

45 to 50 Bushels of Wheat per Acre

have been grown on Farm Lands in WESTERN CANADA

Much less would be satisfactory. The general average is above 20 bushels

All are loud in their praises of the great crops and that wonderful country.

Extract from correspondence National Educational Association of August, 1908.

It is now possible to secure a Homestead of 160 acres free and another 160 acres at \$5.00 per acre.

Homesteads have paid the cost of their farms (if purchased) and then had a balance of from \$10.00 to \$25.00 per acre from one crop.

Wheat, Barley, Oats, Flax—all do well. Mixed farming is a great success and dairying is highly profitable.

Excellent climate, splendid schools and churches, railways bring most every district within easy reach of market.

Kansas and Land Companies have lands for sale at low prices and on easy terms.

"Last Best West" Pamphlets and maps sent free. For these and information as to how to secure lowest Railway Rates apply to W. H. Scott, Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or W. H. Rogers, 41 Floor, Trust National Building, Indianapolis, Ind., American Government Agents.

Figures where you see like advertisement.

The Quakers.

According to the journal of Fox, the term "Quaker" originated as follows: "Justice Bonnet of Derby was the first to call us Quakers, because I bade him quake and tremble at the word of the Lord." This was about the year 1630.

Enigmas.

"How do the apples get into the dumplings?"

"I give it up. How do the peaches get into these tight gowns?"—Kansas City Journal.

The Consultation.

First Doctor—This is a most mysterious case. I can't make anything out of it.

Second Doctor—Hasn't the patient any money?—Puck.

No Use.

"Why, at weddings, does nobody ever give the bridegroom away?"

"The bride would never believe them."—Baltimore American.

Paxtine

TOILET ANTISEPTIC

Keeps the breath, teeth, mouth and body antiseptically clean and free from unhealthy germ-life and disagreeable odors, which water, soap and tooth preparations alone cannot do.

A germicidal, disinfectant and deodorant toilet requisite of exceptional excellence and economy. Invaluable for inflamed eyes, throat and nasal and uterine catarrh. At drug and toilet stores, 50 cents, or by mail postpaid.

Large Trial Sample

WITH "HEALTH AND BEAUTY" BOOK SENT FREE

THE PAXTINE TOILET CO., Boston, Mass.

HELP INSIST ON HAVING

WOMEN Dr. Martel's Preparation

The Standard Remedy. (141 Druggists) Send for book "Relief for Women" FREE. FRENCH DRUG CO., 50 W. 52d St., N. Y. City

I. N. U. INDIANAPOLIS NO 51, 1908.

Phew! Salts and Castor Oil!

Why take sickening salts or repulsive castor oil? "Goes through you like a dose of salts" means violence, grips, gripes, gases, soreness, irritation, and leaves your stomach and bowels weak and burnt out. Might just as well take concentrated lye. Then there's castor oil, disgusting, nauseating truck that your stomach refuses unless you disguise the taste. Fool your own stomach, eh? Don't ever believe that anything offensive to your taste or smell is going to do you real good. Nature makes certain things repulsive, so you will not take them. Force yourself to nauseous doses, and you ruin your digestion, weaken your bowels, destroy your health. On the other hand see what a delightful, palatable, perfect modern laxative, liver regulator and bowel tonic you find in

Ascarel

Best for the Bowels. All druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C.C.C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back. Sample and booklet free. Address: Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

To California

Across Salt Lake by Rail

Via The Overland Limited

Composite Observation Car, Pullman Drawing-room and Compartment Cars, Dining Cars; all electric lighted and well ventilated. Library, Smoking Rooms—everything pleasant—makes your journey delightful. No excess fare.

Union Pacific, Southern Pacific

Electric Block Signal Protection—the safe road to travel

Send twelve cents in postage for book entitled, "The Overland Route to the Road of a Thousand Wonders."

E. L. Lomax, G. P. A.

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Ideals.

"Yes," said the bankrupt, "I lost my fortune reaching for an ideal."

"Very interesting. And what was your ideal?"

"A bigger fortune than I had."—Philadelphia Ledger.

INVALID'S SAD PLIGHT.

After Inflammatory Rheumatism, Hair Came Out, Skin Peeled, and Red Sores Developed—Only Cuticura Proved Successful.

"About four years ago I had a very severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism. My skin peeled, and the high fever played havoc with my hair, which came out in bunches. I also had three large bed sores on my back. I did not gain very rapidly, and my appetite was very poor. I tried many 'sure cures' but they were of little help, and until I tried Cuticura Resolvent I had had no real relief. Then my complexion cleared and soon I felt better. The bed sores went very soon after a few applications of Cuticura Ointment, and when I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment for my hair it began to regain its former glossy appearance. Mrs. Lavina J. Henderson, 128 Broad St., Stamford, Conn., March 6 and 12, 1907."

Coughed Up.

"Did the doctor succeed in getting the nickel your little girl swallowed?"

"No, but he got two and a half out of me."—Houston Post.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Wm. D. Gifford*

His Luck.

"Did he shoot anything on his last hunting trip?"

"Two guides and a friend."—Detroit Free Press.

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS

PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of itching, blind, bleeding or protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded, 50c.

The worst failures are those successes that have come at the cost of the soul.

Cures Whiskey Habit.

The Stewart Sanitarium of 1114 North Illinois Street, Indianapolis, has been successful in treating the whiskey habit that it doesn't exact ANY money till the cure is effected.

There never can be sufficient public virtues in a life to balance private vices.

Good Housekeepers Use the Best.

That's why they use Red Cross Ball Blue. At leading grocers, 5 cents.

The force of powerful union conquers all.—Homer.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 50c. 25c. a bottle.

Nothing in It.

"A man got a wife as the result of an election bet."

"What of it?"

"Did he win or lose?"

"My good man, I never indulge in unprofitable argument."—Kansas City Journal.

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As Years Flit By

A SKETCH OF MIDDLE LIFE

"You and I aren't as young as we used to be," said Griffin at the club. "I have to make a practice of eating a light lunch, I find. Yes, we're getting along in years."

Wallick laughed. "Speak for yourself, my boy, I'm as young as I ever was."

Then he proceeded to order a dyspepsia-breeding repeat and thought no more of the accusation until, looking across the table at his old friend, he noticed for the first time the wrinkles that seamed his face and the thin, gray wisps of hair brushed across the shining surface of his scalp. It came to him with something of a shock that Griffin really did look old.

"Prematurely, of course," thought Wallick. "He really isn't old—not much older than I am."

Wallick dismissed the thought. Somehow it gave him a vaguely uncomfortable feeling.

It occurred to him as he was shaving the next morning. He caught himself looking for wrinkles—and he found them. But they were very slight after all—mere character marks. Come to think of it, he always did have a few such lines there under his eyes.

"Pooh!" he laughed. A few minutes later he was splashing in his cold tub with robust enjoyment. Completing his toilet, he selected a bright red necktie and arranged it with perhaps a little more than usual care. His plump and comely wife was awaiting him at the breakfast table.

"How fresh and bright you look this morning, dear," she remarked to him, admiringly.

"Well, but I don't always look fresh and bright, I'd like to know," asked Wallick, as he kissed her.

"Of course you do," replied the wife, dutifully. "And you're wearing a red necktie."

"Why not?" asked Wallick, a little suspiciously.

"I think it's becoming," his wife hastened to assure him.

"Where's Susie?" asked Wallick, as he attacked his toast and bacon.

"Poor child, she isn't up yet," replied Mrs. Wallick. "I expect she was tired out when she got home from Mary's last night."

"Mary shouldn't have let her stay so late," said Wallick. "Well please tell her that daddy thought she was a bad little girl."

Wallick waved his hand to his wife as he left the house, but instead of going through the garden gate he walked along the aster bed till he found a flower that he liked to put in his buttonhole. Then he turned, and, putting one hand on top of the fence, vaulted it.

For one sickening moment he feared that his feet were not going to swing clear, but they did, though it was but by a scant half inch.

"A little out of form," muttered Wallick. "I don't take enough exercise, that's the trouble with me. I must practice a little and get myself into shape. I'll bet a dollar that inside of a week I could clear that fence without putting a finger on it."

"It isn't everybody could get over it without climbing," he mentally added as he considered the matter. Then he threw his shoulders back and his chest out and went along the sidewalk at a brisk, swinging gait.

Once or twice he forgot himself and allowed his pectoral muscles to relax a little and his pace slackened, but he came up to the piazza of the station in fine style.

Among the people who waited for the train was little Miss Crowson. Miss Crowson was a mighty nice looking girl. She bowed to Wallick and smiled very sweetly indeed and it was good to behold the bow and smile that Wallick gave her in return.

A very elegant bow it was! A very fascinating smile! A neighbor poked him in the ribs.

"Here, here, you sinner," said the neighbor; "this won't do at all. Don't you know you're a married man?"

Wallick twisted his moustache and there was a grateful glow in his bosom. "Well, what if I am?" he demanded. "I guess there's no harm in looking at a pretty girl—what?"

Still, it was strange how that foolish remark of Griffin's kept forcing itself on Wallick's mind through the morning. Such a stupid thing to say! Why had he, Wallick, been taken into the firm, for instance? Wallick remembered what old Johnson had said perfectly. "We want young blood in the concern, Mr. Wallick." These were his very words. "Young blood!" Of course that was some years ago, but not so many, by George!

As Wallick was returning from luncheon a florid, white-haired veteran of the street clapped him on the back. "Well, young man, how's tricks?" inquired the venerable person.

Wallick turned and shook hands with him cordially, though he was not fond of him. Then he went back to his work feeling much better. Once, however, he stopped to reflect that he was strong, vigorous, active, straight—except that so much desk work was giving him a tendency to stoop a trifle—that bodily and mentally he was never better and that a man was as old as he felt and no older. Then he really and truly forgot Griffin, forgot everything, in fact, but his work.

"Where's Susie?" asked Wallick, some time after dinner.

"She's in the parlor with Dick," replied Mrs. Wallick.

"Dick again?" exclaimed Wallick, testily. "Amy, that boy seems to be under the impression that he lives here. I like him pretty well, but—"

He stopped and looked up in surprise for Mrs. Wallick had seated herself on the arm of his chair and her arm was about his neck.

"Dearie," she said, "Dick is coming up here in a few minutes to speak to you and—and I want you—Don't be impatient with him, anyway."

Wallick stared. "Speak to me? Impatient! Why, hat do you mean, and why should I be impatient?" he asked.

"What does Dick want—and what are you crying for?"

"He—he wants Susie, I'm afraid," said Mrs. Wallick, dabbling with her handkerchief at her eyes.

"Wants Susie?" cried Wallick. "That child? You're crazy! And a boy like Dick? And a mere child like Susie! Oh, nonsense."

"He's 24, dearie," said Mrs. Wallick, "and Susie's nearly 21. You forget how time passes. I was only 18 when you married me. Not quite 18."

Wallick made no answer, but sat as if stupefied. Mrs. Wallick patted him on the shoulder at intervals and wiped her eyes. Presently she bent and kissed him on top of his head.

"Jim," she said, with a poor attempt at playfulness, "you'll have to buy a toupee pretty soon, I'm afraid."

Wallick roused himself with an effort and sighed heavily. "It seems incredible," he said, "but I'm afraid it's true. Amy, wife, you and I are getting—were getting along toward middle age, my dear."—Chicago Daily News.

NEW BAIT FOR BLACK BASS.

Big Delaware Fish Takes a Sudden Liking for Nightwalker.

"A fisherman was bobbing for catfish in the upper Delaware one night," said a man who has been fishing up there to a New York Sun reporter. "His bob was made of nightwalkers."

"The nightwalker is a giant earth worm of peculiar habit. The only way to catch it is to sit down on a ditch bank in a garden or other place where the signs show it to be a frequenter with a lighted lantern on the ground near by. It won't be long before nightwalkers come toward the light and then they may be gathered up."

"From time out of mind nightwalkers have been the chosen bait for eel and catfish bobbings. But no one, so far as there is record, had offered the nightwalker to the consideration of black bass or other game fish found in nightwalker territory."

"There is no hook in a bob. The twisted bundle of big worms and thread is snare sufficient for the eel or catfish. The local fisherman who was bobbing that night had landed several catfish and then he got a strike on his bob that almost jerked the stick out of his hand."

"The fisherman drew the bob up steadily as the bob needs to be taken up, and safely landed his catch in the boat. There never was a more pleased fisherman than he when he discovered that he had landed a three-pound black bass."

"Black bass, always capricious in their choice of things offered them for bait, had been unusually fastidious this season in the Delaware and adjacent waters, both stream and lake. Neither flies nor trolls nor counterfeit presentations of creeping, crawling or flying things had been of more than occasional avail."

"The fisherman who landed that big bass on his catfish bob argued it out that the reason the bass had clung so determinedly to that bunch of nightwalkers was that it had discovered that nightwalker was the one thing the black bass palate was yearning for. That his deduction was correct the sequel proved."

"The fisherman went out the next day with his bass tackle and a dozen or so big, fat, lively nightwalkers. He fished over ground he had, without getting more than an occasional feeble rise or strike. He came in before noon with twelve of the biggest black bass that had been seen along the river for many a season, every one killed with a nightwalker."

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Silk hats were first worn in Paris, in 1797.

The sand of the Sahara, in Africa, is on an average thirty feet deep, a fact that makes any scheme of irrigation impossible.

The world's population averages 169 females to every 100 males, while eight-ninths of the sudden deaths, in war, by accidents, etc., are of males.

Most of the Japanese are small eaters, and indigestion rarely attacks them. They eat slowly and rather sparingly, and chiefly of plain, nourishing food.

A novel rat-trap has been devised. A piece of cheese, used as a bait, is attached to an electric wire; and when the unfortunate rat takes a bite he instantly receives a fatal shock.

In the Mohammedan laundries of Egypt a secret mark is used to distinguish the linen of "believers" and keep it from polluting contact with "infidel" garments. The mark is carefully removed before the garments are returned.

The royal crown of Roumania is made of bronze, the metal having once seen service in war when in the shape of cannon. The crown is composed of pieces of 62 different cannon, each of which was captured from some enemy.

Champagne requires much time and care in the making. Altogether a bottle of champagne goes through two hundred different operations, covering a period of two and one-half years. And, in addition, it is sometimes kept two or three years longer in the vaults maturing.

The largest mass of ice in the world is probably the one which fills up nearly the whole of the interior of Greenland, where it has accumulated since before the dawn of history. It is believed to form a block 600,000 square miles in area and to average a mile and a half in thickness.

The captain of a coasting-steamship which was wrecked near Sydney, N. S. W., tied life-lines to some piers which formed part of the cargo. These, on being thrown overboard, quickly swam to shore, taking the lines with them, and communication being thus established, every person on board was rescued.

Found Him.

"The last time I saw Miss Oldgirl she was looking for a flat."

"Well, she's married since then."—Baltimore American.

Those Green Hats.

So widely are these new hats seen Upon the streets, of verdant green. So noisily their hue is dealt, Small wonder their effect is felt.

—New York Herald.

Gave Him Up.

"The doctors have given Johnson up."

"Dear me, is he as ill as that?"

"No, he's quite well. That's why they've given him up."

A Carefully Considered Reply.

"Aren't trusts illegal?"

"The answer," answered Senator Sorghum, "depends on whether you expect me to speak as a campaign orator or as a lawyer."—Washington Star.

Whiskey and Drugs.

The Stewart Sanitarium of 1114 North Illinois Street, Indianapolis, has been investigated and found legitimate and successful in the treatment of whiskey and drug habits by physicians and ministers from all over the state.

Asking Too Much.

Knicker—They are experimenting with a new kind of prune for the navy.

Bocker—Heavens, isn't it enough to fight for your country without boarding for it?—New York Sun.

England's Oldest Paintings.

A portrait of Chaucer on a panel of date 1280, and also one of Henry IV. of England, painted