



### WHY NOT ? Sleep on a Cornelius Spring

They are clean—no place for the lodgment of dust. They are sanitary and vermin-proof. If your dealer does not handle the "Cornelius" let us know and we will arrange it for you. We guarantee the "Cornelius" to be as represented, and if not entirely satisfactory after 30 days' trial the purchase price will be refunded.

**CORNELIUS BROS.**  
485 Sherbrook St., Winnipeg

### British Columbia Irrigated Fruit Lands with Water Free

Several hundred acres of the finest fruit lands have been put on the market for sale in the Kettle Valley, which have been subdivided into lots of various sizes; many of these front along the river and are beautifully situated. Soil a rich sandy loam, which produces the most magnificent apples, small fruit and vegetables. Very valuable local market only a few miles away in the flourishing mining district of the boundary where the monthly pay roll is \$250,000. Splendid climate. About 30 miles east of Okanagan Valley. Excellent railway facilities. Prices only \$100 to \$150 per acre. Abundant supply of the finest water and NO RENT to pay for it. Apply to

**W. O. WRIGHT, Managing Director**  
Kettle Valley Irrigated Fruit Lands Co.  
MIDWAY, B. C.  
Winnipeg Agents:  
E. M. Tomlinson & Co., Edward Building  
Opp. Eaton's, Winnipeg, Man.

### Ten Acre Blocks Kootenay Fruit Lands

We are placing on the market a part of the well-known BOURKE RANCH, situated on the west arm of the Kootenay Lake, thirteen miles from Nelson. The Bourke Ranch is one of the best known developed fruit farms in the Kootenay. We are offering tracts of about

**10 ACRES**  
Price \$125.00 per acre

Terms: one third cash, balance in one and two years. The soil is the finest grade of fruit soil. The location is perfect and the price is remarkably low. There are only SEVEN (7) blocks, as but seventy acres have been included in the subdivision.

If you are interested, write us.  
**KOOTENAY LAND AND INVESTMENT CO.**  
Fruit Lands and Real Estate,  
P.O. Box 443 NELSON, B. C.

**McKILLIP**  
**Veterinary College**  
Chicago—Chartered 1892  
AFFORDS UNLIMITED CLINICAL ADVANTAGES  
New building containing every modern appliance. Sessions begin Oct. 1, 1907. The new U.S. Sanitary and Pure Food laws require large and increasing number of Veterinary Inspectors.  
For a free catalog and other information,  
George D. McKillip, Sec., Dept. D W. Wash. St. CHICAGO

ADVERTISE IN THE ADVOCATE

### Miscellaneous

#### DANGERS OF CHICKEN-RAISING.

An elderly man and a young man were sitting on the veranda conversing, according to *Harper's Magazine*.

"Yes," said the young man, "I am going into chicken-farming. I am convinced that there is money to be made that there is no business in the world in which there is more money to be made. I have figured on it, and think I know what I can do. Why, look at the way they increase. In four or five years I —"

"My friend," said the old man, "I have had experience in the business. Be warned; do not embark in it. You know not what you do."

"What!" said the young man; "have you tried and failed?"

"I mean to tell you that I tried it and gave it up," answered the other. "I got ten hens, intending to get rich, as you purpose doing. I installed them in a coop and awaited returns. But before they had laid an egg I happened to pick up a pencil and a bit of paper and do some calculating. At a low estimate I saw that each of my hens could raise three broods the first summer. Allowing for one bad egg in each setting, there would be twelve chicks to each brood. Calling half of them pullets this would give six to each brood, or 18 to each hen for the season or 180 for the entire flock. Adding my original ten I would have 190 hens at the end of the first summer. Figuring at the same ratio I saw that I would have 3610 at the end of the second summer. I was encouraged and went on to find that I would have 68,590 when the third summer closed. I sharpened my pencil and bent over my paper with feverish interest. The fourth summer, I discovered, would leave me with 1,303,210 likely hens. When the autumn leaves of the fifth dying summer should swirl about me I would have 24,760,990 cacklers. Another year of joys and sorrows—my sixth—would find me surrounded by 470,458,810 live and enterprising hens. Once again, when the seventh summer should fade into glorious autumn, I found that a matter of 8,938,717,390 distinct hens and a rooster or two would be with me in the galinaceous flesh. The inspiring figures for the eighth year I have forgotten as likewise, I have those of the ninth. I only know I found that at the end of ten years I would have more prime hens than there was space for on the surface of the globe, counting the arctic regions, and supposing roosts across all rivers and twenty fowls in each tree. I was dumfounded. But I did not hesitate. I saw what I owed to the human race. I seized an axe and hurried to the coop. My boy, I loved those hens, but I loved humanity more; and I led them to the block like a Spartan and chopped off their heads. I breathed more freely when it was all over, and the horrible vision was gone of the whole earth four feet deep in hens, and every blessed one of them cackling. Young man, do not go into the chicken business; it leads to awful things."

Two years ago Zip swallowed a grain of wheat. Last Thursday night at the log-rolling he had a fit of coughing and coughed up a fifty-pound sack of flour and about one hundred and six pounds of bran. Truth is mighty and will prevail.—*Gold Beach Oregon Gazette*.

The tender feelings of the lady of a large house were aroused whilst listening to the mournful wail of a man with three children. Seeing that the man looked strong and healthy, she approached him, and explaining that she was without a servant, asked if he would undertake to do some scrubbing. She was imbued with the spirit of charity, and said the children could play in the garden whilst their father scrubbed. "I will give you food, and pay two shillings for your services," she added. "A day's scrubbing," said the man, with scorn. "I think you have made a mistake, mum, my profession is music—not scrubbin'."

Some visitors hired a small boat to go for a sail, and when everything was ready, and they had just started, the owner came along. Seeing the sides nearly licking the water's edge, he shouted out: "Ow mony is there in that 'ere boat?" "Five," was the reply. "Well, 'arf of yer 'ill 'a to git out." "I see," said Mrs. Oldecastle, "that one of our American millionaires has just paid \$40,000 for a Titian." "You don't say so!" replied her hostess, after she had with a queenly wave of her hand dismissed the butler. "Does it go by steam or gasoline?"—*Chicago Record-Herald*

Lady—"And you say you have been brought to this by your wife?" Tramp—"Yuss, Lady. I got 'er three good jobs, and 'er bloom'n' independence lorst 'er the lot of 'em."

Kubelik, the noted violinist, was recently playing by request before the inmates of an insane asylum, the superintendent of which believed that music was a fine medicine for unbalanced minds. He played a brilliant Slav composition, thinking that was surely of the cheerful character wanted. As he finished a very pretty young woman rose and beckoned to him. He thought, artist like, that she wanted an encore, and so said to the doctor: "Ask her what she desires." He rose to his feet and was about to question her, when she exclaimed: "To think of the likes of me being here and he being at large in the world!"

As an express train was going through a station, says "Tit Bits," one of the passengers leaned too far out of the window, overbalanced and fell out. He fortunately landed on a sand heap, so that he did himself no great injury, but, with torn clothes and not a few bruises, said to a porter who was standing by: "What shall I do?" "You're all right, mister," said the porter. "Your ticket allows you to stop off."

The proprietor of a large business house bought a number of signs reading, "Do it Now," and had them hung around the office, hoping to inspire his people with promptness and energy in their work. In his private office one day soon afterward a friend asked him how the scheme effected the staff. "Well, not just the way I thought it would," answered the proprietor. "The cashier skipped with thirty thousand dollars, the head bookkeeper eloped with the private secretary, three clerks asked for an increase in salary, and the office-boy lit out to become a highwayman."

First Kid (to new office boy)—Did you tell the boss you was an orphan and had no relatives livin' ? New Boy—Yes, I did. First Kid—Yer a chump! How yer a-goin' to get off to go to the ball game?—*Boston Transcript*

Two years ago Zip swallowed a grain of wheat. Last Thursday night at the log-rolling he had a fit of coughing and coughed up a fifty-pound sack of flour and about one hundred and six pounds of bran. Truth is mighty and will prevail.—*Gold Beach Oregon Gazette*.

The tender feelings of the lady of a large house were aroused whilst listening to the mournful wail of a man with three children. Seeing that the man looked strong and healthy, she approached him, and explaining that she was without a servant, asked if he would undertake to do some scrubbing. She was imbued with the spirit of charity, and said the children could play in the garden whilst their father scrubbed. "I will give you food, and pay two shillings for your services," she added. "A day's scrubbing," said the man, with scorn. "I think you have made a mistake, mum, my profession is music—not scrubbin'."

Some visitors hired a small boat to go for a sail, and when everything was ready, and they had just started, the owner came along. Seeing the sides nearly licking the water's edge, he shouted out: "Ow mony is there in that 'ere boat?" "Five," was the reply. "Well, 'arf of yer 'ill 'a to git out."

"I see," said Mrs. Oldecastle, "that one of our American millionaires has just paid \$40,000 for a Titian." "You don't say so!" replied her hostess, after she had with a queenly wave of her hand dismissed the butler. "Does it go by steam or gasoline?"—*Chicago Record-Herald*

Lady—"And you say you have been brought to this by your wife?" Tramp—"Yuss, Lady. I got 'er three good jobs, and 'er bloom'n' independence lorst 'er the lot of 'em."

Kubelik, the noted violinist, was recently playing by request before the inmates of an insane asylum, the superintendent of which believed that music was a fine medicine for unbalanced minds. He played a brilliant Slav composition, thinking that was surely of the cheerful character wanted. As he finished a very pretty young woman rose and beckoned to him. He thought, artist like, that she wanted an encore, and so said to the doctor: "Ask her what she desires." He rose to his feet and was about to question her, when she exclaimed: "To think of the likes of me being here and he being at large in the world!"



Mr. Farmer  
This means YOU. Your family NEED a Red Cross Sanitary Closeset this winter, and it is up to you to write us for full particulars.

Any house can have one, and we know you want to be comfortable. "Nuf said"

Write for Catalogue  
**Red Cross Sanitary Appliance Co.**  
Winnipeg, Man.



### SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 20, 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

The last chicken had gone to roost, all was still in the barn and yard. The evening lamp was burning, none too brightly, on the centre-table in the sitting-room of the old farmhouse.

Looking up from his magazine the farmer said vehemently to his wife one night:

"Do you know what I'd have done if I had been Napoleon?"

"Yes," she answered. "You'd have settled down in Corsica and spent your life grumbling about bad luck and hard times."

