A NEW TOWN EVERY WEEK

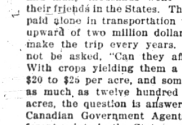
AND A NEW SCHOOL EVERY SCHOOL DAY.

The above caption about represents the growth of Central Canada. The statement was made not long since by a railroad man who claimed to have made the remarkable discovery that such was the case. There is not a district of a fair amount of settlement in any of the three Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, but has its school, and the railways have stations every seven or eight miles apart, around which group the towns, some large and some small, but each important to its own district. Schools are largely maintained by public funds and the expense of tuition is but a nominal sum.

The final returns of the grain production for Central Canada for 1909 is now in, and the figures show that the value of the crops to the farmers of that country is about 195 million dollars, as compared with 120 million last year. American farmers or those who have gone from the United States, will participate largely in these splendid returns, and these comprise those who have gone from nearly every State in the Union.

One of the many proofs that might be put forward showing the immense wealth that comes to the farmers of Central Canada is seen in the film that has been spent during the past two or three months by the farmers who have for the time being ceased worrying over the reaper and the thresher, and are taking to enjoying themselves for two or three months. It is said that fifty thousand people of these Western Provinces spent the holiday season visiting their old homes. Most of these passengers paid forty and some forty-five dollars for the round trip. Some went to Great Britain, some to the Continent, others to their old homes in Eastern Canada, and many thousands went to visit their friends in the States. The amount paid alone in transportation would be upward of two million dollars. Some make the trip every years. It need not be asked, "Can they afford it?" With crops yielding them a profit of $20 to $25 per acre, and some having as much as twelve hundred or more acres, the question is answered. The Canadian Government Agents at different points in the States report that they have interviewed a great many of those who are now visiting friends in the different states, and they all express themselves as well satisfied, and promise to take some of their friends back with them. There is still a lot of free homestead land in splendid districts, and other lands can be purchased at a reasonable price from railway and land companies.

AND TOMMY GOT BIFF.



Tommy—I say, sis, Mr. Gotsplosh wanted to know what you had in your stocking this morning.

Sis—Indeed; and what did you say?

Tommy—I said the usual things, you know.

$100 Reward, $100.

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

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

Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Natural.

"What is loaf sugar?" inquired Mrs. Justhicht.

"Why, it's sugar in the form of loaves, I suppose," answered her spouse. "Why?"

"I was wondering," said Mrs. J., "If that was what they made sweetbreads of."

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher.*

In Use For Over 30 Years.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

A Natural Sequence.

Bell—I felt Jack perusing my countenance.

Bell—Well, what then?

Belle—Then I felt my face getting red.

We are not to blame because you suffer from Rheumatism or Neuralgia, but you are if you do not try Hamlins Wizard Oil. It quickly soothes and allays all pain, soreness and inflammation.

The world delights in sunny people. The old are hungering for love more than for bread.—Drummond.

FOR DEEP-SEATED COLDS and coughs, after Influenza, Pneumonia, Bronchitis and other throat troubles, Piso's Cure has been found a prompt and reliable medicine. It has been sold for over 40 years. 25c., 50c., $1.00 bottles. All dealers.

Occasionally the human race is run over the course of true love.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES

RHEUMATISM BRIGHT'S DISEASE DIABETES

$1.75 "Guarantee"

DEFIANCE STARCH excelled to work with and 16 ounces more than other kinds.

LAST VOYAGE OF THE "SONORA ISABEL"

BY RANDALL PARRISH

AUTHOR OF "BOB HAMPTON OF PLACER," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HERBERM PETERS

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SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with the introduction of John Stephens, adventurer, a Massachusetts man marooned by authorities at Valparaiso, Chile. Being interested in mining operations in Bolivia, he was denounced by Chile as an insurrectionist and as a consequence was hiding. At his hotel his attention was attracted by an Englishman and a young woman. Stephens rescued the young woman from a drunken officer. He was thanked by her father, Admiral of the Peruvian navy confronted Stephens, told him that war had been declared between Chile and Peru and offered him the office of captain. He desired that that night the Esmeralda, a Chilean vessel, should be captured. Stephens accepted the commission. Stephens met a motley crew, to which he was assigned. He gave them final instructions.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

"Sacre! it has been as ze devil drove," easily. "Ze last was sandalwood in ze South seas. I care little, so ze pay be good."

"Then we'll get down to facts," and I sat back in the chair fronting the two of them. "Mr. Tuttle, how many men have you enlisted for this affair?"

"Twenty."

"Those fellows out yonder?" and I nodded toward the closed door. He exhibited his yellow teeth, his eyes narrowing.

"They'll be about all ye'll want to tackle, I guess," he volunteered, with some assumption of cheerfulness, "unless maybe you decide to turn the expedition into piracy, an' give 'em half the spoils. They're that sort, all right."

I straightened back in my chair, my jaws set hard, my gaze endeavoring vainly to catch and hold his shifty eye.

"Mr. Tuttle," I said, sternly, "as I understand matters I am captain this cruise, and you're mate. Whenever I desire your advice I'll probably ask for it. Just at present please confine yourself to my questions. What crew have you?"

The expression of his face was angry enough, yet he evidently thought best to answer civilly.

"First and second officers, boatswain and gunner, five coal-heavers, the rest seamen."

"Nationality?"

"Every mongrel race under the sky."

"You have no engineer?"

"Couldn't pick up any; however, there's one on board, and, no doubt, we can persuade him to stick to the job."

The man's manner and tone remained surly and insolent, but I gripped my indignation and held back the hot words burning my tongue. It was necessary that I make the best of it now, but after we were once safely at sea I intended very shortly to take the measure of this Yankee whaleman. My eyes wandered toward the olive-tinted face of De Nova, barely visible through the enveloping smoke of his cigarette. The latter nodded cheerfully, as though he interpreted my thought.

"Oh, se men was all right, monsieur," he put in, smilingly. "Maybe a bit rough, but, sacre, w'at would you?" his shoulders rising to the question. "Mr. Tuttle he grumble, but it was all bark. I know him, an' I razzer bark myself, so zan hear him talk to ze spirits; we-ha we do zat, it make me sick, by gar!"

"You blaspheming, mongrel infidel," the whaleman's nasal voice rising shrill with anger. "I don't have to count beads in order to lift my soul to the other world."

"There is liable to be fighting enough before morning," I interposed, sharply, fearing a quarrel, "without comrades falling out about their belief. Leave that for lubbers ashore to argue over. Now tell me what arrangements have been made for boarding the Esmeralda?"

Tuttle spat into the sawdust, his gaze still on De Nova.

"Two boats concealed beneath the piling of the Mercantile Company's coal wharf; a whaleboat and a cutter."

"Any arms?"

"A dozen rifles, six in each boat."

I arose to my feet, glancing at my watch in the dim light. He had not given me the customary "sir" in any of his replies; yet I ignored the omission, willing for the time being to sink formality for the sake of action.

"Very well, Mr. Tuttle. Have your men there in an hour from now. They had better travel in parties of two; and see that they start out sober. You understand these orders clearly, I hope, sir—have them there in an hour, sober. De Nova, you must know how to bring sailor-men to their senses; get busy with that gang. Now work rapidly and quickly, both of you, for if we get caught, this is likely to be a hanging matter for all of us."

I stared at the two of them for just an instant—De Nova on his feet, Tuttle leaning forward in his chair—and stepped forth into the outer room, closing the door behind me. A drunken yell greeted my re-entrance into the boisterous crowd, but ignoring everything, glancing neither to right nor left, I picked my way through the motley gathering out into the welcome blackness of the night.

CHAPTER V.

In Which We Gain the Deck.

I paused a moment amid the dense shadows to reflect more carefully upon some of the details of our night's work. For the first time I clearly realised the desperate nature of this adventure upon which I was so recklessly embarked. Could we once attain the yacht's deck unobserved and make our attack with sufficient swiftness to prevent the discharge of firearms, the rest might be accomplished without great risk of discovery, barring some unexpected mishap. The very audacity of such an attempt was strongly in our favor. If we succeeded in silently warping the Esmeralda beyond range of the guns of the shore batteries all real and immediate danger would be over. Probably not a war vessel in the harbor had steam up, and, if they did, no Chilean warship could hope to overhaul us when once fairly at sea.

I gave the personnel of the crew Tuttle had collected brief consideration. They were no rougher than I should naturally expect men to be who were volunteering for such a task. Besides, Jack ashore and Jack at sea are two widely differing personalities; once sobered and on shipboard, steadied somewhat by the perils of their position, and exhilarated by the promised reward, they would doubtless prove efficient enough. Tuttle might require a lesson in sea etiquette, and, if he did, I felt perfectly confident of my ability to administer it promptly and forcibly. As for De Nova, I had no doubt that he would prove himself a good man. So, altogether, my spirits rose as I thus contemplated a definite plan of action.

The movement on the water was only the merest ripple, with the riding lights of the various ships at anchor reflected back as from a giant mirror. Two vessels, a full-rigged ship and a small schooner, lay close in shore, apparently deserted, their decks gloomy wastes, their bare spars sticking up skeleton-like and ghostly. Farther out, and somewhat to the left, a yellow lantern, perhaps in the bow of a guardboat, bobbed about, zig-zagging here and there like some erratic star. It was some time before I could locate with any certainty the particular vessel I sought. The harbor was littered with sea craft of every description, and my knowledge regarding the Esmeralda was most meager, being merely her point of anchorage, and that she was a large steam-yacht, schooner-rigged.

Finally, into the focus of the leveled glasses there crept indistinctly the delicate tracery of her bow, rendered more plainly visible beneath the green radiance of her riding lamp. Lights were showing faintly through several portholes amidships, certain proof that she was not entirely deserted; yet the cabins aft were dark, and the only moving figure I could distinguish with certainty was slowly pacing back and forth along the lee rail of the poop. Suddenly, out from the enveloping smudge, came a shower of sparks and a red glare, and, a moment later, I traced the outlines of a steam launch cleaving the black water. It quickly vanished behind the fog wreaths hanging to seaward, the faint sound of its churning dying away, leaving the silent loneliness behind more solemnly impressive than ever. Only from off the land came echoing the noises of men—the loud vivas, the reiterated boom of explosives, the ceaseless blare of bands.

The scene became oppressive in its barrenness, and I felt the need of movement to overcome the weakening effect upon the nerves. This was to be a night of action, not of dreams, so I groped my uncertain path back along the littered wharf and around the curve of the shore line, beneath the gloomy shadows of coal sheds. Of lights there were comparatively none. If I except the uncertain glimmer of rockets along the water's surface, and I was consequently compelled to feel my way from object to object like a blinded man. Still, the course was sufficiently familiar so that I successfully maintained both footing and direction, finally emerging safely close beside the spot appointed for our rendezvous. There was considerable open space here, the Mercantile Company's sheds standing some 30 feet back of the shore line, and their wharf for the unloading of barges extending more than 50 feet out into the harbor. I could dimly perceive a great crane at the farther extremity, with dangling buckets, outlined against the sky. The night was too dark for me to decipher the face of my watch, yet it could not now be long before the arrival of the men. I crouched down beside a post to await their coming, once again searching the harbor with my night-glasses.

The company at last arrived by twos from out the enveloping gloom, silently grouping themselves amid the shadows. I could distinguish an occasional gruff cough, and the shuffling of feet, but there was no sound of conversation or hilarity. Evidently De Nova had sufficiently sobered them to their duty. At last one man detached himself from among the crowd and moved stealthily forward. I met him at the shore end of the wharf, peered into his face, half-concealed beneath the visor of his cap, until I recognized the fellow.

"Crew all here, Mr. Tuttle?"

"Yes, sir," he answered, startled by my sudden appearance into courteous response, "but mighty uneasy to be off."

"They shall not be delayed. Get the boats out at once. You are to take charge of the whaleboat and I will accompany De Nova in the cutter. Pull silently to the end of the wharf and lie by there to await instructions. Do your men understand the boats they are assigned to?"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Very well, then; get the boats out, and the crews aboard. Not a sound, remember, for there are guards patrolling the harbor."

I must confess this preparatory work was well and smartly accomplished, the men the merest silent shadows as they hauled the two hidden boats forth from concealment and quietly took their assigned places at the oars. Tuttle's crew was first afloat, De Nova experiencing some difficulty from attempting to load too near shore, in somewhat shallow water.

"Drop overboard, two of you, and shove off," I ordered, finally. "Lively now, lads, but no splashing."

The two fellows in the stern lowered themselves into the shallow water, bending down so as to put their shoulders against the planks for a heave. Suddenly, not three feet distant, a smudge of shadow uplifted, and I became conscious of a pallid human face gleaming faintly through the dark. Instantly I leaped toward it, with such force as to send the heavily laden boat swirling forward, the heaving men plunging face downward into the water. There was a startled exclamation in Spanish, a short-arm blow shot into a dimly revealed, half-familiar face, a fierce grip at the throat, and the two of us were on the sand, grappling like wild cats. Out of the water, dripping from their bath, the two seamen came to my aid, and, between us, we pinned the fellow to helpless silence.

"Toss him into the boat," I said, panting from exertion. "He will be safer with us than left ashore."

It appeared even darker out on the water than when we looked off upon it from the land, but, with a few cautious strokes, we discovered the smudge which represented Tuttle's whaleboat, and drew up within an oar's length of where he lay waiting.

"Mr. Tuttle," I began, speaking slowly and concisely so that the men in both boats could hear, "this is going to be no boy's play to-night, and I expect implicit obedience to my orders. Do exactly what I tell you and no more. You know the situation of the Esmeralda, and I want you to put your whaleboat in under her bow. If you keep a point east of north you can scarcely miss it. There is a lumping big brigantine anchored 100 feet beyond, with only a single light showing on her foremast. If you come up under her shadow you are not likely to be seen before you drift down against the Esmeralda's counter. Make use of the anchor-chain, and get half a dozen men quietly over the forecastle rail. Don't move from there until you receive some signal from me. Then clap down the forecastle scuttle, and make straight for the engine room. That will comprise the entire duty of your crew; and, above all things, let it be accomplished silently. Don't permit one of your men to carry a loaded firearm. Use belaying pins, if you need to, or a marlinspike, but no guns. De Nova and I will do it by way of the stern, and we will be responsible for the after-deck and the bridge. Has any one a question to ask?"

There was no response, the only sounds audible being the soft lapping of the water and the deep breathing of the men. I could distinguish them leaning eagerly forward, but the faces were undecipherable in the gloom.

"You understand clearly?"

"Ay, ay, Mr. Stephens," and Tuttle's nasal voice has promptly lost all its former trace of insolence.

"Then pull away slowly and noiselessly; don't hurry; we'll give you plenty of time to get in. Good-by, and good luck to you."

The balanced oars dipped gently into the water, scarcely rippling it, and the sharp-stemmed whaleboat glided away into the surrounding blackness like a ghost.

"All right now, De Nova," I whispered. "I'll go forward into the bow. Keep her lee rail off about a point and watch out for signals."

We slipped through the water silently, the sound of the dipping oar-blades little more audible than the suppressed breathing of the oarsmen. Confident that if any of the crew watching from the deck they were not likely to be directed astern, we made wide detour, creeping cautiously in beneath the slight bulge of the yacht's side, until the fellow behind me fastened his boathook firmly into the after-chains. Breathlessly we waited listening, but no sound reached us other than the slight hiss of escaping steam.

"Hold hard!" I whispered, the word passing back from man to man. "Two remain with the boat, the rest follow me."

I crept silently up into the chains and peered cautiously over onto the open deck. It was wrapped in darkness and silence, the sole gleam of revealing light coming from out the open main-hatch, and that only the merest glimmer slightly illuminating the ship amidships. There was a lamp alight in the after-cabin, but the shades were drawn so closely I could scarcely perceive its presence. I became aware that De Nova stood beside me.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Gave Birth to Mice in Trap

Male Parent's Devotion Rewarded by Freedom of Brood.

A Manayunk woman, going to her mouse trap the other morning, found a mouse in it, with six little mice as well.

They had, of course, been born after their mother's capture—an amazing thing. But more amazing still was the fact that they lay in a small round nest like a bird's, a nest made of bits of paper, thread, straw and shreds of linen and flannel.

The woman, instead of drowning forthwith the mother and her brood, retired, and from the next room watched the trap secretly. Her watch soon was rewarded. Another mouse trotted up with great caution, thrust a straw through the bars, and a few moments later returned with a shred of pink calico. The captive mother, with these contributions, proceeded to complete her nest.

This incident so moved the woman that on retiring that night she put a handsome piece of cheese in the trap and opened the tiny door. When she came down in the morning mother and young and cheese were gone—the nest alone remained to witness to the truth of her tale.

To Remove a Felon.

The following clipped from the London Lancet is a relief from bone felon: "As soon as the disease is felt put directly over the spot a fly blister about the size of your thumb nail, and let it remain for six hours, at the expiration of which time, directly under the surface of the blister, may be seen the felon, which can be instantly taken out with the point of a needle or a lancet."

WORK OF VOLCANO

EXPLANATION OF DESTRUCTION OF SODOM AND GOMORRAH.

Scientist Satisfied He Has Discovered Agent by Which the Two Wicked Cities Were Wiped from the Earth.

Ellsworth Huntington, head of the recent Yale expedition to Palestine, declares that he has verified the Bible story of Sodom and Gomorrah.

"Hundreds of pages," he says in Harper's magazine, "have been written to prove that the story is a myth, or that the ancient towns were destroyed by the bursting forth of oil wells like those of Texas or Baku, which sometimes are ignited and burn for days. Other hundreds of pages have been devoted to proving that Sodom and Gomorrah were or were not at the north end of the Dead sea, and that they were or were not buried under the saline deposits at either end of the lake.

"Among recent writers there seems to be a tendency to believe that Sodom and its sister town were probably located at the south end of the lake, where the name Usdom is thought to represent Sodom, and where Arab tradition now locates the ill-fated cities. The means of their destruction are believed to have been the oil wells mentioned above. This rather unsatisfactory conclusion has been adopted largely because it has been supposed that no volcano is located in such a position that it could have borne any part in the story.

"According to the story in Genesis, Lot and Abraham were at Bethel, ten miles north of Jerusalem, when their herdsmen quarreled and they decided to separate. 'And Lot lifted up his eyes, and beheld all the Plain of the Jordan, that it was well watered everywhere, before Jehovah destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah like the garden of Jehovah, like the land of Egypt, as thou goest unto Zoar. So Lot chose him all the Plain of Jordan.'

"Then the story goes on to the time when Jehovah rained upon Sodom and upon Gomorrah brimstone and fire from Jehovah out of heaven' while Lot fled to the near town of Zoar. He did not stay long, but 'went out of Zoar and dwelt in the mountain—in a cave.'

"Having freshly read the story and having looked over the strong arguments for locating the towns south of the Dead sea and for believing them to have been destroyed by something in the nature of bituminous outbursts, I was taken by surprise when I visited the little ruins of Suweimeh and picked up bits of genuine scoriaceous lava, while the sheikh who acted as guide told the story of Sodom as the story of Suweimeh or Suwelm. The name may be a corruption of Sodom.

"I went into the mountains at once from Suweimeh in order to see where the lava came from. As we climbed the lower hills the sheikh noticed that I picked up black pieces of lava and broke them open.

"'Don't bother with those,' he said. 'Up here,' pointing southeast, 'there is a whole mountain of black rock like that.'"

The Oasis of Jupiter Ammon.

Siwa, or Seewah, as which the Egyptian government has fresh trouble, is our old classical acquaintance the oasis of Jupiter Ammon, whose oracle was a formidable rival to Delphi. The oracle grew dumb about the time that the whisper ran round the world, "Pan is dead;" but this oasis is still a stronghold of religious fanaticism.

Most of the inhabitants, who rather resemble the Chinese in feature, and breed a perpetual quarrel on their countenances, belong to the Senussi sect of Mohammedanism, and profess a peculiarly sour variety of Puritanism. When not murdering Egyptian officials for demanding taxes they amuse themselves by "outing" the minority who refuse to join their denomination.

The oasis of Siwa is seldom visited by Europeans, because the journey involves a three-weeks' camel ride across the desert in which Cambyses lost his army, with a good chance of getting knocked on the head at the finish. Among themselves the Siwese talk a dying Libyan dialect.

His Tokens of Farewell.

Among the legends that have gathered around Sir Alfred Jones' name is one to the effect that he was in the habit of signifying to an office visitor, by offering him a banana, that he desired to end the interview. If the banana was declined the call prolonged Sir Alfred rose and presented his visitor with a fine flower from one of the glass stands in his office. But supposing his visitor stayed after the flower. Well, the legend continues, Sir Alfred then ordered a cask to the West Indies on one of his mail steamers, with a free holiday for six weeks at its hotel.

It is told, however, that on one occasion Sir Alfred got the worst of the banana trick. A young reporter called on him to learn, on behalf of his newspaper, something about the shipping conflict. When, after a ten seconds conversation regarding the weather, Sir Alfred's hand was straying toward the banana plate, the reporter hooked a couple of bananas out of his own pocket. In the sweetest tone of innocence he said: "Will you have a banana, Sir Alfred?"—Westminster Gazette.

Germs and a German.

"I am very particular about germs," said he. "I never touch anything to my mouth. I wouldn't hold a dime between my teeth for anything. I won't touch things with my fingers that I know aren't clean, the car rails, the windows, the door handles that are held by so many hands. How do you know what is the matter with those people? I always wipe the knives and forks at a cafe and the glasses. When I drink out of a cup I drink out of the other side, the side other people don't drink from. It's a good way to be. I'll never catch any sort of disease, I am so careful of germs."

"Are you so careful of germs," she asked rather wearily, "because you are German?"

Why does Great Britain buy its oatmeal of us?

Certainly it seems like carrying coals to Newcastle to speak of exporting oatmeal to Scotland, and each year the Quaker Oats Company sends hundreds of thousands of cases of Quaker Oats to Great Britain and Europe.

The reason is simple; while the English and Scotch are for centuries eaters oatmeal in quantities and used regularly that has made them the most rugged physically, and active mentally of all people, the American has been eating oatmeal and trying all the time to improve the methods of manufacture and make it more delicious and palatable.

How well he has succeeded would be seen at a glance at the export reports of Quaker Oats. This brand is recognized as without a rival in cleanliness and delicious flavor. 61

How it Struck Him.

"Behold the wondrous beauties of your sunset sky," exclaimed the poet. "How prodigal nature is with its splendent glories."

"Yes," answered the busy publisher, in an absent-minded tone, "it is going some to throw in a colored supplement every day."

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. They remove the cause. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

Interesting Problem.

Snicker—How brooms sweep clean, Bopker—Will new vacuums, also?

DAVIS PAINKILLER
should be taken when you have a cold. Relieves and tones the throat, warm your feet at once and take a hot drink. A full dose will break up the most severe cold. Avoid substitutes. All druggists in 25, 50c. and $1 bottles.

Low shoes and high heels may be fashionable extremes.

MORE PINKHAM CURES

Added to the Long List due to This Famous Remedy.

Orenogo, Mo.—"I was simply a nervous wreck. I could not walk across the floor without my heart fluttering and I could not even receive a letter. Every month I had such a bearing down sensation, as if the lower parts would fall out. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done my nerves a great deal of good and this wonderful medicine relieved the bearing down. I recommended it to some friends and two of them have been greatly benefited by it."—Mrs. Mae McKinney, Orenogo, Mo.

Another Grateful Woman.

St. Louis, Mo.—"I was bothered terribly with a female weakness and had backache, bearing down and pains in lower parts. I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound regularly and used the Sanative Wash and now I have no more trouble that way."—Mrs. Al. Herzog, 5723 Prescott Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Such letters as these from grateful women prove beyond a doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound actually does cure those diseases peculiar to women, and should restore health to every woman who suffers from displacements, inflammation, ulceration, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, indigestion, dizziness, and nervous prostration. It costs but a trifle to try it, and the result is worth millions to many suffering women.

WESTERN CANADA

Senator Dolliver, of Iowa, says:

"The stream of immigrants from the United States to Western Canada is the most notable movement of population in the history of the world."

Senator Dolliver recently held a meeting in Fort Dodge, Iowa, and in addressing the audience said: "I have lived in the very section of Iowa where the immigrants from Western Canada are now settling. I have seen them arrive with practically nothing, and in a few years they are in possession of splendid farms, with good buildings, and in many cases with a bank account. I have seen them arrive with horses that were not fit for work, and in a few years they are in possession of a full line of farm implements, and with the finest horses that can be found in the country. I have seen them arrive with cattle that were not fit for beef, and in a few years they are in possession of the finest herds of cattle that can be found in the country. I have seen them arrive with cattle that were not fit for beef, and in a few years they are in possession of the finest herds of cattle that can be found in the country. I have seen them arrive with cattle that were not fit for beef, and in a few years they are in possession of the finest herds of cattle that can be found in the country."

Senator Dolliver's statement is only one of thousands of similar ones made by those who have gone to Western Canada and taken up the splendid farms which are to be had there free of charge, or at a very low price. Any man who is the head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, can take up a homestead of 160 acres free of charge, and many of the choicest sections can be had at from $10 to $15 per acre. Within a few years the railway facilities will be such that no one will be more than a few miles from a railway station. Already the Canadian Pacific Railway, the Canadian Northern Railway, the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, and the Great Northern Railway are building new lines, and the Canadian Government is building the Hudson Bay Railway, which will open up a new district as large as the State of Iowa.

Over $170,000,000.00 was deposited in the Banks of Western Canada during the year 1909. This is the best evidence of the prosperity of the country.

Grain growing, mixed farming, cattle raising and dairying are all profitable industries in Western Canada. Wheat, oats, barley and flax are the principal grain crops. Wheat has yielded as high as 45 bushels to the acre, oats 90 bushels, barley 50 bushels, and flax 25 bushels. Timber for fuel and fencing is to be had in many districts at a small cost. Coal is found in many districts at a low price. Good water is found everywhere at a depth of from 20 to 100 feet. Churches and schools are established in all settled districts. Taxes are low. Markets are good. Social conditions are excellent. Full information as to how to secure free homesteads and purchase lands at low prices, and as to settlers' rates on railways, may be had by writing to W. H. Rogers, 176 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.; or C. A. Laurier, Banff Ave., Marie, Mich.

(When ordering mention this paper.)

Your Liver Is Clogged up

That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts—Have No Appetite.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS will put you right in a few days. They do their duty.

Name Constipation, Sick Headache, Biliousness, Indigestion.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

GENUINE must bear signature

Carter's Little Liver Pills

Don't Cough!—Use PISO'S CURE

THE BEST MEDICINE FOR COUGHS OR COLDS

Will instantly relieve your troubled throat. There is nothing like it for Asthma, Bronchitis and Hoarseness. Breathing is easy. Very pleasant to take. 25 cents.