

GOT RICH IN THREE YEARS EXPERIENCES OF A BRITISH IMMIGRANT IN CANADA WEST.

The following straightforward statement needs no comment to add to its force and effect. It appears in a recent issue of the Liverpool Mercury.

H. Patterson, of Nutara, Saskatchewan, Canada, when he arrived from Liverpool, had "Six of us to support," to say his own strength, and his funds were getting low. He secured a homestead 22 miles out from Saskatoon, and started living on it April 15, 1897. The provisions had to be put all his money, 317, into a shack and he made sure of a home. As cook and caterer in a local hotel he made 576 a month, and out of this had some savings out of which he paid his breaking and improving the shack into a homestead. The shack was sold to good advantage. Then Mr. Patterson tells the story after he had removed his family to the homestead.

"For the first month life was so strange and new that I hadn't time to think of anything, only fixing up our new home. I was so 'green' to farm life that I didn't know the difference between wheat and oats (I do now!) Between working out, cropping my place, and with my gun, we managed to live comfortably for the three to four years that was required to put in my duties. I had accumulated quite a stock of horses, cows, pigs, fowls, and machinery in the three years.

"In October, 1909, I secured my patent on my land, so took a few days' holidays to Saskatoon to locate a purchased homestead (viz. 12a per acre) from the Government. Instead of getting the purchased homestead I secured a half section (320 acres) on the Saskatchewan River for \$28 per acre on easy terms, nine years' payments with a cash payment of \$1,000. I mortgaged my first homestead, obtained chattel mortgages on my stock, and on December 24th, 1909, took possession of 140 per acre. In 1910, I sold out again for a large clearing, besides my crop (140 acres), \$4,800. I also sold my first homestead, clearing \$1,800 and two Saskatchewan town lots, which we value at \$1,200 each today. We placed all our capital in another farm (river frontage) and some trackage lots (60), also a purchased homestead (river frontage). I remained as manager of the Farm I had sold on (three years' contract at a fine salary and house, garden, and numerous privileges. "So by the time my three years have expired, with my investment and the increased value of my frontage and lots, I am hoping to have a clear profit on my first investment of \$50,000. My land is doing well, and it is nearly all paid for. I hold a good position (and security)." Adv.

SERIAL STORY

EXCUSE ME!

Novelized from the Comedy of the Same Name By E. W. Benson

SYNOPSIS

Least Harry Mallory is ordered to the police station. He has decided to go to sleep but wreck of traffic on the train. Transcendent train takes him with an accident. Forster has a busy day. Finance business man. The sloppers. "Little Jimmie" Wellington, head of the Reno to get a divorce from his wife in mental condition. Later Mrs. Jimmie appears. She is the friend for a while with some object. Likewise Mrs. Jimmy's mother. Later Mrs. Jimmy's mother. Mrs. Jimmy's mother. Mrs. Jimmy's mother.

CHAPTER XVII—(Continued)

Dr. Temple started after him, but the gambler started at Dr. Temple with a homage. "So you're one of us," he said, and seizing the old man's limp hand, shook it heartily. "I got to slip it to you. Your make-up is great. You really had a go for a con-om. Great!"

And then he snarled out, leaving the clergyman's head swimming. Dr. Temple turned to Mallory for explanations, but Mallory only waved his hand away. He was not quite convinced himself. He was convinced only that whatever else anybody might be, nobody anywhere desired to be a clergyman in these degenerate days.

The conductor returned and threw into Dr. Temple the glare of two hostile black eyes. The old man put out a searching hand to grasp the conductor's. "My good man, you do me a grave injustice."

The conductor snapped back: "You say a word to me and I'll do you worse than that. And if you spit you with a peck of cards in your hand again, I'll tie you to the cow-tether."

They were marching off again. The doctor fell back into a chair, trying to figure it out. Then he looked at Fredrick and Little Jimmie Wellington and Wedgewood strolled in and, dropping into chairs, ordered drinks. Before the doctor could ask anybody to explain, Ashton was launched on a story. His mind was a suitcase full of anecdotes, mostly of the smoking-room order.

...and she was... Mrs. Temple was still looking at sympathetic frowns, never dreaming that her husband was laughing at her. Mrs. Wellington was still glancing at Mrs. Wellington, who was still waiting with flying fingers and underbreath of eyes at her.

"Some people seem to think they own the train," Mrs. Wellington said. "That creature has been at the writing desk all hour. The worst of it is, I've seen her writing to my husband."

"What good times we have. They formed a club in there already. We were only six at first and have such other."

"Why, I don't hate anybody, do you?" Mrs. Temple exclaimed, looking up from the novel she had found on the book shelves. Mrs. Wellington dropped into the next chair.

"On a long railroad journey I hate everybody. Don't you hate long journeys?" "It's the first I ever took," Mrs. Temple apologized, radiantly, "and I'm having the best of my oldest boy would call the time of my life. And dear Walter, such things are for him! A few minutes ago I strolled by the door and I saw him playing cards with a stranger, and smoking and drinking, too. All at once."

"But for Dr. Temple of all people—" "Why shouldn't a doctor? It's a shame the way man have everything, but he's got a special smoking room. And women have no place to take a puff except on the air."

"Mrs. Temple stared at her in awe: "The woman in this book smoked!" "All women smoke nowadays," said Mrs. Wellington, carelessly. "Don't you?"

"The politest thing Mrs. Temple could think of in answer was: "Not yet." "Really?" said Mrs. Wellington. "Don't you like tobacco?" "I never tried it."

"It's time you did. I smoke cigars myself." Mrs. Temple almost collapsed at this double shock: "Oh—cigars!" "Yes; cigarettes are too strong for me; but try one of my pipe!" Mrs. Temple was about to express her repugnance at the thought, but Mrs. Wellington thrust before her a portfolio in which nestled such dainty shapes of a warm and winsome brown, that Mrs. Temple paused, stare, and, like Mother Eve, found the fruit of knowledge too interesting to reject with scorn.

...and she was... "Then he clanked back to the table, looking feeling that he had established his credit, but leaving front of him the fact that he had a common back. He knew it would be good, but he was afraid to hear it. He rolled over on the smoking room, and sprawling across Doctor's table, he snatched up a stray improper story with alarming speed."

"Doc, your wife looks kind o' cozy. Better go in her at once." Dr. Temple leaped to his feet and ran to the wife's side. He found her's dinner, a warm sight.

"Who cares?" she laughed. "I wish the old train wouldn't rock me." "I'm smoked too much, too," said Dr. Temple with perfect truth. Mrs. Temple, remembering that long glass she had seen narrowed her eyes at him: "Are you sure it was the smoke?"

"Sally!" he cried, in abject horror at her implied charge of cowardice. Then she turned a pale green. "Oh, I feel such a quail." "In your conscience, Sally?" "No, not in my conscience. I think I'll go and lie down."

"Let me help you, Mother." "And Darby and Joan hurried along the corridor, crowding it as they were crossing their vacation with belated experience."

"It was late in the forenoon before the train came to the end of its iron furrow across that fertile space between the river and the Missouri great river, which the Indians called "Tow." Nobody knows exactly why. In contrast with the palisades of the Mississippi, the Missouri twists like a great snake back and forth in congested mud. The water itself, as Bob Burdette said, is so muddy that the wind blowing across it raises a cloud of dust."

A gorgeous bridge led the way into Nebraska, and the train came to a halt at Omaha. Mallory and Marjorie got out to stretch their legs and their good legs, and they knew that the train was to stop there the quarter of an hour, and if they had only known some preacher there and had had him to the station, the ceremony could have been over in a minute.

The church was fairly saw-toothed with horizon spires. There were preachers, preachers everywhere, and they were all doing it to their best. After they had strolled up and down the platform, and up and down, and up and down till they were faint of their cramped quarters, again, Marjorie suddenly dug her nails into Mallory's arm.

"Honey! look—look!" "Honey! look, and there before their very eyes stood as clerical a looking fellow as ever announced a strawberry festival. Mallory stared and stared, till Marjorie said: "Heaven's east! it's a preacher! a preacher!"

MEAN OF HIM



He had a mighty tearing ear. He made his nose as tops. This specimen surely says there are And yet he never stops.

FACE ALMOST COVERED WITH PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS

Atholson, Kan.—"For a number of years I suffered very greatly from skin eruption. My face was very red and irritated, being almost covered with pimples and blackheads. The pimples were scattered over my face. They were a fine rash with the exception of a few large pimples on my forehead and chin. My face burned and looked red as if exposed to either heat or cold. It was not only unsightly but very uncomfortable. I tried several remedies but couldn't get any relief. I was recommended to use Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment."

"I applied the Cuticura Ointment in the evening, leaving it for about five minutes, then washing it off with Cuticura Soap and hot water. I washed my face with Cuticura Soap and hot water several times during the day. After about four months of this application, my face was cleared of the pimples. I still use the Cuticura Soap." (Signed) Miss Elsie Nielsen, Dec. 29, 1911.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 25¢ Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. 1, Boston." Adv.

A Lucky Find. "Where'd you get your new hired man?" inquired Farmer Heck. "He came along as a candidate, and a little reading for me. I persuaded him that he had no chance of election and he decided to remain with me permanently."

Be wise; soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise.—Massinger.

Advertisement for Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. Text: "BAD BACKS DO MAKE WORK HARD. Doan's Backache Kidney Pills are the only pills that will cure backache, kidney trouble, and all the ailments that result from a weak kidney. Many of the most famous men of the world have been cured by Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. Doan's Backache Kidney Pills are the best recommended kidney remedy. Write for a free trial bottle." Image: A man sitting at a desk, looking unwell.

Advertisement for Whittemore's Shoe Polishes. Text: "Whittemore's Shoe Polishes. Largest variety of shoe polishes. They clean, shine, and protect shoes. Available at all shoe stores." Image: A box of shoe polish.

Advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Text: "Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Sold throughout the world. Sample of each free." Image: A box of Cuticura Soap.

Advertisement for Readers. Text: "Readers of this paper desiring to buy any thing advertised in its columns should insist upon having what they ask for, refusing all substitutes or imitations." Image: A stack of books.

Advertisement for Pettis' Eye Salve. Text: "Pettis' Eye Salve. For all eye troubles. Sold at all drug stores." Image: A small jar of eye salve.

Advertisement for Sloan's Liniment. Text: "Stops Backache. Sloan's Liniment is a splendid remedy for backache, stiff joints, rheumatism, neuralgia and sciatica. You don't need to rub it in—just laid on lightly it gives comfort and ease at once." Image: A man holding his back in pain.

Advertisement for 5 Per Cent Solution. Text: "5 PER CENT SOLUTION. Kills Germs of Diphtheria, Pink Eye, Erysipelas. Remember, you say? You can do the same thing. Get some land in Mississippi or Louisiana. On August 20, 1912, Mr. James A. Cox of Columbus, Miss., writes that in 1912 to date he had gathered 1029 tons of tomatoes and sold them for \$927.33. In this figure he did not take into account the culls which were sold separately." Image: A map of Louisiana and Mississippi.

NOTHING ELSE TO DO.



"Why did you leave your last place?" "Well, I couldn't get along with the boss and he wouldn't get out."

REAL ESTATE. All the best property in the city for sale. Write for particulars. Real Estate Co., 112 N. 2nd St., St. Paul, Minn.

Good Farms. On the edge of the city. Write for particulars. Real Estate Co., 112 N. 2nd St., St. Paul, Minn.

Advertisement for Alberta Beef. Text: "ALBERTA THE PRICE OF BEEF. Choice Alberta Beef. Write for particulars. Alberta Beef Co., 112 N. 2nd St., St. Paul, Minn." Image: A cow.