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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:
B. M. Tomlinson & Co., Edward Building
opp. Eaton's, Winnipeg, Man.

You must act at once

in order to secure one of our

**Orchard and Garden
Homes at Fruitvale**

In the center of the Southernmost and warmest valley in Southern B. C., West Kootenay, for \$10 down and \$10 per month for 10 acres.

**WE GUARANTEE
to pay all your expenses and refund
YOUR MONEY**

If our land and whole proposition is not exactly as we represent it. You can make from \$400 to \$700 per acre annually growing fruits and market gardening. Every tract is either level or gently sloping. The soil is loam with clay subsoil. Free from rock. Ample rainfall. Fine healthy climate. Cool in summer. Zero weather in winter practically unknown. No early or late frost danger. Plenty of timber on each tract for buildings, fences and fuel. Each tract fronts on a road, and every tract within half a mile of main line of K.R. Title is perfect. We own one fifth of the good land in the whole Kootenay and make these terms so that you will be able to use your surplus funds improving your land. We refer to three of the strongest Banks in Canada. Write quick for maps, etc., and testimonials of settlers at Fruitvale.

**KOOTENAY
ORCHARD ASSOCIATION**
Nelson, British Columbia

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Right on Time Right on Quality
Right on Price

Farmer's Advocate of Winnipeg, Limited

ALL ABOUT COWS.

"I do like to go a walk with you, papa," said little Freddie, "because you know so much, and can tell me about everything."

"Yes, Freddie," remarked papa complacently. "I daresay I can answer a question or two."

They went along by the side of a field and saw a number of cows.

"I say, papa," said Freddie, "what is cows?"

"Cows," returned papa, after a little reflection, "cows are large brown animals with horns on their heads and tails—"

"Tails on their heads, papa?"

"No, Freddie, not on their heads. They eat grass and give milk."

"But yonder's a white cow, papa."

"Yes, so it is."

"But, papa, you said that cows were brown animals?"

"They're not always brown, Freddie."

"Why are they not always brown?"

"Oh, I don't know."

"But I thought you know'd every thing."

"Well, not exactly everything, Freddie."

"And why does cows eat grass?"

"Oh, because they like it."

"But why does they like it?"

"Oh, just in the same way as you like sweets and apple tarts."

"And why do they give milk, papa? Why don't they sell it?"

"Oh, because if they got any money they would have nowhere to keep it."

"Couldn't they keep it in their horns?"

"No, I don't think so."

"What's their horns for? Is that what they make the noise with?"

"No they make the noise with their mouth."

"But don't they blow their horns?"

"No."

"Why don't they?"

"Oh, because—look here, I think it's time we were going home again."—**Ex.**

Sir Robert Ball, the noted astronomer, is fond of telling the following story against himself. Sir Robert was engaged to lecture on his own subject in a remote part of Ireland, but on his arrival at the little station he walked up and down the platform looking vainly for the expected conveyance. Finally, when all the other passengers had dispersed and driven off, a typical Irish servant came up to him with:

"Maybe you're Sir Robert Ball?" On receiving an affirmative reply, the man broke out apologetically: "Oh, sure, your honor, I am sorry to have kept you waiting, but I was told to look out for an intellectual-looking gentleman!"

The family jar waxed fiercer.

"You talk about my being to blame for our marrying?" shrilly exclaimed Mrs. Vick-Senn. "John Henry, did I hunt you out and make love to you?"

"No!" he snorted. "But you could have given me the glassy eye and sent me about my business, and you didn't do it, madam—you didn't do it."

Mark Twain tells how four years ago he was invited by the University of Missouri to go out there and receive the degree of LL.D. At the same time he visited Hannibal, his boyhood home. Just as he was about to leave, being accompanied to the station by a crowd of citizens, Tom Nash, a schoolfellow, came up—white headed, but still a boy. He shook hand with his friend of many a year and nodding toward the crowd said: "People of this town are the same blamed fools they always were, ain't they, Sam?"

A lady at the tables could not make up her mind on which number to place her money. Seeing her hesitation her neighbor said to her: "Do as I do, madam. Put your money on the number which corresponds to your age."

The lady thereupon planted her louis on No. 22, and the winning number was 36.

"Ah madam," said the gallant neighbor, "if you had only followed my advice."—*La Vie Pour Vivre.*

LITTLE BROWN BABY.

(PAUL LAWRENCE DUNBAR.)

Little brown baby wif spa'klin' eyes,
Come to yo' pappy an' set on his knee,
What you been doin', suh—makin' san' pies?

Look at dat bib—you's ee du'ty ez me
Look at dat mouf—dat's merlasses, I bet:

Come hyeah, Maria, an' wipe off his han's.

Bees gwine to ketch you and eat you up wit.

Bein' so sticky an' sweet—goodness lan's!

Little brown baby wif spa'klin' eyes,
Who's pappy's darlin' an' who's pappy's chile?

Who is it all de day nevah once tries
Fu' to be cross, er once loses dat smile?

Whah did you get dem teef? My, you's a scamp!

Whah did dat dimple come f'om in yo' chin?

Pappy do' know yo—I b'lieves you's a tramp;

Mammy, dis hyeah's some ol' straggler got in!

Let's th'ow him outen de do' in de san',
We do' want stragglers a-layin' 'roun' hyeah;

Let's gin him 'way to de big buggah-man;

I know he's hidin' erround hyeah right neah.

Buggah-man, buggah-man, come in de do',

Hyeah's a bad boy you kin have fu' to eat.

Mammy an' pappy do' want him no mo'.
Swaller him down f'om his head to his feet!

Dah, now I t'ought that you'd hug me up close,

Go back, ol' buggah, you shan't have dis boy.

He ain't no tramp, ner no straggler, of co'se:

He's pappy's pa'dner an' playmate an' joy.

Come to you' pallet now—go to yo' res';
Wisht you could allus know ease an' cleah skies;

Wisht you could stay jes' a chile on my breas'—
Little brown baby wif spaklin' eyes!

An American statesman was traveling by train recently when a farmer edged into the seat and began telling him how to run the government.

When the farmer's supply of criticism began to run low, the statesman asked:

"What is your occupation?"

"Poultry farmer," was the reply.

"Do you know how many eggs each of your hens lay?"

"Why, no," confessed the man.

"Well, the man who looks after my chickens knows how much work each hen does. If he didn't I'd discharge him for not knowing his business. If a hen doesn't produce fifteen eggs a month it's a loss to keep it. Now, my friend, doesn't it strike you that after you had learned your own business so well that I couldn't give you points on it, then would be the proper time for you to come and teach me how the government ought to be run?"

Speaking of the departure of old-fashioned customs; what has become of the woman who took the table cloth to the door after a meal and shook it?—*Atchison Globe.*

"I don't see that there is any advantage in those clay pipes which you always seem to prefer."

"Oh, but there is. When they drop on the ground, for instance, you haven't to stoop and pick them up."—*Stray Stories.*

Now which is the cheaper, the bride or the groom?

Came the answer in accents bold:
"The bride 'cause she's always given away."

While the groom is generally sold."
—From the *Bohemian* for May.



Mr. Farmer
This means YOU. Your family
NEED a Red Cross Sanitary Closet
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 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.

In opening the York assizes the lord chief justice stated that, apart from drink, he knew of no cause that led more to crime than young people idling about the streets.

No live animals except bees will be carried by post between Great Britain and Nicaragua, according to a parcel post agreement just concluded between the two countries.

Lord Strathcona in an interview here said he was confident that by the end of the century Canada's population would be quite 80,000,000.

