

**LUCE ELECTRIC LINES** **New Towns** **LUCE ELECTRIC LINES**  
on the  
**Electric Short Line**

OFFER splendid openings for all lines of Business—General Stores, Hardware Stores, Lumber Yards, Implement Dealers, Grain, Feed and Fuel Dealers, Blacksmiths, etc. (Banks already provided.)

**Lyndale** 24 Miles West of Minneapolis  
**Hazelton** 35 Miles West of Minneapolis

These towns are located in one of the richest farming sections in the State of Minnesota. The farms are small now—mostly 80 acres—and are rapidly being cut up into still smaller tracts. The population is rapidly increasing which will add to the already fine Business Opportunities, Trucking, Fruit Growing and Dairying are greatly on the increase in this section.

**A District of Small Farms and Well-To-Do Farmers**

**Public Sale of Town Lots at Lyndale and Hazelton**

beginning next  
**Saturday, Sunday and Monday**  
June 12th June 13th June 14th

**LOW PRICES—QUICK SALES** **Reasonable Terms To Suit Purchaser** **Sale Takes Place On The Grounds**

**Pay Dirt** Small Tracts suitable for Trucking or Fruit Growing will also be sold at prices that will enable you to re-sell at a big profit.

**THIS MEANS DOLLARS TO YOU DON'T MISS IT**

CALL OR WRITE  
**Interurban Development Company**  
809-21 Phoenix Building MINNEAPOLIS  
M. K. Fowler, Pres.  
E. D. Luce, V. Pres.  
J. A. Ridgway, Jr., Sec.

**SEMINARY ALUMNI ASSOCIATION BANQUET**  
Held at the Seminary Chapel Last Thursday Evening With a Large Attendance.

The annual meeting and banquet of the Willmar Seminary Alumni Association was held at the Seminary last Thursday evening. A large number were present. The following menu was served: Oranges, strawberries, meat, mashed potatoes, gravy, pickles, white and brown bread, butter, fruit salad, wafers, coffee, doughnuts, ice cream and cake. Between courses a number of toasts were responded to. Prof. A. E. Nelson acted as toastmaster. P. B. Hong talking on "Deposits We Might Have Made," and Prof. A. C. Pederson spoke on "Graduates I Have Known." Attorney Johnson was unable to be present and Rev. T. O. Tolo spoke in his stead, speaking on "Reminiscences." Alexander Sand's topic was "Rose Buds," and he did full justice to the topic. Miss Ellen Syse was unable to attend, and Alfred Amundson was called upon. Miss Emma T. Johnson spoke on the "Alumni."

A short program was also rendered. A piano solo by Miss Estelle Brerig was followed by an address of welcome by Joseph Estrem. The regular business meeting was then held, and the following were elected officers for the ensuing year: President, Miss Emma T. Johnson, re-elected; vice president, Miss Jennie Swenson; secretary,

treasurer, Albert Nordstrom. A resolution of condolence over the death of the late Mrs. A. C. Skoog was then passed. Mrs. Skoog was a member of the Association. Following is the resolution:

"Whereas, God, in His wisdom, has removed from among us, one of our esteemed fellow members, Mrs. A. C. Skoog; and whereas, the willingness and faithfulness shown by her in the discharge of her duties in this Association, makes it eminently fitting that we record our appreciation of her; therefore

"Resolved that her congenial friendship and her valuable services to this organization will be held in grateful remembrance;

"Resolved that the sudden removal of such a life from our midst leaves a vacancy that will be deeply felt by all members and friends of this Association;

"Resolved that with deep sympathy for the bereaved husband and relatives of the deceased we express the hope that even so great a loss may be over-ruled for good by Him who doth all things well;

"Resolved that a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the records of this organization, and a copy forwarded to the bereaved husband and parents of the deceased.

**Class Day Exercises.**  
The annual class day exercises of the senior class of the high school were held in the assembly room last Friday morning. The program consisted of a piano solo by Miss Nellie Robbins, a vocal solo by Miss Mildred Smith, the class play by Miss Edna Johnson, the prophecy by the Misses Mildred Smith and Helen Wright, and the poem by Miss Amy Severinson. The class song was sung by a mixed quartette, Nellie Robbins, Esther Larsen, Lars Pedersen and Robert Johnson.

On behalf of the class of 1915, Lars Pedersen, the president, presented to the school, a picture, the name of which is "The Graduates." This picture will be hung some time during the summer, and will adorn the west wall in the main hall on the second floor.

A. O. Forsberg responded on behalf of the Board of Education, accepting the gift for the district. He also spoke a few words of advice to the members of the senior class.

**Mission Meetings.**  
We wish to make special announcement of the mission meeting that will commence on Wednesday evening, June 16th at 8 o'clock. Three or four visiting pastors will preach at these services, two of which will be held each day, one at 11 a. m. and the other at 8 p. m. There will be good roasting singing and many other good things offered at these services. Everyone cordially invited.

**Creamery Meeting at Pennock.**  
There will be a meeting at the Pennock Bank next Saturday, June 12, at two o'clock p. m., for the purpose of discussing the proposition of organizing a creamery. This meeting is called by a committee composed of J. L. Jarrett, John Hanson, Elmer Anderson, Elmer Johnson and Gust Melne.

Dr. L. C. Harrison, Osteopathy and Sulphur Vapor Bath, Carlson Block.

**CLASS POEM.**

By Amy Severinson.  
By the shores of Big Sea Water  
By the shining Big Sea Water  
Stands the temple of the learned,  
Stands the Willmar High School building.  
Far behind it spread the prairies  
To the land of the Dakotas,  
Looking up to its example,  
Here the teachers deep and learned,  
Teach the pupils their knowledge  
How to battle with their lessons,  
Harshly scold them for their errors  
Drill them in the rules of latin.  
Of all lands they teach the language  
E'en the language of the Vikings,  
Teach their names and all their customs.

Why the Normans conquered England  
What it is that equals X.  
Here we seniors, glad and joyful  
Came one day in last September.  
When all the crop was ripened,  
With the sun of sweet September.  
For our last year's work and pleasure,  
Gravely then, had said our parents—  
"Bring not back unearned diplomas  
Bring not here a useless graduate,  
Bring us unskilled, minds unwilling  
Bring us back a finished product.  
Of the lore that's taught in High School,  
Heart and mind that work together  
Skill to solve momentous problems."  
Many lessons hard and tedious,  
Lessons, tedious and fearsome,  
Taught the Seniors, life is earnest  
Full of problems to be worked out.  
Difficulties bound us closer,  
Kept our hearts in tune together  
Taught us how to work together  
Taught us unselfishness and service  
Many furious battles waged we,  
With the upstart tribe of Juniors,  
Thinking they could rival Seniors.  
Proudly o'er the High School building  
Waved the pennant of the Juniors.  
But the sunrise saw it lowered  
Ignominious and tattered.  
Proudly next day waved the pennant,  
Of the Seniors, strong and sturdy.  
Waved in triumph o'er the High School.

Waved in triumph o'er the Juniors,  
Who in vain had sought to seize it.  
Thus it is, the Seniors' hour,  
Those you love, and those who love you,  
Just as you have learned to know us,  
Comes the world with—methods  
With its flute of fame and fortune,  
Beckons to the finished product.  
And we follow where it leads us  
Leaving High School for the World.  
We be our journey onward  
May the birds sing loud and sweetly  
Songs of happiness and heart's ease.  
But, departed are we Seniors  
From our school so well beloved.  
Out upon the Big Sea Water  
Of the world's incessant roar,  
Out upon the Big Sea Water  
Gone are we forever more.

**Brogren-Smith.**  
The home of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Smith was the scene of a pretty wedding Wednesday evening at seven o'clock, when their only daughter, Maude Grace, was united in marriage to Mr. Elmer P. Brogren. The couple were ushered in to the music of Tanhauser's Wedding March played by Miss Cora Sather. Rev. Gushee tied the nuptial knot.

The bride was gowned in cream silk crepe de chine and wore a silk emerald veil. She carried a bouquet of bridal roses, and was attended by her cousin, Miss Helen Schurz, of Marshall, who wore a gown of pale crepe de chine overdraped with crepe chiffon.

The groom wore the conventional color and was attended by his brother, France, of Minneapolis.

The home was prettily decorated with pink and white, and green and white, and several varieties of beautiful flowers. After the ceremony a delicious two-course supper was served and the balance of the evening was enjoyably spent. The guests were ushered in by the groom's cousin, George Brogren, and Otis Smith. Those who waited table were Clara Erickson, Cora Larson, Ina Bertelson, George Brogren and Otis Smith.

The out of town guests were Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Brogren, the groom's parents, and Miss Sigrid Johnson of New London; Mrs. Ole Brogren and sons, George and Elmer of Willmar; Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hansen of Sherburn; Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Jones and F. V. Brogren of Minneapolis; Miss Helen Schurz of Marshall; Mrs. Conely of Chicago; and Miss Ina Bertelson of Antelope, Montana, and a host of friends from home.

After a short wedding trip, Mr. and Mrs. Brogren will be at home to their many friends at Yankton, Dak., after July 1st—Cottonwood Current.

The pair were the recipients of many valuable and useful gifts. Elmer is very well and favorably known in this city, and The Tribune joins with his many friends in wishing him and the lady of his choice much happiness.

**Thorvig-Arneson.**  
On Tuesday afternoon, May 25, at Minneapolis occurred the marriage of Mr. Henry O. Thorvig to Miss Lillian Arneson. The ceremony was performed at the St. Paul church parsonage, the pastor, Rev. Johnson, officiating, and was witnessed by Mrs. Johnson and Miss Clara Holter. The young couple arrived home from the cities last Wednesday evening and have gone to house-keeping in the Hendrickson residence in this village.

Both bride and groom are well known here having grown to manhood and womanhood south of this village. The groom is a carpenter by trade. We join with their many friends in extending congratulations to the newly-wedded couple.—Green Lake Breeze.

**Little Helpers.**  
The Little Helpers of the Swedish Baptist church will hold their regular monthly business meeting next Friday evening, June 11th, at eight o'clock. A program will be rendered, after which refreshments will be served. Everybody is cordially invited.

**Ice Cream Social.**  
The Oakland Literary Society will give an ice cream social at the J. J. Rykkan farm in Dore township, on Saturday, June 12, 1915.

**SALUTATORY.**

"The Natural Scenery of America; Its Effects on Characteristics of Its People."  
Thorwald P. Hanson.

Every American is proud to call his land the land of scenic beauty. Nature has stretched across this continent a panorama of rivers, lakes, forests, prairies, valleys and mountains. This diversity of formation has no parallel on any continent in the world. Europe has its wonderful monuments which show the artistic and architectural genius of man; America embraces much more than this. Within its boundaries are found the greatest natural specimens of sculpture. Here the workmanship of nature has expended its energies for centuries. No man would have dreamed of such great natural monuments of art.

From the lofty Rockies to the deep Colorado canyons; from the majestic Mississippi to its spring fed rivulets by the thousands; from the Great Lakes on its northern boundary, to the thousands of specks of clear water, nature's greatest mirror for reflecting its incomparable grandeur; from its inland seas which ride the commerce of nations to the rivers between, whose pictured shores flows ever and ever on the crystal waters, one of the great forces of commerce. We are enthralled and fascinated by these magnificent specimens of nature.

For years our tourists have turned to the east to satisfy their artistic instincts, they have revelled in the beauty of the American west, and the scenes along the Rhine, and the beauties of the midwest sun of northern Europe; but they have not realized that America's natural scenery far surpasses anything across the seas. On account of the war in Europe, which offered only destruction on every hand, many of our pleasure seekers, will, for the first time, comprehend the great beauties their own country offers. The Panama Exposition will naturally draw the attention of the whole country to the west and south, and this will offer an excellent opportunity to see the great sights of our own continent. Just as the great Americans show their foresightedness in every great commercial and financial undertaking, just so must the tourist show his, and see the great wonders of Niagara.

Standing on the brink of the precipice at Prospect Point, and taking the first good view of the great falls, everyone is impressed with their majestic beauty and enormous power. One cannot comprehend the vastness of the amount of water flowing over the rocky ledge, but listen, the waters seem to hesitate a moment before they plunge down into the vast gulf. Just so, has the American nation for years past, hesitated, before plunging into the great waters of freedom and liberty. It is in decision stands out one of the great characteristics of the American people. Every great war problem that has been fought, has not been undertaken until absolute necessity was at hand. But once begun, no power of the world has been great enough to stem the tide. Just as the observer contemplates the immensity of the volume of water, the great depth of the chasm into which it plunges, and is amazed at the power and admiration takes possession of the beholder. Here one comprehends one of nature's finest examples of power and magnitude. The power of this great water fall is equivalent to 200,000 tons of coal every twenty-four hours, or between five and six million horse power. Just so does the power and magnitude of the American nation present itself to the other nations of the world. What nation stands for the greatest achievement of the engineering world? Whose work is it, that today, by a narrow channel of water, can embrace and command the commerce of the world?

The transformation that the Panama canal has made in the world's commerce seems almost incredible when we think of this little narrow channel of water; this great accomplishment makes a pause well worth our time for reflection. Let us ask the question, "Has the wonderful natural scenery of this country had its effect in developing the characteristics of its people?" Just as the hydraulic power of Niagara, has been transformed into electrical power, of which the engineering world does not afford a parallel, just so do we find on this continent a nation composed of a cosmopolitan people, taken from all the other nations of the world, which has been transformed into a magnificent power far surpassing that of Rome. We must not linger in this atmosphere of charm too long, for the ever hurrying tourist wishes to feed on other splendors of this great scenic beauty. To soul sensitive, to the beautiful and sublime, have appealed the great wonders of our national parks. Here we find the brilliance of the streaming geysers, as they boisterously hurl themselves into the air, and then gracefully falls onto the green beneath; again the spectator feels the sense of power of the great abyss which lies beneath, hidden from mortal eye.

Then we think of those miles and miles of prairie and plateaus that have just been left behind, and we feel that there is a broadness of expanse, and farightedness on every hand. The great love of freedom and independence which was implanted in the hearts of our fathers at the time of the Revolutionary war shows itself in the broad tracts of farming lands divided into hundreds of spacious farms, which gives to the occupants, a feeling of freedom and might.

The American tourist is now ready to realize that this is his country and that he is one of its citizens. He is just awakened to the fact that he is hungry for more of his great environment that has developed a nation of such wonderful capacity. Where can the mind of man see or feel a bigger thing than the Grand Canyon of Arizona? Think of the workmanship of nature, having wrought out an abyss a mile deep, more than ten miles wide and over four thousand miles long. The faint ribbon at the bottom is a gigantic river, ever rushing on with fearful speed, and grinding deeper into the bowels of mother earth, to a supply of water greater than the Great Lakes and Niagara are pouring into the St. Lawrence. This marvel of nature, this giant of canyons, this monument of grandeur and beauty by day, and mournful, mysterious abyss by night, where the Indian found the abode of his dreaded spirits, has awe-stricken alike, the poet and painter. No word picture or artist's brush has been able to paint the wonderful colors, changing with the sun's light and shadows.

Just as the wondering eye follows the different strata of rock each showing the earth's formation, of millions of years of development, just so does the American tourist, stand in amazement at the climate of human progress, and the climate of human power, no human hand can conquer or spoil. Man's workmanship, the greatest of them, as the Pyramids in Egypt, are mere pebbles in the great stream.

Descend with me down the zig-zag paths along the side wall. We find that the sun is constantly pouring its efforts into this great abyss and is heating the air; when nightfall approaches, and the sun's rays are no longer in sight, the hot air rises from the depths below, and a great wind roars thru the canyon for hours. We have now reached the resting places at the bottom, that were never dreamed of when we looked down from the top; from the bottom of the canyon, nothing indicates to the eye or ear that the earth is inhabited, or was ever civilized.

Again, foresight, breadth of thought, and deliberation hold us bound as an American, rises to the very front of this continent, as we stand with raised head, peering into space. And we feel as never before the sublimity of peace, in contrast to the cruelty and shame on the European continent today. We feel as we have never felt before, that we are sheltered by a sacred grandeur that spreads itself everywhere like the blue canopy above us. There on that continent where the world turned its eyes for centuries, for all that was sacred to human advancement, we find that the noblest, dust of centuries has been scattered to the four winds of the earth or trampled beneath the feet to mingle with the clay of mother earth. Does this mean that American genius must now come to the rescue and swing the balance of science, literature and art, against these great destructive counter-balancing forces? Is the cry of milk for the starving continental infants only a sign that the world is ready for the American woman to assert their rights and trample to death the remnants of the Sabelian war-god? Must they interpret the wasteful cost of war and must motherhood rise to its field of action and refuse to give its sons to be shot in support of vagaries of monarchs and kings, or false ideas of national honor?

Have we, as a nation reached the great civil height when American rule and liberty have become synonyms of the English language?  
We halt a moment in the hurrying pace of the century, and the inner voice of man says: "Above us hover the divinities of our racial ancestors who cry out, devote to me, not the title of human life, but give me in return of all that nature gives you in this magnificent scenic beauty of your continent. Scatter the fertile earth of your republic over the surface of the entire globe, and let it bear the fruit of the stripes of red and white, and the stars in the field of azure blue."

Let us pass on to the most powerful laboratory of all ages. This is found in our own Mammoth Cave. Here, the acid solution made by nature, has worked out cavern after cavern, and for roof support, it has again deposited its salts, and built up pillar after pillar, wrought in the most fantastic conventional floral design. Just as this great monument of chemical laboratory lies hidden beneath the surface, just so do we find millions of tons of chemicals buried in its beds of rock. Mother earth gives and gives; never growing weary of the deed of giving, from her natural resources. Let me ask the question, "Could the American help but develop a spirit of philanthropy, with such an environment?" It was only the sequence of natural events, when Belgium looked to us for food and cloth-

ing for its infants. When all warring Europe cried out and said, "Give me of your chemicals, your food and your manufactured products." Here, we have a nation for the first time in the history of the world, built up, out of its environment.

American inventive genius has changed the slave of earlier times into machinery of all devices. It has subjected much of the manual labor and drudgery of life to the dead, unfeeling device of machinery, which is driven by the elements of nature, operated by a thoughtful brain.

With our wide expanse of forests, prairies, plateaus, lakes, rivers and mountain chains, all of them hundreds of miles in extent, there has developed the great love of freedom. Our little hamlets and scattered farms speak of it from ocean to ocean. On this free soil, every human being is an individual organism. They have become the units of our nation and hence the welfare of each individual is considered as vital.

American genius has made its slave out of dead clay, she has outgrown the greatest moral war ever fought, the emancipation of the slave. Shall she again stoop to feed mother earth with human sacrifice? Does man's savage nature still predominate to such an extent that he cannot be satisfied by the destruction of human life in the San Francisco earth-quake and the disaster of the Titanic? We hope and pray that on the American continent such a cosmopolitan people have been developed thru the environment of nature, that their hands shall never be stained in the destruction of human life for mere commercial gain or physical power. German militarism and English naval supremacy are not comparable with the American love of freedom. American courage, ingenuity and love of freedom, are worth all the shrapnel of Europe and Asia combined. We can only voice the sentiment of a recent writer who said, "Between sunrise and sunset, one million men will spring to arms, to drive the invader from our shores. 'Flag of the free, heart's hope and home, By angel hand to valor given Thy stars have lit the welkin dome, And all their hues were born in heaven. Forever float that standard sheet, Where breathes the foe, but falls before us, With freedom's soil beneath our feet And freedom's banner streaming o'er us.'"

**TIME TABLE**  
Arrival and departure of trains at the Willmar Station:

No. 3 from St. Paul	2:10 a. m.
No. 13 from St. Paul	1:40 p. m.
No. 31 from St. Paul	2:10 p. m.
No. 9 from St. Paul	10:40 p. m.
No. 12 from Cozad	2:30 a. m.
No. 52 from Yankton	3:30 a. m.
No. 32 from Sioux City	2:00 p. m.
No. 2 from Cozad	2:30 a. m.
No. 10 from Grand Forks	3:45 a. m.
No. 14 from Fargo	1:40 p. m.

No. 13 for Fargo	2:30 p. m.
No. 9 for Grand Forks	10:45 p. m.
No. 31 for Sioux City	2:00 p. m.
No. 51 for Yankton	1:15 p. m.
No. 32 for Duluth	2:35 p. m.
No. 10 for St. Paul	7:00 a. m.
No. 14 for St. Paul	1:30 p. m.
No. 2 for Seattle	2:15 a. m.
No. 2 for St. Paul	4:45 a. m.

**There is No Question** but that indigestion and the distressed feeling which always goes with it can be promptly relieved by taking a **Rexall Dyspepsia Tablet** before and after each meal. 25c a box. Carlson Bros.

**Awarded Gold Medal and International Diploma at St. Louis Exposition as Most Perfect Bath in the World.**  
Dr. G. D. Forsell has taken over the Sulphur Vapor-Bath from Dr. L. C. Harrison, who is leaving the city. These baths, given in connection with Dr. Forsell's excellent massage treatments, will prove very beneficial. Anyone suffering from rheumatism or kindred diseases will find relief in this treatment.

**Sickness Is a Result—So Is Health**

DAILY ailment of any sort comes as a result of either a violation of nature's laws or on account of an interference with nature's way to keep the body in perfect health.

The human structure is so constituted that it is unnatural and impossible for disease to creep in without cause. The nerve system which leads to, and feeds every remote part of the body, is designed to give perfect health to all the organs and keep them in repair.

If there is the slightest interference with the nerve communication there is bound to be disease in the particular organ fed by the nerve so obstructed.

**CHIROPRACTIC**

adjusts the obstruction and thereby removes the cause; thus restoring normal conditions and permitting Nature to heal.

THE CHIROPRACTOR USES NO DRUGS NOR KNIFE

Even a slight knowledge of the benefits of Chiropractic will prove to you that it is based upon scientific principles and a knowledge of the human body.

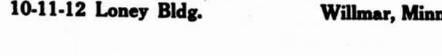
Chiropractic Helps Nature to Help You

**EXAMINATION FREE**

**LEWIS E. COSS, D. C.**

Chiropractor

10-11-12 Loney Bldg. Willmar, Minn.



A side view of five sections taken from the back bone. The opening between the third and fourth parts is normal and would permit the passage of a nerve not under pressure. The last opening is decreased by a shifting of the bones which would cause pressure upon a nerve, thus interfering with the transmission of life current.

ing for its infants. When all warring Europe cried out and said, "Give me of your chemicals, your food and your manufactured products." Here, we have a nation for the first time in the history of the world, built up, out of its environment.

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**ROSELAND.**  
Roseland, June 7.—Mr. and Mrs. Decker of Prinsburg spent Wednesday afternoon at the K. Theget home. Rev. Brummel and C. Stob were out fishing last Wednesday at the Kandiyohi lake.

Elizabeth Williams of Willmar is spending a few days at the home of her brother, Mr. Edward Williams, at Rev. Brummel and Rev. Dragt of Clara City exchanged pulpits last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Vos called on Mr. and Mrs. D. Dekker last Wednesday. Grace Zuldema and Grace Euling visited with Mr. and Mrs. John Dragt last Wednesday afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. John Bulkema of Raymond spent Sunday at the home of their daughter, Mrs. John Wieberdink. Born to Mr. and Mrs. John Bro-

war, a baby girl, last Wednesday evening. Mrs. George Lundquist of Prinsburg spent Tuesday at the I. Gort home.

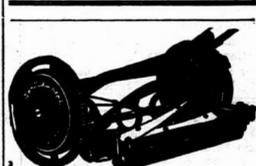
Mr. and Mrs. Gerhard Damhof and children spent Sunday evening at the H. Dragt home.

Miss Emma Kohrs is assisting with the work at the J. Brouwer home.

Mrs. Grace Gort and children visited with her sister, Mrs. John Zuldema last Tuesday afternoon. Rev. and Mrs. Dragt were entertained at dinner at the N. Vos home last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Dykema moved to their new home last Friday.

Price \$345 Price \$345  
—The—  
**Lion Tractor**  
Demonstrations  
Daily  
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**Mamrelund Farm**  
Five Miles North of Pennock  
**SAMUEL RODMAN**



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**Lawn Mowers**  
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Good Plumbing