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VOLUME II. HOSMER, B. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 20, 1910 NUMBER 25

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Children's Felt Slippers, Romeo's, regular price $1.25	Sale price 1.00
Ladie's Felt Boots, regular price $2.50	Sale price 2.00
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Seven only Boys' Heavy Tweed Suits, regular price $6.00	Sale price 4.00

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For some snaps in real estate call and see me. Some good houses and rooms for rent. Agent for life and accident insurance in thoroughly reliable companies.

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JOHN SORKEE, PROPS.
Fine Wines, Liquors and Cigars
Any kind of mixed drinks that you call for will be served in First class style
Best Rooms and Meals in the Town
YOUR TRADE SOLICITED
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The Workingman's Home
Is now under the management of Robert Gourlay and will be run for the accommodation of the working class. All modern improvements. Transent rates $1 per day, special rates by the week
Front St. Hosmer, B. C.

The ROYAL
The only Commercial Hotel
Sample Rooms Main St., Hosmer

ENGLISH ELECTION RETURNS TO-DATE

Unionists Are Still Leading in the English Constituencies

The returns from the elections which took place on Saturday are not decisive as to the general result, but they clearly show that neither side may look for an emphatic victory. It is unavoidable but that they should suggest the question whether England is not losing her power of decision in a great crisis.

In the constituencies contested the Unionists have made very heavy gains both in the seats captured and in the reduction of majorities. But the gains do not indicate a sufficient strength to provide a government based upon Unionist policy.

It looks very much at present as though the result of the election would be a compromise government from which Loyd-George and Winston Churchill would be eliminated on the one side and tariff reform postponed on the other. Such an outcome would be by no means disagreeable to the tariff reformers.

The chancellor of the exchequer of such a government would have such a hopeless task in front of him that the great issue between tariff reform and the principles of the budget must come to the front as the main question.

Even in so far as the election has now gone one thing is perfectly certain. That is the complete safety of the house of lords. On an issue in which that assembly challenged the house of commons, the verdict of the people has gone considerably in its favor. Even if the present government were returned to power, it could not attack the existence or powers of the second chamber. And so far as the amendment of its constitution is concerned, the really representative and working peers are as eager for that as anybody else.

Of the five Canadians before the British electors two were unsuccessful, Hamar Greenwood being ousted from his seat in York although Arnold Runtree, his Liberal running mate, was elected. Shirley Ben was also defeated by John Burns in Battersea. Jos. Martin was elected for East St. Pancras, over W. R. Preston by a handy majority, while Bonar Law, Unionist, and J. Allen Baker, Liberal were returned for the Dulwich and Central Finsbury divisions of the metropolis respectfully.

An enormons crowd gathered in Trafalgar Square on the announcement of Lord Bereford's success at Portsmouth was cheered widely for several minutes.

STORY IN BRIEF

State of parties (including acclamations):

Liberals	98
Unionists	120
Laborists	19
Nationalists	28

Fireman Win the Hockey Game

In an interesting game of hockey at the Hosmer rink, last Sunday afternoon, the Fireman's team defeated the Town boys by a score of 3 to 1. The best feature of the game was the work of T. Speers, who occupied the position of goal keeper for the Town team. Following is the line-up:

FIREMEN

Leithauser	Goal
Peanault	Point
Grant	C. Point
Cornett	Center
Gordon	L. Wing
McDonald	R. Wing

TOWN

Spears	Goal
Hiltz	Point
Cox	C. Point
Chamberlain	Center
McDougal	L. Wing
Dunsmuir	R. Wing

FERNIE CONSERVATIVES

Hold a Very Enjoyable Smoker and Elect Officers for Ensuring Year

The Fernie Conservative association held their annual meeting for the election of officers on last Friday night, at Fernie in Bruce's hall. It was followed by a most enjoyable and successful smoker, which was well attended. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Hon. president, Hon. Richard McBride; Hon. vice-president, W. R. Ross, K. C.; president, A. B. Trites; vice-president, J. Marshall; secretary, J. Lowe. An executive committee of twenty members was also appointed.

For the associated associations of the Fernie Riding, the following were appointed: A. B. Trites, Fernie; W. T. Watson, Hosmer; G. B. Stedman, Michel

Their were quite a number of Conservatives from Hosmer, among whom were the following: Robert Gourlay, W. Simmons, Geo. McMurren, John Wylie, E. I. Bennett, Joe Crooks, Fred Oakes, W. T. Watson, G. Slater, W. Robson, and L. E. Drummond.

Coal Mine Operators in Calgary

A meeting of the Western Coal Operators' Association was held in Calgary last Thursday afternoon. It was attended by owners from all over the province. The meeting was for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing year and the transaction of such routine business as may come before it. The only B. C. camp which is represented was the one at Hosmer, which is represented by Lewis Stockett.

Mine Workers' Convention

The following call has been issued:

To the Local Unions in District No. 18, U. M. W. of A.

Greeting: You are hereby notified that the seventh annual convention of District 18, U. M. W. of A., will be held in the Labor Temple, Lethbridge, commencing at 10 a. m., Wednesday, February 2nd, 1910.

Your delegate or delegates are kindly requested to obtain a railroad certificate in order that arrangements may be made to get reduced rates.

Your attention is respectfully invited to Art. 8, Secs. 2 and 3, district constitution, which explains matters pertaining to the convention.

W. B. POWELL, Prest.
A. J. CARTER, Secty.

COOK'S CHEQUE NO GOOD

An Astonishing Story Concerning the Now Discredited Arctic Explorer

At Copenhagen Ex-Governor Muller of Greenland last week told the following story:

"In 1894 Dr. Cook's Arctic expedition on the steamer Miranda was stranded in Greenland. Governor Muller offered Dr. Cook assistance to continue the voyage and invited him to the governor's residence. At the house Dr. Cook noticed two eider duck rugs and wanted to buy them. The governor reluctantly acceded and Dr. Cook wrote a cheque for $500. The cheque was returned endorsed, 'No account.' Then the governor tried to collect the amount of the cheque through the Danish consulate in New York. At first Dr. Cook refused to acknowledge the claim, but ultimately he paid one-third of the amount."

MINERAL OUTPUT FOR 1909 IN B. C.

The Returns Are the Best Ever Shown in This Rich Province

According to the estimate of the Nelson News, prepared by E. Jacobs, of Victoria, the product of the province for 1909 is: Placer gold, 30,000 ounces, value $600,000; lode gold, 250,000 ounces value $5,167,500. Total value, $5,767,500, Silver, 3,000,000 ounces, value $1,470,000. Lead, 46,000,000 pounds, value $1,748,000. Copper, 41,000,000 pounds, value $5,289,000. Zinc, 270,000 pounds, value $500,000. Total metallic output, $14,774,500. Coal, 1,940,000 tons, value $6,790,000. Coke 277,000 tons, value $1,662,000. Building materials, etc., $1,200,000. Total value of production, $24,426,500. as against $23,851,277 in 1809.

The aggregate value of British Columbia mineral production for the past 11 years is shown to be $350,000,000, made up as follows: Gold, $126,317,000; silver, $23,298,000; copper, $55,242,000; other metals, $991,000; coke and coal, $102,782,000; building materials, $9,093,000.

Editor Jacobs says: "Looking at the situation as a whole it may be fairly claimed that the mining and metallurgical industries of British Columbia are in a generally more satisfactory position today than at any previous time in their history." The editor adds that his figures will later be found under rather than above the official revised figures. The review occupies many columns and covers all sections of the province.

GUNNESS MYSTERY OUT

Hired Man Confesses That He Chloroformed Victims and Set House Afire

The Post Despatch, St Louis Mo., prints a story to the effect that Ray Lamphere, who died a few days ago in the Indiana penitentiary at Michigan City, while serving a term for setting fire to the home of Mrs. Belle Gunness near there, did not carry the secrets of the Gunness charnel farm to the tomb with him. When he believed death near, he unburdened himself with a self-confession which clears the Gunness mystery. The alleged confession shows that Mrs. Gunness is dead, that she and her three children were chloroformed by Lamphere, who was robbing the house, and all four were burned to death.

That Jennie Oleson was not murdered by Mrs. Gunnes several months before the fire, but was chloroformed and burned to death like the rest; that Lamphere had a woman accomplice in the robbery venture; that the chloroform used was part of a quantity, that had been bought by Lamphere for Mrs. Gunness to kill three men.

Lamphere's confession established the fact Mrs. Gunness is dead. The adult body found in the smoking ruins of the Gunness farm house amoung the cedars on McClung road was the body of Mrs. Belle Gunness. She was in a deep sleep that the chloroform induced when smoke crept up through the crevices and smothered her and the children.

Fire Brigade Masquerade Ball Friday night, Feb. 4th.

Statement of the Crow's Nest Coal Company.

The Toronto Globe's annual survey of financial and commercial affairs gives the following table of coal and coke production of the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Co. to-date; also the profits of the company from its start with cash dividends:

	Coal production	Coke made from Coal	Profits	Dividends Paid
1898	8,968	,367	.....	.....
1899	116,200	29,658	$ 47,810.42	.....
1900	220,448	72,496	141,064.10	.....
1901	425,427	125,085	270,848.39	$ 242,705.50
1902	441,234	120,777	171,285.80	250,000.00
1903	661,118	167,739	310,492.25	303,717,36
1904	742,210	245,118	406,048.00	347,807.25
1905	831,249	257,702	497,897.00	349,418.05
1906	806,901	213,396	351,791.00	350,000.00
1907	981,939	231,368	382,986.00	355,178.98
1908	981,645	262,558	240,226.00	185,825.20
1909	880,000	250,000	200,000.00	Nil

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Fruiter and Confectioner Main Street

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to select that make of piano of which you may be JUSTLY proud not only when it is new, but also after you have used it many, many years. Buy the kind that not only IS good but REMAINS good.
HEINTZMAN PIANO PARLORS
M. W. ELLEY, District Manager
Miners' Opera House Block
Fernie, B. C.

The IRONCLAD ALARM
I was in a house last week where they had three nickel alarm clocks.
One had lost its bell, the other its legs, the third was so clogged with dust it couldn't tell the truth.
There should be one more alarm clock in that house and that's an IRONCLAD.—It's knockproof, it's dustproof, it rings to beat the band.
A new shipment just in.
PRICE ONLY $2.50

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SPECIAL NOTICE!
Just Arrived:
PORK SAUSAGE
SPARE RIBS
CALVES LIVER
PIG'S LIVER
MINCE MEAT
COOKED HAM
Calgary Cattle Co. Calgary Cattle Co.

Rubber Stamps at Hosmer Times Office

A CAPTAIN OF INDOLENCE.

He Managed to Dodge Both Work and Matrimony.

By H. S. FRANK.

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Gabe was lying upon his back, his hands clasped under his head, gazing unthinkingly at the sky. He was twenty-five years old and barefooted.

Overhead a buzzard floated upon motionless wings, and Gabe's eyes followed it as far as they could without causing his head to move.

If he had any thought that was strong enough to be called an ambition it was to be a buzzard, for a buzzard was not forced to flap its wings to fly.

Times had been going somewhat hard with him of late. For one thing he had had to think, and the prospect was that before long he might have to do.

Cooner's daughter was now of age, and the understanding between the families had been that some time after Mary Bet was old enough these two should marry in order to save the seven acres on one side of the slope being separated from the nine acres which joined and crept over and down the other side.

Cooner was arbitrary, and Gabe's father, under the influence of Cooner, would be just as despotic.

Then Mary Bet was pretty—there was no denying that—and more than once Gabe's heart had thumped tiresomely in her presence. In that state he had even looked about her cabin critically, it may be hopefully.

But Mary Bet did not like work herself. He had found the ax lying beside three or four uncut branches her father had dragged in and the seven or eight chickens pecking about without a sign of coop or shelter.

By that time his heart was again beating tranquilly, and he had viewed the scene with dispassionate forethought. Married to Mary Bet he would have to cut wood and perhaps

"BILL TANNER'S WUTH A DOZEN OF YE."

make chicken coops and it might be would even have to plant a corn and potato patch.

The thought, made permanent by the persistent hints of Cooner and his father, had harassed him for days past, and this morning, feeling the need for absolute, unthinking rest, he had come out to this sunny spot where he could lie in his favorite attitude, with his hands clasped under his head.

But alas for plans! As the buzzard floated slowly beyond view and the unthinking eyes following it began to grow dreamy and heavy there came a sudden rasping interruption. It was Cooner admonishing his father.

"I tell ye," the strident voice was saying, "this thing's goin' on too slow. I'ust we know somebody 'll be steppin' in, an' then where'll our two estates be? Divided. There's that Bill Tanner already comin' up to see Bet an' she 'lowin' him.

"Pshaw! He'd be for carryin' her way down to his cabin in the valley, an' likely 's not they'd be for sellin' my seven acres some day. I tell ye, Mose, ye must be stirrin' up Gabe. He's a good boy and won't never be goin' off, an' if he's got a single wicked habit I've never heerd on it.

"I'll see the preacher this very day an' have him come up in two weeks. We'll have 'em ready by that time. I'll have to get Bet some new shoes, an' ye must see about Gabe's gettin' his hair cut. It's pretty toler'ble long an' untidy for a weddin'. An' we'd better be askin' all the folks to come."

Gabe had forced himself as deep as possible into the leaves, and he lay with bated breath until the voices and footsteps had died away toward Cooner's cabin.

Then he groaned and removed his hands slowly and despairingly from beneath his head. He must think and think quickly and hard or he would be lost.

Bill Tanner was peeling bark in the valley. He was a worker—not in the ordinary acceptance of the word perhaps, but from the slope point of view. Gabe went to him there.

"Hello, Bill," he began affably. "Gettin' quite a heap, ain't ye?"

Bill nodded gruffly. He had no objection to Gabe personally—only that he was welcome at the Cooner cabin, and that was enough.

"Hello," he responded. "But I 'low ye'd better come some other day. I'm too busy to talk now."

"That's all right," graciously. "I don't mind seein' folks work. Comin' up tonight?"

"Where?"

"Cooner's, of course," with a grin. "But there's no need to get mad, Bill," at the look on the other's face. "I ain't here to plague ye. I come down to sell my tater patch. What'll ye give?"

It was Bill's turn to grin.

"I've heerd 'bout that tater patch," he said. "It's two acres, an' old Cooner plowed it with his mule, an' your dad planted it all by himself, an' ye was to do the hoein' an' diggin'. I don't b'lieve ye've struck a lick in it yet."

"I don't b'lieve I have," acknowledged Gabe frankly. "But what'll ye give?"

"Why, I thought they was your wedd'n' taters," said Bill wonderingly. "I heerd Cooner say there'd be forty bushels an' that ye could sell twenty an' have twenty for a winter put by."

"Yes, I heerd him say that myself," smiled Gabe. "But, see here, Bill, I ain't a-hinderin' of nobody. Bet likes ye better'n she does me, an' ye like her, an' the wust thing her dad's got ag'in ye is that ye'd take her away. He don't want her to leave. Now, there's ten acres that joins him on the other side, an' it can be had for $30. I heerd the owner say so. Can ye raise $30?" anxiously.

"I might part of it and the rest when this bark's done."

"Well," in a relieved tone, "ye git it quick's ye can. The owner 'd take half down and wait for the rest. He told me so. He tried to sell it to me, but I didn't want no land to work.

"But ye must hurry. The preacher's comin' up in two weeks, an' ye want to be ready. Old Cooner 'll be all right long's ye own ten acres j'inin' an' two acres of taters."

"An' ye'll give up Bet?" incredulously.

"Long's she likes ye best, of course. I ain't comin' in between nobody that way, Bill."

Bill looked at him earnestly; then his face cleared, and he extended his hand.

"Ye're the best fellow that ever was," he cried heartily, "an' I'm sorry for anything I've said or done. I'll be your friend after this. Now, what'll ye take for the taters?"

"Oh, that's all right," easily. "When ye're married and settled up there I'll let ye do the chores when I have any, so 'twon't cost ye nothin' but work."

Gabe went directly to Cooner, drawing a long face.

"That Bill Tanner's too smart for me," he grumbled. "I went down there thinkin' I could make a trade, but he's got my taters an' I ain't got a thing to show."

He waited long enough for his words to have their full effect, then added:

"I b'lieve I'll go out to Mexico or Maine or somewhere that way. The only thing is it'll be right hard for Bet to go so fur, but mebbe she can stand it."

"Bet go to Mexico or Maine!" almost shrieked Cooner. "Why, you—you plumb idiot, Bill Tanner's wuth a dozen of ye. Bet 'll stay right here. Now ye be gittin' off."

"But I thought"—

"Thought nothin'!" angrily. "Git along with ye."

Gabe went with downcast head until he got beyond the cabin. Then he began to chuckle.

His chuckles grew louder and louder as he widened the distance between him and the cabin, and by the time he had gone half a mile they had developed into roars of laughter.

In his present mood, however, laughter seemed all too ineffective as an expression of his feelings, and he stood on his head, turned a handspring or two and then walked on his hands for at least a dozen feet along the rough road.

Not in years had Gabe displayed one-tenth of the energy he now expended.

He was very tired, however, when his paroxysm of joy was over, and he promptly sought a secluded nook in the woods and took a long nap.

When he awoke an hour later the first audible sound he made was a chuckle, and he continued in this merry mood until the outlines of the parental cabin were sighted.

Much of the next two weeks he spent upon his back, with his face to the sky.

But when the wedding day came he was among the guests, smiling and happy, with his hair cut in honor of the momentous occasion.

Mary Bet drew him aside at the first opportunity, her eyes moist with grateful tears.

"Oh, Gabe," she whispered happily, "I shan't ever forgit what ye've done for Bill an' me. It was fine the way ye got round dad, an' so smart. I—I never s'posed ye had it in ye. Bill told me all about it, an' we won't ever forgit. Ye must come jest as often as ye can an' eat with us."

A Kick From the Bachelors.

The sobranje of Bulgaria has passed a law imposing a tax of about $3 a year on all unmarried men who are thirty years old or older. At Tirnovo, the ancient capital, it has been a custom for many years to humiliate unmarried men. On the first Monday in Lent all marriageable men who had not selected life partners in the carnival season were beaten on sight with inflated pigs' bladders. The bachelors always dreaded the day, while the girls looked forward to it with pleasure. Since the tax act has been passed the bachelors have entered a formal protest against the continuance of the practice. They say they will gladly pay the tax, but want the chastisement declared unlawful.

Japanese Building.

The Japanese begin building their houses at the top. The roof is built first and elevated on a skeleton frame. Thus it affords shelter to the workmen from storms.

Breeches.

At one time among the Greeks the wearing of breeches indicated slavery.

Down and Out.

She called herself a silly goose.
He did not venture to reply.
She moved a little closer then
And called herself a goose again,
Indulging in a soulful sigh.

She called herself a foolish girl
And on his hand let her hand fall,
But still he had no word to say
And was not, when he went away,
Requested to repeat his call.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Local Sensation.

"I see you farmers are all buying automobiles."

"We are," admitted Farmer Whiffletree, "and you can believe it or not, but my hired man has developed enough energy to be pinched for speeding."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

TRAIN ETIQUETTE.

Small Courtesies That Make Traveling Less Tiresome.

Frequent journeys taken lately convince me, said a woman recently, that what might be called "train etiquette" is usually disregarded. For instance, why is it necessary to elbow and crowd to get in and out of a car any more than when occupying a seat alone one should act as though personally insulted when the vacant place beside one is taken?

One understands perfectly, of course, that each person would prefer to have a whole seat to herself. One never finds an individual going into a car and sitting down beside a stranger when there is a whole seat vacant. It is far more comfortable to have plenty of elbow room, not to mention the privilege of twisting and turning.

But luxury of this sort is so pronounced that it is a reason for running drawing room cars on trains, sometimes even on short journeys. In these cars each person pays extra, and not infrequently at a high rate to have a seat alone—a more comfortable one, to be sure, but primarily alone. When there are no drawing room cars or extra expense cannot be afforded it certainly becomes the part of good breeding to make the best of the usual coach and not act surly because some one who cannot afford a drawing room seat sits on the other half of the seat.

Courtesy necessarily betokens a certain graciousness of manner if not of disposition, but it is one of the arts of civilization that can be assumed, though one has it not. When cars of suburban trains begin to fill and the late comers arrive it is exceedingly unnecessary to glower at one who sits beside a former occupant. The very slightest effort will be enough to keep one well mannered under the circumstances.

It has been particularly noticeable to me that the simple little act of courtesy, "Is this seat being reserved?" which is asked of the person already occupying the bench, is rarely omitted. Both men and women employ it, as a rule, and it is the first step toward train politeness. The next is to meet it in kind by replying graciously and politely that it is not or that it is when the latter is the case. And there should be no resentfulness in the manner.

Unless a car is well filled there is no reason why parcels should not be put on a seat, but when train space begins to be taxed it is a selfish person who leaves bags or bundles where persons should sit. Just as soon as the car begins to fill parcels should either be put on the floor or in the racks and done, too, as though the act were a willing one, not grudgingly.

WHAT WOMEN ARE DOING.

Mrs. Sofia Loebinger and Miss Helen Murphy of Brooklyn are to edit the new suffrage monthly, and they propose to have it on sale at all newsstands.

At the recent convocation of the state church in Finland it was decided by a large majority to recommend that full suffrage in church affairs should be given to women and that they should be eligible for all church offices.

The suffrage store kept open for one week in Boston is said to have proved a great success. More than a thousand new signatures were added to the national suffrage petition and a large quantity of literature, candy and cake sold.

Mrs. Blanche H. Mason has been appointed assistant state factory inspector for the state of Washington with a salary of $1,200 a year. She was formerly a factory inspector in Michigan and has been district superintendent of the Washington Children's Home society since she removed to the Pacific coast. She is a widow with one son.

Miss Mary Evans, A. M., Lit. D., a graduate of Mount Holyoke, has resigned as president of Lake Erie college, Painesville, O., after a service of forty years. She will be succeeded by Miss Vivian Blanche Small, associate professor in the Latin department of Mount Holyoke. Miss Small was graduated from Mount Holyoke in 1896 and received the master's degree from the University of Chicago in 1905. For several years she has been assistant secretary of the National Alumnae association and for two years head of Mead hall, one of the dormitories at Mount Holyoke.

Indian Girl to Write American Play.

Emma Rainel, a full blooded Indian, has become possessed of the ambition to write "the great American play." She is a graduate of Carlisle and lives in Seattle. She intends to give all her time in the next two years to work on a play which she believes will be "American in the biggest sense." Miss Rainel thinks the "great American play" should have Indians and white settlers as principals, and she will swing the action around a mixed group of this kind. She has selected Seattle as her home because she thinks that in the far west only is to be found the spirit which animated the pioneers who pushed the country's frontier to the Pacific. She has arranged to visit Indian villages in the west of this country and also in Canada in search of material or "atmosphere." Miss Rainel was graduated from Carlisle with high honors.

Placing the Order.

"Wot's yourn?" asked the waiter of a quick lunch patron.

"Doughnuts and black coffee," was the reply.

And the waiter sent in the order to the cook by wireless, "One in the dark in' two rubber tires."

The Conjugal Metal.

In Paris they call radium le metal conjugal because it was the joint discovery of husband and wife. It was Mme. Curie who first suspected the qualities of uranium and drew her husband's attention to the subject.

Mr. Pickwick's Nightgown.

A writer in the Cornhill Magazine gives it as his opinion that Mr. Pickwick and his friends had no nightshirts or nightgowns because Dickens does not mention such garments when he describes nightcaps.

A VETERAN MARATHONER.

J. W. Geddes at 51 Is Well Up With the Lads.

A record perhaps unequalled in this country was made a few days ago when J. W. Geddes of Toronto, despite his fifty-one winters, ran in the Ward Marathon at Toronto, finished within the limit and had enough time to spare to help a lad who was suffering from the effects of the long run.

Mr. Geddes has a long list of honors to his credit as the result of an active athletic career. He was only beaten by a few feet for first place in the ten mile walk at Guelph three or four years ago. He has been a champion quoit pitcher, fancy roller skater, rifle shot and jumper.

He is best remembered in Canada as the owner of the famous "Little World," an entertainment with which he travel d some years ago.

Geddes is 51 years of age, and was the oldest man in the Toronto Marathon race, and for his pluck and endurance, combined with his age, J. J. Ward presented him with a special medal for being the oldest in the race, besides the bronze medal that is given to every runner that finishes within the time limit.

When all is taken into consideration, Geddes' time of 2.52 is pretty fair going. Geddes' time from the exhibition out to the turn and back to the Humber was 1 55. At this stage of the race he stopped to get some nourishment. He was starting to leave the Humber when some young boy in distress from the long run came along. Geddes started to nurse the boy along and gave him some hot tea. He stayed with the boy till they came to the Ocean House and at this point the youngster said he was all right, and would be able to continue the journey alone. In doing this kind act Geddes lost quite a few minutes, and it is the impression of many that if the veteran had kept on running he would have finished somewhere around the forties instead of where he did. Geddes was in the best of condition when he entered the exhibition track to complete his last lap. His time for the lap was 3 minutes flat, and that is stepping some after a grind of twenty miles. Geddes is not disappointed with his showing. His aim was to do the route as fast as possible, but do it within the three hours. In a trial a couple of weeks before the race the veteran made the round trip in 2.42, so if he had had nobody to care for in the Ward race he would certainly have lived up to his trial time, and at that he was eight minutes within the time limit, his time being 2.52.

GAINED A FRIEND.

How R. J. Fleming of Toronto Heard All About Himself.

The other morning R. J. Fleming, manager of the Toronto Railway Co., was rolling down Avenue Road on his way to business when he observed a solitary woman walking in the same direction, and looking as if she might appreciate a lift on the road. At least that is what the manager thought, so he got the chauffeur to slow up, and hailing the woman he put on his most genial smile and asked her if he might carry her some distance on her way.

Nothing loath, the woman entered the car. She sat alone on the seat at the rear capable of holding three, and enjoyed herself immensely.

"Let her out a little," whispered R. J. to the chauffeur, and the latter opened up, and shot the car down the incline at a speed that would have made a policeman hasten after, had there been one in the vicinity.

"My, but that's grand; it's the first time I've ever been in one, and I am enjoying it. It's a good deal better than those trolley cars. I tell you the way Fleming runs that system is a disgrace. I don't know how he ever got the job, but I don't believe he'll hold it long. Take that Arthur street business, for instance—"

"Let her out again," whispered R. J. to conceal the blushes that the woman's praise was causing to flush his countenance. So they had another spurt, which took the woman's breath away, and soon she had reached her destination. She finally took a good look at the man in the front seat, and said:

"Say, I believe that you are R. J. Fleming. You look like the pictures of him. You are, eh? Well, I've heard a good many hard things about you, but I won't believe them after this. I'm awfully obliged for that ride." And they shook hands like old friends.

Was It Sold?

Dave Higgins, on honest Manitoba farmer, advertised his cow for sale as follows:

"Owing to ill-health, I will sell at my residence, in township 23, range 13, according to the Government survey, one raspberry-plush cow, eight years old.

"She is a good milker and not afraid of motor-cars or anything else.

"She has undaunted courage and gives milk frequently. To a man who does not fear death in any form she would be a great boon. She is very much attached to her home at present, by means of twenty-foot log chain, but she will be sold to any one who will use her right.

"She is one-fourth shorthorn and three-fourths hyene.

"I will also throw in a double-barrelled shotgun, as it goes with her.

"In May she generally goes away for a week or two, and returns with a tall, red calf with wabbly legs."

No Home Study.

Guelph's Board of Education has decided to cut out home study entirely in the public schools. The best way to cut it out is to do it, and there need be no fear of a resulting revolution. It is like early closing of the stores, and about the same kind of argument is presented in each case. It imposes some individual cases of hardship at first, but in the aggregate the community soon adjusts itself to the change.—Windsor Record.

A Harvest of Lives.

Over 47,000 lives have been saved by the Royal National Lifeboat Institution.

Whirlpools.

Whirlpools are really circular currents of water produced by winds or other currents. They are very seldom found on a large scale. The two celebrated whirlpools of the world are the Maelstrom and Charybdis.

Handy With the Sword.

Mlle. Moussin (in the time of Louis XV.), a beautiful woman and charming vocalist, was so nimble with either sword or pistol that Parisian gallants "fought shy" of her. Three did accept challenges, and she "pinked" each of them fatally. She afterward killed her fencing master.

NEWFOUNDLAND'S PREMIER.

Sir E. P. Morris Has Won by Sheer Fighting Ability.

Sir Edward Morris, the new Prime Minister of Newfoundland, was a somewhat spectacular figure at the recent Imperial Defence Conference in London, as representing the only colony that provides any machinery of naval defence, by her naval reserve. Newfoundland has already been much in the public eye because of her fishery dispute with France, her similar dispute with the United States, and her recent unique political situation which was ended by Sir Edward Morris securing control of the Government.

Fifty years of age, he has spent half that time in public life and has been for sixteen years a member of successive Ministries. Elected first in 1885 in a period of sectarian animosities, he and his fellow-Catholics found themselves in Opposition, with a Protestant Government. Four years later, Premier Whiteway formed a party with men of all creeds, and chose Morris as his Catholic lieutenant. They swept the country and for eight years Morris was a Minister without portfolio, acting as Attorney-General during Whiteway's visits to London in connection with the fishery disputes himself having one or two such missions. When the Whiteway party was worsted in 1897 Morris and Bond held their seats and led the Opposition until the great Reid contract was introduced by the Winter Cabinet, when Morris supported it and Bond opposed it, Morris and four others forming a third party.

In 1900, when the Winter Ministry went to pieces Morris and Bond united again and assumed office, Morris still declining a portfolio and not until two years later did he accept the portfolio of Justice, retaining it in the general election of 1904, and until July, 1907, when, differences arising anew between himself and Bond, he retired from the Ministry. At the session in the winter of 1908 he was chosen to lead the Opposition, and in the election last November he carried eighteen seats, against eighteen secured by Bond. The resulting incidents are well known. Bond sought another dissolution, was refused it, and resigned office. Morris formed a Ministry, assumed control, convened the Legislature, and when Bond blocked his attempt to elect a Speaker, advised a dissolution, was granted it and elected 26 men, Bond getting only ten.

Morris has never lost a colleague in the three-membered district of St. John's West, where he has sat since his first entry into politics, a distinction no other man here can claim. He is the undisputed leader of the Catholics, one-third of the population. In 1900 and in 1904 they returned 13 Bondites, but in 1909 Morris secured ten in spite of the Catholic archbishop and many of his clergy strongly supporting Bond. One of the remarkable features of the election was that the Catholic clergy supported Bond, while the Orangemen supported Morris.

Sir Edward Morris is one of the class of men who by sheer merit go to the front in the colonies and in the United States. Self-made, the architect of his own fortunes, he taught school at first, took a course at Ottawa University, and then entered the legal profession, where he soon became Newfoundland's ablest criminal lawyer.

From the very outset his energy and activity marked him for a man of unusual powers. In his first election he stood as an Independent, contesting the constituency against a trio enjoying the advantages of clerical endorsation, but won a signal victory leading the poll hundreds of votes ahead of the second man. In his Legislative career he has introduced many measures in behalf of the workingmen, and he approaches more nearly to the idea of a Laborite member than any other in the colony.

Great Canadian Tunnels.

Press reports from Montreal state that work has been completed on the greatest tunnelling ever attempted in Canada, namely, the two spiral tunnels on the main line of the Canadian Pacific between Field and Hector. Several miles will be added to the length of the track, together with more than a mile of tunnelling and a couple of bridges, but the "Big Hill" grade will be so reduced as to more than double the tractive power of the locomotives. While the work meant the excavation of 650,000 cubic yards of virgin rock, the employment of 1,000 men for twenty months, the boring of about 1.5 miles of tunnels through mountains 10,000 feet high, and the building of two bridges over the Kicking Horse River, it is estimated that it will prove a splendid investment for the Canadian Pacific. It will reduce this big grade from 4.5 to a maximum of 2.2. This will mean that the biggest obstacle to the running of trains over the Rocky Mountains has been removed, and that in the future on this section of the line two engines will be able to do much more work than four have hitherto been able to do, at one-third less expense to the company, and with an almost complete elimination of the ever-present risk to life of operating trains on a steep grade. The cost of the improvement was $1,500,000.

Captain Bernier.

Canada has reason to be proud of her own Arctic voyageur, Captain Bernier. So far Capt. Bernier has not been crowned with the good fortune that carried Cook and Peary to the Pole, nor is Capt. Bernier gifted with the imagination that enabled one or both of the American explorers to report that they had reached the long-sought "top end of the earth." But Capt. Bernier is a modest, daring, enduring navigator worthy to rank with the Franklins and other heroic failures of Arctic exploration. And these failures are a more glorious company than such successes as the Cooks and Pearys. Capt. Bernier is a credit to the French-Canadian race and an honor to the all-Canadian nation.—Toronto Telegram.

Heard In the Bath.

"That's the laziest rubber I ever saw," criticised the patron in the Turkish bath parlors. "Why, he looks as if he were asleep."

"Oh, I'll fix that in a few minutes," assured the proprietor.

"Going to give him a call?"

"Yes, I am going to tell him to stretch himself."—Minneapolis Journal.

The Reason.

She—Only think, Frau Hubmeier threw a flatiron at her husband's head because he accidentally sat down on her new hat! I couldn't do a thing like that!

He—No, you love me too much, don't you?

She—Yes, and, besides, I haven't any new hat!—Meggendorfer Blatter.

FAKING COURT DRESS.

Lawyers In a Hurry Resort to Queer Dodges.

Every lawyer that appears either to argue a case or to make a motion before any of the High Court judges in the non-jury court is supposed to wear his black gown when so doing. Occasionally a lawyer will arrive in court from out of town, or from another court minus his gown, or a case will come on so suddenly that he won't have time to get into his legal togs. So with many apologies and asking the sanction of the court, one occasionally takes part in a case clad in his business suit. Wallace Nesbitt did so before Justice Latchford recently. Justice Riddell has "called" lawyers for trying it.

With the black gown necessarily go the white shirt front and the white tie. There is a tale of a daring barrister being called into court suddenly before a stickler of a judge, who folded the black cloth lying on a typewriter, over his coat and appeared to speak to a motion without the court's noticing the deception. But while it is hard to appear to wear a gown when a lawyer actually hasn't one for the occasion, it is a different matter with the shirts and ties. Although to gaze at them in court one would say that each lawyer under his black gown wore a white shirt and tie, an examination for discovery would disclose the fact that at least a third of them don't. A lawyer hustled into the rear room of this court recently, pulled off a red tie, unbuttoned his collar, took a handkerchief already crumpled in his pocket, slipped one end of the handkerchief over his collar button, buttoned the collar over this substance, put on his waistcoat and gown, and behold, there he was clad for the fray. He looked as if he had a ruffled white shirt on. In reality he had on a checked colored shirt, hidden by the handkerchief.

A brother lawyer did precisely the same thing, only it was found that he also lacked the white bow tie that goes with the shirt and collar. He tried vainly to beg a tie. Finally another lawyer took a paper pad and drew on it the outline of a white bow tie, cutting it out afterwards with his knife and passing it to the man minus the tie.

"Just the thing," exclaimed the other lawyer. He put a dab of mucilage on the back of this paper tie, stuck it on the bogus shirt front and sailed serenely into court to represent his client. Three feet away from him anyone would imagine he wore a white tie.

Besides pressing handkerchiefs into service as temporary shirts lawyers use dickeys, and occasionally large sheets of white paper for a flying appearance. Others would scorn to show up unless immaculately clad. There is one lawyer who always appears in a "white" shirt, but while it may conform to correct tradition, it is generally in such a dilapidated shape that one wonders at the custom that allows such a thing in court. The shirt always appears to have been worn from three days to a week, and every High Court judge on the bench has privately remarked on it.

Canada's Far North.

The reports of Cook and Peary, both of whom claim to have reached the North Pole, agree in this—that there is no land at the Pole and none within many miles of the long-sought spot. It is a region perpetually icebound and beneath the ice are the waters of the Polar sea. Such being the conditions there it is impossible to set up the claim of national ownership to the region, for that ownership can only attach to land and to the surrounding waters three miles distant. In no manner do the exploits of these Arctic explorers affect Canada's ownership to the numerous, and in many cases, large islands which lie north of the mainland and extend far toward the polar region. These islands are adjacent to Canada's continental possessions and of which they have always been considered as appendages. They were always considered to be part of British North America and British North America is now the Dominion of Canada. And, further, these islands have formally been taken possession of by Canada and her sovereign right to the same firmly established. Captain Bernier has been in the Far North extending this work and making explorations which will further add to our knowledge of the geography of the region.

Lucky Journalists.

A number of Canadian journalists and former journalists have fallen heir to a piece of good luck in the northern Ontario silver field, says The Editor and Publisher, New York.

It is claimed that in August of last year they unearthed three lumps of native silver weighing 22 pounds, and they have just received word from the engineer in charge that a second discovery has been made in the shape of a 22-inch vein very rich in silver.

The syndicate owning the property is comprised of the following gentlemen: Col. E. W. B. Morrison, editor of The Ottawa Daily Citizen; Brenton A. Macnab, managing editor of The Montreal Star; Wm. H. Moore, proprietor of The Canadian Courier; John T. P. Knight, editor of The Journal of the Canadian Bankers' Association; Frank T. Ahearn, of Ottawa, formerly of The Ottawa Citizen; Wm. J. Carrique, of Montreal, formerly of The Hamilton Herald and Ottawa Citizen, and Major W. O. H. Dodds, of Montreal.

Finer Man of Two.

Capt. Bernier was as eager to discover the Pole as Peary was, and tried hard for twenty years to raise enough money to fit out a polar expedition. It was the dream of his life. But not only has he borne his disappointments like a man, but when he learned that Cook was on his way to the Pole he helped the doctor with provisions, and when he learned of the doctor's success he sent him hearty congratulations. We think that, although Peary reached the Pole and Bernier didn't, our bluff Canadian sailorman is the bigger and finer man of the two. We're all proud of the Cap.—Hamilton Herald.

Sandwiches.

Minced dates make an agreeable sandwich filling. Sometimes minced raisins and figs are added to them.

To make olive sandwiches, chop fine one-half pint bottle of olives and mix with a generous quantity of mayonnaise. Spread generously on thin slices of fresh bread.

Sardine sandwiches are made by rubbing the contents of one box of sardines to paste and mixing with two hard boiled eggs chopped fine. Spread evenly on triangles of bread.

TORONTO'S "OLD FORT"

HISTORIC SPOT IS SOON TO BE RECLAIMED AND RESTORED.

It Is About a Hundred and Sixty Years Since M. de la Galissoniere Ordered a Stockade to Be Built Near Where the City Now Stands—"Old Fort" Saw Some Fighting In the War of 1812.

Toronto has happily escaped what, at one time came near becoming a possible disgrace. And the thanks, not only of the city but of the province and, it may be said, of the entire Dominion, are due to the Ontario Historical Society and those who have apparently snatched the historic "Old Fort" as it has generally been termed, from destruction, and it will remain. A Government patent relating to the Garrison Common was granted to the City of Toronto recently, and this includes the area occupied by the site of the old fort, and the conditions of transfer necessitate the restoration of the works, in accordance with a plan apparently drawn and dated at Quebec in the year 1816, and their permanent maintenance. And this result has not been accomplished without some trouble. It has been more than once said that Toronto never showed much enthusiasm over its old landmarks. It is true that it does not, so far as the English regime is concerned, possess very much that is really old to conserve. But it possesses enough to inspire respect and provoke interest.

Compared with some cities Toronto may be regarded as a place of some antiquity. There is, for example, a halo of age, in a relative sense, around the spot known for years as the "Old Fort," named originally "Fort York." But it is, after all, only one hundred and sixty years since the French were extending their trading posts westerly and playing the part of "pioneers of nations yet to be" and treading the forests where the "human sea" of the poet's fancy is even now rolling. And then only, when King George III. had sat for ten years on the throne of Great Britain, was it that M. de la Galissoniere, acting for M. de la Jonquiere, ordered a stockade to be built in the locality. This was later greatly extended, and additions were made to its strength and equipment three years later, in the year 1752, and the position was named Fort Rouille in honor of M. le Comte de Rouille, the French Colonial Minister from 1749 to 1754. But this "position" was not on the same site as Fort York now immediately referred to. It stood a short distance further west and through the efforts of the late Rev. Dr. Scadding a cairn was erected on the spot it occupied.

While alluding to old Fort York, it may be noticed in passing that Toronto, later on named York, and then renamed Toronto, would not have been selected as the capital had the wishes of Simcoe been complied with. He had decided that the locality where London now stands would have been the best situation as opening up a communication by way of the Grand River and other channels between Lakes Huron and Ontario.

The archives indicate the correspondence which shows that Lord Dorchester decided that Toronto was the best site for the capital, and this particular spot where the fort stands was noted as a special place, owing to the "strength of its position and the security it could offer to the naval force of the province." And the most unlearned in the matter of fortifications can see that, as a site for a work commanding the entrance to the harbor, as such strongholds had to be constructed and situated at that period, the position is a commanding one. But it was practically never more than an earth-work and stockade, and up to a few years ago it was, with its old guns, some eight or nine in number, and its venerable and decayed stockade, a picturesque and interesting spectacle, very suggestive of the past at an interesting crisis of the country's history.

The old fort witnessed some stirring scenes during the last war with the United States. It then lay some distance from what was no more than the village of York with its few hundred inhabitants. It was, on the approach of danger, hastily armed with some 24-pounders, not in the best of condition, and some naval guns from the gun-brig "Duke of Gloucester," afterwards burned during the operations. But in spite of individual bravery and the presence of some veteran soldiers these operations were not crowned with success for the British at the moment. At the outset of the engagement which followed the American invasion and attack on the company of the Newfoundland regiment and five hundred regulars and Canadian militia, the magazine in the western battery exploded and killed a number of men and "crippled the battery." Captain McNeal of the 8th Regiment was killed. This was followed by a second explosion later, when the main magazine exploded, killing the American General Pike and also killing and wounding 250 of his followers. A rather ignominious capitulation followed.

The American triumph was, however, brief as in two or three days after the invasion, on the 1st of May, 1813, the enemy evacuated the place and sailed away from the scene of their barren triumph.

By Way of a Change.

If this matter of the naval program of Canada has produced bold independence of thought and speech by the party leaders and their lieutenants, Canada has much to thank the naval program for. We hope sincerely that there will be some good, honest independence of attitude by both Grit and Tory, regardless of party lines, when the subject comes up for discussion in the Parliament. The country is sick of the sheep-like obedience of the party representatives in the House, and would like to see an independent mix-up, by way of a change and a tonic—Brockville Times.

Brief Names.

The shortest geographical name on record is "U," an island east of Quelpart island, on the southern coast of Korea. Ma, an island in Korea bay; Ui, an island on the western coast of Korea; Uo, an island in the Inland sea, Japan, and Po, a river in Italy, are close seconds for brevity.

Wood Consumption.

While the forests of the United States are increasing at the rate of 7,000,000,000 cubic feet a year, the country is using 23,000,000,000 cubic feet of wood each twelve months.

NOT GUILTY MADAM, WHAT NEXT in YOUR LIFE?

Mrs. Evelyn Thaw, Who Is Not Worried by Notoriety.

Nan Patterson, One of the Most Famous of Modern Court Heroines, Has Not Found Smooth Sailing

Mrs. J. Clayton Erb of Philadelphia, Acquitted of Murdering Her Husband, Seeks Convent Solace

Mrs. Annie M. Bradley, Slayer of Senator Brown, Living in Retirement in Utah.

Mrs. Angie Birdsong, a Mississippi Slayer, Pardoned by the Governor.

The Fate that Pursues the Heroines of the Courtroom

"NOT guilty, madam. You are free again, as free as air. By the verdict of a jury of your peers you are absolved from the demand of the law—a life for a life—your future is in your hands alone. What will you make of it?"

Strange that the world should be so deeply interested in a woman on trial for her life—should her case be more than ordinarily sensational or should she figure prominently otherwise in a sensational trial—and should forget her so quickly and completely almost as soon as the jury has rendered its verdict.

What becomes of our courtroom "heroines"? What of the days and years they pass after leaving the dazing, terrifying limelight of the trial room, with its horrible anxiety, nerve-racking suspense, its publicity and torture of legal inquisition?

THERE have been few more sensational trials of recent years than that of Mrs. Florence M. Erb and her sister, Mrs. Catherine Beisel, who were arraigned before a jury at Media, Pa., charged with the murder of Mrs. Erb's husband, Captain J. Clayton Erb, a well-known politician and militiaman, of Philadelphia.

Stories of the trial occupied columns in the newspapers of Philadelphia and other cities. The faces of the two accused women became familiar to thousands through published portraits. It was a notoriety from which any woman of delicate feeling would shrink. Both Mrs. Erb and Mrs. Beisel showed plainly the effects of the terrible strain.

Released, Mrs. Beisel returned to her Philadelphia home, there, in the quietness of an interrupted domestic life, to live down, if possible, the memory of days and weeks of legal torture.

Of her sister, who announced her intention of making a court contest for a share of her husband's estate later, a brief item was recently recorded: "Mrs. Erb will enter a convent in a nearby state. She will spend several months there. She says she intends to visit Europe in the summer."

Outside of Salt Lake City is a little dilapidated farmhouse, standing in the center of an acre of ground; it is unsheltered in the summer from the sun, and during the winter the cold penetrates its thin walls; there lives a broken, emaciated woman and four children. Few people would recognize in the woman the former defendant in a celebrated murder trial.

A TENSE MOMENT

It was a dramatic scene, when, on December 3, 1907, the members of the jury filed into the courtroom at Washington, after deliberating on the fate of Mrs. Annie M. Bradley, of Utah, who was accused of shooting and killing her lover, former United States Senator Arthur Brown.

"What is your verdict; is the defendant guilty or not guilty?" asked the clerk of the court.

The hundreds in the courtroom waited eagerly. Mrs. Bradley, nearly swooning, caught hold of the arms of her chair. Instead of the foreman replying, all the members in unison exclaimed:

"Not guilty!"

Then the tense silence was broken. Men and women rose to their feet and cheered. Some of the women wept and became hysterical. Mrs. Bradley was surrounded by scores of sympathizers. The members of the jury came down and shook her hand. Finally, when she was led through the crowd and escorted to a touring car, she was taken to the home of one of the most prominent families in Washington as their guest. For three weeks she was feted and congratulated.

Undoubtedly, Mrs. Bradley had killed Senator Brown, whose companion she had been for nine years, and to whom she had borne two sons. She acknowledged as much. Mrs. Bradley left her own husband for the western Senator, who, she asserted, had promised to marry her as soon as his wife, who was ill, should die.

SORROW HER PORTION

His wife refused him a divorce. There was one thing to do—she was sickly, her life was slowly ebbing away—wait for her death. Mrs. Bradley was patient. The years passed, two children came, and still Mrs. Brown lived. On two occasions the women met; once Mrs. Brown attacked Mrs. Bradley and attempted to beat her with her fists. Salt Lake City teemed with the scandal. Mrs. Bradley bore it all in silence.

Then Mrs. Brown died. At last Mrs. Bradley thought her hopes were to be realized. She waited for several months. Former Senator Brown was in Washington. She wrote to him; his replies were formal and laconic. Mrs. Bradley went to Washington. She followed Brown to his hotel. One day, while waiting for him in his apartments, she discovered a letter written to the senator by Mrs. Annie A. Adams, mother of Maude Adams, the actress, and from it thought the senator was engaged to marry her. When he entered the room she confronted him.

"Are you going to do what is right by me?" she asked. He buttoned his overcoat and without a word turned to go. Then she drew a revolver and fired the fatal shot.

That was the story told in the Criminal Court at Washington. That she had gained sympathy was shown by the verdict of the jury.

Leaving Washington soon after her acquittal, Mrs. Bradley returned to Salt Lake City, penniless. By dint of great effort she succeeded in renting the dilapidated little farmhouse and the small tract of surrounding land. She undertook to farm it. She plowed the earth herself. She planted the vegetables with the aid of her children. She tried to raise chickens, but had bad luck with them. Her oldest child sold papers in Salt Lake City.

Privation and suffering were the woman's lot. She was offered a position by some sympathizers, and took charge of some offices in Salt Lake at $1 a day. She tried this work, but the company failed, and she was without a position. Her oldest son then got a position as operator in a telephone exchange. He earned $4 a week—$4 to keep the family from starvation. Some time ago a friend visited the woman. She was thin and weary and careworn. How was she? was asked. "I wish I were dead," she replied.

Poor, in debt, a semi-invalid, virtually friendless save for the friendship that spells charity in another way, this woman, who took vengeance in her own hands and shed blood in anger, is suffering the torments of death. She has no joy in the present, little hope for the future.

It isn't often that, in the South, a woman is dragged before the bar of justice on a murder charge, but this was the fate of young Mrs. Angie Birdsong, of Lawrence county, Mississippi, who shot and killed her family physician and former friend of the family, Dr. Thomas H. Butler.

Mrs. Birdsong was not acquitted. The jury found her guilty, but in such minor degree that her punishment was fixed at five years' imprisonment at hard labor. Later she was granted a full pardon by Governor Vardaman.

Once Mrs. Birdsong was the most popular matron in the society of the town. Every one agreed that she was one of the handsomest and most attractive women in the county.

When Mrs. Birdsong, a respected wife and mother, shot Dr. Butler, declaring that he had maligned her, the people of the section were thunderstruck. The trial was one of the most sensational in the South.

Standing before the jury was a slight, dark-haired woman with a refined face. She had been highly respected in her community; her family was one of the oldest in the state, an uncle being United States Senator McLaurin. The story she told, in a clear, ringing voice, brought tears to the eyes of many.

COLLAPSED AFTER TRAGEDY

"I was married when I was quite young," she said. "My husband knew me since I was 6. Five years ago our first baby was born; our second three years ago. We have been happy; my husband believed in me.

"I do not deny killing Dr. Butler. But he slandered me. My husband came and told me that it was rumored Dr. Butler was going around boasting he had appointments with me. I went to Dr. Butler's office. I told him what I had heard. I asked him if it were true. He jumped up, seized me about the waist and tried to drag me into the next room. I drew my pistol from my handbag and began shooting."

After her pardon Mrs. Birdsong's nerves gave way, and for a long time she suffered from collapse. Of late, her beauty fading, she has been living quietly in her home town. She remains mostly within the house or the confines of the garden. She never goes into society. Her friends, when they occasionally call, find a subdued, mournful woman. The great world has forgotten Mrs. Birdsong, probably, but who can say whether, in the quiet of her retired life, she will ever forget the fearful hours and days when she was fighting for life before a jury, with a whole nation looking on!

No more sensational criminal trials in which a woman figured were ever known in this country, perhaps, than those of Nan Patterson, charged before a New York city court with the murder of the horseman, Caesar Young. Three times she was placed in jeopardy of her life.

Three times the jury disagreed. After the final trial, despairing of convicting the sprightly and handsome chorus girl, the state permitted her to go free. When she walked from the courtroom crowds cheered her; women became hysterical for joy.

One would imagine that she would have taken the fearful lesson deeply to heart; that she would have profited by the sympathy her cruel plight had aroused; that she would have retired forever from the limelight of publicity and to a quiet, uneventful life gladly.

With the idea of profiting by the notoriety she had achieved, theater managers made offers to her. Nan, dazzled by promises of success, accepted. She again went on the road, appearing in a play called "The Romance of Panama." The result?

In town after town where the play appeared protests were made against the production. Clergymen denounced it; societies filed petitions against it. In some towns the theaters were closed. In others, when Nan appeared, she was greeted with jeers and gibes. The play was a failure.

Nan left the boards, and went to live in Pittsburg. Scandal again began to bandy her name. It was rumored she was seen in company with some of the fastest men in the town. She was summoned before Acting Chief of Detectives Roach and ordered to leave the city. Nan consulted an attorney, and an appeal was made to the Mayor. He came to Nan's defense, and told her she could remain so long as she conducted herself properly.

Her attempts to return to the stage have been ghastly failures. A gaunt and grisly shadow seems to darken her path. Her career is tinged with sorrows. She has been brave. She has tried to earn a living, but the people prevented her. This ever-present ghost of tragedy—where will it drive her?

Most of the interest in the notorious Thaw trial centered, not about the weak-faced, fortune-spoiled prisoner, Harry Thaw, but about his young, handsome and vivacious wife, Evelyn. Perhaps, without her, the case might have attracted widespread attention; because of her, it attained worldwide notoriety.

Her husband in a madhouse, Evelyn Thaw has not put on sackcloth and ashes and retired from the gay world she loves so well. Since the trial many stories little to her credit have gone out from New York. Whether true or not is not for determination here. At any rate, she has not, evidently, renounced the world and its ways into sorrowing retreat to bemoan her fate and that of her incarcerated husband.

TURNS TO SCULPTURE

Some time ago it was stated that she had taken up the study of art, determined to win fame as a sculptress. She was quoted as saying:

"My one absorbing idea now is to do something worth while in life. I want to do something that is praiseworthy and try to forget the past. Sometimes I work ten hours a day at a sketch. Of course, I can't expect to do anything really great in less than four years. But I'm going to keep on. I expect to make good, too, and I'll be only 30 then."

This is Evelyn's account of her latest ambition. What matter if other stories of her life differ from this?

One recalls the terrible Borden tragedy of Fall River, Mass., a number of years ago, when Andrew J. Borden and his wife were found one morning brutally murdered in their home. On the charge of killing her father and stepmother, Lizzie Borden was haled into court, and after a long and sensational trial was acquitted. How often has the world heard of Lizzie Borden since? Her life, ruined, apparently, by the tragedy and the awful charge against her, has been lived in obscurity.

Does an especially uncanny fate pursue and make unhappy women who have been charged with taking human life? Of the many "heroines" of court trials of modern times, Evelyn Thaw alone seems the happiest. She, it is true, was not accused of crime, but she was the central figure at her husband's trial.

Convicts Enjoy Music

AT THE French penal colony, Noumea, New Caledonia, the convicts have organized a band. The leader is a notorious murderer, and was once in the orchestra of the Paris Opera House. The cymbal player killed a subpena server, and the drum player murdered his landlord with a hammer. The first cornet is guilty of murder, with robbery as the motive, and one of the clarinets, a tavern keeper, used to kill his patrons for the same reason. The assistant bandmaster was convicted of having cut his wife to pieces. This convict band gives daily concerts to the inhabitants of Noumea, who are enthusiastic over the new organization.

TIGER and HUNTER, RUSSIA'S DREAD SUICIDE GAME

A DIMLY lighted apartment—one of those vast salles found in Russian residences. Just enough light for men peering into its relieved gloom to distinguish the direction of an extended arm.

In the corners, behind barricades improvised from the massive furniture, men bearded and giant-like, men delicate and dainty, men lean and gaunt of feature, peering into that tragic gloom.

Circling, craftily circling the room, one man crouches like a wild beast, a silver bell around his neck ringing from time to time, in spite of his soft tread, the argent music he dreads as his death knell.

Circling with equal craft moves another man, whose eyes are bandaged, whose hand clutches a revolver or a knife.

As the bell tinkles, the blindfolded pursuer wheels. The knife swings towards it, straight and true of aim. A lunge, a thud, and the man of the silver bell falls dead, a gaping wound in his breast.

It is the end of the game of Tiger and Hunter, the latest, most horrible phase of the neurasthenic epidemic which is sweeping over debauched, self-poisoned, enslaved Russia.

IN ALL the history of mankind, in the murderous sports of Nero, who could smother his friends under rose petals, and the savage English cruelty which could impale on red hot pokers the hapless young princes of the fatal Tower, diseased imagination has never equaled the horrors of self-inflicted anguish devised and now practiced by hate-riven Russia.

Mercilessly cleft into two classes, masters and slaves, the substance of the cruelest slavery retained from the hour when the odium of nominal serfdom was shed, the Russian people have passed to the most abandoned stage of human wretchedness.

Thus far, the world outside has heard only of the bitter, grinding miseries of the oppressed—of their starvations, their tortures, rapines and martyrdoms; their bloody reprisals and appalling revolts.

But the news that now comes out of St. Petersburg regarding the rich and powerful reveals suddenly the inner working, in Russia afresh, of the infallible law of government that the masters shall perish with their slaves.

Neurasthenia, that fearful poison of the soul, is sickening the very vitals of the ruling classes.

Their nerves, rotted out with the debaucheries of unrestrained indulgence, are failing to withstand the terrors of the bombs that carried off such shining marks as Von Plehve and the Grand Duke Sergius, and such typical victims as Ignatieff, Bobrikoff and Gapon.

The distant, secret machinations of such living menaces as Pierre Krapotkin, Vera Figner, Hermann Lapotin and Boirtzev, the recent identification in London of the professional traitor Azev, the plots and cabals and the eternal, brooding dread of the suspicion's breath that wafts to Siberia—horror upon horror—have left whole coteries of wealthy Russians mere quivering jellyfish of fear, longing for death while dreading death's awful countenance.

So it has happened that Stevenson's grewsome fantasy of "The Suicide Club," penetrating into neurasthenic Russia, became first the vade mecum of despair and then the inspiration of the most terrible gambling games the world has ever beheld.

It is no longer—so accursed are these lost souls of tyranny—the ultra-fashionable thing to "make the trip to Finland." True, scores of the nerve-diseased rich still travel to the famous and romantic Imatra Rapids, there to fling themselves into that roaring hell of waters, as so many fascinated creatures have sought the fatal embrace of our own Niagara.

But that fashion, which seems to regulate the tragedy of suicide as inflexibly as it stages the comedy of hats and gowns, now decrees that the Russian cowardice which does not dare live shall assume the heroism of their Japanese conquerors.

Twenty of those soul-sick Russians will sit down to a champagne poison party, where one out of the score of bottles has been drugged with the morphia which means swift and dreamy death.

Again, within a single night, there occur many "suicides" which present every evidence of murder; the only explanation possible is that both slayer and victim belong to one of the numerous suicide clubs existing in emulation of Stevenson's grim organization.

The game of Tiger and Hunter surpasses all the other horrible gambles in dramatic effect.

Lots are drawn among the members every suicide evening, to determine which shall be the tiger and which the hunter.

The victims chosen, one is given the silver bell, the clapper of which he may not touch or silence under pain of dishonor. The other, his eyes bandaged, is handed a revolver or a knife. The rest of the party improvise barricades in the corners.

The hunt begins and the hunter, chasing his victim at the noise of the tiger's bell, is permitted to do what he can to bring death to his opponent. If he has failed to hit the tiger, the roles are reversed and he becomes the quarry, carrying the fatal bell, while the tiger turns hunter.

The fearful duel proceeds until, the weapon finding its mark, one or the other falls.

Human slavery, under the law which has never failed to inflict the merciless penalty upon the oppressors, is taking in Russia its terrible toll of vengeance.

The Hosmer Times

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Published every Thursday morning at Hosmer, British Columbia.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 20, 1910

Time Tables.

C. P. R. TIME TABLE

	Arrive Hosmer
No. 213 West	9.44
No. 214 East	18. 15
No. 236 Local East	9. 27
No. 235 Local West	19.16
No. 7 West Flyer	10. 22
No. 8 East Flyer	20. 30

Change took effect Sunday Oct. 31

G. N. TIME TABLE

No, 251 leaves Michel	10;10 a. m.
Arrives at Hosmer	10;40 a. m.
No. 252 leaves Rexford	4:15 p. m.
Arrives at Hosmer	7;13 p. m.

G. R. SHEPHERD, Agent.

POLITICAL FIELD BROADENING

Vibrations of the recent political upheaval in England have extended throughout the whole world. In the United States interest in the struggle between liberals and unionists has been of the keenest. This fact has been illustrated by the tone of the daily press in the states.

But this world-wide interest in the political affairs of other countries is not confined exclusively to the states. All of the seven great powers are yearly showing a deeper insight into, and keener appreciation of the political issues of their neighbors. Aside from the petty wrangles of a few South American republics, and three or four minor principalities in Europe, the political questions of one country are the concern of all.

Just at present Canadian newspapers are manifesting a lively interest over the recent breach, constantly widening, in the republican party in the United States. It is a fact, also, worthy of note, that the Canadian viewpoint is more favorable for obtaining exact information regarding the trouble. They look out upon the field of politics in the states with clearer vision and unbiased judgment.

Some of the best and most incisive editorials on the break between President Taft and a large portion of the republican party have been published in Canadian and English newspapers. They see in it a new political alignment in the states, and tersely point to the ultimate breaking down of the powerful influences of trusts and railroads. It is undeniable that all political signs show such a radical changes. What are now known as republican "insurgents" are quite likely to become the dominant party, recruited, albeit, largely from the ranks of democracy.

So far the administration of President Taft has been one gigantic failure. He has attempted to become the president of a party instead of the whole party. In this he has miserably failed, as will fail as all will fail when pot-house politicians attempt the role of statesmanship.

Now for a Canadian navy. The bill has been plumped into the house of commons at Ottawa. Sir Wilfrid Laurier introduced it Wednesday of last week. The proposed fleet is to be under the control of the minister of marine and fisheries, with command vested in the King or governor-general, his representative. The service is to be for the defense and protection of Canadian coasts and trade. It will be engaged as the governor general directs, and the director of the naval service will have the rank of rear admiral. In time of emergency the governor in council may place the force at the disposal of His Majesty.

The railroad commissioners appear to look unfavorably upon the encroachment of railways on the daily newspaper business. In consequence of this attitude the Canadian Pacific will abandon its western Canada news service.

As the governor of Utah has announced that the Jeffries-Johnson fight cannot be pulled off in that state, it is evident that the agent who "saw" the governor didn't see him long enough.

"Dutch Henry," a notorious cattle thief, wanted by both Canada and the United States, has been claimed by death. He was shot and killed by a Northwest Mounted policeman sixty miles south of Moose Jaw. Under all the circumstances it is not likely that extradition papers will be honored by whichever spiritual country now possesses him.

A pagan paper published at Constantinople, called the Journal de Stamboul, states that the exact site of the Garden of Eden. It is now in order for some other pagan journal to show that there ever was a Garden of Eden.

Here is an ante-election prediction made by an eminent London journalist: "The election will be a near thing with the chances in favor of the radicals."

Poor old Fernie! Half a dozen offices recently went begging for candidates to fill them, and volunteers were scarcer than hen's teeth.

Probably the maddest politician in the United States is Col. Theodore Roosevelt—and he's in East Africa.

Canada's industrial and commercial boom is daily assuming greater proportions.

And now the house of commons at Ottawa is confronted with a naval bill.

Welcome Women Settlers

From London comes the report that the Canadian Pacific Railway company's scheme of ready-made farms for British settlers east of Calgary, had been expounded by C. W. Peterson at the Royal Colonial institute Tuesday of last week.

Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, who presided, in response to a question, said that women settlers would be welcomed. The emigration of 100,000 English would not deplete the agricultural population as their places would soon be taken. The C. P. R. scheme is attracting great interest in London.

Great Country For Wheat

From Ottawa comes the report that the wheat crop of Canada last year is estimated by the census and statistics branch of the department of agriculture to be 166,740,000 bushels, an increase of 54,310,000 bushels over 1908. The average yield per acre was 21,51 bushels as compared with 17 bushels in the previous year. The average price was 84 4-5 cents as compared with 81 1-10 cents, and the total value was $141,320,000 as compared with $91,228,000 in 1908. The estimate places the wheat yield of the prairie provinces for last year at 147,482,000 bushels, an increase of 55,629,000 bushels.

You Are No Pivot

From the Vancouver Province

These things probably happen to teach us the great lesson that none of us is indispensable. Let no man get the idea that he is the pivot upon which the world turns. If he were, it would be bad for the world. The world does not turn on a pivot at all. It runs on ball bearings, millions of them, and every one of us is a ball—insignificant in ourselves, but useful in combination. It is quite proper that a "terrestial ball," as the hymn calls it, should run on ball bearings. But whether proper or not, it is the fact. Dismiss the pivot idea and be a good ball.

Safety For Coal Miners

A correspondent of the Scientific American writes as follows:

I noticed in a recent issue of your valuable journal, a suggestion for the better safeguarding of the lives of coal miners. As this suggestion was on the lines of ideas that I have for some time entertained, I would like to amend your suggestion by an addition.

I believe that stations of refuge, provided with fire and gas-proof doors, should be established in various places in coal mines, and that these stations be provided with two tubes or casings driven from the surface by well-driving machinery. This would allow an air, food and water supply to be maintained indefinitely, whether or not it should be necessary to seal the the mine for the purpose of extinguishing fires. Of course, it would be necessary to equip each of these stations with telephone and possibly lighting facilities, and of course with facilities for forcing air into one of the pipes.

I am assuming, without having made figures on the proposition, that sufficient air to supply a considerable number of men could be forced through a six-inch tube by sufficient pressure.

I believe it should be compulsory that mine operators should provide some stations which would prevent such calamaties as the recent one at Cherry, Ill., and with this or some similar plan the cost would be so slight that it would be practicable to carry the same into effect.

Rather Expensive Goat

A good story from Cranbrook is to the following effect:

Last week it cost Garrett Warson of Spokane $105 to kill a mountain goat near Cranbrook without first having procured a game license, he being a non-resident of the province. Warson took out a free miner's certificate for the Cranbrook mining district, and seemed to think it entitled him to kill game along the range bordering the St. Mary's river, which, being in an organized district, is not the case.

James Bates, deputy game warden, of Cranbrook, hearing of Warson's expedition on the mountain tops, made a trip up the St. Mary's valley for forty miles, part of the way on snowshoes. In Warson's shack he discovered necessary evidence and on his return charged him with the offense. J. V. Armstrong, stipendiary magistrate, heard the case, with the result that, between fine and costs, Warson paid $105.

POLICE ARE IN TROUBLE

Ottawa Officers Charged With Misappropriation of the Public Funds.

From Ottawa comes the news that information was sworn out last Thursday charging major S. E. de la Ronde, chief of the Ottawa city police, and commanding officer of No. 5 Co. army service corps, with misappropriation of funds alleged to have taken place in 1908 during the visit of No. 5 company to the Quebec tercentenary. Lieutenants Pinard and Spittal, two officers of the company, were the men who laid the information. The summons was issued immediately and will probably be returnable in the police court on Wednesday morning.

The action is the result of long standing differences between Major de la Ronde and Lieutenants Pinard and Spittal. It is understood that they have a large number of charges which they make against Major de la Ronde it was with a view to bringing the matter to a head that several specific ones were laid. Major de la Ronde asked Lieutenants Pinard and Spittal for their resignations as officers of his corps but both officers it is understood have refused to resign and have taken this means to justify their action. Lieut. Church also was asked to resign but he has refused and will be a witness for the prosecution in their case.

The charges were some months ago the subject of a court martial inquiry as a result of which Major de la Ronde was reprimanded. It was then sent to the justice department but no action was taken. The charges are laid under 112 and 113 of the Militia act. The first charge laid by Lieutentants Pinard and Spittal in their information allege that the pay sheet for the company's time at the Quebec tercentenary signed by Major de la Ronde, is falsified in certain respects which are indictable under the clauses of the Militia act.

The other charge relates to the charging of Lieutenants Church and Bernard as each having a horse at Quebec, the amount against their names on the pay sheet being $32 in each case. This the officers deny and allege this $32 was not accounted for to either of them, although Major be la Ronde drew a cheque to cover the full amount.

They also state in their information that there were 13 teamsters for whom Major de la Ronde drew amounts averaging $5.40 a day, the full allowance for man, team of horses and wagon, and that he paid these three men only $3.50 per day each.

Go to old, reliable Pete for a good shave, hair-cut or bath. Pete's Barber Shop. 11tf

CHURCH DIRECTORY

ENGLISH CHURCH SERVICES—Held fortnightly at the Hosmer Opera House. Second Sunday, Evensong at 7:30 o'clock p. m. Fourth Sunday, Holy Communion at 11 o'clock a. m. Evansong at 7:30 o'clock p. m. A. Briant N. Crowther, M. A., Curate in Charge.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. R. W. Lee, Pastor. Sunday School 2:30; afternoon class for adults, 3:30; Divine service, 7:30; choir practice Wednesdays, 8 p. m. The pastor's residence adjoins the church, and he will always welcome any one who calls upon him for advice or help in any direction. He will be glad to be notified of any case of sickness. Strangers will be always welcome.

CATHOLIC CHURCH—Mass every fortnight at Leithauser's basement, 10:30 o'clock, a. m. Rosary and Benediction at 7:30 p. m. J. Salles, O. M. I., Ph. D.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Divine service in Odd Fellows Hall on Sunday evening, at 7:30 o'clock. Sunday school at 2;30 p. m. Choir practice at 8 o'clock p. m. C. H. Nicoll, Missionary.

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IN QUEST OF SOLITUDE

The Rivals and the Conversation They Overheard.

By FRANK H. SWEET.

[Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.]

As the Norfolk and Western express ran down the grade west of Lynchburst a passenger turned a set but woebegone face to the window.

He was leaving everything behind, as he thought—plans, prosperity, happiness—and taking with him only independence, which was but another name for obstinacy.

A ripple of foliage touched water caught the sun and flashed into his eyes, and his gaze followed it back as the train swept on.

Beyond the glint of water he could see a grassy bank with overhanging trees, and his mind pictured trout waiting in the pool below. Suddenly he rose, and his hand went toward the rock above.

"Why not?" he thought bitterly. "There isn't anything calling me now, and this will be as good a place as any to help me forget."

And what had he to forget? A girl. He had met her at the Golf club and the Racket club and had played games with her as her partner and as her opponent. But, whether the one or the other, she was playing a side game with him. It was a game of hearts, and she knew how to play it well. Whether she would lose her own ace of hearts Lester didn't know. He did not think. He was not even aware that she was playing any game at all. If he fought shy of her she would be very gracious to him. If he talked spoony to her she looked at him in mild wonder. If he persisted she asked him what reason she had given him to think that she was anything but a friend.

"For heaven's sake," he exclaimed gloomily, "don't say that you're going to be a sister to me!"

Whereupon she laughed inwardly. Outwardly she was as sober as a deacon.

And so it came about that the young man got into one of those conditions in which one wishes to get away by oneself and think and form resolutions to drop the whole matter as ridiculous

"MISS CARTER LEFT RICHMOND TEN DAYS AGO."

and fret and all the while be drifting into a state bordering on the one side on lunacy and the other on idiocy.

At last he lost his head entirely and wrote her a proposition of marriage. If he had made some other girl a proposition of marriage the one he wanted would have come round. As it was she left town, leaving his letter unanswered. It was then that Lester concluded to take an outing, and the outing he wanted was where no other human being was to be met.

The next station was a half mile away, and when the train stopped he swung off with his grip. Two hours later he was walking up the stream with rod and fly book.

But Fate herself was fishing this day, and her flies were being cast into this very stream of mountain cold and branch shaded water.

As the newcomer made a cast for his third fish the branches ahead crackled and—

"Tom Lester, you here?" the newcomer gasped, his face darkening.

"Seems so," grimly. "But what the dickens brought you, Ed Stevens?"

"The train west two hours ago. I happened to see this stream from the window."

"What!" sarcastically. "And the train west brought me two hours ago! I was in the last car and got off at Lynchburst on account of the forsaken looks of the place. Any old hole was good enough for me. The agent told me about this stream."

Stevens looked at him curiously.

"I was in the forward car," he said, "and 'any old hole' was uppermost in my mind too. But what's the matter?"

Lester pulled himself together.

"Matter nothing," he answered shortly, "only that Miss Carter left Richmond ten days ago with no message behind—just disappeared. Of course there isn't anything in the city now. Jonesey and Bates have gone down the river to Jamestown to dissipate, and I came up here because I hated the thought of a crowd; that's all."

"I see," gloomily; "you'll fish till she gets back, then"—

He swung on his heel and strode away fiercely for a dozen yards or more, then stopped short and came back, holding out his hand.

"What's the use?" he groaned. "No one is to blame, though every nerve in me is tingling to pitch you into the river. Now give me your hand and let me wish you deserved half the luck you've got. Then you fish up the river while I fish down. But for heaven's sake don't let me catch a glimpse of your face again."

Lester stared, bit his lip angrily and half started to obey, then swung back.

"Oh, pshaw, Stevens," he blurted out, "a fellow can't be a cad! I'm not up here just because Miss Carter left the city. She turned me down flat before she went, as she did Jonesey and Bates. That's what started us out. But we thought it was different with you—at least I did. Jonesey and Bates don't see far."

"Do you mean," incredulously, "that Miss Carter refused you? Why, I thought"—

"Thought nothing!" harshly. "She was just playing with me."

"Playing with all of us apparently. She's what I never suspected her of being—a flirt. Now, suppose we drop the subject, and you may as well forget what I said just now. I was laboring under a delusion. We'll fish the stream together if you like."

"With all my heart."

But as they fished on up the stream there was an unconvinced look in Lester's eyes, and more than once as he glanced covertly at his companion he shook his head.

"A kink somewhere," he muttered once to himself. "Margaret Carter isn't that kind of girl wholly. Maybe she encouraged Stevens some, but she didn't me—not any more than she did Jonesey and Bates. We did it all ourselves."

Another half hour's fishing, with scarcely a word spoken, and they entered a thicker growth of shrubbery along the river's bank. In back, among some apple trees, was a rather more pretentious house than its neighbors. It had a hood veranda about it, and there were fine clothes hanging on the line in the yard.

"Wonder if a fellow could get anything to eat up there," said Lester.

"Don't know; looks as if they kept summer boarders."

"What makes you think so?"

"Country girls don't wear lingerie. But I'm surprised that a man in your fix should be hungry."

"I am, all the same."

"Well, so am I, for that matter. What do you say to going up there and cooking these fish?"

"Reckon a beefsteak would be more satisfying than these tiny things. Without the scales and bones there isn't much. Come along."

Meanwhile two girls in white dresses emerged from a rear door of the house the young men had noticed and, screened by trees, had been coming toward them. Suddenly Lester's hand dropped on his companion's shoulder.

"Hush!" he whispered. "Somebody's coming."

There was a soft crackling of leaves, as though under light footsteps; then the crackling ceased, as if the owners of the footsteps had seated themselves upon a stone or log or perhaps were standing still gazing into the water.

Several minutes of silence, with the fishermen waiting for the footsteps to commence again and pass on, then:

"What I can't understand, Margie, is your being able to leave Richmond for this abomination of desolation. Why, there isn't an eligible man within miles."

"Amen to that!" fervently. "It's worth unnumbered journeys from Richmond. But I'm sorry for you, poor cousin, pining for the frivolities that I'm happy to leave. I ought to have been the country cousin and you the city maid."

"If I were I wouldn't leave such a quartet as Lester and company. Were they sighing about you as forlornly as when I visited you last Christmas? Oh, Margie," ecstatically, "has either one of them come to the point yet?"

"Proposing marriage, you mean? Lester and Jonesey and Bates asked me just before I left."

"O-o-oh! And you?"

"Sent them about their business, of course. But don't talk so foolish, Lucy. I'm going back."

"Wait a minute. Did Ed Stevens"—

"Come; I'm going back."

The two almost involuntary listeners, "hypnotized," as Lester afterward expressed it, "by paralyzing amazement that the party of the third part should have dropped down from a clear sky at that particular trout stream," waited until the sounds of the footsteps had died away.

Then they looked at each other. Lester's face had an odd grimace.

"Sure about that dismissal, Stevens?" he snapped.

"About what? Mine? None of your business—or, well, what's the odds? Yes; I felt so sure of her that I had words with her about you fellows being round so much. It didn't seem fair to you—I mean to me."

"Well," said Lester, with a visible effort, "it strikes me you are considerable of a fool, Stevens. I noticed she didn't include your name with ours just now and seemed averse to having her cousin bring it up.

"She didn't have any words with the rest of us—just looked amused and seemed to take it as a joke. It's a pretty good sign when—oh, let go my arm, confound you! I won't say another word to such a stupid idiot. Follow her, if you want to. I'm going down the river fishing."

Alligators.

America and China enjoy a monopoly of alligators.

French Postal System.

The French postal system was started in the reign of Louis XI., but the first director general was appointed by Louis XIV. He farmed the office, paying 1,000,000 francs a year for the privilege.

Chinese Writing.

In their writing the Chinese make use of at least 214 groups of signs, each group containing from 5 to 1,354 separate characters.

The Oldest Language.

It is said that the Quiches dialect, spoken by Indians of Guatemala, is probably the oldest existing language. At any rate, persons learned in the lore of antiquity set it down as older either than Sanskrit or Hebrew.

The Ambidextrous Japanese.

Japanese children are taught at an early age to write and draw with both hands, and to this fact has been ascribed the superiority of Japanese art in certain directions.

THE UBIQUITOUS CENT.

No Other Denomination Has Undergone So Many Changes.

The universal money of the people in this country is the cent. The child does his earliest business thinking in terms of cents. The hobo holds up the passerby with the request for a few cents to relieve the pangs of hunger. It is the unit of coinage. On the other side of the continent the contempt for it is rapidly being overcome, and the mints have to take a constantly increasing demand for it into their reckonings. The appearance of the new Lincoln cent is one of the most interesting additions to this coinage that have been produced. For practically the first time it substitutes the real for the ideal, or, rather, the fanciful.

Perhaps no other monetary denomination has undergone so many changes of design. Since the republic was born there have been almost annual changes in the character of the cent. Most of these have been trivial, though some have been radical. The cent of 1792 bore a bust of Liberty, with flowing hair and the legend "Liberty, Parent of Science and Industry." The next year what was known as the "chain cent" was produced, showing on the reverse a chain with fifteen links. There were many imperfect dies in those days, but the imperfections have not infrequently made them more precious to coin collectors. A genuine 1799 cent has been among the pieces most prized by the numismatist, since they early became very scarce. This was said to be due to the enterprise of a Salem firm that secured several hundred thousand of them and sent them to the coast of Africa, where, punched with holes, they were hung as ornaments on the necks of the natives.—Boston Transcript.

The Campanile of St. Mark's.

"In Venice the campanile of St Mark's has now reached such a height as to make an almost startling object lesson on the terribly prosaic state of hardness, tightness, smoothness, novelty and rigid repair in which the ages of antiquity possessed the buildings we hold venerable," says a writer. "It is a perfect facsimile of the original belfry tower of which the fall gave a shock to all hearts, and that beautiful tower before it fell had a surface, a sweetness, an imperceptible disintegration, which was the bloom of time. A random touch of green lodged between its bricks, thanks to the birds or the winds. Its successor is an almost hideous disappointment and looks like nothing but a part of some monstrous factory."

The Highest City.

Cerro de Pasco is the highest town in the world. The remarkable broad gauge railway by which it is reached passes over a higher altitude, about that of Mont Blanc, and there are mining camps and Indian villages at greater elevations. It is also true that there are higher railway stations, for on the Arequipa-Puno line the station of Crucero Alto attains the stupendous elevation of 14,660 feet, but at 14,200 feet above the sea level there is no other real town of 8,000 inhabitants, with a railway station, telegraphs, telephones, churches, shops, clubs, hospitals and vice consuls. It is a wonderful example of American enterprise.—W. A. Hirst in London Spectator.

Knighthood and the Stage.

It only remains for King Edward to knight George Bernard Shaw to cover every branch of the dramatic field in England. Gilbert was the first playwright to be permitted to wear knee breeches in the king's presence, and Gilbert's business was comic opera. His partner, Sullivan, died a knight. Irving was knighted for his tragedy, Wyndham for his comedy. Beerbohm Tree now becomes a knight by reason of his exceptional skill in dressing a stage and in casting a play, and last, but not least, Pinero wears a title in recognition of his rank as the first of contemporary English dramatists.—Argonaut.

Sing Sing Prison.

Sing Sing prison is to be moved across the Hudson river fifteen or twenty miles northward, just eight miles south of West Point, where a large tract of land has been purchased, and a gang of several hundred convicts has been working for two years grading the ground and quarrying stone to build the walls to shut themselves in. The present prison was also built by convicts in 1826 with material found on the grounds; but, although it has been enlarged every few years and is now one of the largest penitentiaries in the world, it is not large enough.—Exchange.

Overlooked.

"Here's a new disease that afflicts people that sit too much in automobiles."

"Yes. And I remember there was a special ailment for the users of bicycle saddles."

"Of course the medical fellows are at work on a serious stunt for the chaps who perch on aeroplanes."

"No doubt of it. But it seems funny that they have all along neglected to put something painful on the rural hired man who continues to sit on the fence."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Fooling the Fish.

It has been found by the owner of a fishing boat at St. Abbs, Berwickshire, that a net dyed as nearly as possible the hue of the sea, instead of the traditional brown, results in a much better catch. The discovery was put to the test the other night when of a fleet of sixty-five fishing craft the boat with its nets dyed blue made by far the largest catch. The dye used is bluestone.—London Mail.

The Legion of Honor.

The Legion of Honor was founded by Napoleon in 1802 while first consul as a reward for military and civil services.

The Equity System.

Equity is a name used to denote those principles of justice that are not covered by any statute or rule of common law and require to be dealt with separately. Equity is a system of jurisprudence, supplementary to law, properly so called, and grew up from the inadequacy of common law forms to secure justice in all cases.

LATEST AFRICAN FASHIONS.

What the Dusky Beaus and Belles Are Wearing In the Jungle.

The amount of clothing worn by Central African natives would seem to favor the theory that the original incentive towards dress was not so much protection against the inclemencies of the weather as the desire of personal adornment. Nearly all African races (says a recently-returned traveler) wear dress of some kind. On a certain portion of the Congo, although cloth is plentiful, the women wear no covering at all; and, again, round Kisumu, the head of the Uganda Railway on Lake Victoria Nyanza, both sexes have refused to add to nature's garb.

Not content with the body which nature has given them, most races shave their heads and eyebrows, decorate their bodies with colored clays and vegetable paints, piece their ears and noses, file or extract certain teeth, and turn much of their exterior into gooseflesh. The latter is accomplished by making a whole series of incisions and inserting therein the juice of certain plants or minute pieces of wood, the effect of which is to make the skin stand out in relief not unlike an exaggerated Braille alphabet.

The shaven head, where no coiffure is worn, is like a smoked pumpkin, and the flattened nose and thick lips are far from pleasing; but I must confess, says the authority quoted, in the course of an article in Travel and Exploration, to a certain weakness for these raised cicatrices, which vary indefinitely in design. A native "mode" at times, however, becomes exaggerated. On one occasion, in East Africa, I remarked in the lobe of a native's ear, pierced and stretched for the purpose almost out of recognition, an empty tobacco-tin which I had shortly before discarded.

The men differ greatly in physique according to race, but the main seat of strength, seeing that they carry on their heads, lies rather in the back and neck than in the arms and legs. In his feet the native has retained a flexibility which was undoubtedly possessed by the whole human race in its infancy, and which we have probably lost by the adoption of footgear. The native's feet are something more than ours—mere balancing points. He can use his toes as we use our fingers, and on this account he is able to pass with unconcern where the European proceeds with caution.

ENGLISHWOMAN WON TITLE.

American Women's Golf Championship Captured by Miss Campbell.

Miss Dorothy Campbell, the British golf champion, won the final match in the women's national golf tournament recently at Haverford, near Philadelphia. Miss Campbell defeated Mrs. R. H. Barlow, of the Quaker City, who put up a good game, but fell down in the crisis. Miss Campbell adds the American championship to an already long list of titles.

MISS DOROTHY CAMPBELL.

She is the women's open champion of England and has been champion of Scotland, where her home is, three times. She gave one of the best exhibitions of play ever seen by a woman in an American tournament. When her victory was once established she received as hearty a reception from the crowd as if she had been an American. Speaking of this afterward Miss Campbell said: "Never have I been more sincerely praised for a victory, even when I brought the woman's championship title back to Scotland."

In presenting the medal to the new champion Herbert Jacques, president of the American National Golf Association, complimented Miss Campbell thusly: "I want to congratulate you on the fine, consistent game you have played all week. You are a credit to the land of your birth, home of the great game of golf, and I must add that we hope to see you on this side again before another year has passed."

A Hard Time.

The choice of Mr. Ivan Caryll to furnish the music for a piece to be produced at the Theatre Metropole, Berlin, is certainly a unique honor for the popular composer. Although a Frenchman by birth, Mr. Caryll is a naturalized Briton, and has been actively associated with English musical comedy for the last quarter of a century. Mr. Caryll's early days in London were by no means all honey. "It was a hard time for me," he once remarked, "and the only way in which I could eke out a very modest existence was by giving music lessons. Often have I gone breakfastless to suburbs like Streatham, and begun my teaching at half-past eight o'clock."

Six Soldier Sons.

All the six sons of Mr. and Mrs. John Moore, of Edwards Road, Belvedere, Kent, Eng., are serving in the army, five being in the Royal Field Artillery, in which the father served for twenty-nine and a half years, and the sixth in the Army Service Corps.

The Libretto.

"Pa, what is a libretto?" "A libretto, Aurelius, is a home for old jokes."

Had Him Fast.

Cynicus: It is impossible for a woman to keep a secret. Henpecke—I don't know about that. My wife and I were engaged for several weeks before she said anything to me about it.—Philadelphia Record.

Not Merely Fractured.

"Does your new baby break your rest much?"

"Break it! He pulverizes it!"—Exchange.

Opium is used as a medium of exchange in some parts of China.

DAMES AND DAUGHTERS.

Ellen Terry was only eight years old when she made her first appearance on the stage.

Mrs. Honora Tully, a native of Cavan, Ireland, now on a visit to Brooklyn, is 104 years old and eats lobster and keeps house.

The Grand Prix de Rome, founded by the Institute of France in 1803, has been awarded to Mlle. Lucienne Henvelmans. Men have usually been recipients of this award. The holder has four years' residence at the Villa Medici, Rome.

Miss Nellie H. Philbrick, for eighteen years chief clerk in the Middlesex probate court at East Cambridge, Mass., has been made third assistant probate register. She is the first woman to occupy the place, and her appointment comes as the result of a recently enacted law allowing women to fill such offices.

Miss Laura A. Hecox, who for twenty-seven years has tended the light of the Santa Cruz lighthouse, recently returned to her post from the last of the six vacations she has taken during that period. Since 1881 she has had absolute charge of the light, and in all that time it has never gone out during the night.

German Gleanings.

Berlin supports about 1,500 practicing dentists.

Germany has built a motorcar, armed with a quick firing gun, specially adapted for use against airships.

Among the curiosities at a recent culinary exposition in Germany were baskets and imitations of mushrooms, almonds and various other things fashioned out of potatoes.

The sightseeing automobile is now being used in Berlin, but it is there called the "cheese cart," because the vehicles are owned by H. W. Kaese, and kaese is the German word for cheese.

A census of cripples has been made in Germany with the aid of medical men, police and schoolteachers. The number of cripples registered was 71,783, making 1.48 in each thousand inhabitants.

The Royal Box.

King Leopold has announced that he will place the modern paintings in the royal gallery on sale next November.

In view of the precarious health of King Menelik of Abyssinia full powers of regency have been granted to Ras Tesama, the guardian of Prince Lidj Jeassu, heir presumptive to the throne.

Princess Louise Victoria, the only daughter of the German emperor, has never been kept in the seclusion that has been the lot of some princesses, but has visited endless theaters and concert halls, always in fashionable attire, and has driven her own pony cart in the Thiergarten and ridden there ever since she was a little girl.

Science Siftings.

Pure tungsten is hard enough to scratch glass.

The earth's atmosphere, according to some authorities, varies in depth from 120 to 200 miles.

Life of only the "very lowest order" exists on Mars, if life exists there at all, according to Professor Simon Newcomb.

The eighth satellite of Jupiter, discovered at the Greenwich observatory in January of last year, proves remarkable not only for being so far from the planet, but also for its very eccentric orbit, its distance from Jupiter varying from about 10,000,000 to 20,000,000 miles.

Tales of Cities.

A recent directory census gives Milwaukee 370,246 inhabitants. The census of 1900 gave the city 285,315 inhabitants.

Ten years ago the St. Paul building, at Ann street and Broadway, was the tallest in New York and its 308 feet of altitude was looked on with wonder. Now it attracts no particular attention.

Butte, Mont., is said to be the only city in the country which has at the same time a free park for the children and a street railway that provides free transportation to the park for them.

Things Theatrical.

Doris Keane has been engaged for the cast of "Arsene Lupin."

Mrs. Thomas Whiffen is to be a member of Kyrle Bellew's company this season.

E. E. Kidder's new play for Marguerite Clark is called "The Golden Garter."

Sam Bernard is to star in a new play by Hartley Manners, which is named tentatively "The Magician."

Louise Gunning will continue her tour in "Marcelle" this season. Jess Dandy will be in the company.

Thanked His Stars.

When the French revolution broke out a number of scientists lost their lives, but Lalande, the astronomer, only paid the more attention to the skies and its constellations. When he found, after the reign of terror, that he had escaped the fury of the mob he exclaimed gratefully, "I may thank my stars for it." Would any apparent jest possess more genuine truth?

Allison tells how during Napoleon's Egyptian campaign no sooner were the mamelukes observed at a distance than the word was given, "Form square; artillery to the angles; asses and savans to the center." The command afforded no little merriment to the soldiers even at such an exciting moment and made them call the asses demisavans.

Located.

Diogenes, lantern in hand, entered the village drug store. "Say, have you anything that will cure a cold?" he asked.

"No, sir, I have not," answered the pill compiler.

"Give me your hand," exclaimed Diogenes, dropping his lantern. "I have at last found an honest man."

A CURIOUS CHIMNEY.

One In Wales Two Miles High With a Brook Running Through It.

Who ever heard of a chimney two miles high with a brook running through it? Yet such a chimney exists in connection with the copper works at Cwmavon, near Aberavon, in Glamorganshire, south Wales. This is how it came to be built:

About sixty years ago the copper smoke from these works was the plague of the neighboring countryside. It settled upon and destroyed the grass for twenty miles round, while the sulphur and arsenic in the fumes affected the hoofs of cattle, causing gangrene. The owners of the works tried all sorts of devices to remedy the trouble, but in vain. Finally Robert Brenton, who was afterward a successful railway engineer in India, solved the problem.

The copper works are at the foot of a steep hill. Mr. Brenton constructed a flue, or chimney, running continuously from the base to about a hundred feet above the summit, following the natural slope of the ground. The brick which lined it and of which it was largely constructed was burned close by. A small spring gushing out near the summit of the hill was turned into the chimney and allowed to flow through almost its entire length to condense the smoke. Once a year it is swept out and about a ton of precipitated copper obtained. Its top can be seen for between forty and fifty miles.—London Answers.

BRAVE MME. ROLAND.

Her Last Request Before Her Death on the Scaffold.

How Mme. Roland bore herself on her journey along the via dolorosa of the revolution which led from the Conciergerie to the Place de la Guillotin the world knows. No recorded pilgrim of the long train that fared that way in those heroic days showed a sublimer indifference to its terrors. A spectator who saw her as she passed the Pont Neuf wrote of her as standing erect and calm in the tumbril, her eyes shining, her color fresh and brilliant, with a smile on her lips as she tried to cheer her companion, an old man overcome by the fear of approaching death.

At the foot of the scaffold she asked for pen and paper to write the strange thoughts that were rising in her. When the executioner grasped her arm to assist her in mounting the steps she drew back and begged that her companion might be allowed to precede her. The custom of the guillotine allowed her, as a woman, the privilege of dying first, but she wished to spare the infirm old man a scene that would augment his fears. Sanson objected.

"Come, citizen," she urged him, with a smile, "you cannot deny a lady her last request."

Her wish was granted.—Editor of "Her Private Memoirs."

Paris Student Restaurants.

Student restaurants in Paris are an institution that Americans may well envy. They are run solely for the benefit of the students, although strangers are welcome. There are certain little formalities that must be observed. For instance, it is the duty of every one entering to bow to the madame and say, "Bonjour, madame," or "Bonsoir, madame," according to the time of day. After one has finished his meal he asks for the "additione," as the bill is called. When it is presented by the trim little waitress it is considered only proper to say, "Merci, mademoiselle." He then leaves a tip of 10 centimes, or 2 cents, and, again bowing to the madame and saying "Bonjour" or "Bonsoir," he is at liberty to leave. The highest priced article on the bill of fare is 75 centimes, or 15 cents, and this in all students' restaurants is a chateaubriand, a tender piece of beefsteak surrounded with potatoes souffle. Never drink French coffee. It is execrable. The French do not consider coffee good unless the bean is burned to a black crisp.—Lyceumite.

Oak Mark For Government Surveyors.

The sky line north of Mountain Home, Ark., rises in two long curves, then flattens out and leaves in silhouette above the crest of what is known as Wallace knob a solitary tree. It is such a strikingly lovely tree that no visitor to the town fails to notice it and ask how it got there. Then he hears that several years ago the government engineers decided to find out the exact fall of the land from Denver to Atlanta, Ga. Wallace knob on account of its elevation was chosen as one of the three chief observation points in a huge triangle. To mark this knob with a conspicuous object to sight at all the trees on it were cut off but this one marker. It is an oak fifty or sixty feet in height.—Kansas City Star.

An Expensive Wedding Gift.

Harwood—But if you hate the chap that won your old girl why did you send him an expensive wedding present? Cogger—Hist! I sent him my old automobile for revenge. It breaks down every few miles and costs a rich man's income to keep in repair.—Chicago News.

Interchange of Opinion.

Said William's Wife—William can make money, but he will never be able to save any.

Said William's Mother—That is just what I warned my son when he wanted to marry you.—Baltimore American.

Encouragement.

Mr. Park—Last night I dreamed that I proposed to you. Miss Gramercy—How much more sensible you are asleep than awake!—Judge.

A Queer Fish.

The maltha, a Brazilian fish, can crawl, walk or hop, but cannot glide through the water like its finny brethren. In shape it is something like a toad and possesses a long snout. But it is also furnished with fins, though these are not adapted for acting on the water.

Granite.

Granite is a fire formed rock which has been subjected to intense heat and enormous pressure deep down beneath the surface of the earth.

NEW G.T.R. CHAIRMAN

MR. A. W. SMITHERS IS SIR C. RIVERS-WILSON'S SUCCESSOR.

The Man Who Is to Take Over the British End of the Grand Trunk Has Been Associated With the Road Since 1896, When He Traveled Through This Country—Member of Stock Exchange Since 1873.

One of the continuous-performance miracles of commercial life is the manner in which there is always a man ready to take the place of any other man who drops out. It doesn't matter how high is the place or how elaborate the equipment required to fill it, there is always someone to jump in and do the work when the emergency arises. Financial geniuses pass away, as Harriman did only a short while ago, and the public stands shuddering, waiting for the cataclysm

ALFRED WALDON SMITHERS.

that must follow such a passing. But before they can catch their breath some other fellow has quietly stepped in, and the work is taken up where the master-hand dropped it. In the same way—though in different degree, perhaps—Sir Charles Rivers-Wilson retires from the chairmanship of the Grand Trunk Railway Co. only to have his place taken at once by Mr. Alfred Waldron Smithers, who had been vice-chairman for the past five years.

Mr. Smithers' connection with the company dates back to 1896, in which year he made his first tour of inspection in Canada, traveling over all the numerous branch lines of the company, as well as along its main arteries. This trip he has since repeated. In 1907, in company with Mr. Hays, he traveled over a large stretch of the route to be taken by the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, going from Vancouver to Prince Rupert, the site of which as a terminal port much impressed him. Mr. Smithers is thoroughly optimistic as to the future which lies before the G.T.R. and G.T.P. systems. He is an active, alert man, still in the fifties, and is credited with that mastery of detail which is so essential in the head of a great organization such as the G.T.R. Mr. Smithers has been a member of the Stock Exchange since 1873; he is chairman of the English Association of American Bondholders, having succeeded Mr. Joseph Price — formerly vice-president of the G.T.R.—in that position in 1904.

A Professor's Test.

While conducting examinations at an English university Prof. D'Arcy Thompson learned that one of the students to be examined, a young woman who was a candidate for a degree, was so timid and nervous that it was likely she would not do herself justice in the examination, and he was asked to make allowances for this. Prof. Thompson asked to be presented to her before the hour for examinations, and after meeting her he suggested that as they had a few moments at their disposal he would be pleased to have her show him about the museum. She gladly agreed, and they spent a delightful half hour. But when the dreaded time approached the nervousness of the young woman became apparent. Finally she summoned courage to ask when the ordeal would take place. The conclusion of the story is obvious—Prof. Thompson told her the dreaded hour was over. While they sauntered about the museum he had put her through a rigid examination. She had answered his questions brilliantly, and she received her degree.

"Black Michael."

It was on account of his dark complexion that Lord St. Aldwyn (Sir Michael Hicks-Beach), who recently celebrated his seventy-second birthday, was so named, although there are some who contend that it was his biting tongue and somewhat hot temper which led to the nickname. Most people are aware that his lordship was Leader of the Commons for a short period in 1886, and that when the Conservatives returned to power he was ousted from that position by Lord Randolph Churchill. Nevertheless, when the bust of Lord Randolph was unveiled in the House, Lord St. Aldwyn spoke of the man who had stepped over his head in a voice choked with emotion. His son is member for the Tewkesbury Division of Gloucester.

A Remarkable Record.

Few living peers have changed their names as often as the Earl of Ancaster. Born Gilbert Heathcote, he succeeded his father as second Lord Aveland at the age of thirty-seven. Twenty years later, on the death of his mother, he became the twenty-fourth Baron Willoughby de Ersby, and finally, in 1892, was created Earl of Ancaster. His pedigree goes back to the Conquest and to Anarawd, King of Wales, and one of his ancestors was Lord Mayor of London in 1711.

Galvanized Iron.

Galvanized iron is not galvanized at all, but is coated with zinc by being plunged into a bath of that metal and muriatic acid.

Moth and Flame.

Moths fly against the candle flame because their eyes can bear only a small amount of light. When, therefore, they come within the light of a candle their sight is overpowered and their vision confused, and as they cannot distinguish objects they pursue the light itself and fly against the flame.

There is absolutely no occasion for

ARGUMENT

when you come to look at the new winter suits and overcoats we have just placed in stock. Such perfect specimens of fine tailoring are seldom seen outside the merchant tailor shops. Such values are never known outside this store. We are positive we can fit any man and satisfy his judgment as regards style and quality. You have a good range to choose from and you know exactly what you're getting. There's a certain dressiness about our suits and overcoats that distinguish them on the street.

Special Values —IN— Fur Coats —ON— Pay Day

A. MILLS & SON

"The Home of Swell Clothes"

MILLS BLOCK HOSMER, B. C.

TALK OF THE TOWN

Rev. R. W. Lee was in Michel Tuesday.

J. F. Jarvis was on the sick list this week.

Geo. Chamberlain left this morning for Frank, Alta.

F. Howard is confined to his room this week with la grippe.

Mrs. A. Mathison was visiting friends in Fernie Monday.

J. Hartley of Fernie, is working this week in the P. Burns butcher shop.

Mrs. A. Mills and Miss Jessie Mills will receive Wednesday, January 26th.

Miss Elsie Redfield, formerly of the Hosmer Hotel, was in town this week.

Wanted—A small set of books to keep in spare time. Address box 4, Times office.

It is expected that the Frank hockey team will be up here Sunday, January 23rd.

Fred Denison, traveling representive for P. Burns & Co., was in town last week.

J. F. Richey, who has been on the sick list, is getting ready for active service again.

Remember there are fifty dozen gloves and mitts at record prices at A. Mathieson's.

Percy Cook got a slight "skate on" Tuesday and was fined $7.50 when he went before the "beak"

Nellie, the three weeks old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Gransedik, was baptised by Rev. Father Salles, yesterday.

Mrs. R. J. Cole arrived last Friday evening from Vancouver, where she has been visiting for several weeks.

A. Sampson, chief constable, of Fernie. went on a trip to Moyie, Tuesday to look after a change of constables at that place.

Have you a weak throat? If so, you cannot be too careful. You cannot begin treatment too early. Each cold makes you more liable to another and the last is always the harder to cure. If you will take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy at the outset you will be saved much trouble. Sold by all druggists.

Masquerade Ball, to be given by the Fire Brigade, at the Hosmer opera house Friday evening, Feb. 4, 1910.

"Big John" is the man "behind" at the Pacific hotel. John has a host of friends in town who will be pleased to learn of his new position.

It is reported that there will be a change in the management of the store of the Hosmer Mercantile Co. and that John Wylie will be the new manager.

The stormy weather for the past few days has interfered with skating at the rink. Better organize a stock company and get a covered rink for next year.

For a comfortable shave or a neat, artistic hair-trim visit the shop of Sam Snell. 51tf

C. T. Cumming, the genial teller at the Bank of Montreal, returned Friday from a two weeks hoilday. He visited Vancouver, Seattle and other coast cities.

W. T. Watson left Sunday morning for Cranbrook, where he will have charge of the C. P. R. station for a few weeks. During his absence E. W. Bromley will act as station agent at Hosmer.

With the fall of first heavy snow, Col. John Henry Bill Morrison has resigned his position as caretaker of the Hosmer Skating Rink. J. Hardgon has been appointed to fill the vacancy.

A. Mathieson reports that last weeks business was the best weeks business during the time he has been in Hosmer. Groceries, gents furnishings, boot, and shoe business all show an increase.

The Hosmer Fire Brigade are erecting a large new triangle for fire alarm purposes. They will make a test on Sunday at about 11 a. m. If any of the citizens hear the noise they not get unduly excited.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy never disappoints those who use it for obstinate coughs, colds and irritations of the throat and lungs. It stands unrivalled as a remedy for all throat and lung diseases. Sold by all druggists.

F. G. Armstrong, who for some time past has occupied the position of time keeper at the Hosmer Mines, Ltd., has resigned and will accept a situation at Michel with the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Co. H. L Brown is the new time keeper.

William Stanley, editor and manager of the District Ledger, Fernie, for the past few years, has resigned his position and will in the near future open a job printing office in Fernie. It it understood that his successor has not yet been appiontted.

Next Sunday night at the Methodist church, Rev. R. W. Lee will give the second of his "Characters from Pilgrim's Progress," the characters being "Interpreter and Wordly Wiseman." A hearty invitation is given to all to hear these addresses.

They watch while you sleep, the fire brigade. The boys will give a masquerade ball at the opera house Friday night, February 4th. Turn out and help them.

The carpenter work on the new school house is progressing rapidly. There should not be any reason why everything should not be in perfect shape for occupancy on the 1st of March. Grandpa Cole wears that large expansive smile which says so much.

Last Saturday evening in honor of Mrs. Kendricks of Burmis and Mrs. Livergall of Bellvue, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Fillion entertainted a party of friends at their residence. The evening was spent with dancing and interspersed with some fine songs by Jim McKelvie, John Morgan and others. Every one present expressed themselves as having an enjoyable evening.

The busiest and mightiest little thing that ever was made is Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets.. They do the work whenever you require their aid. These tablets change weakness into strength, listlessness into energy, gloominess into joyousness. Their action is so gentle one don't realize they have taken a purgative. Sold by all druggists.

Now that the snow is on the ground, holes, stumps and logs all covered up, the grade looks quite easy for a continuance of Main street to the government road at the south end. This will go a long way towards perfecting the plan "with the culvert" for a continuous Main street. Every person who has an interest in the town should work with a will to secure the desired end. It is to be hoped that the Board of Trade will use its best efforts to further the same object.

John Houston Again a Winner

A man 60 years of age, who has worked as a printer from the Pacific to the Atlantis and from Rio Grande north to Bow River, who has owned newspapers and job printing offices in a dozen towns and cities in the United States aad Canada, for the first time in his life worked an old year out and a new year in at Fort George, setting 2-nick nonpareil type by lamp light. Who says men should be chloroformed at the age of 60?—Fort George Tribune.

Miner Killed in Frank Mine

A fatal accident occured in No. 2 mine of the Canadian Consolidated Company at Frank last Saturday morning in which Elie Bergnes lost his life by being crushed between a coal car and a chute.

It is not known exactly how the accident happened as Bergnes was alone at the time but when the matter was discovered about 9 o'clock in the morning, the unfortunate miner was found pinned between the car and one of the chutes on the bottom level of the shaft colliery. Berges was employed at drawing coal from the chutes connected with tne upper leval and running them to the cage at the shaft and apparently he had been caught between the car and the chute while the car was in motion and had his life crushed out.

TO TEACH GREENHORNS

Immigration Department Throws Cold Water on Farmer's Intentions

The department of immigratson at Ottawa under consideration during the last few days the case of a Balmoral farmer, who has expressed to the booking firm of John Pitts & Son, of New-castle-on-Tyne, his willingness to teach young Englishmen the first principles of agriculture on a Manitoba farm, for a consideration.

What this philanthropist proposed was, that the young man from Great Britain, who has money and no experiance of the Canadian prairies and the methods adopted in this country to produce wheat and cattle, should pay him annualy the sum of $500 for instruction and for board and a home during the period required. If the young man desired to keep a horse for the sum of $5 per week additonal.

The firm of John Pitts & Son communicated with the department and drew forth from the government a clear statement with references to the ideas of the immigration officials on this subject. The government is opposed to the bringing to Canada of any young men, who are to pay for instruction on farms. The department requires that in all cases such young men should be paid wages, and hold that there is no justification for the payment of any sums of money for the privilege of learning farming operations.

Numerous instances have occurred in past years when young men from the mother country, who had a little money, were defrauded by schemes of this character and the government is determined that the number of cases of this kind in the future shall be reduced to a minimum.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is not a common, every-day cough mixture. It is a meritorious remedy for all the troublesome and dangerous complications resulting from cold in the head, throat, chest or lungs. Sold by all druggists.

Do you enjoy a pool game. Drop in on Sam Snell. 51

STRUCK IT RICH AGAIN

Ex-Governor C. H. Mackintosh of Rossland May Make Another Fortune

Hon. C. H. Mackintosh, formly of this city, is likely to make another large fortune in mining. When the British America Corporation was organized Governer Mackintosh was made its managing director and on its behalf purchased $5,000,000 worth of mining properties in the Rossland camp, including the Le Roi, for which $3,500,000 was paid. The governer made a considerable fortune here at that time estimated at about $300,000, which he lost in speculating in real estate and mines. He has, however, kept in touch with mining affairs and he has now property in Gowganda that will probably make him rich.

George Tunstall, who is well known in the Kootenays, where he was for several years agent of the Hamilton Powder company, brings the news of Governer Mackintosh's good fortune, Mr. Tunstall says he met the governor in Toronto.

"Mr. Mackintosh is developing in Gowganda camp a group of silver claims that promise to rival anything in Cobalt," said Mr. Tunstall. "The vein is well defined and runs thousands of dollars to the ton. The governer, according to information I learned from personal friends, is likely to make a big cleanup. He is in virtual control of the property and has large financial backing in doing the preliminary development work. Mr. Mackintosh, with characteristic modesty, simply admitted that he had a very promising showing, and hinted that he expected to lay by a few dollars for a rainy day. Of course I know he meant a million, and I feel certain his expectations will be realized." Mr. Mackintosh bought the Le Roi mine from the Spokane owners and sold it to an English syndicate about 10 years ago. He was a leading figure in Rossland and endeared himself to prospectors for his generous ways. He realized, so it is said, about $600,000 out of the Le Roi deal.—Rossland Miner.

Changes at Coal Creek Mines

There have been a number of important changes in the management of the Crow's Nest Pass Coal company at Coal Creek. The general superintendent, Charles Simister, who has been there two years, has resigned. The resignation of Elijah Heathcote, who has been acting as local superintendent, has also resigned.

Fernie Toughs Go To Jail

His honor judge P. E. Wilson held a meeting of the county court last Saturday at Fernie, John Williams and Michael Ward appeared to answer to the charge of having stolen $52 from the till of the Queen's Hotel bar while the bartender was temporarily absent. The cases being proved against the prisoners John Williams was sentenced to 18 months imprisonment and Ward was given two years. They were taken to the provincial goal at Nelson on Tuesday.

Dog Sleigh Races

The dog sleigh races were held last Saturday on Victoria avenve at Fernie and were a howling success from a spectators point of view. Although all dogs are compelled to be muzzled, the precaution does not prevent them from causing some funny mixups, much to the amusement of the onlookers, Thomas Whalen, the patron saint of the sport in Fernie, is perfecting plans for a great big meet before the end of the season and under his able management it is bound to be a success.

A. Mills & Son say they can "boot" every man, woman, boy or girl in Hosmer. See their ad. 22tf

The January Rod and Gun

With the advent of another year, Rod and Gun in Canada, published by W. J. Tailor, Woodstock, Ont., is to the front with a fine issue for January. Running through all the stories—and there are many of them—is that pleasant out-door tone which always proves a healthful tonic, the plentiful supply of which, in stories and and pictures, has given the magazine an assured position. Fishing and hunting experiences are interspersed with camping stories. indian legands, prospecting of the far Queen Charlotte Islands and strange happenings in the backwoods.

To begin the New Year well and continue throughout in the same good way, the companionship of Rod and Gun should be secured. If he adopts this course the sportsman will have continual reminders throughout the year of his outings, and additions to the bright anticipations with which he looks forward to future joys.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is a very valuable medicine for throat and lung troubles, quickly relieves and cures painful breathing and a dangerously sounding cough which indicates congested lungs. Sold by all druggists.

—THE—

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