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THE HOSMER TIMES

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VOLUME III. HOSMER, B. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1910 NUMBER 12

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No. 15 12.50
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Big Free Moving Picture Show
EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT FROM 8:30 to 11 p. m.
New feature films each week under the operation of Joe Kuklo

School Report for October.

There were twenty school days during October. The scholars with x opposite their names were neither late or absent during the month. The report is as follows:

IV

Lillian Ritchie	16 1-2	
Harold Musgrove	15	
George Bolduc	17	
Grace Miller	7	
Bessie Leadbeater	18	
John McMeekin	15 1-2	

III

Saxon Kearney	17 1-2	
Sarah Spencer	20	x
Herbert Robson	19	
Sybil McMeekin	17	
Stewart Fletcher	19 1-2	
Harold Henderson	13 1-2	
Thos. Miller	17 1-2	

II

Maggie Leadbeater	14	
Lena Spencer	20	x
Mary Henderson	15 1-2	
Doreen Kearney	13	
Maud Bolduc	13 1-2	
Joseph Tortoralli	19	
James Miller	20	x
Alberta Quinn	19	
David Miller	17 1-2	
Andy Kennedy	15 1-2	
Gretta Rankin	19 1-2	
Mary Miller	16 1-2	
Archie Courtney	0	
Pearl Swanton	20	
Rose McDougall	12	
Earnest Beeby	17	
Wilfrid Beeby	18	

I

Armand Minet	20	x
Powell Courtney	11 1-2	
James Hedley	18	
Nicky Maiello	20	
Lizzie McDougall	15	
Jack Musgrove	15	
Willie Spencer	20	x
Jennie Strachan	20	x
Gladys Thompson	20	x
Eric Winter	19	

A. AUBREY DAVIS
Principal

CLASS A.

Cora DeLaurier	19	
Leonard Ayre	13	
Andrew Atney	19 1-2	
Robert Henderson	16	
Christina Krish	17 1-2	
Dan McMeekin	18 1-2	
Annie Pondelecek	19	
Willie Robertson	20	

CLASS B.

Baglione Ambrogio	20	x
James Bennett	19 1-2	
Leslie Brown	17 1-2	
Pearl Courtney	17 1-2	
Fred DeLaurier	16 1-2	
Mary Donnachie	20	
Annie Keir	14	
Laddie Krish	19 1-2	
Blanche Labelle	20	x
Charles McDougall	15	
James Miller	19	
Patrick Murray	10	
Florence Miller	20	
Isabella Parkin	11	
Mary Jane Parkin	13	
Sedonia Pondelecek	18 1-2	
Elsie Robson	16 1-2	
Winnifred Smith	20	x
Ralph Tortoralli	20	x
Abel Minet	19 1-2	
Bohus Palecek	8	

CLASS C.

Violet Anderson	20	
John George Beeby	17	
Charles Courtney	13	
Georgina Crotto	6	
Joseph Gabara	19 1-2	
Julie Gabara	20	x
Edna Gourlay	13 1-2	
Nellie Gregory	18 1-2	
Mary Jioia	17	
Laura Labelle	19 1-2	
Moyk Laba	20	
Irene Minet	20	x
Mary McDougall	10 1-2	
Willie Rogers	20	
Jack Robertson	11 1-2	
Louis Salvage	19	
Columbia Salvage	15	
Peggy Strachan	20	x
Joe Tavernese	17	
Tony Tavernese	20	x
Lester Wildman	20	x
Frank Steiner	3	

Christina D. Y. Pitblado, L.L.A.
Teacher.

At The Opera House.

Clark's moving pictures attracted a large house on Monday evening. Little Miss Jarrett made a decidedly good hit, and the moving pictures were good and received the appreciation they deserved.

The company is coming again Friday evening with an entire change of program. Mark G. Sampson, our local constable, is to be a headliner, appearing in a repertoire of illustrated songs.

Lowery's Upper Stope

Fort George has two resident ministers.

Jack Reeder died in Oroville last week.

A boosters club has been formed in Dawson.

There is much activity in mining near Barkerville.

The Eagles have established an Aerie in Hazleton.

A Commercial club has been organized in Oroville.

A 60x150 foot skating rink is being built at Blairmore.

James Stone, aged 67 years, died in Barkerville this month.

M. L. Grimmett is building a $4,000 residence in Merritt.

In Armstrong hay is $20 a ton and potatoes the same price.

Prince Rupert wants to sell $54,000 worth of debentures.

Potatoes are being shipped from New Brunswick to Lethbridge.

Ontario hay is being sold at Fernie and other western towns.

Flour is 17 cents a pound at Fort McLeod and sugar 25 cents.

Chinamen are shipping large quantities of potatoes from Savona.

Revelstoke will have a winter poultry show upon January 13 and 14.

Orders have been given to abolish the tenderloin district in Victoria.

D. C. Drain has refused an offer of $19,000 for his hotel at Blairmore.

The whiskey distillery at Sapperton has resumed operations for the season.

At Stevetson a Jap was fined $200 for selling beer without a license.

There are 28 men working at the Knob Hill mine in the Republic camp.

The other day Fred Williamson shot a grizzly bear not far from Penticton.

In North Vancouver recently a man was fined 50 cents and costs for being drunk.

In Grand Forks the curlers are forming into a company with a capital of $5,000.

The G. T. P. railway will be in operation between Rupe and Kitselas by Christmas.

A Columbus, Ohio, promoter is making an effort to build a smelter at or near Oroville.

Last month 109 divorces were granted in Seattle, many of them to people from B. C.

A Blairmore Chinaman is carrying on a departmental store and advertising extensively.

Fifty boxes of apples have been sent from Grand Forks to England for exhibition purposes.

After an absence of 42 years John O'Hara of Ottawa, is paying a visit to New Westminster.

The Fife mine has closed down for a short time in order to install larger and better machinery.

In Vernon it is proposed to reduce the number of Aldermen and attach a salary to the position.

Sam Long and George McBain have bonded their mineral claims near Hazleton to F. E. Mitchell.

The famous old camp, Pioche, in Nevada, has a fellow feeling for Kaslo. It only has one train a week.

Vancouver expects to have a big exposition in 1917 to celebrate the 50th birthday of the Dominion of Canada.

At the age of 90 years Sir Charles Tupper has taken up his permanent residence in England. He still plays golf.

D. R. Yaung, who ran a paper at Slocan City in 1897, is going into the fish business at Queen Charlotte City.

The government has established a public school at Stewart. There are 30 pupils and the teacher receives $100 a month.

A Jap at New Westminster was given seven years in jail for striking another Jap with an axe. Whiskey and gambling was the cause of the rouble.

Horse Fell on a Lady.

While a coyote hunting party of twenty ladies and gentlemen were out at H. H. Jenkins place about twenty miles south east of Pincher Creek last Monday, Mrs. A. C. Kemmis got thrown from her horse in some manner and the animal fell on her. She received injuries about the head which rendered her unconscious for a considerable time until found by other members of the party. She is now recovering from the effects of the accident.

Fire Sweeps Large Section.

A despatch from Saskatoon says:

Accompanied by a hurricane wind one of the most destructive fires in the history of the Biggar section of the G. T. P. swept over the largest territory and caused much destruction of property. The fire started Saturday in the neighborhood of Scott and swept on its way till Sunday night, when it was reported to have reached Perduc. The flames consumed the outstanding hay and buildings in its path, but many were saved by fire guards and homesteaders eoffrts. Damaging fires are also reported from other sections.

Verdict for Railway Company.

The assizes came to a close at Fernie on Saturday evening when the civil case of Kingswood vs. Morrissey Fernie and Michel railway was concluded, the jury bringing in a verdict in favor of the defendents. This was an action to recover damages for the loss of a foot by the plaintiff while crossing the railway company's tracks at Coal Creek, she having been run over by an engine. The jury decided that it was owing to her own carelessness and brought in a verdict accordingly. H. W. R. Moore and W. S. Lane for the defendants and Eckstein and McTaggart for the plaintiff.

Immigrants Must Have More Money.

Ottawa, Oct. 28.—Starting next month, and continuing until March, the minimum sum of money which immigrants entering Canada must have in their possession on landing, unless going to assured positions as farm laborers, will be $50, instead of $25, as required during the spring and summer months. A similar course was pursued last winter, in order to restrict arrivals during the season of year when the opportunities for securing speedy employment are limited.

The increasing vogue of Canada in Europe as a good land for immigrants is evidenced by the fact that this year's record breaking influx of new settlers has been kept up to a remarkable extent right through the fall months. Immigration for the past three months is away ahead of the corresponding period of last year, and the total for the year will reach close to 300,000.

Suits Against Canadian Northern.

Fergus Falls, Minn., Oct. 27.—Among the interesting cases that are likely to come to trial, at the autumn term of the U. S. Court here, are three suits that have just been filed against the Canadian Northern for damages on account of the recent forest fires along the northern border of that state. The first complaint is filed by Wm. Haugen, who alleges that he lost his residence, barn and other buildings, and he asks $2,070. The second case is brought by Frank B. Emery, whose land was swept by fires, and who asks for $2,500 on account of destruction of timber. The third is an action by Wm. A. Smith who lost his barn, fences, hay and other things and asks for $2,177.

Hundreds of other suits are likely to follow, as it is claimed that the fires which destroyed Beaudette, Spooner and other places, and swept the entire country in that vicinity were set by sparks from locomotives.

Dress Goods! Dress Goods!

Just received a fine assortment in Tweed effects 40 and 50c per yard
Melton cloths in Navy and Cardinal, extra good value at 60c yard
All wool Shepherd's plaid at 60c., Scotch Tartan plaid at 50c
Plain Brown Panama special 48c. Corduroy Velveteen in Navy and Cardinal special 50c.
Velveteen plain colors at 60c.

QUALITY STORE **GEO. H. MARLATT**
Opera House Block Hosmer, B. C.

To Arrive Saturday Morning

Fresh Crisp Celery
California Grapes
Citrons (the last this season)
Apples
Hot House Lettuce
Sweet Spuds
Oranges, Bananas
Lemons

Our Chocolates and Confectionery are Always Fresh

Confectionery **FRED COX** Ice Cream

City - Meat - Market
GABARA BROS., Props

Choice line of Steaks, Chops, Roasts, Sausage, Butter, Bacon, Eggs, Lard, Etc., Fresh and Salt Fish.

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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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POST OFFICE BLOCK HOSMER, B. C.

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Our Planning Mills are equipped with modern wood-working machinery and re-saws. All inquiries are promptly answered, and your inspection of our stock is solicited.

The Elk Lumber Company, Ltd.
C. H. BOMFORD, Agent Hosmer, B. C.

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Manufactured from Canadian Malt, Bohemian Hops and the famous Crystal Spring Water

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Skyscrapers While You Wait

(By William Allen Johnston)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Get a harder one," he said, grimly.

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

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

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

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

What does the future hold forth?

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

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

FAMOUS CRIMINALS WHO OBTAINED REPRIEVES

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

WHO INVENTED THE PNEUMATIC TIRE?

THE dispute arose about a statue. Who invented the pneumatic tire?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

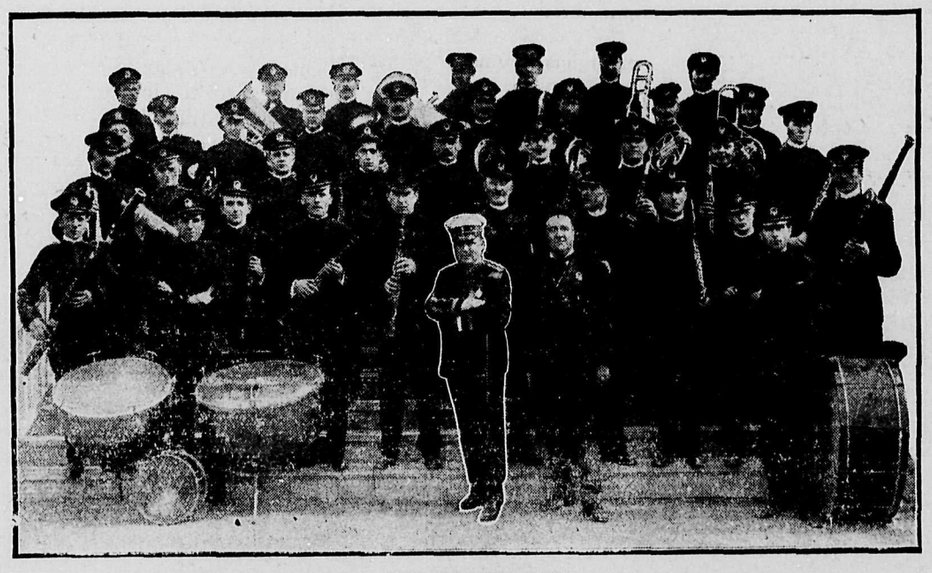
Follow the evolution from small to great. Today cycles are numbered in millions, the total in the United Kingdom being over three millions. There are close on *180,000 motor vehicles in* the United Kingdom, and the world's total must soon approximate to half a million. All over the globe the trail of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

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

INSOUCIANCE IN STORM

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

—Harry Kemp, in American Magazine



THAVIU AND HIS BAND

Musical Organization Which Comes to the Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition, July 13-23

The Personality of Theodore Roosevelt

By T. P. O'Connor

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

PRAYING AGAINST TIME

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MRS. BELMONT'S NEW YARN

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

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

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

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

Storyettes

THERE is a sermon for "children who have grown tall" in the words of a little tot who was told by her mother not to play in the front yard on Sunday.

"But, mamma, isn't it Sunday in the backyard, too?"

* * *

JAMES ALBERY, the dramatist, was descending the steps of his club, when a stranger addressed him thus: "I beg your pardon, but is there a gentleman in this club with one eye of the name of X——?" Albery answered the question at once by another: "Stop a moment. What's the name of his other eye?"

* * *

MAKART, the great Viennese painter, was taciturn to a fault. It is related of him that once at a dinner party he sat next to Mme. Gallmeyer for a whole hour without uttering a syllable, when his fair neighbor playfully nudged him with her elbow and said: "Come, Herr von Makart, let us change the conversation."

* * *

A FAMOUS North Caroline clergyman, while preaching from the text, "He giveth his beloved sleep," stopped in the middle of his discourse, gazed upon his slumbering congregation, and said: "Brethren, it is hard to realize the unbounded love which the Lord appears to have for a portion of my auditory."

* * *

A WOMAN was upbraiding her husband on his drunken habits and saying he was ruining his health.

"Don't be alarmed about me, my dear," he said. "The doctor says I'm 'in the pink of condition.'"

"You should have asked the doctor to look at your tongue, and not your nose," retorted his wife.

* * *

I WANT some cloth to make my dolly a dress," announced a little girl of seven as she entered a store the other day.

"How much is it?" she asked when the merchant handed her the package.

"Just one kiss," was the reply.

"All right," she said; "Grandma said she would pay you when she came in tomorrow."

* * *

A BLIND man in Khoota (a Caucasian village) came back from the river one night, bringing a pitcher of water and carrying in his hand a lighted lantern. Some one, meeting him, said: "You're blind; it's all the same to you whether it's day or night. Of what use to you is a lantern?" "I don't carry the lantern in order to see the road," replied the blind man, "but to keep some fool like you from running against me and breaking my pitcher."

* * *

SO, Belinda, I hear you and 'Doc' have parted company. Couldn't you get along?"

"No'um, we couldn't. Least, I couldn't. D'ye know that low-down nigger just ma'ied me fo' my money?"

"No!" I said.

"Yas'm. He saw all dem taings in my pahlor, silber butter dishes and crayon portraits that you and the othe' white ladies gi' me, and he just though he was goin' to set in there and smoke while I washed and i'ned. And I had a big burial insurance, too, and he knowed that. So I jes' natchully tu'ned him out.

"Yes," I said. "But I thought I saw him going in your back gate last week."

"Oh, to be sure! He's 'round, but he's jes' bon'din' wif me now."

* * *

THE late Colonel Bob Taylor of Bonham, Texas, once met a woman in the road as he was riding on horseback to hold court in Delta County, he being then district judge. The woman had a jug of water and the judge was thirsty. Being a man with a cheery word for everyone the colonel stopped her. "My dear madam," he said, smiling, "if you will give me a drink of cool water from yonder jug, when you want a divorce from your husband I will see that it costs you nothing." "Are you a lawyer?" inquired the woman, handing him the jug. The colonel explained who he was, and waving a farewell departed, leaving the woman gazing at him. The very next morning the woman showed up in the courtroom and asked for him. She explained that she wanted a divorce. She had been separated from her husband for a long time, and the colonel was game, however. He procured a lawyer at his own expense and in due course of law the woman was given a divorce.

PROFESSOR HUGH W. RANSOM, of Harvard, has been working as a laborer in the Cambridge subway in order to compile certain statistics at first hand. "To do our work well," said Professor Ransom to a reporter, "we must use enterprise. We must ignore the minor conventions. But we mustn't go as far as—But listen: A Boston doctor sat in a front seat in a Tremont Street theatre the other night. In the breathless silence, as the third act neared its climax, there was a commotion near the door, and then a grave voice said: 'Is Dr. Blank in the audience?' Dr. Blank rose calmly. He passed down the aisle with the serious, self-contained air of one on whom the life of a fellow-creature depends. A young man awaited him at the door. 'Well,' said the doctor. 'Well, sir, what is it?' 'Doctor,' said the young man, as he drew a large wallet from his breast pocket, 'I'm Cash & Payup's new collector. Would it be conveniert for you to settle that small account this evening?'"

THE head of a manufacturing concern who built up his business from nothing by his own dogged and persistent toil, and who has never felt that he could spare the time for a vacation, not long ago, however, decided that he was getting along in years and that he was entitled to a rest. Calling his son into the library, he said: "Tom, I've worked pretty hard for quite a

Countless have been the cures worked by Holloway's Corn Cure. It has a power of its own not found in other preparations.

DOG'S FIGHT WITH A LION

How a Stray Fox Terrier Won a Lion's Skin—A Naturalist's Adventures With a Cinematograph Camera in Africa

SIMBA, the pluckiest fox-terrier in the world, and the only dog of its breed which has ever tackled a full-grown lion "single-handed," has returned to London, her birthplace from British East Africa.

The story of how Simba fought the lion was told to a representative of the Daily Mail by Mr. Cherry Kearton, the dog's master, who has just returned from the Kenia district of British East Africa with a number of cinematograph pictures of wild animals.

Simba is an ordinary fox-terrier, of no special value from a breeder's point of view, and was, in fact, taken out of the Battersea Dog's Home by "Buffalo" Jones, of lion-lassoing fame, who gave her to Mr. Kearton.

Simba's fight with the lion took place when Mr. Kearton was trying to obtain pictures of the killing of a lion by native spearmen. Two lions had been located in some scrub, and twenty Masai warriors, with spears, were ready to attack. The lioness, however, escaped, and the male lion, after appearing for a moment, bolted into a dried river bed and refused to budge.

"Simba," said Mr. Kearton, "darted into the donga, and within a few seconds we heard a tremendous roar which seemed to shake the ground, and the bushes within twelve yards of us were violently agitated. The lion roared again and again, and in the brief intervals we heard the weak but very furious yapping of the dog. The Masai stood, every nerve tingling, with spears poised.

"Suddenly the lion dashed through a little clearing, and we were amazed to see Simba hanging on with her teeth embedded in its tail. Three spears were hurled at the escaping beast, with such accuracy that they all transfixed the heart, and the lion fell dead. You must know that the skin of the lion belongs, according to local custom, not to the warrior whose spear inflicts the fatal wound, but to the man who first rushes in and cuts off the black tip from the tail.

"Two of the three spearmen dashed into the donga, but they found Simba with the black tip still between her teeth, resolutely determined to oppose any hostile claim. The spearmen, who were lost in admiration, agreed that the skin belonged by right of seizure to Simba, and they handed it over to my wife as trustee for the dog."

Mr. Kearton also related the following stories of his adventures, during a very adventurous journey.

"While I was in the Kenia district getting cinematograph pictures I was attacked by fever, and for some days my temperature ranged from 102 to 103 degrees.

"It was while I was in this state that the Somali horsemen told me that they had rounded up four lions. What would I do? I told them that at all costs we would have the fight, and that I and my machine must be carried to the spot, some fifteen miles distant. By the time I arrived three of the lions had escaped but the fourth was still held up.

"We had with us six Somali horsemen (unarmed) and eighteen Masai spearmen, who were to do the killing, while, as I was unarmed, two spearmen stood guard over me and the camera. The lion made a running fight for about a mile, and again and again charged the horsemen. Then he made a stand.

"The spearmen rushed forward, and at a distance of ten yards six spears were hurled into his body. I was within thirty yards of the beast with my hand on the handle of the machine, but just as the charge was made I fell forward unconscious through weakness. I have no films of that fight."

"On another occasion we rounded up a lioness on the plain. After a running fight she made a stand. I advanced with my machine within thirty yards of the beast and at right angles to the spearmen, who were sixty yards distant, waiting for me to get the camera ready.

"Suddenly the lioness dashed at me roaring, with mouth open and tail up.

"The Hon. Berkeley Cole, the leader of the expedition to which I was attached, shouted, 'Put your camera down; she is coming for you.'

"But my business was to get pictures, and I relied upon my two spearmen guardians, in whom I had great confidence. So I went on turning the handle. The lioness then seemed to realize that I was not the danger, and she darted back and lay down, awaiting the attack of the advancing Masai.

"Then her heart failed her, but as she turned to bolt one of the men hurled a short sword which transfixed her mouth. Turning again she charged the Masai, bit through three of the shields which the warriors carry and wounded three of the men before she fell under the spear thrusts. That was a successful hunt with satisfactory results."

Mr. Kearton then related particulars of a "close shave" with a rhinoceros which he had last year in the same district. On this occasion he did not succeed in obtaining any pictures.

"One morning my friend Clark, of the New York Natural History Museum, and I went to look for a troupe of fourteen lions of which we had heard. We both carried rifles, and two spearmen and some porters accompanied us. Suddenly my camera boy shouted something which I did not catch and bolted past me.

"Sharply turning, I saw the two spearmen and Clark making with all haste for the only tree in sight. I thought the troupe of lions was on us, but in a second or two I heard the unmistakable puffing noise made by the rhinoceros, and then I saw two coming toward me at full speed. I, too, made a dash for the tree.

"But the tree was too thick to climb. The Masai hid behind the trunk. Clark was five yards away with rifle levelled. The two rhinoceroses came on in a cloud of dust at a speed of about twenty miles an hour.

"When they were within four yards Clark, whose rifle had jammed, shouted, 'Fire, Kearton.' I fired and dropped one. His head as he fell almost touched my feet. Within a few seconds he rose, made as though he would charge Clark, and then bolted.

"I thought the second rhinoceros had followed the wounded animal, but it had gone in another direction, and as I dashed round the tree I ran shoulder to shoulder into it. I suffered most in the collision.

"This rhinoceros escaped, but the one I had shot dropped dead within a hundred yards."

SAFE CLEANSERS

THE practice of using dangerous explosives, such as benzine, as innocent cleaning agents is resulting in scores of accidents. Notwithstanding the precautions which are repeated by professional experts who use them, people continue to clean the contents of their wardrobes with explosives as they would do with soapsuds. Even the fatal cases which occur every now and then from the use of spirits in toilet preparations do not prevent them from celaning and tonicking their hair and wearing celluloid combs.

The risk is always doubled in the hot weather. Gloves, lace, net, lawn, silk, are all cleaned with benzine instead of using the innocuous dry cleansers, such as fuller's earth, baked flour and salt, bread crumbs, cornflour, and cloth balls.

The crumb of a stale loaf is one of the most economical cleaners. It has excellent effects on white silk, lace, ribbon, and net, as well as on light gloves in suede and kid. To clean the gloves they should be drawn on the hands and each finger rubbed in turn with a piece of bread. To clean a lace or net skirt the bread must be crumbled over the fabric and rubbed into it lightly with the palms of the hand, discarding the soiled crumb for fresh when necessary.

Hot salt and flour is another good substitute for dangerous spirits. It may appear extravagant at the outset but it is less costly in the end. If a shirt is to be dry washed, a quartern of flour and a pound of salt are placed in a large enamel basin in the oven, or on the top of the stove, where the contents may become very hot without scorching them. When very hot, the lace of net shirt, jabot, plastron, frills or collars should be dropped into it as into soapsuds, and kneaded with the knuckles until the dirt is loosened.

Garments which are being washed in flour must be treated exactly as if they were in the washtub, but instead of rinsing them in fresh flour and shaking them well, they must be lifted out with as much flour in the folds as possible and rolled in a clean towel. Here they must rest for a day. A good shaking and ironing will then restore them. The same flour can be used again and again.

THE NEW QUEBEC BRIDGE

THE enormous caisson built by Messrs. M. P. and J. T. Davis for enlarging the foundations of the deep water pier of the Quebec Bridge recently launched at Sillery, weighs 1,700 tons, and is 180 feet long and 57 feet wide. When completed it will have a height of 68 feet. It is built of southern pitch pine of 12 inch by 12 inch and its cutting edge, which is to sink into the bed of the river is shaped like an equilateral triangle, with a 30-in side.

A despatch from Ottawa states that there have been, of course, differences of professional opinion among the three engineers as to the best plans to adopt; but a final agreement was reached as to the plans and specifications, and tenders have been called for.

Recently Mr. Fitzmaurice, C.E., the British engineer appointed to advise as to the plans, returned to the Dominion Government a cheque for $6,000, on the ground that owing to his absence in Europe he did not feel that he had properly earned that amount.

HOUSEKEEPERS' HANDS

IF the hands are thoroughly greased with vaseline before using dyes it will prevent the stain penetrating deeply into the skin.

After washing clothes the hands are generally disagreeably rough. If a little olive oil is rubbed well into the skin with a cut lemon and well washed with hot water and soap, the hands will become smooth and white again.

Needle's Journey—A needle which entered the left knee of a dressmaker at Schroda, Posen, emerged some days later from the sole of her right foot.

With the Horses

THE veteran breeder R. S. Veach was over at Lexington the other day, to see his three two year olds work out. Now it so happens that they are in different stables. The brown colt Weindell, by Walnut Hall, is being educated by John Splan; Coolidge by Cochato is with H. S. Moody, and the brown colt Esko by Moko, is with John Hussey. Mr. Veach saw them all trialed out and then ventured the opinion that Weindell would yet prove the best of the party.

"Well, it's too early to tell about that," said Splan, "but when Moody and Hussey and I hook up in that race for a hundred bushels of oats, we'll know who's training the racehorse of the party."

"When are you going to have that race, John?" asked Mr. Veach.

"Thanksgiving Day," promptly responded Splan. "Yes sir, Thanksgiving Day, just after we've had our turkey and when we'll be feeling prime for sport."

"Look here," said Mr. Veach with a smile. "If you're going to put it off that long, I expect it would be cheaper for me to send each of you a hundred bushels of oats and not have any race."

When the American continent was unknown, and England an obscure province of the mighty Roman Empire, over two thousand years ago, there were horse races in Italy. The Romans were the first of the great nations to appreciate the value of the horse and the knights of the equestrian order were the elite of the army. In times of peace the chariot races were favorite amusements of the vast crowds at the coliseums.

Today the trotter is decidedly to the fore in that classic land and though they have imported a few Russian Orloffs, the tendency is to the American trotter. They have in a few years imported quite a few good sires, such as Elwood Medium, 2:24¾, by Happy Medium, Atlantic, 2:21. Later on Onward Silver, 2:05¼, Col. Kuser, 2:11¼, and Codero, 2:09½, and others followed. These have been bred in many instances to native mares, Orloff or American mares, and a trotting breed is being gradually developed. The champion three-year-old trotter in Italy last season was Glisner Kuser, who took a record of 2:15. She was by Col. Kuser, 2:11¼, out of a mare by Joktan, 2:19¾. This young champion started in thirty races, winning twenty-four, was second in one, fourth in two and unplaced in three.

The races in Italy are from a mile to a mile and a half. This is a market which should be cultivated.

Breeders should adopt an aggressive policy and they should not be content with the home market. The manufacturers of all classes of machinery invade all parts of the globe and sell their goods. The American sewing machine is on every continent and agricultural implements are a close second.

WALTER WINANS, the well known American who lives in England and keeps a large stable of trotters for his own amusement, was recently interviewed by a reporter of the London Evening News on the American trotter and here is what he says:

"Do I think that American trotters are suited to this country?" said Mr. Walter Winans. "I think they are the only animals worth driving in any country that has roads fit to drive on, and the reason that almost all Englishmen, so to speak fight shy of them is a mystery to me. I can attribute it only to our intense conservatism and to the rooted objection to what English people call 'making a new departure.' Personally, I think that American trotters are infinitely preferable to English.

"Certainly American trotters can be driven in comparatively heavy carriages, though a belief is prevalent that they are suited only to very light two-wheeled vehicles. Until a man has driven trotters of this stamp he doesn't really know what driving is, and comparatively few men who have driven such animals regularly for a little while have ever gone back to the ordinary slow movers—if I may call them so without giving offense to anybody.

"Yet it is a fact that hardly any interest is taken in this country in trotting races with American trotters. I am inclined to think that many Englishmen confuse the American trotter, properly so called, with the American horse that 'paces.'

"The 'pacer' is not a trotter at all, also his action is ugly to look at and he is not a pleasant beast to drive. My trotters are all true American trotters; they look magnificent as they literally sweep over the ground; and to their every stride there is grace combined with strength and suppleness. To sit behind them is a pleasure; to drive them is a joy."

I asked him at what speed, in his opinion, an American trotter ought to travel.

"That, of course, depends upon a variety of circumstances," he answered, "but with any of my animals—they all stand somewhere about 15.2—I can swing along at twenty miles an hour if I choose to let them out.

"At the beginning of this month I drove one of my fastest trotters into the park on the first day it was thrown open to petrol motors after 4 o'clock in the afternoon. The police had received strict orders to 'hold up, any car traveling in the park at over ten miles an hour.' When I started shooting past the cars at twenty-five and twenty miles an hour gait the public were amused.

"The popularity of cars has had one good effect, I mean from my point of view, for I believe that people have now become so accustomed to rapid locomotion that when they again take to driving horses—as I feel convinced the men who drive for pleasure will do before long—they will not be content with the slow motion of what I call the old-fashioned carriage horse, but will finally adopt the fast American trotter, to whom the ordinary undulations of a high road make no difference, so far as his speed is concerned."

Asked if the climate of England suited these animals, he replied that though all the trotters that he owns are American bred, they are seldom or never sick or sorry. Care, however, has to be exercised when they are being shod, some needing heavier shoes than others, and shoes of different shape.

The one drawback to driving these extraordinarily fast animals is that in wet weather mud flies up so thickly that to avoid being splashed is almost an impossibility, no matter how carefully adjusted the dashboards may be. For this reason Mr. Winans usually wears motor goggles when sitting behind his trotters.

I inquired if he had any remark in particular to make about the International Show, and he replied at once:

"Yes, you can draw attention to the grotesque way in which the tails of many of the horses are docked. It is no exaggeration to say that the tails of some of the horses are to all intents cut clean off, for not more than four or five inches of the stump are left, and these scraggy stumps are made to look still more absurd by being either shaved or else heavily singed, so that literally they are no longer tails at all, but hat pegs.

"This remark applies more particularly to some of the English horses that have been seen in the ring in several classes, and I could give you the name of a French buyer of horses who came over to last year's show at Olympia for the express purpose of buying a number of animals, for which he was prepared to pay big prices, but who didn't complete a single deal.

"This buyer himself told me there were six splendid animals which would have suited his requirements to perfection but that none of his clients would look at horses with tails cut off like that, and that therefore he couldn't buy."

Through indiscretion in eating green fruit in summer many children become subject to cholera morbus caused by irritating acids that act violently on the lining of the intestines. Pains and dangerous purgings ensue and the delicate system of the child suffers under the drain. In such cases the safest and surest medicine is Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial. It will check the inflammation and save the child's life.

NEW FRENCH IDEAS

MATCHSTICKS made of dried and twisted grass instead of wood.

Aluminum money, light and sanitary.

Paper towels for public use, that can be thrown away when done with.

Perfumed butter on the tables of the rich—preferably in clover and kindred fragrances.

A Warning

The recent publication of the memoirs of a celebrated English university professor, Oscar Browning, recalls a famous epigram—said to be one of the most admirable ever composed.

It was perpetrated by a brilliant pupil, J. K. Stephen, upon the professor, who was somewhat inclined to corpulency.

O. B., oh be obedient
To nature's stern decrees;
For though you be but one O. B.,
You may be too obese!

A Pill for All Seasons—Winter and summer, in any latitude, whether in torrid zone or Arctic temperature, Parmelee's Vegetable Pills can be depended upon to do their work. The dyspeptic will find them a friend always and should carry them with him everywhere. They are made to withstand any climate and are warranted to keep their freshness and strength. They do not grow stale, a quality not possessed in many pills now on the market.

ZAM-BUK CURES SUNBURN

Neglect of a sunburn on face, arms or neck often leads to the after growth of skin which is freckled or coarse, and this is particularly distressing to ladies. Timely applications of Zam-Buk will prevent this. Zam-Buk is a herbal balm, which soothes and cools the burned skin, and assists nature to replace the damaged tissue with soft, velvety skin.

Zam-Buk is also good for stings, scratches, heat sores, blisters on hands or feet, and all skin injuries. Applied to these it quickly stops the smarting and ensures quick healing. As it is free from animal fat, and mineral coloring matter, it is particularly suited to the delicate skin of babies, suffering from heat rashes, chafed places, etc. Sold everywhere by druggists and store-keepers. Beware of harmful imitations, and see the name "Zam-Buk" on the box before buying.

A LOCUST PLAGUE

Swarms of locusts recently invaded Athens, rendering the streets slippery with their crushed bodies. The market gardens of the surrounding districts were seriously affected.

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

FOR THAT NEW HOUSE
Sackett Plaster Board
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The Manitoba Gypsum Co., Limited
WINNIPEG, MAN.

Capitol Cylinder Oil
For Steam Traction Engines and Steam Plants
THE IMPERIAL OIL CO. Limited. CAPITOL CYLINDER OIL.
Delivers more power, and makes the engine run better and longer with less wear and tear, because its friction-reducing properties are exactly fitted to the requirements of steam traction engines and steam plants.
Mica Axle Grease
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makes the wheel as nearly frictionless as possible and reduces the wear on axle and box. It ends axle troubles, saves energy in the horse, and when used on axles of traction engines economizes fuel and power.
Granite Harvester Oil
Reapers, Threshers, Plows, Harrows
insures better work from the new machine and lengthens the life of the old. Wherever bearings are loose or boxes worn it takes up the play and acts like a cushion. Changes of weather do not affect it.
Standard Gas Engine Oil
Gasolene and Kerosene Engines
is the only oil you need. It provides perfect lubrication under high temperatures without appreciable carbon deposits on rings or cylinders, and is equally good for the external bearings.
Every dealer everywhere. If not at yours, write for descriptive circulars to
The Imperial Oil Company, Limited

MARRIED WITHOUT A LICENSE

Mines to be Extended

THE Hon. James Dunsmuir, who has sold the entire coal holdings on Vancouver Island to Mr. William Mackenzie, President of the Canadian Northern Railway, has been describing to an interviewer how his father built the Esquimalt and Nanaimo Railway. He himself, he said, often worked fourteen or fifteen hours a day in the mines. "Since father's death," he proceeded, "I have opened out the Comox Mines, built coke ovens, opened the Unions Mine, started before his death, opened the Extension Mines, and developed them to what they are today. I also opened the Alexandra Mine. The shipping mine at Wellington was putting out 1,000 tons a day at the death of my father. The mines today are putting out 3,500 tons of coal a day. There has been more development since 1889 than there was prior to it.

"Since the death of my brother in 1900 I have had charge of the entire interests. My first action was to buy out the four San Francisco shareholders who had a half-interest in the railway and the Comox Mines. I paid them $1,500,000 for their share. This crippled me for cash for the business for a time, but I did not regret the step. I sold the E. and N. Railway to the C.P.R., three years ago, for $3,000,000, the land going with it, reserving the coal rights. I have finally sold these to Mr. Mackenzie. I have done my part and helped to build up British Columbia, and especially Vancouver Island. Now I'm going to enjoy myself."

Extensions and improvements costing between $3,000,000 and $4,000,000, which will quadruple the present capacity, and when complete give employment to 5,000 additional men, are to be carried out at the Comox and Extension Mines. The present output of the mines is about 600,000 tons a year. When the improvements and auditions in question are effected close upon 2,500,000 tons will be produced yearly. According to the present determination of the company, four new mines will shortly be opened, two at Comox and two at Extension. The shipping facilities will be increased as the business demands their growth, new wharves being constructed to ship the products.

NOT NAUGHTY

The phrase, "Go to blazes!" said Mr. Bodkin at the City of London Licensing Sessions, "owed its origin to the fact that there was a Bishop Blaize, and when anyone wanted advice it was the custom to say, 'Go to Blaize's.'"

Nailed by the Ears—During the prosecution of a Londnon, East End, shopkeeper for adulteration recently, the magistrate remarked, in days gone by tradesmen convicted of offences similar to this were punished by being nailed by the ears to their own doorposts.

Profits of Flying—It is officially announced by the Lancashire Aero Club that Mr. Grahame White has been engaged at a fee of $10,000 to give exhibition flights daily during the period of the Blackpool aeroplane exhibition. The retaining fee is the largest which has ever been paid to any aviator.

Cyclists' Paradise—Denmark is described, in the report of the American consul at Copenhagen, as a wheelman's paradise, with an abundance of good roads, good inns, and special tracks in cities, and few gradients. In Copenhagen, he says, there are 60,000 cyclists—probably a larger proportion to the population than will be found in any other city.

EARLY FLYING MACHINE

SOMETHING very like the present-day flying machines was invented as far back as 1843 by a Mr. Henson. The principal feature was the great expanse of its sustaining planes. The machine was to advance with its front edge a little raised, the effect of which would be to present its under surface to the air over which it was passing. Mr. Henson also invented a steam engine of surprising lightness to drive it, but he never trusted himself to this machine. Some of the features of his invention would, however, perhaps be worth digging out of the Patent Office.

Worms in children, if they be not attended to, cause convulsions, and often death. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator will protect the children from these distressing afflictions.

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ACCOUNTANTS! Our courses in Higher Accounting and Chartered Accountancy were prepared by three chartered accountants and a lawyer.
The strongest ACCOUNTANCY SCHOOL in Canada.
Our lessons are authentic, up-to-date, the most complete on the market, and the only ones suitable for any province in the Dominion.
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THE BUCK-EYE
VOL. 1 WEEKLY EDITION NO 40
SIR WILFRID, THE TARIFF AND THE BUCK-EYE
SIR WILFRID: The gentleman at the back of the hall has asked me about the tariff. I shall be very pleased to answer the gentleman's query. I notice that my friend in the back of the hall is smoking a cigar. That, as we all know, is an evidence of prosperity. Such has been the marvelous progress of this great and glorious west, since my government came into power, that any man may, at will, smoke cigars, instead of the home grown pipe tobacco, the fragrance of which lingers in my boyhood's memory.
The gentleman at the back of the hall is even more than ordinarily blessed, for I perceive that the cigar he is smoking is a BUCK-EYE. It is one of those extraordinary dispensations of Providence that you, my fellow Canadians in this great and glorious country, are enabled to enjoy the privilege of obtaining the BUCK-EYE at the ordinary price. And if I needed proof of the discernment of my able friend at the back of the hall, if I needed an illustration of his ability to pick out the salient points of any subject under discussion, if I were to ask for the reason why he has become so prosperous, so independent, so far-sighted, so clear of vision—I should point to his choice of the BUCK-EYE. Such keenness of perception, such admirable judgment, warrant me in the expression of the belief that so long as my government shall be in power, so long as I shall be spared to direct the destiny of this glorious young nation, so long as the sturdy pioneers of these vast western provinces display such splendid qualities of judgment as are evinced by my friend in the back of the hall, I look forward to the time when the teeming population of these illimitable prairies shall be as prosperous, as happy, as independent and as fortunate as my favored friend in the back of the hall—when, under the guidance of Providence and the stimulation of my government, every man, woman, and child throughout these vast regions will be in a position, if they so wish, to choose the BUCK-EYE for their after-dinner cigar.
P.S.--Not only Sir Wilfrid, but every visitor to the West cannot but notice the remarkable popularity of the BUCK-EYE, the best ten-cent cigar on sale to-day.

BEFORE THE DUEL

How the Viscount Faced a Great Fear

IN society they called him "Adonis Querne." His name was Viscount Gontran Joseph de Querne.

An orphan and master of a large fortune, he made quite a figure, as they say. He had style, readiness enough to appear witty, a certain natural grace, a proud, well bred bearing, a fierce moustache, and a gentle eye—the combination women like.

He was invited everywhere, was in demand as a partner in the german, and inspired men with the smiling unfriendliness that a strong face usually begets. He was suspected of a few love affairs that go to make a bachelor interesting. He was happy, calm, and self-satisfied, known to be an expert swordsman and a good shot.

"If I ever fight a duel," he used to say, "I shall choose pistols. I shall be sure then of killing my man."

One evening he went to the theatre with two ladies and their husbands, and after the play nvited them to go to Tortoni's for an ice. When they had been seated there a few minutes, he observed that a gentleman at a neighboring table was keeping his eyes obstinately fixed on one of the ladies of De Querne's party. She seemed troubled and uncomfortable ,and held her head down. Finally she said to her husband:

"That man is staring at me. I don't know him, do you?"

The husband, who had seen nothing, looked up, but said at once, "No, not at all."

The young wife continued, half smiling and half annoyed:

"It's very provoking; that individual spoils my ice for me."

Her husband shrugged his shoulders: "Pshaw! Pay no attention to him. If we took notice of every loafer we met there'd be no end to it."

But the viscount rose abruptly.

He would not permit a strange man to spoil an ice of his offering. The insult was to him, since it was by his invitation that his friesnds were in the cafe. The thing devolved upon him to settle.

He approached the man, and said to him:

"Sir, I can not tolerate your manner of staring at these ladies. I beg you will desist."

The other replied:

"Do you want to make a row about it?"

The viscount set his teeth, and continued: "Be careful, sir, or you will provoke me beyond bounds."

The man answered by a single word, a vile name that rang from one end of the cafe to the other, and had the effect of a spring on every one at the tables.

Every one turned round, the three waiters spun on their heels like tops, the two dames du comptoir jumped and then leaned forward to see, and a great silence fell. Then all at once a sharp sound cut the air. The viscount had struck his adversary in the face. Everybody rose to interfere. The two men exchanged cards.

. . . . . .

When the viscount reached home he walked up and down his room, too agitated to reflect. The single idea of a duel hovered in his mind, but without awakening the smallest emotion. He had done as he ought; shown himself as he wished to be. He would be talked about, approved, congratulated.

He repeated aloud, as we often speak when the wind is wrought up, "What a brute that man was!"

Then he sat down to think. In the morning he must find his seconds. Who should they be? Men of position and standing! He finally chose the Marquis de la Tour-Noire and Colonel Bourdin, a great lord and a soldier; their names would look well in the newspapers. He felt thirsty and drank three glasses of water, one after the other; then he began to walk up and down again. He felt very determined. If he showed himself bold and resolute, insisted on rigorous conditions, and demanded a serious duel, a duel to the death, probably his adversary would withdraw and apologize.

He took up the card he had drawn from his pocket and thrown on the table, and read it, as he had already read it at a glance in the cafe, and in the cab coming home, by the light of every street-lamp:

* * * * * * * * * * * *

George Lamil,
51 Moncey Street

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Nothing more.

He examined the way the letters followed each other: George Lamil! Who was he? What did he do? Why had he stared at the woman? How revolting that a stranger, an unknown man, should trouble the course of your existence suddenly, because he chose to look insolently at a woman. The viscount repeated aloud:

"What a brute!"

Then he stood motionless awhile, in a sort of trance, his eyes fixed on the card. Rage was awakening in him against this piece of pasteboard, a rage mingled with hate and with a strange feeling of uneasiness. The whole affair was idiotic! He took an open penknife and stuck it into the printed name, as if he were stabbing somebody.

So he was going to fight a duel! Should he choose swords or pistols, for he considered himself the insulted person. With swords he ran less risk, but by choosing pistols he had the chance of making his adversary withdraw. A duel with swords is rarely fatal—mutual prudence keeps the combatants too far apart. With pistols he seriously hazarded his life; but he might also get off with all the honors of the situation and without any meeting.

He spoke aloud:

"I must be firm. He will be frightened."

The sound of his voice made him shiver, and he glanced round. He felt very nervous. He drank another glass of water, undressed, and went to bed.

In bed, with the lights out, he closed his eyes and began to think:

"I have all day tomorrow to attend to things. I must go to sleep now so as to have my head clear."

The coverings seemed oppressive. He could not fall asleep. He turned over and over, lying five minutes on his back, then on his right side, then on his left.

He felt thirsty again. He rose to get a drink. Then a genuine anxiety seized him:

"Am I afraid?"

Why did his heart beat so wildly at all the familiar sounds in the room? When the clock was going to strike, the little click of the spring made him start, and he was obliged to open his mouth to breathe for several seconds after, he felt so oppressed. He began to reasan with himself on the possibility of such a thing:

"Am I afraid?"

No, assuredly he could ont be afraid when he had just announced himself resolved to push the thing to extremity, when he had such a determination to fight. But he was so deeply moved that he said to himself:

"Can one be afraid in spite of one's self?"

And the doubt grew upon him—an anxiety, a dread; if a force stronger than his will overcame him, what should he do? He would go to the place of meeting, because he willed to appear there. But if he trembled? If he lost consciousness? And he thought of his position, his reputation, and his name.

He felt a compelling wish to see his own face in the mirror. He lighted a candle. When he saw his reflection in the polished glass he hardly recognized it, it was like one he had never seen. His eyes looked enormous, and he was pale; he was certainly very pale.

He stood there before the mirror. He even looked at his tongue to see if it were feverish, and all at once the thought shot through him:

"Day after tomorrow, at this time, I may be dead."

And his heart began to beat furiously again.

"Day after tomorrow this, that I see in the glass, may be no more. I am here, I look at myself, I feel that I am alive, and in twenty-four hours I may be laid on that bed dead, my eyes closed, cold, inanimate, ended!"

He went back toward his bed, and could see himself stretched out on his back on the very sheets he had just left. His face had fallen in like a dead man's, and his hands were leaden, as if they would never move again.

He hated his bed, and in order not to see it, went into his smoking-room. He mechanically lighted a cigar, and began to walk about. He felt chilled, and was about to ring for his servant, but he paused, with his hand raised above the bell:

"The fellow will see I am afraid."

He did not ring, he built a fire himself. His hands trembled a little with a nervous recoil when they touched anything. His mind wandered; his confused thoughts began to grow fleeting, broken off, and painful; fumes clouded his mind as if he had been drinking.

He repeated continually:

"What shall I do? What will become of me?"

His whole body vibrated, shaken by chills; he rose, and going to the window, opened the curtains. Day was breaking—a summer day. The flushed sky warmed the roofs and walls of the city. A long beam of light like a caress from the rising sun, wrapped the waking world, and with the light swiftly, and almost with the pain of a shock, hope sprang up in the viscount's heart! What a fool he was, to be overcome with fear before anything was decided, before his seconds had seen George Lamil's, before he even knew whether there would really be a duel.

He dressed, and left the house with a firm step. He repeated to himself, as he walked:

"I must be very decided. I must prove that I am not afraid."

His seconds' the marquis and the colonel, consented to act, shook hands with him, and discussed the conditions.

The colonel asked, "You are in earnest about the character of the duel itself?"

The viscount replied: "Thoroughly in earnest."

The marquis added: "You insist upon pistols?"

"Yes."

"Leave us to settle the rest."

The viscount pronounced with dry, jerky articulation: "Twenty paces, at the word of command, raising the weapon instead of lowering it. Shots exchanged till there is a serious wound."

The colonel remarked that they were excellent conditions, the viscount was a good shot, and all the chances were on his side.

Then they went away, the viscount returned home to wait for them. His agitation, which had lessened for a time, now increased every moment. He could feel that chill running along his arms, his legs, his chest, shaking his whole body. He could not sit still. There was not a trace of moisture in his mouth, and he continually made a little clacking sound with his tongue as if to limber his palate.

He wished to breakfast, but could not eat. Then he thought drinking would give him courage, so he sent for a bottle of brandy and drank six small glasses in succession. A burning heat rushed over him, accompanied by giddiness.

"I have it now," he thought, "this is the thing!"

But at the end of an hour he had emptied the bottle, and his agitation had become intolerable. He felt an insane desire to roll on the ground, to scream, to tear something with his teeth.

A jingling at the bell so excited him that he had not the strength to rise and receive his seconds.

He did not even dare to speak to them, for fear they would guess all from his altered voice.

The coloned spoke: "Everything is settled according to your own conditions. At first your adversary claimed the privileges of the offended person, but he yielded almost immediately and accepted everything. His seconds are two army officers."

The viscount said "Thank you."

The marquis added: "Excuse us if we only come in to go directly away, but we have a thousand things to arrange. We must have a good surgeon, as the duel goes on till there is a serious wound, and you know cold lead is no joke. We must find a place for the meeting near some dwelling, where the wounded man may be carried, if necessary, and so on. At least we have two or three hours to do it in."

Again the viscount said, "Thank you."

The colonel asked: "Are you all right? Not shaky?"

"Not at all, thank you."

The two men went away.

. . . . . .

When he was alone again, he believed he was going mad. The servant had lighted the lamps, so he sat down at the table to write letters. Having traced "This is my will" at the top of the page, he sprang up and walked down the room, feeling himself incapable of writing two ideas, of taking any resolve, or deciding upon anything.

What was it all? He was to fight a duel—he wished it, it was his settled intention; and yet he knew, in spite of every effort of his will, every assertion of his mind, that he was not going to have the necessary strength even to go to the place of meeting. He tried to fancy the duel, his own attitude, and his opponent's bearing.

From time to time his teeth chattered in his head. He took up Chateauvillard's dueling code, and tried to read it. Then he asked himself:

"Has my adversary practised in shooting-galleries? Is he known? Has he reputation? How could I find out?"

He remembered Baron de Vaux's book on noted shots with the pistol, and went through it from beginning to end. George Lamil was not mentioned. But if the man was not an expert, he would not have accepted at once that dangerous weapon under mortal conditions.

He opened a case of pistols, took one out, and stood up as if to fire, raising his arm. He trembled from head to foot, and the barrel wavered in every direction.

Then he said: "The thing is impossible. I can not fight a duel like this."

He examined the little black hole in the end of the barrel, that spits out death, and thought of disgrace, whispers in clubs, sneers in society, women's contempt, allusions in the newspapers, insults from cowards.

He kept examining the weapon and, pressing back the trigger, suddenly saw a cap under it like a little red flame. Through neglect the pistol had been put away loaded. It gave him a confused, inexplicable pleasure.

If he could not stand up before that man with calm unblenching front, he would be lost, branded, outcast. He was not capable of assuming or keeping that impassive front, he knew it, he felt it. But he must be a brave man, because he wished to fight a duel! He must be brave since—the thought did not even shape itself clearly in his mind; he opened his mouth, put the barrel of the pistol down his throat, and pulled the trigger.

When his valet rushed in, attracted by the report, he found him dead, lying on his back. The blood had splashed the white paper on the table, and made a great red blot under the four words:

"This is my will."—Translated from the French of Guy de Maupassant.

A LIVE PRESIDENT'S VIEWS

MT. WILLIAMS, president of the Woodlawn Farm Co., of Sterling, Ill., and also president of the fair association there for the last ten years, in a letter to The Horseman, strikes several good keynotes. He says:

"I am pleased to enclose you check for $2.00 to renew my subscription as I certainly feel that your paper is worthy of support. Your attitude at all times seems to make for progress and certainly deserves support of all those who are interested in the advancement of the harness horse.

"As president of our fair association for the last ten years, a breeder in a small way, and occasionally racing one, I have naturally had more or less opportunity to see the game from all its different angles. And if it were possible to convince the race track owners and managers, the horse owners and the breeders that their interests were mutual and that instead of each one trying to do the other fellow they should all work together and try to get the money from the box-office instead of out of each other, it would take but a few short years to make harness racing what it justly deserves to be, the most popular sport in America and a money maker for all concerned.

"The baseball managers long ago learned to cater to the people and to rely on the box-office for the money to finance the game. The same is true of the theatre owners, the nickel show owners; in fact every amusement except horse racing. Unfortunately the average secretary seems to regard the box-office as the last place to increase his receipts. Many of them sit up nights trying to devise some new kind of a payment plan that will catch horsemen enough that they will make entries enough to race for their own money trusting to the concessions, many of them doubtful as to character for the rest of his expenses and hoping that the few people that come through the gate will be left as a profit. The average horseman on the other hand is hoping that his owner is dead game or that he may hit the pool box at the right minute and the public who spend their money so liberally for entertainment in other lines and who may be induced to spend for a harness race are entirely lost sight of.

"When it finally dawns upon those connected with horse racing that what the public wants is clean, sharp, quick racing, with attractive surroundings, and that they are willing to pay for what they want, horse racing will then take its place as one of the most popular sports in America. The thing that most people connected with the horse racing game seem totally unable to realize is that the person who is not a horse crank sees absolutely nothing to attract or interest them in a harness race as conducted today. The average individual knows nothing about pedigrees, is not interested as to whether one family of horses can go 3 heats or 10; does not take any particular pleasure or enjoyment out of a bunch of hobble pacers going over the quarter pole in 30 seconds, where they cannot see how fast they are going and finish down the home strete, at a 4-mile gait with every driver yelling and batting his horse like an Indian; they get sick and tired and disgusted of a long drawn-out race with the last heats backing up from 5 to 10 seconds slower than the first heats; a dusty track, bare, brown buildings, a motley assortment of caretakers, half-drunk gamblers and touts, filling up the track, and an illy-dressed lot of drivers, to say nothing of a lot of other personal discomforts which do not make them very enthusiastic about coming back the next day. Horse races of this kind do not pay, and it is a case of dog-eat-dog between those interested.

"Theatre or any other amusement would not last for thirty days if conducted in the same manner. I sincerely trust that you people will keep hammering for progress. There is certainly plenty of room for improvement. In our small way we are trying in our circuit, and especially in our little association at Sterling, to get in line. We are offering a race this year all the way through Illinois-Iowa circuit for 2:30 pacers without hobbles. The circuit is also at their own expense going to furnish the drivers with appropriate suits, also neat suits for the caretakers, so that the casual race goers, and especially the feminine end of it can have a favorite in each race of for no other reason than that they like the color of the jacket the driver is wearing.

"Here at home in our own association we are trimming up our weeds, have let a contract for whitewashing every building we have on the place, which by the way we did two years ago. We have for years made it a practice to have the track sprinkled in front of the grand stand and to absolutely keep the track clear in front of the grand stand of caretakers and everybody else. In other words we are trying to interest the people. We adopted the same course last year and while we unfortunately had a soaking rain two days, we had the best prospects that we have ever had in our history and barring rain this year I believe that with good weather we will be able to interest the people. And if we are successful in our small way what could not be done by other associations more favorably situated than we are?

"So keep hammering through your paper for progress. Falling water finally wears a stone and results may come in time, even in harness racing."

THE HOSPITALITY OF THE NIPPONESE

IF a Jap invited you to his home, you would probably be shown into the dining-room; but, if you were to call again next morning, you would be surprised to find that that room had disappeared, and its place occupied by perhaps the best bedroom or a general sitting-room. For, as Sir Henry Norman puts it in "The Real Japan," "when you wish to make a new room you simply 'form square' by sliding enough panels into their grooves to enclose the space; or, at your pleasure, all the rooms can be thrown into one."

In Japanese houses chairs and tables are quite unknown, and when you are tired you throw yourself on the floor, which is kept scrupulously clean, so that there is no danger of spoiling your white linen suit. The Japanese posture of repose is to seat oneself on one's heels, and this is very painful at first.

When you wish to retire for the night, you do not get up and go to your bedroom; you merely remain where you are, and slide the wall round the spot you have chosen for your slumbers. The most comfortable way is to have a "futon," or thick quilt, and roll yourself in a rug or blanket upon it.

On being invited to dine at the house of a Japanese gentleman, he will greet you with:

"How can you condescend to come to such a poor house as this?"

And your reply should be:

"How can you, indeed, be so kind as to receive such an unimportant person as myself under your distinguished roof?"

These speeches are punctuated with low bows, and the sound of breath sucked rapidly between the teeth, which expresses the great honor your host feels at your condescension in visiting his humble abode.

Dinner begins with a kind of soup and fish in a lacquer bowl. You drink the soup, and eat the fish with your chopsticks. According to Sir Henry, it is quite easy to acquire the art of eating with chopsticks. The next course consists of four or five little heaps of food on a lacquer dish—a "puree" of chestnuts, a salmi of some small bird or wildfowl, a few boiled lily-roots, and a mess of stewed seaweed. Then follows "sake," a kind of wine resembling dry sherry, which is always served warm. It is drunk from tiny cups, each holding a tablespoonful. Your glass is continually kept full by the servants, who squat in a ring round the diners, awaiting an opportunity to be useful.

Next comes a course which most foreigners prefer to keep at a distance. It consists of some pink-and-white morsels, with tiny portions of different salads, on a minute wire gridiron. They are raw fish, which look much better than they taste. Finally, come cakes and tea. At an early stage of the meal pipes are brought in, and you smoke deliciously smelling Japanese tobacco. Each pipe is only big enough for two whiffs, so "filling up" occupies a great portion of your time.

At these meals the perfect good humor and camaraderie of everybody is truly delightful. The meal is punctuated by endless jests, continual laughter and mutual compliments all round.

Throughout the meal geishas, exquisitely garbed, whose dainty grace is only rivalled by their charm of manner, entertain the guests with dance and song.

Woman's paramount duty in Japan is obedience—if a daughter, to her father; if a wife, to her husband; if a widow, to her eldest son. A Japanese girl accepts her husband at the will of her parents. At one time Japanese wives stained their teeth black on their wedding day, and shaved their eyebrows when the first baby was born.

Marriage is a purely civil contract, without religious or official ceremony. Wives are addressed as "honorable lady of the house," and are accorded every respect.

The August meteors are believed to originate from a large cluster or zone of meteoric bodies, which revolves around the sun in an elliptical orbit, extending far beyond the orbit of the remote planet Neptune, and through which the earth plunges annually. It is also believed by most astronomers that these bodies are scattered over the entire path of the cluster to which they belong, but not in equal numbers throughout .The earth is about ten days in passing through the entire cluster, which, from our velocity in space, indicates that the thickness of the cluster is about 16,000,000 miles. The annual August display usually lasts about six hours, and it is always an event of peculiar interest to astronomers.

BRITAIN'S WATCHDOGS

A Unique Snap-shot of Some of the 130 Warships Recently Reviewed by the King, Lying in Mounts Bay —From The Tatler.

CHOOSING THE CHORUS

How the Career of the Singing and Dancing Girls is Begun

EVERYBODY knows the importance of those daisies of the musical-comedy and comic-opera stage, the chorus girls, but just how they happen is not often told, and rarely indeed so well as Richard Henry Little has done in a recent issue of the Chicago Tribune. Most properly, the writer was not in a "black beetle" mood when he took observations:

The way to the promised land did not look especially prescient of fams, and wealth, and automobiles, and white poodle dogs, and a summer residence on Long Island. It first led down an alley where the red-faced driver of a beer wagon was relating in a dispassionate manner various shortcomings of the ancestry of the driver of an ice wagon who insisted on blocking the alley against further traffic. Dodging under the noses of the ice wagon horses, the pilgrim en route to the promised land walked on to where a narrow door was set in the alley wall. Over this door was marked the single word "Stage."

Within all was as dark as a cave. A single light burned over a table where a man in his shirt sleeves perspired and fumed over a notebook in which he was writing. Little groups of girls and men stood silently about until the man at the table called their names. The last arrival stood doubtfully for a while at the door and then with a loudly beating heart walked in. For through that door led the path that might lead on and on until at last at the summit she would stand, a Leading Lady.

The man at the table was picking the chorus for the new comic opera, "The Sweetest Girl in Paris," which is to open the La Salle Theatre. Before you cook a rabbit, the old recipe says, you must first catch your rabbit. And before the grand opening night, with its fashionable audience and its bushels of roses and its scintallating and bedizened chorus, you must first get your chorus. One of the favorite bromides of a first night's audience at a musical comedy is, "Where in the world do all these pretty girls come from?"

They are the cullings of that little ruy of girls that walked down the alley, under the horses, and stood around on the dark stage during a hot summer's day. And it wasn't the $18 a week that lured a single one of them, although that's good wages for a young woman these days. It was the deeply guarded ambition of developing through the chorus into a prima donna or a leading lady.

It's hard work selecting a chorus. The man in his shirt sleeves at the table on the stage of the Grand Opera House who picked the chorus for "The Sweetest Girl in Paris" company had chosen many choruses, however, and he was as brusque and businesslike as a recruiting sergeant for the army. Letters of introduction, fulsome recommendations from influential citizens, musical colleges, and elocution teachers, deft references to high social position, or reminders of old friendships impressed him no more than did the lamentation of the painter behind him who was redecorating the steel curtain and lamenting the loss of his most cherished brush.

"What I want," said the man at the table, "is girls for the chorus. Good looking girls that can dance and sing. I'm not signing up debutantes for the charity ball. Next girl in line there, what's your name?"

The young woman stepped up coyly to the table.

"Imogene De Lancey."

"You picked a good one. What's your voice?"

"Soprano."

"Let's see your elbow."

The man at the table stopped to explain that a pretty elbow was important because on the stage elbows were very noticeable. And a bad one couldn't be hidden. Also that a prettty forearm and elbow meant that its owner possessed a well-proportioned figure.

The elbow clinic ended, the man at the table said:

"All right. Go over there to the piano and get your voice tried."

Imogene went over to the piano and asked the shirt-sleeved man who sat in front of it smoking a pipe if she should render the 'Stabat Mater" or the "Jewel Song" from "Faust."

"Nix," said the man at the piano. "Jump on that note." He banged a key on the piano.

"La," sang Imogene De Lancey.

"Now hit this one," and the man sounded another note, which Imogene tried.

"Right, Gus," said the man at the piano.

"What'll I do now," asked Imogene.

"Sit down," said the man at the piano, "or stand up, just so you stick around."

Imogene retired. She had been accepted so quick it made her head swim. The next young woman to approach the comic-opera recruiting officer did not give her name when asked, but leaned over and whispered something to him. He looked at her and said:

"Well, some of the girls will be expected to wear 'em, but we'd never ask you to—never in the world."

"Well, all right, then," said the young woman. "You see, I have to remember my social position."

"Try this girl's voice," said the man at the table to the man at the piano.

The man at the piano banged a high note and the young woman let out something that resembled a stifled scream for assistance.

"Trial's over," said the man at the piano. "Six months at hard labor."

The young woman didn't understand the verdict, but some one explained to her that her voice had not been found satisfactory. But before she left she said that none of her set would ever go near "The Sweetest Girl in Paris" and that it was bound to be a miserable failure.

The next girl in line had big tears in her eyes when she faced the inquisition.

"I suppose I ought to tell you," she said, "that at present I am washing dishes in a restaurant."

The man at the table was as indignant as though the girl had handed him a letter of introduction from President Taft.

"What's that got to do with it?" he snapped. "Go over there and get your voice tried." The girl sang a few notes and came back. "You needn't wash any more dishes," said the man at the table. "You'll do. Put your name down."

And when the long afternoon was finished the chorus had been selected and the girls filed out of the stage door and back down the alley.

"And every one of 'em thinks she's a-going ter be a primmer donner," said the painter as he ceased his labors on the steel curtain. The stage door man resented the idle words of the painter, because the painter knew naught of the little world that lies back of the scenes.

"And so some of 'em are, maybe," said the stage door man. "You don't know and I don't know, but just the same there may be a Eames or a Melba or a Nordica in that crowd."

"And also mebbe not," said the painter.

But the stage door man scorned to answer the painter. In the eyes of the stage door man the painter belonged to a different planet.

CEREMONIAL ATTENDING BIRTH IN BURMA

THE birth of a Burmese baby is attended with a good deal of after-ceremonial.

The first important event is the special performance of a play, the child's horoscope is cast, and the name chosen. The Burmese baby's cradle is made of woven bamboo and leaves, and an old piece of blanket serves as the coverlet; the cradle is hung from the roof by vine tendrils, which in Burma are as strong as ropes, and swings low enough to allow children to sway it and sing the quaint Burmese lullabies.

The astrologer plays an important part in the early days of the Burmese baby. The auspicious naming-day is fixed on, and invitations sent to the child's relatives. The Burmese divide the letters of the alphabet among the days of the week, so a baby born on a Monday receives a name initialled by a letter peculiar to that day.

Each day is under the protection of a special animal. Gautauma, the tiger, patronises Monday; Tuesday is devoted to the lion; Wednesday to the elephant; Thursday is sacred to the rats; Friday to the guinea-pigs; the dragon owns Saturday, and a sort of griffin Sunday

Tattooing is the next process, and the baby is decorated with strange designs of animals and charms, and the baby becomes a sort of illustrated picture-book. As the baby grows he takes to smoking, and it is a funny sight to see the wee things contentedly smoking their cheroots.

When the boys are old enounjh they are sent to schoo lat the monasteries; the dunces are punished by being obliged to carry the industrious boys on their backs up and down the schoolyard.

The Burmese believe that a person's disposition accords with the attributes of the day of nis birth. Monday children are jealous, Tuesday born are honest, Wednesday children are hasty tempered, but forgiving; Thursday's child is mild and happy in disposition, and Saturday children are pugnacious; but all babies born on a Sunday are miserly in after-life.

WATCH SCREWS AND JEWELS

PROBABLY the smallest screws are those turned out in a watch factory. They are cut from steel wire by a machine, but, as the chips fall from the knife, one is tempted to observe that the operator is amusing himself, inasmuch as no screws can be seen. Yet, at every third operation of the machine a screw is duly completed.

The fourth jewel-wheel screw is next to invisible, and to the naked eye it resembles a speck of dust. With a glass, it may be seen to be a small screw, and some calculation reveals the fact that it has two hundred and sixty threads to the inch. It takes a very powerful glass to observe these threads.

These screws are said to be but four one-thousandths of an inch in diameter, and the heads are double in size. It has been estimated that an ordinary thimble could contain one hundred thousand of them.

Quite a number of new jewel settings have been added to the movements of first-class watches during the last ten years. These new jewels have created an added demand for expert jewel-setters.

The term "jewel" in a watch movement is to be taken literally. The small precious stones are drilled to receive the pinions or axles of the wheels, the object being to provide a bearing that will not corrode and will not wear away easily.

The garnet is the least valuable of these jewel settings, but some of the minute sapphires and rubies employed in the bearings of a watch are quite good enough for the setting of a ring.

For the most part, however, these fragments of precious stones are off color, the sapphire especially pale to insignificance, but at the same time harder and better for watch-jewels because of this light color. Occasionally a ruby jewel burns red in one of the neat little envelopes in which they come from Switzerland, five hundred or one thousand in a lot.

Each stone is shaped to a circle and bored through the centre, each boring being just a little less than the diameter of the pinion used in the factory where it is finally to be placed in the upper or lower plate of a watch.

The immediate setting for the watch-jewel is a minute cylinder, brassy in appearance, but really of soft gold composition. Before the jewel gets to the setter it has been put into a lathe, and by means of a minute steel point covered with diamond dust and oil the centre has been enlarged to fit the steel pinion which shall be housed in it. In the hands of the setter the cylinder is put into a lathe. With a moistened finger the jewel is picked up and placed inside the cylinder as it rests on the tip of the revolving lathe shaft. With a pointed tool the setter presses against the revolving cylinder edge, forcing the soft metal to overlap and close upon the sapphire or ruby till it is embedded firmly in the metal cushion; then a pressure upon a follower at the other end of the lathe brings a cutter to bear upon the metal circumference, turning it to the exact size of the jewel-hole in the plate of the watch, with the hole in the centre of the jewel exactly in the centre of the metal setting.

HOME COMING

As I rode North, as I rode North,
My heart came out of prison.
I saw the hills go shaking forth
Like strong men newly risen.
Oh, the South is soft and merry, but she
touches lighter strings
Than the fury of the battle when the
North wind pipes and sings.

As I neared home, as I neared home,
My heart was like a lover's.
I heard across the windy gloam
The harsh voice of the plovers.
Oh, the South is wide and kindly, and
its hearth is warm and bright,
But the North born needs the welcome
of a rough and windy night.

As I rode in, as I rode in,
The wind roved wide of prison.
I was a free man, near of kin
To strong winds newly risen.
Oh, the South is soft and merry and
South is good to see,
But the stubborn land and thrifty is
the garden soil for me.

A Husband by Proxy

By JACK STEELE

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CHAPTER XXIV.—(Continued)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"But—if Foster should really be guilty?"

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

"Good Heavens!"

She was very pale.

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

Sse sank on a chair and looked at him helplessly.

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

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

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

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

Garrison looked at her with frank adoration in his eyes.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Then, to the others:

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

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

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

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

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

Dorothy blushed as she tried to meet his gaze.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

They turned and went back to the house.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Only for a moment did she hover there, however.

He could not see her face as she saw his.

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

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

CHAPTER XXV.

A Dearth of Clews

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

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

He could not reach a decision.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(To be continued)

THOUSANDS SPENT ON FLORAL WREATHS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

WATCH MARVELS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE VALLEY OF PARADISE

(By Grace Keon)

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

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

John Douglas, the practical, smiled at her indulgently.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Please, John!"

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

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

He slackened his pace, "Yes, Nell."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Well?"

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

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

"But I want you to be satisfied—"

"What nonsense, Nell!"

"In time—"

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

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

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

"You have loved her dearly, Nell."

"Have loved?"

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

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

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

He hesitated an instant.

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

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

. . . . . .

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Yes."

"And you've heard nothing since?"

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

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

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

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

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

"I like—John Douglas, Eleanor."

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

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

"Your objection is not to the individual?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"To save her!"

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

The mother rose to her feet, her breast heaving.

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

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

Mrs. Northrop stared at her resentfully.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Good-by, Juliet."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Current Verse

JUNE

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

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

* * *

JUNE WEDDING BROMIDES

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

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

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

* * *

WHAT MANY PEOPLE THINK

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

* * *

THE SONG OF THE SPENDTHRIFT

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

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

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

And if one die—the grave
Will warm his hands and feet!
Dost to my song respond?
Nay? Then it is moplete.

—From "Russian Lyrics and Cossack Songs," by Martha G. D. Bianchi.

* * *

A MUCH-NEEDED MOTTO

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

But there is a needed motto,
One that should appeal to all;
Yet in humble home or mansion
It is missing from the wall.
Though it absence oft arouses
Sympathetic thoughts and sad,
No one e'er has seen the emblem
With the line, "God Bless Our Dad."

What if mother does the housework,
Cooks the meals and darns the socks?
Father has to beat the carpets,
Split the wood and wind the clocks,
Carry fuel, fix the furnace,
And a hundred other chores,
Not to mention making money
For supplies of household stores.

When he's carving ducks or chickens,
Dad displays no selfish heart,
For he serves choice bits to mother,
And each tender, toothsome part
He bestows upon the children,
Not reserving e'en a fleck
Of the breast meat; but he fishes
Bits of flotsam from the wreck.

Dad's the bee that brings the honey
Needed for the homely hive;
Therefore, while he still is with you
Make him glad that he's alive!
When he's downcast or dejected,
Seeming weary, worn, and sad,
Cheer him by the welcome motto
With the prayer, "God Bless Our
Dad."

—Thomas B. Chrystal.

* * *

RODENTS

A long, lean cat once met a friend;
The friend was plump and round.
Said the long, lean cat, "You can
scarcely bend.
Too fat by many a pound."

The plump cat looked around in fear,
Then whispered soft and low,
"Do tell me, Tom, if no one's near,
Tell me, does my rat show?"

The Hosmer Times

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
One Year.....One Dollar in Advance
Single Copies.....Five Cents Each

Published every Thursday morning at Hosmer, British Columbia.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1910

Time Tables.

C. P. R. TIME TABLE

	Arrive Hosmer
No. 313 West	9.45
No. 314 East	18.30
No. 312 Local East	9.45
No. 311 Local West	20.55
No. 7 West Flyer	11.33
No. 8 East Flyer	1.00

Change took effect Sunday Oct. 30

G. N. TIME TABLE

No. 251 leaves Michel	9.00 a. m.
Arrives at Hosmer	9.45 a. m.
No. 252 leaves Rexford	4.15 p. m.
Arrives at Hosmer	7.13 p. m.

TALK OF THE TOWN

The Times 'phone No. is 16.

A. McL. Fletcher is painting the town red.

W. T. Watson was in Cranbrook Sunday.

R. Chatfield spent Thanksgiving in Frank.

A. Thornton, of Crow's Nest was in town yesterday.

Board of Trade meeting on Monday evening, Nov. 7.

Robert and Fred Alderson were in Coleman on Monday.

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

Mr. and Mrs. E. Lepers were visitors in Fernie on Tuesday.

James Hixon, the Fernie plumber, was in town Saturday.

FOR RENT—Furnished and unfurnished rooms at the Scotia hotel.

Miss Irene McKee, of Elko, was the guest of Miss Ione Kendedy on Monday.

Some people in Hosmer are thankful that Hallow'een is safely over once more.

H. A. Wilkes, of Fernie, occupied the pulpit in the Methodist church last Sunday.

Rev. M. F. Eby has returned from Spokane and will hold services Sunday evening in the Methodist church.

The east bound passenger train last night was six hours late on account of some trouble west of Cranbrook.

The next holiday will be Christmas. It is time now to start saving money to celebrate the giving holiday.

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

The C. P. R. car supply is being kept up to demands and the Hosmer Mines are increasing their shipments of coke.

The Women's Auxiliary will meet at the home of Mrs. C. B. Winter on Tuesday November 8th at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

The regular monthly meeting of the Hosmer Board of Trade will be held on Monday evening November 7th at the old school house.

Don t forget the free moving picture show at the Queen s Hotel, Saturday evening from 8:30 to 11 p. m.

C. G. Goudski, formerly of Hosmer and Fernie, now of Montreal, spent Thanksgiving in Hosmer and was the guest of M. Boassaly.

"Along the Kennebec," a New England play much in the same vein as "Way Down East" and "The Old Homestead," at the opera house on Thursday, Nov. 10th. The play takes its title from Kennebec river in the northern part of Maine, along the romantic and picturesque banks of which the action of the piece takes place. It is a complete scenic production and said to be one of the best rural plays produced for several years. Band and street parade at noon. Reserved seats on sale at Campbell's.

It is in time of sudden mishap or accident that Chamberlain's Liniment can be relied upon to take the place of the family doctor, who cannot always be found at the moment. Then it is that Chamberlain's Liniment is not found wanting. In cases of sprains, cuts, wounds and bruises Chamberlain's Liniment takes out the soreness and drives away the pain. Sold by all druggists.

W. E. Warren spent Thanksgiving in Calgary.

Miss Annie Elick was visiting in Michel on Tuesday.

Wing We Lung, better known as "Scottie," the washee man, left Monday for his old home in China and expects to remain one year.

W. Balderstone and Miss Martha Rankin were in attendance at the wedding of Frank Dickie and Miss Camp bell at Fernie last Friday.

The Hosmer Livery & Transfer Co. are shipping several carloads of poles for the C. P. R. They have a large order which will take several months to fill.

Manager Ashworth of the C. N. P. Co. at Fernie, Drs. Bonnell and Corsan, and A. J. Carter of the U. M. W. of A., were in town inspecting the life saving plant on Wednesday.

A change in the C. P. R. time table came into effect on Sunday October 30. The eastbound passenger arrives at 18.30 instead of 18.33. The westbound local arrives at 20.55 instead of 20.23.

J. F. Jarvis has temporarily left the Royal to its own devices, as Mrs. Moriarity says, and is weilding the paint brush on his new verandah. J. F. looks as if he knows the business.

Considerable carload freight is being received which consists of general merchandise. This shows that the merchants are buying in large quantities and augers well for the future of Hosmer.

The new freight sheds are about completed and a gang of painters are busy with the brushes. The new house track is nearly finished. When this is completed trains can pull in from either end without delay.

Mark G. Sampson, the popular Hosmer tenor will sing the illustrated song entitled "Some Day When Dreams Come True" at the opera house on Friday evening, November 4th, with Clark's Moving Picture and Vaudeville Co.

The third annual grand ball under the auspices of the Hosmer Fire Brigade will be held at the opera house on Friday evening December 2, 1910. The best of music has been engaged for the occasion. Tickets $1.50 including supper. Ladies free.

It is reported that several parties are using fire arms in danger to the public within the townsite of Hosmer. Should any person hear or see anybody discharging fire arms, notify the police immediately and they will prosecuted according to law.

Frank I. Dickie and Martha Campbell, both of Hosmer, were united in marriage at Fernie last Friday afternoon October 28th, by the H. R. Grant of Knox church. They were tendered a chivaree upon their arrival at Hosmer and a most enjoyable evening was spent by the young people of the town.

Frank F. Morris, E. M., manager for the Draeger Oxygen Ayparatus Co. was in town Tuesday and Wednesday looking after the installation of the life savind plant established in Hosmer and instructing those in charge as to the use of same. Mr. Morris is an expert and his field extends over Western Canada, Western United States and Mexico.

Plays that appeal to the heart and plays that heads of families can bring their children to see are the plays that thrive. Such a play is "Along the Kennebec," which will be presented in this city at the opera house next Thursday, November 10th, with its wealth of beautiful scenery and a comyany of actors unexcelled by any in their respective lines. The play is said to be full of bright, sparkling comedy and a splendid band is carried to advertise it. Street parade at noon. Reserved seats on sale at Campbell's.

The pleasant purgative effect experienced by all who use Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets, and the healthy condition of the body and mind which they create, makes one feel joyful. Sold by all druggists.

Provincial Constable Leacey assisted Provincial Constables McCuish of Hosmer and Bulger of Michel, as far as Nelson in taking charge of Enrico Franceschelli, sentenced to 20 years in the penitentiary at New Westminister at the recent assizes at Fernie and Fred Monroe, the Moyie hold up man who is under sentence of seven years, inflicted by his honor Judge Wilson.

Telegraphers in Conference.

About 30 telegraphers including W. T. Watson, of Hosmer, gathered at Cranbrook Sunday afternoon from points between Kootenay landing, Macleod and the Calgary branch, to meet and confer with G. D. Robertson, of Montreal, genaral chairman of the Order of Railway Telegraphers for Canadian Pacific Railway district No. 7. He was accompanied by W. C. Donberg of Red Deer, Alta.

The Odd Fellows Dance.

On Friday night at the opera house the third annual ball was given by Maple Leaf Lodge No. 53, I. O. O. F.

There was a good attendance of Odd Fellows and their friend and the music furnished by the Hosmer orchestra was excellent. A dainty lunch was served in the hall at 12 o'clock. The committee of arrangements under whose direction the affair was successfully conducted were Clarence Hiltz, Frank Newton and Thos. R. Stockett.

Three Prisoners Reach Nelson.

The prisoners at the provincial jail at Nelson was augmented by four on Monday night when Provincial Constable Lacey brought in James Crandell, sentenced by his honor Judge Wilson at Fernie to one years imprisonment for theft; James O'Conner sentenced to six months by Police Magistrate W. H. Whimster of Fernie for theft and to a further six months by Justice Clement for breaking jail; and Cora Taylor, sentenced by Police Magistrate W. H. Whimster of Fernie to two months on a vagrancy charge. The fourth was Peter McLean, who was placed in safe keeping by Provincial Constable Weightman on a charge of drunkeness, but was given another chance to reform yesterday afternoon in the provincial police court.—Nelson News.

Skating Rink Meeting.

A meeting was held in the sample rooms of the Pacific hotel on Monday evening, Oct. 31, for the purpose of organizing a skating rink club in Hosmer for the season of 1910-11. There was a good attendance of citizens present. The business of the evening was as follows:

Bomford-Pednault — That T. A. Cornett be elected chairman. Carried.

Cornett-Ingham—That C. H. Bomford act as secretary for the evening. Carried.

Cornett-Pednault—That F. H. Ingham be elected president. Carried.

Marlatt-Leithauser—That H. A. Marx be elected secretary treasurer. Carried.

Ingham - Cornett — That F. Leithauser, A. Pednault and F. Marlatt be appointed grounds committee. Carried.

Ingham-Pednault — That J. Fletcher, T. A. Cornett and C. H. Bomford be appointed membership committee. Carried.

The meeting was then adjourned until Friday evening November 4th, when the ground committee will report on the available locations.

Your cough annoys you. Keep on hacking and the delcate membranes of your throat if you want to be annoyed. But if you want relief, want to be cured, take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Sold by all druggists.

"Where's your luggage, Mike?" asked an employer of the new man-of-all-work upon his arrival.

"Lost, sur," said Mike.

"Lost? All your luggage?"

"Ivery bit of it sur," replied Mike.

"But how did it happen?" asked the employer.

"The cork came out, sur."

In Hazleton, the police average about one arrest a day.

Bad Fire in Fernie.

Fire broke out in an empty house in the restricted district south of the town at Fernie at two o'clock Sunday morning and before it was extinguished, seven out of the eleven houses in the district were destroyed.

The city fire department turned out and went to the fire on foot, taking no apparatus with them as it was outside the city limits and beyond reach of the nearest hydrant. A bucket brigade was formed and by hard fighting four of the houses were saved.

Much of the furniture and three pianos were saved, and the entire population are being temporarily sheltered in the houses that escaped the conflagration.

Some of the houses were partially insured, but the loss will amount to twelve or fifteen thousand dollars.

Big Apple Show at Vancouver.

Vancouver, Oct. 31.—In the presence of a distinguished company and a record attendance which included Lieut. Governor Patterson, today the First Canadian National Apple Show was opened.

During the opening ceremonies the big Vancouver Horse Show building enlarged to nearly twice its size, was crowded to capacity. Twenty carloads of apples are on exhibition, comprising three thousand four hundred and twenty four entries, twelve of these being carload exhibits.

The management will be called upon to pay practically the entire twenty five thousand dollars offered as prize money, as nearly every class is filled. The show is of international character, for not only is every province of Canada represented but several of the States are also showing as are Australia and Tasmania. Oregon and Washington are represented in carload class.

The band of the 48th highlanders, of Toronto, is the principal attraction.

In the restaurants and cafes of New York an effort is being made to eliminate French words and phrases on menu cards. They declare that all Americans cannot speak French, but that all of them dine, and that they have the right to order their meals in the good old Anglo Saxon without any French words, expletives or explosives. Hereafter "Consomme Julienne" will be just plain vegetable soup, and "potatoes au gratin" will be the ordinary Okanogan spuds hashed in cream and baked.—Moyie Leader.

Hoarseness in a child subject to croup is a sure indication of the approach of the disease. If Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is given at once or even after the croupy cough has appeared, it will prevent the attack. Contains no poison. Sold by all druggists.

A Good Position.

Can be had by ambitious young men and ladies in the field of 'Wireless' or Railway Telegraphy. Since the eight hour law became effective, and since the Wireless companies are establishing stations throughout the country there is a great shortage of telegraphers. Positions pay beginners from $70 to $90 a month, with good chance of advancement. The National Telegraph Institute operates six official institutes in America, under supervision of R. R. and Wireless officials, and places all graduates into positions. It will pay you to write them for full details at Davenport, Ia., Cincinnati, O., Portland, Ore. or Memphis, Tenn.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has become famous for its cures of coughs, colds, croup and influenza. Try it when in need. It contains no harmful substance and always gives prompt relief. Sold by all druggists.

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Boots and Shoes Neatly and Satisfactorily Repaired
Leave work at Fletcher's store.

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Watch for Handbills. Come Early Follow the Crowd.
15c ADMISSION 35c

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Clothing, Gent's Furnishings, Boots and Shoes, Jewelry and Watches
Dress Swell You Might as well
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Call and see our stock of samples
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Buy a lot and be a landed proprietor. Prices range from $50 to $125.
Prices will rise in the near future. It is for you to decide who will get the profit.
$10 secures one now. Make the other payments to suit yourself. For particulars see
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