

Burdock Blood Bitters

THE MOST PERFECT MEDICINE OF THE DAY.

...this blood that is made by the system and contains...

...this blood that is made by the system and contains...

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GOOD TAILORING

Established into all his work

...as follows:

Over Coat and Vest	From \$20.00
Wool Suit (with-lined)	25.00
Summer Suit	15.00
Waistcoat and Trowsers	22.00

ALL INFORMATION FOR PATTERNS is desired, so that the variety of designs and styles may be seen.

LONDON.

...as follows:

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SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

Any even-numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta exceeding 8 and 25 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 may 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,
Secretary of the Minister of the Interior.

N. B. — Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

In Lighter vein

Where Was It?

A young widow, recently bereaved, went to a marble worker to order a tombstone. She consulted with the monument maker, and having arranged everything satisfactorily, added: "I should like it to say 'To my husband—gone to his home, in an appropriate place.'"

"All right, madam," the man answered.

And on the tombstone, when completed, was this inscription: "To my Husband, Gone to His Home in an Appropriate Place."

It Didn't Work.

A gentleman of rather convivial temperament brought a friend home with him to dine. The friend was an astronomer, and talked interestingly on the beauties of the heavens. "There is no study like it," he said.

"I agree with you," responded his host, earnestly. "Indeed, I have long thought I—like to take it up, and now think I shall begin at once the delightful work of studying the stars."

"George," interrupted his wife, quietly, "you'll have to hatch up a better excuse than that for staying out all night."

Misunderstood Him.

One day an army chaplain saw a soldier of the name of McDonnell making for the back door of a saloon.

"McDonnell!" the chaplain shouted.

"McDonnell! Oh, McDonnell!" McDonnell turned, gave him a hasty look, frowned and darted into the bar.

The chaplain loitered outside the door till McDonnell came forth again.

"McDonnell," he said reproachfully, "didn't you hear me calling you?"

"Yes, sir," McDonnell answered, "I did—but I only had the price of one drink."

His Uncle Who Died Young.

It was in the commercial room of a midland hotel. Longevity was the subject of conversation, when a gentleman—whose nasal twang pronounced him as from across the Atlantic—joined in with the remark:

"I guess the climate of this island is dead against a long innings."

There were sounds of dissent. The American ignored the interruption and continued:

"Now the American climate is somethin' like a climate. Kind of makes you live, want to or not. Why, my great-uncle Jake from Montana 'll be 94 next fall, but you'd never think it to see him jump on and off his bicycle when he's going down South to see his old people. My Aunt Mimma—she's 76, and junior golf champion of Butte. Great snakes! she's a peach of a player for a junior; get another year or two over her head and she'll be frightening some of the older players, I can tell you. Yes, there's been a lot of us brought up in Montana, but I can't call to mind any one of 'em handing in their checks before they'd passed the century."

"I fancy," said a quiet man, who was smoking a cherrywood pipe, "that I've read somewhere of one of your relatives dying comparatively young and somewhat suddenly."

"My uncle 'Zekiel got dar-ges from the Montana Eagle for publishin' a false account of his death; perhaps that's what you're running your head up against," said the Yankee.

"No," replied the quiet man, "it wasn't your uncle 'Zekiel, and it wasn't in the Montana Eagle. The account I read was a true one. It was in the Acts of the Apostles, and had reference to your Ucle Ananias."

It Didn't Seem Possible.

A wag was walking with a friend whom he was visiting through a certain portion of the city, when they met a very much "soiled" urchin. The wag's eyes twinkled and he stopped a moment to speak to the boy, asking him where he lived, his name, and finally: "How old are you, my lad?"

"Eight years old," said the boy.

"Why, you must be more than eight," insisted his questioner.

"Nope, jest eight," the boy answered, grinning with pleasure at being thought older.

Turning to his friend the wag said, seriously: "Do you suppose he could possibly have gotten so dirty as that in only eight years?"

Ahead, Yet Behind.

The nervous foreigner got up and went back to the conductor of the street car.

"Pardong, m'sieur," said he, "but zee car he run so slow, and why, if you pleeze? Ees it not so?"

"Yep," replied the conductor. "We can't help it, though. You see, the car ahead is behind."

The foreigner's eyes opened wider. "Would you mind saying him again?" he asked apologetically.

"I say," replied the conductor, louder than before, "that the car ahead is behind. See?"

The foreigner returned to his seat "Zee car-r-r ahead, he ees behind?" said he to himself. "Most wonderful, most astonishing is zis country."

Consolated.

While speeding along the pike in his automobile, McC— saw a man and a dog far ahead of him, the dog running in and out of the bushes. As he whizzed past a few moments later the dog darted out ahead of the machine to bark at it, was run over and instantly killed. McC— stopped his machine and returned.

"I'm very sorry, sir," he said, consolingly to the man, "will that make it all right?" He held out a ten-dollar bill.

"It will," replied the man, coolly taking the money and putting it in his pocket.

As the automobile flew down the road he looked sympathetically at the remains and soliloquized:

"Poor little devil! I wonder whose dog it was?"

the sights and sounds of the big city were too alluring for Dennis, who sat by the window looking out long after his companion retired. Presently a fire alarm rang and an engine dashed by, the horses on the usual "dead run," and a trail of sparks following the machine as the firemen worked to get up steam. This startled Dennis, who had never seen anything of the sort in his "bog-trotter" home. The "hook-and-ladder" followed, and then another engine, also trailing fire and smoke. Dennis could stand it no longer. "Pat," he cried, his voice trembling with excitement, "Pat, wake up—wake up, I tell ye. They're movin' hell an' two loads has gone by a ready."

Where Man Would Be.

A Detroit woman said of the late Gen. Russell A. Alger:

"In company with a half-dozen other women—a committee in fact—I once waited on Gen. Alger to try and interest him in woman suffrage."

"He was interested. He admitted the truth of many of our arguments, but in the matter of supporting us he would not go as far as we wanted him to go."

"One of the ladies got, I am afraid, a little over-excited. In her address to the General she imputed to a woman more virtues than any merely human creature could possess. At the height of her eloquence Gen. Alger, chuckling, interrupted her."

"He said he had once attended a woman suffrage meeting where the lady lecturer on the platform had boasted about woman just as this lady was doing. The lecturer, he said, ended a striking climax with the question: 'Where would man be if it had not been for woman?'

"She looked roud the crowded hall. The silence was intense. She raised her hand and cried again impressively. 'I repeat, where would man be if it had not been for woman?'

"Then a coarse voice from the rear replied: 'In Paradise, ma'am.'"

Lawyer and Witness.

Sir Henry Irving was once the guest of honor at a lawyer's banquet in New York. In the course of a graceful address he said:

"I confess that I am not in sympathy with harshness in cross-examination, and whenever I hear of a witness turning on an overbearing lawyer my heart rejoices."

"My heart rejoiced last week. A young man in my company was a witness in a case of robbery. He had seen a thief snatch a young girl's pocket-book and make off."

"Well the thief's lawyer cross-examined my young friend shamefully. He roared at him, shook his fist at him, raved at him."

"And at what hour did all this happen?" said the lawyer, nearing toward the end of his examination.

"I think—" my friend began, but he was at once interrupted.

"We don't care anything here about what you think!" said the lawyer with a snort of contempt.

"Don't you want to hear what I think?" said my young friend, mildly.

"Certainly not!" the lawyer roared.

"Then," said my friend, "I may as well step down from the box. I'm not a lawyer; I can't talk without thinking."

Leading Up Gradually.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the man in the suit of faded black, "but are you carrying all the life insurance you want?"

"Yes, sir," answered the man at the desk, "I am."

"Could I interest you in a morocco bound edition of the works of William Makepeace Thackeray?"

"You could not."

"Don't you need a germ proof filter at your house?"

"I do not."

"Would you invest in a good second-

Complimentary.

"Johnny," said Mrs. Pryor to her small hopeful, "there's your father talking to Mr. M— (naming a neighbor). Run out and see what they are saying."

Presently Johnny was back again. "Well, what did they say?" asked his mother.

"Mr. M— said something awful nice about you, ma; he said there wasn't another woman in the world like you, he didn't believe."

"Mrs. Pryor flushed with delight. "And what did your father say?" she asked.

Johnny grinned and edged away. "Pa said it was a mighty good job there wasn't!"

And there was doubtless further conversation when "pa" got to the house.

A "Moving" Tale.

This is one of the funniest stories I ever heard. I do not know whether it has ever been in print. Two Irishmen arrived in New York fresh from the Emerald Isle, stopped for the night at a cheap hotel in New York. Pat went to bed and was soon sound asleep, but

hand typewriter if y cheap?
"I have no use for a
"Just so. Would an
you with first-class
\$10 a hundred appeal
"Not a cent's worth
"How would a pro
you a Century, dic
shell worn, for only
"I wouldn't come w
hitting me."
"That being the cas
er, "would you be wi
cent box of shoe poli
of me?"
"Great Scott! Yes.
"Thanks. Good-day

A Long

After more logs had
the fire and pipes
drifted around to the
the American river an
about.
"The strongest rem
of that country is o
that chased me out,"
"I was a-pickin' wil
on the side of the mo
pebbles, dirt an' one
came a clatterin' dow
how it is on a side-hill
heavy is movin' abov
up, and s'elp me if
a whoopin' big grizzl
yes, sir, 'doin' the snee
me.

"You ought to see
that mountain; I'll b
a rod apart, and in so
leave no tracks—jest
through the air. I
hittin' only the high
the faster I went th
I could hear his 'w
me, an' sometimes I
hot breath on the b
But I fooled him goo
"How?"
"I'd crossed the riv
an' while the ice wa
I knowed it wouldn't
hundred-pound grizzl
the river an' out on
the bear, but not fast
through, an' I kep'
stop to see if he g
afraid he would."
"Oh—you said y
strawberries."
"So I was, so I wa
you all the story, fo
long. That bear cha
ust to January."

No Hurry

In Maine, many
lived—and moved—
clergyman and his
circuit preacher, a
miles around knee
and his wife, who
ergetic of the twain
proper— one of
on the circuit. O
T— discovered the
on fire around the
pails of water and q
the low unfinished
time sending her s
neighbor's for assist
liam," she said, "an
back quickly, else th
Whether Mr. —
saith not, but when
neighbor's domicile
family enjoying th
"Sit right down, eld
breakfast," said th
while his hospitable
extra plate. Mr. —
accepted the cordi
ate heartily of the
he pushed back his
struck him. "Oh,
apologetic tone, "o
neighbor 'Ardy, by t
is on fire!"
"Why the dicker
so?" cried Mr. Har
bareheaded from h
to that across the
But Mrs. T—