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THE HOSMER TIMES

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VOLUME III. HOSMER, B. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1910 NUMBER 15

SKATES

Our stock of Skates is due to arrive on Monday next and comprise a fine assortment of the best makes carefully selected. Select your Skates early while the assortment is good. We will have the following:

Snow and Sidewalk Skates
Acme Club Skates
Boys Hockey Club
Bokers Favorite Hockey
Bokers Ladies Cresent
Starr Double End Brocketed
Bokers Featherlight
Starr Nic-Mac
Dunnes Tube

Mic-Mac Hockey Sticks and Pucks

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Christmas Cards

Now nearing the time when you will be needing the above mentioned. We are now showing some lines that have just arrived, and when our shipments all arrive we will have the largest and best assortment of Christmas presents ever shown in Hosmer. And the prices are right (rock bottom). We invite you to call and look them over before buying your wants.

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We have a large store and every space will be filled up as we have bought heavy.

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DEALER IN
Staple and Fancy Groceries

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MARIE SORKIE, Prop. **MIKE SORKIE, Manager**

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Any kind of mixed drinks that you call for will be served in First class style

Best Rooms and Meals in the Town
YOUR TRADE SOLICITED

Front St. Hosmer, B. C.

The ROYAL
The only Commercial Hotel

Sample Rooms Main St., Hosmer

Queen's Hotel
ROBT. GOURLAY, PROP.
Transient rates $1 per day, special rates by the week
Opposite C. P. R. depot, Hosmer, B. C.

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

English Church Concert.

One of the greatest musical successes of the season was the concert in aid of the English church given at the opera house on Tuesday night. The audience was not quite so large as might have been expected with such a good programme in store, but most of the reserved seats were occupied by appreciative hearers. The program was opened by our popular young pianist, Miss Phyllis Marlatt, in a piano solo, Schumann's Traumerei and Romance. Mr. G. F. Stevenson's magnificent voice was heard to great advantage in "If I were King" which was rendered in a faultless manner. The duets by Mesdames Stevenson and Depew were delightfully sung, the dainty "Tuscan's Song" deserving of special mention. Not a little of the evening's entertainment was due to Mr. C. B. Winter, who delighted the audience with his comic songs which he gives in an inimitable manner. The vocal waltzes by the Fernie quintette were very pleasingly sung, as also was the trio from "The Bohemian Girl" sung by Mrs. Stevenson, Mr. Hardman and Mr Stevenson.

Mr. E. A. Cox was loudly applauded for his "Kissing Cup's Race" which he recited in a most dramatic manner. The ever popular "Killarney" was sung by Miss C. Gourlay, whose clear soprano filled every corner of the hall. Miss Alexander and Miss Pim showed themselves masters of the instrument in their piano duet which [illegible] wa[illegible] g from [illegible] handicapped him considerably in his otherwise capable rendering of "The Windmill." Mrs. G. F. Stevenson is the possessor of a beautiful soprano voice, and left nothing to be desired in her feeling interpretation "My Ain Folk" which was rapturously encored. Miss Rankin was heard to advantage in "The Dear Homeland" which well suited her rich contralto voice, while Miss White sang "Just a Song at Twilight" in very good taste, and on being recalled, responded in a duet along with Miss Rankin. The accompanists to whom was due a large share of the credit for such a successful concert were Miss Alexander, Miss Pim, Mrs. Stevenson, Miss Marlatt and Miss Pitblado.

C. P. R. Porter Faces Serious Charge

Moose Jaw, Nov. 22.—The trial of William Patrick Ryan, porter on the C. P. R., charged with having attempted to administer chloroform to Mrs. Blanche Flower, wife of a British naval officer travelling on train No. 2, between Medicine Hat and Moose Jaw, on or about August 8, with the attempt to commit theft and rape, was started in the supreme court today. Little progress was made, only two witnesses being called. Dr. Charlton, government analyst, gave evidence as to the action of chloroform, while Conductor Holting head of the train concerned, spoke of being informed by the accused that the woman in the sleeper complained that somebody had administered chloroform to her. He, however, found no signs of such an attemp being made, so he did not take action in the matter. The witness was under cross examination when court adjourned for the day.

The Right View.

"Permit me to point out here, as I have frequently pointed out on other public occasions, that we do not regard the granting of public works as a favor. The construction of public works is as important for the country at large as for the community immediately served, and when the government builds roads, trails and bridges, it does it as much for the country as for the community. It is not a matter of favor, for it is the duty of the government to do these things."—From Hon. Mr. McBride's reply to the Nelson roads delegation.

Lowery's Upper Stope

Oats are $40 a ton in Oroville.

A skating rink is being built in Lille.

There is a 400 day clock in Hedley.

Cider is being exported from Lillooet.

Horses are scarce in southern Alberta.

Telkwa now has a population of 150 souls.

Bricks are being made in the Bulkley valley.

All bells ring in Mission City except the curfew.

John Brougher has opened a hennery at Mud River.

It is reported that there are no faro banks in B. C.

P. Burns & Co. will open a meat shop in Cumberland.

The C. P. R. no longer has an agent at Three Forks.

Central Park will soon have a volunteer fire brigade.

In the Cariboo there is a mining camp called Law Hee.

There was 10 inches of snow at Stewart three weeks ago.

Lumberjacks continue o be scarce in East Kootenay.

Oroville people are clamoring for an up to date opera house.

A new Roman Catholic church has been opened at Frank.

Grecian lawn vases are being made in New Westminster.

The Macarroni factory began operations in Fernie last week.

The C. P. R. now has 480 sq. feet of wharfage at Penticton.

The Bank of Vancouver has opened a branch in Chilliwack.

Th Hudson Bay company will [illegible] rtmental store in [illegible]

It rep[illegible]d that a powder factory will be built at Abbotsford.

Eight new automobiles will be delivered in Cranbrook next spring.

The celery grown in Armstrong is said to be the finest in the world.

Bill Pratt has turned an electric piano loose in Stewart.

The provincial revenue from timber during October was $122,900.

Mica has been discovered near Edson in the foothills of the Rockies.

In Cranbrook the members of the fire brigade are paid $10 a month.

Lytton is becoming celebrated as the place where prize dogs are raised.

A steel building eight stories high is to be erected in New Westminster.

In Chilliwack Ah Jim was fined $50 and costs for selling liquor to an Indian.

In Enderby, S Polson was fined $1 for riding his bicycle on the sidewalk.

Eagles and owls are stealing chickens from the ranchers around Glenemma.

In 1912 the first annual provincial poultry show will be held in Vancouver.

Last week the farmers were still sowing fall wheat around Pincher Creek.

The population of Penticton including those who live on the benches is 1103.

A ton of dressed turkey were recently shipped from High River to towns in British Columbia.

The government has been requested to place mail clerks on the Arrow lake boats.

This fall potatoes are being hauled to Barkerville by team, a distance of 285 miles.

At Quesnel raffles have become the principal form of gambling in that frontier town.

At Keremeos Frank Richter obtained 32 boxes of apples from one tree.

John Knight has refused an offer of $32,000 for his block on Main street in Chilliwack.

The Bank of Commerce has made arrangements to open a branch in Chilliwack.

Frank Ritcher has lived in the Similkameen since 1864 and owns 10,000 acres of land.

From Quebec 5000 tons of hay is being imported for use in the lumber camps of British Columbia.

Crippen Pays Penalty of Law.

London, Nov. 23.—Dr. Harvey Hawley Crippen was hanged at 9:02 this morning in the yard of Pentonville prison.

London, Nov. 22.—The Evening Times tonight makes the bare statement that Crippen has confessed his crime, but the statement is doubted.

The Evening Times says: "We shall publish tomorrow, when Crippen is in his grave, his confession."

London, Nov. 22.- Ethel Leneve has booked a passage on the steamship Majestic which sails from Southampton for New York tomorrow.

Is a Big Enterprise.

"When we added the first lead stack to our copper smelter at Trail," said General Manager W. H. Aldridge, of the Canadian Consolidated Mining and Smelting company, to the Spokesman Review while in Spokane the first of the week, "we had great difficulty in marketing the small amount of pig lead which we produced at that time. As a result, we were compelled to sell the larger part of our product in Japan, China and even Australia. On account of the rapid increase in Canadian consumption of pig lead and its products, we now have withdrawn entirely from the export markets and have more than we can do to supply the domestic demand.

"The mining outlook in British Columbia is very encouraging from a smelter man's point of view, at the present time. The tonnage of ore shipped us for treatment, both from our own mines and from our customers, shows a steady increase. So far as lead is concerned the miners are doing very well, including the bounty which the Dominion goverment pays they are receiving for the lead in their ore 3 1-2 a pound. What makes this remarkable is the fact that the wholesale price of pig lead in Montreal is only 3 cents to 3 1-4 cents.

"The various mines belonging to the company are doing very well—particularly chose at Rossland. The new ore zone recently opened up in the lower levels of the War Eagle continues to show up strong, and both it and the Iron Mask are proving very profitable. The St. Eugene silverlead mine at Moyie also is looking better than it has for some time.

"Of the properties acquired lately by the company, the Mollie Gibson appears to be the most promising. The old company had equipped it with an 8000 foot tramway to which we are making an extension 24,000 feet long, which will bring its terminal to a point about three miles from the Mollie Gibson landing on Kootenay lake.

"We are taking about 100 tons a day of low grade ore from the Sullivan mine at Marysville which is being treated at Trail. We are operating that property under a lease from the Fort Steele company. The Richmond Eureka, at Sandon, which was owned by the old War Eagle company, also is shipping to the smelter about 300 tons a month of fairly good grade silverlead ore.

"The recent resumption of operations by the Le Roi company, together with the very successful results from the operation of the Le Roi Fo. 2, which mine has proved the steadiest dividend payer in the Rossland camp, has created a much better feeling in that town than its citizens have experienced for some time. On the whole the outlook for Rossland right now is more encouraging than it has been for several years."

The Unemployed.

New York, Nov. 21.—The number of unemployed in the United States is estimated at 4,500,000 by the investigation board of the Bowery Mission. Fifteen per cent. of them are said to be in New York city and vicinity.

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

Drop in and have a look at our new Christmas goods, which is are now arriving daily. A greater selection than ever before at the Quality store.

Opera House Block **GEO. H. MARLATT**

XMAS CANDY
and Fancy Boxed Chocolates

Christmas boxes of Chocolate put up by such makers as The Harry Webb Co., McCormick, Lowney and F. R. Stewart, all reliable makers. The assortment is a large one and with the variety all sure, we can please you.

We have almost everything in Candy from the cheap mixture to the finest Bon Bon's.

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.

Gabara Block
Near C. P. R. depot NOT IN THE TRUST

Real Estate Bargains

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.

R. W. ROGERS
POST OFFICE BLOCK HOSMER, B. C.

IF IT'S LUMBER WE HAVE IT

If you place an order for lumber with us you have a right to expect well manufactured and evenly graded goods consisting of Boards, Dimensions, Timbers, Flooring, Ceiling, Siding, Finishing, Moulding and Lath.

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.

BANK OF MONTREAL
(ESTABLISHED 1817)
Capital All Paid Up $14,400,000 Rest $12,000,000
HEAD OFFICE MONTREAL
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BRANCHES IN BRITISH COLUMBIA
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Deposits of $1 and upward received. Interest allowed at current rates and paid half yearly. The depositor is subject to no delay whatever in the withdrawal of the whole or any part of the deposit.
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Livery, Cartage and Feed Stable
Rigs at all Hours at Reasonable Prices
Dealers in Coal

FRONT STREET HOSMER, B. C.

Elk Valley Beer
Beverage of Quality
Manufactured from Canadian Malt, Bohemian Hops and the famous Crystal Spring Water
Elk Valley Brewing Co., Limited
CRYSTAL SPRINGS, B. C., (Via Michel)

Could the Earth Collide With a Comet

ON May 18th next the earth will be plunged into the tail of Halley's comet, and the head of that body will be but 15,000,000 miles away. It is but natural that a thinking man should ask: Is there a possibility that the earth may encounter a comet and thus come to a frightful end?

Curiously enough, it was Halley himself who first pointed out the possibility. Whiston, Newton's successor in the Lucasian chair of mathematics at Cambridge, was so alarmed at "a chariot of fire" which flared up in his day, that Halley was prompted to look closely into its movements. His work led to the startling result that the comet, when passing through the descending node, had approached the earth's path within a semi-diameter of the earth. Naturally, Halley wondered what would have happened had the earth and the comet been actually so close together in their respective orbits. Assuming the comet's mass to have been comparable with that of the earth (an assumption which we now know to have been utterly beyond reason) he concluded that their mutual gravitation would have caused a change in the position of the earth in its orbit, and consequently in the length of a year. This train of thought led him to consider what the result of an actual collision would have been, and he concludes that "if so large a body with so rapid a motion were to strike the earth—a thing by no means impossible—the shock might reduce this beautiful world to its original chaos."

Hence Halley not only dispelled the superstition and the terror which once followed in a comet's wake, but also pointed out a possibility which the superstitious Dark Ages had never dreamed of. It seemed to Halley not improbable that the earth had at some remote period been struck by a comet which, coming upon it obliquely, had changed the position of the axis of rotation, the north pole having originally, he thought, been at a point not far from Hudson Bay. The more recent investigations of Kelvin and Sir George Darwin completely upset any such theory.

Since Halley's time the chance of a collision between the earth and a comet has engaged the attention of many astronomical mathematicians. Laplace, for example, painted the possibility of a collision with the earth so vividly that he startled his day and generation. He drew a picture of a comet whose mass was such that a tidal wave some 13,000 or 14,000 feet high inundated the world, with the result that only the higher peaks of the Himalayas and the Alps protruded. Lalande created a panic by a similar consideration of the subject in a paper which was intended for presentation before the Academy of Sciences, but which was not read. Such was the popular excitement, that he felt himself constrained to allay the public fears as well as he could in a soothing article published in the Gazette de France. The masses assumed by both Laplace and Lalande are so preposterous that their theories are no longer seriously considered by any sane astronomer.

Since the day of Laplace and Lalande there have been several comet "scares." Biela's comet crossed the earth's orbit on October 29th, 1832. When that fact was announced Europe was in a ferment. The orbit of the earth was confused with the earth itself. Such was the popular excitement, that Arago took it upon himself to compute the possibilities of a collision. He pointed out that the earth did not reach the exact spot where the comet had intersected the earth's orbit until a month later, on November 30th, on which date the comet was 60,000,000 miles away. Incidentally he pointed out that a collision was always happily remote. He thought that the chances of a meeting were about one in 281,000,000. Babinet, on the other hand, thought that a collision was likely to take place once in about 15,000,000 years. More recently the entire problem has been considered by Prof. W. H. Pickering of Harvard. By a collision he understands, first, that any part of the earth strikes any part of the comet's head; second, that any part of the earth strikes the most condensed point in the head (the core) as distinguished from the larger nucleus. What the average size of a visible comet's head may be, we have no means of knowing. Young estimates that for a telescopic comet it averages from 40,000 to 100,000 miles in diameter. The head of the great comet of 1811 was 1,200,000 miles; that of Holme's comet in 1892, 700,000 miles; and that of naked eye comets generally over 100,000 miles.

In the last half of the last century 121 comets, including returns, penetrated the sphere of the earth's orbit. From this Prof. Pickering infers that we should expect to be struck by the core of a visible comet once in about 40,000,000 years, and by some portion of the head once in 4,000,000 years. Since comets' orbits are more thickly distributed near the ecliptic than in other regions of the sphere, the collisions would occur rather more frequently than this, but hardly as often as once in 2,000,000 years; and since it has been estimated that animal life has existed upon the earth for about 100,000,000 years, a considerable number of collisions, perhaps as many as fifty, must have taken place during that interval, in Prof. Pickering's opinion, evidently without producing any very serious results.

The old notions of the tidal effects of comets were based upon an erroneous conception of cometary masses. It seems astonishing that a man of Laplace's fonderful mathematical powers should not have concluded that a body like a comet, which can sweep through the entire solar system without deranging a single one of its members, must have a mass so small that it cannot appreciably affect the waters of the earth. As it is, comets are more likely to be captured by planets (witness the comet families of Jupiter and Saturn) than to derange a member of the solar system or to produce tidal effects.

The plunging of the earth in the tail of Halley's comet naturally causes many to wonder what will be the effect upon the inhabitants of the earth. Similar passages occurred in 1819 and 1861, but no one was the wiser until long after. Some astronomers claimed to have noticed auroral glares and meteoric displays at the time, but whether these were really associated with the comet or not cannot definitely be stated. At all events, it may be safely held that on May 18th next none of us will be aware of the fact that we are literally breathing the tail of Halley's comet. From this it may well be inferred that the wild tales of the possible effects of poisonous gases, tales for which the newspapers are very largely responsible, are utterly without foundation. It is true that a comet's tail is composed of poisonous and asphyxiating hydrocarbon vapors and of cyanogen; but it is also true that the actual amount of toxic vapor is so small that when the earth is brushed by the tail of Halley's comet, the composition of the atmosphere will not be so affected that a chemist could detect it. Flammarion has drawn a vivid picture in his "La Fin du Monde" of the possible effect of passing through a tail highly charged with vapors. He has shown us terrified humanity gasping for breath in its death struggle with carbon monoxide gas, killed off with merciful swiftness by cyanogen, and dancing joyously to an anaesthetic death, produced by the conversion of the atmosphere into nitrous oxide or dentist's "laughing gas." No one of any common sense should be alarmed by these nightmares, particularly when it is considered that so diaphanously thin is a comet's tail, that stars can be seen through it without diminution in brightness.

SONGS THAT BIND THE RACE

THE music hall song has its day and disappears; it seems to find welcome among city-bound folk who are, of course, notoriously capricious in their likes and dislikes. These songs meet their Waterloo when they venture afield into the outposts of civilization—the mining and logging-camps; but just here, says a correspondent of the London Times, nearly all English folk-songs, which are especially suitable for open-air performance, "have stood the test of transplanting into the reservations of our race beyond the seas." The love of English folk music, he thinks, "is one of those bonds of empire which are none the weaker because they are invisible to the tourist who keeps to the highways, the steel rails between East and West." The "empire," it may be facetiously remarked, still seems to him to include territory that since the Declaration of Independence has been known to others by a different geographical description. From his point of departure, however, he gives in a recent number of that paper some interesting facts on the migration of folk-song. Thus:

"In every part of the high prairies, along the fur-traders' trails into the Far North, and even in the four color communities (where white, red, brown, and yellow men live on a salmon cannery or a placer mine), from Fort St. Michael down to San Francisco, the Dan and Bersheba of the Pacific slope, I have found vestiges of English folk-music. Sooner or later the popular music-hall ditty, whether a product of London or New York or Chicago, succeeded in reaching these remote ambuscades of Western life. But in almost every case its popularity was ephemeral; the true pioneer, farmer or cowboy or fur-trader or free miner, always preferred the words that grew together in his racial birthplace, the melody of crimson rhythms that lives in the blood he inherits. It may be that a few of the folk-songs which are no longer to be found in England still survive in the Empire's open spaces. Newfoundland, for example, would probably—nay, certainly—prove as rich in treasure-trove of this kind as the West country, which has been so faithfully explored by Mr. Sharp and others, who deserve to be called the Muses' remembrancers.

"In the many little fishing hamlets of that sea-girt Devon traditional songs abound; among them a number of curious coasting-rhymes which the fishermen (who are often unable to read or write, fortunately) get by heart in order that they may voyage safely along the iron-bound coast from one 'hole in the wall' to another. The Grand Banks, the greatest graveyard of seamen in the world, must surely be a fertile field of exploration for collectors of traditional sea-songs, both English and French. For nearly four centuries this expanse of misty shoal waters, every wave of which is haunted and rolls out of the white gloom with its whispered message of half-articulate syllables, has been a nursery of sailormen and a market-place of sea-borne goods; and it would be a strange thing if some of the oldest of West country sea-songs and chanties and the Norman and Breton equivalents thereof could not be discovered aboard the bankers by a musician, person with a sound stomach, a taste for roughing it, and some acquaintance with fo'c'sle use and custom. And Newfoundland is not the only territory in the New World which has not been explored by the collector of Old-World folk-songs. The hill country of Kentucky, where an illiterate race lives in a strange seclusion, should be worth exploring. A little farther south one enters the sphere of the negro folk-song (a very different thing from the modern coon song and blatant rag-time stuff); and that is a well-worked field."

"GREEN GOLD"

AN interesting miner's myth, once widely exploited for swindling purposes, is narrated by the editor of The Engineering and Mining Journal, who asserts that it is practically being revived today. The essence of the myth is that the ordinary processes do not extract all the gold from ore and that others may be devised to save the remnant. This, the writer tells us, is simply a falsehood; but it is still believed by many. At a recent mining convention an address was made in which the speaker asserted that he had irrefutable proof that gold had been extracted in paying quantities from comparatively worthless ore pulp, and announced his intention of forming a company to operate the process. We read:

"The idea that there is gold hidden to the fire-assay test that will yield to a 'process' is a myth that will not down. Perennially does it bob up serenely. We call it the 'Green Gold Myth,' because long ago, in the early days of California mining, if our recollection be correct, a faker introduced it with an ingenious explanation, to wit: The only gold that the fire-assay determines is the perfect metal such as we know in our watch-chains, coins, etc., if we are lucky enough to have them. Now there is also in some ores an imperfect, immature gold—a young gold that has not existed through sufficient geological eons to ripen, in other words, 'green gold'—which in its tenderness escapes collection by the assayer's rude methods. But by treatment with the right kind of chemicals from the nurturing hands of the 'professor' this delicate gold could be ripened as quickly as Presto, change! and be put upon the same footing as its Silurian or Archean congener.

"The myth undoubtedly goes further back. Perhaps an examination of the pages of Agricola would disclose that he knew of it. The alchemists in a way were believers in it. Possibly it existed even in the time of the Argonauts.

"We congratulate the gentlemen who are mentioned by our Toronto correspondent upon their success in obtaining irrefutable proof that gold has been extracted in paying quantity from comparatively worthless ore, which is undoubtedly important if true. We beg them, however, to reflect upon what disastrous effect this may have upon the cost of living in the world and in the interest of humanity we hope they will bury the secret beyond all chance of recovery."

A QUARREL THAT SPOILS THE DAY

(By Sophie Irene Loeb)

WE all know how it begins. In the morning he comes down and the coffee is cold (very careless of the coffee), the bacon isn't crisp and he has just missed his car. He thinks these things and wants them discussed, which they usually are. One word brings another. A little personal stab creeps in and the trick is done.

All the way downtown his brain is undergoing a chewing and rehashing of those "stabs," until they assume alarming proportions. He wonders why everything goes wrong that day, while she is at home, probably in tears, thinking that life is a horrible problem. A little judicious thought could have averted a whole day's misery.

The man who in the morning finds the coffee cold and lets it go at that is wise. But if the good wife answers and he returns the answer with a little addition, one word brings on another until there looms up a vocabulary of which both are ashamed.

Then there is the woman who comes home from an afternoon party and finds the maid has broken one of her favorite cut glass pieces. She begins a tirade of abuse against that "careless creature," when it was probably purely accidental. She herself may have done the same thing several times over.

Finally she keeps the scolding up so long that the maid also gets impatient and has something to say on the subject, which the woman of the house resents, and, as a consequence, Mary "takes her clothes and goes."

Where is the gain? The lady has to roll up her sleeves and go to work until the kitchen has again been provided with another worker. Had she just considered the situation and spoken with calmness to the girl, she would not have lost a good servant. Wilful waste makes woeful want.

Tact! That is the thing. It works wonders.

Avoid quarrels right from the start. One of the parties must be magnanimous. A discord on the piano played by one hand will pass off unnoticed, but if both are wrong the harmony is entirely lost. So it is with humans. One must forbear. The "brave" individual will say, "I won't take anything from anybody!" But he is mistaking bravado for cowardice. He who tempers his speech at the proper time is indeed brave.

Any one can start a quarrel, but it takes real courage to avoid one. Consideration is the watchword. Get it! Only one get mad at a time, then there is a chance for adjustment.

Pacify rather than "argufy."

OXFORD'S GROWING DEMOCRACY

THE spirit of caste has commonly been associated with the reputation of Oxford; but if we take the recent confessions of a workman's son this haughty goddess has deserted her shrine. There are some who say that this spirit is invading American colleges. Has she become a homeless wanderer and is knocking at any hospitable door? At all events this Oxford man, "H. A.," whose confessions appear in the Manchester Guardian, asserts that "class prejudice hardly existed at all" in his own college. With few exceptions he was on the most friendly footing with all the men of his own year and with most of the men next above and below him. Cliques he admits, "but they are not formed on class lines."

Then, too, there is "at Oxford a strong and forcible minority who to some extent do really justify the vehement attacks made upon them from the foot of the Martyr's Memorial on Sunday evenings by fanatical Socialists." But this man sees also "extremists of the rich, just as the vehement revolutionary is the extremist of the poor."

This writer, whose words are quoted in The American Educational Review (New York), entered Oxford at the age of twenty-nine, after having taught in an elementary school. The standard of life, so much higher than he had previously known, caused him not only dismay, but repulsion. He describes his first "hall dinner":

"Solid silver spoons and forks! What wicked waste! A clean napkin every night! A four- or five-course dinner, and only once in my life had I experienced an evening dinner. Truly I was a commoner! Opposite sat a lord's son; by my side the son of a famous writer; near me were the descendants of historical families. I was poor, shy, nervous, sore in spirit, alone as I had never been alone before. It was a new world, and I was half afraid. As I returned alone through the shadowy quadrangle past the ancient building up to my room I felt heartsick and miserable. Nor was the warm solitude of my room at first any antidote. It was full of ghosts. Famous men had lived in it—at least one great poet, one famous historian. Other rooms on the staircase had housed great statesmen, literary men, poets, thinkers. Why, then, was I here? Was it all a dream? Or was it really true that the old hard life was behind me, that I, too, was at last given the chance for which I had craved, for which so many better, more worthy men than I crave in vain down below there in the schools, the factories, the foundries?

". . . . I didn't understand servants! It was so strange to have a man at one's beck and call. Nor did it seem right that I, who had always waited on myself, cleaned my boots, done odd jobs about the house, should have all these things done for me. But when at 7.30 on my first morning at college the good man came into my bedroom, drew up the blind, poured cold water into the shallow bath, and said, 'Half-past seven, sir,' then, indeed, I was shocked! He evidently expected me to have a cold bath; to sprinkle myself with icy water on that keen October morning—a most unheard-of proceeding! A further sense of strangeness afflicted me in the possession of two rooms, a 'bedder' and a 'sitter,' the latter a large double-windowed room very comfortably furnished, and with the walls all paneled not with oak but painted wood. There were no pictures—those I could provide if I wanted—and from one of the pile of advertisements received during the next few days I learned that pictures could be hired by the term. But having pictures was out of the question. By sofe oversight the college authorities had omitted to notify me that I must provide my own table linen, cutlery, etc. . . . .

Is it necessary to say that such expenditure caused me the greatest of all my discomforts? During the first few days I was maddened by the way in which 'freshmen' were throwing money about. Pictures, cushions, fancy articles, pipes, clothing, baths, books, wines, tobacco, cigarettes—to say nothing of the linen and cutlery—were all being bought in huge quantities at fancy prices. To me, whose purse had always been but poorly furnished, whose career nine years ago at a day training-college had been a time of poverty so great that frequently two meals a day had to suffice; that for a week at a time I was absolutely penniless; that for Saturday night after Saturday night I was glad to earn four shillings for playing the piano in a certain little public-house; . . .—to me this lavish expenditure seemed at first not merely unnecessary, but criminal."

He soon began to form social connections, and this is how he writes about that phase of Oxford life:

"'It was very good of you to come. You know I sometimes feel that men like me are not fit to talk to men like you. You have worked hard and struggled upward, and we've done just nothing except spend money we never earned, mostly on pleasures and dissipations.' This was said quietly, simply, and I believe sincerely as I was leaving a student's room, after having eaten the largest and most costly breakfast I had ever enjoyed. He was the son of an extremely wealthy man; he had a princely allowance from his father; he came from a famous public school. And in spite of my forcible interjection of the word 'Rubbish!' in spite of the little argument I could bring to bear on his statement, he was evidently depressed by reflection on his own idleness and wealth. Nor was this the only occasion on which men like him have said the same sort of thing to or about me. In fact, I have been amused, astounded, even provoked to find that in my own college were men who gave me a sort of halo, and approached me with the diffidence I confess I had felt toward them, merely because I was supposed to be 'a real live workingman who had seen life, and had struggled up to Oxford just as the story-book young man does.' One modest youth, expressing to a friend of mine his desire to know me, said: 'But I don't suppose he'll care to talk to me. I'm so ignorant of things.'

"Thus before long I was actually being sought as the man who knew a good deal at first hand of social problems and the life of the poor. At debating-societies I was soon embarrassingly in request, for a characteristic of Oxford today is the extraordinary interest taken in all sorts of social questions—unemployment, poverty, housing, education, the right to work, slum life, conditions of labor, sweated industries. Such subjects have occupied a very large proportion of the debates both at the Union and at the various college societies. It was this keen interest in social reforms which first showed me my greatest misconception with regard to the 'upper classes.' Like most loyal members of the proletariat, I had preached of the callousness, the indifference, of the rich to the sufferings of the poor. I had honestly believed that the rich were more responsible for the evils of poverty and unemployment, rack-renting and sweated labor. But now that I was thrown among these ravening beasts like a slave among wolves for their delectation, I found that quite a large number of these wolves were watch-dogs."

"TYRANNY" OF THE METRIC SYSTEM

THAT the metric system is being forced on the public in a high-handed and tyrannical manner is the editorial opinion of American Medicine (New York). What it calls the tyranny of the metric advocates is only one instance, so it thinks, of persecution by entrenched authority. The writer recalls that it has been pointed out a thousand times that the popular measures were evolved for practical use by common people themselves, who must have units easily divisible by two or three, while the scientists have evolved another system far more convenient to them and then have tried to force it on people who can not use it. Further:

"Few uneducated peasants are able to divide a measure into ten parts and where the metric system has been imposed on them, they have immediately devised half, quarter, and eighth units like our commercial divisions of the dollar and dime. In certain parts of Europe, the peasants still use their ages-old measures where the metric system is the only legal one. They can not do otherwise and the attempt to force them to the impossible shows gross ignorance of psychology on the part of the metric advocates. Thousands of years hence our western roads will still be a mile apart even if the sign-posts mark the distances in decimals of a kilometer. It would be just as sensible for the common people to rise in their wrath and pass laws making it illegal to use in laboratory work any other than their practical measures—indeed more sensible, for the scientists can do it, though inconveniently, whereas the peasant can not use metric measures at all. These are the reasons why physicians in contact with the less intelligent are compelled to use the measures most easily comprehended, even if the prescription is written in decimals. We doubt, therefore, whether the metric system will ever come into general use in medical practise or any other matter connected with the lowly.

"French metric tyranny is now beginning to be actually harmful. The laws have been made so strict that manufacturers are forbidden to use foreign or the old native ones. In Lyons several men have been fined for making goods on non-metric measures, though intended for export to countries where the metric goods will not sell. Tyranny of science could not be carried farther, unless all manufacturers are jailed for trying to increase French prosperity. We may, therefore, expect to see a marked reaction as soon as the injury is fully realized, and the metric advocates may prepare for the coming storm. It might as well be acknowledged at once that though the metric system is indispensable for laboratory work or international science, if such an expression is allowable, it is beyond the capacity of the common herd who have evolved more convenient ways of measuring and will not use the scientific because unable. A century of effort has failed to make people do the impossible and there is no hope of future success. The medical profession must realize that in their scientific work they must use the metric system, but in their contact with the sick they must use measures understood, and never use a fraction more complex than a half. We regret the persistent attempts to force Congress to do what has failed in Europe."

WALT MASON A CANADIAN

WALT MASON, whose doggerel has amused and edified Canadian readers all over the West, is a Canadian by birth.

Walt Mason, for that is his real name, was born in Ontario County at a little village known as Columbus, some miles north of Whitby. In this little cross-roads place he worked as a boy in a woolen mill; later at Port Hope in a hardware store. At the tender age of fourteen yeares he began to write verse, but it was only a couple of years ago, at Emporia, Kansas, that he came into prominence as an author. Now his readers number millions.

Mr. Mason defies all the historic laws of verse-making by composing his poetry on a typewriter, and sending it out without revision. At work before eight in the morning, he devours the exchanges and grinds out smoking editorials by the yard, and before eleven o'clock has produced the editorial page of the Emporia Gazette, which is quoted the country over. Shortly after noon he is back at work, editing telegraphic despatches, writing headlines, and in odd moments, making verses, a pursuit which also occupies a portion of each evening. In the late afternoon he is out with his fast horse; horses are his hobby.

Since the beginning of his newspaper career on the Atchison Globe in 1885, the poet-philosopher has worked on papers all over the country. He is not a society man. One interviewer described him as "dressed chiefly in a pair of blue serge trousers, and a vest that might have been mistaken at a distance for a comic supplement." Mason himself recalls an incident when he did blossom out in "sassiety" in somewhat similar clothes. It was in 1893, and his peregrinations had taken him to Washington, where his verses attracted the attention of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" fame. She invited him to her house, and he went, though reluctantly. But let him tell it himself:

"I had on a dinky suit of hand-me-downs, with a sack coat that barely reached below my shoulder blades, and high-water pants. They had butlers and footmen and such critters at the Burnett house, and I was ushered into a room well filled with ladies and gentlemen in correct attire, and Mrs. Burnett gave me a great reception, and introduced me to all those birds of paradise, and my duds seemed to shrink all the time, and I never was so miserable in all my life."

Much of Walt Mason's success lies in his ability to get at the heart of things. He deals with subjects which interest everybody; puts his finger right on the vital spots of home life and business life. He does not get out a brass band to herald the lessons taught by his prose poems, but there is a lot of shrewd common sense in plain, understandable language in these little verselets, which give them a value apart from their pleasant "jinglesomeness."

The Nature of Sensation

SHALL we ever know exactly how our feelings are related to the atomic movements that accompany them in the brain? Prof. E. de Cyon, late of the St. Petersburg Academy of Medicine, who writes on the subject in the Revue Scientifique (Paris), thinks that a sensation as communicated to the brain is a more or less perfect image of the outer object that occasioned it. The absolute solution of the question is doubtless beyond us. Says Professor De Cyon, in substance:

"The most illustrious philosophers have always considered the problem insoluble. Descartes declared that the mechanical conception of the world halted before the impossibility of explaining the essence of elementary sensation. Neither the movements of the atoms of our bodies nor the qualities of our mind can separately render sensation comprehensible to us.

"The creator of modern critical philosophy, Locke, asserts that our mind is powerless to discover an intelligible relation between material objects and the sensations that they produce in us. Kant's efforts resulted in only an apparent solution of the difficulty. Kant considers the concept as being given in advance of the sensorial experience.

"Physiology has not been any more fortunate in its efforts to explain the nature of our sensations and perceptions and the fault is largely that of Helmholtz. This is how he conceives the mechanism of our sensations:

"'Our sensations are the effects produced on our organs by exterior causes; the manner in which these effects are manifested depends essentially on the nature of the apparatus on which the action is exerted. So far as the quality of our sensations depends on the peculiarities of the exterior action that provokes them, it should be considered as a sign of the action and not as its image. A sign necessitates no sort of resemblance with the object designated.'

"Despite the high authority of Helmholtz as a physiologist, his conception, which is purely metaphysical, has not been accepted unreservedly. We may recall one fact recognized by all physiologists which directly refutes this concept of symbols: Our understanding is absolutely powerless to influence or correct the illusions of our senses.

"We see the moon as a flat disk, although well knowing it to be spherical. In spite of Copernicus, Galileo, and Newton, we always see the sun rise and set. Our understanding is equally incapable of correcting the innumerable optical illusions that may be provoked at will in the course of laboratory experiments in physiology.

"The impossibility of the mind's modification of our erroneous sensations must be attributed to the structure and the functional faculties of the brain-centres, and not to defects of the understanding. In fact, as we think correctly, it is the limited faculties of our ganglionic cells that can not adapt themselves to our thoughts. All these facts impose upon us two general conclusions: 1. Sensations are not signs or symbols that the understanding imposes upon us, but rather veritable images of the exterior world, images that may remain ineffaceable during the whole life. 2. The alleged limits of our understanding are in reality only the limits of the brain-centres, organs of our psychic life. This latter conclusion justifies again the necessity of eliminating the mind from the brain functions and witnesses in favor of the dualistic conception of mind and body."

The author's theory of sensation as a faithful reproduction of the outside world means, for instance, as he goes on explicitly to tell us, that the image cast upon the retina by the lense of the eye is transmitted in some way to the brain as an image. If we could actually perceive the mechanism of nerve and brain, we should first, he says, see the excitation of the retina by the image, then its transmission to the corresponding ganglions of the brain, situated in the visual sphere, and then its comparison with images derived from other senses, in order to correct or perfect it. If the object is in motion, its image moves in the brain across the "image of our visual field." Professor De Cyon thus concludes:

"A fortunate consequence of the conception of sensations as a faithful reproduction of exterior objects is to render vain the external speculations on the reality of the world, which for centuries have interfered with the development of psychology. Likewise there is an end also of the bizarre hypothesis that light, sounds, odors, and other excitants of the peripheral organs of sense do not really exist, and are only the products of our sensations. As long ago as the time of Galileo this idea answered more to the needs of human vanity than to the exigencies of strict logic., The argument that the light rays act otherwise on the skin than on the retina, or that mechanical and electric excitement of the retina also make us experience a vague luminous sensation was already outworn, even before the discoveries of Maxwell and Hertz. The sun will continue to illumine the earth, even when all trace of living beings shall have disappeared, as it illumines at present its other uninhabited satellites. When he placed the creation of light before that of plants, animals, and man, Moses was right. Without the light of the sun, no life was or is possible on the earth. The retina receives and sees the light; it does not produce it. The same also is true for the other organs of sense.'

COLD-STORAGE SURGERY

THAT the up-to-date surgeon may one day actually include in his equipment a refrigerator where various portions of bodily organs will be kept in cold storage ready to be spliced on where they are most needed is the rather startling suggestion made by Mr. R. Romme in La Revue (Paris). Recalling an earlier prediction of this kind, the writer asserts that it seems now to be in a fair way to be fulfilled. Dr. Carrel, whose success in the reparative surgery of the internal organs has already been noted, has been experimenting on animals with material kept in cold storage as above suggested, and in many cases with complete success. The discussion is not only interesting in itself, but throws a side-light on the methods and merits of vivisection, which some regard as more cruel than useful, while others take the opposite view. Says Mr. Romme:

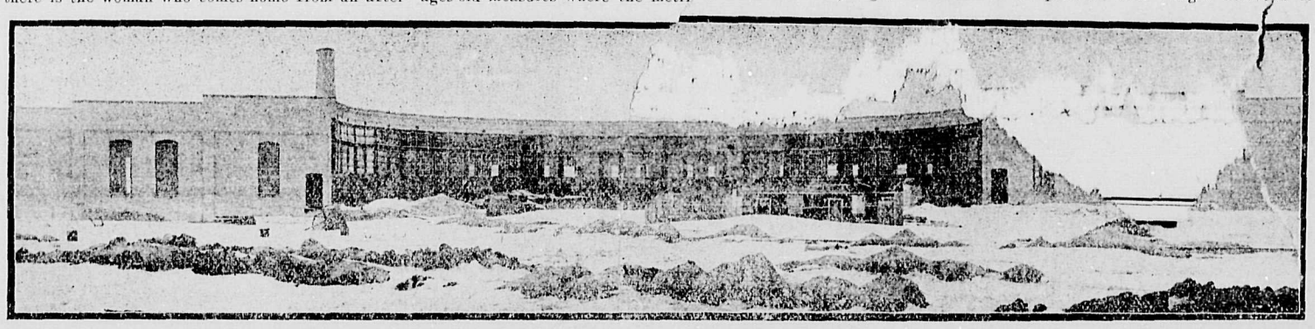
"No matter how inexpert he may be in anatomical matters, everyone knows of the aorta from the aneurisms that sometimes develop there, whose rupture may cause sudden death. 'He succumbed to the rupture of an aneurism' is a phrase that is still often heard. Everyone now knows that the aorta is a large artery, over an inch in diameter, which, issuing from the left ventricle, describes a curve and then descends along the vertebral column to the sacrum.

"It is comparatively easy to get at the aorta in the part situated in the abdominal cavity. If the surgery of the arteries were more advanced there would be no great difficulty, in case of an aneurism of the abdominal aorta, in opening the abdomen and uncovering the great artery and its aneurismal tumor. Dr. Carrel has performed several successful operations on the abominal aorta of cats, removing a segment of the huge blood-vessel and replacing it with a similar segment taken from another animal or kept for some time in cold storage in a special liquid. . . . . .

"Greater difficulty, however, would be experienced in an operation on the thoracic aorta. To get at this part of the artery it would be necessary to open the chest and to move the lungs to one side. Now in case of a large opening of the thorax, the lungs collapse, the respiration ceases, and the animal dies of suffocation.

"This difficulty, however, no longer exists. Researches made recently have shown that respiration may be replaced for some time by simple ventilation of the lungs. To realize this it is sufficient to place in the trachea a tube of average calibre and to pass through it a current of air under slight pressure. In contact with this air, which distends the lungs, the blood throws off its carbonic acid and is charged with oxygen. Asphyxia is thus avoided, and the animal may continue to breathe and live for three or four hours.

This is precisely the arrangement adopted by Carrel in his experiments on dogs. . . He draws the conclusion that operations on the thoracic aorta are not necessarily dangerous. It is, however, another matter to go further and say that the surgical treatment of aneurisms of the aorta is an accomplished fact. For to operate on an aneurism surrounded with inflammatory adherences and pathological products is much more difficult than to treat a healthy aorta. We may hope, however, that the day when we shall know how to vanquish these difficulties is not far off and that in this day, in all surgical hospitals there will be a cold-storage plant where will be kept all sorts of segments—arteries, veins, joints, perhaps arms and legs, which the surgeon will utilize in his operations."



Roundhouse at National Transcontinental Shops in Course of Construction at Springfield, Man.

CLEANING HOUSE ON AN OCEAN LINER

WHEN a liner has docked and the passengers have all passed down the gang-plank the officers and crew do not, as might be supposed, make a dash for their homes, there to see their families and friends and have a good time until the vessel sails on the return trip. On the contrary, about the hardest work the ship people have then begins, for between docking and departure the liner must be thoroughly overhauled and cleaned from stem to stern, inside and out, and all within the period of thirty-six hours.

The hull of the vessel must be entirely repainted; the funnels scraped and brightened with a fresh coat of color; every bit of machinery inspected and tightened up; and even the masts and rigging looked after.

In the matter of cleaning up, it may be pointed out that in the case of a big liner the mere furbishing of the first cabin dining-saloon is itself a task of no mean dimensions. Such a saloon may seat nearly 500 guests without any "relay." The carpeting must be taken up and beaten; each table must be repolished; the floor must be cleaned until it shines like a mirror; every bit of paint or gilding must be carefully washed; all chairs are inspected and repolished; and many other odd jobs done before the saloon is again put at the disposal of passengers.

The same task must be accomplished with reference to the second dining-saloon, the drawing-rooms, the library, the smoking-rooms, etc. Then, too, there are some 400 staterooms, say, which must be treated in the same fashion, to say nothing of the inspection of forty bathrooms.

One of the hardest bits of work is in connection with the "furnishings." For instance, it is necessary to count, sort, and check some 30,000 pieces of linen. No linen, however, is ever washed on board. It is placed in sacks containing each from 200 to 250 pieces and sent in vans to the laundry. When it comes back the tiresome job of counting, sorting, etc., must again be gone through with.

The silverware also comes in for a good deal of attention. This may be to the number of 15,000 to 20,000 pieces. Glassware on a liner seldom numbers fewer than 25,000 to 30,000 pieces, while the number of dishes, plates, cups, etc., often reaches 60,000.

Every piece of this glass and china has to be washed and polished during the ship's "housecleaning," although they have been kept scrupulously bright during the entire voyage. Each department is in charge of an employee—one for the silverware, one for the linen, one for the china, etc.—and each of these men is in turn answerable to the head steward, to whom is brought a report of the total number of pieces on hand.

Every sheet, towel, table-cloth, found to be worn to any appreciable degree is immediately discarded, for no "rags" are permitted on a first-class liner. During the course of one trip a liner will use something like three hundred Turkish towels alone and as many as a thousand smaller ones for the first-cabin people only.

In the steerage the cleaning is conducted on somewhat different lines. Everything that might be damaged by water is taken out of the steerage quarters and the hose is brought into play. Then the whole steerage is scrubbed down.

THE DECLINE IN WOOD-CARVING

WOOD-CARVING, for centuries an important national industry in Switzerland, has suffered a crisis during the past year which threatens to affect the business permanently, following upon practically a monopoly and a long period of prosperity. These carvings have been especially popular with tourists, hundreds of thousands of whom visit Switzerland every year, and a large export business has been established with other countries, including the United States. This is especially true as to church emblems and articles representing historic scenes and events.

An important Swiss wood-carving centre is at Einsiedeln, a historic village in the mountains in the canton of Schwyz, where there is a celebrated pilgrimage, a wealthy Benedistine monastery, and a splendid church. The industry centres in the Bernese Oberland, where wood-carving is the chief occupation. The church emblems of Einsiedeln, the bears of Berne, the lion of Lucerne, the St. Bernard dogs, cows, and the quaint Swiss chalets are all reproduced in wood and sold at the curio shops. These objects have found their way into practically all Continental towns, and Swiss wood-carvings are almost as well known in other European countries as at home.

Various circumstances have contributed to the present crisis, among which is the increased cost of raw material, much of which is imported, making it necessary to advance selling prices without increasing real values. This has invited competition from other countries, especially Austria and Germany. Furthermore, Austria recently placed a heavy import duty on souvenirs, under which wood-carvings are classified, and in France they must be stamped "imported," which, it is alleged, has affected the sale to such an extent that the imports from Switzerland have been greatly reduced.

The passing of the Swiss wood-carving industry is further evidence that industrial progress is gradually eliminating from the commercial world rural industries built up and maintained where wages are small and the expense of living low. Modern machinery and methods, increasing competition, and the inexorable laws of trade are driving out primitive concerns or forcing them into combinations. This is cause for regret, as many of the people living in the Bernese Oberland have for generations depended upon wood-carving for maintenance. They have acquired great skill in this, and, being slow to accept innovations, it will be difficult for them to adopt new methods.

THE CARGO OF AN OCEAN FREIGHTER

MOST landsmen are astonished when they learn the capacity of the ocean freighter. As an illustration, one may cite a freight liner, rated at twenty thousand tons' burden, which will carry loads such as may be briefly itemized thus: 160,000 bushels of wheat in bulk, equal to 320 car-loads, or 16 trains of 20 cars each; 1,000 tons of flour, 80 car-loads; 4,000 boxes of bacon, 75 car-loads; 3,000 tierces of lard, 48 car-loads; 1,300 bales of cotton, 40 car-loads; 1,200 head of live cattle, 80 car-loads; 3,600 quarters of dressed beef.

In addition there will probably be a thousand tons of miscellaneous merchandise—say, eighty carloads more; in all 780 car-loads, or thirty-nine long trains of twenty cars each. Nor is the above by any means the entire load of a freighter of the burden mentioned. It will leave accommodation for, say, 800 to 1,000 steerage passengers, as also for a crew of 150 men and fifty cattlemen, with food and fodder for all.

In the fuel-bins, too, there will be carried a burden of 1,300 tons of coal, or more than one hundred car-loads.

Not Guilty as Charged

(By Kenneth MacGregor)

THE case, as far as its main features were concerned, was very much as it had been stated by O'Brien. Arthur Willis, married, thirty-six years of age, and having one boy, aged seven, named for him, had been arrested at the instance of Hugh Kemp, chief Republican watcher, on a charge of attempted "repeating."

The case came up before Judge Gray, and, in spite of the previous excellent record of the accused, the evidence against him was so apparently conclusive that the jury was only out half an hour, although Willis was defended by some of the most brilliant legal talent obtainable. The employer of the prisoner, as well as his party, had seen to it that he was not lacking in this respect.

Judge Gray's charge to the jury was, so it was claimed by a good many, distinctly against the accused. The explanation, if, indeed, one were needed was not hard to find. A jurist of eminence, a man of austere probity who, as a matter of principle, refrained from "practical politics," the judge was respected and trusted by members of all political creeds who came into official contact with him.

By the same token, he was a stanch and stern dispenser of the law when it dealt with political affairs. The purity of the ballot, so he was accustomed to declare, was the strength of the nation. Unless the polls were carefully guarded and administered, the desires of the people would not be rightfully understood or expressed. He was against the boss system.

These being, in brief, Judge Gray's views on the subject, it followed that tenders against the franchise met with little or no mercy if they stood before him to receive sentence. The maximum penalty was invariably inflicted after some brief and acrid remarks addressed to the unfortunate.

Sentence-day arrived. The court-room was crowded. Friends and political acquaintances of the accused man had been busy. Among the results were dozens of letters from prominent citizens and organizations, all addressed to Judge Gray, calling for mercy because of the excellent record of the prisoner.

Judge Gray, by force of long practice, could "take in" a court-room at a glance. On this occasion he became conscious of a wan-faced little woman and a small boy sitting just outside the rail near where the prisoners stood to receive sentence.

One of the lawyers who had defended Willis spoke to her. Judge Gray saw the nervous clasping of her hands, the twitching of her fingers, and the frightened look in her eyes. The boy slid his hand into his mother's and eyed the lawyer doubtfully.

His honor smiled grimly under his beard. He knew that the wife-and-child trick was an old one on the part of defending lawyers, and that it sometimes worked successfully in the case of judges who permitted sentiment to interfere with the administratioin of justice.

With him it was otherwise. Of course, he was sorry for the woman and the boy, but it was no part of the duty of an officer of the law to be swayed by his personal emotions.

The law had been violated—flagrantly so. Only one thing remained, and that was to make the violator feel the result of his act. And yet, the judge's eyes unconsciously strayed in the direction of the lad—he almost wished that there was something in connection with the case that would justify him in showing leniency.

Little Arthur was a sturdy chap for his age. He had a lovable, honest face—tanned and freckled—brown hair and blue eyes looked at you fearlessly or drooped before you shyly.

The judge had looked at the boy several times—he didn't know just what had attracted him. Turning to a mass of legal papers, he began to make preparations for the morning's work. Arthur snuggled a little closer to his mother and studied the strange faces.

The work of sentencing began. Judge Gray was apparently his usual inflexible self. A wife-beater was given the maximum punishment, with a blistering lecture thrown in for good measure. The same remark applied to the cashier of a wholesale grocery house, who had abused his employer's trust in a financial way. A hold-up man, a longshoreman found guilty of assault, and a pickpocket received no mercy.

With the infliction of each sentence the cheeks of Arthur's mother grew more weary, while her eyes were filled with added dread.

Just then Arthur Willis was summoned to the bar.

Mrs. Willis' pallor became that of total collapse. Her husband's lawyer hastened to her side and tried to offer consolation.

The child, with heightened color on his cheeks and eyes, whose expanded pupils made them look almost black, stood looking at the officer who had called for the prisoner. Then Willis entered and took his stand in the place assigned to fellow unfortunates—to the left of and not far from where sat his wife and boy.

Wills was a sturdy, rather good-looking young man, whose personality by no means suggested the habitual or impulsive criminal. On the contrary, he impressed one as an honest, steadfast sort of individual.

The son, as he caught sight of his father, forgot his surroundings, the robed and gray-bearded man on the high seat to whom everybody seemed to pay such deference; forgot, too, the crowd of strangers around him; forgot even his mother. All he knew was that his dad, from whom he had been separated for many days, who played with him and made him wonderful toys and told him marvellous stories—the best dad in the world—was here right within touch and——

The child detached himself from his mother, and with a face transfigured with love and happiness, made toward his father.

"Daddy!" he cried, and his shrill, affection-laden voice penetrated to the farther corners of the room. The man instinctively held out his arms to his son. Not unkindly, an officer touched him on the shoulder and reminded him of where he was. Willis nodded, trembled, and bending his head, sobbed the hard, dry sobs of a strong man in bitter sorrow.

"S-i-l-e-n-c-e in th' court!" clanged the voice of a member of the court squad, and Arthur felt himself drawn back to his mother's side.

Then, for the first time, a realization of some terrible trouble threatening his father, mother, and himself was borne upon him. Pressing his face hard against her, he began to cry. Willis, turning around at this moment, saw the child's agony, and sobbed again. Mrs. Willis had for the moment forgotten her own grief in trying to solace that of her boy.

All this happened very quickly. But no part of the nappening escaped the observant eye of the judge. The conclusions which he then and there reached were that the display of emotion on the part of the principals was spontaneous, and that Willis, in spite of evidence against him, was by no means possessed of criminal instincts.

Finally the fountains of the deep nature of the judge had been strangely moved by the father-love expressed in the child's face and actions.

The judge pondered for a moment and looked at the prisoner. Then he turned his eyes on Mrs. Willis and the boy. He seemed to be thinking quickly for some final purpose. He must act for humanity as well as law. Yes and no—sentiment and duty wavered before him.

Judge Gray pulled his musings up with a jerk. They were becoming ludicrous. He was a seasoned jurist, who for many years had taught and practised that law lay above sentiment, that the feelings of the individual must be sacrificed for the good of the community.

Now a whimpering child was shaking his belief in himself. The child had actually tempted him to extend mercy in a direction where it was, in the face of the evidence, obvious that it was not deserved.

There was but one thing to do—put the lad out of sight and give the prisoner the sentence which the insulted law deserved.

So the judge raised his head and straightened himself in order to do that which he conceived to be his duty. As he did so, his eyes instinctively sought for the child. Arthur was standing by his mother, whose right arm was around his waist. The lad's face was toward his father; but, as the judge looked the little chap turned as if unconsciously drawn by the powerful personality on the bench.

The judge saw the countenance of a child charged with the woe that has no right thereon—the woe that comes from separation from that which is held most dear. The woe that feels, but does not understand; the danger that threatens the thing or person loved.

A piteous pleading sprang into Arthur's face as he and the judge eyed each other. Then the lad's mouth began to tremble, and suddenly he laid his head in his mother's lap and began to cry quietly.

The judge shuffled with some documents for an instant. Then he glanced at the prisoner.

Willis, with white lips, was standing square-shouldered with head thrown slightly back, in the attitude of a brave man who has braced himself for the inevitable.

The court-room was hushed, the officers facing the crowd, ready to repress any display of emotion that might arise from the passing of sentence.

Judge Gray paused, and, violating all his precedents, beckoned to the court clerk. A few words passed between the men, and the clerk resumed his seat, but not before he had quietly called to an officer.

Simultaneously the judge left the bench and made his way to his private room. Then the officer notified Willis's counsel that the judge desired to see him, Mrs. Willis, and the boy in private.

The lawyer, a trifle bewildered by this unlooked for turn of events, made his way to the little woman's side.

"I don't want to hold out any false hopes to you, madam," he said, "but this is a most unusual proceeding on the part of the court. It may mean that he is going to be lenient to your husband. Anyhow, it means something. Now, be sure and answer any questions which he may put to you as directly and briefly as possible.

"Don't let your feelings and belief in your husband's innocence get away with you and—and—your tongue. The judge is a busy man who has no time to listen to all you think of your husband."

Mrs. Willis promised, and the trio found themselves in the presence of the great man, who, to Arthur at least, didn't seem nearly as terrible as he did when in the big seat in the big room. And when the judge held out a reassuring hand to the small boy the latter grasped it without hesitation, turning a trusting face upward as he did so; childishly he took up his stand by the judge's chair.

"Come here, dear," said Mrs. Willis quietly.

"Let him stop if he wants to," replied the judge.

"Mrs. Willis, what prompted your husband to commit the crime charged against him?" he asked.

"He never committed it," she answered timidly. "There has been some terrible misunderstanding or mistake somewhere, but he loved us and his home too much to ever chance losing it by such folly."

Then, in answer to other queries, she told of their happy home life, the society, the attention, and the thoughtfulness of her husband.

"And, your honor," she added tearfully, "if he were a bad man, would a little child love him in the way that this one does?"

"I've got the best dad in the world," declared Arthur stoutly.

"Hush, dear!" continued the mother.

"Does dad have to go to prison?" asked Arthur. A child always aims at the point.

Judge Gray did not answer him. Instead, he turned to Willis. The accused man had said nothing—inwardly he knew enough to respect the position he was in, and he didn't want to jeopardize it even in the slightest by doing the wrong thing.

But he realized that the influence of his wife and child were completely turning the law from what seemed to be its course.

"Willis," said the judge, "do you still declare that you are innocent?"

"I do," replied the condemned man.

"I will take your word for it." Mrs. Willis gasped and almost fainted

"The evidence was strongly against you," continued the judge, "but I will not let this boy grow up and bear the stigma of a felon's son. I am going to give you another chance."

"Don't thank me. Thank your boy and your good wife. They believe you—and for them you may go free."

He pressed a button, and one of the court squad entered.

"I will resume court," he said to that worthy, who immediately departed into the court-room and uttered the customary cry.

Willis was led out to the dock again. If there was anything to picture his joy in his face, nobody noticed it.

Judge Gray dismissed the prisoner in a few words.

Up to then Willis had been a strong man. But as soon as he was free he broke down and wept. And he only wept all the more when a small, warm, familiar hand stole softly around his neck and a wee voice said:

"Come, daddy, let's go home."

PROF. WIGGINS AND HIS STORMS

TWENTY years ago the name of Prof. E. Stone Wiggins, who passed away recently in New Brunswick, was a household word not only in Canada but in America because of his ability as a weather prophet. A highly-educated scientist, he came in for some ridicule because many of his theories were in diametrical opposition to those of other physicists and astronomers. He foretold a violent storm to occur on March 10th, 1883, to rise in the North Pacific, and striking America from the southwest, to sweep eastward and along the Great Lakes. General havoc was to be done along the Lower St. Lawrence region and the Gulf of Mexico. Dread of the storm induced Canadian and New England fishermen to keep in port. They were well rewarded for it came on time with all its fury, dealing death and destruction in its path. Upon one occasion Professor Wiggins wrote to the Lords of the English Admiralty, warning them not to allow vessels out of port on a certain date as a most disastrous storm would occur at that time. They only laughed. However, a few days later the Lord Mayor of London opened a subscription for the widows and orphans of the four hundred men of the Hull fishing fleet lost in that storm. One of his greatest discoveries was that the atmosphere cannot absorb moisture till charged electrically. To the perpetual rains of the summer of 1902 he attributed the eruption of Mt. Pelee, which filled the northern hemisphere with electric energy, turning it into a large aerial sponge. In his book the "Architecture of the Heavens," published in 1864, Professor Wiggins propounded his theory of the universe, namely, that the sun is enclosed in an atmosphere of electricity by whose positive and negative forces it attracts and propels the comets through space. In time these bodies become so great that the sun can no longer repel them, when they fall into irregular and finally circular orbits around the sun.

DIVERSE TONGUES: A SKETCH

Several months ago a new magazine made its appearance in New York. Its title is "1910." Next year its title will be "1911." It is a labor of love, being conducted by a little group of writers and artists who contribute to its columns whatsoever each one is pleased to contribute. So far the result has been good for the readers as well as the contributors. The following sketch is taken from its columns. It is written by John Oskison and it leaves one a little teary around the eye-lashes.

YES, at twelve o'clock to-night."

"What's that, Bess? What's going to happen at twelve o'clock?"

At the Chief Engineer's table sat a young woman of eighteen; on one side sat her brother, a boy of fifteen, and opposite to her sat a youth of twenty, the light of her eyes. It was the brother's shrill, impulsive, impatient question that had disturbed the table.

"Why don't you listen, 'Greedy'?" The last word was whispered, and as she spoke the girl's eyes were half turned to her mother, sitting beyond the boy.

"Oh, Bess, tell me what's going to happen at twelve o'clock." The boy had ignored the taunt.

"Well, if you must know, little 'Pop Eyes' (again she lowered her voice), they're going to bury a little boy in the sea—a little boy about your size." The girl's tone was supremely irritating; her brother shrilled: "Oh, Bess, you . . . . !" But he got no farther. The mother, a powerful, blonde woman of forty, turned, and, wheeling the boy's chair, commanded, "Leave the table at once, Wendel!" When he had gone she turned to her daughter; "Were you teasing Wendel, Bess?"

"No, Mama. I was telling Bruce what the third officer told Grace Clarkson and me today. A little child died in the steerage yesterday, and is to be buried at sea to-night at twelve o'clock. Then Wendel wanted to hear, and I told him he should have listened."

"Wendel is very quick tempered." The mother resumed her dinner placidly.

The third officer had spread his news well. After dinner, in the smoke room, it caused a little pause in the animated conversation of the groups into which it fell; on deck, one couple of promenaders met another, the four talked eagerly together for a moment and went on a little less boisterously; over their coffee in the social hall, the older women discussed the possibility of anyone, young or old, ill or well, surviving a voyage in the steerage. Parties were formed and pledged one another to sit up to "see it."

The concert in the saloon was a good one that evening. A driving, mid-summer rain had sent all of the promenaders inside. Looking around at the crowded tables, the round-faced cornettist, leader of the orchestra, plunged into the opening spasm of a popular march. A rag-time piece followed, then the "Turkish Patrol" was conducted to its post, the relief followed, and the weary soldiers were marched away to barracks. At ten o'clock the "Poet and Peasant" had been played; and half an hour later, with the final blast of "Silverheels," the leader packed his cornet away, music racks collapsed at a touch, and the deafening hum of two hundred persons talking rose to the decorated ceiling.

Outside, the wind was still blowing fiercely, though the rain had ceased. From the great yellow stacks of the steamer, banners of black streamed across the stars. The soft throb of the engines could be heard only when one walked past the open ventilators on the leeward side. The boat deck was deserted save for a young couple who had not forgotten their resolution, made during the concert, to come up and "wait for the funeral." Until half-past eleven occasional heads were thrust above the companionways and withdrawn at the first blast of wind that sucked down from above.

Except for the light beside the log at the very stern and two luminous windows in the little steerage deck cabin, the ship seemed as lifeless as a derelict, and as dark. The stern light shone clear on the outcurving arm of a lifeboat davit; one watching it for five minutes might see the white davit turn into the long neck of a peering, grinning monster, looking overside at the seething froth behind the screws to find there, if he might, some joke worthy of his mirth. Pinned to the railing twenty feet forward of the log-light and flapping wildly in the wind, was a row of baby-napkins, placed there to dry before sunset and forgotten.

Eight bells had struck and the faint sound of hammering that had been heard at intervals in the last half-hour continued. For some reason there was a delay.

At the quarter-hour past midnight, the door of the small steerage cabin was opened; the light from within shone faintly on the drying deck. Then the light was obscured; steps sounded, shuffling and muffled, and two sailors, bareheaded, appeared, with the little box carried between them. Behind came the captain, stepping briskly. The doctor was there—as he came out of the door he flung a cigarette overboard. The third officer closed the door after him, and for a moment the procession was lost to sight. It reappeared in the glow of the log-light. Halting abruptly, the sailors balanced the box on the rail. One end of it was obviously heavier than the other. Someone at dinner had remarked: "They put coal in to weight it, but it never goes to the bottom—the water's too dense."

The captain stepped up beside the railing, took off his cap and placed his hand on the balancing box. He was slightly bald and quite gray. In the feeble light his real face showed pale, ascetic, and the gold braiding of his uniform could not be seen. Shadows made him priestlike. The doctor's cap came off, the third officer uncovered, there was a moment of stillness, the captain muttered: "One, two, three, in God's name," nodded, and the two sailors slipped the box quietly off the rail.

. . . . . .

"Ye Gods, it's dark up here, Bess."

"Yes; mother would have a fit if she knew we'd been here for an hour—Cut it out, Bruce; no, I won't kiss you!—Say! Listen to that." Up from the steerage deck rose a sane sentence of grief:

"He was my little-a baby; now he is in the great sea; God help-a me."

THE POWER TO SEE WITH THE EYES OF ANOTHER

SEVERAL years ago, according to a case authenticated by Dr. Edward A. Ayers, emeritus professor at the New York Polyclinic Medical School and Hospital, a half dozen members of two well-known New York families were somewhat playfully experimenting in "mind reading" by blindfolding "A," who placed his fingers on the forehead of B," who looked intently at an object held by "C" under a bright light, the purpose being to learn if "A" could name the object seen by "B." To copy Doctor Ayer's own words in Harper's Magazine:

"Each individual completely failed, until a girl of sixteen surprised and thrilled all present by correctly naming one and another object seen by 'B.' While the circumstances under which this performance developed would suffice as to possible collusion for any ordinary event, they cannot suffice for this one. Nor that a physician of high standing was present, for such can be fooled by prestidigation or collusion rather easily. Some days later the writer made the following tests: Acting as the observer 'B,' I had a cardboard, which had a piece the shape of a 'red cross' cut out secretly, held against a red lamp-shade. I looked closely at the object, and in a few seconds she—'A'—said, 'I see a red cross.' Out of a collection of photographs which I held in my hands I held one and another, at random under the light. Those of people she knew were correctly named. Her father's face she named when he sat under the light, likewise others; but when I tried to look at the faces of her father and uncle as they sat side by side as one object she failed, but named each as I looked at each singly. Her severest test was in spelling out the name 'Hatton,' printed in three-quarter-inch letters on the cover of a magazine, she spelling it 'Hetton.' I could regulate the time when she would name the object by varying my own time of looking at it, and she invariably named the object only then—that is, at the time when my eyes were most vividly beholding the object. The girl could give no other explanation of her sensation than that out of darkness, like one sitting in a dark lecture-hall, an image appears when the lantern throws one on the screen. She declared she could not succeed unless all light was excluded from her eyes. A number of physicians had opportunity to witness and take part in tests, but, owing to her father's fear of having his daughter known as a 'freak,' all further trials were soon denied, and whether she still possesses this unique power is not known."

It would seem, to quote Doctor Ayers further, that this girl possessed two unique capacities: First, when blindfolded she held her visual centres in a state of complete rest, sustained no visual images; and, second, she was extraordinarily sensitive to nerve vibrations. As the most plausible theory of explanation, we must assume that, like the electric radiations from our optic organs when in action; that when we look at anything, while the main nerve currents run from our retinas over the optic nerves to the visual centres in the posterior parts of our brains, there to excite our known sensations of sight, a portion of the nerve currents radiate through the entire head. And we must further assume that, as appears in the case cited these waste currents can be further carried through fingers, arms, and head with sufficient power to cause faint vibrations in the visual centres of another, vibrations identical to those first started and which reproduce identical pictures in the brain of the one blindfolded.

That such a theory demands the possession of a remarkable degree of sensitivity is true, concludes Doctor Ayers, but equal degrees of sensitivity are frequently demonstrated in other ways and especially in mechanical tests.

TOLD AT A HUNTER'S FIRE

AT noon the hunters met on the banks of a brook. Each brought a mighty appetite, induced by the long tramp in the pure mountain air. Squatting on the ground Lucullus dined with Lucullus, and those sandwiches and the brook made ambrosia and nectar seem pale myths indeed, says a storyteller in the New York Sun. After the feast came pipes and all hands sprawled out on the grass to rest.

"I ran across 'Lije Spurlock from over Cherry Hill way the other day," said George when he got his pipe going. "You know Lije used to be a great hunter in the early days. He always had a fine deer hung up in his barn the first day the law was off. He had a fine hound that would hang to a deer through four counties, and 'Lije was always well supplied with venison. Then a law was passed that no dogs could be used in hunting deer.

"Gosh all hemlock! Wasn't 'Lije mad clean through when he heard about that law? But he didn't calculate to live without venison. One day in spring he came across a young buck fawn over Bear Pond way and took it home and raised it on the bottle. It got so tame it would run about the yard and play with the children. 'Lije put a small cowbell on its neck so that he would know where it was when he was putting up the cows at night.

"When the hunting season came around 'Lije took down his rifle and started for the big timber to see if he could put up a deer. He had to leave the faithful old hound at home, and this so upset him that he did not hear the tinkling of the cowbell as the pet deer followed at his heels, he said afterward.

"He didn't notice the bell until he got into the forest, and then an idea came to him. When the pet stopped to nibble at some tender grass along the bank of a brook, 'Lije dodged behind a tree and then drew himself up among the branches. When the deer couldn't see him any more it ran here and there crying for him. 'Lije hid among the branches and said nothing.

The pet deer ran lickity-split through the woods, the cowbell clanging away like an engine's warning to get off the track. You could hear it for a mile or more. The woods was full of deer, and they were scared out of a year's growth by the racket made by the cowbell and ran in every direction.

"'Lije counted seventeen that came near the tree in which he was sitting with the rifle across his knee. He owned up to shooting two, which the law allows for one season, and said it was as good as the best day's sport he ever had when hounding was the fashion. 'Lije whistled to his pet when he got all the venison he wanted, and the pet was overjoyed to find him."

"What became of the tame deer?" asked one of George's listeners.

"'Lije and the pet had great sport all that season and started in to have some the next season. But one day Sam Coons from over Forest Home way, was over in the timber for deer, 'thout knowing anything about the pet who was running through the woods stirring up business for his owner. Sam Coons saw the pet deer and let drive. Nothing on four feet ever got away from Sam's rifle, and 'Lije lost his pet."

"Say, George, I don't know this here 'Lije—what is his reputation for truth telling?" asked one of them.

"Oh, 'Lije was a law-abiding citizen, and, besides, he'll show you the cowbell to prove the story."

THE PROBLEM IN THE FIREFLY

SCIENTISTS deplore the wastefulness of present means of artificial lighting and regard it as strange that, although so many have worked at the problem of obtaining cheap light, we are, at the beginning of the twentieth century, so far from the solution. The efficiency of the steam engine and of the dynamo has increased enormously; but in the production of artificial light we have made but small advance. Out of every hundred tons of coal delivered at our gas works something like ninety-eight tons are said to be wasted so far as the production of light is concerned, and appear as useless heat. Yet nature has by some mysterious process, of which we have not yet learned the secret, solved the problem of economical light. In the firefly we find a means by which abundant illumination is produced without the expenditure of any radiant heat discoverable by the most delicate instruments. When the physiological chemist can find out the means by which this little creature affords so much illumination, we shall be much nearer the solution of a problem of vast importance to mankind.

LIGHT ON AN OLD STORY

TRADITION has been vindicated, at least in part, after years of denials and counter-denials," said Henry P. Evans, of Frederick, Md., to a friend in the lobby of the New Williard, in Washington, recently.

"If my information is correct, the Barbara Frietchie story is not the fiction that some historical writers have asserted. Some new light has been shed on the old story."

Mr. Evans, says the Washington Post, is the editor of the Frederick News, and is greatly interested in the traditions of the town. He has published many stories of the Barbara Frietchie incident, and, as he said, he has grown somewhat sceptical on account of the repeated contradictions concerning it that have been submitted to him from time to time.

"Not long ago," said Mr. Evans, "a Grand Army veteran told me he was preparing an article which would prove that Whittier's poem was not altogether a fabrication. Stories have been published, you know, to the effect that there was no foundation for the poem. It has been denied that such a woman as Barbara Frietchie ever existed. The article which I refer to will put a quietus on these statements, although, I must confess, it will not verify the most dramatic part of the tale. The author of the article obtained his information, as he told me, from a man who was a sergeant in the Confederate Army which marched through Frederick.

"According to this former Confederate's story, Barbara Frietchie did wave the American flag as the Southern troops were passing her house. He said she did not hang it out of a window, though, and so far as he knew, no one shot the staff which she held. The poem, you remember, makes General Stonewall Jackson give a stern rebuke to the soldier who fired the shot.,

"Who harms one hair of you grey head
Dies like a dog."

"That's the way Whittier put it, as I remember. But the version which we Grand Army friend gave me is entirely different. The old Confederate told him that as the troops were marching past a house—whose it was, of course, he did not know at that time—an old woman came to the front door with a Union flag in her hand. She waved this back and forth, although she didn't say anything. The soldiers all along the line were joking with her in a good-natured way. In his own company were several young fellows who always wanted to have all the fun they could get out of even such a tiresome affair as a march along dusty roads. When they saw the old woman waving the flag they raised their guns and pointed them in her direction, just to see if they could get her to say something to them. These guns were not loaded, as they were not in action, and, so, the sergeant's story goes, there was not the slightest danger for the woman. The boys merely acted in a spirit of mischief.

"The sergeant himself, he relates, ordered the boys to stop their foolishness and not point their guns at a woman. They laughed and shouldered arms. That seems to be all there is to the story. Stonewall Jackson is eliminated; there was no shot fired, but, nevertheless, guns were pointed at Barbara Frietchie, and so the poem of Whittier's is not altogether the product of imagination. The poet may have got his information from some despatch to a yellow newspaper, if they had them in those days."

TREATING GRAIN FOR SMUT

(By Prof. C. A. Zavitz, Ontario Agricultural College)

FOR five years in succession, experiments have been conducted at the Ontario Agricultural College for the prevention of the loose smut in oats, and of the stinking smut in wheat. The results have shown that the following treatment is easily applied, comparatively cheap, and quite effectual in killing the smut spores:

Thoroughly mix one-half pint of Formalin (Formaldehyde) with twenty-one gallons of water. Place the oats or the wheat in this solution for twenty minutes and then spread the grain thinly on a clean floor or over a canvas on the ground, and stir it occasionally to hasten drying. The seed may be sown as soon as it is dry enough to run through the seed-drill freely.

Smut is a living plant. The spores of this fungus correspond to the seeds of the grain, and when they are sown together they both germinate. The spores produce thread-like tubes or stems which enter the young grain plants, and which eventually reproduce the spores in the heads of the plants. It is therefore very important to kill all the spores of the smut and to prevent further infection. If this is done, one treatment should prove effectual for several years.

The Paradoxical Personality of Pope Pius

IN the contrast between the perfect peacefulness of all the moods of the Pope and the state of war hence and unceasing which has made his pontificate so exciting, the newspapers of Europe just now behold the paradox of the Vatican. Pius X. remains to-day, says the Independence Belge of Brussels, precisely what he was when he ascended his throne, a timid, gentle, unsuspicious, urbane and pacific parish priest involved in war with all the great Latin nations of the world. The patriarch of Venice mounted the chair of Saint Peter with the intention, writes the Rome correspondent of the London Post, of "renewing all things in Christ." A conservative by temperament, he is a reformer in the sense that he wishes to remove the abuses which have grown up in the course of centuries and to revive what he considers to be the better practice of former generations. Simplicity has been his maxim—simplicity in the ceremonial of the Vatican, simplicity in the administrative and judicial system of the great institution over which he, the most deeply religious and least worldly of men, has been chosen to preside. Tenacious of his purpose, he has carried out, despite considerable opposition, a large part of this ecclesiastical programme. He has given us the beautiful spectacle of a Pope preaching the practical and simple sermons of a parish priest in one courtyard of the Vatican; he has shown his predilection for a healthy and a muscular Christianity by presiding over a series of gymnastic exercises in another. He has appointed a commission to restore the Gregorian chant; he has entrusted a distinguished English scholar with the revision of the Vulgate. And, finally, he has carried out that reform of the congregations and the ecclesiastical tribunals which had long been considered necessary, but which no previous Pope had attempted. This alone is an achievement worthy of great ecclesiastical statesmen.

On its religious side, however, to follow still the British authority, the pontificate of Pius X. has not been an unqualified successs. If the present Pope is the most conscientious and earnest of men, he is certainly lacking in that breadth of view which characterized a Leo XIII. or an Innocent III. There can be no greater contrast than that between the way in which the far-seeing Innocent treated St. Francis and that in which his latest successor has treated the Modernists and the Christian Democrats. Of the Roman Church during the last five years the famous remark of Lord Macaulay would be no longer true, that "she thoroughly understands, what no other Church has ever understood, how to deal with enthusiasts." On the contrary the system of Pius X. and Cardinal Merry del Val is to try to drive the scholars and the enthusiasts, the men who wish to reconcile learning with religion and to win over the masses to the Church, out of the fold altogether. It is quite conceivable that in the struggle with the Modernists the Vatican will emerge victorious. But it is also permissible to think that Leo XIII. would have avoided the struggle altogether.

If the policy of the Pope be thus in contrast with that of his predecessor, his mode of life continues to present an antithesis no less marked. It is well known, says the Rome correspondent of the London Standard, that the present Pope dislikes the pomp and ceremonial that has usually been attached to every action of the Pontiff, and loves to live a perfectly simple life, disregarding all formalities that are not absolutely necessary to his position. A book called "Pius X. and the Papal Court," is by an anonymous writer, who seems to be well informed as to the habits and predilections of Pius X. The author tells us that at about five o'clock in the morning the Pope's bedroom attendant enters his room, but, unless his Holiness is ill, he finds him already up and reading his breviary, as was his custom through his long parochial life. At six o'clock Pius X., says Mass in a simple little oratory, served by two Monsignori. After having prayed for a while in the little chapel the Pope has his early breakfast, which consists of a cup of coffee and rolls and butter, and directly afterwards, if the weather is fine, he walks in the great gardens of the Vatican for an hour or so.

The Vatican gardens cover many acres of ground, and contain, besides flower gardens, orchards, and vineyards, several small villas or summer houses, and a long and winding carriage drive, constructed by Leo. XIII. The late Pope was in the habit of being carried down for his daily drive in great pomp, preceded by his Swiss soldiers, and followed by Papal chamberlains and Noble Guards. Leo. XIII. sat alone in the seat of honor in his carriage, with a chamberlain opposite to him; two servants stood behind, and four Noble Guards on horseback followed, their officer riding beside the window of the carriage. Pius X., says the author we follow, takes long walks in the gardens, often alone, seeking the quietest and most unfrequented paths, and sometimes stops to talk familiarly with the gardeners and any workmen whom he happens to meet.

At nine o'clock the Pope is in his study, where he receives his Secretary of State, Cardinal Merry del Val, then the heads of the great Congregations through which the church is ruled, and then other visitors. The audiences of Pius X. are of the simplest character, and surrounded with the least possible etiquet. In old days the splendid reception rooms were full of chamberlains, guards, and attendants, but now only a few servants and a monsignore or two are to be seen. The present Pope receives people of every class, even the most humble, and sometimes poor peasants from his native village of Riese are to be seen there, in garments anything but suited to a court ceremony.

Punctually at one o'clock Pius X. dines. Since the seventeenth century it has been the rule for the Pontiff to eat alone, but Pius X., says the London Standard, sometimes invites his private secretary or other members of his household to join him, and on being respectfully remonstrated with for this breach of etiquette, cheerfully replied that as Urban VIII. had the right to make this rule, he, Pius X., had an equal right to abolish it. Pius X. eats most simply and frugally, and the Pontiff's meals differ little from those that were served to the parish priest of Salzano. When Pius X. was first elected he was astounded at the number of servants in the Papal kitchen, and exclaimed, "Surely it is not necessary to have seven cooks in order to make me a little soup?"

The Pope likes the simplest Italian cookery, and his menu usually consists of soup or maccaroni, a plate of meat, cheese and fruit, and on Fridays the Pope often eats a dish of haricot beans or "polenta," the maize flour which is the staple of life to many Italian peasants. After supper the Pope soon retires, and is generally in bed by half past ten. In all the arrangements of his life Pius X. uses the same humble simplicity. The author of the book already mentioned says that under the Pope's predecessors there were Monsignori who were paid so much a month, and had rooms in the Vatican, whose sole duty was to hold the Pope's hat when he went out in the Vatican gardens, or who carried the stick or umbrella of the Pontiff, and there were others whose functions were hardly more important. All these sinecures have been inexorably abolished by Pius X., notwithstanding the lamentations and protests which his action caused. He has discouraged elaborate services and decorations in the churches, and ordered a return to the old Gregorian music. In everything Pius X. has shown the transparent sincerity and simplicity of his character, and a simple piety that never hesitates for a moment to do what seems to him right, whether the action be politic or the reverse.

Everyone has heard that when the Patriarch of Venice went to Rome for the conclave he had so little premonition of the result that he bought a return ticket. He long kept it, says Rene Lara, author of a recent study of Pius X. in McClure's. Many an entreaty to part with the little piece of cardboard had no effect upon the spiritual head of the church until at last the King of Greece begged so hard that he secured the prize.

WHY THE MOON DRIED UP

INTERESTING speculations have been put forward to explain the dryness of the moon's surface. As it is fairly certain that the moon at one time had a plentiful supply of water, the absence of it from its surface has to be accounted for in some way. The old theory was that the excessive heat developed on either side of the moon, which is turned to the sun for fourteen days at a time, evaporated all the water, and that the attraction of the mooon's gravity was too small to hold this vapor to it, so that it was consequently thrown off by centrifugal action. But a new theory has been advanced.

To explain the new theory we have, of course, to start in the laboratory. A crystal of any kind—say a lump of rock salt, or alum, or of the rock called quartz, or a piece of limestone or granite, contains a great proportion of water. If we heat any of the above-mentioned crystals in a retort the water is recovered and we get a powder instead of a crystal. But if this powder is placed near water, it will, on cooling, absorb it. Now the interior of the moon was at one time undoubtedly very hot, so hot, in fact, that its rocks were in a molten state. Now as these rocks began to cool, their nature cried loudly for water in order to enable them to form their characteristic crystals. The water seeping down through the moon's porous crust satisfied this demand until it was all used up. This, then, is the theory.

The application of this theory to the earth is obvious. The interior is highly heated, and the rocks have to be in an amorphous condition, for they can certainly contain no water, as the water of crystallization is given up at a very low comparative temperature. The great oceans exert enormous pressure on the crust, and we know that in several parts of the Pacific the water is in direct connection with the heated interior through subterranean volcanoes. As the earth continues to lose its heat by radiation it shrinks and cracks, and the old crust does not fit. In this way communication is established almost automatically between the two affinities of cooling rock and water. All the water must certainly disappear then from the surface of the earth eventually. There will not be enough even then, from present computations, to satisfy all the melted material of the interior.

HORSES THAT FISH

ALONG the shores of Albemarle Sound, North Carolina, lie miles of low sandy banks, the greater part being covered with little vegetation save coarse grass, wild parsley, and other salt water weeds. To this region come those who shoot the canvas-back duck that frequents the little streams and salt marshes with which this coast abounds, feeding upon the wild parsley and marsh grains. On some of these banks are a breed of wild horses, known in the neighborhood as "banker ponies." They are quite untamed and uncared for, have rough shaggy coats, and are generally about twice the size of a Shetland pony, now and again one reaching the size of a small horse.

Each year the herd-owners drive them into pens, where the foals are branded with the owner's mark, and those required are caught and sold to the dealers. It is said that these beasts have to be starved into eating grain and hay or grass, their whole sustenance up to this time having been the rank salt grass of the marshes and fish. The latter they catch for themselves at low tide, using their hoofs to dig deep holes in the sand below highwater mark; and they greedily devour the fish so left stranded, often fighting over an especially tempting one.

In captivity they are said to display intelligence, though seldom a reliable temper. They are tamed by darkness and semi-starvation, and make excellent draught animals, showing strength far beyond their size. They eat voraciously, consuming as much as full-sized horses.

The foals bred from "banker ponies" in captivity make valuable animals. They are strong, healthy and intelligent, less vicious than their parents, and command good prices.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE ENVELOPE

THERE are many persons now living who can remember the days when letters went through the mails in the form of a folded sheet of paper sealed at one edge, for envelopes were not in common use until about 1855.

In that year a machine was patented for producing these now indispensable covers for epistolary correspondence—a machine which, as compared with hand labor, did the work of five girls. A better machine was produced in 1862, which performed the work of seven girls. Three years later came the machine with a device for gumming the flap of the envelope, which did the work of ten girls. Next came another machine of American device, which did the work of twenty girls, and is still largely used. This has a rival in an invention which guns, prints, folds, and counts the envelopes, and binds them with a paper band in packets of twenty-five. This machine supplants the labor of thirty girls.

Bill: "They tell me that yer old friend Jimmy got a job yesterday."

Dan: "Ain't it terrible, Bill, wot some people will do for money?"

THE HORRORS OF STOMACH TORTURE

INDIGESTION OF A LIFETIME PROMPTLY CURED BY "FRUIT-A-TIVES."

Mrs. J. R. Flock, of London, Ont., for years received the best medical attention that Canada afforded.

Her husband was a prominent physician, yet his skill and that of his colleagues, was of no avail in helping Mrs. Flock.

She writes, "I was a constant martyr to Stomach Weakness all my life and no physician could cure me, but 'Fruit-a-tives' gave me entire relief and I cordially recommend this famous fruit medicine to the public."

"Fruit-a-tives" corrects all disorders of digestion, and is a positive and speedy cure for Indigestion, Dyspepsia and Constipation.

"Fruit-a-tives" are sold by all dealers at 50c a box, 6 for $2.50, or trial box, 25c, or may be obtained from Fruit-a-tives, Limited, Ottawa.

ROCKEFELLER'S SQUEEZE

THIS is a story of Mr. John D. Rockefeller, whose medicinal whisky baths have been the cause of so much agitation in temperance circles just lately.

He had been in the habit of taking his midday luncheon at a comparatively cheap restaurant in his home city of Cleveland, Ohio. The dish that he regularly affected was roast beef and potatoes, the charge for which was 35c.

One day the charge for this combination was advanced to 50c. Thereupon Mr. Rockefeller, who had been accustomed to tip the waiter a dime, gave that functionary only a nickel.

The waiter ventured to protest. "Mr. Rockefeller, if I were worth as much money as you are, I would not squeeze a 5c-bit so hard."

To which the millionaire replied: "Young man, if you had squeezed a 5c-bit as hard as I do you would not be a waiter."

Abbey's Effer-vescent Salt

For that "dark-brown taste" in the morning, Abbey's Salt will do it.

25c and 60c.

Sold everywhere.

60

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

will clean them off in a mild and pleasant manner. Removes any soft bunch, painful swellings, thickened tissues, gouty and rheumatic deposits. Kills pain and takes out soreness and inflammation from toothache, neuralgia, acute or inflammatory rheumatism, stiff neck, lame back, strains and sprains. It will reduce Varicose Veins, stops the pain and throbbing, gets out the soreness quickly, tones up and restores the elasticity to the circular muscles of the veins, reducing them to a normal condition. Will even heal and clean up a varicose ulcer. A safe, pleasant, antiseptic, discutient ointment. Price $1.00 a oz., $2.00 a bottle at druggists or delivered. Book 5F free. Manufactured only by

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Try it! Simple as Washing with

DY-O-LA

ONE DYE FOR ALL KINDS OF GOODS

JUST THINK OF IT!

Dyes Wool, Cotton, Silk or Mixed Goods Perfectly with the SAME Dye—No chance of mistakes. Fast and Beautiful Colors 10 cents, from your Druggist or Dealer. Send for Color Card and STORY Booklet 76 The Johnson-Richardson Co., Limited, Montreal

Dr. Martel's Female Pills

SEVENTEEN YEARS THE STANDARD

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

NEVER MIND THE SUBALTERN

MAJOR J. N. C. KENNEDY, R.E. (of the English army), tells a story which is too good to be lost. He relates that the commanding officer of a certain balloon section arrived one day at the balloon shed with a mysterious parcel.

Having selected a lightweight subaltern, the C.O. explained that the parcel contained a new *patent parachute*, and he suggested that the subaltern might like to test it personally.

"But," objected the officer nervously, "suppose it doesn't open?"

"Oh, but the makers guarantee that it will open," replied the C.O.

"Yes, but suppose it doesn't!" said the sub.

"Well, the makers have promised to give me a new one," the C.O. answered in all seriousness.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES

CURES RHEUMATISM & BRIGHT'S DISEASE & DIABETES

No. 23

DAME FASHION'S DECREES

THIS is the so-called dead season in the realm of fashion, *in the showrooms of the big shops and private dressmakers*. The employees in all departments are off on vacations, and apparently for just a brief space of time the all absorbing question of dress is in abeyance; but it is only a very brief space after all, and in the meantime designers are busy with the winter models so soon to be displayed to the general public, while already to a favored few is vouchsafed an occasional glimpse of what will ere long be given out for approbation or disapproval.

This is the season above all others when clothes are thoroughly enjoyed, when gowns are being worn, not being made, and when, in consequence, women are looking their very best in the fascinating gowns on which so much time, thought and, incidentally, money have been expended. Summer gowns are proverbially becoming, and this year there are so many different colors and so many different materials that the variety is endless, while it is quite a fad to combine colors and fabrics that formerly were considered impossible. One marked feature of this summer is that the all white gown is so rarely seen. White is worn, lots of white, but rarely without the

Gown of Cornflower Blue Voile

relief of some color often most cleverly introduced in the lining, if the material of the gown is transparent, or in the collar; a narrow satin band as a finish, or if the waist is in surplice folds, then just an edge of color outlines the yoke or guimpe, or is in a knot of satin ribbon where the folds of *the material are crossed. It in no other way the touch of* color is given by an artificial rose or one or two orchids or sweet peas, most perfectly made and resembling closely the natural flower.

Apparent but most delusive simplicity is the first effect given by the smart summer frock of white voile. The skirt is short and round. It is finished around the front with either a wide cloth band or two of medium width, the same color as the voile. *The waist, in surplice fonds, has a cloth belt, a* narrow cloth band, and the short sleeves are finished with a cloth cuff. A polated yoke and high collar and close fitting three quarter length lace cuffs finish the waist. The bands do not go around the entire skirt, nor does the fulness, for the front is left quite flat and plain, and where the bands end there is an ornament of passementerie, or the cloth is cut in a design and appliqued on the voile. This model is made *in all colors* as well as in black and in white. It is extremely smart and generally becoming, and is not difficult to copy if attention is paid to the lines of both skirt and waist. Figured voile is very fashionable, more than the plain, and there are many designs in stripes and checks of various size. A jacket to match the gown is smart, made in voile, and the latest fad is to have the jacket malined. A black and white striped voile gown, a real one piece gown, with high belt having medium width stripe, has a coat to match that hangs straight from the shoulders, the only trimming a velvet collar and cuffs, light in weight, and transparent as is the fabric, it is very smart made in this fashion.

Soutache braiding on voile is not an absolutely new style, but the braiding on voile that is fashionable at this time is quite different from last year's fashion. It is extremely smart to have a voile gown or rose pink made over a chiffon or much finer voile lining or deep skirt, and on that skirt there is a wide band of soutache braiding put on in a curious zig-zag pattern. The overskirt is trimmed with two full shirred bands and between the two is a silver ribbon tied in a knot at the left side. This trimming is about six inches above the hem and does not cut the line of the figure.

The combining of two colors or two materials, or both, is very smart, and, strange to say, is now most cleverly designed so that there is no sharp line to make the figure shorter. A most charming gown is of the cashmere pattern voile, with the lower part of the skirt either of light weight black cloth or of a heavier black voile. The pattern of the skirt is extremely simple in loose, narrow accordion pleats; the fulness is gathered into the waist band, while the black at the lower half of the skirt is less full. The waist matches the skirt, with the lower part of the cashmere pattern and the upper of black, with white or cream lace net yoke and collar. On the side of the waist and skirt is a row of buttons with loops of braid, giving the effect of the gown fastening at the side. This breaks the too-round appearance of the straight band of black. The sleeves and upper part of the waist are cut in one piece, as fashion now dictates, and while the style is a difficult one to copy it is so generally becoming that it is certain to remain popular for some time.

* * *

Veiled gowns are not new, but none the less they are extremely fashionable, and the fashion is so practical that it is dear to the heart of the great majority of womankind. An evening gown that has been worn so often that it is both shabby and too well known to be smart can be entirely renovated and made to look like new if it is draped or veiled with chiffon or marquisette or some one of the transparent materials. A charming gown of white *crepe de chine* and yellow lace that had lost its freshness and color, as well, was entirely transformed by being veiled in yellow chiffon, entirely veiled, the overdress finished merely with a wide hemstitching. The new skirts cross in front and a most popular fashion for the veiled gowns has a narrow band of embroidery cutting the two fronts. Pearl, crystal, jet or silver beads are used for this embroidery or some effective passementerie, *the latter much less expensive*; or a fold of satin or velvet ribbon is also effective.

One of the daintiest afternoon gowns is of palest mauve silk voile, made with coat to match. Skirt, waist and coat are accordion pleated, and skirt and coat alike are finished only with a wide hemstitching. The model is an extremely difficult one of copy, for with accordion pleats or tucks there is always danger that the figure will not look well. But this gown, *made by an artist in the dressmaking profession*, is so carefully and perfectly cut that the pleats merely give straight lines and make the wearer slender. The only trimming is the transparent lace yoke and collar, and perhaps a bow of real Valenciennes lace, or revers and cuffs of the finest lingerie trimmed with narrow Valenciennes. These simple gowns, with the touch of real lace and hand work, have an immense amount of style and originality, and are in delightful contrast with the too exaggerated and over-elaborate fashions that challenge attention by their eccentricity, and are gaining in favor every day. They are far from cheap, for as yet they require to be made by the best of work people, but it will not be long before the knowledge of how to attain the simple lines that are so becoming will be acquired, and the women of good taste are already loud in their praise of such fashions.

* * *

Striped voiles are made up in most effective gowns for afternoon entertainments and are also used for dinner and theatre gowns. The black satin stripe with a pale rose or mauve chiffon or voile is attractive in coloring, and, if not too wide a stripe, is invariably becoming. These striped materials are made up over plain color, preferably white, and are charmingly light and cool in appearance. Then for those who like the striped effects there are the soft finish taffeta silks in black satin and white. A popular model for a theatre gown is of this design, the skirt made with the material drawn across the front and laid in thin pleats at the left quite high on the skirt; the back is one double box pleat, gives an exaggerated high waist effect that is softened and modified by four rhinestone buttons that hold down the pleat to the normal waist line. The front of the waist crosses to one side and has revers of the silk over which are revers of the finest hand embroidered batiste bordered with narrow black satin. Yoke and collar are of the batiste; the sleeves fit close to the arm and are so long that they wrinkle like long gloves and are finished at the wrist by a twist of bright cerise satin. There is also a belt of the same satin that does not cross the pleat at the back and is finished at the left side with a stiff loop that stands up against the waist. It is a real picture gown and looks well with a three corner hat of fine black crin with plumes.

Satin, so it is said, is going out of fashion on account of its too great popularity, but let no woman who has invested in it be disconsolate, for never were there so many attractive satin gowns as there are this season. At the same time, every effort is being made to introduce silks of all kinds. Changeable effects in queer ribbed silks, in moire, are among the very latest novelties, while the most fascinating of summer gowns are of the various kinds of silk, and there is every indication that silk gowns are to be most fashionable next winter for the theatre and restaurant. The old fashioned colors and the pastel shades are in demand for the picture *gowns, that are truly copied from the old priats, but picture* gowns are not to be rashly recommended, and, in fact, not one woman in a hundred can afford to dress in picturesque fashion.

* * *

The home dressmaker who wishes to remodel a gown and finds it necessary to add some new trimming or to increase the amount of material in some way will find herself very *much in the height of the fashion if she chooses either black* velvet or black satin for the additional material. According to the very newest designs of Paris gowns, these two materials are considered suitable for the adornment of any costume in the wardrobe, and from street suits of serge and cashmere to ball gowns one finds them figuring prominently as garnitures. Sometimes a little of the velvet or satin is used, perhaps merely a bow for the bodice or a band to edge a waistcoat in a jacket, and again fully half the costume will be made of the black material, either velvet or satin.

Cream Colored Voile Embroidered with Blue and Gold

The color of the rest of the material does not seem to matter, as the black trimming appears on garments of all shades as well as all styles. For light, medium and dark costumes it seems to be considered equally desirable.

A CASH SUBSTITUTE

PRINCE ALBRECHT of Prussia was invited once as the principal guest to a dinner given by the colonel of his regiment. The house lay at a distance from the roadway and was approached by an avenue of sombre trees, up which the Prince was walking.

Suddenly a maidservant appeared in the darkness, and before he had time to speak, kissed him effusively and pressed a little parcel into his hand.

"Here's threepence and a sausage for you. I can't come out tonight, as master has company," she whispered in his ear, and disappeared as mysteriously as she had come.

The astonished Prince retraced his steps, and, coming upon a soldier of his company loitering by the gate, inquired for whom he was waiting.

"I am expecting my sweetheart, your Highness," said the man.

"Where is she in service?" asked the Prince.

"At the Colonel's, your Highness."

"Ah, then I am right. Here, my son, is a threepenny piece and a sausage from your sweetheart, who wishes me to tell you that she cannot meet you tonight, as her master has company."

Then, seeing that the unfortunate man seemed paralyzed with fright, he said, kindly:

"Your love also gave me a kiss for you, but you do not expect me, I trust, to return it! No? Well, here is five shillings in its stead."

TALK No. 2

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

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

Does not contain Alum

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

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

NO ALUM

Full Pound Cans, 25c.

Made in Canada

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

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

No. 361

DAINTY DISHES

When Making a Rich Custard—Never sweeten it till cooked, and it will not turn to curd so easily.

To Obtain Clear Jelly or Soup—Boil the mixture for a moment with the beaten white of an egg, then strain through a fine sieve or cloth.

Before Cooking Tapioca.—Soak it in water till it is considerably swollen, and allow one pint and a half of milk to every ounce of tapioca, weighed before soaking.

Sweet Bread Roll.—Take one pound of baker's dough and knead into it one ounce and a half of butter, two ounces of sugar, and a beaten egg. Set to rise, form into rolls, and bake in a moderate oven.

Fried Vegetable Marrow. — Stew a vegetable marrow in weak stock, then drain thoroughly and stamp into neat rounds; drain quite dry. Dip into seasoned eggs and breadcrumbs, and fry a golden color. Serve piled on a d'oyley with grated cheese scattered over.

German Sausage Salad.—Wash a nice lettuce and drain it well on a clean cloth, break the lettuce into nice pieces and lay them on a dish with alternate slices of German sausage and cold veal. Arrange a few slices of tomato and sausage on the top. Over all pour a good salad dressing.

Swiss Beefsteak.—Fry a beefsteak lightly and cut it into good-sized pieces. Place in a stewing jar with an onion stuck with cloves, a little mace, pepper and salt. Add enough water to cover. Place the cover on, and simmer the contents for two hours and a half. To serve, place on a hot dish, pour the thickened gravy over, and garnish with vegetables.

For a Plain Custard.—To each yolk of egg allow a teaspoonful of castor sugar and the same quantity of flour, with half a pint of milk. Place the eggs, flour, and sugar into a rinsed saucepan and stir them for a few minutes to blend. Add the milk, and stir slowly till the custard thickens, then pour into a basin and flavor to taste. Stir at intervals till cold.

To Bottle Plums.—Fill the bottles with only good sound fruit, fill up with cold water. Set the bottles in a large pan, pack round with hay, and fill it with warm water. Let the water slowly come to the boil, and then tie over with bladder at once. Set in a dry place to store. Drain off the water and use like fresh fruit for cooking.

Sago Blancmange would be more popular, if known. Soak five ounces of sago for four hours in one pint of cold water. Drain off any water that remains, pour over a pint and a half of boiling milk, add some sugar and flavoring. Let all boil up, and cook gently till the sago is done, and the milk absorbed. Then pour into a wet mold, and when set, serve with preserve.

THE FATHER OF SEED SELECTION

Who are the men who lead the farmers of Canada? According to A. Frank Mantle, who discusses the question in September Canada Monthly (formerly Canada-West), two of them are Dr. James A. Robertson, Principal of the Macdonald Agricultural College of Ste. Anne de Bellevue, and Professor W. J. Black, Principal of the Manitoba Agricultural College. Mr. Mantle's account of Dr. Robertson's life and work gives a surprising record of accomplishment.

"Dr. James A. Robertson is another example of those men whom a busy, practical life has left little time for attendance upon lectures in college halls, yet who have a great reverence and desire for learning and have spent their lives mainly in teaching. He was able to snatch but one winter from outside claims for work in college, but that winter's work he considers to have been profoundly important in moulding his future career.

"Before and after attending college young Robertson was a practical cheese-maker and manager of cheese factories—a whole string of them. At the age of twenty-eight, just when the way seemed opening up in the direction of the university, came the call of the Ontario Agricultural College that this young man who made such good cheese, who could induce others to improve their methods, and who spent his winters in the study of good literature and scientific subjects, should become its Professor of Dairying. Even then the dream of a university training was not abandoned, but it was destined *never to materialize*. It was from Professor of Dairying at Guelph, that Robertson went to be Commissioner of Dairying for the Dominion, and also at the same time Agriculturist at the Central Experiment Farm, Ottawa.

"Sir William Macdonald, of Montreal, the tobacco multi-millionaire, sized up the Commissioner of Agriculture and Dairying, in 1889, as the right man to entrust with the Macdonald manual training idea and the funds necessary to give it concrete form. This was right in Robertson's line. His present work was so well organized that it no longer needed him. He had trained others to fill his place and they are filling it to-day. He was himself an example of the value of manual training for was not that the route by which he had arrived? He went enthusiastically into the new work at his old home, Guelph, and soon all Canada was talking manual training, and classes were instituted in twenty one leading cities.

"Out of this grew the seed selection work among the Canadian school children and thus were the parents taught agricultural wisdom through the school plots of their babes and sucklings. The work quickly spread to the elders and soon the Canadian Seed Growers' Association, embracing and encouraging all the isolated workers in the cause of seed selection and improvement from one end to the other of the Dominion, was to emerge, with Dr. Robertson as its president, from his efforts along the lines. Within two years this association bettered the quality and yield of Canadian cereal crops to the extent of $500,000.00."

A Cure for Rheumatism.—A painful and persistent form of rheumatism is caused by impurities in the blood, the result of defective action of the liver and kidneys. The blood becomes tainted by the introduction of uric acid, which causes much pain in the tissues and in the joints. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are known to have effected many remarkable cures, and their use is strongly recommended. A trial of them will convince anyone of their value.

Rub It in for Lame Back.—A brisk rubbing with Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil will cure lame back. The skin will immediately absorb the oil and it will penetrate the tissues and bring speedy relief. Try it and be convinced. As the liniment sinks in the pain comes out, and there are ample grounds for saying that its touch is magical, as it is.

GOOD BUSINESS

WHAT was the best bit of work you ever did?" inquired the first barber.

"I once shaved a man," replied the second barber.

"Go on."

"Then I persuaded him to have a *hair-cut, shampoo, facial massage, singe,* sea-foam, electric buzz, tar spray, and tonic rub."

"What then?"

"By that time he needed another shave."

Attacks of cholera and dysentery come quickly, there seldom being any warning of the visit. Remedial action must be taken just as quickly if the patient is to be spared great suffering and permanent injury to the lining membranes of the bowels. The readiest preparation for the purpose is Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial. It can be got at small cost at any drug store or general dealer's, and it will afford relief before a doctor can be called.

MICA Axle Grease

For Traction Engines, Wagons, Etc.

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

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.

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

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

The Imperial Oil Company, Limited

A Husband by Proxy

By JACK STEELE

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CHAPTER I.

The Proposition

WITH the hum of New York above, below, and all about him, stirring his pulses and prodding his mental activities, Jerold Garrison, expert criminologist, stood at the window of his recently opened office, looking out upon the roofs and streets of the city with a new sense of pride and power in his being.

New York at last!

He was here—unknown and alone, it was true—but charged with an energy that he proposed Manhattan should feel.

He was almost penniless, with his office rent, his licenses, and other expenses paid, but he shook his fist at the city, in sheer good nature and confidence in his strength, despite the fact that he had waited a week for expected employment, and nothing at present loomed upon the horizon.

His past, in a small Ohio town, was behind him. He blotted it out without regret—or so, at least, he said to himself—even as to all the gilded hopes which had once seemed his all upon earth. If his heart was not whole, no New York eye should see its wounds—and the healing process had begun.

He was part of the vast machine about him, the mighty brain, as it were, of the great American nation.

He paced the length of his room, and glanced at the door. The half-painted sign on the frosted glass was legible, reversed, as the artist had left it:

JEROLD ———
CRIMINOLOGIST.

He had halted the painter himself on the name, as the lettering appeared too fanciful—not sufficiently plain or bold.

While he stood there a shadow fell upon the glass. Someone was standing outside, in the hall. As if undecided, the owner of the shadow oscillated for a moment—and disappeared. Garrison tempted to open the door and gratify a natural curiosity, remained beside his desk. Mechanically his hand, which lay upon a book entitled "A Treatise on Poisons," closed the volume.

He was still watching the door. The door returned, the knob was revolved, and there, in the oaken frame, stood a tall young woman of extraordinary beauty, richly though quietly dressed, and swiftly changing color with excitement.

Pale in one second, crimson in the next, and evidently concentrating all her power on an effort to be calm, she presented a strangely appealing and enchanting figure to the man across the room. Bravery was blazing in her glorious brown eyes, and firmness came upon her manner as she stepped inside, closed the door, and silently confronted the detective.

The man she was studying was a fine-looking, clean-cut fellow, gray-eyed, smooth-shaven, with thick brown hair, and with a gentleman-athlete air that made him distinctly attractive. The fearless, honest gaze of his eyes completed a personal charm that was undeniable in his entity.

It seemed rather long that the two thus stood there, face to face, Garrison candidly admiring in his gaze, his visitor studious and slightly uncertain.

She was the first to speak.

"Are you Mr. Jerold?"

"Jerold Garrison," the detective answered. "My sign is unfinished. May I offer you a chair?"

His caller sat down beside the desk. She continued to study his face frankly, with a half-shy, half-defiant scrutiny, as if she banished a natural diffidence under pressure of necessity.

She spoke again, abruptly.

"I wish to procure peculiar services. Are you a very well-known detective?"

"I have never called myself a detective," said Garrison. "I'm trying to occupy a higher sphere of usefulness. I left college a year ago, and last week opened my office here and became a New Yorker."

He might, in all modesty, have exhibited a scrap-book filled with accounts of his achievements, with countless references to his work as a "scientific criminologist" of rare mental attainments. Of his attainments as a gentleman there was no need of reference. They proclaimed themselves in his bearing.

His visitor laid a glove and a scrap of paper on the desk.

"It isn't so much detective services I require," she said; "but of course you are widely acquainted in New York—I mean with young men particularly?"

"No," he replied. "I know almost none. But I know the city fairly well, if that will answer your purpose."

"I thought, of course—I hoped you might know some honorable—— You see, I have come on rather extraordinary business," she said, faltering a little helplessly. "Let me ask you first—is the confidence of a possible client quite sacred with a man in this profession?"

"Absolutely sacred!" he assured her. "Whether you engage my services or not, your utterances here will be treated as confidential and as inviolate as if spoken to a lawyer, a doctor, or a clergyman."

"Thank you," she murmured. "I have been hunting around——"

She left the sentence incomplete.

"And you found my name quite by accident," he supplied, indicating the scrap of paper. "I cannot help observing that you have been to other offices first. You have tramped all the way down Broadway from Forty-second Street, for the red ink that someone spilled at the Forty-second Street crossing is still on your shoe, together with just a film of dust."

She withdrew her shoe beneath the edge of her skirt, although he had never apparently glanced in that direction.

"Yes," she admitted, "I have been to others—and they wouldn't do. I came in here because of the name Jerold. I am sorry you are not better acquainted—for my business is important."

"Perhaps if I knew the nature of your needs I might be able to advise you," said Garrison. "I hope to be more widely acquainted soon."

She cast him one look, full of things inscrutable, and lowered her lashes in silence. She was evidently striving to overcome some indecision.

Garrison looked at her steadily. He thought he had never in his life beheld a woman so beautiful. Some wild, unruly hope that she might become his client, perhaps even a friend, was flaring in his mind.

The color came and went in her cheeks, adding fresh loveliness at every change. She glanced at her list of names, from which a number had been scratched.

"Well," she said presently, "I think perhaps you might still be able to attend to my requirements."

He waited to hear her continue, but she needed encouragement.

"I shall be glad to try," he assured her.

She was silent again—and blushing. She looked up somewhat defiantly.

"I wish you to procure me a husband."

Garrison stared. He was certain he had heard incorrectly.

"I do not mean an actual husband," she explained. "I simply mean some honorable young man who will assume the role for a time, as a business proposition, for a fee to be paid as I would pay for anything else.

"I would require that he understand the affair to be strictly commercial, and that when I wish the arrangement to terminate he will disappear from the scene and from my acquaintance at once and absolutely.

"All I ask of you is to supply me such a person. I will pay you whatever fee you may demand—in reason."

Garrison looked at her as fixedly as she was looking at him.

Her recital of her needs had brought to the surface a phase of desperation in her bearing that wrought upon him potently, he knew not why.

"I think I understand your requirements, as far as one can in the circumstances," he answered. "I hardly believe I have the ability to engage such a person as you need for such a mission. I informed you at the start that my acquaintance with New York men is exceedingly narrow. I cannot think of anyone I could honestly recommend."

"But don't you know any honorable young gentleman—like some college man, perhaps—here in New York, looking for employment; someone who might be glad to earn, say, five hundred dollars?" she insisted. "Surely if you only know a few, there must be one among them."

Garrison sat back in his chair and took hold of his smooth-shaved lip with his thumb and finger. He reviewed his few New York experiences rapidly.

"No," he repeated. "I know of no such man. I am sorry."

His visitor looked at him with a new, flashing light in her eyes.

"Not one?" she said, significantly. "Not one young 'college' man?"

He was unsuspicious of her meaning.

"Not one."

For a moment she fingered her glove where it lay upon the desk. Then a look of more pronounced determination and courage came upon her face as she raised her eyes once more to Garrison's.

She said:

"Are you married?"

A flush came at once upon Garrison's face—and memories and heartaches possessed him for a poignant moment. He mastered himself almost instantly.

"No," he said, with some emotion, "I am not."

"Then," she said, "couldn't you undertake the task yourself?"

Garrison leaned forward on the table. Lightning from an azure sky could have been no more astonishing or unexpected.

"Do you mean—will I play this role—as your husband?" he said slowly. "Is that what you are asking?"

"Yes," she answered unflinchingly. "Why not? You need the money; I need the services. You understand exactly what it is I require. It is business, and you are a business man."

"But I have no wish to be a married man, or even to masquerade as one," he told her bluntly.

"You have quite as much wish to be one as I have to be a married woman," she answered. "We would understand each other thoroughly from the start. As to masquerading, if you have no acquaintances, then who would be the wiser?"

He acknowledged the logic of her argument; nevertheless, the thing seemed utterly preposterous. He rose and walked the length of his office, and stood looking out of the window. Then he returned and resumed his seat. He was strangely moved by her beauty and some unexplained helplessness of her plight vouchsafed to his senses, yet he recognized a certain need for caution.

"What should I be expected to do?" he inquired.

His visitor, in the mental agitation which had preceded this interview, had taken little if any time to think of the details likely to attend an alliance such as she had just proposed. She could only think in generalities.

"Why—there will be very little for you to do, except to permit yourself to be considered my lawful husband, temporarily," she replied after a moment of hesitation, with a hot flush mounting to her cheek.

"And to whom would I play?" he queried. "Should I be obliged, in this capacity, to meet your relatives and friends?"

"Certainly—a few," said the visitor. "But I have almost no relatives in the world. I have no father, mother, brothers, or sisters. There will be, at most, a few distant relatives and possibly my lawyer."

Garrison made no response. He was trying to think what such a game would mean—and what it might involve.

His visitor presently added:

"Do you consent—for five dundred dollars?"

"I don't know," answered the man. Again he paced the room. When he halted before his client he looked at her sternly.

"You haven't told me your name," he said.

She gave him her card, on which appeared nothing more than just merely the name "Mrs. Jerold Fairfax," with an address in an uptown West Side street.

Garrison glanced at it briefly.

"This is something you have provided purposely to fit your requirements," he said. "Am I not supposed to know you by any other name?"

"If you accept the—the employment," she answered, once more blushing crimson, "you may be obliged at times to call me Dorothy. My maiden name was Dorothy Booth."

Garrison merely said: "Oh!"

They were silent for a moment. The man was pondering the possibilities. His visitor was evidently anxious.

"I suppose I can find someone else if you refuse the employment," she said. "But you will understand that my search is one of great difficulty. The person I employ must be loyal, a gentleman, courageous, resourceful, and very little known. You can see for yourself that you are particularly adapted for the work."

"Thank you," said Garrison, who was aware that no particular flattery was intended. He added: "I hardly suppose it could do me any harm."

Mrs. Fairfax accepted this ungallant observation calmly. She recognized the fact that his side of the question had its aspects.

She waited for Garrison to speak again.

A knock at the door startled them both. A postman entered, and dropped two letters on the desk, and departed down the hall.

Garrison took up the letters. One was a circular of his own, addressed to a lawyer over a month before, and now returned undelivered and marked "Not found," though three or four different addresses had been supplied in its peregrinations.

The second letter was addressed to himself in typewritten form. He was too engrossed to tear it open, and laid them both upon the table.

"If I took this up," he presently resumed, "I should be obliged to know something more about it. For instance, when were we supposed to have been married?"

"On the 10th of last month," she answered promptly.

"Oh!" said he. "And, in case of necessity, how should we prove it?"

"By my wedding certificate," she told him calmly.

His astonishment increased.

"Then you were actually married, over a month ago?"

"I have the certificate. Isn't that sufficient?" she repeated evasively.

"Well—I suppose it is—for this sort of an arrangement," he agreed. "Of course some man's name must appear in the document. I should be obliged, I presume, to adopt his name as part of the arrangement?"

"Certainly," she said, "I told you came into your office because your name is Jerold."

"Exactly," he mused. "The name I'd assume is Jerold Fairfax?"

She nodded, watching him keenly.

"It's a good enough name," said Garrison.

He paced up and down the floor in silence a number of times. Mrs. Fairfax watched him in apparent calm.

"This is a great temptation," he admitted. "I should like to earn the fee you have mentioned, Miss Booth—Mrs. Fairfax, but——"

He halted.

"Well?"

"I don't exactly like the look of it, to be frank," he confessed. "I don't know you, and you don't know me. I am not informed whether you are really married or not. If you are, and the man—— You have no desire to enlighten me on these matters. Can you tell me why you wish to pretend that I am your husband?"

"I do not wish to discuss that aspect of the arrangement at present," she said. "It is purely a business proposition that should last no more than a month or two at most, and then terminate forever. I would prefer to have you remain out of town as much as possible."

"A great many haphazard deductions present themselves to my mind," he said, "but all are doubtless inaccurate. I have no morbid curiosity concerning your affairs, but this thing would involve me almost as much as yourself, by its very nature."

His brows were knitted in indecision. There was silence again between them. His visitor presently said:

"If I could offer you more than the five hundred dollars, I would gladly do so."

"Oh, the fee is large enough, for up to date I have had no employment or even a prospect of work," said Garrison. "I hope you will not be offended when I say that I have recently become a cautious man."

"I know how strange it appears for me to come here with this extraordinary request," agreed Mrs. Fairfax. "I hardly know how I have done so. But there was no one to help me. I hope you will not consider the matter for another moment if you feel that either of us cannot trust the other. In a way, I am placing my honor in your keeping far more than you are placing yourself in charge of mine."

Garrison looked at her steadily, and something akin to sympathy—something that burned like wine of romance in his blood—with zest of adventure and a surge of generosity toward this unknown girl—tingled in all his being. Something in her helplessness appealed to his innate chivalry.

Calmly, however, he took a new estimate of her character, notwithstanding the fact that his first, most reliable impression had been in her favor.

"Well," he said, after a moment, "it's a blind game for me, but I think I'll accept your offer. When do you wish me to begin my services?"

"I should like to notify my lawyer as soon as possible," answered Mrs. Fairfax, frankly relieved by his decision. "He may regard the fact that he was not sooner notified as a little peculiar."

"Practically you wish me to assume my role at once," commented Garrison. "What is your lawyer's name?"

"Mr. Stephen Trowbridge."

Garrison took up that much-addressed letter, returned by the post, and passed it across the table. The one fairly legible line on its surface read:

STEPHEN TROWBRIDGE, ESQ.

"I think that must be the same individual," he said. "I sent out announcements of my business and presence here to nearly every lawyer in the State. This envelope has been re-addressed, as you observe, but it has never reached its destination. Is that your man?"

Mrs. Fairfax examined the missive.

"Yes," she said, "I think so. Do you wish his present address?"

(To be continued)

LOST AND FOUND

A Reminiscence of the Boxer Rising

"WELL, it's not exactly palatial, is it?" said Graham with a grim smile.

We were sitting in the filthy guest-room of a crowded Chinese inn as he spoke, endeavoring, in spite of the stifling heat and coluds of mosquitoes, to do justice to an unappetizing meal of dried fish and rice. From the noisome courtyard without rose an unceasing din and clamor, dozens of curious eyes watched our every movement from the gaps of the paper walls, while the scampering of the rats above threatened each moment to bring the crazy ceiling about our heads.

It was, as Graham said, scarcely palatial, and the discomforts were none the less apparent after twelve hours in the saddle under the burning sun of Central China. We were on our way to a remote Hupeh mission-station on the Yangtse, and in order to avoid the tedious river-journey from Hankow we were travelling overland, disguised, for the sake of economy and convenience, as Chinese merchants.

The year 1900, of which I am writing, was no safe one for Europeans in China. That mysterious "Society of Harmonious Fists"—or the "Boxers," as they are generally called—which was aided and abetted by the highest in the land, and planned at the instigation of the late Dowager-Empress herself, spread with such rapidity through the country that from Peking to Canton and from Amoy to the western provinces the life of every white man, woman, and child was threatened; but more particularly the lonely missions, stationed far from outside help and trusting with implicit faith in the loyalty of their converts, were in great danger.

Engrossed as the attention of England was in the South African war, but scanty notice was taken of the rising until it culminated in a hideous catastrophe—the siege of the Peging Legations and the dead of the allied nations in Pechili province.

The particular mission to which we were travelling was conducted by an elderly gentleman, who had been assisted for the last two years by his young niece. Although the harvest of converts was by no means abundant, yet they alleviated the distress and poverty of the inhabitants by many a kindly act of charity. Graham had known old Mr. Mason for many years, and having been in a position to render some service to him in the early days of his occupation, was a welcome guest at the mission-house whenever his travels through the country led him in that direction. It should be said that Graham was in the Consular Service of China, and, incidentally, my very good friend.

Events which have nothing to do with this tale had reunited us after an absence of nearly seven years; and partly from his wish to show me the country, and partly for reasons which I was to know that evening, we had undertaken this inland journey.

The long summer day was drawing to an end, and the shadows were lengthening on the dirty floor; caravans were arriving for the night, and in the courtyard rose a deafening clamor of voices.

Graham, who had been sitting a long while silent and moody, kicked savagely at an inoffensive spider. "Sometimes I hate this accursed country," he broke out suddenly. "I loathe the dins and stinks and the pestilential crowds. It gets on one's nerves at times."

"Why don't you go home for a spell?" I said, knowing that he had much leave due to him. And then I added, "Come back with me; we can rent a small place in the country, and shoot and hunt and live like princes."

He did not reply at once, and when he did speak it was to make a startling statement. "I ought to have told you before," he said hesitatingly. "The fact is—well, the last time I was up at the mission I asked Margery Mason to be my wife."

"My dear fellow——" I began.

But he cut me short with an impatient gesture. "It's no case for congratulation; at least, not yet. You see, there's something that has to be cleared up before there's any question of an engagement. Do you remember the 'Iconoclast' incident?"

"No."

"Well, some five years ago a British cruiser, the 'Iconoclast,' was lying in the Woosung River, and one night one of her officers completely vanished, and was never heard of again in spite of the most strenuous efforts on the part of the authorities. The matter was hushed up at the time, as his disappearance was synchronous with the appropriation of the wardroom funds; so, you see, it was a bad case."

"How does that affect you?" I asked.

"That officer was virtually engaged to Miss Mason, who was then in England," he replied quietly. "She absolutely refuses to entertain the accusation of theft, and believes that he must have met with some accident which precluded his returning to the ship. On the death of her mother she came out here to her uncle, hoping to find among these four hundred millions of people some one who will clear all guilt from his name. Naturally I had never connected her name in any way with the story until three months ago, when I was last up at the mission; but during a week in Shanghai I was able to make many secret inquiries in the native city. It's wonderful what one can do with a knowledge of the natives, even after five years."

All was quiet in the courtyard at last; night had come, and the bright stars that the East alone can give were twinkling in the stifling darkness.

Graham drew a candle from his gown, placed it on the floor and lighted it. "For instance," he continued, "I have the evidence of the sampan-man who took him ashore that night from the Iconoclast, and the innkeeper in the native city in whose place he disguised himself as a coolie confessed at last that he had much money with him. God knows what deviltry he was up to after that."

"And you will use these evidences?" I asked.

There was silence in the room for a while until some one started a high-pitched Chinese song.

As the quavering notes died away to silence Graham answered my question. "No, I think not. I can't tell her the man's misdeeds. She must find out for herself, and until then all our dreams of country-life in England must wait."

With that we dropped the subject; but it was impossible to sleep, and so we sat far into the night, two bespectacled, pig-tailed Chinamen, talking of the English Channel and the South Downs and the Sussex Hunts, until the guttering candle spluttered out in darkness.

The next evening we arrived at our destination and in the mission premises within the city walls I was introduced to Mr. Mason and his niece Margery.

It was impossible not to notice the trend of affairs. Not only had our short ride through the city (which we had entered in English clothes) been marked by more than usual hostility, but the anxiety and suspense were plainly visible on the faces of all the inmates of the mission.

"My uncle keeps assuring me that nothing is wrong," said Margery, after the greetings had been exchanged and Mr. Mason had retired again to his studies; "but he has forbidden me to go outside the house, and seems very sad and depressed." The pallor of her face and the dark circles round her eyes showed clearly how the enforced confinement in that pestilential city was telling on her constitution.

We made light of her fears, saying that it was the old cry of "Wolf, wolf!" and that the taotai of the city would see that no harm came to the mission; that the Union-jack was flying over the British Concession at Hankow, and that there were British gunboats on the Yangtse.

We did not then know that the allied nations were massing at Tientsin, and that the siege of Peking had begun. Nevertheless, in spite of a peaceful night in our comfortable quarters, we rose next morning haunted by a strange oppression—a vague foreboding of future events. It was a dull, stifling day, and it seemed as though anything could happen in that still, sultry atmosphere. But the usual routine of the mission took its accustomed course; throughout the long morning there was no outward and visible sign to give ground for our anxiety, and after toffin Mason left in his "chair," on a visit to a house at the far end of the city.

It must have been about five in the evening when the curtain rose on the first scene of the drama. Graham and I, having discovered the half-dozen rifles insisted on by the home authorities, were engaged in cleaning these on the veranda, when suddenly the mission bearers, dusty and streaming with sweat, came staggering into the compound.

Looking very white and aged, and binding his right hand in a blood-stained handkerchief, Mason descended from his "chair" and came to where we stood. "You can expect the worst," he said. "I"—and his voice broke a little—"I was stoned by a mob in the city—the first time in twenty years." And he passed into the house.

Exchanging a look, my friend and I continued to clean the rifles.

Dinner that night was not a pronounced success, in spite of an avoidance of the topic that was uppermost in our minds.

To his niece the old missionary had made light of the affair, saying that it had only been the disturbance of a few roughs, such as might have happened in any town in England. However, as we retired with our cigars to the veranda we at once held a council of war, and out of the hearing of the girl he loved, Graham strongly urged our host to send to the taotai for help. "Is there any one among your servants whom you can trust implicitly?" he asked.

The old gentleman reflected an instant. "Yes, Wang—the only one, I fear." The words cost him an effort. To claim only one faithful retainer after twenty weary years of hardship and privation must have been a bitter confession indeed.

The house-boy Wang, an intelligent-looking Cantonese of indefinite age, was accordingly sent for, and despatched to the Yamen with a message carefully drawn up by Graham and the missionary.

Occupied with our own thoughts, we sat silently smoking and waiting for the next turn of Fortune's wheel.

"Look out!"

A Chinaman had crawled into the compound and lay within a few feet of our chairs. We sprang on him in an instant; but he offered no resistance, and addressed our host rapidly in the vernacular. Unconversant with the language as I was, I watched him as he stood pleading vehemently before Mason. He was apparently a coolie of the poorest type, pinched with famine and wasted by disease and opium; and I remember thinking that he seemed to represent the summit of poverty and misery, the last word in degradation.

Graham translated to me. "He says they are going to attack the mission; but if we come at once he will take us down to Hankow in his junk."

The Chinaman stood watching him expectantly as he spoke; then their eyes met, and Graham continued; "It's probably a trap; and, besides, not one of us could leave the city alive tonight."

I was about to answer, but at that moment Margery Mason entered the veranda.

There was an instant's pause; and then an involuntary sob, more like the cry of an animal in pain than anything human, was wrung out of our strange visitor, who was leaning forward with a ghastly pallor on his face, his hands gripping the wicker chair like a vice.

The girl crossed over to Graham. "What is it, Gerald?" she asked.

Our eyes were turned to the Chinaman, who, trembling from head to foot, commenced a pitiable, confused jargon of English words. It was impossible to distinguish anything clearly, but I caught the words: "England—Margery—God—another chance—lieutenant—Royal Navy." It was an unparalleled, unheard-of situation. I, for my part, knew not what to make of it until, with a start of horror, I suddenly remembered the "Iconoclast" incident.

Mason was the first to break the silence which ensued. "What is this?" he asked. "Explain at once."

The dreadful suspicion which had entered my head was gradually confirmed as, slowly and haltingly, in the almost forgotten words of his mother-tongue, the poor wretch told us one of the saddest tales I have ever listened to: How as a lieutenant on the Iconoclast he had run into debt ashore, and one day had taken opium to ease his anxieties; how the drug had taken a grip on him so that he scarcely knew how to exist between doses; and how, with all his principles gone, and broken in mind and body, he had finally yielded to the craving, and had slipped ashore one night in a sampan, taking the first money he could lay his hands on.

We heard the story through in silence, sitting mute and abashed like the unwilling recipients of some disgraceful confidence.

The awkward pause which followed was suddenly broken by the unceremonious return of Wang, who, running on to the veranda, leant over Mason's chair and jabbered quick, short sentences into his ear.

Mason translated quietly. "The taotai is sleeping and cannot be disturbed. The Yamen runners beat Wang out of the courtyard. They are selling the Boxer-sashes in the city."

With something akin to relief we heard the news for it was at least definite. The taotai was obviously hostile, and we must go further afield for help.

Miles down the great river lay the treaty-port of Hankow, and a British river-gunboat which was lying off Bund must be summoned to our relief. We discussed the selection of a messenger. The few native converts huddled together in a back room were useless; any one who could use a rifle was indispensable for the defence of the mission; so our eyes were turned again to the faithful Wang.

Hurriedly Graham gave him his instructions. He was to try his utmost to creep out of the city that night, and, if that were impossible, to wait hidden until the gates were opened in the morning; to make his way with all speed down the river, and take a written message to the commander of the gunboat. So he departed—a slight figure, stealing noiselessly across the compound, in whom were centred the hopes of the mission.

Then we turned our minds to the fortification.

Now it so happened that the mission quarters were peculiarly adapted for withstanding a siege, as the back of the house abutted on to the city wall, while in front lay the broad, open compound, which would have to be crossed by an attacking party.

The matter of vital importance was the strengthening of the veranda frontage, and this we effected by means of a carefully erected barricade of anything we could lay our hands on; a quantity of flour-bags formed the foundation, and among these we left occasional loopholes through which to "snipe" in comparative safety. Of ammunition there was an alarmingly small supply, and indeed only a moderate amount of food; in fact, our only advantage lay in a large consignment of tansan water which had but lately arrived.

We worked hard with the aid of the native converts, and about midnight we rested from our labors; the barricade had been built along the veranda, the ammunition divided, and buckets of water stationed at intervals in case of fire.

The ex-naval officer had sat silent and moody throughout the long work of preparation, with his head buried in his hands. Graham gave him a rifle. "You must play the man tonight," he said.

The poor fellow appeared utterly broken; but as soon as his hands closed on the rifle and wandered over the breech and bolt and barrel, all the old influences—good, strong influences of the Britannia and the Senior Service—strengthened him into a man again.

"You can trust me," he said simply.

We divided the watches—two hours on and two hours off, and the man on duty was to call the others at the first sign of alarm.

Just as the eastern sky was paling and the deadly malarial mists were rising from the Yangtse River, I roused Graham and turned over in dreamless slumber. I seemed to have slept for about a minute when I was awakened by a sharp report, and on looking up, saw Graham ejecting a cartridge.

"Wake up," he said; "they've begun the ball. That's one to me." A quivering yellow body lay in the centre of the compound.

Four more desperate rushes were made before the slanting rays of the sun peeped above the city wall, only to end in a disorderly rout, with the dead and dying left in the open.

And then followed a dreadful calamity.

The old, white-haired missionary, who had insisted on keeping his watch and taking his place in the firing-line, suddenly collapsed in the last stage of exhaustion; the exposure in the deadly night-air, together with the heart-breaking events of the last few hours, proved too much for his wasted frame, and he lay behind the barricade on the point of death.

Gently we carried him inside and laid him on the couch, and there, in the little room where he had labored so long and patiently, he breathed his last and passed into the unknown Beyond.

The sun by this time had risen in the deep dark-blue of a summer sky, and the burning rays were already taking a ghastly effect on the corpses in the compound. And Wang could not yet have reached Hankow! Ill-satisfied at the result of their rushes, the Chinese rabble began to adopt other tactics. A few rusty jingals had been apparently discovered, and these were being loaded with great precaution.

Now a few jingals in the hands of a Chinese mob are not necessarily very dangerous, and providing you are not scared by the deafening report, and can take cover from the hail of bullets, the material damage need not be very serious; but in this particular instance the jingal marksmen mounted the walls of the compound, and were thus able to fire down on the veranda, so that while our attention was concentrated on them the others could rush the compound.

In this way we suffered another casualty. We three defenders were endeavoring to silence a few ambitious marksmen whose fire was becoming quite unpleasantly accurate, when suddenly a villainous-looking crowd, wearing Boxer-sashes and armed with spears and knives of every description, came rushing into the compound and were within a few feet of the barricade before we had time to divert our fire. The next moment we sent a volley of bullets into their midst; three fell mortally wounded, and the rabble retreated in confusion, with the exception of their leader, a hideous, powerfully built ruffian, who kept on his headlong rush to the veranda rails.

Now Margery—who, although terribly distressed by the death of her uncle, had kept a brave front and shown an excellent example to the defenders of the tiny fortress—was at this moment under the shelter of the sandbags attending to one of the wounded converts, when just above her appeared the threatening spear of the Boxer leader. Lying prone as we were, it was impossible at first fully to realize the dreadful situation; but in a flash her one-time lover threw himself forward and received the full force of the weapon in his bare chest. The next instant the Chinaman fell back into the compound with two bullets through his shaven head.

We saw at once that the other would never recover. The broad-bladed, rusty spear had inflicted a terrible wound, and the poor fellow was suffering untold agonies. Still conscious, he refused to be taken into the house; so, having brought out a mattress and made him as easy as possible in the shelter and shade of the sandbags, we again took our places at the loopholes.

And so it went on all through the broiling day, now repelling rushes, now returning the fusilade of the jingals, until at last the sun sank behind the city walls and night came on with all the appalling suddenness of the East.

And what a night! As I look back it seems one hideous dream: the ghastly stench from the compound—the moanings of the dying man behind us—the sickly moonbeams falling, now on an arm stretched out in agony, now on the upturned face of a corpse.

Suspicion of a night-attack precluded, of course, all idea of sleep; so we remained at our posts with eyes and ears straining for a creeping figure, for the far-off sound of the river-gunboat. And as the night wore on, and all was still, there flitted through the tired brain fantastical fancies and memories, long since forgotten, of youthful hopes and dreams, of other times and other places, of school-days in England. The light of the dawn found us, haggard and weary, waiting with almost fatalistic indifference for what the new day would bring.

"Land dead ahead, sir!"

The words were spoken with alarming distinctness, but they were the words of a dying man. We left our posts and knelt beside the prostrate figure on the mattress; but the Boxer spear had done its work, and the Iconoclast incident was closed for ever. So there were two of us left to defend an English girl, a few native converts, and the honor and prestige of the British Empire.

The attack soon recommenced. First an attempt was made to fire the building by throwing lighted torches; but this we were able to frustrate by means of the guckets of water that had been prepared, and the fusilade began again.

A burning sun, an ever-diminishing store of food, our ammunition almost exhausted, and still no sign of relief. The situation was growing desperate. A well-organized rush would have settled the matter for ever. As we lay there behind the puny barricade, watching our little row of cartridges grow smaller, it is not to be wondered that there came down on us a dull, hopeless apathy, bringing vain, despairful imaginings: Wang had been caught in the city and the relief would never come; the whole British Empire was a myth; there was no such place as Hankow; there were no such things as gunboats; there was only the glittering foresight of a rifle and a horde of yellow, naked bodies in a sun-baked compound!

Toot—toooot! The long-drawn wail from the river was succeeded by a dull report. I lay there wondering vaguely at the fresh trend of events until I became aware that Graham was tugging at my sleeve.

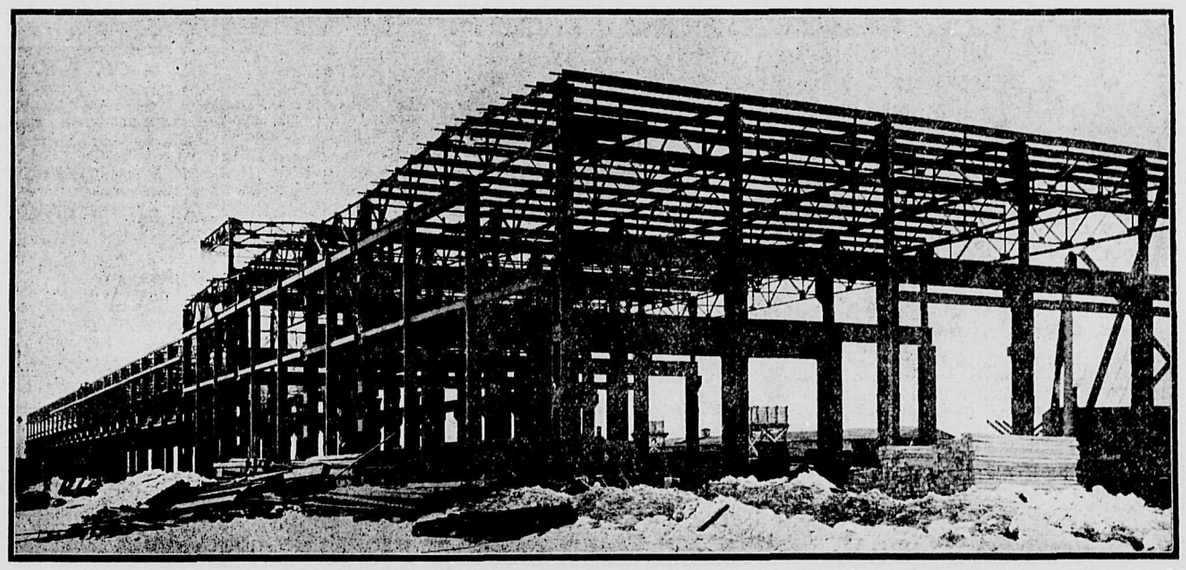
"That was the gunboat's siren," he said hoarsely; "and they're using their three-pounder on the gates." And he went on with his good news.

Slowly at first as the gunner ranged, and then with deadly insistency as he found his mark, the three-pounder shells came screaming in from the river. A faint cheer told us that the breach had been made, and then the gates which had survived all those countless generations of yellow faces collapsed in a mass of bent and twisted metal.

We heard the short, sharp bark of a service revolver; we saw the Chinese scattering in the narrow streets; and the next instant, in a flash of color, a party of bluejackets, headed by a young sub-lieutenant, came doubling into the compound. And so it was all over. The mission was saved, the three-pounder was layed on the Yamen, and Wang was the finest Chinaman that ever lived.

"We got your message yesterday afternoon, and started up-stream at once," said the sub-lieutenant, replacing his smoking revolver. "Guessed you'd be having a warm time."

Leaving the Lewes main road on the right, a little below the village of Berwick, you follow a leafy, wooded lane until you come to the gates of a fine old English mansion, standing in pleasant, park-like country, and looking out over the Sussex Downs. Any villager will tell you that it is the home of Sir Gerald and Lady Graham.



National Transcontinental Shops at Springfield, Man. Machine Shops as They Appear at Present

SPIRAL ARROW-HEADS

SEVERAL chalcedony arrow-heads, which were found in New Jersey some time ago, are so peculiar in form that, if they are genuine relics of Indian times, they seem to indicate that the red men may have sought in some cases to give their arrows a twisting motion like that of a rifle-ball. The arrow-heads in question are cut in a spiral shape, and one of them makes a fifth of a turn in its length of two and a half inches. Dropped point down in water, revolution in space of about thirty itiis said, it will perform a complete inches.

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 24 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.

G. Parrorrini was in Frank yesterday.

D. R. McDonald, spent Monday in Corbin.

Tom Elliott drifted in from Corbin yesterday.

Jack Robertson left this morning for Taber, Alberta.

Wm. Thompson and Jack Ferguson have gone to Vancouver.

Mrs. Robert Anderson is visiting friends in Hillcrest this week.

Mrs. H. Bell, of Corbin, was visiting friends in Hosmer yesterday.

Fred Kirkpatrick, a typo, is now braking on the M. F. & M. railroad.

R. T. Pollock, of Michel, was the guest of his brother, D. Pollock, on Sunday.

Mrs. James Paden, of Blairmore, was the guest of Mrs. M. McMeekin yesterday.

J. H. Brownrigg, of Bellevue, was with his many friends in Hosmer on Sunday.

Joseph McLean has resigned his position at the power house and has left for Taber.

William Lakey and sister, Eleanor, were visiting friends in Coal Creek last week.

Owing to a shortage of cars, the Hosmer Mines, Ltd., were idle Tuesday and Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Devine have arrived from England and are residing with Mr. Beeby, bother of Mrs. Devine.

Miss C. D. Y. Pitblado, Miss Marlatt and Miss Anderson were visitors in Fernie last Thursday night.

P. Carosella, of Fernie and other towns, was looking over his extensive business interests here on Tuesday.

Sam Snell, one of the pioneers of Hosmer, has sold his barber shop and pool room to Jack Haddad of Fernie.

Services will be held in the Methodist church on Sunday evening, November 27th, by the pastor, Rev. M. F. Eby.

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

Bert Swanton has resigned his position at the Hosmer Mines, Ltd., and will leave for the coast where he intends to remain.

O. N. Ross, formerly of Fernie, was transacting business in Hosmer on Tuesday. "Dad" is still wearing the smille that won't come off.

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

J. Mark McCabe, of Vancouver, arrived in Hosmer yesterday and has accepted the position as manager of the Hosmer Drug Store.

Mrs. Alex Cameron, formerly of Hosmer, but now of Hillcrest was visiting old friends in town yesterday. She was the guest of Mrs. H. L. Brown.

Chas. Emmerson, superintendent of Bellevue mines, leaves next month for Peru, South America, where he has accepted an important position with the coal mines there.

The Presbyterian monthly tea will be held at the home of Mrs. D. G. Wilson on Friday, November 25th, 1910, from 3 to 5:30 p. m. Admission 10 cents. Everybody welcome.

The 18 pre-emptors at Giscombe Portage have petitioned the government for a post-office.

The contract for the Vancouver labor temple will be signed by the Trades and Labor council next week and construction started this month. It will be a six story building and will cost $100,000.

Saturday was pay day at the Hosmer Mines, Ltd., and a large sum of money was put into circulation. The pay roll amounted to $50,000, which was quite an increase over the pay roll of the previous month.

At a meeting of the directors of the C. P. R. last Monday in Montreal a dividend of 2 per cent. on common stock for the quarter ending September 13th last, being at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum from revenue and 1 per cent. per annum from interest on proceeds of land sales, was declared payable on December 31st.

J. McCool, the mayor of Olson was transacting business in Hosmer yesterday. In addition to looking after the duties of that rising city, Mr. McCool is running a pole camp and has a gang of thirty men employed. The output is used by the mines in the Pass and on the prairie. At the present time the camp is shipping thirty five cars per month.

Do you enjoy a pool game? Drop in on Jack Haddad. 51

J. L. Finley, of Cranbrook, is erecting a saw mill at Crow's Nest for Macolm McGinnis, formerly of Elkmouth. The mill is situated on the north fork of Michel Creek and when completed will have a capacity of 40,000 feet per day. The equipment consists of a 150 h. p. boiler and 125 h. p. engine, one sticker and one surfacer. The mill will be in operation on January 1, 1911.

A fatal accident occurred in the Hosmer Mines on Saturday morning, November 19, which resulted in the death of J. Wymyezuk, who was caught between two cars in No. 9 seam. He was about 40 years of age. An inquest was held by Coroner Bleasdall, of Fernie, the verdict of the jury being accidental death. The funeral was held on Sunday by Hosmer Local Union, No. 2497, from the undertaking parlors of T. A. Cornett.

They Watch While You Sleep.

The third annual ball under the auspices of the Hosmer Fire Brigade will be held in the opera house on Friday evening, December 2nd, 1910. The best of music has been engaged for the occasion. This is a volunteer fire department and members devote their own time to this worthy cause without renumeration and with their own means have purchased themselves uniforms. We think that it is up to the citizens of Hosmer irrespective of politics or religion to turn out on December the second and give their support to this noble band of men. All the money realized from this ball will go towards the purchase of necessary apparatus for fighting fires. Tickets $1.50, ladies free.

Fare Thee Well.

W. E. Warren, the polite and genial manager of P. Burns & Co.'s branch at Hosmer, has resigned his position and Joseph Mercer, of Pincher City, will fill the vacancy. "Billy" as he is familiarly known, is one of the most widely known butchers in the Pass. He has resided in Hosmer for six months, at Fernie five years and at Greenwood one year, and during the last four years has been manager for the P. Burns company, also the Calgary Cattle company, at their different branches.

Mr. Warren leaves for Calgary, where he holds interests in the Royal Meat company of that city. During his short residence at Hosmer Billy has made a host of friends who will greatly miss him, and who send with him the best hearty, good wishes for his prosperity in his new field of work.

The census next spring will give British Columbia a population of 300,000 or more. That number will entitle the province to 12 members in the House of Commons.

Hosmer's Representative at Nelson.

Wm. Robson, the Hosmer delegate to the great Conservative convention at Nelson, returned on Saturday night. Mr. Robson expressed himself as highly pleased with his visit.

The arrangements for the reception of the delegates were complete in every detail from the electrical illuminations to the speeches wherein W. R. Ross, K. C. showed his capacity to hold his own with the shining lights of the party.

At the deliberation of the convention, the resolution of Mr. Blakemore, of Victoria, was by far the most important, it concerning the colonization of the Province. Mr. Blakemore made out a good case showing that the amount of food and other products imported into the province was steadily increasing whereas with a scheme of colonization the province ought to at least raise its own food.

Mr. Robson met several old acquaintances from Vancouver Island and fought a few of the old time battles over again.

Quebec Boomerang.

The worst repulse that Sir Wilfrid Laurier has received since he became Premier was the defeat of his candidate in his old home constituency of Drummond—Arthabaka ville. Many of his own friends admit that it is the beginning of the end, for when the central fortress totters what hope is there that the out posts can continue to hold out? Over it all is written the irony of fate, for the very force that paced Sir Wilfrid in office is now at work undermining his power. The outcry against the Imperialism of the Conservatives won Liberal votes in Quebec in the past but the steed has passed the control of the rider and now threatens to hurl him headlong into the bogs and ditches of political oblivion.

Usual Low Rates

Chicago, Ill, Nov. 20.—Objections to reductions in home visitors excursion fares from Alberta and Saskatchewan to Chicago and Milwaukee in line with the general movement to abolish reduced fares, have proved futile. Four roads yesterday announced that they would participate in reduced fares. They are the Burlington, Great Western, Soo and St. Paul.

The rates probably will be one and one half fare from St. Paul and will be participated in by the Canadian Pacific and Canadian Northern railways and other interested lines. Tickets will be sold Dec. 1 to 31 inclusive, with a final return limit of three months from date of sale.

The Last and Best West.

The natural trek of man has ever been westward since the time of Columbus. South America for a time, then came the United States, and Canada is now the Mecca of the progressive pilgrimage. The last and best west is British Columbia, with its illimitable natural resources, forest, mine and sea. it has been said that the twentieth century belongs to Canada and, before the first quarter of that period has passed into history this province will have come into its own.—Province.

November Rod and Gun.

While big game hunting supplies the dominant note in the November number of Rod and Gun in Canada. There is in the same issue plenty of material for sportsmen who are not able for various reasons to go after moose, deer or bear. In the opening article Mr. Bonnycastle Dale tells how Indian boys make clever hunters, trappers and fishermen and with what skill they decimate the inhabitants of the forest. Exploration in the Nepigon country, fishing and mountaineering topics, with many other papers and some fine verses fill a number which should find its way into all hunting camps. Sportsmen, where're they may be found, can enjoy some pleasant half hours by dipping into its contents, assured that from beginning to end they will find much to attract and interest them.

Football.

The following are the results of the old country games:

FIRST DIVISION

Everton 6 Blackburn Rovers 1
Notts County 1 Liverpool 0
Bristol City 0 Woolwich Arsenal 1
Oldham Athletic 1 Manchester United 3
Sheffield 0 Bradford City 1
Newcastle 1 Sunderland 1
Manchester City 1 Notts Forest 0
Middlesborough 3 Sheffield United 1
Tottenham Hotspur 1 Aston Villa 2
Preston Northend 2 Bury 0

SECOND DIVISION

Birmingham 0 Clapton Orient 1
Bolton Wanderers 3 Leeds City 0
Bradford 2 Barnsley 3
Fulham 3 Leicester Fosse 1
Gainsborough Trinity — Stockport County postponed
Hull City 2 Wolverhampton Wanderers 2
West Bromwich 1 Chelsea 3
Burnley 2 Derby County 1

SOUTHERN DIVISION.

Millwall Athletic 0 Crystal Palace 1
Queen's Park Rangers 1 Bristol Rovers 2
Westham United 1 Swindon 0
Portsmouth 1 Brighton and Hove Albion 0
Norwich City 1 Northampton 0
Coventry City 3 Leyton 1
Southampton 5 Plymouth Argyle 0

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

Celtic 1 Third Lanark 2
Motherwell 0 Hibernians 0
Falkirk 0 Raith Rovers 0
Kilmarnock 5 Clyde 2
Morton 1 Dundee 1
Patrick Thistles 1 Hamilton Academicals 9
Aberdeen 2 St. Mirren 1
Hearts 2 Airdrieonians 2
Queen's Park 0 Glasgow Rangers 0

RUGBY

Yorkshire 9 Lancashire 11
Cumberland 6 Cheshire 0
Gloucestershire 12 Somerset 11
Cornwall 6 Devon 6
Harlequins 12 Rosslyn Park 5
Cambridge 17 London Scottish 14
Northampton 11 London Welsh 0
Leicester 3 Coventry 0
Blackheath 11 Richmond 6
Newport 9 Heath 5
Cardiff 20 United Services 5
Llannelly 3 Pontypool 3
Watsonians 15 Edinburgh University 5
Moseley 9 Cheltenham 6
Swansea 26 Pontedaw 0
Sydney 3 Gloucester 0

Played on the grounds of the first named club.

It Was Ever Thus.

"Carrying coal to Newcastle" has been an axiom for centuries But we have examples closer to home. At Ilo, Idaho, there is a wood shortage, and the people will burn coal this winter. Yet Ilo is near one of the finest timber belts in the world. Oregon with its unlimited territory suitable for poultry raising imported 100 carloads of eggs. A can of salmon costs as much at New Westminster on the Fraser river as it does in London, England. Oranges and other fruit grown in California is every year shipped to England and made up into marmalade, jams and preserves and shipped back to California and served on the tables of the first class hotels at fancy prices. But why continue? The number of like instances is almost without limit.—Moyie Leader.

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.

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