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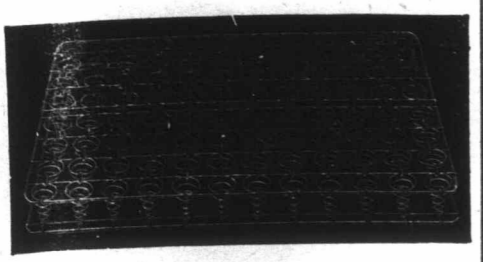
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ADVERTISE IN THE ADVOCATE

Miscellaneous

THE EXTRAVAGANCE OF OUR FOREFATHERS.

There are many things our ancestors did that we cannot approve of, but perhaps nothing shocks us more, when we think of it, than their wasteful habits. The modern man supports his family on what his grandfather threw away. It appears that once they butchered animals for their meat. To our economical minds this is as shocking as to read of hunters on the Western plains who slaughtered buffalo by the thousands to get their hides. Nowadays the packers could afford to give away the meat because they made more money out of what used to be mostly refuse. Still, they are not satisfied. They keep experts at work all the time shortening the process so fewer people need spend their time at this necessarily disagreeable work. Their chemists run after the doctors, crying, "Here's a useless organ. Can't you use it in your business?" And the doctors hunt around until they find a use for it, in stopping blood, curing cretins, digesting banquets or something else.

The dump-heaps of our ancestors are our mines. We go over them and pick out the precious metal they left, the gold, uranium and radium. Whenever they made anything they were just as likely as not to throw away the most valuable part. When they made soda they let the chlorine escape into the air, contaminating that, instead of utilizing it to make bleaching powder for purification. When they made charcoal, they let the alcohol and the vinegar and a hundred valuable medicines and perfumes go up in smoke. It was like burning up a whole drug store. When they made iron they let the slag go to waste instead of making cement for walks and bridges and houses out of it. When they picked the seeds out of cotton they threw them away, never thinking how much salad oil could be got out of them. When they made beer they let the carbonic acid go off into the air instead of saving it, as the brewers do now, to make soda-water for the people who will not drink beer.

The farmer's wife who put her wood ashes into a wooden hopper in the back yard thought she was economical, but when she made her soap she threw away the glycerine, never dreaming that she might blast up subways with it or blow up a czar. Into the fireplace were thrown great logs, enough to print a Sunday edition of a yellow journal. Perhaps a hundredth part of 1 per cent. of the heat it produced reached the joint turning on the spit or the shivering limbs of the household. The ancient Chinese way of roasting pig was miserly in comparison.

When they used coal they burned it right up under the boiler in making steam. If they had had any ideas of economy they would have made gas of it and exploded that in the cylinder, conveying power from a central plant with little leakage by electric wires. When they made gas for lighting they did not even take the trouble to save the ammonia and the sulphur. To celebrate a political election the boys were allowed to burn barrels of tar, sending up in nasty smoke finer perfumes than attar of roses, flavors of more fruits than the botanist knows, dyes of more colors than there are in the rainbow, and medicines that cure all the diseases that the flesh has since become heir to.

Nowadays, when we practice our stricter economies, partly on account of their prodigality, our filial respect for them is impaired by the thought of their lack of consideration for us, their heirs. We would not mind their waste of time and labor, foolish as it seems, if they had not also squandered the world's capital, its natural resources.

Those were the days when pins were saved, when carpenters stooped to pick up dropped nails, and scraps of paper were pasted together to make notebooks. If they had had forethought they would not have shaped pins and nails expensively by hand and made paper out of such valuable material as rags. Pimping wise and pound foolish our grandfathers were. Of course, we must remember that they did not know any better, but to read of their carelessness is like

watching a child burn up the paper money that he has found in his father's desk.—N. Y. Independent.

Speaking with a young lady, a gentleman mentioned that he had failed to keep abreast of the scientific advance of the age. "For instance," he said, "I don't know at all how the incandescent electric light which is now used in some buildings is produced." "Oh, it is very simple," said the lady. "You just turn a button and the light appears at once."—Tit-Bits.

Mrs. Jaggsby—I was very much surprised at the condition in which you came home last night. Jaggsby—There you go again! I'd be willing to swear that I came home perfectly sober. Mrs. Jaggsby—So you did; that's what surprised me.—Illustrated Bits.

The imaginary invalid, who fancies he has all the diseases in the books, or, at least, all the interesting ones, had called in a young physician who had a considerable reputation. He was telling the doctor what he thought was the trouble with him, when the doctor ventured to disagree with his diagnosis. For a moment he was speechless.

"I beg your pardon," he said, at last, in a haughty way. "But it isn't for a young physician like you to disagree with an old and experienced invalid like me." And he went out to seek another doctor.—Answers.

"I tell you," said the young sub-editor of a local paper, "that the editor isn't in, and I'm not going to tell you again. If you have anything for him you can leave it with me." "Very well," said the caller, taking off his coat. "I came in to give him a good sound thrashing, but I'll give it to you instead."—Modern Society.

The telephone girl and the ledger clerk, to whom she had promised her heart and hand, were seated by the fireside, dreaming of the happy days when they would be one. From one little detail to another the talk finally drifted to the subject of lighting fires in the morning. On this point the young man was decided. He stated as his firm opinion that it was a wife's place to get up and light the fires, and let the poor, hard working husband rest. After this declaration there was silence for about a second. Then the girl thrust out her finger, encircled by a ring, and murmured, sweetly but firmly: "Ring off, please. You have got the wrong number?"

THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

London, Oct. 12.—The weekly statement of the Bank of England shows the following changes: Total reserve, decrease £2,112,000; circulation, decrease £394,000; bullion, decrease £2,505,590. Other securities increased £142,000; other deposits increased £3,171,000; public deposits decreased £3,562,000; notes reserve decreased £2,207,000. The proportion of the banks reserve to liability this week is 39.55 per cent compared with 38.50 per cent last week.

A good story is told of Mr. Barlow's experience several years ago with some Democratic friends who had gone to his summer house at Glen Cove, on Long Island to spend the summer with him. The party was made up of the late Governor Filden, Mr. Charles A. Dana (then editor of the New York Sun), Mr. Manton Marble, editor of the New York World, Mr. Smith, Mr. Weed (since become prominent in politics), and one or two other men of position. After dinner his guests made their way to the billiard-room and began to play. Before long Mr. Filden contented to his sleepiness, and proposed to go to bed. Mr. Barlow accompanied him, with the intention of returning later to his pleasure-seeking friends; but when he got upstairs he came to the conclusion



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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 must 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.

that as his guests knew their rooms, he would follow Mr. Filden's example. He did so and slept soundly until after daylight on Sunday morning. On awakening to his surprise, he heard the rattle of the billiard-balls. He rose at once and went to the billiard-room, where the game had proceeded without interruption through the whole night. He found at the door—the only exit—his faithful but fierce bulldog standing guard. The guests had made one attempt after another to get away to bed, but the bulldog had successfully prevented their departure, and there had been nothing else to do through the long watches of the night but return to their cues and the billiard table.

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