cuticura Soap, to cleanse the surface of crusts and scales and soften the thickened cuticle. Dry, without rubbing, and apply Cuticura Ointment freely, to allay itching, irritation and inflammation, and soothe the heat, and, lastly, take Cuticura Resolvent, to cool and cleanse the blood. This complete local and constitutional treatment affords instant relief, permits rest and sleep in the severest forms of eczema and other itching, burning and scaly humours of the skin, scalp and blood, and points to a speedy, permanent and economical cure when all else fails.

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