

A LAND OF OPPORTUNITIES.

Inducements Held Out by Western Canada Are Powerful.

A recent number of the Winnipeg (Manitoba) Free Press contains an excellent article on the prospects in Western Canada, a portion of which we are pleased to reproduce.

The agents of the Canadian Government, located at different centres in the States, will be pleased to give any further information, as to rates, and how to reach these lands.

"Just now there is a keener interest than ever before on the part of the outside world, in regard to the claims of the Canadian West as a field of settlement. At no previous time has there been such a rush of immigration, and the amount of information distributed broadcast is unprecedentedly great.

"In the majority of the States of the Union and in Great Britain the opportunities for home-making and achieving of even a modest competence are at the best limited. Moreover, according to the social and industrial conditions prevalent in those communities, the future holds out no promise of better things. It is not strange, then, that energetic young men should turn their eyes to Canada's great wheat belt, where every man can pursue fortune without the hindrance of any discouraging handicaps.

"The inducements held out by Western Canada are powerful and made manifest by the great movement now in progress. That the prospects are considerably more than reasonably certain is borne out by the history of the country and its residents. The promise of gain is powerful, but when added to it there is the prospect of a corresponding social and civil elevation, it should prove irresistible to young men of a particularly desirable class for any new country.

"The Canadian West is alive with opportunities for the young man who aims at becoming more than a mere atom in the civil and national fabric. Some of the eager young fellows who arrive on the prairies daily are destined to become more than merely prosperous farmers. In the near future great municipal and provincial development will be in the hands of the people. The stepping stone to both financial prosperity and civil prominence is, and will be, the farm. For every professional opening there are hundreds of agricultural openings. The Canadian prairies are teeming with opportunities for the honest and industrious of all classes, but they are specially inviting to the ambitious young man who seeks a field for the energy and ability which he feels inherent within him. The familiar cry of 'Back to the soil!' is more than a vain sounding phrase when applied to Western Canada."

Merciless.

He—I go to bed at night with gloves on to keep my hands soft.
She—And do you wear your hat, too?—Illustrated Bits.

Garfield Tea, the herb laxative, is better than drugs and strong cathartics; it cures.

ONE UNVIOLATED RULE.

Club Servitor Had Seen Them All Broken Into Bits, Save That One.

A certain club, the name of which need not be mentioned, has strict regulations against gambling, relates the American Spectator.

A quartette of club members decided to break the rule by a game of poker for small stakes, so they adjourned to one of the small rooms and sold an old servant to bring a pack of cards.

When he brought them one of the members asked: "John, I suppose it would be something utterly new in this club if we were to do such a thing as play for money with these cards?" The negro scratched his head and deliberated, finally answering: "Boss, I've seen wiv dis club a long time, and I've seen many things."

"Yes, but what have you seen?" "I've seen ebry rule of dis club w'lated 'ceptin' one."

"What is that one?"

"De rule 'gainst gibbin' tips to de servants."

Locating the Blame.

"My dear," said the trusting wife, "I don't think your rules of economy are any good."

"You don't?" asked the fond husband.

"No," she replied, bending anew over the column of figures in her beautifully bound expense book. "You told me the way to save money was not to buy things—that thus we would save the amount the goods would have cost us. So I have been careful to set down the exact price of everything I have wanted to buy but felt I could not afford. I find, in adding it up, it amounts to \$535, but I only have \$4.37 in cash on hand. There must be something wrong with your theory.—Stray Stories.

THE DECIDING VOTE

By D. J. LAYTON

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

The green presented an unwanted appearance of activity. The bar at the ancient hotel near the state house was rapidly reducing the mortgage on the property.

It was the last day of the legislative session. For four years the state had been unrepresented in the United States senate. The factional quarrel in the Republican party, unimportant at first, had become a national question. The whole country was divided into Allison and anti-Allison adherents.

Allison had begun the present session with a solid array of 25 votes. He crawled slowly up to 29, and there he stopped. Arguments, threats, persuasion availed nothing. Every scheme known to political science had been tried. Dickers and deals had been met with counter deals. The Democrats and the anti-Allison men could not combine and Allison could not land another single supporter. Another deadlock seemed imminent.

Each day for over a week the clerk had announced: "For John Allison, 29; for Randolph Keener, 26; for Henry Thomas, 4. Necessary to a choice, 30," and the speaker, a bitter "Anti," had drawn out, with his nasal twang and with an increasing satisfaction as the prospect for an election lessened, "and no one having a majority of the votes of those present and voting, I declare no election."

It was 11 o'clock; the final ballot would be taken at noon.

Allison was sitting in the governor's private room, talking with the governor and the secretary of state.

Allison was a tall, heavy man, who dressed well, but quietly. In his lapel he wore a plain Grand Army button. His was a strong, kindly face, though careworn.

"If I thought that crowd were sincere in their principles," said he, "if their methods were cleaner than mine, I would respect them at least, and I would have stepped aside long ago. But it's not reform they're after. They want to lick me. Thomas ran up against me in a financial deal some years ago, and he's been after me ever since.

"Four men oppose our 29. Speaker Henry, owned body and soul by Thomas; Snyder and Hall, two unmitigated rascals if there ever were any, and old Wood, the only member they have from the country, and the only honest one they have. Why, he really thinks Thomas never spent a dollar in this fight. I had some hopes that he might be with us, but he's as stubborn as a mule. I had a talk with him last night.

"We're stronger now that we ever were, but it seems that Thomas holds the winning card. He has powerful friends and powerful interests, and some way he has the press of the country back of him. He seems certain to defeat me now, but there's a reckoning!"

The auditor's office was the headquarters of the "Antis." It was unoccupied save for two men. They were talking together in low tones.

One was tall and thin, with a peculiar cast in his eye. His eyes never met you squarely; they were over you, besides you, beyond you, but never at you. He was Snyder, a member of the house and a leader of the Thomas forces. He was nervously chewing the end of a cigar, jerking his sentences out rapidly. "I tell you, Hall," he said to his companion, a dark, heavy man with a cold, impassive countenance, "I tell you, it had to be done. I saw Allison have him in tow yesterday, and you know what that means. I knew something was up. I thought of those mortgages the first thing. Wood's all right, but he's cranky, and he's a shark for money. He's got a couple of mortgages on that place of his, and he'd turn a corner quick as greased lightning to save that precious farm. You bet Allison had something to say about them. I tell you it was that saved us this time. We've got 'em sure now, and with Allison safe at home and not mussin' up things down at Washington, we'll see who gets the offices."

"Snyder," said Hall, rousing himself; "you've made a mistake approaching Wood about those mortgages. I know Wood, used to court one of his daughters, and he's as straight as a string. He's one man that'll stand without hitching. He'd kick the traces pretty quick if he knew some of the tricks we've been working. He may have changed, though," he went on, musingly; "people do. I did. There was a time when I would have knocked a man down if he had tried to influence my vote, and now these lobbyists come to me the first one. I'm inclined to take your judgment, for you've got a long head and a sharp eye, when there's rascality going on. Let's get up."

The rasping voice of the speaker called the assembly to order.

Some one moved in a perfunctory manner "that the joint assembly do proceed to ballot for the election of a United States senator." The hum in the galleries increased. Slowly the roll-call proceeded. Down the list the clerk went, and no change. The end was not to be exciting after all. Here and there a member was keeping tally as the roll-call went on.

"Jeremiah Wood," sang out the clerk. There was an instant's pause, and Wood rose slowly from his seat, his hand half raised, as if in protest. He was an old man, with a flowing white beard stained yellow around the mouth from the constant use of tobacco. From behind his heavy steel spectacles shrewd, kindly eyes looked

out. His hands, trembling with age and excitement, showed wrinkled and blue-veined as he stood gripping his desk.

"Mr. Speaker," said he, "before I cast my vote I'd like to say a little something, if I have permission," and he peered around over his spectacles. "I won't take long, couldn't speak very long if I tried; I wasn't cut out for a legislaterman."

"My destrict, as you all know, is pretty much agin Allison. Some of us thought he wasn't runnin' this little political game right, and we fit him pretty strong. Since I've been here, I've tried to vote an' act right, an' none of them lobby fellers have got a hold of me yet. I thought my principles was too well known fer anyone ter try ter bribe me, 'cause I've allus tried to fight agin bribery and c'rruption. But it seems that a man's principles don't make no difference. What's his price?—that's all. Mr. Allison came to see me yesterday"—an audible titter ran around the hall, this was Allison methods with a vengeance—"an' he ast me fer my vote. I told him he couldn't have it, his ways of doin' bizness wasn't quite my way. Th't I was 'posed to bribery and c'rruption anyways. 'If that's all in the ways,' says he, 'you kin vote fer me with a clear conscience. Our principles ain't so diff'runt.'"

"Well, he argyed 'long fer quite a spell, an' finally, seein' I was still 'posed to him, he says: 'Well, Mr.



HIS HAND HALF RAISED AS IF IN PROTEST.

Wood, I won't argy any further, you seem to be standin' up to your principles, even if you are mistaken in your party, and he left me."

"No, it wasn't Allison that tried to bribe me," said he, looking around; "I s'posed you all thought so. I was lookin' out fer that myself. Didn't s'pect no better outen him, but I did think my own party'd know better'n to try that on me."

"I don't know as I've done anything to be insulted like that," he went on, complacently. "I've been a Thomas man right 'long, but seems as if some of our crowd thought as I was old, that I was weak'nin', an' that I'd have to be slicked up. He was a cute feller, too, slipped me all up with my val'ble services, an' that it'd be a pleasure to help me outen my financial troubles if I'd stand straight thru' to-day. He never fooled me a mite. You kin geneally tell a skunk if you git close enough to one. I s'pose he thought I was considerin' the offer," said the old man with fine scorn, "but I was just a-thinkin' what Allison told me, that our principles wasn't so diff'runt after all, an' I was kinder openin' my eyes. I says: 'Would you mind puttin' that in writin'?' and he kinder hesitated at fust. 'Cain't you trust me?' says he. 'Yes,' I says, 'I kin, but I'm not goin' to, 'cause promises don't worry some people much after they've got what they want,' an' he wrote it out an' signed his name."

"I've got mortgages on my place," went on the old man. "Put 'em there to send my two boys 'way to school, an' I'm not ashamed of it. They're fine boys, too, an' both of 'em a-doin' well, an' they'll take care of any mortgages I got."

"Now, I'll likely as not upset some-body's calculations by th' way I vote, an' I hadn't tended to vote this way till this mornin'. But I've kinder had my eyes opened, an' I've cum to th' conclusion that if they's any difference 'tween our crowd an' Allison's it's just 'bout th' same, an' that bein' so we might jest as well let m'jorty rule agin. Now, I don't want nobody chargin' me with sellin' out, an' I don't want no newspapers sech as you an' I knows of, to be a-jumpin' on me, neither. I got most of my information from them papers, an' it seems they lied. I didn't want to come to this legislater, but two year from now, if I'm alive, I'll want to be a candydagin, and I'm 'inclined to think I'll be 'lected too."

"Mr. Speaker, my vote is fer John Allison. He may be rotten, but there's others that's wuss."

Amid the pandemonium broken loose, Hall sat with a sarcastic smile on his face.

Blind Inventor.

A blind man named Noack, of Wittenberg, has invented an automatic disconnector for electric currents which can be made to break the connection according to will at any time from one to fifteen minutes and can be fitted to any apparatus. The cost of the invention is 60 cents. Noack is 47 and has been blind since the day following his birth.

SCHOOLGIRL'S DRESS

SHOULD NOT THINK TOO MUCH ABOUT THIS VEXATIOUS MATTER.

Most Schoolgirls Too Young and Too Pretty to Require Much Ornament in Their Dress—Don't Worry About Your Figure If Your Dress Is Comfortable—Health Is the Great Beautifier.

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

"Jessie has reached the age when she fusses and fidgets about her dress; looks at herself in the glass, worries because her cloak or her hat or her jacket or something else, is last year's style, and altogether behaves like a vain and silly girl," exclaimed Jessie's aunt Marion, who had no patience with such frivolous conduct.

"If Jessie had been the fourth daughter in a large family," said Mary Elizabeth, looking up with a smile, "she would have learned to be thankful for small favors. Until I had passed my thirteenth birthday I never once went out of the house with a costume every bit of which had been made for me. I usually wore Susan's last year's frocks and Mildred's last year's hats, retrimmed and freshened up, and when I had a jacket it had been worn before me by Ethel. Mother always bought good things that would last and they lasted until several children wore them out. I was cured of fussiness before so much as a wee leaf of it cropped up in my character. Generally speaking I had new shoes and that was a comfort."

Jessie had listened to both speakers with an air of serious attention. "I love pretty things," said she, "and I hate ugly ones. Why shall sister Louise, who is a young lady, wear a corset that gives her a good figure while I who have no figure at all am obliged to wear a corded waist and button my skirts to it?"

By this time I was so stirred up that I was compelled to intrude my views on the girls.

"What on earth can you be thinking of, Jessie? A school girl's first duty to herself is to wear healthful dress and although corsets are excellent and suitable in their place for grown up young women, they are not parts of hygienic dress for you. I hope that you spend a good many hours every day out of doors, and that your director of physical culture superintends your calisthenics and your exercises in the gymnasium. The gym is as the Latin class or the recitation room where you study and present any other abstruse subject in the school. For daily use a school girl needs well-made loosely fitting blouses and skirts, and the weight of her clothing should hang not from the hips but from the shoulder.

"Deep breathing is your great necessity; your lungs should be filled daily and often with the purest air and your chest have abundant room to expand. As for shoes, you must have common sense lasts broad enough in the sole and low enough in the heel to enable you to walk with ease and grace. A school girl must not wear a tight shoe nor a high heel. You are too young and too pretty to require much ornament in your dress, and there is no sense in your fussing over shirt-waists and simple stocks, hair ribbons and belts.

"Once your wardrobe is supplied with what is comfortable and you have equipped yourself with a golf cape, a rain-coat and a sailor hat, you are ready for every occasion."

"For receptions and commencement and Sunday evenings at home?" queried Jessie, her dimples playing hide and seek as she archly glanced at me.

"I beg your pardon," I answered. "A girl does need one or two dainty frocks for evening wear and they should preferably be white. The simpler they are the more suitable they are sure to be. A great many tucks, puffs, ruffles and lace insertions are misplaced in a girl's dress while she is yet in her teens. There may be, of course, some unobtrusive decorations, but not very much is needed for she herself sets off her gown. I like to think, too, that a girl who is growing up takes a little time now and then to bestow attention on the laundress who has to wash and iron the dainty muslins that are so elaborate and so beautifully finished with lace edges and delicate embroideries.

"A girl who has once or twice done her own laundry work, washed and ironed a white muslin gown, or a duck skirt, will know by experience that it is far from easy work, and she will be somewhat more careful about frequently sending it to the tub, than her friend who has had no such personal knowledge of the labor involved."

No young girl has the slightest occasion to worry about her figure if only she has a dress that fits her comfortably, if she stands up straight throwing back her shoulders and holding up her head. The figure will take care of itself. Health is the great beautifier and sensible dress is for young people its best ally.

Fortunately for young girls, there is no question about the length of their skirts. For everyday wear frocks that reach the ankle, are comfortable and insure ease in walking, and immunity from contact with mud and dirt. For functions such as Jessie referred to in her naive question about receptions and Sunday evenings, a girl's best gown while she is in her teens may be instep length. Girls never wear trailing skirts in these

days. An excellent adjunct to cleanliness, comfort and health is a whisk broom or a clothes-brush scrupulously used every time a dress is taken off. If we would carefully brush our clothes and shake them out of an open window before hanging them in closets or wardrobes, we should rid ourselves of the danger of germs that may have lurked in outside dust.

Girls should be grateful that their lot is cast in the twentieth century. An eighteenth century girl, or one born in the early nineteenth, wore a short-waisted frock with the skirt beginning under the arm-pits. It was of clinging stuff and swept the floor as she walked. Her shoes were thin slippers without heels held on by strings crossed over the instep and around the ankles. On her head she often wore a construction of muslin and wire that was half turban and half cap. Her sleeves were short and her dresses half low at the neck, as a rule. Do you not think that you are much better dressed than she was, both for health and beauty?

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ADVICE ABOUT THE TEETH

Select the Brush with Care, Consult a Dentist Whenever Certain Symptoms Appear.

So many people show little discrimination in the choice of tooth brushes. It is equally wrong to have them too soft or too hard. This ought to be ascertainable by the touch, and they should not be used for any length of time, but at once discarded. Cheap brushes with which the market is now flooded are an abomination, for the hairs are sure to come out and lodge between the teeth, causing much discomfort, and, moreover, the bristles are often secured in such a way with wire that it becomes dislodged, and pricks the gums. Teeth should always be closely watched, and if the gums recede or any decay is perceived, recourse should be had at once to a dentist, for in dentistry a stitch in time does not save nine but ninety. Once let decay get any deep hold little can be done, but it is easy to arrest it at the beginning.

Parents cannot be too careful in instilling into their children early the necessity of care and attention to the teeth. It seems quite a weakness in the young to shirk tooth cleaning, and, moreover, mothers should watch the growth of the second teeth, that there is no overcrowding. In early youth many defects can be cured by proper treatment. Teeth that are growing far apart can be brought together easily; it would be a far more difficult matter later on when the gums are harder and the teeth have attained their full growth, but care should begin before the first teeth have been exchanged. It indicates something wrong if they decay, and it is a state of things that would be likely to repeat itself.

The writer remembers how as a child an old nurse who had been in the same post for two generations took infinite pains to teach her charges exactly how they should clean their teeth. She always said that pastes and liquid dentifrices were all very well in their way, but that powder should be used once a week at least, and that there was a great art in using a proper brush, which should be small and soft, and not too big for the mouth. It should be not only passed from one side to the other, but up and down, and great care taken to clean the back teeth as well as the front; finally it was essential to wash out the mouth with water, to which a few drops of fragrant dentifrice liquid should be added.

FROM FOREIGN LANDS.

One Can Put Great Deal of Money Into Tiny Turn-Overs of Exquisite Make.

It is strange what a little extra thrill of delight one has in possessing a dainty article of wearing apparel that came from a long, long distance, writes a lady in the Ohio Farmer.

The upper one of these three collars shown in the cut came from Ar-



THREE EXQUISITE TURN-OVERS.

menia. It is made of the tiny thread wheels for which Armenians are so celebrated.

The second, or Hardanger, is from Sweden, and the third, or drawn-work, from Mexico. But any of them could be imitated by a skillful needle-woman.

Virginia Beauties.

In Virginia the beauties sleep upon herb pillows. They begin at this time of the year to gather the garden herbs and to dry them. They never bury the face in a feather pillow for they believe it makes wrinkles. But they sleep on herbs, powdered and softened with rose leaves and the buds of spring flowers.

For the Hands.

A few drops of cider vinegar rubbed into the hands after washing clothes will keep them smooth and take away the spongy feeling they always have after being in the water a good while.

CLOTHES AND CONDUCT.

Addison could not write his best unless he was well dressed.

Every man and every woman feels the influence of clothes and appearance upon conduct.

Indeed, in a millennium of free clothes of the latest fashion we shall all be archangels.

You have heard of the lonely man in the Australian bush who always put on evening dress for dinner, so that he might remember he was a gentleman.

Put a naughty girl into her best Sunday clothes, and she will behave quite nicely. Put a blackguard into khaki and he will be a hero. Put an omnibus conductor into uniform and he will live up to his clothes.

You have to understand human nature mighty well to know that other people aren't any bigger fools than you are.—N. Y. Press.

HE WENT ON CRUTCHES

All Medicines Failed Until Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cured His Rheumatism.

"Some years ago," says Mr. W. H. Clark, a printer, living at 612 Buchanan street, Topeka, Kans., "I had a bad attack of rheumatism and could not seem to get over it. All sorts of medicines failed to do me any good and my trouble kept getting worse. My feet were so swollen that I could not wear shoes and I had to go on crutches. The pain was terrible.

"One day I was setting the type of an article for the paper telling what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had done for a man afflicted as I was and I was so impressed with it that I determined to give the medicine a trial. For a year my rheumatism had been growing worse, but after taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I began to improve. The pain and swelling all disappeared and I can truthfully say that I haven't felt better in the past twenty years than I do right now. I could name, off hand, a half-dozen people who have used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at my suggestion and who have received good results from them."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are guaranteed to be safe and harmless to the most delicate constitution. They contain no morphine, opiate, narcotic, nor anything to cause a drug habit. They do not act on the bowels but they actually make new blood and strengthen the nerves.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure rheumatism because they make rich, red blood and no man or woman can have healthy blood and rheumatism at the same time. They have also cured many cases of anemia, neuralgia, sciatica, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia and other diseases that have not yielded to ordinary treatment.

All druggists sell Dr. Williams' Pink Pills or they will be sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price, 60 cents per box, six boxes for \$2.50, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

MAKE EVERY DAY COUNT.
No matter how bad the weather, you cannot afford to be without a TOWER'S WATERPROOF OILED SUIT OR SLICKER.
When you buy look for the SIGN OF THE FISH.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, 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 LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

W. L. DOUGLAS

\$3.50 & \$3.00 SHOES

W. L. Douglas \$4.00 Gilt Edge Line cannot be equaled at any price.

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