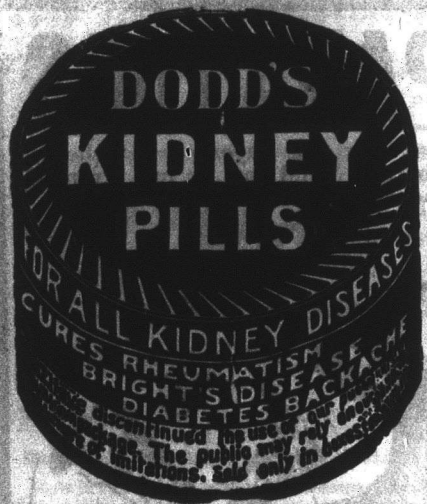
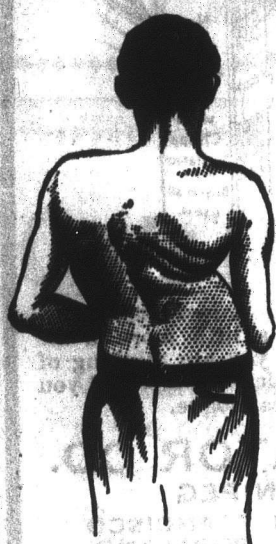




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FOR
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J. H. CARSON
54 King Street
Winnipeg - Man.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26 not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated.

The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans:

- (1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.
- (2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.
- (3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

Six months' notice in writing should be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa, of intention to apply for patent.

W. W. CORY,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N. B. — Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

STUDY IT A LITTLE

If you will consider the exceptional offer made on page 1, you must admit that it is worth your while to accept. They take all the risk. You have nothing to lose. How can you refuse?

In Lighter vein.

A Doggy Doggerel.

The fisherman took his rod,
And the hunter shouldered his gun;
And a sad-eyed dog with liver spots
Went with them to see the fun.

They were clad in breech and shoon
Of a sporting color and cut,
They had all the paraphernalia
They could possibly manage, but—
The fisherman fished in vain,
Though he angled away all day,
For he carried his bait in a bottle, you see,
And temperance fish were they.

The hunter was out for birds;
"There aren't any birds," he growled;
The sad-eyed dog with liver complaint
Sat down and dolefully howled.

But a shabby man, in a ragged coat,
And a boy with a bent-pin hook,
Bagged all the birds in sight, that day,
And coaxed the fish from the brook!

Various Pies.

I was eating my supper the other evening in a little Kentucky hotel," said A. B. Conway, at the Willard Hotel, "when a neatly dressed country girl, who was waiting on the table, came up and asked if I would have dessert. I enquired what kind of dessert she had, and she replied:

"We have pie."

"You may bring me a piece of pie," I said, and she inquired:

"What kind do you want?"

"What kind have you?"

"We have three kinds—open top, cross-barred, and kivered," but they are all apple," she said, apparently very proud of having so wide a variety for me to select from."

Circumstantial Evidence.

A lawyer, says the New York "Tribune," says that the best illustration of circumstantial evidence as proof was in a story he had recently heard.

A young and pretty girl had been out walking. On her return her mother said:

"Where have you been, my dear?"

"Only walking in the park," she replied.

"With whom?" pursued her mother.

"No one, mamma," said the young girl.

"No one?" her mother repeated.

"No one," was the reply.

"Then," said the older lady, "explain how it is that you have come home with a walking-stick when you started with an umbrella?"

Reclaimed.

A West Philadelphia lad took a nosegay to his teacher one morning last week. The teacher accepted the flowers with many thanks. During the day she had an occasion to correct him for inattention. This hurt his feelings so much that after school he walked with a proud air up to the teacher's desk.

"Well, Sammy," asked the teacher, "what can I do for you?"

"Do you know that bunch of flowers I gave you this morning?" he began.

"Yes," replied the teacher.

"Well, I didn't give them to you; I only loaned them."

An Omission.

A windy, turgid ocean, white-capped and terrible. A few sea-birds, skirting mournfully round, on the top of a crest of a limpid wave the body of a sailor. Troubles are over now, Jack. The sea you lived on all your life has gathered you to herself at last.

Altogether a very fine picture, and it was appreciated by the "Flotsam and Jetsam."

They were from the "Flotsam and Jetsam."

unfamiliar with the tragedies of the sea, but they stood in solemn silence before the picture for some moments.

"Somethin' wrong about that," said Mr. Piggins at last. "Them artistic chaps oughter be more careful. There's poor old Flot-Sam all right enough; but where's Jet-Sam—eh? 'E's forgot to put 'im in."

Remembering the Text.

Not long ago a little boy who had been taught to attend church and Sabbath school very faithfully with his parents was obliged to go all alone. His father was away from town and his mother was not well. He started away with a very great sense of responsibility. One thing he was charged to remember, and that was the text. Upon his return home almost the first question his mother asked was, "What was the text, Henry? Do you remember it?"

"Of course I do," replied Henry proudly. "Don't worry, you'll get the quilt."

The mother was very much puzzled as to what the verse could possibly be in its right interpretation, but not willing to hurt her little son's feelings, waited her chance to inquire of the woman next door who attended the same church. The next morning when the call was made, Henry's mother inquired the subject of the sermon the previous day and learned that the text was as follows:

"Be not troubled; I will send you the Comforter."

Bragging Bob.

As the visiting fleet was hoisting anchor, Admiral Evans delivered himself: "I have my own views of the British warships and their make-up, but I do not care to express them. The American people have had an opportunity to make comparisons. Along that line I will only say: With the way my fleet is equipped and manned. I am not afraid to stack up against anything in the whole world, and if it will be of any comfort for the American people to know it, tell it to them straight from the shoulder." Holdfast is a good dog, too.

A Judicial Privilege.

In a Southern court one day, says a well-known attorney, one of the counsel paused in his argument, remarking to the judge:

"I observe that your Honor shakes his head at that statement. I desire to re-affirm it, although your Honor dissents."

"I am not aware," coldly responded the judge, "that I have intimated how I shall construe the evidence, nor what my decision will be in the premises. Your remark is, therefore, entirely uncalled for."

"Your Honor shook his head."

"True," said the judge, "there was a fly on my ear. And I'll have you know, sir, that I reserve the right to remove a fly in whatever manner pleases me."

Agricultural Politics.

A young farmer who had been elected to a western state legislature, and instructed to follow the lead of the state central committee of his party, was recently taken to task by some of his constituents for voting against a "party" measure.

"My friends," he replied, "when I was a boy, one of our neighbors got a new hired man—a chap from the city. One day he took him out to a pasture lot and set him to turning the sod under."

"You start in here," he said, "and plow right to that old red cow."

"There's a good fellow about his work. Toward noon he came back to see how

the fellow was getting along, and found he had plowed a rambling furrow all over the field, and was still at it.

"Here!" he shouted. "What do you mean by that sort of work?"

"Why," said the man, "you told me to plow to the red cow, and I've been plowing toward her all morning, but she keeps walking all over the field."

"Now, I'll admit, gentlemen, that you told me to plow to a red cow, but I should like to have you, as farmers, compare my furrows with that cow's trail."

In the Awkward Squad.

An Irish drill sergeant was instructing some recruits in the mysteries of marching movements and found great difficulty in getting a countryman of his to halt when the command was given.

After explaining and illustrating several times, he approached the recruit, sized him up silently for a couple of minutes, then demanded his name.

"Fitzgerald, sor," was the reply.

"Did you ever drive a donkey, Fitz?"

"Yes, sor."

"What did you say when you wished him to stop?"

"Whoa."

The sergeant turned away and immediately put his squad in motion. After they had advanced a dozen yards or so he bawled out at the top of his lungs: "Squad halt! Whoa, Fitzgerald!"

Just Like a Woman.

"It's just 7 o'clock," said Squibob, "and so you have plenty of time to dress yourself carefully for the theatre. With this margin of time, Henrietta, you can surely have no excuse for being unprepared at the last moment, a trait wholly confined to your sex."

"Yes, dear, I'll start dressing now at once," said his helpmeet dutifully.

"And I myself will show you a good example in promptness," said Squibob kindly. "I'll start right in now myself. By the way, where are my things?"

"Here they are."

"Put the shirt studs in one, will you? And—er—by the way, this dress suit is rather crumpled. I must have tossed it about in the drawer. You are rather handy at those things, Henrietta; can't you press it into some sort of shape?"

"All right, dear."

"And while you are at it fix the pearls in my shirt front. Goodness! I wish you'd chase up my cuff links."

Mrs. Squibob flew around with deft and willing hands, gathered the masculine apparel together, while Squibob calmly dressed himself in the intervals of his rapid-fire directions. "Got my top hat?" he asked. "Good. Now please fix my necktie, and—why—er—"

Squibob gasped in surprise, looked at the clock hands, which pointed to 8, and then surveyed the flurried little woman.

"Goodness!" he said in fine scorn. "Aren't you dressed yet? Well, if that isn't just like a woman."

A Scottish Echo.

The late Sims Reeves was fond of telling a story relating to an early engagement in Glasgow which was arranged through a metropolitan agency. One of the items on the programme was "Hail! Smiling Morn," and Mr. Reeves was put down for the solo portion. The chorus consists of an echo, and the London agent assured the soloist that a satisfactory choir had been engaged.

The whole matter was settled hurriedly. Mr. Reeves was at first disinclined to accept, as other engagements prevented him reaching Glasgow in time for a rehearsal with the choir.

"Don't worry about that, my dear sir," said the agent. "You'll find the choir perfect."

The concert was a success, and in due course "Hail! Smiling Morn" was