

Liberty.

A correspondent, in a communication to this paper, says during the past few months so much has

Western Canada, forming it, she has been some months letters written to me from delegates of the country, who, was sent to "In undertaking to I shall not be able hardly know where For a plea for my for an illustration, who went from place with, and finding so and attractions, was such to choose, so in eastern Canada I like two of my boys are have since gone, and where I am satisfied. The lands which I for in every respect. Lakes and all districts about of water-fowl, while On all sides we see grain, proving beauty of the soil. On can be seen in ad- of cattle, horses have traveled over a eastern states and I compare with this coun- ty acres of land are hers, and I saw cases per acre had been do not wish to ad- myself I shall leave ge my affairs." The government are now cussion parties, and Interior at Ottawa, d to supply the in- are not without reach

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"LIFE."

Life's but a troubled river, flowing on To gain the ocean, whose grim name is Fate. We float upon its surface, then are gone, Learning its lessons when, alas! too late. We quarrel with the sunshine while 'tis there, Pluck not the flowers that blossom all around, Heed not the beauties in this world so fair. Till clouds close thicken, and the vision's drowned— Drowned in old age, or in our faulty reason, Which sees not what things are or ought to be, So dwarfed our knowledge truth confounds with treason, And pride won't tell us we've not power to see. Contentment 'tis a lesson past our learn- ing, To scorn the happiness the gods do send; For far-off worlds and myths we're always yearning, To stoop to beauties near our minds won't bend. So life's but one long and fruitless strain- ing To get beyond what is within our reach; The river flows on without a moment deigning, To listen to the wisdom we would teach; And fate is reached—the dark an' seething ocean, Which covers all and well its secrets keep; We float along with weary, onward motion, Till all is over and in death we sleep. —Charlotte Mansfield, in Pall Mall Maga- zine.

A Telegraphic Dot.

IT WOULD be interesting to know just what was the beginning of a big quarrel. Almost anyone can recall some large event on which the leaders of the two factions disagreed, but the real thing to be striven for is the far-away and remote affair which started these ructions. The seed of the disputations. The source, the very first germ of discord, from which the present open and deadly warfare sprung. For great quarrels do rise from very small and apparently inconsequential things—the slamming of a door, the borrowing of a pen-knife and the failure to return it, the breaking of an appointment, the pinching of a pair of shoes. Napoleon started out to conquer Europe because at just the wrong time a mosquito bit him and irritated him and made him want to get square with somebody; the decay of the Roman empire dates from the moment that a mischievous boy threw a snowball in which he had placed a lump of anthracite coal at Julius Caesar and hit him on the ear and withdrew his thoughts from plans of peace. Small things indeed are these, but many a historian can tell you of quarrels which grew out of smaller ones. Sherwood, for instance, a telegraph operator, recently told of a feud which came into existence because of the loss of such a small thing as a telegraphic dot. A good "sender" can make ten or more dots in a second, so you can imagine how infinitely small one is. Only a trained ear is able to distinguish the difference between a dozen dots and 20 when a batch is rapidly made, and yet one poor little dot nearly killed one man and brought the other, overworked and overwrought, into a hospital. Sherwood was at the Chicago end of a New York wire at the time of the ad- venture. It was not a good wire even at its best. It had a poor battery and some other ailments which made re- ceiving a woe. But first-class operators were expected to do high-grade business with it, and they usually did if they worked in harmony and did not get into quarrels over the responsibility for the clattering and mixing of the faulty cir- cuit. After two or three men had re- signed in disgust and had declared that they would rather wheel gravel to a stone crusher than try to copy from that line Sherwood was put on at Chi- cago, and some stranger to him was given the New York end. They seemed to suit each other immensely well and pounded away without the least bit of friction for a week. They were sensible enough to take it easy and neither tried to rush the other. Sometimes between whiles they would have a minute or so for conversation, and these little spells made them feel even better disposed each to the other. One evening Sher- wood thought business would proceed with greater satisfaction if he knew the name of the good fellow over in New York, so in the course of a rest he asked: "What's your name, old man?" Quick as a flash and to Sherwood's utter amazement the other operator hurled back at him the curt monosyl- labic: "Rats!" Sherwood was thunderstruck and he was also warm. "All right," he said to himself. "Very well, you fresh sucker. If that's your kind I'll let you alone and give you a little taste of hot work just to make you do some thinking on po- liteness over a line." So he turned in and fairly made his own arm whizz in jerking streaks of lightning at the New Yorker. He put on double speed, and with that hazy, ragged wire to help to make things un- intelligible he considered that he was giving his associate a very ardent chase to copy him. He knew that the stuff must be getting into New York in out- landish shape, but he felt outraged and didn't care. The next day the worm turned and the New Yorker began to give Sherwood a correct imitation of just how evilly

an angered telegraph operator, assisted by a bad circuit, can send Morse across the country. The matter came like the clatter of musketry in battle; like the jangle of tin roofs torn up by cyclones; like a nail mill working overtime, but with very scant similarity to actual commercial telegraphy. Just once in a long time a perfect letter was distinguishable in the rattle of the rub- bish of sound, but Sherwood was a haughty man and refused to "break" (or interrupt) the sender to ask what he was trying to do. He would catch as much as "He—y—on,—c—o," and guessing that to be "Henry Wilson, Chicago," he would be put to the mental stress of imagining what kind of a tele- gram Henry Wilson ought to receive that day. He made an effort to guess as nearly as sanity would suggest, but with such a broad latitude, not know- ing who Henry Wilson was or who was his correspondent, or in what line of business either was—or, indeed, not being able to swear that the message was for a man named Henry Wilson, and not for a woman named Hetty Thomp- son—you will perceive that Sherwood had a severe time of it. But he tried to be satisfied, despite the mental wear and tear. He knew the fellow in New York was in pretty hot water, too. He realized that the Gothamite was under- going the same mental travail in trying to conjecture a sequel to a statement of fact from some such gleamings as "F-d-a-e-t C-m-m-y-r-f-s-d-e—Will-m B—e."

A man not equipped with a rubber arm cannot keep up a speed of 45 or 50 words a minute and then turn in and translate the splutterings of a crazy, leaky, swinging line which is being worked by an idiot in New York without suffering. Ten days of this kind of worry reduced Sherwood from 190 to 138 pounds, and then his friends took him in charge, for he was wandering around town imprecating against in- solvent donkeys in New York, and deliv- ering about Gxwyvzch and other combi- nations of letters. They hired doctors and kept him in a secluded, cool place for three weeks, by which time he was able to move abroad again, and in a month he was in condition to resume his telegraphic functions. He went back to his old wire, and, still rather pale and shaky, started at his day's work. He sent with deliberation and firmness, however, and was overjoyed to note, when it came his turn to receive, that the sender was likewise easy and firm of touch, and there was scarcely any trouble from the workings of the line. After a time a pause came and the New Yorker inquired: "Are you the fellow who was working this line five weeks ago?" Being answered in the affirmative the man at a distance continued: "Say, I've just returned after being nearly knocked out by brain fever on account



MADE HIS ARM WHIZZ.

of trying to keep up a fight with you. Where was it I met you, and how did you come to get a grudge against me? When did you know me?" "I didn't ever know you," chillily an- swered the Chicagoan. "I tried in a gentlemanly way to get acquainted with you, but when I asked your name you got fresh and said 'Rats,' and that made me hot, of course." There was a long pause, then— "Say, this is too rich," the brass clashed to him. "This is a good thing. Here you've been killing me, thinking I had insulted you, and I've been trying to burn you alive because I thought when I told you my name five weeks ago you recognized it as that of some enemy. I believed then that when you heard my name you, being some fellow who had got sore on me elsewhere in the country, started in to do me." "Well," said Sherwood over the line, "what is your dogged name?" "It's Rath. Understand? Make that last letter h and not s. See? Four dots and not three. One of the dots got lost on this bum wire, and so you got it an s. Ain't that good? If you'll get somebody in Chicago to kick you, I'll hire some one in New York to do the same to me." That is the true story of how a poor little telegraphic dot, scarcely big enough to be seen with the naked eye, started one of the most notable battles that ever waged between the seaboard and the great lakes.—Chicago Record.

No Doubt About It.

"Are you quite sure the eggs are all new laid, Betsy?" asked the mistress of the house. "You have my word for it, mum," Betsy replied. "Every one of the dozen was laid by my own hen."—Pick-Me-Up.

A Total Disability Claim of \$1,650 Paid to a Man who was Afterward Cured.

The Monitor, a newspaper published at Meaford, Ont., Canada, first discovered this case two years ago, and published it at length, which now seems, owing to the cure of it, to be a miracle. The facts were so remarkable that many people doubted the truth of them. They said: "It is too remarkable; it cannot possibly be true; the paper is mistaken, and the man, although he may think himself cured, will soon relapse into his former condition," etc., etc. The accuracy of its report called in question the Monitor determined to find out definitely whether the facts were as stated and whether the man would really stay cured. They accordingly kept a close watch on the case for two years after the first article appeared, and have just

mouth sufficiently wide to take solid food. The doctors called the disease spinal sclero- sis, and all said he could not live. For three years he lingered in this condition. Then by some friend he was advised to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. He took them and there was a slight change. The first thing noted was a tendency to sweat freely. This showed there was some life left in his helpless body. Next came a little feeling in his limbs. This extended, followed by pricking sensa- tions, until at last the blood began to course freely, naturally and vigorously through his body, and the helplessness gave way to re- turning strength, the ability to walk re- turned, and he was restored to his old time health.

deed, I am in even better health than when I gave you the first interview." "Do you still attribute your cure to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills?" asked the Monitor. "Unquestionably I do," was the reply. "Doctors had failed, as had also the num- erous remedies recommended by my friends. Nothing I took had the slightest effect upon me until I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. To this wonderful medicine I owe my release from the living death. I have since recommended these pills to many of my friends, and the verdict is always in their favor. I shall always bless the day I was induced to take them." Such is the history of one of the most re- markable cases of modern times. Can any

ANADIAN MUTUAL LIFE ASSOCIATION TORONTO, April 16 1892. THE DOMINION BANK, Pay to Messrs Nelson & Evans Bankers or order Fifty hundred & fifty Dollars Counterfeit Payment of disability claim on policy 173 Ruskville, W. A. G. P. P. 1650.00

now published another article about it in which the original reports are completely verified, the cure is permanent, and they publish a fac simile of the check given by the Canadian Mutual Life Association for \$1,650.00 amount of total disability claim paid by them to Mr. Petch. The first account stated that the patient (see address below) had been a paralytic for five years, and there was such a total lack of feeling in his limbs and body that a pin run full length could not be felt; that he could not walk or help himself at all; for two years he was not dressed; furthermore, that he was bloated, was for that reason almost unrecognizable and could not get his clothes on. The paralysis was so complete as to affect the face and prevent him from opening his

The above is the substance of the first article published by the Monitor. Now follow some clippings, taken from the same paper two years afterward, and there is not the slightest shadow of a doubt, in view of this testimony, that Mr. Petch's cure is per- manent. Here follows the account: On being again questioned, Mr. Petch said: "You see those hands—the skin is now natural and elastic. Once they were hard and without sensation. You could pierce them with a pin and I would not feel it, and what is true of my hands is true of the rest of my body. Perhaps you have observed that I have now even ceased to use a cane, and can get about my business perfectly well. You may say there is absolutely no doubt as to my cure being permanent. In-

one say, in the face of such testimony, that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not entitled to the careful consideration of any suffering man, woman or child? Is not the case in truth a miracle of modern medicine? To make the evidence complete we pub- lish above a fac simile cut of the check re- ceived by Mr. Petch from the Canadian Mut- ual Life Association, being the amount due him for total disability. It is unnecessary to add that this life insurance association did not pay this large amount of money to Mr. Petch, except after the most careful exami- nation of his condition by their medical ex- perts. They must have regarded him as for- ever incurable. Mr. Petch's address is as follows: Reuben Petch, Griersville, Ont., Canada.

The Mean Thing. "My face," said the Seasoned Soubrette, is my fortune. "You don't say so?" retorted the Funny Comedian. "I thought it stood for what you owed." "And why did you think it stood for what I owed?" asked the Seasoned Soubrette. "Because," explained the Funny Comedian, "I see you have it chalked up."—Indianapolis Journal.

Perhaps You Have Heard of a railway system running between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland and Duluth, known as the Wis- consin Central Lines. Before making a journey to any of these northwestern points, inquire relative to the Fast and Elegantly Equipped Trains which leave Chicago daily via the Wisconsin Central. Your nearest ticket agent can give you complete infor- mation. Jas. C. Pond, G. P. A., Milwaukee, Wis.

IDEAL GRANDMOTHERS. Women Who Know the Laws of Nature and Obey Them May Live to Green Old Age. Mrs. Pinkham Says When We Violate Nature's Laws Our Punishment is Pain—If We Continue to Neglect the Warning We Die.



Providence has allotted us each at least seventy years in which to fulfill our mission in life, and it is generally our own fault if we die prematurely. Nervous exhaustion invites disease. This statement is the positive truth. When everything becomes a burden and you cannot walk a few blocks without excessive fatigue, and you break out into perspirations easily, and your face flushes, and you grow excited and shaky at the least provoca- tion, and you cannot bear to be crossed in anything, you are in dan- ger; your nerves have given out; you need building up at once! To build up woman's nervous system and re- store woman's health, we know of no better or more inspiring medicine than Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Your ailment taken in time can be thrown off, if neglected it will run on into great suffering and pain. Here is an illustration. Mrs. Lucy Goodwin, Holly, W. Va., says: "I suffered with nervous prostration, faintness, all-gone feeling and palpi- tation of the heart. I could not stand but a few moments at a time without having that terrible bearing-down sensation. "When I commenced taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I only weighed 108 pounds, and could not sit up half a day; before, however, I had used a whole bottle, I was able to be about. I took in all about three bot- tles of the Compound, and am entirely cured; now I weigh 131 pounds and feel like a new woman, stronger and better than ever in my life." So it transpires that because of the virtues of Mrs. Pinkham's wonderful Compound, even a very sick woman can be cured and live to a green old age.

"FORBID A FOOL A THING AND THAT HE WILL DO." DON'T USE SAPOLIO

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