OTTUMWA WOMAN CURED

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Ottumwa, Iowa.—"For years I was almost a constant sufferer from female trouble in all its dreadful forms, shooting pains all over my body, sick headache, spinal weakness, dizziness, depression, and everything that was horrid. I tried many doctors in different parts of the United States, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done more for me than all the doctors. I feel it my duty to tell you these facts. My heart is full of gratitude to you for my cure."—Mrs. HANNAH E. WAMPLER, 524 S. Ransom Street, Ottumwa, Iowa.

Consider This Advice.

No woman should submit to a surgical operation, which may mean death, until she has given Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fair trial.

This famous medicine, made only from roots and herbs, has for thirty years proved to be the most valuable tonic and invigorator of the female organism. Women residing in almost every city and town in the United States bear willing testimony to the wonderful virtue of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., invites all sick women to write her for advice. Her advice is free, confidential, and always helpful.

Father Loses an Excuse.

"Don't you regret seeing your children growing up to face the responsibilities of the world?"

"Yes," Mr. Bliggins said; "it's a little disappointing to find my boy so big that he is no longer an excuse for my going to the circus."

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.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Too Dangerous.

In the struggling days of Tuskegee, Booker T. Washington found that he would have to use an old chicken house for a schoolroom.

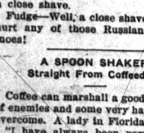
"Uncle," said he to an old colored man, "I want you to come down at nine o'clock tomorrow morning and help me clean out a henhouse."

"Law now, Mr. Washington," the old man expostulated, "you-all don't want to begin cleanin' out no henhouse roun' yere in de day time."—Success Magazine.

Varying Prices of Lobsters.

Lovers of lobsters ought to get a lot of comfort out of a recent paragraph in the famous old Kennebec Journal, which says that the crustaceans are "dirt cheap." However, the Journal adds, "they are not as low in price as in the old days, when they sold six for 25 cents, but the price has fallen to 16 cents a pound, which is decidedly different from the figures that were being quoted early in the spring. Then they were being bought alive for 50 cents a pound from the fishermen, and the price in Boston and New York soared to 80 cents a pound, and, in some cases, beyond."

TONSORIAL ART.



Judge—I see that they have fired another bomb at the czar and he had a close shave.

Fudge—Well, a close shave wouldn't hurt any of those Russian whiskerinoes!

A SPOON SHAKER.

Straight From Coffeedom.

Coffee can marshall a good squadron of enemies and some very hard ones to overcome. A lady in Florida writes:

"I have always been very fond of good coffee, and for years drank it at least three times a day. At last, however, I found that it was injuring me.

"I became bilious, subject to frequent and violent headaches, and so very nervous, that I could not lift a spoon to my mouth without spilling a part of its contents.

"My heart got 'rickety' and beat so fast and so hard that I could scarcely breathe, while my skin got thick and dingy, with yellow blotches on my face, caused by the condition of my liver and blood.

"I made up my mind that all these afflictions came from the coffee, and I determined to experiment and see.

"So I quit coffee and got a package of Postum which furnished my hot morning beverage. After a little time I was rewarded by a complete restoration of my health in every respect.

"I do not suffer from billousness any more, my headaches have disappeared, my nerves are as steady as could be desired, my heart beats regularly and my complexion has cleared up beautifully—the blotches have been wiped out and it is such a pleasure to be well again." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

KEITH OF THE BORDER

A TALE OF THE PLAINS

By RANDALL PARRISH

Author of "My Lady of the South," "When Wilderness Was King," Etc., Etc.

Illustrations By Dearborn Melvill

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CHAPTER I.

The Plainsman.

The man was riding just below the summit of the ridge, occasionally uplifting his head so as to gaze across the crest, shading his eyes with one hand, to thus better concentrate his vision. Both horse and rider plainly exhibited signs of weariness, but every movement of the latter showed ceaseless vigilance, his glance roaming the barren ridges, a brown Winchester lying cocked across the saddle pommel, his left hand taut on the rein. Yet the horse he bestrode scarcely required restraint, advancing slowly, with head hanging low, and only occasionally breaking into a brief trot under the impetus of the spur.

The rider was a man approaching thirty, somewhat slender and long of limb, but possessing broad, squared shoulders above a deep chest, sitting the saddle easily in plainsman fashion, yet with an erectness of carriage which suggested military training. The face under the wide brims of the weather-worn slouch hat was clean-shaven, browned by sun and wind, and strongly marked, the chin slightly prominent, the mouth firm, the gray eyes full of character and daring. His dress was that of rough service, plain leather "chaps," showing marks of hard usage, a gray woolen shirt turned low at the neck, with a kerchief knotted loosely about the sinewy bronzed throat. At one hip dangled the holster of a "forty-five," on the other hung a canvas-covered canteen. His was figure and face to be noted anywhere, a man from whom you would expect both thought and action, and one who seemed to exactly fit into his wild environment.

Where he rode was the very western extreme of the prairie country, billowed like the sea, and from off the crest of its higher ridges, the wide level sweep of the plains was visible, extending like a vast brown ocean to the foothills of the far-away mountains. Yet the actual commencement of that drear, barren expanse was fully ten miles distant, while all about where he rode the conformation was irregular, surprising narrow valleys and swelling mounds, with here and there a sharp ravine, riven from the rock and invisible until one drew up startled at its very brink. The general trend of depression was undoubtedly southward leading toward the valley of the Arkansas, yet irregular ridges occasionally cut across, adding to the confusion. The entire surrounding landscape presented the same aspect, with no special object upon which the eye could rest for guidance—no tree, no upheaval of rock, no peculiarity of summit, no snake-like trail—all about extended the same dull, dead monotony of brown, sun-baked hills, with slightly greener depressions lying between, interspersed by patches of sand or the white gleam of alkali. It was a dreary, deserted land, parched under the hot summer sun, brightened by no vegetation, excepting sparse bunches of buffalo grass or an occasional stunted sage bush, and disclosing nowhere the slightest sign of human habitation.

The rising sun reddened the crest of the hills, and the rider, halting his willing horse, sat motionless, gazing steadily into the southwest. Apparently he perceived nothing there unusual, for he slowly turned his body about in the saddle, sweeping his eyes, inch by inch, along the line of the horizon, until the entire circuit had been completed. Then his compressed lips smiled slightly, his hand unconsciously patting the horse's neck.

"I reckon we're still alone, old girl," he said quietly, a bit of Southern drawl in the voice. "We'll try for the trail, and take it easy."

He swung stiffly out of the saddle, and with reins dangling over his shoulder, began the slower advance on foot, the exhausted horse trailing behind. His was not a situation in which one could feel certain of safety, for any ridge might conceal the wary foemen he sought to avoid, yet he proceeded now with renewed confidence. It was the summer of 1868, and the place the very heart of the Indian country, with every separate tribe ranging between the Yellowstone and the Brazos, either restless or openly on the war-path. Rumors of atrocities were being retold the length and breadth of the border, and every report drifting in to either fort or settlement only added to the alarm. For once at least the Plains Indians had discovered a common cause, tribal differences had been adjusted in war against the white invaders, and Kiowas, Comanches, Arapahoes, Cheyennes and Sioux had become welded together in savage brotherhood. To oppose them were the scattered and unorganized settlers living the more eastern areas, guarded by small detachments of regular troops posted here and there amid that broad wilderness, scarcely within touch of each other.

Everywhere beyond these lines of patrol wandered roaming war parties, attacking travelers on the trails, raiding exposed settlements, and occasionally venturing to try open battle with the small squads of armed men. In this strange, sudden emergency, every available soldier on active duty—civilians had been pressed into service, and hastily despatched to ward exposed settlers, guide wagon trains, or carry despatches between outposts. And thus our rider, Jack Keith, who knew every foot of the plains lying between the Republican and the Canadian rivers, was one of these thus suddenly requisitioned, merely because he chanced to be discovered unemployed by the harassed commander of a cantonment just without the environs of Carson City. Twenty minutes later he was riding swiftly into the northwest, bearing important word to General Sheridan, commander of the Department, who happened at that moment to be at Fort Cairnes. To Keith this had been merely another page in a career of adventure; for him to take his life in his hands had long ago become an old story. He had quietly performed the special duty allotted him, watched a squadron of troopers trot forth down the valley of the Republican, received the hasty thanks of the peppery little general, and then, having nothing better to do, traded his horse in at the government corral for a fresh mount and started back again for Carson City. For the greater portion of two nights and a day he had been in the saddle, but he was accustomed to this, for he had driven more than one bunch of longhorns up the Texas trail; and as he had slept three hours at Cairnes, and as his nerves were like steel, the thought of danger gave him slight concern. He was thoroughly tired, and it rested him to get out of the saddle, while the freshness of the morning air was a tonic, the very breath of which made him forgetful of fatigue.

After all, this was indeed the very sort of experience which appealed to him, and always had—this life of peril in the open, under the stars and the sky. He had constantly experienced it for so long now, eight years, as to make it seem merely natural. While he ploughed steadily forward through the shifting sand of the coulee, his thought drifted idly back over those years, and sometimes he smiled, and occasionally frowned, as various incidents returned to memory. It had been a rough life, yet one not unusual to those of his generation. Born of excellent family in tidewater Virginia, his father a successful planter, his mother had died while he was still in early boyhood, and he had grown up cut off from all womanly influence. He had barely attained his majority, a senior at William and Mary's College, when the Civil War came; and one month after Virginia cast in her lot with the South, he became a sergeant in a cavalry regiment commanded by his father. He had enjoyed that life and won his spurs, yet it had cost. There was much not over-pleasant to remember, and those strenuous years of almost ceaseless fighting, of long night marches, of swift, merciless raiding, of lonely scouting within the enemy's lines, of severe wounds, hardship and suffering, had left their marks on both body and soul. His father had fallen on the field at Antietam, and left him utterly alone in the world, but he had fought on grimly to the end, until the last flag of the Confederacy had been furled. By that time, upon the collar of his tattered gray jacket appeared the tarnished insignia of a captain. The quick tears dimmed his eyes even now as he recalled anew that final parting following Appomattox, the battle-worn faces of his men, and his own painful journey homeward, defeated, wounded and penniless. It was no home when he got there, only a heap of ashes and a few weed-grown acres. No familiar face greeted him; not even a slave was left.

He had honestly endeavored to remain there, to face the future and work it out alone; he persuaded himself to feel that this was his paramount duty to the state, to the memory of the dead. But those very years of army life made such a task impossible; the dull, dead monotony of routine, the loneliness, the slowness of results, became intolerable. As it came to thousands of his comrades, the call of the West came to him, and at last he yielded, and drifted toward the frontier. The life there fascinated him, drawing him deeper and deeper into its swirling vortex. He became freighter, mail carrier, hunter, government scout, cowboy, foreman. Once he had drifted into the mountains, and took a chance in the mines, but the wide plains called him back once more to their desert loneliness. What an utter waste it all seemed, now that he looked back upon it. Eight years of fighting, hardship and rough living, and what had they brought him? The reputation of a hard rider, a daring player at cards, a quick shot, a scorner of danger, and a bad man to fool with—that was the whole of a record hardly won. The man's eyes hardened, his lips set firmly, as this truth came crushing home. A pretty life story surely, one to be proud of, and with probably no better ending than an Indian bullet, or the flash of a revolver in some barroom fight.

The narrow valley along which he was traveling suddenly changed its direction, compelling him to climb the rise of the ridge. Slightly below the summit he halted. In front extended the wide expanse of the Arkansas valley, a scene of splendor under the golden rays of the sun, with vivid contrast of colors, the gray of rocks, the yellow of sand, the brown of distant hills, the green of vegetation, and the silver sheen of the stream half hidden behind the fringe of cottonwoods lining its banks. This was a sight Keith had often looked upon, but always with appreciation, and for the moment his eyes swept across from bluff to bluff without thought except for its wild beauty. Then he perceived something which instantly startled him into attention—yonder, close beside the river, just beyond that ragged bunch of cottonwoods, slender spirals of blue smoke were visible. That would hardly be a camp of freighters at this hour of the day, and besides, the Santa Fe trail along here was close in against the bluff, coming down to the river at the ford two miles further west. No party of plainsmen would ever venture to build a fire in so exposed a spot, and no small company would take the chances of the trail. But surely that appeared to be the flap of a canvas wagon top a little to the right of the smoke, yet all was so far away he could not be certain. He stared in that direction a long while, shading his eyes with both hands, unable to decide. There were three or four moving black dots higher up the river, but so far away he could not distinguish whether men or animals. Only as outlined against the yellow sand dunes could he see that they were advancing westward toward the ford.

Slender Spirals of Blue Smoke Were Visible.

Decidedly puzzled by all this, yet determined to solve the mystery and unwilling to remain hidden there until night, Keith led his horse along the slant of the ridge, until he attained a sharp break through the bluff leading down into the valley. It was a rugged gash, nearly impassable, but a half hour of toil won them the lower prairie, the winding path preventing the slightest view of what might be meanwhile transpiring below. Once safely out in the valley the river could no longer be seen, while barely a hundred yards away, winding along like a great serpent, ran the deeply rutted trail to Santa Fe. In neither direction appeared any sign of human life. As new doubt and determination from those distant cottonwoods outlined against the sky, for the smoke spirals were too thin by then to be observed, the spot sought must be considerably to the right of where he had emerged. With this idea in mind he advanced cautiously, his every sense alert, searching anxiously for fresh signs of passage or evidence of a wagon train having deserted the beaten track, and turned south. The trail itself, dustless and packed hard, revealed nothing, but some five hundred yards beyond the ravine he discovered what he sought—here two wagons had turned sharply to the left, their wheels cutting deeply into the soft, sandy prairie sod to show them heavily laden. With the experience of the border he was able to determine that these wagons were drawn by mules, two span of each, their small hoofs clearly defined and deep-set, while they were being driven rapidly, on a sharp trot as they turned, and then, a hundred feet further, at a slashing gallop. Just outside their trail appeared the marks of a galloping horse. A few rods farther along Keith came to a confused blur of pony tracks sweeping in from the east, and the whole story of the chase was revealed as though he had witnessed it with his own eyes. They must have been crazy, or else impelled by some grave necessity, to venture along this trail in so small a party. And they were traveling west—west! Keith drew a deep breath, and swore to himself. "Of all the blame fools!"

He perceived the picture in all its grewsome details—the two mule-drawn wagons moving slowly along the trail in the early morning; the band of hostile Indians suddenly swooping out from some obscure hiding place in the bluffs; the discovery of their presence; the desperate effort at escape; the swerving from the open trail in vain hope of reaching the river and finding protection underneath its banks; the frightened mules galloping wildly, lashed into a frenzy by the man on horseback; the pounding of the ponies' hoofs, punctuated by the exultant yells of the pursuers. Again he swore:

"Of all the blame fools!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Built a Kitchen Cabinet

Handy Man Worked at It Sundays, but Forgot to Measure the Stairway.

He is the meat man in a street grocery. Besides being handy at trimming spare ribs with a safety razor he is also an adept with carpenter's tools. About a year ago he decided to build a kitchen cabinet for his wife. He chose the basement as the place of construction, ordered a lot of lumber and other accessories and went to work.

The only time he had to give to the kitchen cabinet cause was on Sunday, as he had to work early and late during the week. He closed all basement windows tightly in order to muffle all the noise he made with saws and hammers. He even had a set of signals arranged with his wife that she was to stamp on the floor when the minister or some pious friend was passing. Sunday after Sunday he toiled away on the kitchen cabinet, picturing in his mind how pretty and how useful it would be in the kitchen.

Finally the cabinet was finished and the builder asked two or three of the boys at the store to drop over on Sunday morning and help him carry it upstairs. The boys, anxious to see the product of so many days of toil, accepted the invitation and went over. It was a Jim Dandy kitchen cabinet. It was the best ever—even better than the store kind.

"Well, boys, let's hike upstairs with it," said Fritz, the cabinet constructor.

The boys took hold, tilted it and started for the stairway. Fritz groaned. The boys smothered a laugh.

It was a trifle inches too wide for the stairway.

The cabinet has departed this life via the furnace. It is unlikely that Fritz will build another.

Japan Made "Hamlet" Up to Date.

Some strange liberties are taken with Shakespeare on the Japanese stage. The Kobe Herald recently described a performance in that town of "Hamlet," with the scene laid in modern Japan. The prince appears first in a silk hat and a swallow-tail coat, then on a bicycle, clad in a bright blue cycling suit and striped stockings, and then in evening dress again, with a flower in his button-hole. This up-to-date collegian has little more resemblance to the Hamlet whom Shakespeare conceived than a Jew of the modern Johannesburg type would bear to the Shylock of ancient Venice. Ophelia, for the purpose of the play, is transformed into a fellow student of Hamlet at the Imperial University of Tokyo.

3,000 PARADING STRIKERS

3,000 in Organized Demonstration at Grand Rapids; Nat. Ass'n. to Aid Them.

More than 3,000 striking furniture workers paraded the principal streets of Grand Rapids in what was the first organized demonstration since the strike started on April 19. It was a peaceful affair, the men of the carpenters and joiners, upholsterers, finishers and other unions passing along eight abreast through the crowded streets. Police were plentiful along the line of march, but the families of strikers and sympathisers confined themselves to cheering.

The parade disbanded at Fulton park, where Mayor Ellis, Sybrant Wesselius and others spoke. Organizer W. M. MacFarland, of the Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners' union, returned from Indianapolis with the cheering news that the National association is to levy an assessment of 50 cents a head for the benefit of the local strikers. This means an additional benefit of $112,000.

Deputy State Controller Julius Harburger has filed with the surrogate's court in New York the tax appraisal of the estate of Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain), who died on April 21, 1910, at his home in Redding, Conn. The author left an estate both in this state and Connecticut aggregating $471,136.

THE MARKETS

Live Stock.

DETROIT.—Cattle—Market, dull and 10c to 15c lower than last week; quality common. We quote best steers and heifers, $5.25@$5.75; steers and heifers, 1,000 to 1,200, $4.50@$5.25; steers and heifers 800 to 1,000, $4.25@$5; steers and steers and heifers that are fat, 800 to 1,000, $4.25@$5; grass steers and heifers that are fat, 500 to 700, $3.25@$4; choice fat cows, $4@$4.25; good fat cows, $3.50@$3.75; common cows, $3@$3.25; canners, $1.75@$2.50; choice heavy bulls, $3.75@$4; fair to good bolognas, bulls, $3.50@$3.75; stock bulls, $2@$3.50; choice feeding steers, 800 to 1,000, $4.55@$4.75; fair feeding steers, 800 to 1,000, $4@$4.25; choice stockers, 500 to 700, $3.75@$4.25; fair stockers, 500 to 700, $3.50@$3.75; stock heifers, $3.25@$3.75; milkers, large, young, medium age, $40@$50; common milkers, $25@$35.

Veal calves—Market, strong at last week's prices; few choice, 25c higher; best, $8.50@$9.25; others, $4.50@$8.

Milch cows and springers—Steady.

Sheep and lambs—Market, active and 10c to 15c higher than last week, due to light receipts; with fair receipts would go lower. Best lambs, $7.25@$7.50; fair to good lambs $6@$6.50; light to common lambs, $4@$5; yearlings, $4.50@$5; fair to good sheep, $3.25@$3.50; culls and common, $2@$2.50.

Hogs—Market, steady at last week's closing prices. Range of prices: Light to good butchers, $6.80@$6.85; pigs, $6.40@$6.65; light yorkers, $6.80@$6.85; green mixed, $6.65@$6.75.

East Buffalo, N. Y.—Cattle: Slow. Hogs: strong; heavy, $7.15@$7.20; yorkers, $7.20@$7.25; pigs, $9. Sheep: strong; top lambs, $7.40; yearlings, $5@$5.50; wethers, $4.25@$4.35; ewes, $3.25@$3.50. Calves, $4.50@$9.25.

Grains, Etc.

DETROIT.—Wheat—Cash and July No 2 red, 93½c; December opened with a loss of ½c at 89¾c and declined to 89¼c. December opened at 93¾c and declined to 93¼c. No 2 white, 94c.

Corn—Cash No 3, 67½c; No 2 yellow, car at 69c; No 3 yellow, 2 cars at 68½c.

Oats—Standard, 35c bid; August, 1 car at 47½c; clover seed—Cash, 6c bid; September, 4½c bid; No 3 white, 49½c.

Rye—Cash No 2, 85c.

Beans—Immediate, prompt and July shipment, $2.20; August, $2.18; October, $2.19; November, $2.05; December, $2.

Clover seed—Prime spot, $9.75; October and March, $9.50; prime alsike, $9; August alsike, $9.

Feed—In 100lb sacks, jobbing lots: Bran, $27; coarse middlings, $26; fine middlings, $28; cracked corn and coarse cornmeal, $22; corn and oat chop, $20 per ton.

Flour—Best Michigan patent, $4.90; ordinary patent, $4.80; straight, $4.65; clear, $4.75; pure rye, $5.75; spring patent, $5.65 per bbl in wood.

FRUIT.

Cherries—$2@2.25 per bu.

Currants—Red, $2.50@3 per bu.

Gooseberries—$1.75@2 per 16-qt. case.

Apples—New, $1.75@2 per box, $6@7 per bbl.

Blackberries—$1.50@1.75 per 16-qt. case.

Huckleberries—$1.75@2 per 16-qt. case.

Raspberries—Red, $4.50@5 per bu; black, $1.50@1.75 per 16-qt. case.

Melons—Watermelons, 35@50c each; Rocky Fords, $1.50@$2.75 per crate.

Farm Produce.

Green Corn—15@20c per doz.

Cabbage—New, $2.75@3 per bbl.

New Potatoes—Southern, $4.75@5 per bbl.

Dressed Calves—Fancy, 10½@11c, choice, 8@9c per lb.

Tomatoes—$1.25@1.50 per 4-basket crate; hothouse, 15@18c per lb.

Potatoes—Michigan, car lots, 70@80c; store lots, 85@90c per bu.

New Maple sugar—Pure, 11@12c per lb; syrup, 75@80c per gal.

Live Poultry—Broilers, 20@21c; hens, 13@14c; old roosters, 10c; turkeys, 14@15c; geese, 8@9c; ducks, 12@13c; young ducks, 15@16c per lb.

Cheese—Michigan, old 17c, new 13@14c; York state, new, 13½@14c; Swiss, 18@19c; imported, 28@29c; 29@31c cream brick, 13@14c; limburger, 12@14c per lb.

Eggs—Steady; current receipts, cases included, 14½c per doz. Butter firm, extra creamery, 24c; dairy, 23c; dairy, 18c; packing, 17c per lb.

Vegetables.

Beets, new, 25@30c per bu; carrots, 25c per doz; cauliflower, $1.75 per doz; cucumbers, hothouse, 50@75c per doz; Florida celery, $3.25@3.50 per case; home-grown, 50c per doz; eggplant, $1.25@2 per doz; green onions, 12½ per doz; green peppers, $1.50 per basket; garlic, per bu, $1@1.25 per bu; head lettuce, $1@1.25 per bu; mint, 25c per doz; parsley, 20@25c per doz; radishes, 10@12c per doz; turnips, new, 25@30c per 100lb; watercress, 25@30c per doz; wax beans, 75@80c per bu, green peas, $2.50 per bu.

50,000 NEEDED TO HARVEST WESTERN CANADA'S CROP

Will Take 160,000 Altogether to Take Care of Yield of Prairie Provinces.

One hundred and sixty-two thousand farm hands will be required this year to harvest the grain crops of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. Of this number the local help will provide about 112,000, which will leave about 50,000 extra farm hands. There is, therefore, a great demand for this class of laborers in all parts of Western Canada. In order to meet the requirements it has been arranged to grant very low railway rates from all boundary points reached by Canadian railways. In order to secure these rates it will be necessary for you to call on one of the following authorized agents of the Canadian government: M. V. McInnes, 176 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Michigan; C. A. Laurier, Marquette, Michigan; J. S. Crawford, Syracuse, N. Y.; Thos. Hetherington, Room 202, 73 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.; H. M. Williams, 413 Gardner Bldg., Toledo, Ohio; Geo. Aird, 216 Traction-Terminal Bldg., Indianapolis, Indiana; C. J. Broughton, Room 412 Merchants' Loan & Trust Bldg., Chicago, Ill.; Geo. A. Hall, 2nd Floor, 125 Second Street, Milwaukee, Wis.; E. T. Holmes, 315 Jackson Street, St. Paul, Minn.; Chas. Pilling, Clifford Block, Grand Forks, N. D.; J. M. MacLachlan, Box 197, Watertown, S. D.; W. V. Bennett, Room 4, Bee Bldg., Omaha, Neb.; W. H. Rogers, 125 West 9th Street, Kansas City, Mo.; Benj. Davies, Room 6, Dunn Block, Great Falls, Montana; J. B. Carbonneau, Jr., 217 Main Street, Biddeford, Me.; J. N. Grieve, Auditorium Building, Spokane, Wash.

This will give to intending harvest laborers a splendid opportunity to look over the magnificent wheat fields of Western Canada and will give them the best evidence that can be secured of the splendid character of that country from the farmer's standpoint. There will be at least 200,000,000 bushels of wheat harvested within the area of the three provinces above named this year and it is expected that the yield will run from 15 to 25 bushels per acre. Many farmers, this year, will net, as a result of their labors, as much as $8 to $10 per acre and many of them will deposit as profits as much as $8,000 to $10,000.

The wide publicity that has been given to the excellent crop that is being raised in central Alberta and southern Alberta, central Saskatchewan and southern Saskatchewan, and also in Manitoba, will increase the price of lands in these three provinces from $3 to $5 per acre and the man who was fortunate enough to secure lands at from $12 to $20 per acre will have reason for gratification that he exercised sufficient forethought to invest, while the man who was fortunate enough to secure a homestead of 160 acres free will also have a greater reason to feel pleased.

Notwithstanding the great addition to the acreage this year over last and the large crop that will be ready for harvest there is no reason to become alarmed that the harvest will not be reaped successfully. There will be a great demand for these low rates during the months of August and September so make your application to any of the agents above mentioned that may be in your territory at as early a date as possible. Harvesting will commence about the 25th of July and continue for five or six weeks, when threshing will begin and there will be plenty of work until November.

An Eight Years' Walk.

Hiram Davis of Newburg went for a walk with his father eight years ago. The father stopped to talk with a friend, and Hiram, then about ten years old, walked on. He was never seen after that until he walked in to his parents' home recently.

The police all over the east were on the lookout for him, the Hudson river was searched and finally he was given up for dead. When he greeted his mother it was some hours before she could be calmed.

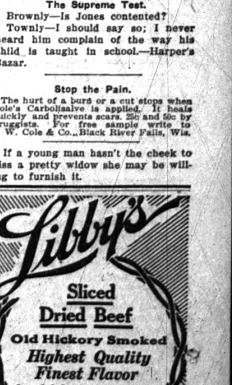
Davis had been out west.—New York Sun.

The Supreme Test.

Brownly—Is Jones contented?

Townly—I should say so; I never heard him complain of the way his child is taught in school.—Harper's Bazar.

Stop the Pain.

The hurt of a burn or a cut stops when Cole's Carbolisalve is applied. It heals quickly and prevents scars. 25c and 50c by druggists. For free sample write to J. W. Cole & Co., Black River Falls, Wis.

If a young man hasn't the check to kiss a pretty widow she may be willing to furnish it.