

WARREN SHEAF JOHN P. MATTON, Editor and Prop.

Published every Thursday Entered into the Post Office at Warren as Second Class Mail Matter.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

Legal Advertisements at Legal Rates.

The Sheaf wishes all its readers, patrons and friends a Happy New Year. May the new year soon to be ushered in bring to each one a full measure of true happiness and prosperity.

Hoxsey, the daring aviator who demonstrated his skill at the Grand Forks fair last summer, has made a new altitude record. At Los Angeles the other day he went up 11,474 feet, or more than two miles.

Christmas this year passed very quietly and peacefully in Warren. As far as we know no home was without its share of good Christmas cheer. The various churches held their customary services and Christmas tree festivals for the children and these were most pleasant occasions and well attended as always is the case.

In Iowa and Illinois people are farming lands that have a cash selling value of \$200 to \$250 an acre and rental value of from \$7.00 to \$10.00 an acre. The lands of the Red River valley are as productive as those of Illinois and Iowa.

Subscription Rates and Terms.

The Warren Sheaf is sent only on the direct order of subscribers, and is continued until ordered stopped and all arrearages paid.

The rate of subscription is \$1.00 per year in the United States; foreign countries and Canada \$1.50. Subscribers paying in advance have the choice of several premium papers in addition.

"Sample" or "marked copies" are sent as complimentary only, and while we desire them to be considered as invitations to subscribe, they will not be continued except upon request.

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Be sure and buy one from your dealer today. For Sale by M. L. LARSON DEPT. STORE



MESSIANIC KINGDOM COMING

In an Unexpected Manner It Will Be Ushered In.

Great Time of Trouble First—Then the Long-Promised Peace.



PASTOR RUSSELL

Chattanooga, Tenn., Dec. 25.—Pastor Russell today preached an astounding message to Christendom from the text, "Peace on earth, good will to men."

He called attention to the fact that his text, the message of the angels at the birth of the Redeemer more than eighteen centuries ago had not yet been fulfilled. More than this, the preparations for war today are on the most gigantic scale ever known to the world.

Besides this, Great Britain has appropriated three hundred and fifty million dollars for military expenses for the year. The United States, isolated and at one time supposed to have no need for armies or navies, is expending about three hundred million dollars this year on her military development.

Why Is This Thus? How shall we explain, he asked, so great a discrepancy between our expectations of the past and our realization of the present? For years Christendom has been claiming that education and civilization would lead the world to beat its spears and swords into pruninghooks and plowshares; but the reverse is true.

The Mistake We Made. We have allowed our theories to mislead us into misinterpretations of the Scriptures. God's Word nowhere suggests that the Church will effect the conversion of the world and the fulfillment of the prophecy that every knee shall bow and every tongue confess to the glory of God.

The Troublesome Change of Rulership. As soon as God's work of this present age shall have been accomplished in the selecting, testing and glorifying of his "very elect," then Messiah's Kingdom will be established.

The four angels, representing Divine Power, Wisdom, Justice and Love, which now are figuratively holding the winds of strife, will then be let loose. The trouble of that day will come like a whirlwind, in which the nations, systems, associations and trusts will fight one great battle and forever sink into oblivion.

Thus the Messiah, born more than eighteen centuries ago, will eventually, as the great King, by the power of his Kingdom, bring peace to earth and good will amongst men. Then the nations will learn war no more. Satan will be bound.

The distress of the present time will no longer be profitable or enticing. National strife will be impossible; for the whole world shall become one nation under the one rule of the great Potentate whose word will be law and will mean the blessing, the happiness, the uplifting out of sin and death—the salvation of whosoever will render obedience to him.

NEWS FROM SCANDINAVIA

Principal Events That Have Transpired in the Old Countries Within a Week or So.

DENMARK.

Riget (The Kingdom) is the name of a new newspaper in Denmark. A short while after the paper was started the proprietor was called to the telephone. Who's that? said the newspaper man. "Riget, of Slagelse."

Franz Jensen, a Danish engineer, has invented a brand new kind of steamship which is to have neither propeller nor water-wheel of any kind. By means of a system of pumps, water is to be sucked in at the prow and pumped out with tremendous force at the stern, giving the vessel a phenomenal speed.

NORWAY.

The city of Sarsborg is going to sell bonds for \$270,000.

A bautasten, or rough granite monument, will be erected on the grave of Rev. Ulrik Sverdrup, at Balestrand, Sogn.

Oddmund Vik, who has been prominent in religious and political work in Stavanger, wants to become mayor of that city.

Charles Thesen, native of Stavanger, has been elected to represent Knysna in the first parliament of the United States of South Africa.

A consignment of 72 car loads of fish and fish products was recently sent from Trondhjem to Germany. Three extra trains had to be put on besides the regular trains, which were loaded to their full capacity.

The result of the city elections in Kristiania is briefly as follows: The Conservatives polled 26,827 votes; the Liberal Leftists, 4,452; the Socialists, 22,366; the Leftists, 6,252; and the Prohibitionists, 1,217. Accordingly the next city council will consist of 38 Conservatives, 6 Liberal Leftists, 30 Socialists, 8 Leftists, and 2 Prohibitionists.

The so-called Norwegian-American Steamship Company has had a very checkered career so far. Much of the work done a few months ago has been undone, and the whole thing will have to be reorganized on a sounder basis. K. B. Birkeland, a Minneapolis capitalist, was roundly denounced for objecting to certain things when the company was organized, but now it has become clear that he was right.

SWEDEN.

The late Prof. A. P. Lindstrom, of Stockholm, had a collection of stamps worth at least \$25,000.

In a field at Stenkyrka, Gottland, were found 665 silver coins of Roman and Anglo-Saxon origin.

The Nordiska Museum, Stockholm, acquired over 2,000 new numbers during the past year, which is an unusual record.

Swedish educators do not, as a rule, take kindly to the proposition of making Russian a regular study at the higher institutions of learning.

It is stated on good authority that the proposed Swedish-American steamship line will not be ready for business in less than a year and a half from now.

The street cars and other public conveyances in the city of Stockholm carried 60,770,000 passengers from Jan. 1 to Oct. 31. The figures for the corresponding period of 1909 were 55,380,000.

A number of evil persons were arrested at Skofde on the charge of assault and battery against soldiers, and the trial proved that the motive was hostility to the military system on general principles.

No less than 11,516 persons are employed in the Swedish mail service, and it is estimated that almost one per cent of the population of the country are dependent upon this service for their living.

While K. A. Jonsson was hauling a load of sand across the Motala river, in the center of Norrkoping, the bridge broke down, carrying with it the man and the load. The water at the place is very deep, and the man lost his life. The horses shied and broke loose so that they escaped.

The rumor floating about the country as to an unusually heavy emigration from the mining town of Kiruna to Brazil this winter has proved to be correct. On the sixth of December 60 persons departed, and a week later they were followed by 125 others. A third party was to leave just before Christmas.

A special committee has been considering a proposition to compel alcoholists to stay at an asylum to be established for that purpose, and a complete report on this matter will soon be in the hands of the government.

Miner Bob's Gift



IT WAS Christmas eve in a mining camp in the Rocky mountains, forty years ago. There were many men, but only one little girl. She was sitting in front of a fireplace, which occupied one whole end of "the best cabin in camp."

Miner Bob says that Santa Claus comes down the chimney; but now, Rover, we know better than that. She took hold of the dog's collar, and turned his head toward the fireplace. "Even if he should get down the chimney, he'd be burned up. He could not bring anything with him without getting it black and dirty. I'll put the fire out tonight with that pail of water."

Rover got up and took a lap or two, and then came back and waited for the rest of the story.

She continued: "But I don't believe any Santa Claus will come away out here, where there is only you and me."

Here she stooped and whispered in the dog's ear. "We'll leave the window open. Of course, Rover, I don't mind telling you why I am so anxious for Santa Claus not to come down that chimney. You see, I want a doll. Miner Bob says that Santa Claus brings you what you wish for. I never saw real dolls, but they must be beautiful things. This picture I cut out of a magazine is a doll, so Miner Bob says. Whew! It mustn't come down the chimney, Rover, it mustn't."

In a few minutes the dog and the little girl were both fast asleep. This time the child's head was pillowed on Rover's shaggy coat and in her hand she tightly held an advertisement of Christmas toys.

Two men, sitting at a pine table in the other end of the cabin, were talking in a low, mysterious manner.

"We are 'most out of food, you know," said one; "only five potatoes left. We paid \$100 for the last stick, but we could not get another stick for love or money. We have been snowed in now for three months, and we've got to count on four weeks more before there is any hope of getting out of here."

"Yes, I know it," replied his companion, "but I'm going to do it just the same."

"You know the boss' orders," spoke up the first man, who was Miner Bob. "We'll catch it if we disobey, especially when starvation is staring us in the face."

"I can't help it," was the reply. "put it all on me; I'll stand the blame."

The men drew their chairs closer together, and there they worked for several hours, stopping just long enough to lift the little girl from the floor to her cot, where she went on dreaming of Santa Claus and the beautiful doll.

It was a bitter cold night—a regular blizzard! Several miners lost their way going from one camp to the other and were frozen to death. Animals that failed to get under shelter were found dead next morning.

The little girl remembers no more of that most terrible storm in the history of the camp, but next morning she was awakened early by her father trying to close a broken window. He said it had been crushed in by the storm, but the little girl said, "No, Santa Claus did it."

"He's been here!" she cried, and in her excitement fairly rolled from her cot over the floor to the chimney. With cries of "It's a doll—a doll!" she clasped to her heart the most beautiful thing she had ever seen. "It's my doll, all mine; and it's got eyes, and a nose, and a mouth, and ears and hair—and such a beautiful red flannel dress!"

She kissed it again and again, and no heart ever came so near bursting with joy as the heart of that little girl, way out in the snowed-in mine, with death and starvation all about her.

The two miners had come in, and were listening to the wonderful story as it fell again from the childish lips. "You used them all," interrupted the father, gazing sternly at the man.

"Yes," said Miner Bob, "we used them all."

"It was wrong, very wrong?" "We could not help it," replied the other miner. "It was the only way to make it, and we'd rather go hungry the rest of our days than have the kid disappointed."

The "kid," oblivious of anything but the blessed joy of possessing a doll, was telling Rover: "Father thinks the wind broke the window. I forgot to open it; but, you see, Santa Claus knows just what you want, so he brought the doll through the window to save her from getting dirty coming down the chimney."

Little did she realize that of all the dolls found that Christmas morning in the stockings of the little ones all over the United States not one was made of as precious material as hers. She was clasping to her bosom the "only five potatoes in camp." They had been carved into "Miss Doll" by Miner Bob, and dressed in pieces of the only good red flannel shirt that the other man possessed.

Forty Christmas days have passed since then, and they have all been happy ones, but the peculiar and exquisite satisfaction I experience in pressing to my heart "my potato doll" has never been exceeded.

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