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SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST LAND REGULATIONS.

ANY PERSON WHO IS THE SOLE head of a family or any male over 18 years old may homestead a quarter section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Land Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned by him and occupied by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter section alongside his homestead. Price, $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside upon the homestead or pre-emption six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may enter for a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price, $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth $300.00.

W. W. CORY,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

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NOW WEIGHS 125 POUNDS, THANKS TO "FRUIT-A-TIVES"

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"About March 1st, 1909, I was taken deathly sick with Liver Congestion and Stomach Trouble. I failed from 125 pounds to 80 pounds and was confined to bed for eight weeks. The doctors said they could do nothing for me, and as a last resort, one of the doctors told me to try "Fruit-a-tives"—if they would not cure me, nothing would.
My husband bought some "Fruit-a-tives" and inside of ten days, I was able to leave my bed. My stomach got strong and I could eat and retain my food. Today, I weigh 125 pounds".
MME LAURENT CADIEUX.
—50c. a box, 6 for $2.50, or trial size, 25c. Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

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French Hospitals with great success. Cures blood poison, bad legs, sores, discharges (either sex), weakness lost vigor & vital force, drains, losses, &c. Either No. at druggists or Mail $1 from Fougera & Co., 90 Beekman St., New York City, or Lyman Bros. Co. Ltd. Toronto. If in doubt No. 2 required, send self addressed envelope for free book to Dr. Le Clerc Med. Co. Haverstock Rd. Hampstead, London, Eng. Try new Dragées (Tasteless) Form of Therapion, easy to take, safe, lasting cure.

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Selected from the Celebrated Richmond No. 4 and Ontario No. 1 Mines, the best Anthracite Coal mined in Pennsylvania.
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Large stock of Fancy Boxes of Chocolates. Big variety of best makers' goods kept in our store.
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Cowan's seems to hit the right spot. It is a great food for husky young athletes: satisfies the appetite: easy to digest: and delicious

Agent—Jas. McParland, 339-341 King Street East.

DR. ROUSH'S RACY LETTERS

He Writes to the Whig About His Tour in Norway and Elsewhere.

Tremendous Gashes in the Ever-Lasting Cliffs---Cruising Through the Fjords---The Lapps Are Proverbially Dirty People.

Special to the Whig.

Some say it was the action of gigantic glaciers in the early centuries when the world was young that ripped those tremendous gashes in the everlasting cliffs that form the western margin of Norway but a local legend recounts how Aegir when he found a portion of his hitherto undisputed domain appropriated as a building site for an annex to Europe flew at once into a towering rage and called all the powers of his watery realm into his presence and commanded them to riddle the new found land into such a series of chasms and rents that it would be totally unfit for the habitation of man. And so the god of the battering waves marshalled all his forces and began at each vulnerable point to break down a crevice in the perpendicular cliff. Farther and farther inland the sea hammered its tortuous way till its force was spent, and its anger assuaged. Then another and still another of the winding gaps were cut through the rocky scarp till at last the terrible Aegir called off the mad waves and left the western coast of Norway riddled and wrecked by hundreds of ragged wounds. Then lest the storm god inadvertently fill up again with drifting sands these marks of Aegir's anger the hordes of shoal builders were summoned and commanded to throw up an island guard—a chain of fortresses—that would protect these rents and crevices from the restoring influences of the incoming sea. And so to-day the local peasant sees in the fjord the mark of Aegir's power and when the seventh wave of the sea breaks with a loud report on the islands of the outer guard he remembers that the King of the Northern ocean still rules supreme.

So much for legend. As a matter of fact the fjords of Norway stand practically alone among the various types of all natural phenomena. Extending inward from the sea in some instances for more than a hundred miles between almost perpendicular walls of solid granite and often so narrow that two small ships can scarcely pass, these winding ribbons of azure blue present at every turn nature scapes as marvellous and charming as ever delighted the vision of man.

The Norwegian coast from north to south exclusive of the fjords measures something like twelve hundred miles in length, but if we follow inland each fjord on the one side to its head and out to the sea again on the other side this distance will total an aggregate of more than twelve thousand miles. It will therefore be seen that the fjord coasts are more than twelve times as great as the sea coast proper.

Cruising Through the Fjords.

Of course every visitor to Norway—and their name is legion—has cruised at least through a portion of these almost endless fjords. He has written about them and talked about them till to-day the descriptions of these nature masterpieces have grown to be as familiar as the story of Aladdin's Lamp. And yet their charms have never been over-exploited. I met an Englishman last summer who was making his twentieth annual cruise through the fjords. He knew them like a shepherd knows his sheep and would often describe beforehand the view the next turn would disclose with a minuteness and accuracy born of a long and a loving acquaintance therewith. And at every turn what superb combinations of fjord and field met our astonished gaze! Imagine if you please a channel of sea no wider in places than an ordinary city street hemmed in on both sides by three thousand feet of towering rock and extending beneath the water for half that dizzy height, no stretch of which being continuously straight enough to reveal more than a few thousand feet at a time without being interrupted by the solid wall ahead and with numerous waterfalls dropping from the plateau above to fall over this tremendous scarp in a cloud of flimy spray, and with the sun now flecking this land-locked pool in a riot of rainbow tints and again disappearing from the shadowy nooks where even at high noon it never penetrates, while over all hangs the poetry romance and traditions of a thousand centuries, and you have but the suggestion of the charms experienced in a cruise through the Norwegian fjords. Of course none but the smaller boats can wind their tortuous way through these picturesque passages. For days at a time our steam yacht "Kong Harald" scarcely poked her nose out at sea at all. Only while sailing around the segments separating the entrances to the fjords did we occasionally get a reminder of the restless ocean. But even here the island guard insured absolutely smooth waters at all times. I mention this for the consolation of those who loathe the sea and its upsetting humors for one can cruise from Stavanger to the North Cape in fair weather or foul and never miss a meal. And more is the joy for true to the epicurean traditions of Norway, dining on the ship as elsewhere here is an event of tremendous importance and if you have never eaten fresh salmon taken in these fjords and prepared and served as only the Norwegians know how to prepare and serve it you waive all right to make any claims as to what the taste of fish is really like. Ye gods, the picture of that ravishing salmon as it was borne by the fair-haired, rosy cheeked waitress to the ship's table lingers like a benediction in my memory. Even now I can smell the savory odor and see the faint pink color as my fork sank almost by its own weight into the tender morsel. Fish? Why the very name is a travesty on the firmy tribe if applied to any other kind save Norwegian salmon. I know not the composition of the fabled ambrosia, nor do I care to know, so long as Norway salmon is served aboard the ship in smooth waters and prepared by a Norwegian cook. Ambrosia may be fit for the gods but it would certainly go a begging among mortals if fresh Norwegian salmon were on the bill of fare.

And so one cruises according to his time and fancy by day or by the white night entering one or all of these fjords from Hardanger to the North Cape, and no part of the far-famed course palls for a single moment or grows tedious or tiresome.

At a Lapp Encampment.

At Tromso we went ashore and made an overland trip to a Lapp encampment. I remember that old crude wood cut in my school geography that purported to depict a family of Laplanders. It was a picture of great interest to me and my youthful fancy brought into life these short, queer-faced people and set them at once driving the impotent old reindeer in the background over a distant field of snow. The fuzzy dog I also fancied busily guarding the brousing herd and even the stationary streak of smoke from the tent I could imagine curling aloft in the solemn sky. And so I often mused till the class was called only to carry to the recitation bench an animated scene in Lapland inspired by my dreaming over the old-time cut. It was therefore with this schoolboy impression again to the fore that I climbed into the waiting stoll car and started up the mountain road.

It goes without saying that the winding road was picturesque as all roads are in Norway and which led us in a few hours to the top of a ridge flanking a valley below where we could look down upon the Lapp encampment. There sure enough true to the old geography print were the tents, the dogs, the Lapps and the reindeer and I half wondered if the whole scene were real or only a rejuvination of my long-dead schoolboy fancy. But as we approached and alighted I soon realized it was no illusion. The dogs set up a terrific howl, the reindeer turned tail and fled, children cried and women scurried within their sod-covered tents. Our guide, however, soon assured them in their own tongue that we were a harmless lot and gradually the wonted routine of the camp was restored.

Of course no one ever thinks of a Lapp without including the reindeer. So the herd was gradually rounded up and we were permitted to approach. They are beautiful animals, these deer, and furnish the sole subsistence and support of the Lapps. Their milk and flesh supply the food, their skins the shoes and clothing, their horns and hoofs the spoons, knives and forks. Though semi-domesticated, still at each milking the doe must be lassoed and held. This process has been going on for centuries and yet the reindeer has never willingly consented to this domestic life.

The Lapp women dress in very much the same costume as do the men—leggings of reindeer skin, a coat of the same material and a cap usually decorated with some foreign fabric of blue and yellow. Summer and winter the clothing in amount and kind is practically the same and I wondered how they could endure these heavy suits of skin at this season when a light overcoat was all that even we of the warmer climates at this time needed.

Proverbially Dirty People.

The Lapps are proverbially dirty. This reputation was fully sustained by my personal observation and a bath would so change their identity that the members of the same family would require introductions. For this reason I always tried to keep to the windward of every Lapp. The Lapps, together with the Finns and certain other allied tribes and races, are the remnant of that Asiatic tide that partially swept over Europe in the early centuries but which in later years was for the most part driven back again to its original source. These desolate wastes of the extreme North, however, were not visited by the retrieving armies of Europe and so it transpired that these aliens here remained undisturbed. Even to-day the oriental origin of the Lapps may be traced in feature and stature, the former often Mongolian in type and the latter short and below the European average.

The Lapps are nomadic and wander about over these barren mountains and plateaus and tend their flocks of reindeer. This particular community owned about a thousand deer and belonged to the Norwegian division of the Lapp family, the Swedish and Finnish members usually ranging farther to the east. Nominally the Lapps—Swedish, Norwegian and Finnish—are Christianized and belong as a rule to the Lutheran faith, the state religion not only of Norway but Sweden and Finland as well. As a matter of fact religion aside from the form of baptism plays but an insignificant part in a Laplander's life, though they are far from savage and if properly treated may be depended upon to observe the ordinary amenities of civilization.

On to Hammerfest.

Again we embark and the charms of the fjords become, as we near the northernmost city in the world, a beautiful memory. We reach Hammerfest at just twelve o'clock, midnight. And here we experienced what was almost a shock though we knew beforehand what to expect. Since leaving the region of the white nights in the south the nocturnal element grew less and less pronounced with each succeeding twenty-four hours. So gradual had this change been wrought, however, that it had crept on unawares. As in the case of the seasons, winter vanishes so noiselessly that one morning we are awakened by the song of the first robin and we rub our eyes in astonishment because of the presence of spring. And so with time, silently the years pass by till one day we awaken with a pang to the fact that our youth has gone, and we have taken our places among the ranks of the middle aged. It was so at Hammerfest. The glorious glow of the white night had faded like the damask from the rose. We now stood on deck in the garish light of day, and—it was midnight! I shall never forget that eerie sensation. The dock was lined with the village folk who listlessly watched the anchoring of the ship. No lights shone forth from the village houses, no nocturnal stillness brooded over the huts of the fishermen. Far up the mountain side back of the town I saw plainly a dozen goats browsing about the barren rocks, and yet the ship's bells rang out the hour of midnight. I looked at my watch and both hands pointed at twelve. Was nature playing us a trick? No suggestion of night existed and yet we must sleep. So, still obsessed with the conviction that it was all a huge joke, we half reluctantly went down to our staterooms and there in the semi-gloom of drawn curtains and covered windows, we finally fell asleep in this make-believe night.

SIGEL ROUSH.

RELIEVES BAD STOMACHS.

Your Out-of-Order Stomach Will Feel Fine in Five Minutes.

If your meals don't fit comfortably, or you feel bloated after eating, and you believe it is the food which fills you; if what little you eat lies like a lump of lead on your stomach; if there is difficulty in breathing after eating, eructations of sour, undigested food and acid, heartburn, brash or a belching of gas, you can make up your mind that you need something to stop food fermentation and cure indigestion.

To make every bite of food you eat aid in the nourishment and strength of your body, you must rid your Stomach of poisons, excessive acid and stomach gas, which sours your entire meal—interferes with digestion and causes so many sufferers of Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Constipation, Griping, etc. Your case is no different—you are a stomach sufferer, though you may call it by some other name; your real and only trouble is that which you eat does not digest, but quickly ferments and sours, producing almost any unhealtny condition.

A case of Pape's Diapepsin will cost fifty cents at any Pharmacy here, and will convince any Stomach sufferer five minutes after taking a single dose that fermentation and sour stomach is causing the misery of Indigestion.

No matter if you call your trouble Catarrh of the Stomach, Nervousness or Gastritis, or by any other name—always remember that a certain cure is waiting at any drug store the moment you decide to begin its use.

Pape's Diapepsin will regulate any out-of-order Stomach within five minutes and digest promptly, without any fuss or discomfort, all of any kind of food you eat.

WHEN IS A MAN OLD?

History's Most Remarkable Men Over Fifty.

New York Mail.

Is man at his best between 60 and 70? A hundred men, the foremost of the race, as shown by their achievements, were selected. The utmost scrutiny was exercised by the judges, and the list winnowed down to the hundred grains. All big grains.

The greatest battle, picture, book, statecraft, or whatever each one's line of production, was then traced to the decade in the actor's life. The astounding figures are that the ten years between sixty and seventy produced thirty-five per cent. of the world's greatest achievements by her greatest men. Between fifty and sixty are found twenty-five per cent. of the master deeds. But the age between seventy and eighty appears almost as fruitful, being twenty-three per cent. of great acts.

If we are to believe Dr. William A. N. Dorland, the compiler of these statistics, sixty-four per cent. of the most remarkable things done by the hundred of the most remarkable men of all history were the product of their lives after they were fifty years old. "The Age of Mental Virility" is a book of interest. This is cheerful reading. We are all looking forward to at least eighty years. That our best results should be after we are fifty is good news.

But there are two or three ifs in the way. This compiler worked with a hundred of the best of our species. These were men, superior human animals, their being—physical, mental, spiritual. The ordinary human animal may doubt his part in such vitality. None of the great hundred were dry goods clerks, railroad conductors, housewives or any other of the type of plain, everyday toilers, such as we are. In other words, the greatest men are in a class by themselves.

The world is full of men who are outclassed and don't know it.

Lawyers suffer when arbitration takes the place of litigation.

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STOVE POLISH
You don't have to mix "Black Knight" Stove Polish.
There is no black watery liquid to stain your hands or dirty the floor.
There is no "hard brick" to scrape—no trouble—no waste—no hard rubbing.
"Black Knight" is a firm paste—ready to use—quickly applied—and shines quick as a wink.
It's as simple and easy to use as shoe polish, and a big stove can be shined with it almost as easily.
Perhaps your dealer does not handle "Black Knight" Stove Polish. If so, send 10c. for a big can, free postpaid.
THE F. F. DALLEY CO. LIMITED, Hamilton, Ont. 25
Makers of the famous "2 in 1" Shoe Polish.

CHINCHILLA A FASHIONABLE EVENING FUR.

Little chinchilla is worn with street costumes nowadays, this delicate, lovely fur being reserved for evening use with ermine and moleskin, the distinctive evening furs. The muff and turban illustrated are of genuine chinchilla, now a rare and costly pelt, and were designed to wear with a theatre and restaurant costume of blue chiffon embroidered with silver and gray. The ornament on the turban is an odd affair, made of velvet, ribbon and metallic lace.

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can be cured by the great fruit kidney and liver remedy;
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Your medicine, Fig Pills, has worked wonders for me. The rheumatic pains have entirely left me and I owe everything to your remedy. You are at liberty to publish this. R. H. GAILMAN
At all dealers 25 and 50 cents or mailed by The Fig Pill Co., St. Thomas, Ont. 13
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