

A Night and a Day In the Toronto Police Cells.

(By W. F. in the Christian Guardian.)

On a certain night in August, in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and seven, I was invited by two respectable men (evidently officers of the law), to accompany them to the City Hall, Toronto, to investigate a charge that had been laid against me from a neighboring town. On arriving there I was detained for an hour or more to see the Chief of Police, and then told that from the nature of the charge I should have to be detained, and after promising to send a verbal message to my wife to say I should not be back that night (it was near eleven o'clock), I was asked to deliver up all my valuables, as watch, purse, knife, etc., which were put away in an envelope. I was then escorted by the police to a conveyance with open wire ends, and with a guard in charge was taken to one of the police offices in the city, and after being searched, placed in a large basement cell having six board beds therein and a form. I was there alone, and the place was quiet, excepting that I could hear two or three women above shouting and singing.

His Cell Mate.

I sat down on one of the boards, thinking over the situation, and reflecting that better men than myself had been placed in a similar position, and offered a short prayer to the God who cares for all. I had been in the cell about a quarter of an hour when I heard a noise outside, and a man was brought down the steps, the door of the cell opened, and he was thrust in with an admonition from the officer not to begin shouting. As soon as the officer had left the man said to me, "Who are you?" and made a grab at my throat. I pushed down his hand quickly and spoke to him, telling him I was a man looked up like himself for the night, and we had better be friends. Presently an attendant came and set down a bucket just outside the bars of the cell, uttering the one word, "Water." The man then began cursing and swearing. Afterwards we sat down on the form, and the man shook hands effusively, after the manner of drunken men, but I soon found that this mark of friendship was not to be relied upon, as he wanted to man his arms around me, and then struck at me, with an oath. I pulled back quickly, and realized that I should have to be constantly on the watch against him. He was very determined that I should sit down beside him, and I was at all reluctant to do so, so would take hold of my coat and pull it with all his might, and tried to pull it to tear my coat, as it was the only one I had to wear on the following day, and he usually released his hold, on my complying with his demand to "sit down"; but he was as restless as the spirits of another world are said to be, and soon wanted to get up and walk the cell, but as he could not walk just then more than a pass or two by himself, he was particularly anxious that I should assist him to the far end of the cell, which I did, and afterwards he called aloud for my assistance to help him back again. Then he said to me, "Oh, my, I am feeling sick," and he was sick. But as his physical nature was relieved, his mental faculties became more deranged. He saw my felt hat on one of the boards, and took a particular aversion to it; he went to it and picked it up and said, "What is this?" offering to throw it away. I told him to be careful, as it was my best hat. Then he took off his own hat, which was a straw one, and placed it on my head, and then he sat on the form, and in manœuvreing about he sat upon it, which did not by any means improve its looks; however, I rubbed it up, and although it felt lumpy concluded that it might be wearable another day, and endeavored to keep it out of his way in the future, but in this I was not very successful, and he kept preventing him from sitting upon it again.

Had to Fight Him Off.

As the night passed on he became more violent, and had to remind him many times of our compact of "friendship," and then would follow a great amount of hand-shaking, which often finished up by his striking at me, and I had to ward off many a blow. The man was a little taller than myself, but I concluded that if it came to a test of physical strength I should be about a match for him, notwithstanding this he had me down once, on the boards, and I had to turn over sharply to get the upper hand. Then we paced the cell up and down many times, and when we got to the far end he would often say: "Sit down, sit down, sit down," pulling at me until I did so, raising his voice with each repetition of the words.

An electric light was endeavoring to chase away the darkness at one end of the cell, and a light shone through the door at the other end, lighting up the place somewhat weirdly. I could see by the light, such as it was, the man's eyes were glaring wildly as he uttered his sepulchral tones, "I am thy father's spirit; doomed for a certain term to wait the night; and for the day, confined to fast in fires, till the foul crimes done in my days of nature are burnt and purged away." This he repeated several times, until he seemed to believe that he himself was the ghost, and stretched out his hand to me with a menacing grin. I thought it might appease him to let him know that I recognized this as a quotation from Shakespeare, but it did not seem to make much difference to him.

He then said, "Yes, I am a very devil when I'm drunk, I could kill anybody." And he put his hand swiftly through his pocket, as if in search of something, and I said to myself, "Yes, I guess your pockets have been searched as well as mine, and it is a merciful provision of the law that allows no knives to be brought into a place like this."

Was He Drunk?

The man was now fast throwing off the stupor of drink. He questioned me as to whether he was drunk, and whether he had struck any one. He also wanted to know if I was drunk, and if not, what I was doing there; but the man had no thoughts of sleep, and again repeated, "I am thy father's spirit," etc. I said to him, "You seem to know Hamlet pretty well." "Hamlet, Hamlet," he said, and from that time his own quotation did not appear to him quite so forcibly. He could now walk about the cell smartly, and showed more temper, and was inclined to become more violent. To while away the time I endeavored to sing some hymns, but as this seemed to irritate him I tried some of our popular

songs, and "The Old Armchair," and "There's no Place Like Home," and as he joined heartily in the singing of these I ventured to congratulate him upon having a good bass voice, which he did not take amiss. However, he wanted more songs than I could think of just then, and I had to finish up with whistling some of our well-known tunes.

He was now becoming more reasonable, and asked if I knew whether there was any water in the place. I told him of the bucket of water just outside the bars, and of the rusty cup that was knocking about the floor, and showed him that by putting his arm through the bars he could get a drink, for which he was thankful.

I do not know the stated times for the keepers to come around, but guess it would be about four o'clock, and the man asked reasonably enough if he could be let out. The keeper asked him his name, and whether it was his first offence, and being assured that it was, he told him he would see him again in the morning.

Overtaken by Remorse.

The drunkenness and violence were now about over, but remorse was following hard upon its heels, and the man spoke of poisoning himself when he obtained his liberty. I conversed with him of the sacredness of life, and said that as we did not give ourselves life, I considered we had no right to take it away. "Oh," said he, "you cannot take life away; you might kill your body, but that is not your life." I told him that I acknowledged there was a difference between the body and the soul, but that the two were so closely intermingled that we should consider one as sacred as the other. I also told him that I was a Christian and believed in the resurrection of the body.

I asked him what he had been drinking the night before, and he told me it was "London gin," and that kind of stuff. He also said that he could drink down any one he met when it came to two, and sometimes three, he got turned over himself. He knew drink was a snare and he often let it alone for months together, then a feeling would come over him, he would forget everything and go blindly for the drink. I strongly advised him to quit the drink altogether, and he said afterwards that he should think over what we had been talking about.

As the light of day began to find its way through the iron gratings we should both of us have liked to get a little sleep, but when no sort of pillow (not even a wooden one) was provided, we found this to be quite impossible. He lay down, but complained that he was cold, and asked me to put my coat over him, which I did, and then paced the cell whilst he endeavored to sleep; he then said that the coat was too small and asked if I had not an overcoat. I do not suppose he slept, but when he got up he seemed refreshed, but had forgotten that he had asked the loan of my coat, and recommended me to put it on, but we both found that a closing night of August could be chilly in a basement cell.

At last, however, the night was through, and at about six o'clock he was taken from the cell, and I presume, set at liberty, as I did not see any more of him, whilst I was retained to go through a few more formalities of the law.

They Separate.

When my friend for the night was taken away I was escorted to a room upstairs, and then placed in one of the single cells. This was one of a set of a dozen or so made of sheet iron and barred and locked door. There was a wooden pillow to the wooden bench, and I took out my handkerchief and tried to make with some a large enough cushion to get a little sleep, but before I could do so the attendant came around and asked me to get up and have breakfast. Several replies in the affirmative, and I also said that I would. He asked if I had any money, and I told him I had some at the City Hall. I then lay down again, but not to sleep. No breakfast came, however, and after about an hour in this cell I was taken to a conveyance to take the prisoners to the City Hall. This was an old-fashioned vehicle made to hold about six, but we were squeezed in four on a side and two standing. Then we called at another station, where a man was introduced as "one of the Armstrongs." He, however, was in such a feeble and shaky condition that I was glad to stand up and let him take my seat, and I also had the benefit of the fresh air that came through the grating at the top. It was evident that most, if not all, my companions "had erred through strong drink," and "through strong drink" were "out of the way."

After what seemed to be a long drive we arrived at the City Hall. Here we were again placed behind bars in a waiting-room for men. The floor had been recently covered with sawdust, seats were arranged around, water could be had for the asking, and those who had tobacco or cigars upon them were allowed to smoke. I am not a smoker myself, but perhaps the privilege may have been useful in keeping down the too abundant supply of undesirable microbes.

A Long Wait.

It was a tedious wait for the cases to be called on, at least it seemed so to me, and when my own particular case was called, I was informed that I was charged with theft and wanted at a town some miles away, but as the officer from said town had not put in an appearance I was remanded until the next day to give him the opportunity to arrive; however, the detective called me to his private office and I was given the opportunity of writing a couple of brief notes, one to my wife and one to my employer. Two detectives then walked me to one of the police stations, and after promising that a dinner should be served as soon as possible (for it was past the noon hour and I had not yet broken my fast), I was placed in a private cell once more to await the pleasure of the authorities. In about an hour, after all, a dinner was served me which was all that could reasonably be expected for a "quarter," but I found some difficulty in despatching it with only the aid of a spoon.

Honorably Acquitted.

I then sat down and watched a few flies that had come in at the open window, and right through the bars of my cell, without any fear, and reflected thus, "Yes, you do not realize that you are imprisoned, and consequently do not fear, and why should I be afraid or feel that I am a prisoner, for, after all, it is only a question of which side of the bars God is on." Then I went through my dumb-bell exercises (of course, without the dumbbells), and found I could do them all except the one requiring the arms to be flung backward, as the cell was too narrow for that. I then sat down to rest, but not to sleep. A good-

Westerner and His Prairie Schooner Ox Team on Journey to Washington, D. C.



MEEKER AND OX TEAM

During the same course over which he made his way as an early settler, Meeker has crossed the continent from the coast to Philadelphia in a covered wagon by a pair of oxen. He thinks the pioneer's highway should be preserved and marked with monuments.

natured officer fetched my fellow-prisoners early in the afternoon; he also asked me what I was doing there, and gave the fellow in the next cell a good drink of water; and just as things were getting nice and quiet, an officer came to inform me that I was now wanted to take my journey to answer the charge against me, and after a little more delay, "according to law," my attorney was easily able to answer the charge, and I was "honorably acquitted."

Nerves Unstrung
You Feel Limp
Loaded With Worry
Unable to Sleep
Tired and Excitable.

You'll Grow Steadily Worse Unless the System is Better Nourished.

Nothing will build you up with the certainty of Ferrozone. Thousands it has cured who never hoped to be well—and here is ample proof—substantiated by one of Nova Scotia's prominent clerics. "Before taking the first box of Ferrozone," writes Mrs. Annie Jeffery, of Sandy Cove, N. S., "my condition was deplorable. Though I employed the most skillful medical aid, I grew steadily weaker. In fact, I was in such a low condition that it was impossible for me to walk across the room. My heart was very weak, and I suffered from terrible palpitations, which the doctors said were from troubles peculiar to women. Friends urged me to try Ferrozone, and I bought six boxes. When I had used the third box my old-time vigor and strength returned. The palpitation ceased, my appetite increased, and I got a good rosy color in my cheeks. It would be impossible to speak too highly of Ferrozone. All weak women should use it. I hope many suffering sisters will use Ferrozone, for it will surely cure them."

Rev. J. C. Morse, D. D., pastor of the Baptist Church, Sandy Cove, bears witness to the recovery of Mrs. Jeffery, and writes: "This is to verify that Mrs. Annie Jeffery is a lady upon whose word you can depend. I have known her since childhood, and believe her to be a truthful, honest woman." This adds additional force to the testimony of Mrs. Jeffery, and gives assurance to other sufferers that Ferrozone does what is claimed for it. Three weeks' treatment costs 50c., or six boxes for \$2.50 at all druggists.



EX-SENATOR DONELSON CAFFERY

Having failed to draw Lieutenant Governor Jared W. Sanders, of Louisiana, into a pistol duel, Caffery spread thousands of posters over New Orleans billboards calling Mr. Sanders a "common law and a scoundrel."

Wedding Anniversaries.

Certain of the anniversaries of the wedding day are named from the nature of the presents deemed appropriate to the occasion. The anniversary most frequently celebrated is the silver wedding. Most couples—but, in the course of nature, they are comparatively few—who spend fifty years in wedlock together—celebrate it with a silver wedding. The diamond wedding, which really celebrates the completion of seventy-five years, is sometimes celebrated at sixty years, is, naturally, of more rare occurrence still. The fifth anniversary is the wood-anniversary; the twentieth, crystal. When the first anniversary is observed, it is the paper wedding—Canadian Pro-



A PRAYER.

Infinite God of boundless grace,
Thy precious love I often trace;
It leads me to a higher plane
Where love for Thee shall never wane.

In the high plane of love divine
May perfect love in my life shine,
That others may be drawn to Thee
By acts of love revealed by me.

May love divine enrich my heart
And dwell therein and not depart.
Untill, like Christ, my will is given
To God who is supreme in heaven.

Thy will be done, O God above;
My heart responds Thy sweet love,
I will to Him obedience give
And only for His glory live.

Come, "Holy One," abide with me,
Moulding my life that men may see
Mortal men allied to God,
By a pure heart through Jesus blood.

For this I pray in Jesus' name:
I will to Him obedience give,
I'll know my life is right
Before the world and in God's sight.

My faith in God shall still increase,
My love for Him shall never cease,
I will to Him obedience give,
And only for His glory live.

Hear me, O God, who art in heaven,
Thou hast to me Salvation given;
Vouchsafe to me Thy helpful grace
That I may live by Thy dwelling place.

Toronto, Ont. T. W. Glover.

TWO ROADS.

There are two main thoroughfares of a prayer—one is the way of man to God, the other is the way of God to man.

The first is the most frequented road, hard, barren, unattractive; full of darkness, labor, and uncertainty. When in the distance they call the cry is hollow and loud, for it is out of the empty heart. They are always beginning, always on the threshold. The joy of progress is not theirs, nor the fullness of a well rounded life. The certainty of arrival is not found in their heart. They labor and never come to a full knowledge of the truth. Their cry is a cry of want, their hope is a hope of gain; it is a self-inflicted cruelty, a burden to the weary heart.

The travellers in the other thoroughfare are full of a dignified composure; there is a quietness in their strength; they have a well trained eye, and listen through a long-distance telephone; a vitality of spiritual intensity which reaches far and always travels downward. Like a ship at a wharf outward bound, it is a loading up and startness on a voyage, it is over full; its joy is to give; it blesses with both hands earnestly. The first draught at the fountain of life fills it, and it is empty never. Being justified freely by His grace, the soul is free and cometh not any more under the dark cloud of condemnation. There is weakness but no want, immaturity but no uncertainty, dimness but no darkness. There is a bracing of immortal youth and the equipment for the strife in the defence of the heavenly places where they dwell.

NUGETS

Live with the light of God's love shining into your common day. Take old gifts and continued joys as though they were fresh gifts, as indeed they are. So we can sing a new song unto the Lord every day.

Am I living near my Saviour, then am I as happy as the day is light, and as light-hearted as a child. It may be that I have plenty of annoyances, but they don't trouble me when His presence is with me. Am I downcast and worried, then I am away from God.

The leader who is faithful to his Master will not have to worry about his class being faithful to him.

There is no power of evil that can harm one who has given his life into the keeping of the Lord Jesus Christ.

If possible, never lie down at night without being able to say, I have made at least one being a little wiser, a little happier, or a little better this day.

Hope and faith and love are anchors of the soul, tried and true. Have you got them aboard? They will grip the Rock and will hold the life safe amid the direst storm that ever threatened to engulf the human heart.

A large draught of Bible taken every morning, a throwing open of the heart's windows to the promises of the Master, a few words of honest prayer, a deed or two of kindness to the next person you meet, will do more to brighten your countenance and gladden your life than all the doctor's drugs.

When the troubled soul calls up Heaven it is never told "Line's busy."

GLORY OF THE LORD IN THE CLOUD.

Phillips Brooks once preached a sermon from the text, "Who passing through the valley of weeping make it a well." He said that there were two ways of treating sorrow. One may say, "This that I have to bear is hard, but the clouds will break and there will come better days. Compensation is in store for me. It may not be in this

world, but some time it will all be made up to me." Or he may say, "I will do just what Scripture tells me to do. I will make of my valleys of weeping, well-springs of joy. I will turn sadness into occasions for rejoicing." The apostle says, "In everything give thanks." Assuredly we cannot be thankful for everything, but in every experience that comes to us we may find some reason for giving thanks. When Jeremy Taylor's house had been plundered, all his worldly possessions squandered, his family turned out of doors, he congratulated himself that his enemies had left him "the sun and moon, a loving wife, many friends to pity and relieve, the Providence of God, all the promises of the Gospel, my religion, my hope of heaven, and my charity toward my enemies." Can you see the glory of the Lord in the cloud?

ONE'S OWN HOME.

The charm of home is its individuality. The more it is like other homes, and other places that are not homes, the less it attracts. The home is a place to the world is above all others, the text and motto for the family hearthstone, and the more the family minds it and lives up to it the dearer will be the memory of that same hearthstone, and the bitter the homesickness of those who cannot return to it. This has a very practical bearing on all our plans and arrangements for every day living. "The way we do at home," the way mother used to do, are phrases that always fall on the ear with a reminiscent tenderness. The little customs of the birthday feast, the getting ready for Thanksgiving or Christmas, even the menu for the Sunday breakfast, or the cosy grouping of the chairs for a family "pov-wow" when great events, such as the boy's setting out for college, or the vacation out-going, were on the carpet—are not these the very warp and woof of which we weave our "Old Home" memories? Why, then, should we not have our own little "ways" in the household—ways that shall differentiate it from all other households? They should be ways that belong to us and to our circumstances, suiting our convenience, accommodating our comfort. Fashions may come and go, but let us keep to old-time custom—Selected.

TO THE PEACE CONGRESS.

I am a widow and I ask
Who set my husband murder's task?
Who put the sword within his hand,
With blood to deluge all the land?
Who, sovereign crowned, of life and death,
This war-god who has stilled his breath?

I am an orphan, and I plead,
That I have of my father need;
I want from him my daily bread;
I want his blessing on my head;
I want his love, this is my prayer—
The wife, the child, need father's care.

I am a mother, and I weep
A son too early doomed to sleep;
What pain and anguish have I known.
For this my son, to manhood grown—
And now the lonely, weary day,
Without his smile upon my way.

I am the mine, the shop, the mill.
The science that's unconquered still,
The books unwritten, those unread;
The dream of art in some young head;
The fields that wait the plow in vain—
We cannot spare a land or brain.

I am the State—and of each son
I have strong need, of every one—
'Tis not the wealth that I enfold,
My splendid land that you behold,
That make me proud, and strong, and great—
It is my sons that make the State.

Then hark! a voice fair, sweet, and strong,
With tones as of triumphant song,
That draws the fife, the drum's war-beat,
As swiftly upon winged feet.

A radiant vision, palm in hand,
Comes smiling and before them stands.
I am fair Peace and heard your plea—
Death-dear to War is my decree!
Let every man of woman born
Strike one strong blow for my fair morn.

For war, ye nations, dig a grave,
And let my standard o'er it wave.
—Annette Koln.

SPARKS FROM A PHILOSOPHER'S FORGE.

If worry and wickedness were excluded from the sphere of human activity, men could capitalize energy and invest it in longevity.

Straitened circumstances are determining factors in cementing the bonds of friendship.

Give of your substance if you would have people appreciate your sympathy and emulate your spirit.

People who carry their heart on their

sleeve usually leave their alabaster box on the dressing table on visiting days.

Many resolutions of the morning give birth to the regrets of the evening.

Lack of self-confidence may take the sweetness out of your apple; but over-much confidence in others often takes the apple itself.

A true heart, a balanced mind, and a God-adjusted conscience will convert the obstacles encountered in the path of duty into mediums of inspiration.

He who clings to others for support today may have to cringe before them in shame to-morrow.

It is hard for sordid minds to believe in purity, or cruel natures to believe in love.

The silence of the soul is less musical than its song.

It seems infinitely more natural to forget a kindness than to forgive an injury. All that stands between some men and fortune is principle; and all that stands between others and perdition is grace.

The best way to help our neighbor bear his burden is to manfully and uncompromisingly bear our own.—J. M. H. A.

A WOMAN'S LOGIC.

If Jesus Christ is everything to me, I know He can be everything to my man, and because I know it, then I know if I do not do all that is in my power to let every man who does not know Jesus Christ share Him with me. There is no escape from this logic. I love Jesus Christ, which means if I am loyal to Him, which means if I keep His commandments, I am in touch with everybody to the ends of the earth who needs Him, and I cannot wash my hands and say that what my excuse me from this matter.—Malthie D. Babcock.

Feed New Power To Tired Nerves.

Worn out, tired in the morning, you lack the energy and ambition to work as of old. This means "nerve decay." Nerves that are starved for the want of good rich blood.

It's blood nourishment that vitalizes the nerves. Your blood is thin, weak, watery. It's filled with poisons that hang on because your kidneys don't filter properly.

See here, fix up your kidneys, put new life in your liver, and you'll feel like new in a month.

To do this you must use Dr. Hamilton's Pills, they make life look bright and pleasant because they restore harmony and vigor to the organs that need repair.

Dr. Hamilton's Pills warm the blood and fill it with nutrients that's bound to build you up, that's sure to lift your weakness, that invariably does make joyous robust Good Health.

Think of it, youthful strength, lots of nerve force, plenty of red blood surging through your veins—this is the reason enough for your using Dr. Hamilton's Pills! Sold in 25c boxes by all dealers.

I am an orphan, and I plead,
That I have of my father need;
I want from him my daily bread;
I want his blessing on my head;
I want his love, this is my prayer—
The wife, the child, need father's care.

I am a mother, and I weep
A son too early doomed to sleep;
What pain and anguish have I known.
For this my son, to manhood grown—
And now the lonely, weary day,
Without his smile upon my way.

I am the mine, the shop, the mill.
The science that's unconquered still,
The books unwritten, those unread;
The dream of art in some young head;
The fields that wait the plow in vain—
We cannot spare a land or brain.

I am the State—and of each son
I have strong need, of every one—
'Tis not the wealth that I enfold,
My splendid land that you behold,
That make me proud, and strong, and great—
It is my sons that make the State.

Then hark! a voice fair, sweet, and strong,
With tones as of triumphant song,
That draws the fife, the drum's war-beat,
As swiftly upon winged feet.

A radiant vision, palm in hand,
Comes smiling and before them stands.
I am fair Peace and heard your plea—
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Strike one strong blow for my fair morn.

For war, ye nations, dig a grave,
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SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST Homestead Regulations

ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba or the Northwest Provinces, excepting 8 and 24, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person the sole head of a family, or male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section, of 320 acres, more or less.

Application for homestead entry must be made in person by the applicant at a Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency. Entry by proxy may, however, be made at an Agency on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an existing homesteader.

An application for entry or cancellation made personally at any Sub-Agency's office may be wired to the Agency or Sub-Agency, at the expense of the applicant, and if the land applied for is vacant on receipt of the telegram such application is to have priority and the land will be held until the necessary papers to complete the transaction are received by mail.

In case of "personation" or fraud the applicant will forfeit all priority of claim or if entry has been granted it will be summarily cancelled.

An application for cancellation must be made in person. The applicant must be eligible for homestead entry, and only one application for cancellation will be received from an individual until that application has been disposed of.

Where an entry is cancelled subsequent to institution of cancellation proceedings, the applicant for cancellation will be entitled to prior right of entry.

Applicant for cancellation must state in what particular the homesteader is in default.

A homesteader whose entry is not the subject of cancellation proceedings is, subject to the approval of Department, re-eligible in favour of father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an existing homesteader, but to no one else, on filing declaration of abandonment.

DUTIES—A settler is required to perform the duties of a homesteader in making and cultivating of the land in each year during the term of his homestead.

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year during the term of his homestead.

(2) A homesteader may, if he so desires, perform the required residence duties by living on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of his homestead. Joint ownership in land will not meet this requirement.

(3) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of a homesteader has permanent residence on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of his homestead, such homesteader may perform his own residence duties by living with the father (or mother).

(4) The term "vicinity" in the two preceding paragraphs is defined as meaning not more than nine miles in a direct line, exclusive of road allowances crossed in the measurement.

A homesteader intending to