HAD A CAPITAL OF $400

In Six Years He Was Well Off

An Alberta farmer, who had begun as a boy in the lumber camps, and on retiring to them the last payment on his mortgage, decided to give them the history of his experience, on a Manitoba farm. It was that of many another farmer, and for the benefit of those who contemplate a change the following is taken of reproducing it.

"I will give you here a brief summary of my experience since coming to Manitoba. I had only a new hand axe and bedding. I began work cutting and bolstering. My capital was $400, which was all I had saved from my summer earnings. I bought a yoke of oxen, harness, implements, etc., as were bought by sales, all 'on time,' necessarily. The buildings on the place were also as good as nothing and had either to be rebuilt or replaced entirely. I broke 26 acres broken, and very badly farmed, bringing my crop from the first year." After mentioning a number of mishaps, he says: "In spite of all these drawbacks, I have done well. I consider my farm worth $3,500 to $4,000. I have four head of horses, 12 of cattle, over 400 purebred Buff cryption chickens and 125 turkeys, besides implements, harness, etc., to run my place. I have a well 170 feet deep with an inexhaustible supply of water. The well with pump cost me $400. I have built a $125 chicken house and put up nearly $50 worth of poultry fencing; have built root cellars to hold over 2,000 bushels of potatoes and other vegetables. As to income, I raise about ten acres of garden and roots annually which net from $800 to $1,000 total. I generally sell from 20 to 40 tons timothy hay which brings from $6 to $14 per ton. My grain is most all used on the farm except a few hundred bushels sold to the neighbors for seed. My four cows will bring from $50 to $60 each (counting calf). Last year 90 hens laid 600 dozen eggs which averaged more than 25 cents a dozen (I always work for quality more than production). The surplus hens were all sold in spring, dressed, at 40 cents a lb. The turkeys average $2.50 each in fall. For hauling vegetables to and from my cattle, the two-year-old steers bring $75 each in spring."—Advertisement.

Fascination of the Unknown.

"My dear, I had the most thrilling moment of my life last night at a restaurant. The electric lights went out suddenly and he kissed me—a long delirious kiss."

"Who did?"

"What I don't know who! That is why it was so thrilling."

"CASCARETS" FOR LIVER, BOWELS

For sick headache, bad breath, Sour Stomach and constipation.

Get a 10-cent box now.

No odds how bad your liver, stomach or bowels are, how much your head aches, how miserable and unstrung you feel from constipation, indigestion, biliousness and clogged bowels, Cascarets will get the desired results and please you.

Don't let your stomach, liver and bowels make you miserable. Take Cascarets to-night; put an end to the headache, biliousness, dizziness, sourness, sick, sour, pasty stomach, backache and other distress. Let them cleanse your inside organs of all the bile, poison and constipated waste which is producing the misery.

A 10-cent box means health, happiness and a clear head for months. No more days of gloom. Don't be miserable. If you will take a Cascaret now and then. All druggists sell Cascarets. Don't forget the children—their little insides need a cleaning, too. Adv.

Removing the Obstacle.

"But why does your father object to you?" demanded the humble suitor.

"Because," explained the haughty beauty at once, "because he says that his ancestors have always been gentlemen of leisure, and he won't have it any other way."

"Well, tell him I don't expect to after we are married," replied the humble suitor.

Dr. Peery's "Dead Shot" is a vermifuge, purgative and worm expeller. A dose of medicine which causes worms to fear. Price 25 cents. Adv.

Supplies Cut Off.

"How did you manage with your garden last year?"

"It got into trouble," replied Mr. Crimsonbeak. "I begged so much about our sewer connections that it was overlooked and the plumbers refused for nearly two weeks."

A KIDNEY MEDICINE THAT ALWAYS MAKES FRIENDS

About ten years ago we commenced telling the people of Canada about Doan's Kidney Pills. Many have used them since and to our knowledge have not had a single complaint. Whether used for backache, headache, dizziness or some of some of bladder, Doan's Kidney Pills have proved their worth. It is a kidney medicine that does not contain any mysterious medicine. I used it myself and obtained excellent results. I firmly believe from experience that it is the best medicine for the relief of sufferers from kidney and bladder trouble.

Very truly yours,
W. WITT & CO.,
Sarnia, Ont.

April 28th, 1916. Irvine, Ky.

Farm What Brought Good Will Its Foe Yes

Send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample size bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet telling all about the kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid trouble. When writing, be sure and mention this paper. Regular fifty cent and one dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.—Adv.

Comparative Misfortunes.

"We certainly do have troubles. This year we had double pneumonia in the family."

"That's nothing. We had twins in ours."

Paradoxical.

"Do you think school rounds are likely to make a man?"

"Not if they get the drop first."

Let us carry awhile at the days of the multitude.

When Your Eyes Need Care
Try Murine Eye Remedy
Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

A LASS OF THE LUMBERLANDS
by E. ALEXANDER POWELL

NOVELIZED FROM THE MOTION PICTURE SERIAL OF THE SAME NAME PRODUCED BY THE SIGNAL FILM CORP

FIRST EPISODE.

It is more than probable that half Henry Marston had been a few cowpunchers, the baldness, aggressiveness, profanity, stubbornness and cold-bloodedness which were his most outstanding characteristics, would have won him a fellowship in the company of Custer, Hawkins and Drake.

But instead of raising the golden calves of the Indian and the Dakota Main, he raided the forests of the American northwest. The open-door policy of the Northern Land & Lumber company, of which Marston was president and whose activities he directed and controlled, covered a quarter of the continent. Eighty per cent of the vast forests of Washington, Oregon, Idaho and California were either owned by the company or under its control.

When President Marston entered the company's palatial offices on an upper floor of the Pioneer building in Seattle, the genial at ten o'clock as was his custom, his secretary, a honey-haired, name named Johnson, handed him a telegram. It was dated at a lumber camp somewhere in eastern Oregon and read:

"McCarthy reports Holmes hard hit by fires and won't be able to cut over ten million feet at contract."

The message was signed "Davidson." Marston uttered a grunt which his secretary promptly interpreted as an expression of satisfaction.

Presently Mr. Frazier, who was the general manager of the Northern Land & Lumber company, and Marston's right-hand man, appeared.

"Good morning, Mr. President, speaking in more animated than was his custom. "I think you've at last got weight an ounce and as pretty as Sadie make 'em."

"I'm so sorry it isn't a boy, dear," whispered Mrs. Holmes feebly, "I know how you had set your heart on having a son. But look, Rupert, isn't she a darling? She'll feel like kissing her brute."

Holmes shrivel on the physician in a furry, his arms swung back as though to strike.

"I take no such words from any of my assistants."

"You will take them from me," said Marston, coolly, looking the big lumberman insolently in the eye. "Get out of here and don't return until you have learned to behave yourself."

Holmes went out into the forest and for a week he drove his men harder than he had himself ever been driven before. In his blind rage he walked farther and he had insulted and he worked the more quickly to retrieve his steps. But when reason returned to him he decided to take a short cut across the mountains to the Klamath Indians which adjoined his own holdings.

Accordingly Holmes had ordered them to induce the Indians to part with their land. It was always unsatisfactory, for Sleepy Dog, the strong leader of a powerful band, refused to submit to any his authority to prevent his despoiling of their birthright.

Entering the Indian village, Holmes made his way through to the dwelling-place of the chief. Sleepy Dog was seated on a bench in front of his house, quietly filing on his knee a heavy, bronze-colored spear.

"What you want?" the Indian blustered, in broken English.

"I want to buy some of your land," said the visitor.

"No sell um land," the Indian replied, sullenly. "Keep um for me and my people. Me proudly indicated the purpose, and growing in its mother's arms.

"Keep your dog—d land then," shouted Holmes, and he strode away.

Dusk had fallen when the angry lumberman reached the camp and it was a bunkhouse a man was skulking.

"Who's that?" he called out, but he'll be soon a sorry man," snarled Holmes.

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