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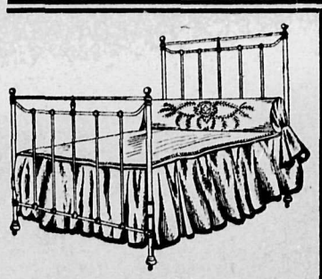
VOLUME III. HOSMER, B. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1910 NUMBER 6

BEDDING HEADQUARTERS



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Will Build Next Spring.

Construction work on the southeast Kootenay railway running over a distance of 50 miles from McGillivray to the international boundary will commence next spring, according to an announcement of Thomas Davis, the president, who is at present in Victoria. The road will open up one of the richest coal mining areas in the province. Mr. Davis, who has just returned from a trip through the Flathead district, states that considerable development work is in progress at the different coal properties there. From the Calder Creek measures to the boundary, a distance of eight miles, a wagon road has been built for the bringing in of supplies and construction material. Twelve coal mining properties in all are carrying on development work, the principal of these, that known as camp Davis, being controlled by the Southeast Kootenay railway company. Mr. Davis states that in addition to the coal areas the new railroad will open up rich agricultural territory lying in the Flathead valley.

Names of The Winners.

Following is the names of the candidates examined for first, second and third class certificates of competency under the Coal Mines Regulation Act:

PASSED FIRST CLASS—
J. McCulloch.
B. L. Thorne.
F. Alderson.
A. Kinsman.
R. T. Stewart.

PASSED SECOND CLASS—
H. E. Miard.
J. C. Hughes.
R. J. Lee.
W. C. Comons.
E. Roberts.
R. Anderson.
R. Adamson.

PASSED THIRD CLASS—
T. Thomas.
W. R. Puckey.
W. P. Price.
D. Shanks.
R. Heaps.
R. D. Garkett.
T. Bullen.
Leyroy Taylor.
J. W. Makin.
B. J. Lewis.
M. D. McLean.
John Jenkins.
P. Judge.

Shot His Wife to End Her Agony.

New York, Sept. 17.—James McDowell, prospector and miner, who killed his wife to end her sufferings in the wilds of the Canadian northwest, is at the home of friends at 2774 Bainbridge avenue today. He is a nervous and physical wreck. McDowell complied with the plea of his mortally injured wife to end her agony. He was examined by a jury. "My wife was Fanny Crawford, a native of the province of Alberta," he said. "I had a rich claim near Castle mountain, in the British Columbia extension of the Cascade range and soon after we decided to visit it. The mule on which my wife was riding was stung by a hornet, kicked and plunged over a precipice, carrying my wife with him. My wife was crushed to a shapeless mass and begged me to end her agony. I then shot her."

Late Archbishop of York is Dead.

London, Sept. 19.—The most Rev. Wm. Dalyrymple McLagan, late Archbishop of York, died today. He was born in Edinburgh in 1826. He was ordained priest in 1857, after having served for five years in the Indian Army. In 1891 he was appointed Archbishop of York, and he held that position until 1909, when he was succeeded by most Rev. C. Gordon Lang.

A Daring Feat.

Captain Claus Larsen in a motor boat navigated the whirlpool below the falls and ran through Niagara rapids on Monday last. It was a most daring feat and the little boat was lost to sight most of the time.

Dance and basket social at the opera house Friday, Oct. 7.

Lowery's Upper Stope

Poison Ivy is common around Merritt.

The shipyard at Nakusp employs twenty men.

At Salmon Arm the tax rate is fifteen mills.

In Trail there are 167 children going to school.

There will be no fruit fair in Kaslo this year.

The C. P. R. will improve its station at Trail.

A steam lanndry has been started in Chilliwack.

Kaslo will borrow $6,000 for local improvements.

Kaslo cherries are much appreciated in Edmonton.

The mushroom crop at Gleichen is above the average.

Thomas Slater has opened a shoe shop in Merritt.

At Penticton twenty buildings are under construction.

Prince Rupert owns the telephone business in that city.

The Granby company will work their properties at Rossland.

The pear crop around Kaslo this summer is a record breaker.

Elmore Jackson, of Hedley, will open a cigar store in Hedley.

There are eight typhoid fever patients in the hospital at Trail.

There are twenty four students at the Grand Forks high school.

The salmon output of the Skeena river this year is 200,000 cases.

Orland Copp, a Cariboo pioneer, died in Kamloops a few days ago.

British Columbia is to be stocked with prairie chickens from Manitoba.

Fruitlands, is the name of a new town across the river from Kamloops.

At Peachland, the cement pipe works is being run to its full capacity.

Captain James Garvie has opened a coal and wood yard in Chilliwack.

In Princeton ten years ago the citizens hunted ducks by moonlight.

The English Cove Resort hotel at Christina lake was burned last week.

In Rupe, Sam Pierce was fined $200 and costs for selling firewater to a squaw.

Geo. E. Parry, of Vancouver, has bought the Harrison house in Chilliwack.

The week before last $100,000 worth of real estate changed hands in Penticton.

During August, $60,000 was expended in North Vancouver for new buildings.

Hugh Stewart has sold his business in Cranbrook and moved to Burlington, Ont.

It is reported that Dr. Brett, of Banff, will have charge of the new sanitarium at Frank.

Harvest hands are scarce in the Northwest and the farmers are calling for more help.

The Rossland Miner is to be enlarged to eight pages. The Miner is over fifteen years old.

In Hedley much damage has been done to sidewalks by horses walking on them.

Mrs. McAndrews has sold the site of the old Leland hotel in Kaslo to Robert Elliot.

The Bank of Montreal is willing to lend Prince Rupert a million dollars for street grading.

This year fifty eight carloads of apples were grown in the Kootenay and Boundary fruit fields.

John Connors got six months in jail for robbing the rooms of the Pacific hotel, at Columbia.

The Granby Co. has leased and bonded the Cliff and Consolidated St. Elmo mines in Rossland.

Owing to the low water in the Fraser river the steamers cannot make the upper landing at Chilliwack.

Across the Columbia river from Rossburg, a sixteen year old girl recently shot and killed a full grown bear. She should be able to manage a husband.

Building of C. P. R. Branch Lines.

The twenty ninth annual report of the C. P. R. which is just issued and which covers the year closing on June 30th last, contains several items of interest. The president in his annual address which will be presented at the annual general meeting of the shareholders on October 5th, says that the shareholders will be asked to authorize the issue and sale of four per cent consolidate debenture stock to provide for the construction of the following, among other branch lines:

Weyburn-Lethbrige branch, 50 miles and Lethbridge-Aldersyde branch, 58 miles.

The shareholders will also be asked to approve an agreement made with the Kootenay Central railway company, for the building and leasing to the C. P. R. for 999 years of a line from Galloway on the Crow's Nest line to Golder, on the main line. The railway to be built in sections of from 40 to 50 miles as the C. P. R. shall designate.

In the financial statement accompanying the report, the expenditure on the C. P. R. during the year are given as follows:

Additional sidings, buildings stations and yards	$134,002.24
Permanent bridges and improvement of lines	62,563.60
Right of way	670.97
Total	$197,236.81

$419,570.77 was spent upon completing the Macleod-Lethbridge cut off.

The C. P. R. received during the year $86,531.02 as dividend on stock in the Alberta railway and irrigation company held by it.

Walt Mason is Not Dead.

When a false rumor of Mark Twain's death was cabled from Europe some ten years ago, and anxious inquiries as to its truth were flashed across, the great humorist cabled in reply that the news of his death was "greatly exaggerated." Admirers of the writings of Walt Mason will be glad to know that in like manner the news of his death, which came with such a shock a few days ago, was unfounded.

The news dispatch which was printed all over the continent announcing the death of John Scanlan, a cartoonist, in Philadelpbia stated that he wrote under the pen name 'Walt Mason,' It now appears that on several occasions he had written to his sister, several postal cards signed 'Walt Mason,' the name of a well known writer of verse. She thought 'Walt Mason's' productions were her brother's, and this fact led the police to believe for a time that Scanlan was the well known writer.

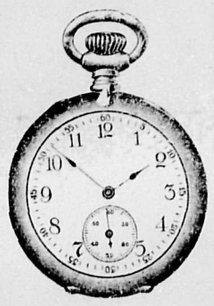
Walt Mason is in Emporia, Kan. His admirers whose name are legion, will expect something from his pen about this false story of his having crossed the great divide.

Welsh Miners May Strike.

Cardiff, Wales, Sept. 17.– By their action today in voting in favor of a strike of 200,000 Welsh coal miners, the delegates to the miners' conference gave a tremendous impetus to the impening English labor war. The vote today for a strike will not become operative unless the miners themselves support the proposal, but there is little doubt that they will vote overwhelmingly to support the delegates and that the strike will be declared within the next two weeks.

September "Athletic World."

The September number of the Athletic World magazine has just reached this office. In up-to-date sport affairs and illustrations it is strikingly stronger than the August issue, which created such a favorable impression as a Canadian athletic and outdoor periodical, covering all branches of sport in Canada, with a liberal number of sport happenings over the world generally. We predict a full measure of success for the Athletic World in its able efforts to espouse the cause of good sport in this Dominion.



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CRYSTAL SPRINGS, B. C., (Via Michel)

Skyscrapers While You Wait

(By William Allen Johnston)

IT is a marvelous thing how the dreams of Arabian nights are to-day made realities. Manhattan nights are quite as magical.

This morning you may pass by a street corner surrounded by a board fence from the interior of which comes the staccato thump of rock-drills. Another day and the fence is down, spindling iron columns are pointing skyward out of the pit.

Two weeks pass and you are looking upward at some daredevil of an iron-worker who is riding an iron beam several stories up above the streets. In three months more you are elevated into a steam-heated, electric-lighted twelfth-story office suite and look down from where you formerly looked up at the sky and wondered. Imagine a massive granite-and-brick, fire-proofed sky-scraper covering two-thirds of a block, building upward at the rate of a story a week! A story a week means a completed story, complete even as to inside furnishings and ready for immediate occupancy.

It sounds impossible. Strangers won't believe it till they see the building grow before their eyes. But this rate of construction is an actuality today; and there is no telling just what greater speed the terrific demand of this minute-expanding, distance-shrinking, step-lively age will bring forth.

The sky-scraper is altogether an American institution. Its express speed of construction is also exclusively American, an expression of American enterprise, American inventiveness, American impatience and daredevilry, American workmen.

Some few years ago a ship-load of Pennsylvania steel and American workers landed at Cape Town and commenced at Johannesburg the erection of the first modern steel-frame structure in South Africa.

The work started at the beginning of the hot season, and when, after six months, the residents of the city returned from their mountain resorts they found a completed building awaiting them, and at first refused to believe their eyes. A smaller building, just previously erected, took two and a half years.

"Who did this?" roared an irate Britisher of local consequence. He was accustomed to London methods, where they take fully six months to erect simply the outrigging platforms for the placid, protracted man-handling of the heaviest materials. "Some devil of a Yankee, I'll warrant you," he fumed. "It won't stand up."

But the structure is still standing, will stand till it is pulled down; and now in Johannesburg they prefer American buildings put up in the American way.

In New York we grow used to marvels, come to regard them as commonplace after a few days' wonderment. And yet here the Johannesburg record has been more than cut in two. So many buildings are going up so fast that daily the city changes like the background of a ponderous panorama. One must go about constantly in order not to be amazed at new landmarks.

The story of the express-built sky-scraper begins away back in the steel-rolling mills of Pittsburg and Bethlehem, where they also race against time and short-cut processes and with a gigantic remorseless rush turn out a product whether men get in the way or not.

Here the entire steel frame of the sky-scraper is built in multitudinous sections—that is to say, columns, beams, headers, girders—each with connecting flanges all punched and ready to be fitted and rivetted together. The columns weigh as much as fifteen tons each.

A complete story could be told of the works at Pittsburg: of how the big machines start rolling, rivetting, cutting, punching—the processes are many and mighty—almost the moment the blue-prints arrive; of how even while the work is in progress some master minds are plotting ways and means to hasten it, to get the black metal timbers craned more swiftly out of the roaring shops and speeding on to New York in hundreds of heavy flat-cars.

One might think that the greater part of the structural erection was done in the steel-mills; that it ought to be a simple matter to join the parts together and so erect the framework of the building. One might think so—but don't mention this thought to the iron foreman—to that taciturn, tense-featured man, the lines in whose lean face grow deeper as each story is added.

He is working his men under tremendous pressure. An ordinarily slow iron job with its rattling dynamic progress is enough of a burden. But to rush one, to crowd ponderous steel into fleeting hours, is another matter. His employers give him so much time, and keep pounding him; and along with this pressure they give him constant but contrariwise orders, to wit: Don't kill any men.

It is difficult to accomplish with results. But it can be done and today it is done.

The framework of one big store in New York, containing 22,000,000 pounds of steel, was erected in only four hundred hours. Not an ironworker was killed or seriously injured. The Metropolitan tower, rising fifty stories above the streets, was topped with the same fortunate result; so was the lofty "Singerhorn." Some buildings and bridges in the past have proven veritable morgues—they show the constant hazard of the ironworker's life—but buildings are not erected that way today, even with greatly advanced speed.

It is a wonderful giant's game of jackstraws—this rearing of the steel structure. First a platoon of mo[illegible]er derricks is set up in the pit. The masts are sometimes ninety feet in height, with beams nearly as long, and are shipped all the way across the continent from the big pine forests of Oregon. Three flat-cars, end to end, are required for the length of the poles, and, arrived at their destination in New York, they are trucked through the streets to the building site at midnight when other traffic is all save suspended.

Now the steel is arriving, drawn from the river lighters in great double-teamed, extension trucks, and is unloaded all around the edge of the rectangular pit. Each length is marked to go in a certain place. The drivers for the most part are ex-ironworkers and know how to handle steel as well as horses. The derricks are electrically run and move silently, swiftly, steadily. The spasmodic jerking of the puffing steam upright engine is absent. The big booms swing, dip, raise their many ton loads with all the precision and delicacy of human hands. Just think of swinging a heavy girder into a flange-union with a play on either side of little more than a quarter of an inch.

With each derrick there's a crew of seven men, comprising a "pusher" or squad boss, a derrick-man, and five over-head ironworkers. Over all the squads is the iron foreman, darting here and there, looking up and down, seeing the whole process and every part of it.

The mighty work goes on continuously by day and night. One shift—on a big job it numbers fifty men—relieves another. There must be no stopping; minutes count. At night yellow and white incandescent lights sputter over a ceaseless din and travail. Now and then an ambulance rings its way into the congested side-street. For there are accidents. They cannot be altogether avoided.

From the edge of the pit you see an iron beam roll lazily out of a pile. Its motion is slight and noiseless, seemingly inconsequential, but it hit a man's leg and stripped it to the bone. Two beams meet, slowly, with velvet-like contact; but a man's fingers intervened, and they were nipped off. And metal will break. There's the foreman, now, bending white-faced over the broken link of a derrick chain. It is an inch thick and outside it looks polished, hard, sure; but within there was a bubble in the steel, leaving only a thin circumference of metal to hold it together. Luckily, when it snapped, as snap it must, there were no men riding the load of beams; but there might have been.

There are accidents; but the work is too ponderous to make them noticeable, its purpose too serious to have them interfere or subtract a minute of progress. No one takes heed of them, not even the waiting line of idle iron-workers, anxious for a job and the chances of it. Only the best and steadiest men are employed, experienced workers, who are not only careful of themselves, but also of their team-mates; and it is remarkable how the character of the ironworker has changed to meet the exactions of these days of rapid construction.

In the past they were a boisterous, swashbuckling lot. They "floated" from New Orleans to Vancouver, lived in freight-cars, built bridges and dropped off of them with a grin and a choking "Good-by." A hero among them was a man who had the longest fall to his credit, or who could toss a white-hot rivet the greatest distance. They lived hard and died easily. Today they know that a man stands highest on the pay-roll who takes his work and its danger most seriously, who also watches the man next to him—for in this calling one man's error often means another's life.

Even so the bridgeworker of today has not lost his romantic side. He is still the cavalier of the workaday world. See him now, clinging like a fly to the top ring of that lofty derrick, or swaying in mid-air with one leg wound carelessly about a dangling cable, or standing upright alongside a dizzy column, hundreds of feet above the ground, with nothing more substantial under his clinging toe than an inch-wide bolt! The plumber laying pipes in the dark basement gets just as high a wage and his work is quite as important. But the ironworker gets the eyes of the crowd and knows it. "Cowboys of the skies" they have been styled, and aptly so. They have many characteristics in common with their brethren of the plains. They love a dare and a scampering race. Often they make and have them—when the boss is not watching. Just recently two sky-scrapers in New York raced up side by side—a veritable Marathon of the skies!—and prodigies of daring and foolhardiness were done by the rival gangs facing each other across the intervening side-street. They stole each other's hats and wrenches as they sailed up atop the loads of iron, danced giddy hornpipes on the ends of projecting beams, tried to "best" each other taking chances, amid the pandemonium of whip-snapping cables and swinging iron.

They affect extravagances and peculiarities of dress. That athletic-looking fellow with the grimy face and hands appears on idle Sundays in white flannels and silk hose. The man beside him is a favorite at bridgemen's dances and has been known to wear and grace a frock-coat. They make no serious complaint over the new order of things—the rush of the work. "Sure," said one, "it's all right, only it's over nowadays before you get your second wind."

Said another: "This going up at a story a day interferes with me social life. On that Thirteenth Street building there was a hotel within arm's reach, and one day I got to talking with a pretty maid—through a window. Next day I had to talk down to her, and next day I had to yell to her, and in two days more I had to say good-by.

"'Good-by!' says she. 'Sorry to see you go; but I'll introduce you to my friend Katie who works on the tenth floor.'"

Every time two stories of steel are completed the derricks must be raised. This has been slow, cumbersome work in the past. Only a year ago it meant a day's work. Now they do it in from thirty minutes to two hours. In the old way they rigged a stiff-legged derrick above, which grappled down and lifted up the boom derrick. In other words, they raised a derrick with a derrick. Now they make the derrick raise itself. To a layman this sounds like raising one's self by the boots. But it can be done, even with an eight-ton, ninety-foot derrick. A young iron foreman solved the problem one day when his company gave him just twelve days to put up the frame of a twelve-story building.

"It's easy enough," said he. "You just fold up the derrick and lash boom and mast together. Then detach the main 'fall' or hoisting cable from the boom and give it a clutch around the mast about one-third of the length from the top.

"Now start your winding drums down there in the basement, and what's going to happen? Why, the cable pulls the whole derrick up and holds it till we make new moorings."

They wait for nothing and obey no precedents in the building of the express sky-scraper. While the steel frame is hastening skywards the walls, floors, tiling, fire-proofing, wiring—all are racing after it. The very moment a support is made that renders possible the commencement of another branch of the work, the latter activity begins. On a granite and brick building the bricklayers start work—on the fifth story, say—before the granite has reached them. By the time the latter is laid and meets the brick they are several stories in advance. That means several stories saved in time. They work shoulder to shoulder—not an inch of room is wasted—on a long, mechanically elevated platform that seems to climb upward before your very eyes.

Already the plastering has begun—while there still remains a gap in the under walls between granite and brick. Another precedent broken! Said a nervous young superintendent one morning, "We begin plastering today."

"What!" expostulated the foreman. He interposed objections, slowly, obstinately; the superintendent snapped each one out of the way. They were precedents only.

"And, now, why not?" he concluded.

The foreman scratched his head; and then a light began to twinkle in his eye, the light of daring, initiative—of Americanism, for that is what the spirit really is. He jumped up, shook his shoulders and squared them. The wheelhorse became a racer. "I got you," said he. "I'll have a hundred and fifty men on the job by noon."

It is this dovetailing of all the various activities—from base to cornice, from side to side, that helps most to solve the puzzle of rapid construction. No trade waits for another to finish. Each fits in the moment another makes a groove and all work skyward together. Thus there may be more than a thousand men on a building at one time. They swarm like ants over the structure. Mauls, riveting-hammers, trowels, wrenches, shovels, saws—join in a tremendous chorus which may be heard for blocks.

Around the base of the building drays are fighting for room and dumping materials rushed hither from the railroad yards of Harlem, from the scows of the North and East rivers, from city supply-shops. Above all is din, dust, clamor, and clang. All seems confusion to the unpractised eye, yet out of the vastness of it, a massive, architectural, fire-proof monument grows into the heavens to endure for ages.

There is another remarkable feature of the express sky-scraper—this, that in their construction amid the traffic-crowded streets of the metropolis, thousands of tons of diverse materials are whirled up and into place without injuring those below or even impeding traffic to an appreciable degree.

All the various trades—the masons, steamfitters, electricians, plumbers, carpenters, plasterers, fire-proofers, stone-setters, concrete-mixers, laborers—are organized in gangs, as are the ironworkers. Each gang has its "pusher," each trade its foreman. The men are responsible to the "pusher," the "pusher" to the foremen, the foremen to the superintendent. Every kink in the work, every problem of the vast operation—and they are many and frequent—filters quickly down to the superintendent. He solves them with a snap of his fingers. Sometimes he bawls back his orders through a megaphone. One superintendent, an old young man, wiry, nervous, alert, was explaining how he dovetailed his building gangs.

"I see," I began, "while you are waiting—"

"No, no!" he interrupted. "Cut out the word 'waiting.' There's no waiting—anywhere. That's just the keynote of the job. We don't wait; we double up!"

"What will you do when you finish this job?" I asked.

"Get a harder one," he said, grimly. The spirit of the superintendent is held, in some measure, by every one of his army of men. They, too, take a savage joy in the speed of the work. Each gang seeks to outrival the other; every trade works for a record. Each strives to do "stunts." The first column up and grilled fast in its concrete base, is decorated with a flag—a tribute to the gang that erected it. The last piece of iron in the completed structure also bears a like emblem, which waves in honor of the whole force.

Stonesetters, bricklayers, fireproofers—all greet the completion of their tasks with a triumphant yell. Yesterday the record was a hundred and fifty drayloads of materials laid in a day; now they have made the record two hundred.

The modern sky-scraper is really a great steel cage blanketed with stone, cement, and brick. Its walls and partitions are very thin as compared with the old-fashioned brick processes which took up room and gave less strength, which, moreover, were slow and costly to erect. The new type of building stands for strength and economy—and speed.

It was new only a score of years ago. Then the people of Chicago marvelled over such a structure only nine stories high. Pedestrians blocked the sidewalks in front of it and had to be dispersed by the police. Today the fifty-story sky-scraper has already ceased to be a wonder.

What does the future hold forth?

Greater height? The architects say no; that a multitude of such structures will shut out light from the streets and make an ugly sky-line. The limit of height has been reached.

Greater speed, then? Yes, in all probability. The express sky-scraper is just beginning. Every one, from architect down, is working to further its speed. All are simplifying processes, inventing new mechanical aids, devising better building systems. Verily, soon we shall have "sky-scrapers while you wait."

FAMOUS CRIMINALS WHO OBTAINED REPRIEVES

NOTHING rouses the British public like the sense of injustice done to a fellow-creature," said Sir Wm. Harcourt, while he was Home Secretary, and not infrequently prisoners have found themselves the subjects of extraordinary demonstrations in their behalf.

Nearly 80,000 persons signed the petition in favor of Daisy Lord, the poor girl recently released after eighteen months of imprisonment. She had been condemned to the gallows for the death of her child in the most pitiable circumstances. In thousands of homes the story of her sorrow, of her despair, of her frenzy, had touched the heart and awakened people to sympathy with her and to indignation at what one of our most distinguished judges once described as an "antiquated and monstrous legal form" which had dictated the cruel sentence passed upon her.

"Mrs. Maybrick found guilty: Sentence of death."

That news spread through the country one August morning in 1889 aroused thousands of readers of her trial to protest. The night had hardly closed upon the spreading of the news before petitions were being prepared and circulated through the country for signature, praying that the wretched girl might be saved from the scaffold. When completed, the Maybrick petition was the most extraordinary one for a prisoner the British Isle has ever seen. It bore no fewer than close upon a million signatures, including those of fifty-two members of the House of Commons. One of the most remarkable features of the Maybrick appeal was that something like thirty-five per cent. of the signatures were those of women.

At eleven o'clock one December night, eight years ago, a cab drove up to the entrance of Holloway Prison and a man leapt out. He was a messenger from the Home Office bearing a sealed despatch from the Home Secretary for immediate delivery into the hands of the governor of the prison. A few moments later the governor, the chaplain, and the head wardress were tramping down the dismal corridors of the prison to the cell in which was confined Miss Kitty Biron, the young girl condemned for the killing of a stockbroker whom she had encountered in the street and mortally wounded with a knife before the spectators could rush to his rescue. Thousands of people hurried to append their names to the petitions in her favor. Even in the stock exchange itself people hustled one another to sign the appeal for mercy, and in less than a week 500,000 men and women were pleading on her behalf. The Home Secretary anticipated the presentation of the petition by commuting the sentence, but later on the monster petition was carted into his office urging him to mitigation of the sentence of penal servitude for life.

Liverpool was the centre of another great agitation for mercy in 1898, when the people of Lancashire were aroused respecting the fate of a young lieutenant in the Royal Artillery, Lieutenant Wark, who had been condemned to death by Mr. Justice Darling at the preceding assizes. Wark was accused of the murder of a young woman. Even though guilty, there were many circumstances that appeared to make his offence one for merciful consideration. The jury had themselves strongly recommended him to mercy, and the public found their hearts in accord with their finding. A manly, but at the same time touching, speech made by the prisoner after the verdict had a vast effect. No fewer than 54,000 persons signed the petitions in his behalf, and the sentence was later on commuted to one of merely three years' penal servitude.

From morning till night people flocked to the places in Edinburgh, Glasgow, and in all the large towns in Scotland and the North of England where petitions were lying in favor of the young woman who had been pronounced guilty of the murder of Jessie Macpherson, the housekeeper who had been discovered mysteriously murdered in a house in Sandyford Place, Glasgow. The jury had found her guilty, and the judge had expressed his entire concurrence in the verdict, but the public regarded the case as one of mystery. "McLachlan shall not die!" was the cry of thousands. Crowds flocked to the places where the petitions in her behalf were lying, and in the end the sentence was commuted to one of life-long imprisonment.

A huge sensation was created by the result of the Penge murder case, when three persons named Staunton—two brothers and the wife of one of them—and a young girl were charged with the murder of the wife of the younger brother by starving her to death. The case was the first murder trial over which Mr. Justice Hawkins presided, and the prisoners were defended by Sir Edward Clarke.

But whether the death of the unfortunate woman was designed or merely the result of callous and brutal indifference was a hard question, and people gave a gasp of surprise when the trial resulted in the batch of four persons being found guilty of wilful murder and sentenced to death! A thrill of horror passed through the country. Agitation in favor of the prisoners commenced on all sides. Over 80,000 persons attached their signatures to the petitions against the death sentence being carried out. So absurd was the verdict and sentence recognized to be with regard to the girl accused with the Stauntons that the Home Secretary hurriedly granted her an absolute free pardon. The others were saved from the gallows.

Do petitions in behalf of prisoners have any effect? Some persons have questioned it. But there is really no doubt that a petition, largely signed and urging reasonable grounds for revision of a sentence, has considerable weight with a Home Secretary.

"What the public brain thinks and the public heart feels," Sir Richard Cross is said to have remarked to a legal gentleman who sneered at a petition he had received, "is worth attention. I shall never turn a deaf ear to a voice pleading for mercy. I will listen and consider though I may in the end be unable to agree with it."

WHO INVENTED THE PNEUMATIC TIRE?

THE dispute arose about a statue. Who invented the pneumatic tire? To whom should Edinburgh give honor in bronze or marble? To a Mr. R. W. Thomson, who patented an air-filled tire in 1845, or to John Dunlop, who invented the pneumatic tire in 1888? The dispute carries the imagination back over one of the most astonishing episodes in our industrial history. It begins with a mystery of invention. It culminates in financial operations on a scale unexampled in our day, and the development of innumerable industries connected with the use of rubber.

It was, indeed, in 1845 that Thomson patented the idea of affixing a "belt" filled with compressed air to the rim of a carriage wheel, and although his invention never came into practical use, he showed great knowledge of the good effects which would follow from the use of the pneumatic tire. Thomson, however, was ahead of his time, and his tire found no favor.

Forty-three years later John Dunlop, without any knowledge of the Thomson invention, patented a pneumatic tire. More than once I have heard from Mr. Dunlop himself the simple tale of how he came to invent his device. The "safety" bicycle had then come into vogue, but its wheels were shod with solid rubber tires. Mr. Dunlop's little son possessed a tricycle, and as the Dunlops then lived in Belfast, and the Irish roads were of very bad surface, this veterinary surgeon applied his mind to contrive some means for minimizing the harsh jolting to which his boy was subjected when he rode his tricycle.

A rubber tube filled with compressed air was evolved, and it afforded such comfort to the rider that Mr. Dunlop brought the idea before adult cyclists, and some enthusiasm was aroused among them. But Mr. Dunlop would have hardly been more successful in 1888 than Thomson in 1845 had not another man appeared on the scene.

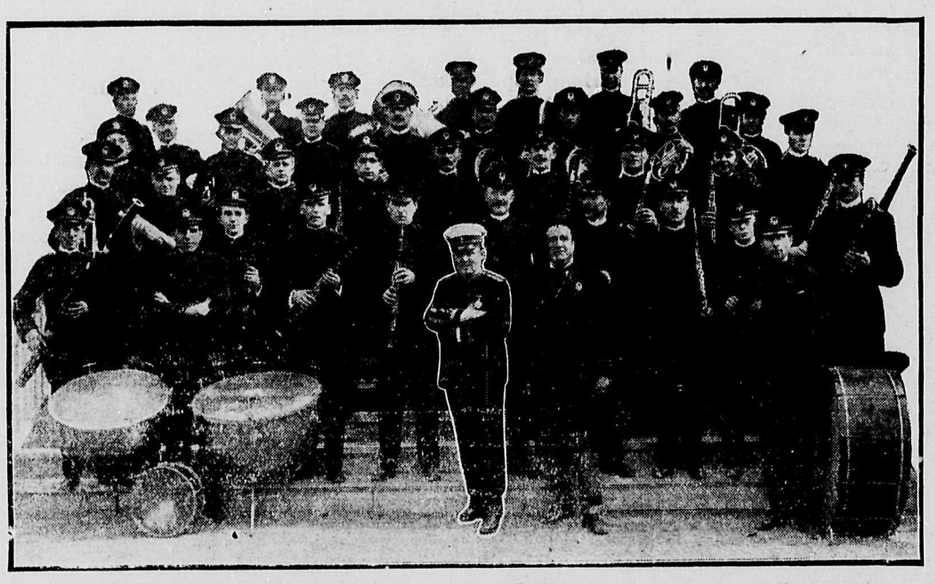
Mr. Harvey du Cros was at that time a prominent figure in Irish sporting circles, and his sons were famous for their prowess in cycle racing. With true business instinct, Mr. du Cros saw the immense possibilities of the pneumatic tire for cycles, and he threw himself heart and soul into the work of making this crude invention practicable. His early efforts were greeted with derision. Cyclists and cycle manufacturers scoffed at the clumsy "bolster" tyre offered to them, and almost without exception experts declared against it.

Then Mr. du Cros brought a band of Irish cyclists, including his sons and Mr. R. J. Mecredy to England, and they gained sweeping victories with the pneumatic tire on the racing track. It was evident now that the new invention would eventually triumph, but a long and desperate fight against conservatism and prejudice had still to be waged, and it is reasonable to assume that but for the enterprise and ability of Mr. Harvey du Cros Mr. Dunlop's invention might have lain dormant for many years. Had this been the case the whole progress of modern locomotion from motoring to airmanship would have been checked, for we can trace the direct influence of the air-filled tire in all the astonishing developments of the last twenty-two years. So from the bad state of Irish roads, from the solicitude of a fond parent to make smooth progress for his son's cycle over rough roads, Thomson's idea was re-created, and this time the right man was at hand to develop the idea.

From the pneumatic tired bicycle there evolved naturally the idea of fitting air tires to motor cars, and in this direction France led the way. The crude mechanism of the early motors was saved from the rough vibration of the roads, and the automobile improved with amazing swiftness as soon as these tires were employed. With the progress of the motor car came the perfecting of the petrol engine and its application to manifold purposes. Last of all, it made the airship and the aeroplane possible, and in each of these vessels rubber fabric is extensively employed.

Follow the evolution from small to great. Today cycles are numbered in millions, the total in the United Kingdom being over three millions. There are close on 180,000 motor vehicles in the United Kingdom, and the world's total must soon approximate to half a million. All over the globe the trail of the air-filled tire has been laid by millions and millions of wheels, and the road is becoming once more the main artery of our social system. In the air, too, we are tracing new routes by the aid of the petrol engine. Airships are being built by every great Power, and of aeroplanes France alone has already nearly two hundred, most of them fitted with pneumatic tired wheels. With all this has come the creation of innumerable allied industries, perhaps the most remarkable industrial development being that in connection with the production of raw rubber.

And this colossal factor in our industrial life has come into existence because of a discomfort to a child cycling along the rough roads of Ireland. Whether of Dunlop or of Thomson, Edinburgh's statue will not be without significance as a symbol in our industrial history.



THAVIU AND HIS BAND
Musical Organization Which Comes to the Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition, July 13-23

INSOUCIANCE IN STORM

Deep in the ore-boat's hold
Where great-bulked boilers loom
And yawning mouths of fire
Irradiate the gloom.
I saw half-naked men
Made thrall to flame and steam,
Whose bodies, dripping sweat,
Shone with an oily gleam.
There, all the sullen night,
While waves boomed overhead
And smote the lurching ship,
The ravenous fires they fed;
They did not think it brave;
They even dared to joke! . .
I saw them light their pipes
And puff calm rings of smoke! . .
I saw a passer sprawl
Over his load of coal—
At which a fireman laughed
Until it shook his soul:
All this in a hollow shell
Whose half-submerged form
On Lake Superior tossed
'Mid rushing hills of storm!

—Harry Kemp, in American Magazine

The Personality of Theodore Roosevelt

By T. P. O'Connor

DO not, gentle reader, start back and think that I am about to enter in these literary columns on a political discussion. Here I have no opinions to pronounce on Mr. Roosevelt's political views, either on the affairs of his own or of our country. Let the political journals debate these questions to their hearts' content; we are concerned here with the man and not with his politics.

It is a complex personality, and yet in its essentials it is a very simple—I had almost said a primordial and elemental—personality. The complexity comes from the man's environment; the simplicity is in the man himself. Simple, direct, almost brusque in speech, with very definite and very single purpose, with no tolerance or even keen sense of the intricacies, the insincerities, and the difficulties of all political or social problems, this man goes straight to his object. He offends many traditions; sometimes he exasperates many people to fits of inarticulate or blasphemous rage; he now and then, by the very rudeness of his attack, helps the forces he is assailing; but he goes right on, never perceptibly influenced or discouraged or wounded by the attacks that come so abundantly in reply. Serene and even joyous in his inner self, in spite of strong language and apparently hot resentment, this strange survival or recrudescence of a simpler and robuster age goes right on, laughing with the hearty laugh almost of a child in the midst of the raging tempests of passion which he everywhere gathers around him. I was particularly struck with that when I had a little talk with him the other morning, immediately after his Guildhall speech. The speech, as we all know, brought down on his head a considerable amount of notice, not altogether friendly; but he seemed as unconscious of it all—except by a certain boyish enjoyment of it—as though it had never been.

His career as president was on just the same lines. Few people who do not know America intimately can have any idea of the cyclones of hatred and vituperation through which Mr. Roosevelt as President had to pass. After all, there is no power in political life which you can tread on with such certainty of a serpent-spring back at you as Money, and especially Big Money. Money is powerful everywhere; Big Money too powerful everywhere. But as there is no country where there is so much money, and, above all, so much Big Money, as the United States, so there is no place where an attack upon it brings such terrific rejoinder. And therefore it was that, when Mr. Roosevelt began to attack the gigantic trusts, with their revenues equal to those of many small States, with subjects almost as numerous and almost as dependent, with their antennae spread all over—in the Press, in the Legislature, in the judiciary, and even in the pulpit—he fell foul not of one serpent, but of a hundred thousand serpent-headed powers, pomps, and principalities. Roosevelt fought for the millions, and that is the reason why he embodies so much.

I don't know that he was always prudent, and I don't know that he was always right, but I cannot help admiring that splendid and elemental courage. He knew the risks and faced them, and never was dismayed by them. Here he is today approaching fifty years of age, and he has the stride, the toughness, the unlined face, the ready and open laughter, the free speech of a boy. Wellington admired the courage of that heroic sergeant in the Peninsular who grew pale when he was ordered to advance on a forlorn hope, but who yet advanced, overcoming the natural man by the sheer force of will and sense of duty. Roosevelt has no title to the same kind of admiration; he never grows pale in the sight of danger, he laughs at it, and if it came to his turn to lead a forlorn hope he would do so either with a hearty smile or with just a little more sternness in the strong, stern chin. He has no inner tremors, ever to overcome. He is primordial.

And yet this splendidly robust creature was a delicate youth, and perhaps it was this delicacy which helped to make him what he is today. He was ordered West by the physicians from his native New York. This was some thirty years ago, and the West of America was the West. Today even the States which I myself knew and saw as desolate, hopeless, thinly-populated prairies are now covered with mighty cities, with their great, clean, even streets, their monster hotels, their gorgeous theatres and opera houses, their cathedrals and their chapels. But thirty years ago they could still be the haunts of the men who fight and kill big game; they were populated by those adventurous, reckless, lawless spirits who have fled voluntarily or under legal pressure from tamer civilizations; and men had to live under the conditions of man's first steps towards the establishment of orderly communities.

Here was the right training ground for the primordial man that Roosevelt is. He fought for big game, taking his life often in his hands; but he had even grimmer and more trying experiences, for he lived among men who had, many of them, lost respect for ordinary human law. They held life cheap, and they often took it or lost it in the course of a small personal dispute which, in civilized society, would end in a laugh or a lawsuit. But Roosevelt liked, though he did not always approve of, his wild associates. There is a stirring story in one of his many sketches of Western life in which he tells how two desperadoes, meeting accidentally, after the exchange of many taunts began firing on each other till they both fell, and now one of them, though dying and prone on the ground, managed to fire a last shot which sent his enemy and himself companions over the Styx. They were perhaps both well out of the way, but what grit they showed! as is the characteristic comment of Roosevelt.

A primordial man among primordial men in the West, Roosevelt has retained a good deal of that spirit still; and it is one of the many factors that go to make up his extraordinary popularity. He has no sense of any social distinctions; everyone is either a man or not a man to him. One of his friends is John L. Sullivan, the famous prize-fighter, and he speaks of John L. with a certain tender affection. "Mighty good fellow is John," he says, musingly; and then he tells some humorous story of John L's peculiarities, which prove that, with all his strenuousness and sternness of purpose, Roosevelt has a keen sense of humor. He was terribly assailed because he asked Brooker Washington, the celebrated colored propagandist and college president, to take a lunch with him at the White House. But who that knows Roosevelt could have been surprised that he made no distinction of race or color when he found himself in the presence of one he considered a real man?

The face never comes out well in a photograph. Every photograph I have seen of Roosevelt is, indeed, more of a caricature than a photograph. This is because you see all the stern, hard lines of the face and not the expression. The jaw, massive and square, the strong mouth, the stern brows, all these things are reproduced; but what are these things without the boyish smile, the *quick humor, the welcoming shake*, and the tactful and pleasant word which you know in Roosevelt the moment you are in his presence? He has his likes and dislikes, doubtless—perhaps strong ones—but I am inclined to think that they are to things rather than to men. He is glad to see and to hear everybody; he has a strong, human, fraternal soul, this man who has lived in the midst of fierce and devastating conflicts all his life. This is partly the result of his environment. No man in America is such a perfect type and embodiment of that equalitarian and simple, and even brotherly, spirit which remains, amid all its faults and disappointments, the most splendid virtue and conquest of the Republican system of government in the United States. The rich in America often oppress the poor, but they never patronize and they never slight them. And Roosevelt meeting any body of men—soldiers, young aspirants, the humble, the distressed, the prize-fighter, everybody who represents early struggle or helpfulness or sympathy—Roosevelt, meeting any body of men, hails them each one with the same warm shake of the hand, the same pleasant word, the same smile. It is this naturalness and brotherliness of the man's manner that also create around him that atmosphere of blind affection which everywhere meets him among the masses in America.

Finally Roosevelt met the conditions which bring out the great man; for in all great careers there must be the conditions as well as the man. Roosevelt represents The Revolt. It is everywhere, The Revolt; but it is stronger, more widespread, more vehement in America than in any other country. Roosevelt found his country in the chains of trusts, monopolies, and the possession by these organizations not merely of the resources but of the laws, the food, and the very being of the ninety millions that make up the mighty nation. Leader of a party that draws much of its strength from the rich and the conservative, Roosevelt was a Radical, and even a Revolutionary. He fought the trusts; he shouted at them cries of arrogant defiance; he raised up against them every instrument that the rather unwieldy Constitution of his country permitted. Sometimes they were able to beat him; sometimes he adopted wrong methods; often I have thought that he attacked the man, not the system; the topmost branches and not the poison roots of the system. But he voiced The Revolt; and it is as the voice of The Revolt that millions in America look up to him and believe in him and love him and hope from him.

PRAYING AGAINST TIME

SPEAKING against time is common enough in most Parliaments, but praying against time is something new. The Washington Times, however, tells of such an occurrence, which once happened in the United States capital.

Members of the House, who had congregated in the cloak room during the general debate on the tariff, were discussing the recent prayer of the Rev. Mr. Coudrey, the House chaplain, deploring muckraking.

"For some reason," said one of the veteran members, "the chaplain's prayer reminded me of the most amusing incident I ever say during my entire service in the House of Representatives. The incident occurred many years ago, so I have forgotten the names of the actors, but there are still some members of the House who recall it.

"One day the journal clerk rushed into the House while the chaplain was praying. He looked through the drawers of his desk in a hasty manner and then hustled to the side of the chaplain.

"'Keep on praying,' he urged earnestly. 'We can't find the journal.'

"Mr. Chaplain was so startled that he faltered in his prayer, but after a moment he seemed to grasp the situation. He bowed his head still lower and continued to pray. The usual time devoted to prayer in the House is about a minute. Members began to shift uneasily on their feet, to look at their watches, and, instead of bowing their heads in reverence, they looked at the Speaker, pleadingly. The Speaker, evidently, had been informed of the difficult and, realizing that the business of the House could not proceed without the journal, he was willing that the members get plenty of prayer. After ten minutes' solid praying the preacher showed signs of getting nervous. He knew the members were getting restive and he looked down to one of the clerks.

"'Don't stop,' pleaded the clerk. 'We haven't found it yet.'

"The preacher did not stop until he had been praying for fifteen minutes, at the end of which time the journal clerk rushed into the House bearing the precious book under his arm.

"'Amen,' said the chaplain with a sigh of relief, and the Speaker promptly ordered the clerk to read the journal of the preceding day's business."

MRS. BELMONT'S NEW YARN

THE Suffragist community is indebted to Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont for a new story. Mrs. Belmont, as all know, is one of the most ardent of Suffragists. The other ladies in the movement complain that she wishes to be the whole show, and just permit the others to work for her, but no one questions her devotion to the cause. She refused the other day to appear on the same platform with another lady who was hopelessly in the thrall of the demon man, and to explain her dislike told the fable:

"I used to know a married pair," said she, "of whom the wife was a devoted and charming woman, and the man a good-for-nothing. But no matter what he did, his wife always forgave him. One day I was calling upon her, when I saw her butler pass the door carrying a huge green parrot in a cage. 'Oh,' I said, 'are you going to get rid of Uncle Tom?' Uncle Tom was the parrot. 'Yes,' said the poor little wife, with a sigh. "I'm very fond of him—but I feel that it is my duty to send him away.' 'And why is it your duty?' I asked.

"'I just found out the other day,' she said, 'that naughty Uncle Tom is teaching my husband to swear.'"

Thirteen tons to the acre is the average yield of onions raised by intensive farming in the vicinity of Valencia, Spain.

Death the Fate of the Bubble-Riders

(Continued from last issue)

The Lady and the Ride of Death

No doubt the breed is mighty rare,
But who would coach it through the air?
Who'd trust his neck to such a flyer?
—Schiller.

A SKY-RIDER who was not content *to dangle alone*, but had to take lovely woman along and risk her fair neck, *splashed into fame five years* later. Within the green gardens of London's Eagle Inn, *in the late spring* of 1824, the eyes of the populace feasted upon the "Royal George," a "stupendous and magnificent" steed which strained at its harness while its gaudy ear rested upon a stage erected for the occasion. It was a day suited by weather to novel adventure. The earth below, warm under the northward-hastening sun, was not more alluring than the blue dome of the sky overhead, which seemed to beckon to earth-bound man.

The charioteer selected to brave the trip was one Harris, formerly of the navy, and it was announced to the hundreds awaiting his entrance that he was to be accompanied by a fair companion, a girl whom he had never seen before that day, but whose pluck and persistence in begging to accompany him to yield and share with her the honors of the trip.

Everything being in readiness, a band struck up an air in the distance, and behind it came marching in stately fashion, from the inn, a procession, headed by the aeronaut, in white hat and blue uniform ornamented with a profusion of gold lace and brass buttons. Leaning upon his arm was a frail girl of about eighteen, delicate in coloring and simply gowned in a frock of white muslin. About her straw bonnet was a wreath of roses, and her hair was turned back upon her temples and braided.

Cheers greeted the little heroine as she ascended the stage, and, after she had curtsied in return, the aeronaut helped her into the gaily adorned oval car with its coverings of crimson velvet festooned and fringed with green and yellow silk. The crowds pressed closer to the car, and some women offered the pretty passenger their cloaks and their shawls, which she declined. Others asked if she did not wish the attendance of some of her family, but she replied without a suspicious sign of hesitation that her mother was outside the gate and had consented to her ascent.

The balloonist, after promising that he would descend and return to the garden within a couple of hours, gave the word, and, the cords being slipped forthwith, the balloon rose into the air, after the car had been nearly capsized by a defect of the launching-gear. For a while the "Royal George" pursued its course steadily in a southwesterly direction. Then it entered a thick cloud and was lost to the view of earthly gazers. Up to the last second when it was within view of the observers it was sailing along with majestic calm, apparently perfectly stanch and airworthy. There was not the slightest reason for any apprehension.

A rumbling noise, like thunder, came down from the sky that afternoon, to trouble a gamekeeper ensconced beneath a spreading tree in Beddington Park, near Carshalton. Squinting aloft, he was amazed to see a black monster swooping down upon his shadowy retreat. Before he could recover his breath there was a crash and the thud of a heavy body that had fallen through an adjacent tree. Running to the spot, he found spread upon the ground great folds of silk, from beneath which issued smothered moans. He hastily moved the tangled mass, to disclose a pale and terror-stricken girl in a white dress.

Gasping a question as to where she was, she swooned, and was tenderly laid out upon the grass with her head upon a pillow. Deeper beneath the collapsed body of the ill-fated "Royal George" was found its lifeless driver.

Side by side the two limp figures were carried to the Plough Inn, at Carshalton, and placed in neighboring rooms. Harris was gone beyond recall, and his corpse was sent forthwith to a sorrowing widow, but his companion still retained a spark of life.

Inquiry disclosed that she was Sophia Stocks, the daughter of a millwright in Vinegar Gardens, and for days she lay at the little inn, at first moaning with agony, repeating over and over in her dreams the terrors of the "Royal George's" last cruise.

The First Parachute Tragedy

There's somethin in a flying horse,
There's something in a flying horse.
—Wordsworth.

Such horrible catastrophes as these set inventors at work striving to perfect the parachute, wherewith aerial mariners might escape from their burning or runaway ships. One of these inventors was a man named Cocking, an aged Englishman. And upon a bright day in July, 1837, an immense concourse of people gathered in Vauxhall Gardens, London, to see him launch his aparatus from the great Nassau balloon, which had recently made a celebrated night flight from England to Germany.

Gradually the monstrous, striped balloon grew from a flat, shapeless mass and swelled above the green floor of the gardens. The crowds surged forward as the aged inventor produced his odd vehicle—a great, Irish linen, umbrella-like object, thirty-five feet in diameter, and like a parachute of today turned upside down, or with its concave surface faced toward the sky. It was attached to the bottom of the balloon-car, and fixed to stay open during the ascent. Below it was hung a little basket in which stood its inventor, very pale and "expressing confidence of success; but evincing, by restless looks and nervous manner, that it was a confidence which he did not feel."

The great gas-bag rose majestically, although steadied by the weight of the parachute and its occupant. Nature was kind. Not a capful of wind blew up to disturb the poise of the pendant mechanism.

"There was not the slightest oscillation," says a scribe of our great-grandfathers' time, who witnessed the event. "The balloon and parachute sailed through the air with a grandeur that exceeded anything of the kind ever before witnessed, and continued in sight for about ten minutes."

The excited multitude had expected to see the new invention cut loose and descend among them, but after the clouds closed in upon it they beheld it no more.

From his dangling basket Mr. Cocking had repeatedly called up to the navigators to learn how far they had climbed the tires of cloud. He seemed to be suffering from anxiety, but voiced no hesitation about ending the experiment.

"I shall soon leave you," he called when about over Greenwich and some three-quarters of a mile up. And he added that he never felt more comfortable or delighted in his life.

"Good night!" As the words floated up to them from the parachute the balloonists felt a sudden jerk. Then they shot up into the air as if carried by a giant sky-rocket. The gas, rushing in torrents from the lower valve, nearly suffocated them and rendered them totally blind for three or four minutes. So they did not try to see how their parachutist had landed.

Meanwhile a spectator from Vauxhall Gardens had followed, on horseback, the direction which the balloon and parachute had seemed to take in passing over London. Now and then he saw the aeronauts faintly through the veil of clouds, and on and on he galloped.

At length he arrived at a field near Lee, in Kent, just after Mr. Cocking had there alighted. He was still in the basket when the equestrian arrived, but little did he know whether his experiment had been a failure or a success. The parachute had collapsed on its descent, and he moved his hand once after his fall. That was his last sign of life.

The good country folk placed him on a wattled hurdle and carried him to the Tiger's Head Inn, at Lee, where he was found beyond recall.

Drawing Lots For Death

The jug goes often to the well, but is
pretty sure to get cracked at last.
—Household Words.

IN Civil War times American audiences were thrilled by a fearless young Philadelphian, Washington H. Donaldson, who performed all sorts of hair-raising feats upon the tight rope and slack wire, which he varied with exhibitions of ventriloquism and sleight-of-hand. In the early 70's, responding to the lure of the air, he purchased a balloon, attached a trapeze to it, and with this apparatus kept a goodly portion of the public in gooseflesh for a number of years. Finally he became connected with Barnum's Hippodrome, Chicago, where he made his one hundred and thirty-ninth and last ascension on July 15, 1875.

The balloon used for this voyage was the "P. T. Barnum," holding 83,000 cubic feet of gas, and on the day in question three men stood in the car awaiting the signal which should set them free. These were Donaldson and two Chicago reporters, Grimwood of the Journal, and Maitland of the Post and Mail. But at the last minute the balloon was found to be overburdened, so one of the reporters had to be left out.

Maitland flipped a coin in the air and called "heads." He won, and Grimwood was about to leave the basket when the press-agent of the Hippodrome interfered and produced two slips of paper marked "first choice" and "second choice." Pulling the helmet off a policeman's head, he put the slips inside and held it high aloft. Maitland lost this time, and stepped out. Grimwood, just before leaving earth, said to a brother scribe:

"I care to go only this once, just for the experience."

So at five on that midsummer afternoon the "Barnum" rose gracefully from the Hippodrome to a height of a mile. Then it floated steadily to the northeast, out over Lake Michigan and in a direction which, if followed, would have taken it to Grand Haven, one hundred and twenty miles distant.

Thousands of people packed the lakefront to watch it as it sailed before a fifteen-knot breeze, and not until it had been up for an hour and a half did the great ball fade from their sight. Even then hundreds, anxious about the descent, waited to see if perchance a counter-current might send it back.

Just as dusk was falling the schooner Little Guide, standing some thirty miles off the Illinois shore, and about a dozen miles north of Chicago, sighted the balloon and noted that it occasionally dipped until the basket touched the lake. So the Little Guide made off in the direction of the aeronauts, although they were a mile and a half distant, and darkness was fast filling the gray space between. But just before the boat could overtake it the "Barnum," as if from some sudden lightening of the car, shot upward to a great height, where it disappeared in the blackening night sky. So the schooner came about and proceeded on its business.

That night a furious hurricane swept down upon Lake Michigan, and all through the awful hours two terrified women watched through the blurred panes of their windows. One was Donaldson's fiancee, the leading equestrienne of the Hippodrome, whom he had bade an affectionate farewell just before entering the balloon-car. The other was Grimwood's aged mother.

Prayer after prayer they sent up to their God as the lightnings rent the heavens and the thunders rattled all of the things of earth. They remained at their vigil until the morning disclosed a wet but peaceful world, and they hurried down to the lake, whose frantic waves had subsided until scarce a ripple disturbed its surface.

But a maddening month of suspense was to pass before any news should come of either of the missing men. Then arrived a despatch from Stony Creek, on Lake Michigan, saying that Grimwood's corpse had washed up near there. His boots were off and a life-preserver was about his body.

Donaldson's betrothed never was to learn of his fate, nor were two motherless children that he left behind ever to know where rested their father's bones. His body was never discovered, and not a scrap of the majestic "P. T. Barnum" was surrendered by the lake that devoured it and its master.

But just before embarking he received from the Bridport harbor-master a wire stating that the "Saladin" had been seen to drop into the sea south of that port. Night was now approaching and, hurrying to sea, the captain vainly searched the locality of the balloon's alleged disappearance, making due allowance for the wind and current. All night he scoured the English Channel, eventually crossing it. But the next day he returned disheartened. No sign of the "Saladin" or of its occupant had been seen.

All England was now agog. On every street corner of the metropolis men discussed the probable fate of the lost Member of Parliament.

Captain Templer would not believe that his balloon had dropped into the sea, and aeronautical experts calculated that it contained ample gas to carry it to the continent of Europe. The spot where the balloon was first reported to have sunk was revisited, and grappling-irons raked the sea-bottom without success. Poles and flags were raised on shore to give the searching boats the range of the balloon's flight, and a reward of one thousand dollars was offered for the recovery of Powell's body. Tugs were sent out on hurry orders to scour the Channel coasts of Guernsey, Jersey, and France, and, at length, the French navy was called upon to cooperate in the search.

Then followed rumors that Powell had alighted in Brittany, that he had been seen passing over Hartlepool in a fog, after coming in from the sea; that a soldier on board the Courier had viewed him speeding safely over the Channel; that he had sailed off Alderney; and that a fisherman of Isigny had seen the collapsed "Saladin" floating in the water about thirty miles from the French coast.

The last report was that three custom-house officers at Santander, Spain, had seen it moving over Mount del Fuerte, spitting out sparks as it sailed by. The guards ascended the mountain to get a better view of it, but there came a gust of wind which drove it in the direction of the Bay of Biscay, and it was seen the following day near Bilbao. But as to what really became of poor Powell, the world still guesses. It is the air's mystery of mysteries.

Andree's Poleward Dash

The airy ship at anchor rides,
Proudly she heaves her painted sides,
Impatient of delay;
And now her silken form expands,
She springs aloft, she bursts her bands,
She floats upon her way.
—Anonymous.

The most ambitious dream of all to plague the mind of the aeronaut was the thrill of risking his life above the forbidden boreal centre itself, that frost-bound, ice-barriered riddle of riddles outside whose white, blinding walls armies of men, victims of hunger and cold, had given up their pallid ghosts, and in whose chill moats they had gurgled their last breaths.

A giant Swede and trained savant, Solomon Andree, was the man who planned the trip. Oscar the Second, King of the Swedes, was his patron in the venture, and his fatherland's academy of science indorsed the scheme. Nobel, donor of prizes, started the subscription list with a gift of $17,500, and men of note raised the purse to a snug fortune of $35,000. Small wonder, then, that all Sweden was imbued with hope that this son of their soil might nail their national banner to the tip-top of earth.

Andree was chief examiner of the Swedish patent office and in his early forties when he supervised the completion of the "Eagle," a balloon that towered one hundred feet from its basket floor to the top of its bulging envelope. In the summer of 1897 he had it pumped full of gas upon the shore of Dane Island, Spitzbergen, where a group of scientists gathered round to admire the ingenious equipment.

There was a closed canvas car, with windows through which Andree and his two companions were to peer out over the polar landscape. Everything inside was snug, even to a sleeping compartment with warm night-bags of reindeer skin, and alcohol lamps for warming the daily rations. And tucked conveniently away, in cleverly provided places, were text-books, charts, ammunition, guns, sextants, thermometers, cameras, and surveying instruments.

Then there were stored in canvas sacks all sorts of preserved food—chocolate, compressed bread, concentrated milk, even the best Bordeaux wines and champagne. There were also anchors, buoys, and carrier-pigeons to bring back news; while behind was, to trail over the ice, a long tail whose office, combined with sails, was to assist in guiding the balloon whither the aeronaut willed.

Thus four hundred miles a day were to be told off as the good ship sailed over the arctic wastes, and the north pole would be reached in forty-three hours, while at the end of the sixth day Bering Sea would be crossed on the other side of the arctic circle. As forty to fifty days' supply of gas and food was taken along, it would then be an easy matter to sail down into some civilized region of the American or Asiatic continent.

Andree had called for volunteers, and a goodly list of adventure-loving young Swedes had applied for a share of the honors of the most daring cruise yet attempted by man. From among these he selected two athletic fellows, Nils Strindberg, twenty-five years old, a meteorologist, aeronaut, photographer, and devotee of outdoor sports; and Knut Frankel, twenty-seven years old, a civil engineer, arctic hunter, champion skater, and snow-shoe runner.

Small trial balloons were sent up on the morning of July 11, 1897, and they sailed rapidly to the north, thus setting the poleward pace. Prayers were next said upon the deck of a supply-vessel in the harbor, and then the balloon was inflated and its shed unroofed to let it out.

It was restless to get under way when the three adventurers climbed in at half past two in the afternoon, and when the line was cut it leaped impatiently into the air. After it had gone part way out over the harbor, a contrary wind drove it back for a while, but after barely missing some high cliffs it found a friendly current which, catching it just in time, wafted it out over the sea. Then the wind pressed it down until the car dipped into the water; but it soon rose again, cleared the rocks of an isle across the harbor, settled down to a steady progress northward, and vanished from sight at 3 p.m., when traveling about a half mile above the sea.

Then the world waited thirteen and a half years for some news of Andree and his "Eagle." It was a terrible vigil for the loved ones left behind by him and his little crew.

Finally, in January, 1910, there came down from the arctic regions of upper Canada a veteran of the frozen north, William Irvine, who had served the Hudson Bay Company for fifty-seven years. Touching at Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, eleven hundred miles below his trading-post, he there told a strange story to the Canadian authorities, who despatched it over to Sweden.

Shortly before leaving his frigid station this aged man had been visited by an Indian from the Mackenzie River region. The red man told of having met, in the previous winter, a band of Eskimos laden with strange goods, of a quality and kind unknown to their parts. Among these articles were instruments and fittings of brass, cooking utensils of ingenious workmanship, and a generous supply of cordage and of waterproof cloth. The Indian, upon questioning the Eskimos, heard from their lips this strange tale:

Once when hunting upon the shores of the Arctic Sea they had beheld in the sky a wondrous apparition, resembling a vast "oomiak," or woman's boat. It came down to earth, and there dropped out of it three white-faced beings, who walked toward them and struck terror to their hearts. The Eskimos signaled for the intruders to halt, but one of the whites, mistaking these signs for hostility, opened fire with a rifle. A fight followed, and the Eskimos, after losing seven of their own braves, killed all three of the men from the sky.

For a while the people so feared the great "oomiak" that they would not go near it, but at length they gathered their courage and entered it, securing these strange things which the Indian afterward saw, besides much provisions, guns, and ammunition. The great folds of thin stuff that lay alongside the "oomiak" they cut into tents and clothing, and the cordage entangled in it they used for harpoon-lines and dog-harness, while the wooden framework they carved into spear handles, bows and arrows. But the strange brass things they had kept.

(To be continued)

The New Shocker in Operation

And the World Still Guesses

One fine afternoon
There went up a balloon
Which did not return to earth very soon.
—A Flying Visit.

On December 10, 1881, Captain James Templer, of the King's Royal Rifle Corps, ascended from Bath, England, in the government balloon "Saladin," accompanied by Walter Powell, a young Member of Parliament, still in his thirties, and Mr. Agg Gardner, a gentleman interested in aeronautics. The ascent was made at two in the afternoon for the purpose of taking meteorological measurements.

They cleared the snow clouds at 4,000 feet, and, rising higher, passed over several towns, and thence, two thousand feet farther up, into a bank of cirrus clouds, which they observed with their instruments. Having completed this test, they dropped near to earth and, after coasting about, found themselves too near the sea. So a descent was attempted, but in making it they hit the ground too suddenly, Captain Templer and Mr. Gardner being both thrown out and injured, the latter breaking his leg.

Freed of their weight, the balloon instantly shot up into the air with Mr. Powell, who waved his hands to his comrades as the runaway started off to sea in a southeasterly direction. Having placed the crippled Gardner in charge of some men, the captain hurried to Bridgport and telegraphed for a steamer to be made ready at Weymouth, whither he proceeded, finding his boat, and putting out in it at once.

SAVING A SHORT CROP

Owing to the great heat this season, accompanied in many districts with a lack of moisture, a great deal of grain will have very short straw, making it very difficult to handle. The short straws will shake out of the sheaves in the moving, and a comparatively large quantity of the grain will be a total loss. A means of overcoming this difficulty has been found, and the machine which promises to save the grain which would be otherwise lost has been put on the market.

It is claimed for this machine that it saves labor, it stooks the grain, making better and more solid shocks, it leaves all grain shocked when the binder stops. It has further advantages. It catches all loose straws and shattered out grain. It catches all foul seeds, making cleaner fields. It is easily attached to any kind of binder, and does away with the bundle carrier. It takes the side draft from the binder, and one man, who rides on the machine, operates it.

At the Agricultural College in Winnipeg, the management is delighted with the work it does. It has been thoroughly tested out there, and pronounced eminently satisfactory. It is known as the Improved Gleaner and Shocker, and is sold direct from Winnipeg by the Munro Steel & Wire Works, Limited.

WEATHER SIGNS

IT is curious what a number of quite competent amateur weather prophets there are dotted about the country: especially curious when one reflects how incompetent sometimes are their professional rivals. It is a remarkable thing, but the more trouble a man takes to ascertain tomorrow's weather, the less success does he seem to enjoy. The man on whom one can really rely is the man who "has a sort of feeling which he can't explain." Weather-prophecy is an instinct with some people, and, curiously enough, they are nearly all pessimists. You rarely find them predicting fine weather. It is usually, "I don't like the look of those clouds. The weather's going to break." Or, "See! The smoke is blowing downwards. Sure sign of rain." Quite illogically, one feels a grudge against the pessimistic prophet if his predictions come right. One feels that in some way it is all his fault. Perhaps what we hate in him is his utter unconcern when predicting rain. He seems to be above all human emotions. He never had a baseball game or picnic fixed for next day. To him a wet day means nothing. He would just as soon have it wet as fine. If only he would say, "I hate to have to tell you, and, believe me, if I could have my way, you would find a very different state of affairs, but tomorrow it is going to rain," we should feel better. It is his want of sympathy that maddens us. No man has a right to be so detached in his attitude toward a wet day.

The highest masts of sailing vessels are from one hundred and sixty feet to one hundred and eighty feet high, and spread from sixty thousand to one hundred thousand feet of canvas.

THE JOLLY ROGER

(By Burford Delannoy)

I AM a "snapper up of unconsidered trifles," although not perhaps in the sense that Shakespeare meant. On retiring from business, I took up the "old curiosity" hobby. Now I am for ever haunting Christie's and Puttick's salerooms, on the look-out for small bargains—the depth of my purse will not allow me to consider large ones.

The late Marquis of Fenceworth's effects came under the auctioneer's hammer. His collection of curios were removed to Puttick and Simpson's for sale. Lot 5 was catalogued simply as a "pirate's flag."

When "on view" I looked at this. It was a triangular shaped piece of black bunting, with the design of the skull and crossbones on it. Despite the "certificate" with it, I did not expect it would be knocked down at a high figure, and put a pencil tick against the number in my catalogue.

The piece of parchment evidenced that the flag had floated from the mast head of the famous—or infamous—Captain Blackbeard's vessel when, in the seventeenth century, that gentleman was one of the terrors of the Spanish Main.

Next day the things were sold. When the flag was fluttered from the rostrum, and the auctioneer descanted on its value, he failed to excite any keenness in the crowd of buyers. As a youngster, I had fed myself up on fiction of the "Alone in the Pirate's Lair" type—possibly that accounted for my delight when the lot was knocked down to me for the modest sum of five shillings.

I was not the only person who thought it had a value. That was evidenced by the fact that, before the next half-dozen lots were sold, a man—tall, swarthy, and foreign-looking—entered the room breathlessly and forced his way to the front. He immediately inquired if Lot No. 5 had been sold. Happening to be close to him I was able to introduce myself as the purchaser; pride of possession possibly prompted me to volunteer the information.

To my surprise he cursed under his breath. I distinctly heard him. My astonishment was due to the fact that he had an indefinable air about him that made me think him connected with the Church. He at once endeavored to enter into conversation with me.

I, however, was busy bidding. Two or three other lots had been "ticked" by me, so I gave him scant attention. When, however, the auctioneer reached the bigger lots, I put my pencil and catalogue in my pocket and turned to go. Looking over my shoulder I found my foreign friend following me.

That amused me. Moreover, there was a look on his face that made me smile. But for the fact that two centuries had passed since the flag had battled with the breeze, I should have concluded that he was a literal descendant of the famous Blackbeard. He had a sufficiently evil expression, anyway, despite his priestly air.

Having nothing else to do at the moment, I listened when the man spoke. He coveted my possession—Lot No. 5. I shook my head when he offered me as many pounds as I had bid shillings. I shook it again when he offered a hundred pounds. But I didn't shake it when he multiplied it by ten! His rapid advances assured me that I had secured something worth having. I have all the love of a curio-hunter for bargaining.

Had the stranger afforded me time to think, I should, possibly, have accepted his offer. There were a hundred and one things I hankered after for my little museum which a thousand pounds would pay for. But he misunderstood my silence, and, turning on his heel, marched away.

That night Colonel Phillips called on me. We sat together smoking and chatting, I—metaphorically—at his feet. For, although our tastes usuall yran in the same grooves, he was travelled and learned, and what he did not know about old world things, was not worth knowing.

Naturally I was full of the flag I had purchased. When I showed it to him, the Colonel shook his head and said:

"What on earth made you take a fancy to the accursed thing?"

"Accursed?" It was half question, half exclamation I voiced. "Why?"

"Well, it is—literally—cursed. I happen to know the history of——"

"You really don't mean to say, Phillips, that you are superstitious enough to——"

"Facts are stubborn things," he interrupted doggedly. "Listen to them, and you can form your own conclusions. Two priests were kidnapped by Blackbeard and put to the torture."

"I thought that pirates' hauls were usually——"

"Wait. The priests knew things he wanted to know. Blackbeard had original, if not pleasant, methods of extracting information. A repentant pirate had given the priests a chart of some buried treasure——his accumulations for years. Blackbeard hankered after that. The priests wanted it for the benefit of their own Order. That was how the trouble arose."

"Still, I don't see what that has to do with the flag?"

"You shall hear. The priests refused to open their lips. Blackbeard had dealt with dumb men before. He had them hauled to the masthead in a looped rope. There, with the blazing sun beating down on their tonsured heads, they clung to the topmast from which the flag flew. So long as they could stand the heat and hold on they were all right—but, necessarily, unaccustomed to such a position, that would not last for long. When the time came that they grew dizzy and relaxed their grip, they would crash to the deck below—or drop into the sea—just as the ship happened to be at the moment of their fall."

"Horrible!"

"Captain Blackbeard had rather a reputation," the Colonel replied grimly, "for the perpetration of horrible things. Occasionally he walked to the foot of the mast and sang up to the poor wretches clinging aloft, to know if they had 'had enough.' But he was accorded no answer; they were busy holding on—and praying."

"True to their Order."

"One of the priests was a little older than the other. His grip relaxed first. His death was an easy one: he dropped straight into the sea. The other's was a less merciful death: he crashed down on to the deck. The shock brought back some of the consciousness that the sun had burnt away. Broken-limbed and battered as he was, he lived long enough to pronounce a curse on the flag and every soul who sailed under it. In his final grip he had torn down the bunting and reached deck with it in his hand."

"How horrible!"

"Before the breath was quite out of what was left of him, he was scraped up and tossed into the sea. Whilst the deck where he had fallen was being swabed, Blackbeard roared in merriment over the curse, and, as the flag was run up again, swore that a priest's curse was a blessing on the 'Jolly Roger,' and that good luck would follow them!"

"And——"

"He proved wrong. That was his last voyage. As you know—the 'certificate' tells you so—he was hanged in chains, possibly experiencing something of the torture that he inflicted on his two priestly victims."

"Coincidence!" I exclaimed. "Besides, that was two hundred years ago."

"True! But is is easy to come nearer home. You know how the Marquis of Fenceworth died?"

"Of course: horrible accident! Stray shot—no one knew who fired the gun—whilst partridge shooting."

"Exactly."

"But, Phillips, you say 'exactly' in a voice as if—you surely don't——"

"Glance again at the certificate you acquired with the flag," he interrupted gravely. "The previous owner was Prince Krapokin. Do you know how he died?"

"It is a matter of history."

"M'yes! It made a bit of a sensation, didn't it? Go down the list. His predecessor in possession was his brother. Do you know how he died?"

"Assassination," I replied shortly, for the uncanny recital was getting on my nerves a little. "They were both of an unlucky house."

"They had the flag in the family," the Colonel observed grimly.

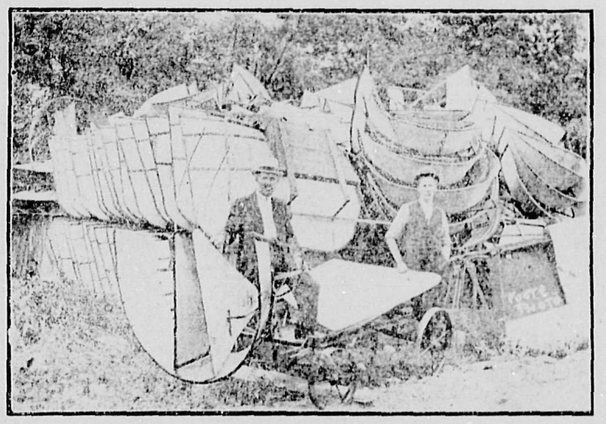
Then, shrugging his shoulders, he added:

"But a 'man who complies against his will!' You'll keep the accursed thing, of course? If I may close with a piece of advice—a double piece—it is that, firstly, you should make your will; and, secondly, that you leave directions in it that the flag shall be burnt by your executor."

I laughed—not hearty mirth, I must admit. Soon after that we said good-night. As I let the Colonel out, I noticed a man hanging about whose figure seemed somehow familiar to me. As he withdrew into the shadow I located him. It was the tall foreigner of the sale-room.

Frankly, I felt just a trifle nervous. Of course, it would not be a very difficult matter to obtain from the auctioneer's clerk the name and address of the purchaser of a specific lot. All the same, I wondered. Why should he be hanging about my place? The place, too, where the flag was. I told myself, as I closed the door, that I shivered with the cold; honestly, it was a shudder of fear.

I passed a wretched night. A dozen times I turned over and punched my pillow. No doubt the uncanny story Colonel Phillips had told me was responsible for my restlessness.



The First Shipment of Improved Gleaner and Shocker

Suddenly I sat up, stiffened, and listened. There was a noise in the outer room, the one which opened out by the French windows on to the lawn.

To slip into my trousers was the work of a moment. Inside a minute I had noiselessly snatched a revolver from its case on a shelf, shoved in a couple of cartridges, and was stealing out on my way to the room from which the sound had come. Just a long breath as I fingered the handle, then I flung open the door.

"Hands up!"

The midnight visitor, stooping over an open drawer in my table, uttered a little gasp, then straightened up. The moon, coming in at the open window, showed me his face. It was my friend of the auction room.

The sight of him unnerved me. An uncanny, superstitious feeling, I fancy, got hold of me—thanks to Colonel Phillips! It was the foreigner's opportunity, and he was quick to seize it. Before I could get the weapon pointed again he had sprung at and seized me by the throat and waist.

All I could do was to pull the trigger as he bore me to the ground. But the bullet only found a billet in the wall. It alarmed the neighbors, though, as a pistol-shot, in the dead of night, has a way of doing. My assailant realized that, for, with a muttered curse, he tore me off and darted out of the window—escaped before I could recover sufficiently to fire my second cartridge after him.

It took me nearly the rest of the night to explain to those who rushed to my assistance something of what had happened. The story no doubt sounded like the wild ravings of a lunatic. I rather incline to the belief that they thought I had gone to bed after looking on the wine when it was particularly red.

I had another foreign visitor! But the second one came in the light of day, and in a perfectly open manner. He was dressed in priestly garb, and afterwards I learnt that he was a Brother of the same Order as the two men whom Captain Blackbeard had done to death.

He, too, opened up negotiations with me for the "Jolly Roger"; but on what he no doubt considered strictly honest lines. At first I was frigid with him, feeling—my body, with the bruises left by my night assailant, looked something like the map of England—that I should forever loathe everything Spanish, from its onion to its king.

But he was a born diplomat. His suavity wore down my boorishness. When I realized that he was really a gentleman, and not likely to play thievish pranks, I listened more attentively; even told him of the attempt at robbery. He frowned at that, and said:

"I understand. I know the would-be thief. He used to be of our Order. The lust—greed—took possession of him. Forgetting his vows, he followed up the clues we had obtained for his own benefit. It would only have been justice had you shot the renegade dead."

"We have a little more respect for life in this country," I observed drily—adding significantly—"It seems to be held somewhat cheaply in yours."

"You mean the deatus of those who have from time to time possessed the flag?" he smiled. "They were warned, each and every one. They would not give up possession. We HAD to see the flag. Our eyes never should have left the Marquis of Fenceworth. A little laxity in our vigilance, and, as a result, we heard of the sale—too late. I arrived in England yesterday to learn that you are the possessor. That is why I am here. To buy, if possible; otherwise, to warn you."

"Warn!" I blurted out the word. "Do you know that you are in England?"

"So," he answered quietly, "were the last five persons who held possession of it."

"Do you think you will frighten me?"

"No." He uttered the negative after a full minute's close examination of my face. "I think not." He shook his head. "For which I am sorry. I hoped to."

"I suppose," I said sarcastically, "that it doesn't strike you as a curious reasoning? I purchase—pay for with my own money—an article that you happen to want, and you coolly turn up here and threaten——"

"Warn."

"It is the same thing," I said impatiently, annoyed by his interruption. "Warn me of the likelihood of my own death if I don't give it up."

"The end ever justifies the means."

"That's your way of looking at it. Frankly, all this threatening and warning and attempted robbery business has swollen my obstinacy into a great big bump. Your renegade offered me a thousand pounds for the flag. I would not take double the amount for it now."

"I am sorry. He shrugged his shoulders. "After all, to you it is but the possession of a curiosity. To me—to all my Order—gaining of the secret it holds is the keeping of our oaths."

"You are talking so much Dutch to me. What secret can it hold?"

"That," he smiled, "is just what we need to know. Two hundred years ago two of my Order were tortured to death whilst they held that flag."

"I know—I have heard that."

"They died cursing it. There was an object in their doing that. The words of the curse were repeated to us. There was a hidden meaning in them, but we understood. From that moment it became necessary for us to gain possession of that flag."

"Why?"

"To it, our brothers had committed the secret of the buried treasure."

"I don't understand."

"Let me tell you. A man died, bequeathing us his wealth. He gave us a parchment chart showing where it was buried. That chart or map, for safety's sake, was cut into six portions, each not much larger than a dollar piece, and rolled in wax till it looked no bigger than an ordinary match or vesta. The two priests who were tortured to death each had one of these, and, before dying, they pushed them through the silk into the flag itself. The words of the curse, repeated to us, told us that."

"I begin to see. You think that if you had that you would recover——"

"That is it. I have said more than I ought to have said. But the death-roll is a long one. I am anxious not to increase its length. Even if you picked the flag to rags, and found the little rolls, they would be absolutely useless to you. To be of value, they must be fitted to the other four pieces. Come, let me see and examine the flag. If I find what I want, I will give you a thousand pounds. If I fail, the flag still remains yours."

"With the curse removed?"

"If you put it so, yes." He smiled that cold smile of his. "Certainly the owner—whoever he may be—will never be troubled again."

There was just a minute's silence on my part, then I went to the drawer in which I had locked the rolled-up flag. As I took the latter out and handed it to my visitor, I saw his eyes glisten.

The stuff was made up into something of a V-shape: double—bound all round. In those parts of the middle, where the pattern of the skull and crossbones had been worked in white silk, it was sewn together, too. Otherwise, when you rubbed the flag, you felt that it was made of two pieces — possibly for strength, probably connected with the embroidering of the design.

My visitor ran his fingers round the edges carefully. If I had done that and detected any hardness, I should have ascribed it to dirt—in the same way that in the hem of an old garment one finds stuff accumulated. At last he paused, and, looking up, questioned:

"May I unpick just a few stitches here without damaging the flag?"

I nodded a consent. Thereupon he drew from a sheath, fastened in some way to a belt round his body, a deadly looking knife. With the sharp point of that he broke half a dozen stitches of the silk binding the flag's edge.

Then he looked up. His eyes rested upon me. His hand went out, and the fingers of it gripped the murderous-looking knife.

A shudder thrilled me as I witnessed the action.

It seemed to me that his voice came from miles away, but he asked the question plainly enough:

"My offer of a thousand pounds for these two rolls—it is accepted?"

It was—right there, as the Americans say. Sight of the knife hastened the answer. I, too, sighed relievedly when that singularly sharp-pointed knife was sheathed out of sight.

I was paid in foreign notes, but they were easily converted into English money. The flag is still—for more reasons than one—my most prized possession. But I have never since been troubled over it.

Whether, when the pieces of the chart were put together, the Order recovered the buried treasure, this deponent saveth not. I have never seen, or even heard of, either priest or parchment since.

A happy feature is my personal profit in the matter. I have accumulated half a houseful of curios, and there is still a balance at my banker's ready for when the season's sales ecommence.

MISERABLE WITH DYSPEPSIA

Another Wonderful Cure By That Wonderful Fruit Medicine "Fruit-a-tives."

Mr. Mathias Dery, of 225 Church street, Ottawa, Ont., was treated for years by physicians for Painful Dyspepsia. He spent so much money for doctor's medicines without getting much relief that he had about made up his mind that his case was hopeless.

Seeing "Fruit-a-tives" advertised, however, Mr. Dery thought he would invest 50c in a box of these wonderful fruit juice tablets.

And this famous fruit medicine did for Mr. Dery what all the doctors could not do—it cured him.

He writes:—"Fruit-a-tives" positively cured me of severe Dyspepsia when physicians failed to relieve me."

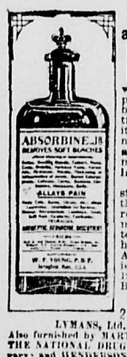
"Fruit-a-tives" makes the stomach sweet and clean, insures sound digestion and regulates bowels, kidneys and skin.

50c a box, 6 for $2.50, or trial box, 25c—at all dealers, or from Fruit-a-tives, Limited, Ottawa.

A COW OR A CHILD?

"Is a cow or a child worth more in France?" asks Clement Vautel in the Matin. Take, he says, a village which he names in Auvergne. Fifteen children have died of diphtheria there within a short space of time. The village is fourteen miles from the nearest town where a doctor is to be had, so the doctor charges $8 a visit. The peasants are poor; they only call the doctor in cases of extreme urgency, mostly when it is too late; but suppose a peasant has a cow which he suspects has got tuberculosis, what happens? He gives notice to the village burgomaster; the latter passes it on to the prefect, and the prefect orders the veterinary surgeon of the nearest town to examine the animal. What does the peasant have to pay? Not a cent. The veterinarian draws his fixed $6 a visit from the State. What is even better, if the cow has to be destroyed the farmer gets a compensation, sometimes exceeding the value of the beast. "To save a diseased cow," the writer exclaims, "the official machine works at full speed, but to save a French child not a dollar is sacrificed!"

Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes. Relieved By Murine Eye Remedy. Try Murine For Your Eye Troubles. You Will Like Murine. It Soothes. 50c At Your Druggists. Write For Eye Books. Free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Toronto.



Don't Cut Out a Goitre, Cyst, or Wen, for ABSORBINE JR.

will clean them off in a mild and pleasant manner. Removes any soft bunch, painful swellings, thickened tissues, gouty and rheumatic deposits. **Kills pain** and takes out soreness and inflammation from **toothache, neuralgia,** acute, or inflammatory **rheumatism, stiff neck, lame back, strains** and **sprains.**

It will reduce **Varicose Veins,** stops the pain and the throbbing, gets out the soreness quickly, tones up and restores the elasticity to the circular muscles of the veins, reducing them to a normal condition. Will even heal and clean up a varicose ulcer. A safe, pleasant, antiseptic, discutient liniment. Price $1.00 a oz., $2.00 a bottle at druggists or delivered. Book 5F free. Manufactured only by

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SEVENTEEN YEARS THE STANDARD

Prescribed and recommended for women's ailments, a scientifically prepared remedy of proven worth. The result from their use is quick and permanent. For sale at all drug stores.

SAVE YOUR GRAIN

Owing to the great heat this season a great deal of grain will have very short straw, making it hard to handle. If you want a machine which will save you money and labor, get the new and improved

GLEANER AND SHOCKER

Saves all the Short Straws. Stooks the Sheaves. Operator Rides Machine. One Man Does the Work of Two.

PRICE $65.00 F.O.B. WINNIPEG

Terms:—$35 with order; balance, note 60 days, Interest 7 p.c.

PRICE FOR CASH $60.00

MUNRO STEEL & WIRE WORKS, LTD.
WINNIPEG

STOCK NOTES

If you are overworked and forced to neglect some important features of farm work at this time, make plans for reducing your acreage next year. Fewer acres well tilled may result in a barn nearer filled.

Pig pens and stables should be kept sanitary. When not prevented, flies will breed in stables and pig pens, and cause you much trouble. Keep them clean. This will be to the interest of the animals, as well as for the health of the family.

Poor fences cause fence breaking animals. The barnlot and pasture fences should be substantial and secure against the most active animals. There should be no temptations for fence breaking. Notice for weak places, and make the needed repairs promptly.

It is well to remember that teams and men can be easily overworked and their efficiency greatly reduced. There is much danger of getting too warm, and of allowing the team to become exhausted, and probably permanently injured. Whatever necessity there may be for work, you cannot afford to risk this. Take care of yourself and treat your team with consideration.

It is possible to accommodate comfortably 306,000 persons in the New York hotels at one time.

These Pills Cure Rheumatism.—To the many who suffer from rheumatism a trial of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills is recommended. They have pronounced action upon the liver and kidneys and by regulating the action of these organs act as an alternative in preventing the admixture of uric acid and blood that causes this painful disorder. They must be taken according to directions and used steadily and they will speedily give evidence of their beneficial effects.

Storyettes

TWO women were talking over the back yard fence when one of them remarked, "My husband always wears a clean shirt every Sunday morning."

"Well, now," said the other, "I never care about Sundays; but I allus do see that he has a clean shirt every Saturday afternoon, 'cause that's the time he's generally drinkin', and when he does take off his coat to fight I do like to see him looking nice and clean."

* * *

THE Duke of Wellington once answered an insult with crushing cleverness. When the French King introduced one of his field marshals to Wellington, the marshal turned his back on his former enemy.

Louis Philippe was naturally indignant, and apologized to the Duke for such rude behavior. "Pray forgive him, sir," the Iron Duke said, quietly. "I am afraid it was I who taught him to do that in the Peninsula."

* * *

MANY good examples there are of witty answers that have turned away wrath and have become a saving grace. As a specimen of ready wit it would be difficult to beat the retort of Chas. Burleigh, the great opponent of the slave trade. He was in the middle of one of his eloquent denunciations of slavery when a well-aimed and rotten egg struck him full in the face.

"This," he said, calmly, as he produced his handkerchief and wiped his face, "is striking evidence of what I have always maintained, that pro-slavery arguments are unsound."

* * *

HE had joined the multitude in New York since his quick fortune came to him, and was entertaining friends at dinner. The service was magnificent and so was the dinner. His wife, gorgeously clad, reigned over the table.

During a lull in the conversation he watched the servant who was dexterously removing crumbs from the cloth. Then he looked down the glistening table at his jewelled wife and remarked, "Jennie, remember when you used to shake the table cloth out of the back door to the hens?"

* * *

IT was a hot evening following a regular scorcher of a day, and Casey and the family were sitting out on the front porch trying to keep cool.

"Sure, 'twas an awful day in the kitchen," said Mrs. Casey.

"I have t' smile when I hear ye complainin' about the heat, for, as a matter iv fact, ye don't know what heat is," said Casey.

"Oh, don't I now?" said Mrs. Casey. "Sure, I'd change places with you any day, for while I'm workin' over a hot cook stove all day, I'm thinkin' iv the fine picnic you're havin' workin' down there in that nice cool sewer."

* * *

THE lecture was over, and the gentleman who did the talking strained his ears as he followed the audience out of the hall to gather in, so far as he could, what sort of an impression he had made. As he drew near the doorway two old gentlemen who were making their way out just ahead of him rendered a verdict.

"Well, Bankside," said one of them, "what do you think of it?"

"I've heard worse," said Bankside.

"Did you think it was all illuminating?" said the other.

"In an old-fashioned way, yes," replied the venerable Bankside.

"I don't quite catch your point," said the questioner.

"Why, it was illuminating, but it struck me as having more gas than electricity about it," explained the critic.

* * *

LESLIE M. SHAW, at a recent banquet of the Commercial Travelers' League, said of a silly argument against a great American merchant marine:

"This argument is groundless. It reminds me, really, of old Mother Taliaferro.

"Mother Taliaferro lived in a dugout in North Carolina near the line. When the boundary between North Carolina and Virginia was changed it shifted the old woman's dugout into the latter State.

"'Well, mother,' said a surveyor to her, 'you don't live in North Carolina any more. You live in Virginia now. How do you like it?'

"'Like it!' said the old woman. 'Why, I likes it fine, o' course. Everybody knows that Virginny is a healthier State than North Car'lina.'"

* * *

AN American judge told a good story recently. The story is an old one, as the judge stated, but the law students whom he told it to enjoyed it thoroughly.

In the old days when oral examinations were still the thing, an examining board was pummeling an applicant with questions from Blackstone, Kent, and other famous legal lights.

"I didn't study anything about those fellows," complained the applicant.

"What did you study?" asked one of the judges.

"I studied the statutes of the State," he replied. "I studied them hard. Ask me a question about them and I'll show you. That is where I got my legal knowledge."

"My young friend," said one austere judge on the examining board, "you had better be very careful, for some day the Legislature might meet and repeal everything you know."

* * *

A MAN in an American city took a doctor's prescription to the drug store to have it filled. In some way this piece of paper became torn in half, so that when the patron handed the druggist the first piece, that public servant at once measured out the ammonia salt it called for and placed the small vial before the customer.

"How much?" asked the patron.

"Ten cents."

"Oh, beg pardon," said the purchaser, at this juncture finding the remainder of the prescription in his pocket. "This piece says to add enough water to the other to make four ounces."

"Very well," rejoined the apothecary, dumping the contents of the small vial into a four-ounce bottle and adding the required water. "There you are, sir; 40 cents more, please."

"What! Ten cents for ammonia and 40 cents for water?"

"Exactly! The doctor's name written after the water makes it a prescription, and we put up no prescriptions under 50 cents."

THEY tell a story of a negro in Macon who wanted to be carrier on a rural free delivery route.

In making his application the negro went before the board, whose members he had known all his life.

"What's your name?" was the first question.

"Deed, boss," the negro replied, "you done know my name. You's knowed me all your life."

"What's your name?" was repeated.

"Sam Johnson."

"Well, Mr. Johnson, where were you born?"

"Now look yere, boss, you done knowed where I's bawn. I's bawn right on your ol' father's fahm."

"Never mind that, Mr. Johnson. You were born in Macon. Now, Mr. Johnson, tell this board how many miles it is from the earth to the moon."

"Huh, boss, I can't tell dat, an' I's goin' to quit dis yere right now. You can't put me on no such route as dat."

* * *

GEN. MILES, of the United States Army, while standing in the lobby of the Arlington Hotel in Washington soon after the Spanish-American war, happened to overhear a remark made by an under-sized young man who was standing near.

"During the Spanish war," the young man said, "I took five Spanish officers without any assistance from the army or navy."

"What's that?" asked Gen. Miles, turning upon him abruptly. "You say you took five Spanish officers without the assistance of the army or navy?"

"That's exactly what I said, sir," replied the young man, "by myself and without the loss of any blood. It happened at Boston. Here is my card. I am Reilly, the photographer. Now, if you will allow me to pose you. General ——"

But the general had fled.

WILLIAM RENNIE DEAD

WILLIAM RENNIE, founder of the Rennie Seed House, and for some years farm superintendent at the O.A.C., died recently. Mr. Rennie had been in poor health for some time past, and on May 23rd last had a stroke of paralysis, after which he declined steadily.

In a humble log cabin in Scarborough, Mr. Rennie was born in 1835. His father and mother, having emigrated from Scotland a few years previous, were in very poor circumstances. His early days were spent on the farm.

In 1860 Mr. Rennie left the homestead and started farming for himself on the second concession of Markham, near Richmond Hill.

In 1870 he rented his farm and moved to Toronto, where he established the seed business which has developed to such a marvelous extent. Shortly after establishing his seed business Mr. Rennie found it necessary to grow a large portion of his seeds, and again assumed charge of his farm. With more improved methods and a better knowledge of agriculture, he developed his farm so that in 1884, in competition for the best managed farm, Mr. Rennie was awarded the first silver medal, while his brother, Simpson Rennie, won the gold medal.

Mr. Rennie's farm was the centre of some very interesting gatherings in connection with the old "Markham Farmers' Club." These annual re-unions used to bring upwards of a thousand people.

Mr. Rennie retired from business in 1889, leaving the now well-known Rennie seed establishment to his three sons—Robert, John and Thomas. In 1893 he was asked by the late Hon. John Dryden, then Minister of Agriculture, to take the position of Farm Superintendent at the Ontario Agricultural College at Guelph, to demonstrate his new ideas regarding agriculture. This he did, and remained with the College for six years, bringing the farm to a high state of cultivation, and thoroughly demonstrating his methods. Upon his return to Toronto he put into book form all his valuable information and experience in a volume known as "Successful Farming," a book which has been read with profit and interest by the farmers of Canada generally.

In the early days of the Industrial Exhibition Mr. Rennie was an active worker, and was Second Vice-President from its organization. He had been retained by the board as an honorary director.

His connection with the York Pioneer and Historical Society dates back to 1879, when he first became a member. During his office as president, from 1903 to 1909, the society was given a standing which makes it today one of the strongest organizations of the kind in Canada.

The three sons in Toronto—Robert, John and Thomas—are well known. Another son, William, is connected with the Agricultural College, Hakodate, Japan.

HOTELS TO SUIT PECULIAR TASTES

OF the numerous freak hotels to be found scattered throughout the world, one of the most remarkable is at Santa Cruz, in California. The proprietor has dispensed with the cost of building, and pays no rent.

This hotel, says Tit Bits, consists of nothing more or less than a number of the leviathan trees for which California is noted, the largest, measuring twenty-two feet in circumference, having been fitted up as a reception room, with electric light and all the improvements necessary to comfort.

The bedrooms, smoking, and dining rooms are furnished in most luxurious fashion and situated in the surrounding trees, while neighboring trunks shelter the hotel employees. So popular has the hotel become that hundreds of visitors are turned away every week during the summer months.

Near Perdun, on the south coast of France, there is a submarine hotel which attracts large numbers of visitors every summer. The building is of steel on concrete foundations, and has been fitted with large plate-glass windows, from which the guests may look upon the beauties of submarine life at a depth of six fathoms.

Elaborate machinery at the surface pumps sea air to those immured below, and at the same time drives away the impure air through draft-holes. It was in this hotel that the famous novelist Richebourg penned some of his most thrilling romances when taking his annual flight from the bustle and noise of the French capital.

Your Druggist Will Tell You Murine Eye Remedy Relieves Sore Eyes, Strengthens Weak Eyes. Doesn't Smart, Soothes Eye Pain, and Sells for 50c. Try Murine In Your Eyes and In Baby's Eyes for Scaly Eyelids and Granulation

Another extraordinary hotel is that in the sewers of Paris, immediately below the Church of St. Madeleine. It was built and conducted solely for the benefit of the sewer-workers. Nearly a hundred meals are provided every day, and for the sum of two dollars and forty cents a man can be comfortably housed and fed for a week in this gigantic drain-pipe.

Very similar is the hotel which caters for visitors to the coal-mine at St. Pierre at Mons. It is to be found at the bottom of the mine, six hundred feet below the earth, and is carved out of solid coal. The electric light on the glittering black walls, which have been left unpapered, is extremely effective; large reception and bed rooms splendidly fitted up are provided, and the hotel even boasts the luxury of a swimming bath.

INDIAN CASTES

IT is difficult for a European who has not lived long in India, and even for one who has, to realize the insuperable barriers which separate these divisions, says the London Spectator. There is nothing to compare with them in the customs even of the most exclusive European aristocracies. Neither does the sum of all the racial or religious distinctions which separate European nations from each other and divide them within themselves equal the number of classes into which the Hindus are divided by what is known as "caste." The 200,000,000 of Hindus are made up of diverse racial elements, speak about nineteen developed languages and over 100 dialects. They are again divided into over 3,000 castes, most of them with sub-castes. One of these castes, the Brahmans, is split up into more than 800 sub-castes, of which none will intermarry and few will eat together.

The term "caste" includes so many things that it is difficult to define it. There are, however, two properties essential to a true caste: (1) There is no entry except by birth, (2) Marriage outside the caste is absolutely forbidden. To preserve the purity and maintain the exclusiveness of the society many minute rules of conduct, many restrictions on food and many ceremonial observances are imposed on the members and enforced by penalties which cannot be evaded, against which there is no appeal and which in extreme cases follow the offender beyond the grave. But that is not all. The relations of castes to each other are as much a matter of religious observance as the rules for their internal regulation. The Brahmans are the highest, admittedly and undoubtedly superior to all the rest. After them come those who are acknowledged to be twice born. The less honored follow in a graduated descent until the untouchable and unspeakable are reached at the lowest depth.

It may be urged that the separation between the Brahman and, let us say, the Kurmi market gardener, is no wider than that between the peer of the United Kingdom and the coal miner. There is this essential difference, that it is impossible for an Indian to change his caste. The coal miner may be elected to Parliament, may become a Cabinet Minister, and if he can make money enough may marry his son to a duke's daughter. The Kurmi must remain a Kurmi.

ALMOST AN UTTER FAILURE IN SPRING WHEAT STATES

Hay Will Be Very Short in American West

The spring wheat states—the Dakotas and Minnesota—have sustained quite as severe losses as Manitoba. In those 86 per cent. of the spring wheat grown in the United States is produced, and that crop this year will be reduced to about half normal.

The best that can be said for the wheat crop of North Dakota, according to Farm Stock and Home of Minneapolis, is that it is not a complete failure, while a more serious phase of the situation than even the practical loss of the North Dakota grain crop is the shortage of hay and forage.

It is idle, the paper quoted goes on to say, to disguise the fact that the crop condition over North Dakota and contiguous territory is more serious than at any time since 1900—more serious in fact, over large areas, than during that year of general drought and failure. The most optimistic now hope for a fifty per cent. wheat crop in the Flickertail state, and those closest to the situation will be satisfied with forty per cent. or even less. Over large areas the wheat is wholly gone, while over areas equally large only the main stem of the early sown wheat has headed out, and the head is short. The continuous dry, hot winds of late June hastened maturity, and the straw is frequently found too short to be cut with the binder. Early barley and oats suffer equally with the wheat.

CHILDREN PLEDGED FOR DRINK

In the Yoruba country, West Africa, when a thirsty native finds he hasn't the price of a drink of gin he picks up one of his pickaninnies, takes it to the nearest bush saloon and pawns it for the drink. This custom was disclosed when Sir George White in the House of Commons asked if it wasn't a fact that "thousands of children are pawned by their parents for gin and kept in a position of domestic slavery."

The Under Secretary of the Colonial Office replied that the custom was widespread and quoted the following extract from a report by a committee composed of educated natives on the laws and customs of the Yoruba country.

"When a lender advances money to a borrower he asks the latter to provide an acceptable surety, who is responsible in default of payment by the borrower. The borrower is drawn into service for the lender one day in the week, the service representing interest for the money advanced. He lives in his own home.

"But if a child is provided as a substitute he is to live with and work for the lender as his child, the consideration for the loan being that the borrower is deprived of and the lender enjoys the services of the borrower's child; but by this arrangement the child does not become the slave of the lender.

"The child does not forfeit his rights and privileges as a free born. He can behave to the lender precisely in the same way as to his own father; indeed he enjoys more freedom with the former for he can at any time refuse to live with him. On the other hand the lender is responsible to the public authorities for injury to the health of the child and for his death."

Trial is Inexpensive.—To those who suffer from dyspepsia, indigestion, rheumatism or any ailment arising from derangement of the digestive system, a trial of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills is recommended, should the sufferer be unacquainted with them. The trial will be inexpensive and the result will be another customer for this excellent medicine. So effective is their action that many cures can certainly be traced to their use where other pills have proved ineffective.

The Horseman

The case with which the Canadian pacer Hal B., Jr., owned by Mr. P. L. Kastner, of Sebringville, Ont., has been disposing of his fields in the stake races on the Michigan circuit, stamps the son of Hal B., 2.04 1-2, as being one of the best pacers that ever went out of Canada. Already this young stallion has won at Pontiac and at Flint, and although he was compelled to take a record of 2.11 1-4 in his first start over in Michigan, and which in itself is a most meritorious performance on a half-mile track, it iss aid to be al ong way from the limit of his speed. It would now appear that he is very likely to duplicate the performance of Merry Widow that went out of Canada last year and campaigned through the Lake Erie and Ohio Circuits without losing a race, coming home in the fall with a record of 2.09 1-4, made on a half-mile track after a tour in which she lost but one heat.

Hal B., Jr., is a compactly made horse, and unless some unforeseen accident should befall him he is sure to campaign well, for he is a good doer.

Another Canadian performer that is more than holding her own among the crack pacers on the Michigan Circuit is the black mare Wild Patchen that was a winner last week at Pontiac and again this week at Flint. At Pontiac, Wild Patchen took a record of 2.15 3-4, which, curiously enough, is exactly the same as the record obtained by her sire, Hal Patchen, owned by Mr. Caleb Wheeler at Chatham. However, at Flint she cut 2 1-2 seconds from her Pontiac mark, and now sports a record of 2.13 1-4. The brilliant performances of Hal B., Jr., and Wild Patchen fully bear out our contention that racing on ice is beneficial, rather than injurious to horses. This pair began racing early last winter and campaigned right through until the last bell rang for ice racing at Ottawa. The stallion was most successful, winning a number of races, and demonstrated that he was about the equal of any horse that has raced on the ice in this country, but the mare did not sem to take kindly to the footing, although at that she performed very well under the existing conditions. It will be interesting to note that Wild Patchen has to her credit a victory over Hal B., Jr., when she finished second to Major McGregor in 2.15 1-4 at London Fair races last fall. Hal B., Jr., getting only third place, but it is doubtful if the mare is capable of taking the measure of the stallion this year. A race between the two would prove decidedly interesting at the present time.

Racing in the Dominion of Canada is now on a solid foundation for the first time in many years and the sport is likely to go on uninterrupted providing it is conducted in a proper manner, but it must be conducted cleanly to live. Any practice whatever tending toward dishonesty will naturally have the effect of strengthening the hands of those who have already done so much to wipe out the race tracks of the country. Already we have had three meetings on the big tracks, and are now in the midst of the fourth meeting, and right here we wish to point out to the Canadian Racing Associations that there has been a great deal of suspicious running on the part of horses in certain stables and the "no scandal" policy that has hitherto prevailed among jockey clubs had better be thrown in the discard and the sooner they awaken to the fact that the life of the sport depends on its purity, the better it will be for themselves. It is a well-known fact that at least two of the leading jockeys that are now riding on the Canadian Circuit are in a compact, and one, at least, is a heavy better, and if he happens to be betting on the horse he rides that horse will surely get the ride of his life, but if he and his friends should happen to have their checks on something else in the race, then the backers of his mount have Grogan's chance.

Several extraordinary reversals of form have recently taken place, but we have not heard of the powers that be taking any action. It is only a few days ago that one of the best known sprinters racing on the Northern Circuit was an also ran, finishing ten lengths behind the winner in a six furlongs dash, which was run in 1.13 1-5. Two days later the same horse under practically the same conditions, except that he had four pounds more on his back, beat practically the same horses by a length and a half and stepped the distance in 1.12 4-5. This is not an isolated instance of reversal of form, but one of several that should have received most rigid investigation. Horses from the stables of Messrs. Seagram, Hendrie, Dyment, Mackenzie, etc., leading Canadian owners, do not run last one day and first the next. Any time horses from any of these stables or any of the other Canadian stables, in fact, start in a race it is an assurance that they are not out for an exercise gallop, but with a view of collecting the long end of the purse. We have here with us some designing horsemen from over the border that are apparently under the impression that they can get away with anything on the Canadian tracks, judging by the way some of their horses have been running, and the sooner the officials disabuse their minds of such ideas the better for all concerned.

The welfare of the sport demands the activity of the Jockey Clubs and Racing Associations.

Balloons are usually yellow, because that color protects the rubber used as the outer sheath against the disintegrating effects of light.

Nearly all children are subject to worms, and many are born with them. Spare them suffering by using Mother Grave's Worm Exterminator, the best remedy of the kind that can be had.

Zam-Buk

is the best remedy known for sunburn, heat rashes, eczema, sore feet, stings and blisters. A skin food!

All Druggists and Stores. 50c.

TITLES FOR SALE

ONE of the Stuart Kings sold titles for his own personal profit. A British journal charges British party leaders with selling similar titles as a means of raising party campaign funds. "There is no longer," this journal says, "any convincing attempt to deny that the most of modern honors are sold for hard cash, or that while a baronetcy rewards those who spend $250,000 or so on party, a peerage will sometimes cost as much as $1,250,000."

One Radical British Liberal has threatened to publish a pamphlet telling the horrid secrets of how the party chest, as the campaign fund is called there, is kept fattened with money and how the money is obtained by the party whips.

Proper Lubrication

For Traction Engines, Wagons, Etc.

Mica Axle Grease

makes the wheel as nearly frictionless as possible and reduces the wear on axle and box. It ends axle troubles, saves energy in the horse, and when used on axles of traction engines economizes fuel and power.

Plows, Harrows, Drills, — **Granite Harvester Oil** insures better work from the new machine and lengthens the life of the old. Wherever bearings are loose or boxes worn it takes up the play and acts like a cushion. Changes of weather do not affect it.

Gasolene and Kerosene Engines — **Standard Gas Engine Oil** is the only oil you need. It provides perfect lubrication under high temperatures without appreciable carbon deposits on rings or cylinders, and is equally good for the external bearings.

Steam Traction Engines and Steam Plants — **Capitol Cylinder Oil** delivers more power, and makes the engine run better and longer with less wear and tear, because its friction-reducing properties are exactly fitted to the requirements of steam traction engines and steam plants.

Every dealer everywhere. If not at yours, write for descriptive circulars to

The Imperial Oil Company, Limited

FOR THAT NEW HOUSE

Sackett Plaster Board

The Empire Brands of Wall Plaster

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY

The Manitoba Gypsum Co., Limited

WINNIPEG, MAN.

THE BUCK-EYE

VOL. 1 — WEEKLY EDITION — NO. 38

THE KNOCKER

She had a little hammer,
  She used it with a will.
She knocked at everybody—
  They couldn't keep her still;
She knocked about her neighbors
  If they were friends or foes,
She knocked about the table,
  And knocked about her clothes.

She knocked at hubby's smoking,
  About his snoring, too;
She knocked about his whistling,
  And so, perhaps, would you;
At last the Reaper claimed her,
  Her course on earth was run;
Her husband then considered
  Her knocking days were done.

But hubby went one evening
  To see a spirit show,
Where always in the gloaming
  The spirits come and go.
He heard a spirit knocking,
  "My wife," he said, "I'll bet!
Now, isn't she a wonder?
  Hear that! She's knocking yet!"

This story has a moral,
  Now, mark the lesson well.
That hubby's wife in hubby's life
  Made just a little—pandemonium.
If hubby had known better
  How to treat an angry wife,
He'd invested in some BUCK-EYES
  And have had a happy life.

P. S.--When your wife is knocking, buy a BUCK-EYE. Its fragrant aroma will turn her displeasure into a peaceful, happy calm.

FASHIONS AND FANCIES

FOULARD is one of the fashionable materials this season and is used not only for the entire gown but is combined with other materials, and also is in great demand for trimming. It is a fabric that has much to recommend it for summer. It is delightfully cool and light in weight, is so soft that it can be draped, or looks well pleated or plain. Then there are so many different colors and designs that all the gowns look different. Dark colors with white figures are smart. The white ground with black dots, checks or fancy designs are in endless variety, while the all one color is charmingly original.

Combined with satin or serge foulard is effective, but the latest novelty, foulard with voile de soie, chiffon or satin, is even more popular. A fascinating gown that has won high favor is of gray voile de soie trimmed with a gray satin foulard with polka dots of white. The foulard is in a wide band around the skirt, in yoke, cuffs, belt and long sash ends, and adds wonderfully to the attractive finish of the gown.

Ceil Blue Voile de Soie with Silver Embroidery

A satin lining or rose pink or white satin shows off the voile de soie of the gown to perfection, making it look richer and at the same time more transparent.

Liberty satin is another material that this season is used in combination with different materials most satisfactorily. A most effective gown of rose pink cashmere de soie is one of the most striking models of the season, and owes a great deal of its smart appearance to the clever use of the black liberty satin with which it is trimmed. The model is extremely simple and on the severe order; the skirt very scant, is relieved with a broad band of black satin at the sides and back, then on the waist the satin forms the yoke and upper part of the sleeves. A fascinating lingerie yoke and undersleeves and an effective ornament on the front of the waist comprise all the rest of the trimming. This same model can be used in plain and figured foulard in a most satisfactory manner; a voile de soie and foulard can be combined effectively.

* * *

But of all the smart gowns this season the most costly are those made entirely of lace. The finest, sheerest laces are used or the figured lace nets with wide lace borders or bands of insertion with lace edge. The styles are not extreme. Some of the skirts are quite full, gathered into the belt, other styles are quite plain, most carefully fitted and hung, and while never scant in appearance are not so rich as the gathered or plaited skirts.

Almost invariably is there a double skirt effect, either in the tunic style or with skirt slashed at the side to show an underskirt of pleated chiffon or a full plain underskirt of chiffon finished with a wide fold of satin or lace. The underskirt is, as a rule, of another color from the overskirt—pale pink or blue or cream white. Extremely simple in design is the waist, a full pleated blouse with flat yoke of lace and a band of lace just above the belt. The sleeves, of elbow length, are finished with a narrow band of the same lace. A pleated belt of nattier blue taffeta and a draped sash low down on the skirt of nattier blue ribbon gives a fascinating touch of color. The underskirt can be of the same color as the belt and the sash, but a cream white lining is often chosen in preference, and from an economical point of view is the best, for then any color can be worn with it. This same model can be copied with good effect in the heavier embroidered linens that are so fashionable this season, but will not be on the same order of gown, the original made of the filmy lace being elaborate enough for any formal entertainment.

The sash can be omitted if so desired, but it certainly gives an original and striking note to the costume that makes the gown distinctive. This sash is tied at the back of the skirt in a double bow, with ends that fall to the hem of the skirt.

To state positively that any one model is the smartest of the season at once starts discussion. There are so many models of lace gowns and lace gowns are so fashionable that it is quite impossible to yield the palm to any one of the many. Fascinating in its simplicity and quite unlike any other model is one of white lace made up over a rose pink satin lining. The satin faces the skirt in a fold and is used in the folded belt, but is seen nowhere else on the entire gown. The skirt is quite scant, but is so perfectly fitted and hung that it does not look too tight. On the skirt there are ornaments and tassels sewed on the lace in most novel and effective style, and while it almost does seem vandalism to trim it or embroider lace so beautiful in itself, fashion demands originality in everything. The draped waist is most graceful and becoming, the soft folds crossing over to the left side and fastening at the belt under a large pink silk rose, in which is repeated the shade of the satin lining combined with three or four other shades of pink. There are a gathered yoke and high collar of finest lace net, the latest novelty in guimpes, by the way; the sleeves reach below the elbow and are finished with double ruffles of lace, and on the body of the waist just above the belt are more of the ornaments and tassels, similar to those on the skirt. This same model has also been copied in the heavier embroidered linen, the eyelet or English embroidery with lace medallions.

* * *

Lace dinner gowns are extremely smart this summer, and as the season advances a greater variety is to be noticed. For a summer evening there can be nothing more charming and more suitable than the white lace gown. It can be simplified or elaborated so easily by the trimmings used that a really wonderful variety can be obtained without much trouble or expense. The designs furnished for the lace gowns can be just as well taken for other materials also, as in the instance of a most attractive model. The skirt, in five scant tucks, has a close fitting satin lining that outlines the figure and makes it appear slender, although there is considerable width to the skirt. This width is drawn in under a wide fold or band of satin that starts at the left side of the broad satin belt and goes diagonally across the front of the skirt and around to the back. Around the foot of the skirt is a wide lace, over which falls from the edge of the fold of satin a wide crystal silver or pearl fringe. Across the upper part of the skirt, following the line of the satin fold, is an inch fringe of the crystal or silver, while again another line of fringe goes diagonally across the waist from below the shoulder to the belt, just edging a wide fold of the satin. The entire body and sleeves of the waists are of the figured lace and the sleeves are finished with a narrow fringe to match the trimming on the skirt.

This gown can be of lace, satin or voile de soie, if of the heavier materials; then the embroidery must be worked in heavy silk of the same color. The gown was originally designed for a low cut waist, but can easily be changed to a high neck or one of the gathered lace net robes and collar can be added. Even with the yoke it is an elaborate style, and consequently in reality far better suited to the low cut waist. If it is desired to make it more simple the fringe can be omitted. It is an excellent design for an all black lace made over white or color, with the fringe in cut jet beads. Another mode of treatment can be carried out by omitting the lace from the front of the skirt, substituting a broad band of satin or soft finished taffeta if a transparent material is used, or if the gown be of plain taffeta or satin then the finish of a hem is all-sufficient.

* * *

One thing which the amateur dressmaker sometimes loses sight of is the necessity for having the belt of a one-piece gown quite large enough to fit comfortably. Straight lines are still in fashion, and to secure them it is necessary to have the belt quite large, except with unusually slender figures. Even with a slender figure a gown is more graceful if the belt is quite large. In many well made costumes the waist line measures a surprisingly large number of inches, although, of course, the effect produced is not that of a thick or clumsy figure. The final effect of slenderness is obtained not by too tight a belt, but by the way the belt is shaped and placed on the gown. It should always slope upward from the middle of the front, being highest at the back. This slope is sometimes so gradual that it is hardly perceptible, and with other gowns the rise from front to back will be quite noticeable.

Besides being placed on the gown so that it rises in this manner, the belt is often graduated in width at the sides, often only a very little, but sufficient to improve the effect on the figure and add to the impression of slenderness. Just at present the belts are set on somewhat above the natural waist line, especially in the evening gowns, but this is largely a question of what is becoming. If a short waisted effect is not suited to a figure nothing is more fatal to the becomingness of a gown. As a general rule, the short, stout figure appears better in a gown which retains the natural waist line or even lengthens the waist instead of shortening it. A rather decided dip to the front of the belt is frequently most becoming to a stout figure, and many of the new designs for gowns show a narrow belt which can be utilized in this manner to rescue the stout figure from an appearance of clumsiness. The belt for such a person should be of soft material of the same color as the material, a darker shade or black, and not noticeable in any way.

THE SERVANT PROBLEM IN GERMANY

AMONG the many domestic problems that Germany has solved to its own satisfaction is that of the giving or refusing of a "character" to a servant. The following statement of the system in vogue in Germany shows how completely it answers the purpose.

Every man or woman seeking to enter the service of another, whether as laborer, clerk, or domestic servant, is under obligation to procure a service book which after purchase must be officially stamped by the police authorities. The authorities enter in the book a description of the holder, having reference to age, personal appearance, and religion.

Cream Lace Gown Trimmed with Nattier Blue Ribbon

When a situation is applied for the prospective employer can see at a glance whether the applicant has been in service before and, if so, what kind of work has been done. If the applicant secures the situation the employer writes in the book, "Entered the service of So-and-so of such a street and town," adding the date, a description of the work required, and the wages given.

The employer retains the book as long as the engagement lasts and, on handing it back, makes another entry, "Left my service on such a date," with a few lines as to character and the servant's reasons for leaving.

Thus the character-book goes round and the servant has never the uncomfortable necessity of asking her mistress for a recommendation. Forged characters are practically impossible, since the whole system is under police supervision.

Destitution in old age among domestic servants and the lower class of artisans has become an impossibility in Germany, for within the last fifteen years or so it has been made compulsory for all who earn less than five hundred dollars a year to insure themselves against want after their working lives are over.

Cocoanut oil is wonderfully healing and has the advantage of being inexpensive. Warm it by standing in hot water or near a fire, and then rub it well into the skin.

A refreshing bath is made by adding sufficient benzoin (added drop by drop) to give the water a slightly milky appearance.

BRAZIL'S BLACK DIAMONDS

THE term "black diamonds" is jokingly applied to ordinary coal which we burn in our furnaces, but the real black diamonds of commerce are among the unique products of the world, and they serve a purpose in the industrial world that makes them of great value.

The black diamonds are pure carbon, and yet in no outward appearance resemble the diamonds which we are accustomed to wear as ornaments. They are slightly harder than the crystal or gem diamonds, and, in fact, about the hardest substance known.

Black diamonds or carbons are among the greatest curiosities of the mineral kingdom. They are without crystalline form, and are found in irregular pieces ranging in size from half a carat to three hundred, four hundred, or five hundred carats.

They are dark grey, black, or brownish in color, and opaque. The real diamond of the jewelry trade is also pure carbon, but transiucent and crystalline in form. Two objects so alike in composition, says George E. Walsh in the "Scientific American," could not be found so opposite in appearance as these two forms of carbon.

Another peculiar thing about the black diamonds is that they are found only in one location in the world. They come from a very small section of Brazil, not more than two hundred and twenty-five miles square in area. Outside of this limited area no pure black diamonds have ever been found. In the Brazilian black diamond fields the natives make good wages diving in the river beds for them, and recover them from the gravel and washings of the rivers.

What peculiar freak of nature caused the deposition of the black diamonds in this section of the world, and nowhere else, is one of the mysteries which science has failed to explain. None of them has been found in the great Kimberley diamond mines, where the crystal form of diamonds have for so long been mined, and likewise no fine specimens of the gem diamond have been found in the Brazilian black diamond fields.

The whole origin of the black diamonds is therefore a scientific enigma. Naturally the question is raised, "Of what use is a black diamond?" No one would care to wear one of these diamonds, which resembles a piece of coal more than a real diamond; and so far no one has popularized the black gems as the black pearl has been. Nevertheless, the black diamonds serve a most important and useful function in the industrial world.

This pure black carbon is not only harder than the real diamond, but tougher, and not so brittle as the gem. Consequently it is of great value for many mechanical purposes, and particularly for boring with diamond drills. In diamond drilling the tips of the drills are studded with carbon or black diamonds, and when the bores are deep the pressure is so great that the gem diamonds would be crushed in the process, but the carbon resists this continued pressure, and slowly eats down into the rock.

In diamond drill work the carbon is set in circular pieces of soft steel or iron called bits, and these bits are attached to tubing.

Armed with these black diamond teeth, the drills push their way down under severe pressure to a depth of five or six thousand feet, cutting through the hardest kind of rock. Some black diamonds are much harder than others, and there is no way to determine by the color the difference in the degree of toughness. Other and more expensive tests are employed.

Black diamonds of pure carbon are not by any means cheap, and the owners of the mines in Brazil where they are gathered are making a good thing out of their monopoly. In the last thirty years the prices of black diamonds have advanced from five dollars to nearly eighty-five dollars a carat, and the tendency is still upward. The arming of a drill with diamond points is thus a rather expensive matter. Usually a set of eight stones are placed in the head of a single drill. If each diamond weighs only three and one-half carats, the total cost at eighty-five dollars a carat would be about two thousand three hundred and eighty dollars for a single bit. So the black diamond, even when employed for mechanical purposes, is not far below the white one in merit.

WORK OF A STEEPLEJACK

THE successful "steeplejack" must possess determination, perseverance and ingenuity. He must solve many a practical problem in hoisting great bodies aloft. He must know how to fasten a hook over the summit of a sky-scraping chimney. He must have the nerve to paint a steeple that sways like a pendulum at the slender top. He must be able to tear down, build up, gild, paint, place electric wires and do many another task that would be difficult enough on the solid earth.

But a steeple is not the most difficult height to climb. Straight, tall chimneys are the hardest of all. There a man has to work with might and main to lift himself inch by inch from the ground to the top. Sometimes the top is 300 feet high. When it is reached a hook is placed over the edge, a pulley is made fast, the swinging chair is hauled up, and work begins.

When the chair is near the top it is easier to work, because the ropes are short; but when they lengthen, as the ground is approached, there is a tendency to swing; and the wind gives impetus.

The steeplejack's safety depends upon the hook, and until he has raised himself almost to the top it is impossible for him to see whether or not the hook has been properly adjusted. More than once a steeple climber has seen when within ten feet of the top that corrosion of the iron and the collection of soot have so thickened the wall that the hook is merely balancing on the top, so that the slightest pull in the wrong direction would drag it off. Again, the bricks are often loose at the top, and the hook is likely to tear them away.

One of the natural difficulties to conquer is the swaying of all high steeples and chimneys. In a gale a steeple point will sway a foot and a half. Usually it sways from seven to nine inches. Painting it means reaching for a spot on the right side, and finding it on the left, and, when making a dive for it on the left, to see it sway back to the right. Yet, in spite of the constant danger, a born steeplejack exults in his work, and is at home, like the ironworker on the skyscraper, only when high above the world. He can stand triumphantly at any height, if he can have two and a half square inches to bear his weight.

In the treatment of summer complaints, the most effective remedy that can be used is Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial. It is a standard preparation, and many people employ it in preference to other preparations. It is a highly concentrated medicine, and its sedative and curative qualities are beyond question. It has been a popular medicine for many years and thousands can attest its superior qualities in overcoming dysentery and kindred complaints.

TALK No. 2

FOOD scientists condemn alum as unfit for use in food, and the time will come when it will be as rigorously excluded from food in Canada as it is now condemned in Great Britain.

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

Does not contain Alum

MAGIC makes pure delicious, healthful biscuits, cake and pastry. Protect yourself against alum powders by insisting on MAGIC BAKING POWDER.

MAGIC is a medium priced baking powder and the only well-known one made in Canada that does NOT contain alum.

NO ALUM

Full Pound Cans, 25c.

Made in Canada

E. W. Gillett Co. Ltd. Toronto, Ont.

FREE COOK BOOK If you have not received a copy of Magic Cook Book, send name and address on postal card and this valuable little book will be mailed free of charge.

No. 361

REVISING THE BIBLE

THE information contained in this article from the Philadelphia Press ought to interest almost everybody in Canada:

Thirty eminent scholars have been meeting at Princeton University in the past week in conference over the text of a revised edition of the English Bible. They represent the leading divinity schools and universities of the United States and Canada. Their task does not look toward a new translation, but rather to a revision of the authorized version. For 300 years the so-called King James edition has held its primacy. In turn it was based upon the Coverdale and earlier translations. So fas as possible it retained Clovedale's phraseology; but the translators collectively brought literary genius of the highest order to bear upon their task of giving English expression to the Hebrew scriptures and the Greek New Testament.

If one will but ask a friend who reads Hebrew fluently to repeat a Psalm or a passage from one of the prophets in the ancient original tongue and compare the rhythm and sound with those of the authorized version he will be amazed by the singular correspondence of the two. Such fidelity in the rendering of the sense and rhythm and the solemn music of the Hebrew has proved impossible in any language other than English. No doubt this quality has contributed to the unparalleled influence of the English Bible on English religion, character and literature. It has done much to deprive the Hebrew scriptures of alien characteristics. The authorized version is the great well of English undefiled, a work of such idiomatic vigor that it stands unrivaled.

The 300th anniversary of the authorized version is to be celebrated next May. The occasion will be marked by the issue of the new edition revised by American and English scholars under the auspices of Oxford University. This revision is purely literary. While the English Bible has been more influential than anything else in giving fixity to the language, many changes in grammatical usage and in the meaning of words in common use have crept into the common speech in three centuries. The scholars now in conference have been at work on conservative lines to make the language of the Bible conform to the usage of today. Where a word is used in a sense now generally obsolete, it is to be replaced by another word of unequivocal meaning.

Opinions will differ in regard to the desirability of any such revision, however conservative it may be. There are those who will feel that the revisers are tampering with the greatest monument of English literature. The answer to this is that the older version will remain in the hands of those who prefer it; that the Bible is more than a literature, being the repository of revealed religion, and that its primary purpose is not literary gratification, but ethical and spiritual teaching and improvement. This primary purpose is best served by employing language thoroughly "understanded of the people," to employ an archaic locution which would illustrate the sort of word and phrase to be revised.

It must not be forgotten that the authorized version has undergone considerable verbal revision since it was first issued. The extent of this verbal revision is known to scholars who have made comparisons. The Roman Catholic versions of the Bible in English, which are circulated and read to an extent that would astonish the uninformed, are examples of the verbal revision of translation. Just as the Rheims Testament of 1582 had a conversion of the New Testament, which appeared nearly thirty years later, so the original Douay translation has given way to a revision for Catholic reading conforming in a great measure to the authorized version, though differing from both it and the Douay version in numerous passages.

This radical revision was made under the direction of Bishop Challoner in the middle of the 18th century. According to cardinals Newman and Wiseman, it almost amounted to a new translation. In America, about the middle of the 19th century, an independent revision of the Douay version, by Archbishop Kenwick, was published, and is much in use. The great objection of the English Catholic bishops to the Douay version was that, being a translation from the Vulgate, its English was mainly of Latin derivation, as against the dominant idiomatic Anglo-Saxon of the King James version. Exactly the same impulse is behind the latest revision, in attempting to remove all verbal difficulties that make for want of clearness in the text.

THIS INVESTMENT IS 100 PER CENT. SAFE

IN periods of uninterrupted national prosperity there is a tendency on the part of the average man to allow optimism to influence him to a greater or less extent in making a choice of an investment depositary for his money.

With money plentiful, wages high, and the future appearing fair, many a man is prone to relax customary precaution, and on the prospect of securing large returns, place his money into sources which appear superficially to be sound, but actually are not.

A line representing the past performance of the world's stocks covering forty years back would generally conform to the outline of a mountain chain, first up, then down.

At this day we are in the midst of a valley of depression which has reduced the general list to approximately its intrinsic value. People that, in the past, have been led into making "fair weather" purchases of company shares that are not soundly based, are now forced into an apprehensive mood as to the outcome of the venture.

Such a situation is not one of unmixed evil, for none but the most thoughtless will find the security in his hands, worth par yesterday, shrunk thirty per cent. today without being forced to the reflection that apart from market conditions, there must be something radically wrong with what he holds. The effect should be educative. His paper loss should teach him that after all there are only two classifications of stocks—the sound and the unsound.

Without doubt the present depression will alienate for all time the capital of many from further participation in stock market speculation, or from investment through stock market channels. Where will they place their money?

No opportunity of the present day offers what is saner or safer than that contained in the Canadian Government Annuities proposition. It is doubtful if the mass of people of this country realize the full scope of the benefits that accrue to them through this recently established agency.

At the outset it may be objected that once an instalment reaches Ottawa, it is thereafter locked up so far as the depositor is concerned, until such specified time as his annuity becomes payable. Thus there is no current income feature about the idea. This is, of course, correct, but the individual must consider that every cent he lodges in government hands is returned to him finally without depreciation of any nature. His instalments pay to the government absolutely nothing for operation of the annuities branch, for advertising, or for any other purpose. Each account is allowed compound interest at the rate of four per cent. per annum, and the depositor secures, absolutely free of charge, that which no other investment holds out to him—the certainty that his money is safe.

An examination of this annuities propaganda convinces one of two things: first, that here is an ideal method of conserving one's small surpluses for old age; second, that the Federal Government should apply a percentage of general revenue to the purpose of securing the utmost publicity for the annuities proposition.

Why should not city and suburban newspapers carry semi-occasional standing announcements tersely outlining the scope of this department? This, coupled with the intelligent efforts of a staff of picked agents going from town to town could not fail to result in a great volume of business. The capital of the masses diverted thus to an absolutely legitimate and safe depositary would be removed from the danger of being lost in speculation. The small trader, or farmer, who had formed the habit of sending his dollars to Ottawa, soon after they became available for him to send, would be no easy prey for the agent peddling shares that can only be sold to the ignorant and unsuspecting, and the purchase of which most commonly enriches the agent and the promoter and impairs the capital of the man who considers himself an "investor."

Why suffer from corns when they can be painlessly rooted out by using Holloway's Corn Cure.

More or less general buying of these annuities must tighten the money market for the sharper, and to an extent circumscribe his illegitimate activities. A large proportion of small savers is an asset to a nation, whereas individual extravagance is more or less of a menace.

S. T. Bastedo, Superintendent of Canadian Government Annuities, is constantly engaged in securing publicity for the annuities system. In a booklet just received the matter is therein treated of most fully and clearly.

"Any man, woman or child domiciled in Canada may secure an annuity.

"Deposits may be made in the Post Office Savings Bank or Money Order Office, or may be remitted direct to the Department at Ottawa."

The annuity cannot be seized for debt of any kind, and it cannot be forfeited.

An annuity of not less than $50, or not more than $600 may be provided for.

Except for invalidity or disablement, no annuity is payable before age 55.

Twenty five cents a week, up to twenty or more dollars a week may be paid in.

Payments may be made weekly, monthly, quarterly, half-yearly, or yearly, the cost—unlike insurance companies—being no greater for split payments.

One may start with a lump sum and continue with periodical payments, which to buy a stated annuity would be less than if no lump sum had been paid.

A lump sum will be accepted so that a man of 40, say, who wants an annuity in 20 years' time can begin as if he were only twenty years of age. The lump sum would be the equivalent of the instalments he would have paid if he had started at 20 years of age.

Annuities may be bought outright, for a stated sum, for one's wife, or a child, the payment reverting to the depositor should the annuitant die meanwhile.

There are no lapses or penalties.

You get your money back in any case. If your total deposit won't buy the smallest annuity, the money reverts to you.

You don't have to sue to get it.

Payments on an annuity go to your heirs, should you die.

No medical examination is required.

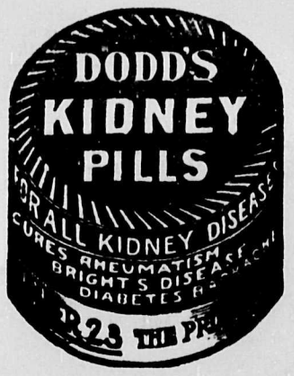
As one instance of the workings of the annuity system, a man beginning at age 20, and paying 25 cents a week until he is 60, will then receive a life annuity of $129.51.

Send to Ottawa for a booklet.

One of the novelties in the field of aviation is a triplane, invented by an Englishman, who guides it from a seat suspended between two sets of three planes each.

Candidates for the profession of teaching in the Dominion of Canada receive a special course of training at Government expense.

Muscular Rheumatism Subdued. — When one is a sufferer from muscular rheumatism he cannot do better than to have the region rubbed with Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. There is no oil that so speedily shows its effect in subduing pain. Let the rubbing be brisk and continue until ease is secured. There is more virtue in a bottle of it than can be fully estimated.



FOR VALOR

By Frederic Martyn

SOLJERIN' ain't no sort o' use ter me," said Private Hawkins of that distinguished regiment of foot which gained the honorable nickname of "The Dirty Shirts" by going about its business on a certain historic occasion in shirt-sleeves.

"Don't ye find it better than cadgin' an' dossin' in casual wards?" remarked sarcastically the old soldier on the next bed-cot.

"Casual wards ain't wot they used ter be in your time," said Private Hawkins, without showing the slightest resentment at the insinuation. "Now I s'pose when you was on the road they used ter give ye skilly an' make ye pay for it by breakin' a couple of 'underdweight of nice 'ard flint stones. It's all changed now, an' they gives ye 'am an' eggs an' a clean pair o' socks."

"Lot you know about casual wards," growled the old soldier, taken unawares.

"Right y'are, chum; I'll give in ter yer," said Private Hawkins cheerfully. "I don't know nothin' about 'em. Why should I, seein' as I was in the Church before I joined this crush?"

"In the Church! Well, I like that! Why, Smiler Jones of H Company sez as 'e knowed you when you used ter bang the big drum in the Salvation Army down Poplar way."

"Well, wot of it? If you don't call that bein' in the Church wot do yer call it?"

"Wot I say about it," remarked the *old soldier with grave deliberation*, "is that you made more noise in the Church, as you call it, than you're ever likely ter make in the Army, an' it's a pity, from a military point of view as you ever left it."

"An' from my point of view, too, *chummy; don't fergit that. I didn't* 'list 'cause I'd got a consumin' desire ter die fer my country, like you an' the other 'eroes as I see sittin' round. I 'listed 'cause I was 'ungry, I did."

"Dulce et decorum est pro patris mori," spouted the full private sitting opposite, who had just come from the canteen and was supposed to have come previously from one of the swell Universities.

"Wot's the use o' chuckin' Hindustani at me like that?" said Private Hawkins in an injured tone; "you know as I only came out wo' the last draft an' ain't 'ad no time yet ter git round the 'bat.'"

"It is not Hindustani, my Christian fren'," said the learned private with tipsy solemnity; "it's Latin, and it enunciates *the beautiful sentiment that it* is a sweet and blessed thing to die for one's country."

"Ho! it is, is it?" retorted Private Hawkins scornfully. "Then put me down as missin' from the sweet an' blessed brigade. I earn't see meself, as it's any pinch dyin' fer yer country while yer country will let them as is dependent on ye die in the work'us.

"Didn't I expect to have to fight when I joined? No, I didn't; an' wot's more, I don't intend ter do any neither, unless it's the shootin' from behind a rock sort. None o' yer gallant deeds fer me; I've seen too many chaps with medal ribbins on their weskits sellin' matches fer me to take any stock in bravery as a payin' game."

"You dry up an' quit talkin' through your boots," interjected the corporal, from the corner. "We shall see soon whether you'll fight or not, 'cos the color bloke told me just now as there's a row with one o' them hill tribes an' we're in it. I can tell yer one thing ter go to sleep on, an' that is that we don't stand no skrim-shankin' in this crowd, an' them as don't take their fair chance of gettin' wounds in front sometimes gets them in the rear. There's plenty of men in this reg'ment as 'ud put a bullet into you if they see you on the way to gettin' the old pultan a bad name."

II.

There was a little plateau jutting out from the top of the hill which was of the greatest importance to the small British force, inasmuch as it commanded our camp, and the General had accordingly posted on it as strong a picket of native infantry as could be crowded upon its very limited surface.

For a force situated like ours it was a very difficult position to hold, for there was not sufficient soil on the barren rock to make even the shallowest shelter trench or the least effective of breastworks, and on the side of the enemy the approach was by a gentle slope, which made attack easy; while on our side it could only be reached by a steep, precipitous climb, which made reinforcing the picket a matter of slowness and difficulty.

In the early dawn of the day succeeding that on which the position had been occupied, the British camp was aroused by the sounds of firing from the crag and turned out to see the picket literally *driven over the rocky edge of the* plateau, which remained in the possession of the fanatical hillmen, who, with howls of triumph and derision, proceeded to open a heavy fire upon the camp.

It was absolutely necessary that the plateau should be retaken at once, as *with it in the possession of the enemy* the British position was untenable, and the General at once ordered the native infantry regiment which had supplied the dislodged picket to advance and take what their comrades had lost. The gallant little Ghurkas were soon seen swarming up the steep hillside like monkeys. But the tribesmen, lining the edge of the plateau, and armed with magazine rifles stolen one by one from British frontier garrisons, poured such a murderous fire down that natural glacis that the Ghurkas were shattered and broken before they got half-way.

"Go and see what you can do, Colonel," said the General to the Commanding officer of "The Dirty Shirts," who were formed up close to where he was standing.

The Colonel brought his sword up to the salute, and gave a curt order to his orderly bugler, who blew "Fix bayonets." Another sharp order, followed by another bugle call, and the grey-haired colonel, after turning half-face to his men and pointing to the *plateau* with his sword, started off at the double, followed by his cheering battalion.

"Now then, Mister 'Orkins," said the section-leader, as they scrambled up the hill together, "my eye an' the eyes of the other men in the section are on *ye, my lad, an' if ye show any signs of* turnin' it up we've agreed as the first one as twigs you 'ull put his bayonet inter yer in a place as'll hurt."

Private Hawkins said never a word. It is doubtful if he heard, for his eyes were fixed in a sort of unseeing, glassy stare, and his face was the face of a man struck with mortal terror. His left-hand man, stopping short in the middle of a curse, lurched forward and fell on his face, his rifle falling some few feet in advance of him. A bullet whistled by his face in such close proximity as to hurt him, and Private Hawkins with a convulsive sob threw down his rifle and crouched behind a boulder.

"Out o' that, ye white-livered skunk," said the section-leader, savagely giving him a prod with his bayonet.

Private Hawkins rose to his feet, emitting a howl of pain, and just at that moment a bullet cut a furrow along the side of his skull and another bullet killed the captain of the company a little farther up the hill.

Things were going badly indeed with "The Dirty Shirts" all along the line; the Colonel and most of the officers were down, together with something like fifty per cent. of the rank and file, and there were signs of the wavering and hesitation which usually precede a complete helter-skelter rout.

Then it was that Private Hawkins dashed forward, and, possessing himself of the fallen captain's sword, rushed hither and thither like a madman reviling "The Dirty Shirts" for cowards of the various picturesque sorts and descriptions known to the East End vocabulary of contempt.

"Foller me, you adjectived washer-women!" he yelled, "or I'll go and take the double-adjectived place myself. You won't come, won't ye? Well, then—confounnd ye—jest watch me doin' it on me own."

And saying this he started to clamber up the hill like a man possessed of many devils, while the bullets from above cut up the ground all about him, and what remained of "The Dirty Shirts" rushed after him yelling imprecations to get at him for the purpose of tearing him to pieces before he should be shot by the enemy.

Private Hawkins, with the remnant of "*The Dirty Shirts*" *hot on his* track, pursued his charmed way right up to the edge of the plateau, and actually catching hold of the barrel of a rifle which in another second would have blown out his brains, he jumped among the astonished Mohmands, and started to use the captain's sword with a vigor and dash born of complete ignorance of swordcraft as applied to the infantry weapon, or, indeed, any other sort of sword.

He was ably seconded by his furious comrades, who crowded on to the plateau at his heels, and in a few minutes the Mohmands were making very good sprinting time down the slope while trying to dodge the bullets which the victorious "Dirty Shirts" were sending after them at a rate only limited by the capacity of the individual behind each separate rifle.

"Go and find that man who led the final assault, I want to see him," said the General to his aide-de-camp when things had quietened down a bit.

The aide-de-camp presently returned, accompanied by Private Hawkins, who had apparently been operated on already by his justly-outraged comrades and looked considerably more damaged than he did when we saw him last. He wore a hang-dog expression on his face, too, and approached the General like a none-too-faithful hound who has grave fears of being kicked and knows that he deserves it.

"I could'nt 'elp it, sir; I reely could-n't," he whined. "I s'pose it's in me blood. I wasn't never meant ter be a soljer."

The General frowned; he thought that Private Hawkins was indulging in a bit of ill-timed pleasantry.

"Modesty is a very good thing in its way," he said, "but you are carrying it a bit too far. You've done a thing that nobody will find fault with you for *bragging about, and I am going to* recommend you for the Victoria Cross."

"Well, this bangs Banagher," said Private Hawkins to himself as he made his way back to his regiment. "I thought he was goin' ter have me shot fer bein' a coward, an' he ups and tells me as he's goin' ter *recommend me for* the V.C."

And there is a man in the British Army today wearing the coveted little bronze cross bearing the legend "For Valor" who in his own heart is convinced of his unworthiness, though he is careful not to let the fact transpire.

The reason of it is that Private Hawkins has no knowledge of what happened after that bullet cut a furrow along his head; his section-leader prodding him with the bayonet to make him advance was the end of the battle as far as his memory goes.

THE BEARDS OF OUR ANCESTORS

If Biblical Chronology Be Accepted, There Is Little Doubt That Adam Was Adorned with the First Whiskers

OF the antiquity of the custom of wearing the beard there can be but little doubt, since, unless Adam was the first barber, as well as gardener, he must have worn the old ornament to his chin with which God had *furnished him*, though nothing has shown the mutability of fashion more than to cut, color, and curl, since the creation of man. The Jews have, perhaps, been more constant to the beard than any nation, having worn it from the time of the Patriarchs till within a few years back; nay, with them the cut of the beard was a sacred duty—to shave it was a sign of mourning, and to pluck it an insult.

The early Greeks wore the beard long, and also for a short period did the Romans. The British at one period (when Caesar invaded Britain) clipped the beard close, and wore only the moustache. The Saxons who first arrived on the British Isles must have been an extremely fierce-looking race, since their whiskers and moustaches are described as of immense length, reaching far down the breast.

William the Conqueror ordered all the men to shave in England, though he himself continued to wear a short beard and moustache. King Stephen, Henry the Second, Richard the First, and John, all wore their beards according to their several tastes!

Henry the Third was clean-shaven; Edward the First and Second both were fastidious in the arrangements of all their beards and moustaches; as were also all the beaus and courtiers during *their reign*; crisping them with hot irons, and taking great pains with their cut and curl. In Richard the Second's reign was observed the forked beard of the Chaucer fashion.

During the reigns of Edward the Sixth and Richard the Third, men wore *their faces ad libitum; Richmond shaved*; Henry the Eighth sported a beard like the one described as ornamenting the chin of Hudibras. During Elizabeth's reign men of all parties appear to have been extremely choice in the shape of their beards. Each profession *seems to have been peculiarly barbed.* The courtier, scholar, soldier, and priest, had each their own peculiar twist of moustache. Men even swore by their beards in the good old days of Queen Bess, for what says the bard—"Stand you forth now, stroke your chin and swear by your beards that I am a knave." The swashbuckler and bully, we presume, were furnished, as it is customary to represent a Pistol upon the boards, with a beard like a coppice of brushwood and moustache of most formidable twirl; many cashiered rascals, with hearts as white as snow, "wearing upon their chins the beard of Hercules." In fact, according to some authorities, men were at that time so careful of their chins, that it was no uncommon thing for them to be encased at night lest they should turn in bed and rumple their beards out of proper form during sleep.

COUSINS OF EUROPE

IN earlier days it was always the object of each reigning monarch to marry his sons or his daughters to the children of neighboring rulers. In this way he could, or believed he could, secure peace for his people.

If today it were impossible for two countries to quarrel whose ruling houses were related, Europe at large might literally turn the sword into a plowshare, for it we except Turkey and Italy there is absolutely no other ruling family upon the continent of any importance with whom George V. is not allied by ties of blood.

Two of the most powerful thrones in Europe are occupied by first cousins of our King. The mother of Kaiser Wilhelm was King Edward's sister, while the mother of the Czar Nicholas of Russia is sister of Queen Alexandra.

Denmark, being the original home of Queen Alexandra, is the country with *which our royal house has become closely* linked, and the alliance was further strengthened by the marriage of the King's sister to the Danish Prince who is now King Haakon of Norway.

The marriage of young Alfonso of Spain with the daughter of Princess Beatrice created a close link between the two countries, and placed a royal crown upon the head of another cousin of the King.

The Czarina, as well as her august husband, is a cousin of our King. She was Alix Victoria, youngest daughter of the late Princess Alice, and is, therefore, a first cousin of the occupant of the British throne. The family likeness between the Czar and King George is very strong, and the two are excellent friends.

Another country the throne of which will, in all human probability, be occupied by two first cousins of our King is Greece. The present King George of Greece, who was elected King by the Greek National Assembly in 1863, is a brother of the Queen Mother Alexandra, *and is therefore uncle of our present* King. His eldest son, the Duke of Sparta, heir apparent to the throne of Greece, married the Princess Sophia, who is the youngest sister of the German Emperor and also a cousin of our monarch.

King George V. is also connected, although not so closely, with the reigning families of Belgium and Holland. The Belgian royal family is related to the Saxe-Coburg-Gotha House, of which the late Prince Consort was a member, and the late King Leopold was a second cousin of King Edward VII.

The Queen of Holland is not credited with particularly kindly feelings toward Britain. During the Boer war her sympathies were rather with the Boers than ourselves. Nevertheless she is *fairly closely connected with our reigning* house, for the Duchess of Albany is daughter of the late Prince George of Waldeck and therefore aunt of Queen Wilhelmina.

It is a curious fact, and one difficult to believe that the present heir to the *throne of the little Roumania has, so far* as descent goes, actually a better title to the British throne than any member of our own royal family. Coung Prince Carol of Roumania, who is now just 17 years old, is directly descended from Henrietta, the youngest daughter of Charles I. The line runs through Louis XV. of France, Princess Charlotte of Spain, Pedri IV. of Portugal, and so down to King Ferdinand, who married Princess Marie, granddaughter of Queen Victoria and cousin of King George V.

BIGGER RIVER THAN THE MISSISSIPPI

This Scientist Believed a Mighty Subterranean Stream Drained the Rockies and Emptied into Gulf of Mexico

THERE is a strong appeal to the imagination in the theory that there flows under the Rocky Mountains a river larger and mightier than the Mississippi, yet unseen until it empties into the salt ocean. George Catlin, an American ethnographist, claims to have been the discoverer of this stream, which he described a number of years ago in a volume on "The Lifted and Subsided Rocks of America."

In this book he pictured "a river under the Rocky Mountains many times *larger than the Mississippi*, its course nearly twice the Mississippi's length, and gliding through the clean and vast rocky cellars of the upheaved mountains without the losses by alluvial absorptions and solar evaporations which diminish valley rivers, it takes along *in its course the sinking streams and* lakes of the mountains of Mexico, and, with them, perhaps by a hundred mouths in its deep bed, debouches unseen into the Caribbean Sea and Gulf of Mexico.

"The frequent 'Montagnes qui fument,' 'Roches qui tremblent,' and 'Blowing caves,' which occur in the Rocky Mountain range (he says) indicate submontagne cascades, caused by the waters of melting snows, of rains, of glaciers, and a thousand sinking rivers and lakes, are on their way to the ocean level.

"Through the vast and heated vaults underneath the Andes, I contemplate a similar river, running from the thirtieth degree of south latitude to the north, and carrying their overflowing waters also to the Caribbean Sea.

"The Antilles, now partially sunk in the ocean, are but a chain of mountain-tops which, six thousand years ago, stood up in their grandeur, a part (and, probably, the glory) of the Andes; and at that date the two mighty submontagne rivers, meeting and debouching together into the ocean, east or north of the Antilles, combined with extraordinary volcanic influences, undermined the Antilles chain, which went down in the cataclysm well established in Indian traditions, which I have gathered both in North and South America, and also by unimpeachable records on the rocks themselves—by shapes and grooves left in the giant walls at Caracas and Santa Martha, on the coast of Venezuela, where this mighty chain was broken; records which I have twice *seen, which may be read by all ages to* come, and which are not myths or fables.

"In this tremendous catastrophe, probably the most stupendous that ever took place on the surface of the globe, the peninsula of Yucatan, with its *splendid Aztec cities, sank, and since* has partially risen, leaving the two grand sunken estuaries, the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea, into which the two subterranean rivers, from the constant overflow of their vast cisterns under the mountains, now spread their clear and blue waters, heated by the volcanic furnaces they have passed. By the joint influx of these rivers into the Caribbean Sea, its western surface is elevated several feet above the level of the ocean; and pouring into the Gulf of Mexico, becomes the 'Gulf Stream,' until now one of the mooted puzzles of the world."

TO LAUNDER EMBROIDERY

MOST housekeepers are proud of their collection of fine lace and embroidery, and while the aver*age woman takes the greatest* care of her lace, she is not always as careful as she should be when "doing up" her embroidery. Handsome pieces of embroidery should be laundered by themselves, never in the general wash. To be sure they are carefully done do not give *them out on wash day; this will avoid* temptation.

If you are not sure of careful laundering learn to do valuable pieces of embroidery yourself. It is only a matter of time, care, and knowledge.

Take a time that will not be interrupted, as embroidered pieces should not be hung up to dry, nor should they be left until finished.

Make a light suds with a good soap and lukewarm water, put the linen in it, a piece at a time, and squeeze gently. If there are soiled spots rub with soap, but do not rub the whole piece. Rinse three times in water of the same temperature.

Do not wring out. Put the article flat between two Turkish towels so the embroidered piece does not fold over on itself without the towel between. Press with hands until almost dry.

While still damp place face downward on heavily padded ironing board. A folded blanket or Turkish towel can be used for extra padding. Cover with clean white cloth tacked to keep it smooth.

Cover the embroidered piece with a clean cloth and iron until linen is dry. If it gets too dry the cloth can be slightly dampened. Run iron, which should be quite hot, according to grain of linen, and press smoothly and evenly.

Before ironing any irregular border, says an expert in the matter, it should be smoothed lightly into shape. Small scallops can be pinned flat, not to curl under cloth. Do not pull the damp linen, or it can never be ironed straight. Keep smoothing it gently as you iron, turning the cover to look for wrinkles.

A centrepiece is inclined to hoop from too tight embroidery; it must be put face down on the ironingboard when still damp and carefully stretched into place. Be careful that the threads and stitchery run correctly. Pin securely and leave until dry, then press under a dampened cloth.

Colored embroideries should be set by soaking in salt water or a solution of sugar of lead or turpentine and water.

Do not iron into creases, or even fold. *Keep table doilies or small mats in a* box with squares of blue tissue paper between. Roll centre pieses also with blue paper between folds.

If a centre piece gets a spot on it, but is not otherwise soiled, spread it right side up on a table and scrub the spot *with a clean tooth brush and lukewarm* soapy water.

When embroidered linen is stained with fruit, boiling water should be poured through the spot as quickly as possible. Stretch the stained portion over top of a saucer.

Rust stains, if not too near the embroidery, can be removed by applying a weak solution of oxalic acid; rinse well with boiling water.

Claret or other wine stains should be covered immediately with salt and rubbed until discoloration disappears, when hot water can be poured over the spot.

CANADIAN FLOUR IN CHINA

POSSIBILITIES for Canadian flour in China is the subject of a special report made to Ottawa by Trade Commissioner J. B. Jackson in China.

The Commissioner points out that Hong Kong took 34,285 barrels of flour from the U.S. in March, and for the nine months ending March 31, 1910, the U.S. flour export volume to China was 629,435 barrels. Little if any wheat is grown in the southern provinces of China, which must import from Shanghai, Hankow, etc., or from foreign countries.

An opportunity presents itself now in China for the development of Canadian flour exports there, particularly as the staple grain foodstuff, rice, is high.

In this connection the Commissioner reports:

Harvesting in China is now in full progress, and a few days more if the good weather holds will suffice for the ingathering of China's wheat harvest. Rice is the crop of greatest importance here, then cotton, though wheat is a crop of great importance. At the present juncture every bushel means an additional preventive against distress and disturbance. The spring weather was unpropitious, being cold and wet, and as an unusual summer heat (92 degrees in the shade) has developed quite suddenly, it is feared that the ripening process has been rather rapid. Hence it is not considered that the present crop will be at all an average one.

The yield per acre is never large, not more than one-half an average crop in Canada. The shortness of the ear is *very marked, possibly caused by the* shortness of the real period of growth and the intense heat during the latter part. There is no selecting of the seed and no farming or manufacturing of the fields as in Canada, otherwise the fertile plains of Kiangsu should give a better return. The Chinese farmer might also obtain greater results if he used up-to-date agricultural implements. His ancient plough only tickles the surface and no fresh soil is brought up. A modern plough would cost a great deal more and more power would be necessary, and these are insurmountable difficulties at present.

TEN DON'TS FOR INVESTORS IN MINING STOCK

JOHN HAYS HAMMOND, the famous expert mining engineer, enjoined ten "don'ts" upon the finance class at the West Side Y.M.C.A. of New York City in a lecture delivered there:

"*Don't put money into a mining* property because a friend has been fortunate in mining stocks.

"Don't be deterred from a mining investment because some other friend became bankrupt through that means.

"Don't allow any slick, dishonest man—not to employ a shorter and uglier word—to convince you that you, successful in your own line, are therefore competent to judge the value of a mine.

"Don't be influenced by rich "specimens' that a mine has produced. As John Gashweiler said, 'You might as well show me a hair from a horse's tail and ask me how fast he can trot.'

"Don't buy stock in a mine because it has produced millions in the past. It is that much poorer.

"*Don't buy just because the mine is* in a far-off country.

"Don't buy without an unqualifiedly favorable report by a mining expert of integrity, ability, and experience.

"Don't buy unless you are sure the directors are honest and competent.

"Don't abandon all *common sense* just because the subject of investment happens to be mining."

HOW THE CHINESE KILL THEMSELVES WITH GOLD

THE well-known General Ma Yu-K'un is among those of the high Chinese officials who have succumbed to their attempts to break off the opium habit. In one or two cases the disgraced officer has "swallowed gold." The following is an authoritative account, written by a very learned Chinese for the Westminster Gazette, of how this much-contested form of suicide is accomplished:

"In swallowing gold, it is not loose gold-leaf or gold-dust that is swallowed but a solid lump of gold, or even a gold ring, weighing about half an ounce. Gold is not at any time of a corrupting nature; but when a lump of it is swallowed and gets into the bowel, it fails, on account of its intrinsic weight, to rise and surmount the convolutions of the bowels, and can, therefore, never complete its passage. After two or three days it, therefore, sinks through the bowel and destroys life without any suffering."

SAUSAGES TO HIS MAJESTY

IN a certain small English village there were two butchers living in the same street. One placarded his sausages at one shilling a pound, and the rival promptly placed eight pence on his card.

Number One then placed a notice in his window, saying that sausages under one shilling could not be guaranteed.

Number Two's response to this was the announcement: "I have supplied sausages to the King."

In the opposite window the following morning appeared an extra large card, bearing the words: "God Save the King."

TRAINS AS PLANT DISTRIBUTORS

IT has been noticed that many plants not natives of the locality are to be found growing in the nighborhood of great railroad yards. Sometimes the seeds of these plants have been brought thousands of miles from their natural habitat. Often they flourish amid their new surroundings and gradually spread over the surrounding country. Thus the trains carry unsuspected emigrants, Which travel to and from every point of the compass. In the Mississippi Valley are to be found plants which within a few years past have thus been brought together; some from the Atlantic seaboard, some from the gulf region, and some from the other side of the Rocky Mountains.

IS SHOOTING TOO EASY?

A Bisley Puzzle

THE shooting at Bisley this year has been remarkable. Record after record has been broken, "bull's-eyes" and "centrals" have been scored in almost unbroken succession; in some cases "highest possible" scores have been counted out of the prize lists, only *scores containing a high percentage of* "centrals"—shots striking within an inner ring in the bull's eye—being of value. And just because the shooting has been so good the National Rifle Association is confronted with a serious problem, on the right solution of which *the whole future of shooting in the Em*pire will depend.

For the immediate, and already perceptible result of this astonishing shooting is that the young shot becomes discouraged. Entries have fallen off, and the decrease will continue unless something is done.

Now, the reason of this too excellent marksmanship is that the National Rifle Association have sanctioned the use of the aperture, or peep" sight, with which the firer sees the target through a window instead of over a bar with a notch in it. This kind of sight is much easier to shoot with, especially when it is combined with a lateral adjustment of the back-sight for wind allowance. The military authorities, on the other hand, do not permit the use of the aperture sight under service conditions. A Territorial or Regular soldier has to fire his "standard test" for marksmanship over the open sight or bar, and it is on the open sight that the young soldier is trained. The open sight is the service sight, while the aperture sights in use on Bisley Common are not adapted to service conditions.

Before the adoption of the "peep" sight a man could come to Bisley with his rack rifle, the rifle issued to him by his corps, and could stand as good a chance of getting into the prize list as anybody else. A score of 33 out of 35 would come in on a one-range shoot; and a score of 100 over three distance shoots was certain to be well up in the prize list. Last year, for instance, in the Stock Exchange firing, scores of 95 points came in, whereas this year scores *of 101 points were counted out and ob*tained no prize at all.

The National Rifle Association do not owe their success to the man who takes all the first prizes. Their chief supporters are the young "shots" who come down to Bisley with a reasonable hope *of getting into the prize list somewhere,* and if these are discouraged by the counting out of "highest possible" scores the association will inevitably suffer. This year, for example, the entries for the King's Prize were 102 less than last year; there were only 1,093 entries, as against 1,195. Formerly the Volunteer battalions paid for the entries of their best shots. Now, however, they have no funds to do so, and the County Associations have neither the funds nor the power. Several battalions which used to enter ten or twelve men for the King's Prize now only have two or three, and if it were not for the number of Colonials who are at Bisley this year the entries would be fewer still.

Here, then, is the dilemma. The National Rifle Association has no outside support, and must consequently, for its own sake, set to work to attract competitors. By the introduction of fine shooting through the "peep" sight it doubtless hoped to do so. Exactly the reverse has happened. Many good shots who have been accustomed to clear their expenses at Bisley by winning small prizes, upheld always by the chance of a big one, are now finding themselves out in the cold. Only the very finest shots remain unaffected by the new conditions. The same names appear at the head of the prize lists over and over again. The professional prize-hunter has the field all to himself.

On the personal consideration of the individual shot this condition of affairs is undesirable. It is equally so on the wider consideration of imperial defence. *Riflemen throughout the country realize* the gravity of the issue. Three courses are apparently open to the National Rifle Association. The first—and, I think, the best—is to disallow the use of the "peep" sight until such time as it, or some form of it, is adopted by the *Government for military use. The sec*ond course would be to alter the scoring values, so that a "central" should count 5, the "bull's-eye" 4, the "inner" 3, the "magpie" 2, and the "outer" 1. The third course would be to divide the competitors into classes. In any case, the size of the "bull's-eye" cannot be reduced—to do so would be to render it practically invisible at a distance. The controversy as to whether a colored figure target or a black and white "bull's-eye" should be used, does not apply, because this is not a question of target but of shooting; and the shooting is as good a competition at one as at the other. And yet the issue is both urgent and grave, and if some change is not made the shooting of the many will continue to suffer for the superexcellence of the few.

THE GRAND TRUNK STRIKE

ONE of the main causes of the trouble in which the Grand Trunk has found itself during the past month or so had its origin in the early days of the company. The line was built at a time when cost of construction, with hand labor and the high price of steel and iron, was necessarily very high. The unavoidable high cost of construction was enormously added to by the incompetence of many of those in charge of the work. On top of all this the road, after it was built, suffered for years from even greater incompetence on the part of those in control of operation. The result of all this is that the line is burdened with a load of capitalization altogether out of proportion either to the physical value of the prop*erty or to earning power. The capital*ization of the Grand Trunk is $121,000 per mile, while that of the Canadian Pacific is only $38,000. It is true that a greater proportion of the Grand Trunk is double-tracked, but this does not begin to explain the wide difference in *the capitalization figures. The average* capitalization of all lines in the United States is only $58,000 per mile. In addition to the handicap placed on it by over-capitalization, and by bad management at the beginning, the Grand Trunk has in later years been forced to compete for its labor supply, and to stand comparison in service rendered with the Canadian Pacific—a line built under modern conditions, with the aid of labor-saving machines; a road that has been managed with exceptional skill from the beginning, and that, moreover, has been most liberally aided by public subsidies. That the Grand Trunk has been able, under these circumstances, to not only keep head above water, but to give so good a service as it has given, speaks volumes for the capacity in management of later years. But if the road is ever to be placed on a satisfactory footing the facts in regard to capitalization will have to be faced. Fully half that capital was lost at the beginning, and that loss may as well be recognized soon as late and the lost capital wiped off the books.

In regard to the merits of the present controversy it must be said at the beginning that the demand of the men for a scale of wages equal to that paid by American lines south of the lakes is one that cannot, aside altogether from any question of over-capitalization, be justified. The average earnings per mile on American lines in Ohio, Indiana and Michigan are considerably more than 60 per cent. in excess of the Grand Trunk mileage earnings. The average earnings in Vermont, Con*necticut*, Massachusetts and Maine are 80 per cent. higher; the average for New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland is more than 160 per cent. in excess of the average income per mile on the Grand Trunk. To ask that wages be equal where earn*ings are so unequal is to ask the un*reasonable. The fact is, that in all lines the scale of payment north of the lakes is lower than that prevailing south of the same, a difference justified by difference in cost of living, and it cannot in justice be demanded that railways shall be arbitrarily forced to submit to a scale different from that in existence in other lines of employment.

So far as the position of the two parties subsequent to the beginning of the strike is concerned the advantage, at the beginning, was the company. Before the strike began the controversy was, in accordance with law, referred to a conciliation board. On that board the company and the men were both represented with a third—J. E. Atkinson, of the Toronto Star, as chairman. The representative of the men and the chairman of the board united in a finding. This finding, although signed by the representative of the employees, these employees refused to accept. The company, on the other hand, notwithstanding the fact that its representative had dissented from the finding, agreed to accept at least some of the recommendations made. Then, after the strike began, and the Minister of Labor suggested an arbitration with a clause binding both parties to agree in advance to the award, one leader of the men said they preferred to arbitrate in the way they were doing—by striking. The company at that time professed a willingness to leave the question to the arbitrament of a board of experienced railway men. Since then, believing it is able to move its trains without the *strikers, the company* has refused to arbitrate at all. Both parties are at fault, but the first and chief fault lay with the strike leaders in refusing to accept an award which their own representative had signed.

The settlement of the strike gives the *men nothing but the standardization of* wages, to start in 1912 instead of 1913 as originally intended.

THE CRIMINAL IN THE AIR

A WRITER in Aircraft indicates in a rather fantastic manner the difficulties that may arise when the criminal class realize the use to which flying machnies may be put in the war on society. He takes the case of an American living in France, who has a pet enemy, an Italian, whom he wishes to "remove." The prospective murderer invites his friend to fly with him, pilots his ship over Swiss territory, and knocks the other off. For the sake of the argument, the body of the victim lands in Berne in the yard of the home of the Russian Minister, which is technically Russian soil. The criminal gayly continues on his way and makes a safe landing in Germany.

Here's a state of things for the criminal prosecutors and the Departments of Foreign affairs. The speculation goes on:

"Look at it a moment. No known jurisdictional dicta apply. There is even a question whether crime was committed, although a dead Italian is there to show that something out of the ordinary happened. He was undoubtedly dead before striking the ground, but the push given him by his comrade certainly did not kill him. Moreover the push was administered when the vehicle was beyond the jurisdiction of any State. France really has no interest in punishing the American, for he simply began a perfectly regular aerial trip from her soil; and Germany has *no more concern*, for he only landed on her territory. He did not enter Swiss jurisdictional boundaries, although the Italian probably expired while passing through her atmosphere. Enter Russia with an interest in preventing the dropping of *corpses upon her ex-territorial posses*sions; Italy desires to protect her citizens from Americans, and has difficulty in realizing that as neither France, Switzerland, Russia, nor Germany harbored the perpetrator when the crime was committed, she will have to split hairs some way to establish her right to securing the American for trial. Inasmuch as the latter was out of his country during the whole series of circumstances, the United States can scarcely be appealed to under rigid rules.

We do not agree with the theory that the crime was committed in the Swiss jurisdictional boundaries. The spot of technical Russian territory in which the body fell certainly does not represent the base of an aerial tract, extending up in the heavens, indefinitely, and controlled by the Czar's *Government*.

However, we may be sure that the regulations as regards crimes done in the air will not be left in the state of confusion that marks the question of extradition.

AGRICULTURE IN SOUTH AFRICA

ALTHOUGH South Africa has of late years attracted much attention, that interest has been, for the most part, directed to the political aspect of its affairs, while comparatively little notice has been taken of the gradual changes, economic, social, and racial, which have occurred since the close of the late war.

The South Africa of today, says the Zion Herald, differs in many essential characteristics from that with which Kruger and Rhodes *had to do. It may* surprise many to be informed that the development of the new South Africa will be mainly agricultural. Before, it seemed, agriculture was possible only in a few favored districts, while the rest of the country was adapted only for *grazing*.

Lord Milner was the first to deny the inherent incapacity of South Africa for agricultural development, and while his apparatus of scientific investigators and expert experimentation at first was greeted with derision, now the admir*able work accomplished by the new agri*cultural departments is generally admitted and admired. Stock diseases and locusts have been kept in check, new and better blood has been introduced into the flocks and herds, and new grasses are enriching the capacity of the veldt, while mealies, lucerne, and crops of every kind are grown over a far larger acreage than ever before.

Above all, a new spirit of enterprise and confidence is beginning to take possession of the farmers in South Africa. Maize, with its secondary products, bacon and beef, lard and hides, is likely to be the great staple on which that section of the world will depend in the future, although these products by no means exhaust its agricultural possibilities, since there is room also for a large extension of sheep and ostrich farming. For a good many years to come, however, mining, in which the development since the war has been very great, will still be the mainspring of South African prosperity.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

IN spite of its apparent warmth, Indian curry has a very cooling effect, and is excellent with rice and chicken in summer.

When making aprons the pockets will not tear if a strip of the straight goods is stitched in between the pocket and the apron.

Old perspiration stains may be removed by applying oxalic acid and water in solution of one part of the acid to twenty of water.

When a fruit jar cover sticks, stand it on its head for a few minutes in a pan half full of hot water. It will come off easily.

Clothes should always be thoroughly aired and dried after being cleaned, or they will become sour; and white goods will turn yellow.

To preserve the flavor of tender peas, boil them for a little while in the pods, which may then be removed, and the cooking completed.

Either cold or lukewarm water should be used for cleaning bread or pastry boards. Hot water softens the wood and causes grease to spread.

When the tin moulds are used for boiling or steaming puddings, remember to grease the cover of the mould as well as the mould itself with butter.

To clean and brighten rugs, have a clean mop, wring out of clean warm water in which is one-half cup of ammonia. Mop the rug as you would a floor.

A vegetable brush should be found in every kitchen. Boots may be cleaned more readily with one than with the hands.

It will be economy to finish your sheets with the same width hem at each end. By so doing they can be used either side up, and gain much wear.

Sweeping linoleum with an ordinary broom is but scattering the dust. Slight*ly moisten a square of house flannel*, tie it over the broom and then sweep.

For cleaning all kinds of teapots, pot lids, insides of pots and pans, also enamelled goods, nothing can equal wet emery cloth. It is splendid also for polishing tin or zinc basins.

How to clean gas ovens—Put a little ammonia in the water and clean in the ordinary way. They will be found to clean more easily, as the ammonia prevents them from turning brown.

When the dust-pan begins to wear out paste a piece of brown paper both inside and outside. When dry blacklead and polish, and it will last a long time. Coal scuttles can be treated in the same way.

COOKING CABBAGE

CABBAGE containing over ninety per cent. water. Aside from this it contains carbohydrates and a valuable, though small, proportion of protein, says a writer in the Delineator.

The Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans considered it almost sacred, and Cato gave it credit for the good health the Romans enjoyed (without interference from doctors) for some hundreds of years. With the Scotch for generations it has been a favorite dish.

There is reason for the weeping of cherubim and seraphim to view the great pale-green cabbage rose of the kitchen garden, to consider its gift of delicate, white vegetable-meat to the children of men, and then, to taste and smell the horrible, dark, rank stuff those unappreciative children make of it. People who murder its innocence by cooking it for hours with the lid cramped down ought to have indigestion. The lid prevents the proper escape of the volatile gases and results in a reeking yellow mass which proclaims to the whole community that cabbage is being smothered for someone's dinner. If cabbage, after being washed and cored (the outer, discolored leaves removed), is cut as for slaw, or in quarters or eighths, drained and placed in an open kettle of fast-boiling, slightly salted water, and cooked from fifteen minutes up to twenty (possibly twenty-five), according to age, it will be tender and delicate in flavor, color and texture. (To add a pinch of soda will better preserve the original green hue of young, fresh cabbage.) Then, served with melted butter, cayenne pepper and salt, or with a cream or piquant dressing, it will prove the equal of cauliflower.

A Husband by Proxy

By JACK STEELE

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CHAPTER XXIV.—(Continued)

"THEODORE—more of Theodore," said Garrison. "From his point of view, and with all his suspicions concerning our relationship, it is a master-stroke. It renders our position exceedingly difficult."

"But how could he have found out all these things?" gasped Dorothy. "How could he know?"

"He has guessed very shrewdly, and he has doubtless pumped your step-brother of all that he happened to know."

"What shall we do?" she repeated hopelessly. "We can't prove anything—just now—and what will happen when the will comes up for probate?"

"I'll land him in prison, if he doesn't pull out of it now," said Garrison, angered as much by Theodore's diabolical cleverness as he was by this premature publicity given to the story. "He has carried it all with a mighty high hand, assured of our fear to take the business into court. He has stirred up a fight that I don't propose to lose!—a fight that has roused all the red-hot Crusader of my being!"

"But—what shall we do? All the newspaper people will be digging at the case and doing their best to hunt up everyone concerned!"

"No reporters can be seen. If the fact leaks out that you are here, through anyone connected with the house, you must move at once, and change your name, letting no one but me know where you are."

She looked at him blankly. "Alone? Can't you help me, Jerold?"

"It is more important for me to hasten up country now than it was before," he answered. "I must work night and day to clear things up about the murder."

"But—if Foster should really be guilty!"

"He'll be obliged to take his medicine—otherwise suspicion might possibly rest upon you."

"Good Heavens!"

She was very pale.

"This story in the Star has precipitated everything," he added. "Already it contains a hint that you and your 'husband' are the ones who benefit most by the possible murder of John Hardy."

Sse sank on a chair and looked at him helplessly.

"I suppose you'll have to go—but I don't know what I shall do without you. How long do you think you'll be away?" "It is quite impossible to say. I shall return as soon as circumstances permit. I'll write whenever I can."

"I shall need some things from the house," she said. "I have absolutely nothing here."

"Buy what you need, and remain indoors as much as you can," he instructed. "Reporters will be sure to haunt the house in Ninety-third Street, hoping to see us return."

"It's horrible!" said Dorothy. "It almost makes me wish I had never heard of any will!"

Garrison looked at her with frank adoration in his eyes.

"Whatever the outcome, I shall always be glad," he said—"glad of the day you needed—needed assistance—glad of the chance it has given me to prove my—prove my—friendship."

"I'll try to be worthy of your courage," she answered, returning his look with an answering glance in which the love-light could only at best be a trifle modified. "But—I don't see how it will end."

"About this marriage certificate—" he started, when the door-bell rang interruptingly.

In fear of being overheard by the landlady, already attending a caller, Garrison halted, to wait. A moment later the door was opened by the lady of the house herself, and a freshly-groomed, smooth-shaven young man was ushered in. The room was the only one in the house for this semi-public use.

"Excuse me," said the landlady sweetly. "Someone to see Miss Ellis."

The visitor bowed very slightly to Dorothy and Garrison, and stood somewhat awkwardly near the door, with his hat in his hand. The landlady, having made her excuses for such an intrusion, disappeared to summon Miss Ellis.

Garrison was annoyed. There was nothing to do but to stand there in embarrassing silence. Then Miss Ellis came shyly in at the door, dressed so becomingly that it seemed not at all unlikely she had hoped for the evening's visitor.

"Oh, Mr. Hunter, this is a very pleasant surprise!" she said. "Allow me to introduce my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Fairfax." she added to Garrison and Dorothy, "This is Mr. Hunter, of the New York Star."

Prepared to bow and let it go at that, Garrison started, ever so slightly, on learning the visitor's connection. Mr. Hunter, on his part, meeting strangers unexpectedly, appeared to be diffident and quite conventional, but pricked up his ears, which were strung to catch the lightest whisper of news, at the mention of the Fairfax name.

"Not the Fairfax of the Hardy case?" he said, for the moment intent on nothing so moving as a possible service to his paper. "Of course you've seen——"

Garrison sat down on the copy of the Star which Dorothy had left in a chair. He deftly tucked it up beneath his coat.

"No, oh, no, certainly not," he said, and pulling out his watch, he added to Dorothy, "I shall have to be going. Put on your hat and come out for a two-minute walk."

Then, to the others:

"Sorry to have to run off in this uncomplimentary fashion, but I trust we shall meet again."

Hunter felt by instinct that this was the man of all men whom he ought, in all duty, to see. He could not insist upon his calling in such a situation, however, and Garrison and Dorothy, bowing as they passed, were presently out in the hall with the parlor door closed behind them. In half a minute more they were out upon the street.

"You'll be obliged to find other apartments at once," he said. "You'd better not even go back to pay the bill. I'll send the woman a couple of dollars and write that you made up your mind to go along home, after all."

"But—I wanted to ask a lot of questions—of Miss Ellis," said Dorothy, thereby revealing the reason she had wished to come here before. "I thought perhaps——"

"Questions about me?" interrupted Garrison, smiling upon her in the light of a street lamp they were passing. "I can tell you far more about the subject than she could even guess—if we ever get the time."

Dorothy blushed as she tried to meet his gaze.

"Well—it wasn't that—exactly," she said. I only thought—thought it might be interesting to know her."

"It's far more interesting to know where you will go," he answered. "Let me look at this paper for a minute."

He pulled forth the Star, turned to the classified ads, found the "Furnished Rooms," and cut out half a column with his knife.

"Let me go back where I was tonight," she suggested. "I am really too tired to hunt a place before tomorrow. I can slip upstairs and retire at once, and the first thing in the morning I can go to a place where Alice used to stay, with a very deaf woman who never remembers my name and always calls me Miss Root."

"Where is the place?" said Garrison, halting as Dorothy halted.

"In West Eighteenth Street." She gave him the number. "It will look so very queer if I leave like this," she added. "I'd rather not excite suspicion."

"All right," he replied, taking out a booklet and jotting down "Miss Root," and the address she had mentioned. "I'll write to you in the name the deaf woman remembers, or thinks she remembers, and no one need know who you are. If I hurry now I can catch the train that connects with the local on the Hartford division for Rockdale."

They turned and went back to the house.

"You don't know how long you'll be gone?" she said as they neared the steps. "You cannot tell in the least?"

"Long enough to do some good, I hope," he answered. "Meantime, don't see anybody. Don't answer any questions; and don't neglect to leave here early in the morning."

She was silent for a moment, and looked at him shyly.

"I shall feel a little bit lonely, I'm afraid," she confessed—"with none of my relatives, or friends. I hope you'll not be very long. Good-by."

"Good-by," said Garrison, who could not trust himself to approach the subject she had broached; and with his mind reverting to the subject of his personal worry in the case, he added: "By the way, the loss of your wedding certificate can be readily repaired if you'll tell me the name of the preacher, or the justice of the peace——"

"I'd rather not—just at present," she interrupted, in immediate agitation. "Goodnight—I'll have to go in."

She fled up the steps, found the door ajar, and pushing it open, stood framed by the light for a moment, as she turned to look back where he was standing.

Only for a moment did she hover there, however.

He could not see her face as she saw his.

He could not know that a light of love and a mute appeal for forgiveness lay together in the momentary glance bestowed upon him.

Then she closed the door; and as one in a dream he slowly walked away.

CHAPTER XXV.

A Dearth of Clews

Garrison's ride on the train was a matter of several hours' duration. Not only did he read every line of the story in the Star, which he felt convinced had been furnished by young Robinson, but he likewise had time to reflect on all the phases, old and new, of the case in which he was involved.

But wander where they would, his thoughts invariably swung around the troubled circle to Dorothy and the topic was she married or not, and if she was—where was the man?

He could not reach a decision.

Heretofore he had reasoned there could be no genuine Fairfax; tonight he entertained many doubts of his former deductions. He found it possible to construe Dorothy's actions both ways. She was afraid to have him search out the man who had written her wedding certificate, perhaps because it was a fraud, or perhaps because there was a Fairfax somewhere, concerning whom something must be hidden.

The murder mystery, the business of the will, even the vengeance he promised himself he would wreak on Theodore, sank into significance in the light of his personal worry. There was only one thing worth while, and that was love.

He was rapidly approaching a frame of mind in which no sacrifice would be too great to be made, could he only be certain of winning Dorothy, heart-free, for his own.

For more than an hour he sat thinking, in the car, oblivious to the flight of time, or to the towns through which he was passing. He gave it up at last and, taking from his pocket a book he employed for memoranda, studied certain items there, supplied by Dorothy, concerning her uncle and his ways of life. There were names of his friends and his enemies among the scribbled data, together with descriptive bits concerning Hardy's personality.

Marking down additional suggestions and otherwise planning his work to be done at Rockdale, Garrison reflected there was little apparent hope of clearing young Durgin of suspicion, unless one trifling hint should supply the clew. Dorothy had stated that her Uncle John had long had some particularly bitter and malicious enemy, a man unknown to herself, from whom she believed Mr. Hardy might have been fleeing, from time to time, in the trips which had become the habit of his life.

That this constant moving from place to place had been the bane of his existence was a theory that Dorothy had formed a year before. Yet, for all she knew, it might have been young Foster Durgin whom her uncle was trying to avoid!

The train connection for Rockdale was wretchedly timed. What with a long wait at the junction and a long delay at a way station farther out, it was nearly one o'clock when at length his destination was reached and Garrison, with his steel-trap suit-case in hand, found his way to a second-rate hotel, where, to his great relief, the beds were far better than they looked.

He had taken the precaution to register as Henry Hilborn, realizing that Rockdale doubtless abounded in acquaintances of Hardy's who would probably read the published story of his will in their own local papers in the morning. He wrote at once to Dorothy, under the name of Miss Root, apprising her of his altered name and his address.

In the morning he was early at his work. Representing himself as nothing more than the agent of the New York Insurance Company, for which he was, in fact, conducting his various investigations, at least in part, he rapidly searched out one after another of the persons whose names Dorothy had supplied, but all to little purpose.

He found the town very much alive indeed to the news which the Star had blazoned to the world. Hardy had been a well-known figure off and on, for many years in Rockdale, and the names of the Durgins and of Dorothy were barely less familiar.

Garrison's difficulty was not that the people talked too little, but rather that they talked too much, and said almost nothing in the process. New trivialities were exceedingly abundant.

He worked all day with no results of consequence. The persons whose names had been supplied by Dorothy had, in turn, furnished more names by the dozen, alleging that this man or that knew John Hardy better than the proverbial brother, if possible; nevertheless, one after another, they revealed their ignorance of any vital facts that Garrison could use.

On the following day he learned that Paul Durgin, the nephew credited with having claimed the body of the murdered man, lived ten miles out on a farm, amassing a fortune rearing ducks.

Hiring a team, Garrison drove to Durgin's farm. He found his man in the centre of a vast expanse of duck-pens, where ducks by the thousand, all singularly white and waterless, were greeting their master with acclaim.

Durgin came out of the duck midst to see his visitor. He was a large, taciturn being, healthy, strong, and independent, a trifle suspicious and more than a trifle indifferent as to the final disposal of John Hardy's fortune.

Garrison, at first, found him hard to handle. He had not yet read the papers. He knew nothing at all of what was being said; and now that he heard it at last, from Garrison's lips, he scarcely did more than nod his head.

Garrison was annoyed. He determined on awakening the duck-stupored being, unless the task should prove hopeless.

"Mr. Durgin," he said, "the reasons for supposing that Hardy was murdered—poisoned—are far more convincing than anyone really supposes—and suspicion points particularly at a person in whom you may and may not be interested—your younger brother, Foster Durgin."

A curious white appearance crept all about the smooth-shaven mouth of the duck man. He was not in the least an emotionless clod; he was not even cold or indifferent, but silent, slow at giving expression to anything but excellent business capabilities.

He looked at Garrison steadily, but with dumb appeal in his eyes. The blow had gone home with a force that made Garrison sorry.

"How could that be?" the man inquired, "even with Foster wild?"

(To be continued)

THOUSANDS SPENT ON FLORAL WREATHS

IT is stated that over $250,000 was paid to Covent Garden alone for flowers to be made into wreaths for Queen Victoria's funeral. It is safe to say that this large sum has been more than doubled in the purchase of floral mementoes for that of our late King, for many of the wreaths—like that of the Sultan of Zanzibar, which was 14ft. by 7ft. and contained over 500 chosen orchids, and that of the Emperor of Japan, which measured 5½ft. in diameter—cost considerably over $500 apiece.

Flowers have played an important part in the world's history.

In the national insignia see what a place they take—the rose standing for England, the thistle representing Scotland, and the shamrock Ireland.

For a flower the late Count de Chambord lost France. There came a moment when the throne was offered "King" Henry. But he must accept, with the sceptre and the gilded chair, the tri-colored flag. Another man would have taken the bauble and the seat, the crown and all its troubles; but Henri Cinq was not that sort of pretender. "Either I have the lilies and the white flag, or I remain an exile," he said, and with this he crushed all the hopes of the Bourbons.

It was with a white rose that Queen Victoria wooed and won Prince Albert. "I gave him a flower," she writes in her diary. "It was a white rose." As the monarch of a great country, she could receive no proposal from a prince of a small state, and till she gave him the rose he could not aspire to her hand. With what feelings he received it is told in the story of his life.

Flowers have played a great part in politics. There were the Wars of the Roses—red and white; and Lord Beaconsfield's flower, the primrose, has a million devotees today in Britain.

A fight took place in Maine not many years ago over an artificial forget-me-not. A gentleman sent it to a damsel whom he knew, and it fell into the hands of the elder brother of the lady. There was nothing in the letter that contained the flower to indicate why it was forwarded, not a word of all the epistle alluded to it, but the brother challenged the sender. Each fired at the same moment, both fell dead, and to this day no one knows why the artificial forget-me-not was sent.

WATCH MARVELS

WE hear much from time to time of the wonders of this or that complicated and intricate machine, but there are few pieces of machinery more marvellous than that of the common watch.

A watch, it may be stated as a general proposition, is the smallest, most delicate instrument of the same number of parts that has ever been devised. About 175 different pieces of material enter into its construction, and upwards of 2,400 separate operations are comprised in its manufacture.

Certain of the facts connected with its performance are well-nigh incredible when considered as a whole. A blacksmith strikes several hundred blows on his anvil in a day, and, as a matter of course, is glad when Sunday comes; but the roller jewel of a watch makes every day—and day by day—432,000 impacts against the fork, or 157,680,000 blows during the course of a year, without stop or rest—some 3,153,600,000 blows during the space of twenty years, the period for which a watch is usually guaranteed to keep good time.

But the wonder of it does not cease here. It has been calculated that the power that moves the watch is equivalent to only four times the force used in a flea's jump. The watch power is, therefore, what might be termed the equivalent of four flea-power. One horse-power would suffice to operate 270,000,000 watches.

Furthermore, the balance-wheel of a watch is moved by this four-flea power one and forty-three one-hundredths inches with each vibration, or 3,558¾ miles continuously in one year.

Ready-made cyclone cellars of corrugated galvanized iron have been placed on the market by a Western metal company.

The Italian government plans to expend twenty million dollars to develop its first naval base on the Adriatic at Ancona.

THE VALLEY OF PARADISE

(By Grace Keon)

THE sun was setting, and as the man and the girl stood side by side, the golden light seemed to envelop them like a tender benediction. Around them and about them was no other visible living soul—they were separated from the world of men and women. As they gazed at the entrancing vista, a wandering bird alighted on a bough of a great maple close beside them, cheeping a little noisily, as of one who had great excuse to make, and was answered as noisily from within the shelter of the clustering leaves. Nell listened with laughter in her soft brown eyes, a smile on her parted lips, and the hand which was imprisoned in her lover's trembled a little with sheer pleasure—in the scene, in their solitude, in the busy rascal of a bird so close to them (a bird that should have been at home and in bed an hour since), hopping up and down and declaiming violently. She waited until the low "cheep, cheep" had resolved itself into a few scattered notes, then ceased altogether.

"How lovely, how lovely!" she whispered. "I want to say it as a child says it, John, over and over and over again. I want to dance up and down and sing and call out, the way the forest creatures do, for very joy of life and living."

John Douglas, the practical, smiled at her indulgently.

"I'm afraid there's a deep vein of sentiment under that every-day common sense of yours, Nell," he said.

"It's well to name it my every-day common sense, John, out where we live anything else wouldn't do." Then she looked suddenly wistful, her brows wrinkling. "And you?" she asked. "Is there no vein of deeper feeling to be stirred at that," and she pointed toward the glorious western sky, "or this?" with a sweep of her arm toward the valley lower down—their valley.

He hesitated, and it seemed as if a slight flush rose to the lean brown cheeks. He looked at the golden splendor in the west, at the dimpling, laughing earth beneath them and then into her face, pale, clear, with its sensitive lips and delicate nostrils.

"Judge me." he said, and the quiver in his voice matched her own. "For I have been lost in dreams—asking myself if the world grows new for such as we; wondering if this is the first sun that has ever given light: or if this is the close of the first magnificent day, and we the first man and woman, unspoiled, fresh from the Maker's hand, gazing down on the Vision unveiled!"

She said nothing, but the little wistful curve between her brows disappeared suddenly and the fine lips grew tremulous. To her, indeed, the world seemed recreated, but she had not hoped to have her feelings set to words—and now he had spoken and she knew they were in unison. The harsh business of life would claim them before long, the affairs of other men and other women would occupy their days—but this hour was theirs, and she drew a long, deep breath, standing silently, quietly, beside him. The golden glow took a deeper tinge, and they on the heights looked from slope to hollow, from wooded side to placid lake, from cool stretches of green to the wild verdure clothing the opposite hills. Here were rest and contentment.

"We will go away," he said musingly, "you and I, each to an appointed task, and we will bruise ourselves on the noisy highways, and our feet will grow weary walking them. But here is peace—in which the hopes of both might find fulfilment."

"Peace is not always best," she answered briefly. "It is a guerdon to be won."

Tall, strong-browed, with clear gray eyes under heavy eyebrows, he stood before her, and as she lifted her own eyes to meet his glance, a thrill of pride shot through her frame. No dreamer he—his words, his mood, belied him. A doer of deeds, rather—a man as he stood above her and bent his head toward her.

"A guerdon to be won!" he echoed. "Ah, now I know. What armor shall I buckle on to win it, Nell? For you are my peace, my guerdon, my valley of paradise. The silence of it is on your lips, the dreamlessness of it in your girl's eyes, the contentment of it in your heart." He paused and smiled. Then he continued: "A guerdon to be won. And when I win it—will the time ever come, Nell?"

"You know it will, oh, you know it will," she whispered.

"I am ready now. There is no obstacle in the way, none in mine, none in yours——"

"Hush!" she said, suddenly. "Not here, not here! Let us take leave of our valley—I can't bear to spoil it. One word of our practical existence—the existence that you and I must face when we leave it—would mar this perfect day. Let us go seek our other world, John, and leave this true world of ours behind."

The violet haze in the valley was deepening to purple, the golden sun was a pale yellow behind the last thin clouds, the shadows were darker, the little lake a mellower blue. Yet it seemed to smile up at them with the confidence of a trusting friend as they turned away from this royal spot where Nature at her loveliest had drawn them close to God.

And as she had felt it would, every step away from it saw the feeling of every day creep back upon them; the spell dissolved, the outside world of deeds was calling loudly—calling the fresh young blood in their veins to action. John Douglas, the determined, said no word, but the stern resolve which the quiet valley had stolen from his countenance crept back upon it by degrees. Nell threw up her head, breathing quickly.

"Come!" she said. "It is behind us, John—and what I see on your face has been unspoken all this day. What is it dear?"

"The same old story, Nell. Forgive me if I have no other tale to tell."

"Please, John!"

"Nell, I wish I could make you understand."

"Will you let me try to tell you how I feel about it?"

He slackened his pace, "Yes, Nell."

"It is my mother's opposition that you cannot understand — that's it, John?"

"Evidently—since that is the only obstacle. How to overcome that iron prejudice, that strong will, which has slipped a notch or two, my dearest, even if you disagree with me."

"I also am strong-willed and determined and prejudiced, John."

"I'm afraid that's true, Nell."

"I know every one of my faults. My only hope is that faults are sometimes indications of possible good. Don't you think so?"

"I can't see any faults in you, Nell."

"It's good, then, to be serious, to have the courage of one's convictions and all that. But from whom have I inherited these traits? In ways, in mannerisms, even in expression (not in looks, for she has always been beautiful) I am my mother's counterpart."

"Well?"

"And while I do not say that she is right now or that her prejudice against our marriage is anything but the outcome of a mother's foolish fears, I shall never tell her so. For as I am, she was. And as she is, I may be. I would not want my children to oppose me when I grew old and prejudiced in the care of them. So I shall not oppose her. You must have patience, John."

"Preach patience if you will, dear girl. While you preach it, it must be my creed."

"But I want you to be satisfied—"

"What nonsense, Nell!"

"In time—"

"In time, in time! How long? Set me a definite time. A year—two years. I have waited three years now, Nell, for my home and you—and will wait ten, twenty, if I must, for you are the only woman in the world for me. But do not say 'in time.' I can't stand anything so vague as that."

Her practical common sense seconded his every word. For the first time her sweet voice faltered.

"How hard it is!" she said. "I wish I knew how it would end—I wish I knew some arguments to move her. But, oh, John!" Her soft brown eyes sought his face, appealingly. "She is my mother—she has cared for me so long—for twenty-four long years. You love me for what she has made me, John. You see it, don't you, dear? To snatch at my own happiness without thought of her— Oh, John, I cannot. It would be brutal. My valley of paradise would seem a valley of discord—and I don't want a shadow, not a single shadow ever to linger above it."

"You have loved her dearly, Nell."

"Have loved?"

"Forgive me that—I did not mean it. But Nell, Nell, if through her—let us suppose this now—if through her you and I looked upon our valley of paradise for the last time this day, the last time in our lives, what then?"

She lifted her grave, sweet face to his. The red lips were tremulous, the delicate nostrils quivered.

"What then?" she echoed, slowly. "It would snap my life in two. I do not mean that I would lose my grip on things—I am too strong, too ambitious for that. But there would be no future for me. Yet—I would not blame her, John. I feel she does not comprehend."

He hesitated an instant.

"She was happily married to a good man," he said. "She idolized her husband, and she has taught her children to revere his memory. If she had been unkindly or coldly treated as some men treat the women they profess to love—" He paused then; the look on her face, the tears that sprang to her eyes, hushed the words on his lips. "I will say no more, sweetheart," he went on gently, "I do not want to sadden you."

Yet never had his arguings or pleadings left that strange unrest at her heart. She could not solace herself with the reflection that her mother's opposition would soon be lessened. And now, because he had brought her to his way of thinking, for the first time, now that she saw with his eyes, she was doubtful and disturbed. For the rest of the long way home she said no more.

Mrs. Northrop sat quietly rocking in the low chair in the middle of the room. Her friend, a little woman with soft white hair above a wrinkled forehead and with lips that in repose were wistful, even sorrowful, had been looking at her curiously. She thought how well Eleanor Northrop stood the stress of years; how lovely she was still; how her very person, her slender figure, in its well-worn black gown, radiated her personality; how she fitted into this room which, artistic and buautiful and quietly subdued, was dominated by the woman's presence, the touch of her hand, her tastes. She watched the curve of her wrist, the turn of her head, the daintiness that was part and would always be part of her—a daintiness she loved, for they were true and ardent friends, these two, opposite in character as they might be on the surface, but alike beneath.

"It's strange, Eleanor," she said. "No amount of worry seems to be able to affect you. Do you know you are almost as attractive today as ever you were?"

Eleanor Northrop lifted her head, flung it up rather, and her eyes met her friend's smilingly.

"Almost!" she said. "With one or two exceptions. This grey hair, for example, which is barely enough to cover my poor scalp; the crow's-feet and the very handsome teeth substituted for my own rather insignificant ones! I may be almost as attractive to those who care for me, Juliet, but not nearly so genuine!"

There was an undercurrent of mockery in her tones. Juliet Clarke glanced at her searchingly.

"I wanted to feast my eyes on you—it's a treat to find you alone—even if you do rail at yourself. And now—well, Eleanor, I want to ask you something, and I know no one else would be courageous enough. Have you heard from Tom?"

"From my son?" Her expression changed a trifle. "No, Juliet, I haven't heard from him. When Marsden's man came and told me of the deficit—nearly seven hundred dollars—Nell and Margaret and I scraped together and paid it. Mr. Marsden was very nice. Said that Tom was so young that there was every hope for him, and did not wish to take the money. But, of course, I insisted. Nell and Margaret insisted, too, though it deprived them of a few comforts for a while."

"That's over two years ago, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"And you've heard nothing since?"

"Nothing. To tell you the truth, Juliet, I want to hear nothing. Tom is twenty now—he can take care of himself. I am not a foolish mother to grieve over what is past and gone. Besides—I have other and closer worries."

There was silence. Mrs. Northrop's lips closed in a straight line and she settled herself back in her chair. Juliet Clarke, her sweet, old, care-worn face very grave, put her cup and saucer on the table that stood between them.

"One has to know you as well as I do, Eleanor, to dare your unresponsiveness. Yet you cannot conceal your real sentiments from me, and because I know them, and because I have felt the trouble burdening you, I wanted to have this chat with you."

She spoke so gently that the proud woman could take no offence. She looked at her affectionately—for they loved each other.

"Why should I wish to conceal anything from you; Juliet?" she asked quietly. "You have been my safety valve too long. Who knows all that you do—my only confidant? And now you have something to say to me—a lecture to read perhaps? Let me have it. We may be interrupted."

"I like—John Douglas, Eleanor."

Mrs. Northrop winced. Her friend had put an unerring finger upon an open wound.

"Oh, you do? Then you like someone who is very disagreeable to me."

"Your objection is not to the individual?"

"Not at all." Her grave face relaxed, as she pushed the teacups farther on the table. "I know what you want to say Juliet. But Nell is myself. I see myself in her. I, too, had her high hopes and ambitions, once upon a time. My husband—" Her lips tightened. "The less said about him to you, the better. He is dead—let him rest. I am soured, miserably hard, even cruel, if you will. One can't go through the fires of misery and come out young and hopeful, or even with any joy remaining." She smiled then, a smile of deprecation. "I need not dilate on my experience—you've had your own."

"Yes," said Juliet Clarke slowly, "but there is happiness somewhere. It is not for us to forbid the drinking of the cup—even though we know that poison lurks in the lees."

"I will not let Nell risk it—and with Nell I can prevent it," said Mrs. Northrop in a sharp voice. "She is too dear, too precious. Margaret will never suffer—she has not the capacity for suffering. But Nell, my Nell, with her high ideals, her beautiful dreams—I can't bear to let her go, Juliet."

Her friend nodded wisely. "Yet you will. It is your duty."

"It is not!" Mrs. Northrop exclaimed passionately—and now one saw the glow beneath the cold exterior as it flamed into face and eyes. "It is not!"

"Eleanor, Eleanor!" said Juliet Clarke, matching the flame with pitying tenderness. "It is just as much your duty to let her go as it was and is your duty to shield their father's failings from his children."

"Juliet, what are you saying?" Mrs. Northrop's lips quivered, her nails were pressed into her cold palms.

"Just as much!" repeated her friend solemnly. "Some of us must pay—some one must pay. The dead cannot—the young will not—but there are those who stand between who must. You are one of these, Eleanor, and just or unjust, the debt is yours. You contracted it when you gave birth to that child who is your second self. How your heart was trampled on, your finest feelings outraged, you know and I know, my dear. Will you inflict your suffering on another? You've stood the test nobly so far, and before Nell and Margaret and Tom and all the world Francis Northrop was the ideal father, the idolizing husband. And you would put part of this sacrifice on Nell—"

"To save her!"

"Her life is not your life," said the gentle mentor, steadily: "If you spoil it, as you will by forbidding this marriage, you lose everything and gain nothing."

The mother rose to her feet, her breast heaving.

"I lose everything when I lose her," she said in a dogged tone. "The sharer of all my early dreams. I lost them before Margaret and Tom came. Sometimes I'm glad Margaret is so beautiful—it will make up to her for her lack of heart. And Tom—oh, Tob is indeed to my credit, the carefully-trained boy who could not resist the first slight temptation—"

"Poor, foolish lad!" said Juliet Clarke. "Had he dared to come and fling himself at his mother's feet, it might never have happened."

Mrs. Northrop stared at her resentfully.

"Don't get angry, Eleanor. I dare to tell you the truth. No one else in this world would—you know that—so respect me for my bravery. You are jealous of Nell's love, Nell's affection, and you tell yourself that you are trying to save her, forgetting that a mother never comes into the true kingdom of her daughter's heart until that daughter is herself a wife and mother."

"You speak as if you knew what you were talking about," said Eleanor Northrop.

"My boy did not live," said Juliet Clarke, simply. "In that I am the less fortunate, for you have your children. But when I held that tiny body in my arms for the first time, I would have given the world, did I possess it, to lay my head once more on my mother's knee. I thought that I had loved her—then I knew. I lived to be glad that I had lost all else—my husband and my child, but never, never, that I did not have my mother!"

What Eleanor Northrop saw in that tender face moved her strangely. A low sob broke in her throat.

"Possibly they have asked you to intercede for them," she began bitterly.

"Don't dear," said her friend. "You and I are growing old now—we are on the way down-hill. Some things we see too clearly, and are miserably blind to others—that is why we make mistakes. Perhaps, since I am only an onlooker, I can see that which is hidden from you—"

She paused, for Mrs. Northrop held up a warning hand, and turned to the table, so that her back was toward the door. Her face was very pale, her eyes strained. Then the door was opened, and Nell stood on the threshold.

"May we come in, mother?" she called, brightly. "And Mrs. Clarke!" in a tone of pleased surprise. "How good to see you here!"

"Your mother would not come to me, so I was forced to come to her," said Mrs. Clarke, smiling into the girl's interested face. "You young folks keep her so busy I never have five minutes with her any more. And now that I have caught a glimpse of you, Nell, I'll take myself off." Nell bent from her greater height to kiss the little lady's soft, pink cheek. "Good-evening Mr. Douglas. Haven't noticed your card among those received lately—no apologies! I understand. Good-by, Eleanor."

"Good-by, Juliet."

Nell looked after her, amused, smiling. "She is just like a dainty little bird that in some unaccountable manner has lived to grow old," she said. And then, with a change of tone, a slight embarrassment: "Mother, don't you see John?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Northrop, quietly. "I see him." She sat down in the little rocker somewhat heavily, for she felt sick and dizzy. "Will you both come over here where I can have a look at you? You, too, Mr. Douglas."

Wondering a little, the young man obeyed, drawing Nell's chair forward. Nell, with her eyes fastened dubiously on her mother's face, saw that she was deeply moved, as she bent near and took the girl's hand in hers.

"Where were you today?" she asked. "Where did your long walk bring you?"

Nell hesitated, and her eyes brightened. She did not look at her lover as she answered in a low tone that quivered in spite of her efforts to control it:

"In the valley of paradise, mother," she said, "the valley that every woman walks in at one time of her life, I think."

"Yes," said the mother slowly, "I, too, have walked in that valley—but I left it behind me very, very long ago, Nell, and it is not mine to see again."

She faltered, and her lovely face, with its few fine wrinkles and unfurrowed forehead seemed to grow old and wan.

"I have been a little blind," whispered Eleanor Northrop. "I have been told so, and I think it is the truth. But I want to do right—I must do right. John Douglas, what have you to offer me in exchange for the gift I mean to give you—my girl?"

"Nothing," he answered slowly, but his face startled her with the happiness that flashed into it. "I could not set a value on that gift—it is above value."

"True!" She gazed straight before her an instant, her brows meeting. "Well, I've decided, John. I think you are a good man." Her eyes sought his steadily, and he seemed to be looking into Nell's eyes without their trusting confidence; Nell's eyes which had seen much misery and had wept many tears. Nell's eyes shadowed by pain and sorrow. Something stirred in his heart, something that seemed striving to make itself heard from her soul to his. But he could not understand—not yet.

"She will give you her true, noble heart. See that you never doubt the gift. She will forgive you all, everything, but lack of trust—for this daughter is of my own heart, my first-born," she said slowly. "Some day you will know what that means, please God. Some day you will realize the consecration of the first-born!"

She rose and moved toward the door. John Douglas, leaning forward, took Nell's hands in his and held them tightly. The mother looked back—at the girl, half-turned toward her, gazing after her, wondering, a little saddened; at the man, rapturous, happy, his eyes aglow, fastened on Nell's lowered head.

"God grant you may walk long in the valley of paradise, my children," she said, and so passed out of the room, leaving them alone.

Current Verse

JUNE

Month of the bride and the rose,
Month of the sweet graduate;
Hope freights each zephyr that blows,
Who can go clinging to hate?
Strawberries heaped on the plate,
The brook singing songs as it flows—
Month of the bride and the rose,
Month of the sweet graduate.

A boat and a jugful of bait,
Or a hammock in which to repose;
Why sit and grumble at fate?
June may be lovely—who knows?
Month of the bride and the rose,
Month of the sweet graduate.

* * *

JUNE WEDDING BROMIDES

And now once more prepare to meet
The would-be grooms of happy June,
And let us dust the bromides off,
We'll need to use them very soon.
Let's take the old time-worn one down,
They often used in days bygone.
It still will serve our purpose now;
"Well, two can live as cheap as one."

The same old handshake let us give,
The same old wink and same old smile,
Then let us say how glad we are
He's going to live in double style.
And ere we part let's say to him,
The way we used to do of yore:
"It is the only way to live,
You'll wish you'd done it long before."

But there's one bromide, I am sure,
That we should have the strength to kill;
Since Eve first married Adam, they've
Been springing it and always will.
Our great-grandfathers thought it cute,
Our parents sprung it on their sons,
And this it is: "Here's hoping that
Your troubles will be little ones."

* * *

WHAT MANY PEOPLE THINK

The people people work with best are
often very queer;
The people who are people's kin quite
shock your first idea;
The people people choose for friends
your common sense appal;
But the people people marry are the
queerest folk of all.

* * *

THE SONG OF THE SPENDTHRIFT

To seven kopek the heir,
Nor house nor land have I—
Live I—hey! I live then!
Die I—hey! I die!
In many realms the Fool
Can sleep no wink for care,
While yet the spendthrift snores
When dawns the morning fair.

Free as the wind he blows,
Door nor gate to balk him,
Riches, hey! Now give place!
Poverty goes walking!
Before me bends the rye
When through the fields I stray,
And glad the forest hears
My pipe and song alway.

If one must bitter weep—
No man will see his tears,
If sadly bowed his head—
None save the partridge jeers.
If weary one, or not,
What matters anything?
Let him toss back his locks
And playful laugh and sing!

And if one die—the grave
Will warm his hands and feet!
Dost to my song respond?
Nay? Then it is moplete.
—From "Russian Lyrics and Cossack Songs," by Martha G. D. Bianchi.

* * *

A MUCH-NEEDED MOTTO

"What is Home Without a Mother?"
Is a motto on the wall
Worked in fancy worsted letters,
A familiar sight to all.
In the room there is another,
Seen wherever you may roam,
An old-fashioned oblong pasteboard
With the words, "God Bless Our Home."

But there is a needed motto,
One that should appeal to all;
Yet in humble home or mansion
It is missing from the wall.
Though it absence oft arouses
Sympathetic thoughts and sad,
No one e'er has seen the emblem
With the line, "God Bless Our Dad."

What if mother does the housework,
Cooks the meals and darns the socks?
Father has to beat the carpets,
Split the wood and wind the clocks,
Carry fuel, fix the furnace,
And a hundred other chores,
Not to mention making money
For supplies of household stores.

When he's carving ducks or chickens,
Dad displays no selfish heart,
For he serves choice bits to mother,
And each tender, toothsome part
He bestows upon the children,
Not reserving e'en a fleck
Of the breast meat; but he fishes
Bits of flotsam from the wreck.

Dad's the bee that brings the honey,
Needed for the homely hive;
Therefore, while he still is with you
Make him glad that he's alive!
When he's downcast or dejected,
Seeming weary, worn, and sad,
Cheer him by the welcome motto
With the prayer, "God Bless Our Dad."

—Thomas B. Chrystal.

* * *

RODENTS

A long, lean cat once met a friend;
The friend was plump and round.
Said the long, lean cat, "You can
scarcely bend.
Too fat by many a pound."

The plump cat looked around in fear,
Then whispered soft and low,
"Do tell me, Tom, if no one's near,
Tell me, does my rat show?"

The Hosmer Times

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
One Year.....One Dollar in Advance
Single Copies.....Five Cents Each

Published every Thursday morning at Hosmer, British Columbia.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1910

Time Tables.

C. P. R. TIME TABLE

	Arrive Hosmer
No. 313 West	9.45
No. 314 East	18. 33
No. 312 Local East	9.45
No. 311 Local West	20.23
No. 7 West Flyer	11. 31
No. 8 East Flyer	1. 00

Change took effect Sunday Aug. 21

G. N. TIME TABLE

No. 251 leaves Michel	9:45a. m.
Arrives at Hosmer	10:00 a. m.
No. 252 leaves Rexford	4:15 p. m.
Arrives at Hosmer	7:13 p. m

TALK OF THE TOWN

The Times 'phone No. is 16.

W. C. Warren was in Fernie Sunday.

Tom Elliot spent pay day in Hosmer.

F. M. Smith, of Fernie, was in town Friday.

J. R. Meldrum, of Nelson, was a Tuesday visitor.

T. Atkinson, of Hamilton, was in town Monday.

Steve Lawson was a visitor in Coal Creek last Sunday.

L. Libsity, of Calgary, did business here yesterday.

G. Henderson, of Calgary, spent Saturday in town.

J. Albrant, of Kalamazoo, spent Monday in Hosmer.

C. Johnson, of Vancouver, visited Hosmer Saturday.

Miss McDonald, of Corbin, spent Wednesday in town.

Do you enjoy a pool game? Drop in on Sam Snell. 51

T. H. Cox, of Michel, paid his weekly visit to town on Tuesday.

R. H. Carley, of Nelson, transacted business here on Friday.

T. W. Storey, of Winnipeg, was a Hosmer visitor on Monday.

W. A. McQuarrie, of Winnipeg, did business in town Friday.

J. Anderson, of Victoria, was a business visitor in town Friday.

Jack McMurren, of Corbin, spent Tuesday in this illustrious city.

Mrs. J. Filion, of Passburg, is visiting friends in town this week.

J. P. Houlahan, the sewing machine man, was in town yesterday.

Mrs. McMeekin is having a millinery opening at Frank this week.

A. J. Carter, district secretary of the U. M. W. of A. was in town on Friday.

Mrs. C. B. Winter and family returned on Sunday from a holiday at Victoria.

W. M. Dawson, representing a commercial agency, was in our berg yesterday.

A son came to bless the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Morris on Sunday September 18th.

Frank Farano has closed up his grocery store and moved the stock down to Michel.

Miss Inez Marlatt and Miss Tanyss McLeod were visiting friends in Fernie yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. McGregor, of Corbin, spent a few days in town visiting Hosmer friends.

J. T. Iverson and L. V. Barrett-Lennard, of Calgary, spent a few days in town this week.

Mrs. J. F. Jarvis and children returned on Saturday from a three weeks visit to Lethbridge.

Mrs. Beattie B. Mills will receive with Mrs. A. Mills on Tuesday afternoon, September 27th.

The Partridge Bros. are prepared to take a limited number of boarders at the Guy Thomas dwelling.

"Can be depended upon" is an expression we all like to hear, and when it is used in connection with Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy it means that it never fails to cure diarrhoea, dysentery or bowel complaints. It is pleasant to take and equally valuable for children and adults. Sold by all druggists.

Jno. L. Spackman, of Toronto, was in town yesterday.

A. W. Aldridge, manager of the Canadian Refining company, of Trail, was in town yesterday.

E. W. Nichoff, representing the Oliver typewriter company, was transacting business in town yesterday.

A. McKenzie Brown, representative of the International Correspondence schools, spent Wednesday in town.

A. L. Fortier is erecting a six room dwelling on Main street. It will be 24 x 26 feet with concrete foundation, bath, etc.

Messrs Cree and Moffatt, of Fernie, along with two insurance experts drove in on Tuesday afternoon to size up the town.

C. H. Dunbar and J. F. Jarvis went fishing on Friday. They managed to carry the basket home somehow, though the strap broke several times.

The deferred meeting of the Women's Auxilary of the English church, will be held at the home of Mrs. C. B. Winter on Tuesday afternoon, September 27th at 3 o'clock.

For a comfortable shave or a neat, artistic hair-trim visit the shop of Sam Snell. 51tf

A dance and basket social will be held under the auspices of the Hosmer Fire Brigade on Friday evening, October 7th. This is a worthy cause and should receive very liberal support.

When the fire whistle is blowing is no time to think about insuring your house and furniture. Don't put off another day. You should also consider what company you insure in: R. W. Rogers represents the best companies.

The presbyterian congregation will give a farewell social to the Rev. C. K. Nicoll in the Odd Fellows hall Monday evening, September 26th, the eve before his departure to Manitoba University. All members of the congregation are invited.

Don't waste your money buying plasters when you can get a bottle of Chamberlain's Liniment for twenty-five cents. A piece of flannel dampened with this liniment is superior to any plaster for lame back, pains in the side and chest, and much cheaper. Sold by all druggists.

Alex Thornton, brother of Richard Thornton, was seriously injured at Coal Creek on Wednesday. On trying to board the Fernie train, Thornton was thrown off so violently that a spike pierced his side, causing profuse bleeding. He also sustained injuries to his foot.

Cano arma virumque who, with the gun, accompanied by a few friends made the ascent of Mount Hosmer in four hours and fifteen minutes. The goats did not wait for the lead and only turned to smile now and again at their distant foes who forgot to bring salt to put on their tails.

Among the successful candidates at the mine examinations were the following gentlemen from Hosmer. First class—F. Alderson, 79%; B. L. Thorne, 71%. Second class—R. Anderson, 73%. Third class—L. Taylor, 75.% H. Miard, of Coal Creek, made the highest number of marks in any second class in British Columbia, attaining 95%.

Don't forget the free moving picture show at the Queen's Hotel, Saturday evening from 8:30 to 11 p. m.

Two ardent sportsmen went out on Sunday and shot a fine mountain goat. They have since made several attempts to recover the head as a trophy but have been unable to locate it. Might we suggest as an anatomical guide that the head of a mountain goat is usually found at the extreme other end of the carcass from the tail.

Chamberlain's, Colic Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy is today the best known medicine in use for the relief and cure of bowel complaints. It cures griping, diarrhoea, dysentery, and should be taken at the first unnatural looseness of the bowels. It is equally valuable for children and adults. It always cures Sold by all druggists.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Fortier, (this morning) Thursday Sept. 22.

"Society Ladies Bathe in Tea," is a headline in a New York paper. Gee whiz! Next time a lady asks us to join her in a cup of tea, we won't know whether she wants us to have a drink or a bath.

Charley O'Brien, the socialist star of Blairmore, held an open air meeting last Saturday evening on Main street. Charley wished to impress his audience with the fact that they were all slaves, his audience seemed to be largely composed of Russians. For once Charley was right.

In the last issue of the Canada Gazette we learn that B. H. Burt has copyrighted in Canada a song entitled "Shame Upon You Nancy." We also find that the Railway Commission has decided that the G. N. may charge a maximum rate of four cents per mile for passengers travelling between stations south of Fernie to the boundary Also that a post office has been established at Wynndel, and the post office at Elkmouth has been closed. Violet Jane Dakn of Medicine Hat, is tired of her husband and wants a divorce, while Cecil Earnest Freeman, of Eglinton, feels likewise re his wife. The total gross debt of the Dominion of Canada is more than 472 millions of dollars.

Ice Cream Social and Entertainment.

One of the finest concerts that has been heard in Hosmer for a long time was given by the Methodists at the opera house on Monday night. There was, as advertised, talent old and talent new, and it is hard to say which was more appreciated. The Hosmer orchestra is now an institution which, without, Hosmer would be dull indeed. Their selections on Monday night were given with more zest than ever, and the various numbers met with the appreciation they deserved.

Three new singers to the town were the Misses Whyte, Rankine and Gourlay, all of whom rendered their songs most creditably. Miss Whyte's "Come Back to Erin" was sung in a most charming manner, while Miss Rankin's rich contralto voice was perhaps heard to greatest advantage in "On the Banks of Allan Water." The audience riociferously applauded Miss Gourlay's "Angus Macdonald," which suited admirably her ringing soprano voice. Miss C. H. Pitblado contributed greatly to the evening's enjoyment in her violin solos which were much appreciated.

W. E. Smith sang "A Dream of Paradise," with violin obligato, the latter mingling with his tenor tones produced a most pleasing effect. Two recitations were given by E. A. Cox in his usual masterly style. The accompanists for the evening were Miss Pitblado, upon whom the heavier share of the work fell, Mrs. Brownrigg and J. Elliot.

Half way through the program, ice cream, cake, sandwiches and tea were served by the ladies in dainty fashion.

Those present were highly delighted with the excellent entertainment and all went away with the feeling that a most successful and enjoyable evening had been spent in the furtherance of the interests of the Ladies Aid of the Methodist church.

Not a minute should be lost when a child shows symptoms of croup. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy given as soon as the child becomes hoarse, or even after the croupy cough appears, will prevent the attack. Sold by all druggists.

Farewell Sermon on Sunday.

There will be no service in the Methodist church next Sunday evening, Sept. 25th. As this will be Mr. Nicoll's last Sunday in Hosmer, the Methodist service is withdrawn so that the congregation may have the pleasure of attending Mr. Nicoll's farewell service.

Your complexion as well as your temper is rendered miserable by a disordered liver. By taking Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets you can improve both. Sold by all druggists.

Excursion Rates.

The C. P. R. will sell tickets at a fare and one third for the round trip on the following dates:

Nelson Fruit Fair—Sept. 28 to 30. Tickets on sale Sept. 25 to 29.

Spokane Interstate Fair—Oct. 3 to 9. Tickets on sale Oct. 1 to 7.

Provincial Exhibition, Victoria—Sept. 27 to Oct. 1. Tickets on sale Sept. 24 to 28.

New R. C. Church for Hosmer.

The increasing population of Hosmer has for some time caused much inconvenience through overcrowding in the present Roman Catholic chapel. There is, now in the course of completion, a magnificient edifice situated to the west of the C. P. R. Station and quite near the track. The building is thirty by sixty feet with a gallery twelve by thirty feet and a tower seven by seven feet. The chapel has a seating capacity for two hundred people. It will be plastered inside and beautifully painted. It is also worthy of note that a bell is to be provided for calling the worshippers to the various services.

The contractor is A. McLean, of Fernie. The formal opening is to take place on Oct. 15th, of which particulars will be given later.

J. C. Mars Will Fly at Fair.

J. C. Mars, one of the world's most daring aviators, who fell into the Atlantic ocean from a height of 600 feet recently, is the man who will thrill patrons of the Spokane Interstate fair, Oct. 3 to 9, with four daily flights. The fair management was notified during the past week by Glen H. Curtiss, of Hammondsport, N. Y., that his famous pupil had been selected for the Spokane assignment. Mars will be seen in Spokane in a 50 horse power eight cylinder Curtiss biplane, an exact duplicate of the big machine in which he took his high dive. He will bring two machines with the idea of quickly substituting one if the other goes wrong, so as to avoid any delays. In addition to the aeroplane flights, a contract has just been closed with K. C. Herbert, of Boston, for a huge captive balloon in which passengers may safely reach an altitude of 1500 feet, from which they will have a view of the surrounding country for forty miles in each direction.

King George's Welcome.

King George has sent a cordial message of welcome to Marshall Hermes de Fonseca, who arrived in London from Paris last night. It is understood that the latter may see the King at Balmoral, the Royal castle in Scotland.

Boy Scouts Liked Canada.

London, Sept. 17.—The Boy Scout cadets, who have returned, speak warmly of their reception in Canada. The Imperial Cadet association propose to extend, in 1911, invitations to teams from all the over-sea Dominions. It is hoped to send a British cadet team around the Empire.

A Good Position.

Can be had by ambitious young men and ladies in the field of 'Wireless' or Railway Telegraphy. Since the eight hour law became effective, and since the Wireless companies are establishing stations throughout the country there is a great shortage of telegraphers. Positions pay beginners from $70 to $90 a month, with good chance of advancement. The National Telegraph Institute operates six official institutes in America, under supervision of R. R. and Wireless officials, and places all graduates into positions. It will pay you to write them for full details at Davenport, Ia., Cincinnati, O., Portland, Ore. or Memphis, Tenn.

"Liquor License Act 1910"

(SECTION 19)

Notice is hereby given that on the 24th day of Sept. next, application will be made to the Superintendent of Provincial police for the grant of a license for the sale of liquor by wholesale in and upon the premises known as The Hosmer Drug and Book Store, Lot 16, Block 5 situated at Hosmer, B. C., upon the lands described as Lot 16, Block 5.

Dated this 25th day of August A. D. 1910. WILLIAM ROBSON.

C. H. DUNBAR
Barrister
Solicitor
and Notary Public
HOSMER - - B. C.

C. F. LAWE ALEX I. FISHER, B. A.
LAWE & FISHER
Barristers, Solicitors, Etc.
FERNIE B. C.

JOSEPH RYBNICEK
CARPENTER AND BUILDER
Good work at low prices and satisfaction guaranteed
HOSMER, - - - B. C.

PEOPLE'S CLOTHING STORE
PH. ADELBERG I. ZISELMAN, MGR.
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