

AGRICULTURAL EXPERT HERE.

Mr. J. B. Spencer, editor of the Agricultural Gazette, the official organ of the Federal Department of Agriculture, was in the city Monday on a tour of New Brunswick. He visited the Experimental Station in company with Mr. J. B. Daggett, Secretary of Agriculture, and left for Woodstock Tuesday morning.—Gleaner.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We the undersigned have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

WALDING KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Cows That Wear Well

One of the many advantages reaped from systematic cow testing is the fact that it not only detects cows of indifferent value (saving dairymen the burden of providing for worthless cows, instead of their having good cows to support them) but also it has frequently discovered valuable cows. For instance, a farmer at Eonismore, Ontario, had a small, undersized 'native' cow which he intended to sell, not placing much value on her. But cow testing showed that she is one of the best in the herd both for milk and fat production. Don't sacrifice good cows.

This recalls another cow at Ayers Cliff, Quebec, bought at auction for \$28.00 because no one knew her value. Indeed she was put in with three others as the four poorest in the herd of the man who was selling out. The present owner believes in cow testing, and has refused \$100.00 for her; she gave 322 pounds of fat in seven months.

The men who have built up herds that average 8,000 or 9,000 pounds of milk per cow are just those men who know, through having proved it, that cow testing pays. Your cows may be like fancy china, of very fine appearance, but they may not wear well. But the tested cows, that do produce that do wear well, may bring you in sixty or seventy dollars each during the seven months' factory season.

In every age and clime we see two of a trade can never agree. —Gay

Hyomei

The Breatheable Remedy for Catarrh

The rational way to combat Catarrh is the Hyomei way, viz: by breathing. Scientists for years have been agreed on this point but failed to get an antiseptic strong enough to kill catarrh germs and not destroy the tissues of the membrane at the same time, until the discovery of Hyomei (pronounced High-o-me).

Hyomei is the most powerful yet healing antiseptic known. Breathe it through the inhaler over the inflamed and germ-ridden membrane four or five times a day, and in a few days the germs will disappear.

A complete Hyomei outfit, including the inhaler, costs \$1.00 and extra bottles, if afterwards needed, cost but 50 cents. Obtainable from your druggist or postpaid from The R. T. Booth Co., Ltd., Port Erie, Ont. Hyomei is guaranteed to cure asthma, croup, sore throat, cough, colds or grip or refund your money back. Sold and guaranteed by E. W. ...

The Woman Who Jumped in the Dark.

(By John Arbuthnotte, in the "Christian Herald.")

'I shall never forget the time the minister came to tea when I had nothing to eat in the house except bread and sugar,' laughed Mrs. Caithness, scattering another handful of wheat to her flock of thrifty chickens. 'Come up here on the porch and I'll tell you all about it—these chickens have had enough to last them.'

She seated herself comfortably in the croaky rocker, and smiled at the world in general. 'Eles you, yes,' she said, 'we had a hard time at first. When a woman's forty and has two big boys like Fred and Nelse to look after, she can't help cutting some pretty close corners. But it's interesting to see how close you can come and not hit—and we've never hit a corner once, though sometimes we've come pretty close.'

'Fred was nineteen and Nelse two years younger when we decided to come out here. The boys wanted to go on the land. I knew they did 'kew what they'd have to do—I was brought up on a farm, and I had been through it before—but I didn't see anything else to do. The boys had a good education, but no trade so we'll shut our eyes and jumped in the dark.'

'How did we know where to come? Just luck and chance, my dear. A few days after we decided to come, the son of one of our neighbors who had taken up land not far from here called on us, and when he learned of our decision he said 'Come right along.' He said the new Grand Trunk Pacific was coming through the next season, and that we couldn't do better than come to Saskatchewan and start right at it. We didn't know anything about any other district, and what he said of the land and the new railway sounded good; so we sold our household goods, etc; except what we had to have for housekeeping, and went right along.'

We got to Regina on the morning of March 23. My, but we were busy that first day, getting a place to store our goods, looking around the town, and wondering what was going to become of us. I had never learned a trade, so I had to look for a position as servant, and before long I was chief cook in a boarding house at thirty dollars a month. Nelse got work with a farmer near what is now Watrous, on the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, and Fred went on to file our claim.

'Then we went with some other settlers to see what his homestead looked like, and in June he came back to Regina with a sorry story. Three-fourths of that first homestead was a slough, and he had had to file abandonment papers and take out another piece of land that was at last reasonably dry. Good land, isn't it?' she said, looking across the field's proudly. 'This year we got thirty-five bushels of wheat to the acre on the south quarter. I don't believe there's a better piece in Saskatchewan.'

'Well, the day we all filed, I shall never forget what a good time we had. We didn't know whether we were going to make it or not; we didn't feel very certain about where meals and clothes and

sed and machinery were coming from, but we had each other, and we didn't waste any time in regretting anything. That fall, I went out on the land myself, and after paying freight on my household effects, I had just one hundred and forty dollars left. Don't tell me how explorers feel! I've been one, and without any base of supplies or any dogs to kill and eat, I'm here. But I was bound we should have a home, and I went straight ahead and figured that we would come out somehow.'

'Fred met me at the station nearest our land, and we started on a four day trip behind our oxen, Duncan and Hughes. This was my first introduction to them, but do you know before the first year was over, I felt almost as much affection for them as I did for the rest of my family. So much depended on their eight legs. Well, we lived in a tent going out, and only once did we see a woman. Dear me, I did get so homesick for the sight of a petticoat! But Fred told me that there was a Mrs. Mason living near our place, and that was some comfort.'

'Well, we went along and we went along, like the pig in the fairy tale, and on the fourth day Fred stopped the oxen on a rise in the prairie, and told me to look toward a range of hills and try to see a tiny dark speck toward which he was pointing. I sighted and sighted off the end of his finger, and finally I saw a dot about as big as one currant in a bun, and Fred told me that was our home.'

'Well, I'm not denying, my heart sank. It did look so little! Finally I plucked up courage to ask how big the house was, and Fred said, as calmly as if he were describing a brownstone mansion that it was ten by twelve. Goodness! I thought, that's just about the size of my pantry in Toronto! Where will we ever put anything. But I didn't say it out loud, for Fred was so pleased over it that I didn't have the heart to spoil his fun.'

'The next thing we saw was Mrs. Mason's place. She was living in the stable until she could get her house finished, and she came out to meet us with a baby on her arm, and a smile that looked better to me than anything I'd seen for weeks. She says now that I looked to her like a letter from home, she was so lonesome. I had my first friendly cup of tea there, and trotted her baby, and began to perk up a little, so by the time we got home I could tell Fred how good it seemed to have a home of our own.'

'Well, that was the beginning. We had to haul water five miles; we had to haul wood nearly thirty; we had to go nearly ninety for provision; we had to exchange work with the neighbors in order to cut enough hay to feed the oxen over winter. One day when I was alone on the place, we had a prairie fire. For days the air had been smoky, and at night we could see fires on apparently every side of us. Then suddenly one fire seemed to get in a hurry, and came tearing along directly towards me. I never had entertained that kind of a visitor, and I was scared nearly out of my wits. I put our valuable

We would sell every pound of Tea consumed in the Maritime Provinces, if only we could persuade everyone to taste—



a Marvel of Cup Quality  
Free of Dust and of Virgin Purity  
M181  
25° to 60° lb. Try a Packet

papers' my watch and the few dollars we had in a crock with a plate 'a'op, and I sat down beside it and prayed, for there didn't seem to be anything else to do. It kept coming and coming until it was within about a quarter of a mile of our place, and then the wind veered and it swung clear.

Of course we had fire guards, and I suppose now that they would have protected us anyway; but I never was so glad in my life as when I saw that black swath going away from my direction.

'It was getting towards winter by this time, and Fred had to fix up the stable for the cold weather. Meantime I sodded the shanty and got things under cover all I could. The Homestead Inspector came to see us, and was so good and thoughtful that I felt as though I had a real friend. He had been sent to see if the settlers had suitable houses for the winter and fuel of course; but somehow I felt as if I had somebody to rely on besides myself.'

Late in the fall Nelse came back walking most of the ninety miles with a sack of potatoes on his back. He and Fred went to work to dig a well, but I never saw such a provoking piece of ground as that well site. We dug and dug—fifty seventy-five, one hundred and thirty-six feet, and there wasn't enough dampness to stick a postage stamp with. Then they went over to Mrs. Mason's farm and helped Jim Mason dig on his well. After twenty-one days of digging they struck good water, and there was plenty for both of us without a long haul.

'We spent Christmas at Mrs. Mason's that year, and oh dear, I was so sorry about the children. We didn't have any money to get even the plainest kind of presents for anybody; and it was too pitiful to hear these poor little thing wonder why Santa Claus didn't come.

and finally decide that he must have lost the trail. But we couldn't help it; and indeed if one of my old school friends hadn't sent me \$25 out of the goodness of her heart, I don't know how we should ever have come through that winter. But we did, and in the spring Nelse did the thirty acres of breaking while Fred went to work for one of the farmers in the district. Somehow we managed to squeak through, and that season things looked a lot better. We put in more crop, bought more machinery, and another ox, and had a good yield. It was about time we did, too, for we were just about as patched as it was possible to be—I thought of Joseph's coat of many colors every time I looked at Nelse's clothes for there were four different colors of blue in Nelse's overalls. But new settlers were coming in, a good many of them bachelors, and I baked bread for them, and mended and sewed for them, and raised chickens to sell, and had a big garden. That summer we actually had four women in our township, and a divinity student used to come out and hold services around in the houses. He was the man who had to eat bread and sugar for tea; but we didn't either of us care. It was the best I had, and we've had more than one good laugh over it since. There's going to be a school house next year, and they're talking of forming us into a municipality this winter—oh, the country is getting better every day.

'Am I lonesome? Not a bit of it! With all these new things going on, and a new branch of the Grand Trunk Pacific coming in, and a garden and a home, and two of the best boys anybody ever had! I should say I'm not lonesome. All I wish is that there were twenty-four more hours in the day, there are so many things to do.

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Apple Orchards Are Sure Money!

But we must plant the native grown trees. I have a few trees, all the hardy, reliable varieties, 3 to 5 years old—must positively clear out in May, the last chance to get them. Send list of what you want. POTATO MEN! Arsenate of Lead is cheaper than Paris Green. Does not wash off. Does not burn the plant. I am agent for the famous Grasselli Arsenate of Lead and Grasselli Bordeaux Mixture.



Write for facts and prices.

TAPPAN MONEY, Upper Woodstock