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**Homestead Regulations**  
 A NY even numbered section of Dominion  
 land in Manitoba or the Northwest  
 Provinces, excepting 8 and 26, not reserv-  
 ed, may be homesteaded upon by any per-  
 son who is the sole head of a family, or  
 any male over 18 years of age, on the ex-  
 tent of one-quarter section, or 100 acres,  
 more or less.  
 Entry must be made personally at the  
 local land office for the district in which  
 the land is situated.  
**HOMESTEAD DUTIES:** A settler who  
 has been granted an entry for a home-  
 stead is required to perform the condi-  
 tions connected therewith under one of the  
 following plans:  
 (1) At least six months' residence upon  
 and cultivation of the land in each year  
 during the term of three years.  
 (2) If the settler (or mother, if the  
 father is deceased) of any person who is  
 eligible to make a homestead entry under  
 the provisions of this act, resides upon a  
 farm in the vicinity of the land entered  
 for by such person as a homestead, the  
 requirements of this act as to residence  
 prior to obtaining patent may be satisfied  
 by such person residing with the father  
 or mother.  
 (3) If the settler has his permanent re-  
 sidence upon a farm owned by him in the  
 vicinity of his homestead, the require-  
 ments of this act as to residence may be  
 satisfied by residence upon the said land.  
**APPLICATION FOR PATENT** should  
 be made at the end of three years, before  
 the Local Agent, Sub-Agent or the Home-  
 stead Inspector.  
 Before making application for patent  
 the settler must give six months' notice  
 in writing to the Commissioner of Domini-  
 on Lands at Ottawa of his intention to do so.  
**SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-  
 WEST MINING REGULATIONS**  
 A free miner, having discovered mineral  
 in place, may locate a claim 1,500 x 1,500  
 feet.  
 The fee for recording a claim is \$5.  
 At least \$100 must be expended on the  
 claim each year or on the mining re-  
 corder in lieu thereof. When \$500 has  
 been expended or paid, the locator may,  
 upon having to a survey made, and upon  
 complying with other requirements, pur-  
 chase the land at \$1 an acre.  
 The patent provides for the payment of  
 a royalty of 2 1/2 per cent. on the value of  
 the output.  
**PLACER** mining claims generally are  
 100 feet square; entry fee \$5, renewable  
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 A free miner may obtain two leases to  
 dredge for gold of five miles each for a  
 term of twenty years, renewable at the  
 discretion of the Minister of the Interior.  
 The leases shall have a dredge in opera-  
 tion within one season from the date of  
 the lease for each five miles. Rental, \$10  
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 lected on the output after it exceeds \$10,  
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**W. W. CORY,**  
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 N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this  
 advertisement will not be paid for.

**The Father Who Was a Failure**  
 (Continued from page 6)  
 And Tolliver could bear the blame.  
 Why not? Whose fault but his was it  
 that she was not living with her chil-  
 dren in the affluence to which, by  
 birth, she was entitled? Why did not  
 this man support his family; why did  
 he permit his family to run into  
 debt?  
 This was the reasoning of Charlotte  
 Tolliver.  
 They moved to New York. With an  
 energy born of necessity and despera-  
 tion—with faint ambition still flutter-  
 ing feebly in his breast—Tolliver once  
 more earned a little for a little while  
 and then his history overtook him,  
 and he was forced to seek another  
 place. This period in their career  
 was a veritable Gehenna to Char-  
 lotte Tolliver, and her days and  
 nights were given over to bitter  
 lamentation.  
 Tolliver's home was no resting place  
 for her. She sighed with relief  
 when he went to work of a morning;  
 with regret when he left off in the  
 evening. Work was almost play to  
 him; but there was always that  
 haunting fear that to-morrow, or  
 next day, his employers would find  
 out about him. And they always  
 did.  
 In the midst of it all, Charlotte  
 swallowed her pride, and wrote to an  
 old school friend—a new-made heiress  
 in the South. She borrowed seven  
 hundred dollars in cash from this old  
 friend, and gave her note payable in  
 sixty days. Edward's history was  
 unknown down in Virginia.  
 "This is my debt," wrote Charlotte  
 Tolliver to her friend, "Edward  
 knows nothing of it; but I shall have  
 him pay it at the first convenient  
 moment."  
 To herself she had said, when the  
 money reached her: "Genevieve must  
 see that this is paid sometime."  
 Mrs. Tolliver had for some years  
 been watching her second daughter,  
 Genevieve.  
 Mrs. Tolliver was a woman who be-  
 lieved strongly in the development of  
 talent. She had, in fact, been a won-  
 derful musician in her day. She had  
 come from among a people whose  
 daughters had been taught to sing,  
 to speak French—to entertain, elegantly,  
 but somewhat laboriously, perhaps.  
 She had looked upon her daughter  
 Genevieve and had found her good.  
 Genevieve was beautiful. She had  
 wavy brown hair and lustrous brown  
 eyes. When she spoke, it was in deep  
 rich tones. Genevieve had talent, and  
 Mrs. Tolliver was not slow to recog-  
 nize the fact.  
 Inside of six months others had  
 recognized the fact. Some one was  
 induced to believe that Genevieve had  
 a future. The belief was well found-  
 ed.  
 Every day for two years Genevieve  
 made the journey from Harlem to a  
 dramatic school. By dint of seeing  
 many people, securing introduction af-  
 ter introduction, and pulling wire af-  
 ter wire, Mrs. Edward Tolliver had  
 made this education possible for  
 Genevieve. And every day Genevieve  
 grew more beautiful.  
 And then, suddenly, Genevieve re-  
 alized that she must take upon her  
 shoulders the burden that had fallen  
 from the shoulders of Leonora—that  
 she, and she only, was the hope of  
 the Tolliver family.  
 Genevieve may have inherited from  
 her father the instinct of matrimony,  
 but she set her face against it. The  
 path of duty lay before her.  
 A new light shone in her eyes. The  
 light of ambition was there; but there  
 was something else—regret; regret for  
 all that she must leave behind, all  
 that she was forced to give up.  
 Buckwalter, a Broadway manager,  
 saw Genevieve and appreciated her.  
 He realized that she was something  
 new, something original; that she was  
 not turned out of any ordinary mold.  
 Genevieve made a contract with him  
 that caused the heart of Mrs. Tolliv-  
 er to leap with joy. It was more,  
 even, than Mrs. Tolliver had ever  
 hoped for. It was a contract that  
 would raise the Tollivers to a plane  
 of comparative luxury.  
 Genevieve made her debut at the  
 Syndicate Theatre, on Broadway. She  
 was leading lady—star almost—in one  
 of Sidney Brock's admirable tragedies  
 "The Despair of Lady Whiteside."  
 The critics had heard something of  
 the beauty of Genevieve Tolliver, and  
 of her capabilities; some had met her  
 and found her unusually entertaining  
 and attractive—all were out in full  
 force. The second nighters became  
 first nighters for this occasion only.  
 It became noised about, finally,  
 among those who dwell upon trifles,  
 that the mother of Genevieve Tolliver  
 and her family, occupied the upper  
 right-hand box—that nearest the  
 stage.  
 The report was true. Mrs. Tolliver  
 was conspicuous—she was resplendent.  
 Lulie, her younger daughter, now a  
 young lady, sat at her side.  
 Tolliver was in the background.  
 Now and then he touched his daugh-  
 ter Lulie lightly on the shoulder.  
 "Thank heaven," Tolliver had often  
 whispered to himself, "Lulie hasn't  
 a talent in the world. Except," he had  
 added to himself, "except that she  
 whistles now and then. If that's a  
 talent, it's one of a comfortable sort,  
 to say the least."  
 Lulie did whistle now and then.  
 And even now, in the crowded the-  
 atre, and much to the disgust of her  
 good mother, she was softly carrying  
 under her breath the air that the or-  
 chestra was playing.  
 There was applause, and Mrs. Tolliv-  
 er beamed forward, beaming. She  
 caught her elder daughter's glance and  
 nodded.  
 "Tolliver stood up and looked on."

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He thought that he had never seen  
 any woman so beautiful as Gene-  
 vieve, caparisoned as she was. But  
 he found it comfortable to keep his  
 hand upon the shoulder of his young-  
 est daughter.  
 In the third act, however, Tolliver  
 was well-nigh startled out of his  
 senses. Those who have seen Gene-  
 vieve Tolliver in that third act are  
 not likely to forget it. She address-  
 ed her lover.  
 "I'm tired of it, Castlereagh," she  
 exclaimed, with a world of indefinable  
 longing in her voice. "I'm tired of  
 men like you, I want love of another  
 kind. I want to go home. I want to  
 see my people. I want to see my  
 father, Castlereagh—to hear his voice,  
 to feel the touch of his hand—"  
 She paused an instant. And then,  
 her voice swelling with a tired, pitiful,  
 pathetic wistfulness, she went on:  
 "—I want to see my father."  
 Tolliver had raised his hand from  
 the shoulder of his daughter Lulie and  
 held it for an instant in the air. He  
 stood staring inanely upon the stage  
 at Lady Whiteside.  
 He realized suddenly that it was  
 Genevieve—his Genevieve. And he  
 was her father.  
 A wave of pitiful affection swept  
 over the poor little man, and he sat  
 down in his chair and buried his face  
 in his hands. Fortunately for him,  
 neither of his companions had noticed  
 his unusual agitation.  
 Three-quarters of an hour later,  
 Mrs. Tolliver, her daughter and her  
 husband were escorted through the  
 little door behind the boxes to the  
 stage. Tolliver became aware of the  
 fact that Genevieve had emerged from  
 the centre of a small crowd of people  
 and was coming towards them.  
 Obeying a sudden impulse, he step-  
 ped forward and held out his hand.  
 Genevieve swept past him. She hard-  
 ly noticed him; she ignored him; evi-  
 dently he played no part in this, her  
 triumph.  
 "Mother," she exclaimed, embracing  
 Mrs. Tolliver. "Mother, tell me hon-  
 estly what did you think of it—how  
 did you like it?"  
 E. Tolliver seized Lulie's hand and  
 slunk into the background. He was  
 bewildered—he could not understand.  
 A big stout man, with close crop-  
 ped hair, and clad in evening dress,  
 pushed his way forward. He was  
 Mr. Stone, at that time the most  
 feared, the most fearless, the most  
 powerful dramatic critic in the city.  
 "Miss Tolliver," he exclaimed with  
 genuine enthusiasm, "you have done  
 it—you have made a hit, a real one—  
 on Broadway at that. I say so.  
 I say that you have done it."  
 A dozen people heard him say this,  
 and all Broadway knew it on that  
 night; knew that Genevieve Tolliver's  
 reputation was assured, and that to  
 her mother and herself she was  
 worth a fortune.  
 Mrs. Tolliver realized it. As she  
 rode home that evening in the cari-  
 age she had hired for the occasion  
 she closed her eyes and indulged in  
 a walking dream.  
 She knew now that she was in close  
 touch with a carriage of her own;  
 that the luxury she had sighed for  
 was within easy reach; that to-mor-  
 row would bring her well-nigh all  
 that she desired.  
 Tolliver sat in the shadow. He did  
 not speak. Now and then he touched  
 Lulie's gloved hand. He listened in-  
 differently to Genevieve's enthusiastic  
 chatter—for Genevieve was with them.  
 He wondered vaguely whether some  
 day Genevieve might not lend him  
 enough to pay back that six thousand  
 he had stolen. He might have saved  
 himself the trouble. Genevieve never  
 did. He never had the courage to  
 ask for it, and she never thought of  
 offering it.  
 Lulie kept on whistling. Her father  
 liked to hear her. He said to him-  
 self that he would rather sit in a cor-  
 ner and hear Lulie whistle than to  
 sit in a Broadway theatre and see  
 Genevieve play.  
 But one day Lulie stopped whist-  
 ling. And on that day E. Tolliver  
 became uneasy.  
 There was one cause for both pheno-  
 mena. That cause was young  
 Thornton.

Thornton was a clerk. He was  
 good-looking and good-natured, and  
 he was a gentleman. One day he had  
 taken Lulie Tolliver in his arms and  
 had whispered to her in his embar-  
 rassed way. And then it all came  
 out—he had loved her so long and so  
 much, and thought so much of her,  
 and hoped—  
 Lulie was glad. But she stopped  
 her whistling. She didn't tell any-  
 body about it all for some time. But  
 one day young Thornton turned up  
 with a ring, and then she had to tell.  
 And after that E. Tolliver spent  
 his evenings all alone, save for ten  
 minutes or a little longer. And he  
 grew grayer and more silent.  
 It was months later that he tapped  
 his daughter on the arm, and drew  
 her into the sitting-room. This was  
 just a few months before she was to  
 be married to young Thornton.  
 "Lulie," he whispered eagerly, "did  
 he—did young Thornton tell you all  
 about himself; what he was earning;  
 how much he has? Did he let you  
 know?"  
 Lulie's eyes opened wide.  
 "He told me," she answered in a  
 business-like manner, "twenty-five a  
 week."  
 She said it with an air of proprie-  
 taryship, as though the twenty-five a  
 week belonged to her.  
 The old man laughed in a relieved  
 tone. He became almost cheerful.  
 "I'm glad of that," he answered—  
 "glad of that. As long as you know  
 and understand, I know it will be  
 all right."  
 "I know that you know what it  
 means to have but little money."  
 He stopped and sighed.  
 "You will be happy, Lulie," he ex-  
 claimed—"very happy. I know you  
 will. It's more," he concluded, with  
 hopeless wall in his voice, "it's more  
 than any of us have ever been."  
 Tolliver had forgotten the happiness  
 of his early wedded life—and when a  
 man forgets that, it is tragedy.  
 Thornton knew the old man's his-  
 tory. Tolliver had made Lulie tell  
 him that. And it pleased Tolliver to  
 realize that young Thornton really  
 seemed to understand.  
 He began to like Thornton as he  
 had loved Lulie. He felt almost at  
 home with Lulie's fiancé.  
 One day Tolliver met him on the  
 street—somewhere on Broadway.  
 "He caught Thornton by the sleeve.  
 "Look here," said Tolliver, "I  
 can't tell you about it up at the  
 house. And I know that two young  
 people don't want an old one hanging  
 'round. But I want to ask a favor.  
 After you're married and gone to  
 housekeeping—do you understand, af-  
 ter all that—I want you to excuse me  
 if I come around to your—your flat,  
 evenings, two or three times a week,  
 and sit in a corner for a while. An  
 hour or so. Understand? I won't  
 bother. I just want to sit around  
 and look at you—and Lulie. It'll be  
 more like—like home. You under-  
 stand?"  
 He smiled in a forlorn sort of way.  
 "You see," he added, "I'm just a  
 bit jealous of you—about Lulie. Do  
 you see?"  
 They had been standing in front of  
 a huge department store. It was  
 from this store that young Thornton  
 had emerged, though Tolliver had  
 failed to note that fact.  
 Young Thornton did not speak. He  
 grabbed the old man by the coat and  
 marched him into the store, down one  
 long aisle and up another and thrust  
 him into a waiting elevator.  
 "Furniture," exclaimed young  
 Thornton to the elevator-boy.  
 They stopped off at the furniture  
 floor and Thornton, still with Tolliv-  
 er in his grasp, strode into the thick  
 of a mass of chairs and tables. He  
 paused before a substantial armchair  
 with a tag on it.  
 "You see that?" queried young  
 Thornton. "Well, it's yours. Lulie  
 and I—we bought it. It's going to  
 our flat. It's all paid for. It's go-  
 ing into a corner in our flat—your  
 corner. You're to come there any  
 time you please and sit in that chair.  
 You can sit there, and you'll smoke,  
 and I'll smoke, and Lulie'll—"  
 E. Tolliver stopped him.  
 "She'll whistle," enthusiastically  
 exclaimed E. Tolliver, "I hope that  
 Lulie'll whistle."  
 Young Thornton burst out laughing.  
 "Darned if we don't make her whis-  
 tle," he remarked, profanely.  
 And sure enough—they did.

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 reader, but tell her just what you  
 want done.  
 Give her as pleasant a room as pos-  
 sible and let her have time to keep  
 it in order.  
 Never allow children to treat her  
 with disrespect or make unnecessary  
 work for her.  
 A command given in an abrupt, dis-  
 agreeable tone will often make her  
 angry and unhappy.  
 If she is cross or irritable, be pa-  
 tient with her. She may be suffering  
 acutely, mentally or physically.  
 Give her as good wages as you can;  
 pay her regularly or give her reason  
 for not doing so.

Mr. P. A. Labelle, Maniwaki, Que., writes us  
 as follows: "I desire to thank you for your  
 wonderful cure, Burdock Blood Bitters.  
 Three years ago I had a very severe attack of  
 Dyspepsia. I tried five of the best doctors I  
 could find but they could do me no good.  
 I was advised by a friend to try Burdock  
 Blood Bitters and to my great surprise, after  
 taking two bottles, I was so perfectly cured  
 that I have not had a sign of Dyspepsia since.  
 I cannot praise it too highly to all sufferers. In  
 my experience it is the best I ever used. Nothing  
 for me like B.B.B.  
 Don't accept a substitute for Burdock Blood  
 Bitters. There is nothing "just as good."

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