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SYNOPSIS OF DOMINION LAND REGULATIONS

Any person who is the sole head of a family or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price \$3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside upon the homestead or pre-emption six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may enter for a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price \$3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth \$300.00.

W. W. CORY

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

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Miss Matty's Millenium

By Edith G. Bayne

NO ONE had ever, apparently, considered Miss Matty Percival's claims to attractiveness until she had reached the age of forty-one, when a bachelor uncle in the West died, leaving her the neat sum of fifty thousand dollars and some Winnipeg real estate.

Then Springvale—especially the male portion thereof—suddenly awoke to the realization that Miss Matty's eyes were still bright, her cheek yet unfaded and her hair, the shade of burnished copper to which the few encroaching threads of grey, only added a touch of distinction. Formerly Springvale had alluded to her tresses as "nigh to red as could be." Her figure, heretofore "stiff and angular" was now merely erect and slim and her freckles were quite overlooked. A certain aloofness in her manner which had been "pride" before, now became nothing more than "reserve."

If the legacy had surprised Springvale, it had fairly amazed Miss Percival. She had not even been aware of her roving uncle's whereabouts. All of her life she

"Joe Holbrook!" she exclaimed, wide-eyed.

"Good afternoon," called the visitor, over the lilac bushes.

"What is it? Another telegram?" asked Miss Matty.

The station agent grinned rather foolishly.

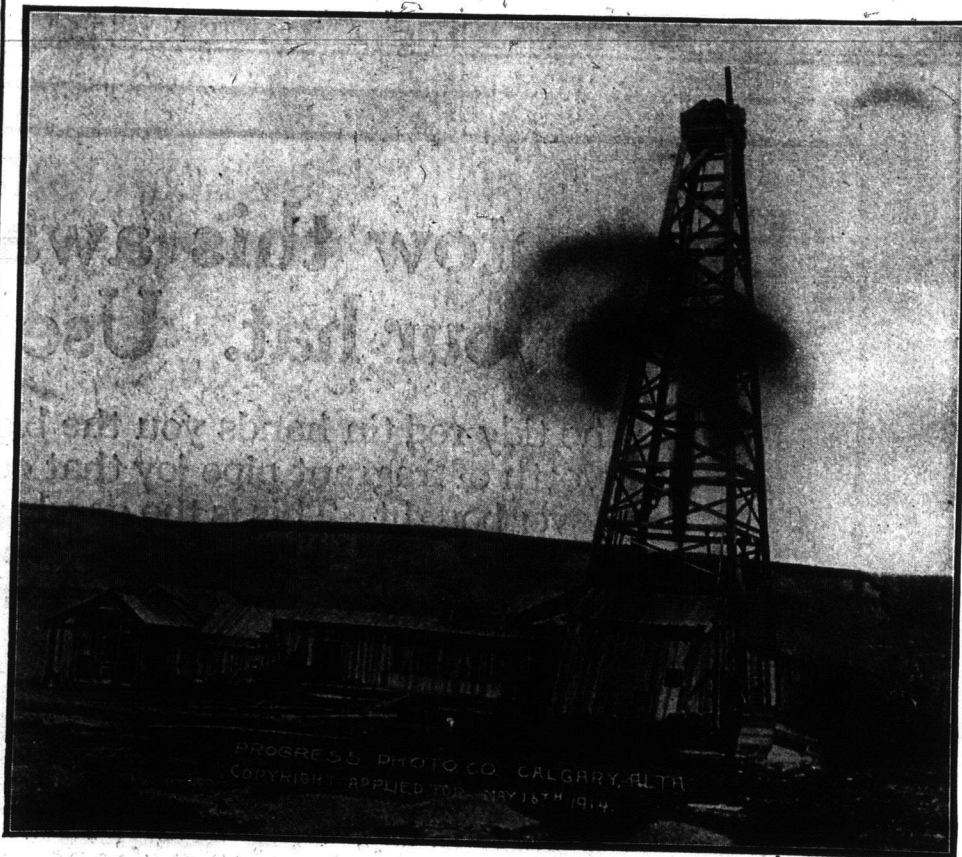
"You needn't think of telegrams every time you see me, Matty Percival! Anyway you surely ain't expectin' any more windfalls so soon again, like that big one yesterday? What's the matter with me just making a friendly call?" Miss Percival looked regretfully at her unfinished wedding, sighed as she shook the dirt from her hands and walked around to the front.

"Come in the sitting room, Joe. It's cool in there. How's the children?"

"Oh, jest 'bout as usual. It's real warm today."

"Very warm."

"You seem kinder busy Matty. Didn't expect to see you working away so hard now that you're so well off. Goin' to stay in Springvale?"



The First Gush at the Dingman, May 15th. (See Article on Page 10)

had lived in Springvale and since her parent's demise, had continued to occupy the same humble and picturesque cottage on her own acre of ground at the extreme end of Springvale's Main Street. It was the smallest cottage in the village and the prettiest. A row of lilac bushes grew on either side of the tiny gravel-walk which led from her immaculate front steps to the small gate. A genuine Virginia Creeper spread its leaves and tendrils over the porch and tiny verandah, and a large bed of pansies adorned the square of grass plot. From the rear one caught an enticing glimpse of nodding hollyhocks and a hedge of sweet peas in a riot of color. A garden tended by Miss Matty's loving hands and never, on any account, given over to the care of another, flourished in the back lot, and over all the mild warm air and the scent of syringa in bloom proclaimed the month—June, and the weather—fine.

Miss Matty was weeding the garden, attired in a faded blue sunbonnet and a voluminous work-apron. It was the day after the great news had come to her and the city lawyer had just departed. Miss Matty wanted to get near to the heart of Mother Nature and ponder upon it all. Her fingers fairly ached to grovel in the soil. Three long professional calls from the lawyer, much signing of documents and conferring together in regard to stocks and bonds had filled up Miss Matty's day and the weeds had been growing as weeds alone, know how to thrive on neglect.

The latch of the front gate clicked and Miss Matty peered over the sweet pea hedge.

"Why I suppose so, Joe I've made no plans yet," she added.

"Well, I congratulate you and hope you'll live long to enjoy your wealth. I—er—I s'pose you may even marry, eh?" This with a for-you-alone smile. Miss Percival did not perceive the ill-concealed anxiety in the query.

"No, indeed Why should I?" she asked.

"Do you mind what good friends we wuz at school, Matty? Mind how I uster carry your books home? As you know, I'm a lonely sort o' chap now, an' six children is a care since poor Ellen died." He sighed.

"I'm sure of that, Joe."

"How'd you like to marry me, Matty? I always liked you—"

"Marry you!" echoed the spinster, amazed.

"Why, yes, to be sure. Everybody seeks to better themselves."

"How would such a step better me?"

Miss Matty's question was none the less caustic for being gentle.

Joe Holbrook flushed, looked puzzled and then retorted:

"Wall, I swan! Why, Matty, I thought wimmen wuz s'posed to—"

"To what?"

"Why to—to be onselfish!"

This reproof did not pierce the armor of Miss Matty's selfishness for she scarcely heard it. At that instant happening to glance from the window, she cried:

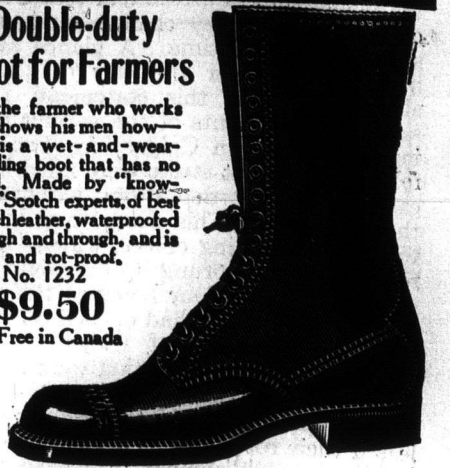
"I declare! If here isn't old Mr Titewad—the poor old chap—and he's right at the gate! I thought his rheuma-

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