

**GOT RICH IN THREE YEARS**

EXPERIENCES OF A BRITISH IMMIGRANT IN CANADA WEST

The following straightforward statement needs no comment to add to its force and effect. It appears in a recent issue of the Liverpool Mercury.

H. Patterson, of Nutam, Saskatchewan, Canada, when he arrived from Liverpool, had "six of us to support," and started living on it. He managed to use his own phrasing, and his funds were getting low. He secured a homestead 32 miles out from Nutam, and started living on it. April 15, 1907. The previous fall he had his money, \$137, into a shack and lot, making sure of a home. As cook and caterer in a local hotel he managed to get a month, and out of this had some savings out of which he paid his breaking and improvements on the homestead. The shack was sold to good advantage. Then Mr. Patterson tells the story after he had removed his family to the homestead.

"For the first month life was so strange and new that I hadn't time to think of anything, only rising up our new home. I was 'used' to the life that I didn't know the difference between wheat and oats (I do now!) between working out, cropping my place, and with my gun, managed to live comfortably for the three years, which time was required to put in my money. I had managed to quit a stock of horses, cows, pigs, fowls, and machinery in the three years.

"In October, 1909, I secured my patent in my land, so took a few days' holidays to Saskatoon to locate a homestead (viz., 12a, per acre) from the Government, instead of getting the purchased homestead. I secured a half section (320 acres) on the Saskatchewan River for \$25 per acre on easy terms, nine years' payments with a cash payment of \$1,000. I mortgaged my first homestead, obtained chattel mortgage on my stock, and on December 24th, 1909, took possession on June 10, 1910. I sold out again for \$10 per acre, clearing, besides my crop (120 acres) \$4,800. I also sold my first homestead, clearing \$1,800 and two Saskatchewan town lots, which were valued at \$1,000 each. We placed all our capital in another farm (river frontage) and some trackage lots (60), also a purchased homestead (120 acres). I remain as Manager of the farm. I had sold on a three years' contract at a fine salary and house, garden, and numerous pictures.

"So by the time my three years have expired, with my investments and the increased value of my frontage and land, I am hoping to have over \$50,000. My land doesn't eat anything, and it is nearly all paid for. I hold a good position (and secure)." Adv.

**A Mistaken Idea.**

The storm caused me a great deal of suffering by breaking all the windows in my house.

"Why, I always understood that breaking windows was a perfectly painless operation."

**Ungrateful Guest.**

Brown—So you spent Sunday with the Suburbs. Oh! How far is their house from the station?

Towne—About two miles as the dust flew—Judge.

**BAD BACKS DO MAKE WORK HARD**

Backache makes the daily toil, for thousands, an agony hard to endure. Many of these poor sufferers have kidney trouble and don't know it. Swollen, aching kidneys usually go hand in hand with irregular kidney action, headache, dizzying nervousness and despondency.

When suffering so, try Doan's Kidney Pills, the best-recognized kidney remedy.

**Here's an Ohio Case**

"I'm Dr. Price's Backache Remedy. I've been suffering from backache for years. It was so bad that I couldn't do any work. I tried everything, but nothing helped. Then I got Doan's Kidney Pills. After taking a few boxes, I felt a great deal better. My backache went away, and I was able to get on with my work. I can't say enough for Doan's Kidney Pills. They are the best I ever used."—Mrs. J. M. Smith, Toledo, Ohio.

**Women Appreciate**

the value of good looks—a fine complexion, a skin free from blemishes, bright eyes and a cheerful demeanor. Many of them know, also, that it means to be free from headaches, backaches, neuralgia, and extreme nervousness, because many have learned the value of

**BECKMAN'S PILLS**

as the most reliable aid to better physical condition. Beckman's Pills have an unequalled reputation because they act so mildly, but so certainly and so beneficially. By clearing the system, regulating the bowels and thus giving tone to the stomach and improve the digestion. Better feelings, better looks, better spirits follow the use of Beckman's Pills so noted the world over.

**For Their Good Effects**

Sold everywhere, 10c. 25c. Women especially should read the directions.

**ROYAL HOPE TO THE FUTURE**



QUEEN AMELIA KING MANUEL

HERE is at least one broken royal heart in London at this moment. It is in the breast of former King Manuel of Portugal. His darling Gaby Deslys, the high-haired, fair-skinned, demure little French beauty whom he lifted to dizzy heights of fame and fortune by his patronage when he sat upon the throne of Portugal, will have nothing more to do with him.

Gaby is drawing a salary four times as large as that she received before Manuel's infatuation for her was public property. Two years ago she told me she was saving her money and when the right man came along she would marry him if he didn't have a cent. The right man has turned up. He is Harry Pileor, Gaby's American fiancé. He has denied it several times, but, despite all her laughing protestations, just about a year from the present date the two will be married and will retire to a small estate in France where Gaby declares she will be content the rest of her life to raise chickens.

But this story is not concerned, primarily, with Gaby Deslys. It is written to tell you about the latest troubles of a most remarkable woman, broken hearted Manuel has a broken ambition. At last he has lost all faith in the ultimate success of the valiant and royalists who are plotting, planning and heaving on the frontier of Portugal. He has been forced to the conclusion that his stay in England will be a permanent one, barring a short visit to the country over which he once ruled. He is making preparations to forsake the temporary abode in Richmond, in which he took up his residence pending his return in triumph to Lisbon, and to take up permanent quarters in the most magnificent flats in the whole world—Kensington Palace.

Manuel's pessimism is due to the report of his uncle, the Duke of Oporto, who, since the royal family has been driven into exile, has been running between England and the Spanish-Portuguese frontier carrying news and instructions from the king and the queen who are battling for his cause against the overwhelming odds of the Portuguese republican government. The duke, who is meaning but ineffective sort of Spain proof, recently brought back from Spain proof that Manuel's thimblepans are indeed in a bad way. Just about in their last gasp, Manuel has given the last penny he can spare. Queen Amelia, who has made herself almost destitute by her sacrifices, while other sources of revenue have been cut off, without food, without clothing, without fuel, with prices on their necks, look forward with anxiety to the coming of winter.

It is in these circumstances that King George has come forward with an offer of a suite of rooms in Kensington Palace for Manuel and his family. The relations between the English king and Manuel are very friendly, almost to the dollar, the dwindling resources of the exile. In Kensington Palace, although Manuel has given the last penny he can spare, he has made himself almost destitute by her sacrifices, while other sources of revenue have been cut off, without food, without clothing, without fuel, with prices on their necks, look forward with anxiety to the coming of winter.

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Just ten years ago a woman clothed in rags—dirty, tanned, almost black by exposure and at death's door with fatigue—staggered to the court-yard of the China Inland Mission house at Taiching and there, in the presence of the Chinese and English missionaries, she was crowned with the crown of the Queen of Lhasa. When strength enough for speech returned she told her story. It was Dr. Susie Carsons Rijnhart, the first woman missionary who ever penetrated the wilds of Tibet and returned to tell the story.

All the world knows the wonderful history of the woman's hazardous journey of 1,500 miles, unprotected and alone, from the interior of the outskirt of Lhasa, where she buried her baby beneath a stone on the mountain side and where her husband was later captured by hostile natives and murdered.

Since that time only one group of foreigners has penetrated interior Tibet. This was the band of Englishmen who reached the sacred city under the command of Colonel Younghusband. Since the unsuccessful ending of that expedition Lhasa and interior Tibet have again been closed to the outside world, a wretched region whose mysteries have been guarded

as the holy of holies and as the impregnable sanctuary of the mysterious east. But it is not to remain so. When, in 1901, Dr. Rijnhart returned to her chosen field, northwest China, she took with her two missionaries of the Foreign Missionary society, Dr. and Mrs. L. Shelton. With them she established another mission in Tachienlu, of which Dr. Shelton and his wife took charge on the death of the famous woman missionary a year ago.

Later it was given over to other hands, for Dr. Shelton and his wife resolved to emulate the example of the Rijnharts, and if it be in human power they intend to penetrate interior Tibet and to establish a Christian mission in Lhasa, the very shrine of Buddha, where no foreigner has ever been permitted peacefully to enter and where none has ever died.

With their baby girls, Doris, three years old, and Dorothy, seven, the two missionaries set out from Tachienlu last fall on their arduous and dangerous journey. They have now arrived at Batang, about a month's journey from Lhasa, whence they have sent to this country the most remarkable collection of Tibetan photographs ever secured. Their mission station is near the lamasary at Batang, which houses 3,000 lamae and Buddhist priests, and is one of the five great monasteries of the region.

The western theosophist's cherished ideal of this life, pure spirit and lofty contemplation, is hardly borne out by the description of the Buddhist life, by the description of the life of the Sheltons. To begin with, like all Tibetans they are inordinately dirty. The native Tibet never bathes, nor is the lama an exception to this rule. They are covered with dirt and grease and exude an odor of rancid butter from the fumes of the butter lamps that fill the temples.

They are also infested with vermin, which they may not even destroy, because to kill even the humblest of animals is a red sin. The teachings of the Buddhist religion, the wonderful learning of the Buddhist lama is also said to be largely a product of waste imagination. The vocabulary consists largely in noisy incantations in the process of which gurgles are sometimes fired, bells rung and horns blown, and forth deafening blasts.

The Tibetan woman may not be without beauty. It is impossible to tell. Her hair is innumerable plaits, sometimes over 100. In some sections the plaits are fastened together with bright colored cloth or with a heavy felt band covered with silver ornaments. A red and a red tassel hanging from the pointed crown is often worn.

Women in the tea basin, where it is handily receptacle for the constantly recurring hospitalities of the tea drinking.

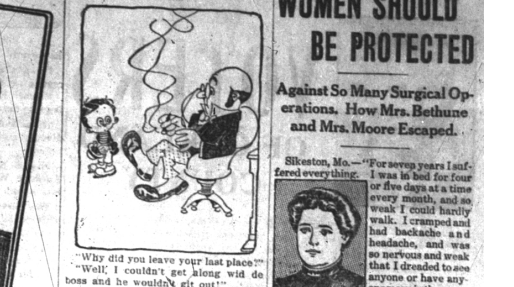
Women and men wear heavy top boots. They may be distinguished by the head dress. Both sexes braid the hair into innumerable plaits, sometimes over 100. In some sections the plaits are fastened together with bright colored cloth or with a heavy felt band covered with silver ornaments. A red and a red tassel hanging from the pointed crown is often worn.

Women in a silver habit with turquoise ornaments a silver habit with turquoise ornaments she shakes the curtain of buttered locks who peers with a screen, through which she may doze in the way she does. They are all near remote lamaseries the women are said to daub their faces with a heavy black cosmetic that has a little red tinge by their beauty, a precaution which can hardly fail to impress the traveler as rather unnecessary.

Except the best caravan route, which is so thickly beset with difficulties, it is without meeting a military company sent out to the travelers back is impossible, the "roads" to be traversed by clinging at single file or mounted on sure-footed mules. It is through such narrow, precipitous passes that Dr. Shelton, his wife and Dorothy will have to make their way. If as they near Lhasa they should take the path traveled by Dr. Rijnhart and her husband and child they will pass a big boulder beneath which lies the remains of a year-old baby, the first white child ever in Tibet.

Doris and Dorothy Shelton, who have so far endured the journey very well, are the most remarkable pilgrims in the world. They are the youngest, and if their parents accomplish the purpose to which they have consecrated their lives, they will be the first white children to see the great gullies of the snow-capped peaks of the Himalayas. It is through such narrow, precipitous passes that Dr. Shelton, his wife and Dorothy will have to make their way. If as they near Lhasa they should take the path traveled by Dr. Rijnhart and her husband and child they will pass a big boulder beneath which lies the remains of a year-old baby, the first white child ever in Tibet.

**WOMEN SHOULD BE PROTECTED**



Against So Many Surgical Operations. How Mrs. Bethune and Mrs. Moore Escaped.

Sikeston, Mo.—"For seven years I suffered everything. I was in bed for four or five days at a time every month, and so weak I could hardly walk. I cramped and backache—a d headache—so nervous and weak that I dreaded to see anyone or have anyone move in the room. The doctors gave me medicine to ease me at those times, and said that I ought to have an operation. I would not listen to that, and when a friend of my husband told me about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and what it had done for his wife, I was willing to take it. Now I look the picture of health and feel like a toad. I am doing my own housework, hoe my garden, and milk a cow. I can entertain company and enjoy them. I can visit when I choose, and walk as far as any ordinary woman, any day in the month. I wish I could talk to every suffering woman and girl."—Mrs. DEBRA BETHUNE, Sikeston, Mo.

Murrayville, Ill.—"I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for a very bad case of female trouble, and it made me a well woman. My health was all broken down, the doctors said I must have an operation, and I was ready to go to the hospital, but I read so that I began taking your Compound. I got along so well that I gave up the doctors and was saved from the operation."—Mrs. CHARLES MOORE, R. R. No. 3, Murrayville, Ill.

**FACE ALMOST COVERED WITH PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS**

Atchison, Kan.—"For a number of years I suffered very greatly from skin eruptions. My face was very red and irritated, being almost covered with pimples and blackheads. The pimples were so severe that my face felt like a fine rash with the exception of a few large pimples on my forehead and chin. My face burned and looked red as if exposed to either heat or cold. It was not only unsightly but very uncomfortable. I tried several remedies but couldn't get any relief. I was recommended to use Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment. I applied the Cuticura Ointment in the evening, leaving it off for five minutes, then washing it off with Cuticura Soap and hot water. I wash with the Cuticura Soap and hot water also several times during the day. After about four months of this application, my face was cleared of the redness. I still use the Cuticura Soap." (Signed) Mrs. Elsie Nielson, Dec. 29, 1911.

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