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THE HOSMER TIMES

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VOLUME II. HOSMER, B. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 6, 1910 NUMBER 23

It Will Cure Baby's Cough.

Mothers should always keep a bottle of

NA-DRU-CO

Syrup of Linseed Licorice and Chlorodyne

in their homes. Usually one or two doses, if taken in time will break up the Cough or Cold which if neglected may develop into serious lung trouble.

The Hosmer Drug & Book Store

H. F. McLEAN, MANAGER

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Special Discount Sale

Of winter foot wear. A straight discount of 10 per cent will be allowed on all lines. Now is the time you want something warm for your feet. A full assortment of ladie's, children's and men's felt footwear also mocassins and oil tanned larrigans for men.

The QUALITY STORE

Opera House Block G. H. MARLATT

The Store of Satisfaction

Groceries

For 1910 our motto will be to carry nothing but the highest grade of goods that will give perfect satisfaction to our customers.

¶ Try a tin of E. D. Smith's fruits and vegetables, of which we carry a full assortment

¶ Just received a shipment of Goodwillie's fruit; we also have sealed and other brands of Jams and Jellies which we guarantee to be the best money can buy.

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"The Store of Satisfaction"

MAIN STREET HOSMER, B. C.

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.

REV. R. W. LEE is open to give **Lessons in Education** or coach for examination. Mr. Lee, who is a trained school-master, holds an English parchment, and also quite a number of science diplomas for practical and theoretical chemistry, electricity, mathematics, etc., as well as being the winner of the Northumberland County Council Scholarship of $100 in 1892. Lessons to children will also be given on request.

SPEAKS LOUDLY FOR EIGHT HOURS

Eloquent Plea For Workingmen By the Hon. A. S. Goodeve

In the house of commons at Ottawa, on December 9th, A. S. Goodeve, member from British Columbia, spoke as follows on A. Verville's bill, which is intended to reduce the hours of labor on public works to eight hours:

"I have listened with great interest to the speech of the hon. member for Maisonneuve (Mr. Verville) in introducing this bill. I have read also the hon. member's remarks on introducing a similar bill last session. The hon. member has gone to a good deal of trouble in carrying out research upon this question, and in bringing before the house facts concerning the hours of labor. In the province of British Columbia, in the year 1901, we dealt to some extent with this question in relation to the mines. Then, as now, there was the struggle between the two great parties interested, the employer on the one side and the workman on the other.

But we were fortunate in that we introduced then an eight-hour law, and I am glad to be able to testify here that the results of the operation of that law have been eminently satisfactory. I can state from personal knowledge that up to the introduction of the Eight Hour Bill in that portion of the country with which I am most familiar, the mining district of the Kootenay, only a small percentage of laboring men owned their homes. Any one familiar with that district at that time is aware that the homes of miners were usually shacks, and the occupants paid little attention to the improvement of the surroundings, or of the home itself. Since the introduction of this eight-hour law, this has been greatly changed.

A large number of miners have purchased and now own their own homes, and are active in imbroving their surroundings. They have a certain amount of daylight at home, which, under old conditions, they could not have. With the ten-hour day in the mines, as any one will understand. Men had to rise long before daylight in the morning to get to their work, and they usually did not return until after dark. It was generally said, and very truly, that the men hardly saw their families in daylight from one end of the year to the other. Since the introduction of the eight hour law that has been changed. The effect has been a marked change in the men of the mining district, as I have described. That is an argument that ought to be of weight with the house. Surely, in this advanced age, with our great improvements in machinery and our rapid advance in many lines of economic improvement, the laboring men should have some share in these improvements and the benefits to be derived from them.

It has been said that the adoption of such a measure as is here proposed would lead to shortening the hours of labor in other avocations, and is inferred that it would be detrimental to the agricultural interests. I venture to think the conditions of work in agriculture are altogether different from those of the classes of labor of which this measure is intended to apply. Their harvest makes special demands upon those engaged in agriculture, and during certain times they actually work from daylight till dark. But, during a considerable portion of the year, they have time for recreation and improving their minds. This bill, if I understand it aright, is meant primarily to apply to those engaged in labor under factory conditions.

"I have listened with pleasure to the arguments of the hon. member for South Toronto (Mr. Macdonell). Speaking as a layman, i ems to me that the hon. me er's argument carries consid le weight. It is right and w that, in a case of this kind, should carefully consider l the circumstances and ge all the light possibie. I wo ld not undertake to dispute the arguments advanced by the hon. member for South Wellington (Mr. Guthrie), and the hon. member for South Toronto, who are, of course, well informed on the legal aspects of this question. On the contrary I think it would be in the interest of the bill itself that we should move very carefully. Should any mistake be made, instead of advancing the interests of labor, which of course, is the object sought by the introducer of the bill, the very purpose in view might be defeated.

Therefore, I think the suggestion made by these gentlemen was a very wise one—that we should carefully weigh all the facts in this case, so that when we place a measure of this kind on the statnte-book it may be one of advantage to working men generally, and will be accepted by all fair-minded men as promoting the best interest of all classes,

LETTER FROM GOODEVE

Member to Ottawa Acknowledges Conservative Compliments

Rossland, B. C., Jan. 1, 1910

E. J. Bennett, Esq.

Secty-Treas. Hosmer Conservative Association.

Dear Sir: Please convey to your association my sincere thanks for the honor they have conferred upon me by making me one of their Honorary Vice Presidents. I am also pleased to learn that my attitude on the eight-hour bill meets with your approval.

There are many questions of vital interest to the laboring classes that come up before the House from time to time, and I am glad to be able to state that in the great majority the Conservative party as a whole supported the side of the people.

In conclusion allow me to tender my subscription, and wish your association every success. Wishing you the compliments of the season,

Sincerely yours,

A. S. GOODEVE.

Locked Up For Debt

A dispatch to the Lethbridge Herald from Claresholm, Alta., states that Thomas Roebuck was up before J. P. Carmies for failing to pay wages to one Johnston who had been in his employ in the Claresholm livery barn. Roebuck was ordered to pay the money within 24 hours, failing which distress of his goods would ensue and failing to produce the amount of the claim to go to prison for three months. The distress warrant producing nothing, Roebuck was taken to the barracks at McLeod. This is the first time here that the clause in the criminal code in which imprisonment is the punishment for a defaulting debtor has been enforced.

Hosmer Odd Fellows' Installation

Tuesday evening, January 4, 1910, Maple Leaf Lodge, No. 53, I. O. O. F., installed the following officers:

R. McTaggart, N. G.; J. D. Thompson, V. G.; A. W. Courtney, treasurer; F. Newton, financial secretary; W. H. Kay, recorder; H. McDonald, warden; D. Bosthwick, conductor; ——— R. S. S.; C. Hiltz, L. S. S.; J. Grant, R. S. N. G.; G. F. Slater, L. S. N. G.; G. Bright, R. S. V.; D. R. Thomas, L. S. V.; W. Tower. Chaplain; James Ayre, I. G.; A. Reapath, O. G.

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

HOSMER WINS HOCKEY GAME

Blairmore Taken Down the Line By Decisive Score of 4 to 1

BLAIRMORE, Jan. 1—The Hosmer Firemen's Hockey team played the Blairmore team on New Year's night here in Blairmore, and we might say that if the showing they put up here is the way they are starting off the season, what will they do with do a few weeks' practice?

They are the fastest bunch of puck chasers ever seen on the Blairmore ice for years, and they completely surprised the Blairmore team, notwithstanding the fact that we had a few players from the Coleman team.

For Hosmer the whole forward line were fast from start to finish. Cornett and Patterson played the wings to a standstill, while Cox and Lighthauser had their men played off their feet. McDonald and Howard are two of the strongest defense men in the pass, while Gordon in goal was a wonder, stopping shot after shot. Following is the line-up of the respective teams:

HOSMER	
Gordon	Goal
Howard	Point
McDonald	C Point
Cox	Rover
Lighthauser	Center
Cornett	Left Wing
Patterson	Right "

BLAIRMORE	
Lyons	Goal
Jamison	Point
Lewis	C Point
Ingham	Rover
Goddard	Center
Boyce	Left Wing
Ibamilton	Right "

Referee, Bert Slemon. Timekeepers, J. J. Grant, Joe Smith.

Thomas Speer, Charles Bumford and Jack Grant accompanied the Hosmer team to Blairmore.

In the Interest of Hockey

A meeting was held Tuesday night, in Hosmer, in Sam Snell's pool room for the purpose of organizing a Firemen's Hockey Club, The club is willing to play any firemen's team in the pass, also any outside team. The following officers were elected:

F. W. McDonald, president; John Sorkee, vice president; George W. Gordon, secretary-treasurer; Frank Labelle, manager; T. A. Cornett, captain.

Hockey practice will be three nights a week from 7:30 to 8:30, Monday, Wednesday and Friday. Skating as usual.

Danced the New Year In

New Year's eve Mr. and Mrs. William Dallon entertained a number of friends at a concert and dance at their home in Hosmer. Among those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrie, Mr. and Mrs. Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. Stow, Mrs. Oversby, Mrs. Gregory, Miss Thomas, J. Lawrie, P. Maultman, R. McGregor, F. Dickie, M. McGregor, M. Smith, M. Balderson, G. MacQueen and Hector MacDonald.

Excellent vocal selections were rendered by G. MacQueen, Mrs. Stow, F. Dickie, W. Smith and Hector MacDonald. A fine exhibition of artistic dancing steps was given by R. McGregor, Hector MacDonald and J. Maultman. Highly appreciated music was supplied by Andrew and James Lawrie. Refreshments were served at intervals during the evening, and on behalf of those present an address of thanks was returned Mr. and Mrs. Dallon by R. McGregor. Host and hostess had spared no efforts to make everything agreeable, and the entertainment was brought to a happy conclusion by three hearty cheers for Mr. and Mrs. Dallon.

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

Fresh Fruit AND Confectionery

FRED COX

Fruiter and Confectioner Main Street

HEINTZMAN PIANO PARLORS

YOU CAN'T

squeeze water from a stone nor can you buy for $300.00 a new piano that is TRULY worth $450.00. If you believe that then be honest with yourself when you select your new piano for Xmas.

REMEMBER that it is better to have bought a Heintzman & Co. piano than to wish that you had,

PRICES not the **LOWEST** but the **CHEAPEST**, when superiority of quality is considered.

Miners' Opera House Block

Fernie, B. C.

SOMETHING NEW IN

ALARMS

We have just opened up a shipment of the new Alarm Colcks, the IRONCLAD. The neatest, nattiest and nicest alarm you ever saw. It will please you on sight. Last a lifetime.

$2.50

Bennett Bros.

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Near C. P. R. Depot Main Street

BANK OF MONTREAL

(ESTABLISHED 1817)

Capital All Paid Up $14,400,000 Rest $12,000,000

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Rt. Hon. Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, G. C. M. G. Hon. President.

Hon. Sir George Drummond, K. C. M. G., President.

Sir Edward Clouston, Bart., Vice President and General Manager.

BRANCHES IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

Armstrong, Chilliwack, Enderby, Greenwood, Hosmer, Kelowna, Nelson New Denver Nicola, New Westminster, Rossland ,Summerland, Vancouver, Vernon, Victoria.

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT

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.

C. B. WINTER, Manager **Hosmer Branch**

P. BURNS & CO., Limited

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Meat Merchants

Fresh and Cured Meats, Fresh Fish, Game and Poultry. We supply only the best. Your trade solicited. Markets in all the principal Towns and Cities in British Columbia.

MAIN STREET HOSMER, B. C.

SPECIAL NOTICE!

Just Arrived:

PORK SAUSAGE
SPARE RIBS
CALVES LIVER
PIG'S LIVER
MINCE MEAT
COOKED HAM

Calgary Cattle Co. Calgary Cattle Co.

Rubber Stamps at Hosmer Times Office

Janet, the Factory Girl

The Ray of Brightness That Came Into Her Dull Life.

By FRANK H. SWEET.

Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.

"Dingle, dongle, dingle, ding, ding. d-i-n-g," ended the first summons to the factory workers, the last "d-i-n-g" being long drawn out, as though the bell ringer, who was also the night watchman, was becoming weary of the signal which ended and yet did not end his hours of labor. His regular visit to the peg clock in each room was over, but now he must wait another half hour to ring the last summons to the help.

Janet Ratcher was a sleepy head, and, though she heard and recognized the last drawling "d-i-n-g" of the first bell, she made no effort to rise, but continued to lie there, gazing sullenly at the window, through which a faint suggestion of daylight was beginning to appear. Rain was pattering against it, and the chill of a falling barometer had penetrated the room until the mere thought of stepping out upon a cold floor brought an anticipatory shiver, and the factory was nearly a mile away.

Janet was blue. She had gone to bed in that condition, and now she had awakened in the same way.

It was not until she heard a hesitating step below that she sprang from bed, repentant, ashamed, and hurried into her clothes and downstairs.

"Oh, mother," she cried, "you ought not to have got up till I had a fire started! Here, let me throw this shawl around you."

"I was afraid you'd be late, dearie," her mother said apologetically. "I meant to have got up sooner and had something warm for you, but overslept. It's too bad to have to go out on a morning like this."

"Well, I didn't oversleep," confessed Janet, forcing herself into temporary cheerfulness. "I was just lazy and lay there studying about things. Lucky I had everything ready last night. I'll put the water in this shallow pan so it'll heat quickly; then we'll have coffee." She glanced at the clock. "Twenty minutes, and it'll take twelve for me to walk to the factory. No, ma, you needn't put up a chair for me. I shan't sit down. I'll just take a bite and run. Don't you hurry, though. Wait till the victuals get warmed over and the coffee's good, then take your time. It'll help fill up the day. You must get awful lonesome here by yourself."

"N-no, not so very," the old woman answered. "I have my knitting, and there's the cat. But I do look forward to your coming home, dearie."

"I suppose so. I wish"— She paused abruptly. She must not make things any harder for the invalid, who already had to bear so much. She took a few bites hurriedly and in silence, then slipped some bread and an apple into a paper bag.

Janet was all ready, with the hood of the waterproof drawn over until it almost concealed her face, when her mother returned with the slippers and stockings rolled into a small package. This and the lunch she slipped under the folds of the waterproof. Then she pushed back the hood a little in order to kiss her mother goodby.

"Now I must hurry," she said, "for time's up. Tonight I'll cook up a lot of nice things—an Indian pudding, maybe, and some brown bread. And you know, mother, Sunday's only three days off, when we'll be together most all day."

Outside the depressed feeling returned in its full intensity. The rain beat in her face, the raw wind crept through the waterproof and thin clothing, the road was covered with two inches of soft, clinging mud, and it was still too dark for her to see her way clearly.

The next house was dark. The folks had not got up yet and would not have to any more until it was light. Mary Bosworth, her best friend, lived there, and the morning before Mary had joined her in the hurry toward the mill. But Mary was a very bright girl, who had studied drawing and other things and who was quick and imaginative in sketching designs and novelties. The day before she had been promoted to the position of assistant designer for the mill, and after this she would work in the office and not have to go in until 9 o'clock.

A depression in the road caused her to stumble, splashing the mud up to her waist. Her lips quivered. She was not bright, like Mary. She could not do anything except make Indian pudding and brown bread and coffee and things like that and spin. They did say she was the best spinner in the whole room. But spinning was no good to help one up to anything else. It meant that she could just spin and spin and spin all the rest of her life.

A halting footstep and an eager "Janet, Janet," caused her to slacken her pace a little. A lame girl was limping toward her, a girl younger than herself and far more thinly clad, but the sallow, pinched face was radiant.

"Isn't it fine, Janet!" she cried gleefully as she snuggled under the waterproof, which Janet promptly opened and shared with her. "I can go along with you to the mill now, and I'm to work in the same room. Just to think I spoke for a job six months ago and only got it now! It was awful nice that Mary Bosworth got her fine place—nice for her and me, too, for it gives me her job. Now I can get a lot of things that mother needs, and maybe next summer I can take music lessons."

Janet drew the frail, happy figure a little closer. A year before, when she first obtained her job, she had felt much the same. And the job had bought her mother and herself many nice things they had not had before. And now she was repining!

Janet's spirits began to rise. After all, she was glad that Mary Bosworth had been promoted. She had earned the place, and she was such a beautiful, sincere, thoroughly nice girl. It was not that she envied or was jealous of her and the book heroines; it was only that she could not go and do something that would make her like them.

The last bell had been ringing for several minutes now, and from its accelerating clangs and tumultuous jingles they knew it was racing on toward its final, "dinglety, dinglety, dinglety," the last notes of which would still be madly vibrating the air when the night watchman darted out, putting on his hat and coat as he ran. His speeding exit would be the signal for the last of the help to slip inside the yard gates, for then they would be locked. Janet and her companions were a dozen yards away when the final "dinglety" sounded and the watchman speeded out, but the gatekeeper saw them and fumbled clumsily with the fastenings until they could hurry in.

On damp days like this the ends ran badly, with much twisting and breaking, and, though Janet was nimble fingered and the best spinner in the room, she had all she could do to keep her sides pieced up. Especially was this the case after doffing, which occurred twice a day. With the bobbins nearly full the threads ran more smoothly, but with them empty or nearly so there was greater strain upon the threads, causing them to snap frequently. The doffers pieced up the first irregular breaks, but after that the spinner had to attend to her own sides.

This doffing of the full bobbins and replacing them with empty ones upon the spindles had always been an interesting operation to Janet, and she could doff as quickly and neatly as the experts themselves.

There were always two of these doffers, each taking a side of a frame and going up one row and down another until the room was completed. They use small sleds or carriages which could be pushed along the sides by the right knee as they worked. It took about two hours to doff the whole room, and then the doffers were allowed to leave the mill or do whatever they pleased until doffing time came again.

This long leisure between work made the position of doffers a very desirable one, and there was a saying among the spinners that "once a doffer, always a doffer." The present two had held their positions for years.

Soon after the morning doffing the overseer made one of his observation tours among the frames, reprimanding by blowing upon his shrill whistle any neglect of work he found. No matter where the operator of a side might be, when she heard that whistle she hastened back to her neglected duty with apologetic and crimson face. In Janet's alley this whistle was rarely heard. When he came to her now the overseer was smiling. He usually was smiling when he found good work.

"You had a hard morning coming down, didn't you, Janet?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. It was pretty wet and muddy."

"Well, why don't you ask for the Harding tenement? They're going to leave next week, and it would bring you to within a few rods of the mill gate. It's the same rent as your house out there in the country, I think, and would make it a lot easier for you this winter. Suppose I speak to the outside manager about it?"

"Thank you. I wish you would," she said gratefully.

She could leave her mother later and be back to her earlier in the evening, and it would save that long walk during the winter. But, on the other hand, there was the apple orchard at the country place and the big garden and the flowers around the house. Her mother loved flowers, and one of her chief pleasures was to be out among them in the spring and during the summer. And they had planned so many vines and beds for the next year. It was really beautiful out there, while the Harding tenement was only the counterpart of fifty others, without yard or even fence around it. And even if it was cold and disagreeable sometimes that mile walk would very likely be good for her to counteract the mill confinement. What had she been thinking about?

She went straight to the overseer.

"I don't believe you'd better speak to the manager about that tenement," she said. "You see, we've got an apple orchard out there and a big garden and flowers, and mother loves such things. I've been thinking it over, and I believe the walking will do me good."

"Yes, I don't know but you're right," he answered. "I'd forgotten the orchard and flowers. But wait a moment," as she was turning away. "About the Harding girl's job of doffing. There's been a dozen applicants after it already, but you know more about the work than any of them, so you are the proper one to have the place. You may commence Monday. You've done your work conscientiously, and I want you to feel the management appreciates it. This job will give you a lot of time next spring to look after your garden and the flowers, and you can get home earlier nights. Your mother will like that."

Janet turned away, smiled happily, but with something choking in her throat that prevented speech.

Going Too Far.

"Why have Jones and Miss Smith split up?"

"She asked him to apologize on his bended knees, and, being bowlegged, he took it as an insult."—Boston Post.

Lovely.

"And did you enjoy your trip through Switzerland?"

"Yes; very much. They had such attractive postcards all through that country."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"Prices Advancing."

[From the egg market reports.]
Dead is the noble goose that laid
The golden eggs of old,
But eggs laid by the modern hen
Are worth their weight in gold.
—Woman's Home Companion.

Always on the Go.

Mayme—I understand the man Elvira is engaged to is a great traveler.

Edyth—Yes, indeed! He's a street car conductor.—Chicago News.

To Be Hoped For.

A little more sweet and a little less sour,
A little less weed and a little more flower,
A little more song and a little less sigh,
A little less earth and a little more sky.
—Baltimore Sun.

SIRES AND SONS.

William O'Brien, the Irish political leader, is reported to have taken up his permanent abode in Jerusalem.

The Hon. Thomas Sammons, who has been appointed American consul general to Yokohama, began life as a telegraph operator.

A. W. Austin is the oldest street peddler in Chicago in years, but he is young in service. He is ninety-one years old, and he obtained a license at Chicago to peddle wooden cups.

Professor Brander Matthews has said something that is worth passing along to the rising generation—"The man who is in love with his job gets more contentment out of life than any other."

Emile Waldteufel, the waltz composer, was born at Strassburg Dec. 9, 1837, and served as a soldier in the war of 1870. He married Celestine Dufau and has two sons and a daughter. His residences are in Paris and the Villa Waldteufel, at Grandcamp-les-Bains, in Calvados.

Sir Francis Burrand, who is now seventy-three, has had a long and glorious career as a humorist, both in literature and on the stage. He was editor of Punch for forty-four years, taking the official desk when he was only twenty-six and retiring only three years ago. He has written more than a hundred plays, chiefly burlesques and light comedies, besides two comic operas.

Things Theatrical.

Eva Davenport has been engaged for "The King of Cadonia."

A new comic opera by Julian Edwards and Walker Brown is called "Miss Molly May."

Maude Adams may repeat her performance of "Joan of Arc" in the spring at a western university.

Kitty Gordon, the English prima donna, is to continue with Sam Bernard in "The Girl and the Wizard."

W. Somerset Maugham, the Clyde Fitch of England, is to write a comedy for Irene Vanbrugh, in which that actress will appear both in England and in America.

Mme. Mimi Aguglia, the Sicilian actress, is to play an engagement in Turin, then in Paris and will reappear in London. She is rapidly mastering English and will play in that language next season in this country under the management of Charles Frohman.

Sporting Notes.

Philadelphia A. A. U. is paying more attention to basketball.

Some automobile dealers are adding aeroplanes to their stock.

Reggie Walker, South African sprint champion, was refused permission to run in Australia.

Holmer, a Quebec runner, offers Longboat a handicap in a fifteen, twenty or twenty-six mile race, winner to take all.

Thomas Peulois of Atlanta, Ga., is in training for the discus throw and other events at the Olympic games to be held in Athens in May, 1910.

The world's championship Pittsburg baseball team's infield, excepting Wagner, are expert socker football players. Both Byrne and Abstein were on a strong St. Louis eleven, and Miller plays with teams in the vicinity of Kearny, N. J.

Tales of Cities.

About 90 per cent of the fire alarms of Chicago are transmitted by telephone.

Hundreds of the houses of Minneapolis and St. Paul are equipped with outdoor open bedrooms, where the owners sleep in the coldest weather.

The largest tobacco manufacturing center in the world is St. Louis. Its annual sales aggregate $45,000,000, which is equal to 18 per cent of the total tobacco output of the United States.

Under what is now the cornerstone of the Bank of New York in Wall street, New York city, is the foundation of the bastion in the wall of the stockade that marked the northern boundary of the city in its infancy.

Recent Inventions.

A machine has been invented to wrap with wire a telephone or telegraph pole to save it from gnawing horses.

A tack hammer the head of which folds into a recess in the stick for convenience in carrying has been patented by a Pennsylvanian.

A Swede has constructed an aerial torpedo which is claimed to be capable of destroying a fortification or the biggest battleship afloat. It weighs twenty-two pounds.

A pulse counting watch has been invented for the use of physicians and nurses in London. The watch indicates without mental calculation the number of beats of the pulse in a minute.

Facts From France.

The Paris Eiffel tower is 985 feet high.

One aeroplane factory of Paris employs fifty-two persons.

France has a larger proportion of its entire population employed in the service of the state than any other civilized nation.

The National Council of Frenchwomen, which has a membership of more than 73,000, has been circulating a monster petition in favor of woman suffrage.

Fate of the Pad Crank.

There was a football player
Who padded ears and nose,
Then stitched a padded layer
Where shoulder blades arose.
Pads wrapped and pads suspended
Encircled him, they tell,
And when a season ended
He reached the padded cell.
—Detroit Free Press.

The Proposal.

He (nervously)—Er-er—Margaret—er-er—there's something has been trembling on my lips for the last two months.

She—Yes, so I see. Why didn't you shave it off?—Princeton Tiger.

THE BLACK DIAMOND.

Ranks Among the Curiosities of the Mineral Kingdom.

The term "black diamonds" is sometimes jokingly applied to ordinary coal which we burn in our furnaces, but the real black diamonds of commerce are among the most unique mineral products of the world, and they serve a purpose in the industrial world that makes them of great value. The block diamonds are pure carbon, and yet in no outward appearance resemble the diamonds which we are accustomed to wear as ornaments, writes George E. Walsh in Scientific American. They are slightly harder than the crystal or gem diamonds and, in fact, about the hardest substance known.

Black diamonds or carbons are among the greatest curiosities of the mineral kingdom. They are without crystalline form and are found in irregular pieces ranging in size from half a carat up to three, four and five hundred carats. They are dark gray, black or brownish in color and opaque. The real diamond of the jewelry trade is also pure carbon, but translucent and crystalline in form. Two objects so alike in composition could not be found so opposite in appearance as these two forms of carbon.

Another peculiar thing about the black diamonds is that they are found only in one locality in the world. They come from a very small section in Brazil not more than 225 miles square in area. Outside of this limited territory no pure black diamonds have ever been found. In the Brazilian black diamonds fields the natives dive in the river beds for them and recover them from the gravel and washings of the rivers.

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

Stingy Men Take Heed!

Crosby had always been inclined to conservatism in household expenses, especially in the matter of his wife's dress bills. His wife went so far as to say that he was penurious.

She had been in need of a new boa for a long time, and after she hinted that her happiness would never be quite complete till she had one, he at last consented to make the purchase. He went into a store and picked out two, one of which was a cheap imitation affair, and the other a fine expensive one. Taking them to his office before going home, he changed the price marks, the expensive tag on the cheap boa and vice versa.

His wife examined them for a long time very seriously indeed, and then said: "Now, dear, the expensive boa is a beauty, and it is very good of you to allow me my choice. Some women would take it without a word; but really I don't think we can afford the more costly one, and besides, dear, I think the cheap one the more stylish, too. Why, Cros, dear, what's the matter? Are you ill?"

But dear old Cros had made his getaway into the night where he could kick himself as hard as he felt he deserved. But what he would like to know is this: Did his wife happen on the more expensive boa by pure accident, or——

Are Tall Men Stupid?

Dr. I. Popper, an eminent German physician, has been making some interesting observations regarding the stature of individuals and the relation that exists between height and talent and genius. The doctor finds that not only persons with considerable talent but the genuises of the world have all been and are of medium size or less.

Among statesmen he points out Attila, Cromwell, Frederick II., Napoleon, Gambetta, Thiers—all of whom were of very small stature. Jesus Christ, too, the doctor says, according to the Talmud, was built in small proportions; so was Paul. Among the great artists the short men were Raphael, Michael Angelo, Titian, Leonardo da Vinci, and Menzel.

Wills In Ancient Greece.

Wills were introduced into Athens by Solon, though in many other parts of Greece they were discountenanced. Diogenes Laertius gives copies of the wills of several celebrated men, such as Plato, Aristotle and others. Before Solon's law no man was allowed to make a will, the wealth of the deceased belonging in certain proportion to the members of his family, and even after Solon only an Atnenian citizen had the privilege of bequest, the estates of both slaves and foreigners being confiscated for the use of the public.

A Queer Wooden Flower.

A queer wooden flower is to be found in Guatemala. This flower is called the rose of hell from the fact that it grows on the sides of Mount Agua and round the seared edges of the volcano of Fuego. It has four distinct petals, the outsides of which are covered with bark like that of a tree. The stem, usually about a foot high, is of solid wood covered with bark. The flower measures nearly a foot across.

There Only by Inference.

An Englishman coming by train to Glasgow for the first time and passing Motherwell Junction said to a gentleman apposite, with whom he had been chatting:

"Queer name, 'Motherwell.' Is there a 'Fatherwell' next?"

"No," was the reply, 'but we come immediately to Bothwell."—London Tit-Bits.

Revolver Needed.

John—I'll bring you a fork, sir.

The Customer—What for?

John—The cheese, sir.

The Customer—A fork's no good. Bring a revolver.

Worse Than the Bark.

"That dog next door should be killed."

"Why? Does it bark all night?"

"No; that's just the trouble. You wake up in the night and listen for the dog and can't hear a single sound."—Buffalo Express.

In High Life.

"What could you advise me to get as a Christmas present for my fiance?"

"Well, a copy of the divorce statutes might come in as handy as anything you could get for him without going to a great expense."

THE BEDE HOUSE OF ENGLAND.

Where Women Dress In the Identical Costumes of 300 Years Ago.

The English institution known as the bede house, which means praying house, was founded in the reign of James I. by Henry Howard, the eccentric Earl of Northampton, and the Howard badge is still worn by the inmates on Sundays and holidays, says a writer. Nor is this the most curious detail of their attire, for the old ladies are garbed now just as they were in the first days of the foundation—blue gowns, scarlet cloaks and high peaked hats, like those worn by Welsh women.

At Rising, Eng., then, more than at any place I know, we can fancy ourselves back in early Stuart days, having around us these "bedes women" dressed in the identical costumes of 300 years ago. Nothing has been changed in the fashion of their clothes, nor in the dear little rooms they inhabit. As for the inmates themselves, surely they are pretty much the same as were those first fortunate old creatures who profited by Henry Howard's charity and offered up their prayers for his benefit. For in this world of change nothing changes so little as the human heart, and the kinship of humanity runs through every age. The rules under which admittance is obtained were drawn up by the founder.

Every applicant must prove herself to be of "an honest life and conversation; religious, grave and discreet, able to read (if such an one may be had), a single woman, her place to be void upon marriage, to be 50 years of age at least, no common beggar, scold, haunter of taverns, inns or ale houses." Once in, she must hear prayers read by the governess twice a day and be very regular in her attendance at church. Furthermore, she must never be found guilty of atheism, heresy, blasphemy, neglect of duty or misbehavior in the performance of it, or she will be expelled, sent out into the cold world again, far from that haven of peace and rest.

But I am quite sure that none of the old ladies would ever do anything to merit dismissal; they live apparently in the most delightful bonds of sisterly love, taking any donations you may give them for the maintenance of a donkey and small carriage, in which the infirm inmates may take an airing.

MEANT THE ASQUITHS.

William Watson Tells Whom He Meant In Poem.

Having arrived in New York, William Watson, the English poet, admits for the first time that—as most people suspected — the "heroine" of his recent much-discussed poem, "The Woman With the Serpent Tongue," is an Asquith. The poet himself says that the poem was physically inspired by Mrs. Margot Asquith, wife of the British Premier, and mentally by her step-daughter, Miss Violet Asquith.

The latter it is who slights the worthiest in the land,
Sneers at the just, condemns the brave,
And blackens goodness in its grave."

In explaining what led up to the poem, Watson tells of a visit he made to the Asquith home last June, when

WILLIAM WATSON.

he was surprised to hear Miss Asquith say that a man named Nash, one of her father's secretaries, was the man "who used to write C.-B.'s speeches for him." By "C.-B." she meant the late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Premier Asquith's predecessor, and probably the best loved of English Premiers since the days of Gladstone. Continuing, Miss Asquith said, according to Watson:

"Do you know, I have often wondered whether some of those phrases of 'C.-B.'s' that caught on so much such as 'methods of barbarism' and that sort of nonsense, really came from C.-B., or from Nash."

The poet says he attempted to show his resentment at the reflection cast upon the dead Premier by offering to write in the album of Miss Asquith a stirring defence of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman.

"I thought I had flung the most unforgivable insult at this family by this offer," Watson says, but to his surprise he received a letter from Mrs. Asquith in which she said her daughter would welcome the contribution to her album.

A Wandering Boy.

Filled with a wandering spirit, John Corr, a fourteen-year-old Dublin boy, has three times disappeared from home. On two occasions he was found after a short period in a different part of Ireland, but his third expedition has lasted sixteen months. He disappeared in June of last year, and, after fruitless inquiries lasting over a year, his relatives gave up hope of hearing of him again. The other day, however, his father received a letter from Killaloe, stating that the boy was there in the employment of a farmer. It appears that he had wandered all over Ireland, working for a week or two in various places.

Different.

"Your daughter was to give me an answer to a very important question this evening."

"Be seated; she will be down in a half hour or so."

"Is she making up her mind?"

"No; that would not take long. It's her face."—Houston Post.

Geographical.

'Tis proper to kiss 'neath the mistletoe,
As history shows,
But where is the miss
Who'd not rather be kissed
Right under the nose?

THE LORDS LONG AGO.

When Mr. Lloyd-George Would Have Been Hanged.

Mr. Lloyd-George should be thankful that he lives in the twentieth century. If he had lived in good King Richard Coeur-de-Lion's glorious days the probability is that he would have been hanged!

For in those times the Lords were mightier than the men, and brooked no interference with either their privileges or their pockets. And when a champion of the commoners, named Fitz-Osbert, boldly declared that taxation should be proportioned to the power to bear it, he was promptly hanged as a thinker in advance of his age!

The Lords of long ago, indeed, had many little eccentricities, which a perusal of "The House of Lords"—T. Fisher Unwin—will reveal.

There would have been no indignation in the House of Commons in the Middle Ages at the prospect of the Lords throwing out one of their Budgets, for in those pre-Winston Churchill days the members of the Lower Chamber were humble to the point of helplessness. When Edward III., for instance—to whose account must be laid the creating of the first duke—consulted them with respect to the French war he was waging, they sent him this reply:

"Most dreaded Lord,—As to your war and the equipment necessary for it, we are so ignorant and simple that we know not how, nor have the power, to devise. Wherefore, we pray your Grace to excuse us in this matter, and that it please you, with advice of the great and wise persons of your council, to ordain what seems best to you for the honor and profit of yourself and of your kingdom; and whatsoever shall be thus ordained by assent and agreement for you and your lords we readily assent to and will hold it firmly established."

In good Queen Bess's days they were equally incapable. When their Speaker died they had to consult the Lords as to what they were to do, whereupon, the Queen, hearing of it, volunteered a piece of statesmanlike advice. "Go back," she said, "and elect a new one." The problem was solved.

What would the Westminster police constables think if, one day, Lord Rosebery, Lord Lansdowne, and Lord Crewe turned up at the House, each with a small army at his back? Yet, such was the habit of Lords in the fifteenth century. And what would the Dukes of Westminster, Connaught, and Buccleugh think if, on relaxing their attendance at the House for any considerable period, they found themselves the recipients of polite notes, informing them that they had been fined £100 for neglecting their duties? For bishops and earls the fine used to be 100 marks, and for abbots and barons £40.

Librarians' Howlers.

It is usually the ignorant or confused frequenters of a library who are responsible for amusing mistakes, but occasionally an over-haughty guardian of literature gives occasion for a quiet smile to those she serves. To a request for "Prometheus Unbound" one such replied, with chilling decisiveness, "We have no unbound books."

More recently a school teacher, wishing to extend her rather scanty knowledge of the stories of Edgar Allan Poe, in view of the centenary of his birth, inquired at the delivery desk of a rural library for "The Gold Bug," adding, "I can't find it in the catalogue, but I'm sure you have it. A friend of mine had it out last week."

The librarian glanced at the card-catalogue drawer over which the teacher had been poring and smiled a superior smile.

"No wonder, Miss Jones," she explained, with patient gentleness. "You're looking under 'Fiction.' Turn to 'Entomology,' and you won't have any trouble."

Smiling in her turn, a different and more genial smile, the teacher turned to "Entomology," and there, indeed, duly classified with learned works on Lepidoptera and Coleoptera, she found the unscientific but fascinating insect invented by that master of mystery tales.

The president of a woman's club, also brushing up her knowledge of Poe before writing a paper on his life, sought at the local library for that weird tale of horror, "the Pit and the Pendulum."

She was referred to the card-catalogue, and advised to look under "Mechanics" or "Horology."

How Steel Shoulder-Straps Originated.

The story goes that the steel curb shoulder-strap of the British cavalry originated in a woman's wit and resourcefulness. Of course, chain armor is an ancient thing; but when Sir George Luck was setting out for Kandahar during the first operations against Afghanistan, Lady Luck, knowing something of the fighting methods of the tribesmen, whose four-foot knife can cut clean from shoulder to belt, sewed a couple of steel curb chains under each of the shoulder-straps on her husband's tunic. As a protection from sword-cuts these proved so effective, that at the end of the campaign Sir George made a report in relation thereto, with the result that they were adopted as a permanent feature of the cavalry uniform.

A Lucky Find.

A London novelist has just had a stroke of luck. He was poring over the boxes arranged along the walls by the side of the Seine, and decided to buy for a couple of francs a "Henriede," in quaint type, published last century, in which there were a number of engravings. He went off with his prize, and in the evening began reading it. He found two of the pages of Scene 3 stuck together, and on opening them with a knife found three bank-notes of $200 each.

Foolish Worry.

"Captain, is there no way in which the ship may be saved?"

"None at all, sir. We are going to the bottom, but I should not worry about the ship, sir, if I were you—she is fully insured. You'd better find a life belt."

Aggravating.

Her every move is one of grace,
And yet it riles me some—
We are in a public place—
To see her stretch her gum.
—Detroit Free Press.

Modern Literature.

Visitor—What have you in arctic literature?

Librarian—Cookbooks and Pearyodicals.—Brooklyn Life.

From the Weather Report.

Verily, it doth begin ter
Look considerably like winter.
—New York Mail.

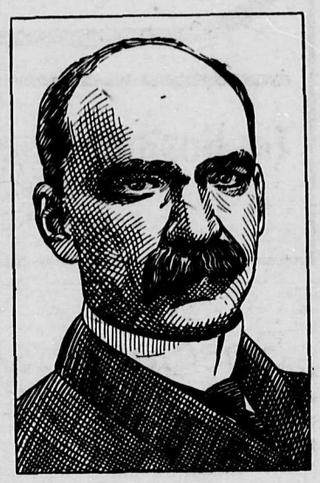
HE IS NOW GEOGRAPHER

R. E. YOUNG HAS HAD ANOTHER OFFICE ADDED.

Well-Known Official In the Department of the Interior Drew Up the Early Maps of the Manitoba Lands, Auctioned Off In the Days of the Boom—His Work Is Chinese In Its Accuracy, Say Experts.

Old-timers who were in Winnipeg in the boom days will recall the daily and nightly auction sales of real estate which were the chief attraction of the infant prairie metropolis at that time, and will remember the huge plans of townsites which decorated the walls of Coolican's auction rooms. The young man to whom many of those maps, in all their glory of bright colors and gold leaf, owed their existence is now Geographer of Canada, with a long record of good work to his credit, and no doubt many years of usefulness yet to come.

Mr. R. E. Young, D.L.S., who has recently had the post of Geographer added to his numerous other duties



R. E. YOUNG.

in the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, is a native of Georgetown, Ontario. He studied surveying with Evans & Bolger, Belleville, and in the late 'seventies went to the northwest and grew up with western ideals. To his credit stand prominently the re-survey of the city of Winnipeg, under the Torrens system, and the making of a map in connection therewith, a job so well done that in a score of years the first error has yet to be found. The location and survey of the old trails in Manitoba was also a notable and painstaking achievement. The surveying of mining claims in British Columbia gave him a thorough knowledge of the mountains, and a year or two of railway engineering added to his store of experience.

Some eight years ago Mr. Young was called to Ottawa to undertake the adjustment of the railway land grants. By his thorough acquaintance with the west and the adoption of common-sense methods he reduced the chaos to order; in a few years all tangles were straightened out, and the companies to whom land had been granted were put in possession of the last acre. Having a natural bent for cartography and an abiding belief in the value of good maps, he utilized the information acquired in adjusting the railway lands in the creation of a map showing the lands—odd sections—that had been alienated in this manner, following it up with its natural complement, the homestead map—even sections—which has passed through seven editions, and is the sheet anchor of every man dealing in land in the west. Of this series of maps experts in Washington said there was nothing in any country to equal them—they were Chinese in their microscopic accuracy.

Greedy for work to a degree unusual in a Government servant, the administration of the swamp lands in Manitoba, the Grand Trunk Pacific townsites, the railway belt of British Columbia, and waterpowers of the Dominion was put in Mr. Young's hands, and of his own motion he took up the regions north of the Saskatchewan and Alberta, which have become well known to the world through his "Fertile Northland," and other publications, as well as his addresses before Canadian clubs and elsewhere.

On the appointment of Mr. James White, Canadian Geographer for many years, to the post of secretary of the Conservation Commission, Mr. Young was offered and accepted the vacant position, and immediately went from British Columbia, where he was temporarily occupied with departmental business, to London, Eng., to attend the conference of the geographers of all nations now engaged in the preparation of a standard map of the world.

Luminous Mushrooms.

A traveler in Australia found a very large mushroom, weighing five pounds. He took it to the house in which he was for the time being residing, and hung it up to dry in the sitting-room. Entering after dark, he was amazed to see a beautiful soft light emanating from the fungus. It continued to give out light for many nights, gradually decreasing until it was wholly dry. Many kinds of fungi have this peculiarity. Humboldt describes some he saw in the mines. The glow in rotten wood is caused by its containing the threads of light-giving fungi.

The Wisdom of Silence.

A judge once had several hams stolen from his smokehouse. He missed them at once, but said nothing about it to any one. A few days later a neighbor came to him.

"Say, judge," he said, "I heard yew had some hams stole t'other night."

"Yes," replied the judge, very confidentially, "but don't tell any one. You and I are the only ones who know it."

Honest Jack.

Pearl—Jack is such a conservative chap. He vows he wouldn't think of stealing a kiss unless—

Ruby—Unless what?

Pearl—Unless he had the chance.—Illustrated Bits.

Only Two Classes.

We know two sorts of debtors—goodness knows
That neither sort's much good—
The sort that would pay if they could and those
Who could pay if they would.
—Catholic Standard and Times.

THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

A Race After the Runaways That Was Not a Failure.

By KENYON SANDS.

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Jimmy Brice swung the big road car into the winding drive, took the sharp curve by the house on two wheels and brought up at the steps with an adruptness that all but sent him headlong through the wind shield.

On the wide veranda Colonel Thornton was pacing agitatedly to and fro, his lips set tight and his keen old eyes flashing fire.

"It's come at last, just as I expected," he raved as the car came to its spectacular stop. "Mabel has gone with that young upstart Nixon—gone—gone—eloped! Do you understand? That's why I sent for you. I'd go with you myself if riding in the wind didn't bring on my asthma so I'd go with you and make it hot for him, I swear I would. As it is you'll have to take Nell. She'll know what to do. Ho, Nell, Nell!" he called suddenly through the open front door "Here's Jimmy in the racer. Hurry up! You haven't a minute to lose!"

Light footsteps pattered on the stairs. On to the veranda came Nell Thornton.

"They've gone across the state line to Northville, of course," the colonel declared. "You can get 'em if you hurry. Let out that car, Jimmy. Don't let 'em make it ahead of you."

Jimmy opened up the car, and down the drive they went at a reckless pace, swung into the road and went whirling toward Northville, leaving in their wake a cloud of dust that rose even above the treetops.

Once they reached a straight stretch of road Brice leaned toward the girl beside him.

"We'll overtake 'em if they haven't too much of a start," he declared. "How long have they been gone?"

"Half an hour," she answered.

"Then we've got 'em," said he encouragingly. "Of course we've got to head this thing off."

"Of course," she agreed, but somehow Jimmy was impressed with the idea that she was not overenthusiastic about it.

"I almost wish we could let 'em go," said he. "She's desperately in love with him, and Nixon isn't a half bad chap."

"That's impossible," said she. "She's nothing but a child. I almost think if she had been firm with papa he would have consented, but to try to take the matter in her own hands this way has sent him into a frightful rage."

They reached a fork in the road. One branch led to Northville, the other to Standish.

Jimmy swung the car into the left hand branch of the road and gave it full speed again.

"What are you going to do when you catch them?" he asked.

"I shall be very firm, and you must back me up."

"All right," he agreed cheerfully. "Of course I will; but, honestly, Nell, I hate like fury to butt in."

"You're not going to desert me at the critical moment, are you?" she questioned anxiously.

"Sure I'm not! Watch me," he laughed.

The soft May dusk was coming on. They shot past houses in which the lights were already beginning to twinkle.

"Seems to me we ought to be getting a squint at them pretty soon," said he.

"There's a car ahead," she cried suddenly. "Hurry—oh, hurry!"

The road car seemed fairly to lift itself from the ground. They sped up to the car ahead, but its occupants were a middle aged couple who looked up in mild reproof as they tore past. Jimmy Brice laughed. "Foiled again!" he mocked. "I believe they're going to make it after all."

"They mustn't—they mustn't," said the girl. "Can't we go any faster?"

Jimmy shook his head. "This is her best speed," he declared.

Now they had reached the outskirts of Northville. With honking horn and undiminished speed they tore along the elm lined streets.

"They've got here ahead of us, all right," said Jimmy. "Our only hope is to interrupt the ceremony before it's too late. Where'll they go? Have you any idea?"

"The parsonage of the brick church," the girl explained. "That is where all such couples head for, I believe."

They turned a corner. Just ahead was a little church, nestling beneath giant elms, and beside the church was a snug little parsonage.

The car came to a stop. Jimmy and the girl both leaped out and ran up the path to belabor the polished brass knocker on the front door. An elderly woman in cap and apron answered their strident summons and smiled upon them knowingly.

"Step right into the parlor, if you please," she invited.

"Has a couple been here recently—little girl, blond, and man, tall and dark?" Jimmy asked pantingly.

"Yes; they're in the study now," said the woman.

Without a word of explanation Jimmy pushed past her, and, with the girl following after, he strode into a room, where a pleasant faced clergyman was reading the marriage service sonorously. Jimmy took a step forward, stopped, chuckled and turned to Nell, beside him. The couple was not the one they sought.

Then even as they stood there in embarrassed silence they heard the couple pronounced husband and wife.

"And now, my young friends," said the clergyman tentatively, advancing in their direction.

"Have you married any other couple today?" Nell gasped.

The clergyman shook his head.

"Of course you haven't your licenses," he said to Jimmy. "Fortunately the clerk of this town lives next door, and if you will kindly give me the necessary information I'll see about them for you."

Jimmy began to chuckle. He was about to explain to the clergyman his mistake when suddenly he squared his shoulders, looked quickly at Nell and then faced his interlocutor resolutely. And almost before the girl was aware of what was happening Jimmy had given the requested information and the clergyman had tripped out to secure the licenses next door.

"Jimmy!" she gasped as the door closed behind the retreating parson. "Jimmy! For goodness' sake"—

Jimmy Brice took her hand in his own. "Nell, dear, I've waited so long, and we've missed Mabel and Nixon anyway, and this is such a bully clergyman—a real gentleman of the old school."

"If you will be good enough to stand before me here," said the clergyman when he came back.

"Come!" said Jimmy gently, and the girl arose.

Stars were winking drowsily in a cloudless sky when they once more turned into the winding drive and found the colonel still pacing the veranda.

"What do you think?" he bellowed as they drew up to the steps. "They didn't go to Northville. They took the 5:26 train for the city and were married there. Had the impudence to send me a telegram, Nixon did, asking my forgiveness. My forgiveness, mind you—confound his impertinence! So you've had your trip for nothing!"

"Have we?" said Jimmy, helping the blushing Nell from the car. "Oh, I'm not so sure of that, colonel. Step into the library with me, if you will. I've something important to tell you. Matrimony seems to have struck this family today in a veritable epidemic."

The Barber's Story.

The barber drew the keen razor over his customer's face and began:

"A friend of mine told me the best fish story I ever heard in my life while he was getting shaved the other day. Want to hear it? All right. You see, it concerns a physician who had a friend who was daffy over fish, and he used to try all kinds of queer experiments with them. One time the friend told the physician that if you took a fish and kept it out of water every day, increasing the time each day, you'd soon have the fish so that it wouldn't have to be in the water at all. Well, the idea sounded reasonable to the physician, so he went and bought a large shad. He put it in an aquarium, and every day he took it out of the water and put it on the floor. The first day he only allowed it to stay out for thirty seconds, but every day he increased the time until finally the shad didn't need any water at all to live in.

"Well, one rainy night the physician was sitting in his study teaching the shad to smoke a cigar when the telephone bell rang, and after answering it the physician prepared to go out on a hurry call. He ordered his carriage, and when it appeared at the door he went out, the shad following him. It was raining hard, and a perfect torrent of water was flowing down the gutters. The shad attempted to get in the carriage, but slipped and fell into the gutter and was drowned. Oh, I'm sorry I cut you, sir. But you couldn't help smiling then, could you?"—Philadelphia Press.

Mediaeval Architecture.

On the lower floor of the Brooklyn museum may now be seen a series of photographs that cannot fail to be of interest to every one to whom the ideas and practices of mediaeval architects and artists make a genuine appeal.

They illustrate the doctrine held by the curator of fine arts of the museum that the builders of mediaeval times frequently introduced irregularities or deviations from mechanical exactness in their churches and cathedrals by intention and that where irregularities are found which may have been accidental the accident was not necessarily due to ignorance or carelessness on the part of the builder, but to the general indifference to symmetry felt by architects in the middle ages and to their willingness to see in divergence from straight lines an element of beauty.—New York Times.

An Expensive Possession.

A certain gentleman in Durham owns a row of houses, and in one of them lives a married son of his who is noted for his miserly habits.

This has got to such a pitch that for several years his father has been unable to get a single penny of the rent due to him.

As he did not want to take harsh measures he at last went to his son and said:

"Look here, Tom; it's plainly no use trying to get any rent out of you for that house of mine, so I've decided to give it to you."

"No, thank you," interposed the son. "I don't want it."

"Why not, pray?" exclaimed the astonished parent.

"Because then," replied the unabashed son, "I'd have to pay the rates and taxes, and goodness knows they are heavy enough in Durham."—Manchester Guardian.

Most people will speak the truth—for a consideration.

Relief Station.

My very warmest thoughts today
Go out to Cousin Jim.
I wonder if he'd like to have
Me drop a note to him,
For my vacation days are not
So very far away.
And on his farm it wouldn't cost
A single cent to stay.

For he possesses acres broad
And has a spanking pair
Of trotting horses that are built
To take one anywhere.
His table groans with choicest food,
And there I would be strong,
For if I went I sure would take
My appetite along.

A hammock swings beneath the shade,
His porch is broad and deep,
And on a sunny afternoon
A pleasant place to sleep.
His rolling fields are fair to see,
The stock is sleek and plump,
His cows are trained to furnish milk
That never saw a pump.

I know I would enjoy the time.
I wonder would he say,
"Come out and make yourself to home,"
Were I to write today.
I wonder if he would attempt
To even up old scores
For boyish pranks should I come out
And set me doing chores.

BEAUTIFUL PARSEE WOMEN.

Most Enchanting of All Types of Eastern Loveliness.

In a typical Hindu beauty the skin is just dark enough to give a rich, soft appearance to the complexion, the features are regular, the eyes mild and black and shaded by long silken lashes; the hands and feet are small and elegantly formed, the demeanor is modest, the manners gentle, the voice low and sweet.

Of course one does not often meet with such a combination of good points, but when they do exist who can wonder at the havoc created in the hearts of susceptible male beholders.

There are good-looking women occasionally among the middle class Hindus, but most travelers agree that it is the high-caste Parsee who must be considered the most beautiful of them all.

The Parsee women will compare favorably with any women in the world. With large, lustrous, dove-like eyes, they have beautiful, regular features, rich-cream complexions and a nobility of carriage which you do not find in the other women of the east. The Parsee woman is not secluded as is her Hindu and Mohammedan sister, and you may see her at any hour on the streets of Bombay.

You will find her dressed in silk, from the graceful folds which are darped over her forehead, and which fall in folds down her back, to the bright slippers and stockings, which, of a color to match her dress, peep out from under her clinging gown as she walks.

You may see her in a European carriage, with her delicate children beside her, riding of an evening with turbaned coachman and footman in the brightest of liveries on the box in front of her; or, if you have the fortune to have an invitation to her house, you will find her living in European style, and upon conversing with her will see that she is edueated and is as intelligent as an Occidental woman.

LIVED IN FIVE REIGNS.

English Juggler Performed Before King William IV.

Henry Johnson, a juggler of New street, Grantham, Eng., was born in Norwich on Christmas Day 103 years ago. In his youth he performed before King William IV. at Buckingham

MR. JOHNSON.

Palace as a juggler. The King was so delighted that he gave each member of the company $250 and granted them a license to perform in any market place, town, or hotel. Johnson also appeared at the Royal Hotel, Tunbridge Wells, before Princess Victoria and the Duchess of Kent. Mr. Johnson has lived in five reigns. He is still remarkably active and may be seen walking about Grantham with no further assistance than a walking stick.

Charges Against Police.

A case of alleged police conspiracy at Bahraich is exciting the greatest interest throughout India. Ten police officers, including Inspector Makur Jagannath Singh and two sub-inspectors, were accused of conspiring with other prisoners to fabricate false evidence, and to bring a false charge against fifteen persons of the offence of assembling together to commit dacoity. It appears that a large capture of dacoits was supposed to have been made by the police in Kutti some time ago, and the persons arrested were committed for trial to the sessions. Before the hearing came on Inspector Hakim Khan, who took part in the capture, made a statement that the whole case was false and concocted; that the persons captured were not dacoits but chowkidars disguised as dacoits, who had been placed ready in Kutti with guns, pistols, and ammunition, and instructed how to act; that the persons arraigned as the dacoits captured in Kutti had been arrested at various times beforehand and collected at Rupadiba, where they were substituted for the chowkidars on the return of the party from Kutti; and that everything had been arranged beforehand. After making this extraordinary statement, Inspector Hakim Khan shot himself. The tragedy led to the present enquiry.

Black Problem Serious.

Mr. C. W. Cousins, of the Cape Labor Bureau, takes a pessimistic view of the future of the colored population of Cape Town. In a recent interview he stated that although there are plenty of opportunities up country, the majority of the young men will not leave the city, partly because they have learned a different standard of living and partly because of their disinclination to settle down to steady work. The older blacks, says Mr. Cousins, are filled with misgivings in regard to the majority of the younger generation. Lately a number of youths were offered regular employment in town at 3s. per day, but, though the work was not hard, they refused it. Again, only recently the copper mines imported about 200 boys from St. Helena, because it was found impossible to get the labor from the Peninsula.

Mrs. Smarty—"Didn't the ladies who called leave cards?"

Jane—"They wanted to, ma'am, but I told them you had plenty of your own, and better ones, too."

"So they are going to try that minister and have him fired out of the church," asks the first unregenerate.

"I should say so. It will go hard with him," answers the second.

"What did he do? Deny any of the dogmas?"

"No. He argued that they ought to stop taking up collections."

A SHILLING PER WEEK

PRINCE EDWARD GOT THIS FOR POCKET MONEY.

Young Heir to the Throne of Britain While at Osborne Has Had No Privileges Over the Ordinary Lad—In Engine Shops He Has to Learn How to Make Things With His Hands—Is Immensely Popular.

It is said that when King Haakon VII. of Norway presented himself for the first time on the Dromning Louise as a naval cadet—"a small boy with a big canvas bag full of sea clothes on his shoulder"—he was accosted by the sentry with, "Who goes there?" The young prince dropped his bag in sheer fright, and it would have fallen overboard if the sentry had not caught it. After, in fear and trembling, the boy had been induced to give his name and number, the sentry turned to the officer on duty with these words: "Officer on guard, I report a skinny little enemy outside who's only got a name in front—and a poor one, too—and none behind. He doesn't know anything, and he looks it fore and aft."

Such was the introduction to the Danish navy of the future King of Norway; and although Prince Edward of Wales, the coming King of England, had no such humiliating initiation as a sailor-boy, since his royal father himself took him to Osborne to introduce him to his new career, he quickly found that a King in embryo was of no more account there than the son of a merchant or of a half-pay officer.

When his father and uncle, Prince Albert Victor, went through a similar training on the Britannia thirty years earlier they had to stow away their clothes like their fellow-middies; they attended the same classes, messed, played, and drilled with them. Indeed, the only privilege they enjoyed was that their hammocks were slung behind a separate bulkhead. And so it was with Prince Edward at Osborne through two years of learning the mysteries of sail-drill, knotting and splicing, and all the other occupations of a junior naval cadet.

From this 'prentice stage Prince Edward has emerged with considerable credit into the second stage of his training as a sailor at the Dartmouth Royal Naval College, the magnificent and imposing building which dominates some of the most glorious scenery in Devonshire.

At Dartmouth budding admirals and captains complete their training for the sea—in the engineering shops, the class-rooms, and on a training-cruiser. Some little distance from the main block of the college are the mechanical instructional workshops, equipped with a remarkably fine engineering and fitting plant, with the practical use of which the cadet is taught to familiarize himself. In these shops, in which he revels, our future Sovereign plays the somewhat grimy role of mechanic, learning to fashion with his royal hands a bar of rough steel into a polished spindle, or to make a joint that will resist a steam-pressure of, say, 300 pounds, on the square inch. The whirr of the complex machinery is music to him, and his mechanical skill is said to surprise his instructors.

The gymnasium is a spacious hall standing at a distance of a few hundred yards from the main block of buildings. Here it is that a staff of skilled instructors supervise the physical development of the cadets throughout their sojourn at the college, in conformity with all the most approved principles of hygienic exercise.

But the pride of the Royal Naval College is the beagle pack, which is famous everywhere in the surrounding countryside.

The kennels are on the brow of the hill, near the playing fields, and the average strength of their inmates for some years has been about twenty couples. Throughout the season meets are held every half-holiday at various places up to a distance of five miles from the college. The commander of the college is master of the hunt, and his helpers usually consist of twelve cadets, selected principally on account of being very fleet on foot. In the gymnasium and in following the hounds, of both of which he is passionately fond, Prince Edward more than holds his own with his fellows of the same age as himself.

At Osborne the prince fared exactly as the other cadets, had the same hours of study, the same food and accommodation, and, like the other boys, a shilling a week as pocket-money, and no "tuck shop" account allowed. At Dartmouth he is lodged in a block which opens from a main corridor one-eighth of a mile long, and shares the common gun-room known as the St. Vincent. He occupies a dormitory with twenty-nine other cadets, the beds in which are placed head to head lengthwise down the room at three-yard intervals.

Discipline is strict, and from "turn out" at 6.50 in the morning until "turn in" at 9.10 in the evening the cadets are under constant supervision, and are for the most part kept fully occupied, either in study or exercise. Wednesday and Saturday afternoons are given over entirely to recreation—except in the case of defaulters, who have to do punishment drill.

To say that the prince is immensely popular with his fellow-cadets is to say what is literally true. As one of them said to the writer, "He never puts on the least side, and is as simple, jolly, and good-hearted a chap as we've got in the college."

Made From a Leaf.

The tailor bird of India, a tiny yellow creature, makes a most curious nest. To escape snakes and monkeys, this bird takes a dead leaf, flies up into a tree, and with a fibre for a thread and its bill for a needle sews the leaf to a green one hanging from the tree; the sides are sewn up, an opening to the nest thus formed being left at the top. The leaf, apparently hanging from a twig, would never be taken for a nest.

Impossible Boy

Small Boy (applying for situation)—What kind of a boy does yer want?

Merchant—A nice quiet boy that doesn't use bad words, smoke cigarettes, whistle around the office, play tricks, or get into mischief—

Small Boy—Yer don't want no boy; yer wants a goil. See?

"And this," said the hostess, who was showing some relics, "is the trunk one of my ancestors brought over on the Mayflower."

"In other words," rejoined the guest, "it is the trunk of your family tree."

THE BEDFORD ACRES.

How the Duke's Family Came by Their Huge Estate.

It was Lord Ridley who some time ago stated that nearly one-third of the land is owned by the House of Lords in one way or another. The Duke of Bedford's portion is 84,000 acres, which includes 250 acres of some of the most valuable ground-rents in London. He owns the larger portion of Bloomsbury and the whole of Covent Garden, including the market, which is reputed to bring him in $250,000 a year. Altogether the annual rent of the duke's London estate amounts to $11,000,000.

In Bedfordshire, Northamptonshire, and Devonshire the duke possesses acres which are estimated to bring him in close upon $400,000 a year, not to mention land in Buckinghamshire and Hunts. And nearly the whole of it came to the Russells by royal grants, although it must be confessed that some of the latter were worthily won, for the Bedfords and Russells have at times done great service to the country.

The first Russell, for instance, who was created Earl of Bedford in 1550, was one of the most accomplished men of his time, although it was really a lucky chance which brought him into royal favor and paved the way for receiving such gifts as Tavistock Abbey and the extensive possessions attached to it, and subsequently the monastery of Woburn, with its park, which is twelve miles in circumference. Of the abbey nothing now remains, the present mansion, which was built mainly in the eighteenth century, being one of the most magnificent in the country.

And this was how John Russell, the first Earl of Bedford, founded the fortunes of the family. He was residing on the Dorsetshire coast, when contrary winds caused the vessel conveying Archduke Philip of Austria from Flanders to Spain to become stranded near Weymouth. Sir Thomas Trenchard, cousin to John Russell, hospitably entertained the archduke, but deputed the actual attendance upon him to Mr. Russell, who had lately returned from the continent and was familiar with the German language.

Thus it came about that he was introduced, with the archduke, to Henry VII., and Mr. Russell was at once taken into favor. He was appointed a Gentleman of the Privy Chamber, and, after accompanying Henry VIII. to the French wars, was created Baron Russell and Earl of Bedford, the grants already mentioned going with the titles. During the reign of the boy King Edward VI., who died at sixteen, he was further enriched, and amongst other grants secured a plot of land called Sevenacres, or Long Acre, and Covent Garden, which had formerly belonged to the monks of Westminster.

Several times Lord Russell was in serious trouble. While he was M.P. for Tavistock he was arrested for debts and duelling, from which plight he was rescued by his marriage with Lady Rachel Wriothesley, second daughter and co-heiress of the Earl of Southampton, who brought with her no small "dot."

One or two other advantageous marriages helped to swell the wealth of the Bedford family, and a few purchases of property have been made from time to time. Generally speaking, however, the present wealth of the Duke of Bedford is derived from the original grants made to the ancestor who won royal favor and riches by his polite attendance upon the Austrian archduke who was wrecked near Weymouth.

BOTHA'S NEW ROLE.

Is Now Building For Empire He Fought So Hard.

One of the most interesting of the delegates to the recent Defence Conference in London was the Right Hon. Louis Botha. It is not long ago that he was chief of the Boer forces fighting desperately against the Empire. To-day he is Prime Minister of the Transvaal, and one of the men who is doing the most to fuse the Dutch and English in South Africa.

RT. HON. LOUIS BOTHA.

When the Boer war broke out, Louis Botha went on the field as veldt-comet—a rank somewhat similar to that of colonel in the militia in Canada—Upon the death of Gen. Joubet, he was given command of the Boer forces, which he led for the remainder of the war.

Did They?

There is nothing much more distressing than an unfinished story. A number of people in a London drawing room were conversing about capital punishment when a lady remarked

"How strange it must seem to be sentenced to death!"

"Not so very, very strange, I assure you. I was myself once condemned to death in Africa," said a returned African explorer

"Indeed!" exclaimed the lady. "And were you—did they"—

"Did they what, madam?"

"Why, did they execute you, you know?"

Impossible

Tom—Whirley must be making an awful lot of money.

Dick—I should say he is. I actually believe he is making more than his wife can spend.

Why He Objects

"Women vote; Never, sir, with my consent."

"Why not?"

"What! And have my wife losing $300 hats to other women on the election."—Boston Transcript.

MURDEROUS MISTS.

Storms Throughout the Empire That Bring Death In Their Wake.

The "London particular" is not only unpleasant to endure, but also extremely dangerous to human health. Continuous fog makes much work for both doctor and undertaker in the metropolis and other large centres of population.

Fog is dreaded, moreover, by ship captains even more than a gale.

Supposed by many to be chiefly confined to northern latitudes; but this is a mistaken idea.

Steamers from the Cape occasionally encounter fog of the most impenetrable character, caused not by moisture in the air, but by dust blown out to sea from the continent of Africa.

Not many months ago, the steamer Dunolly Castle ran into a fog of this kind when only 20 miles north of the equator, and steamed through it for three days and nights. It was so dark that for many hours it was impossible to see from one end of the vessel to the other.

Another steamer, the Springfield, lost her way in this strange dust fog, the material of which came from the Sahara, more than 200 miles away, and was wrecked.

Less known than either these types of storms is the so-called "white death" of the Klondyke. This is a fog in which the whole air becomes full of minute particles of ice. It is thick beyond belief, and exposure to it for any length of time in the open means certain death to human beings.

In the Rocky Mountains hailstorms of appalling severity are not uncommon—so heavy that they are actually dangerous to human life. But it is a place called Timaru, in New Zealand, which boasts the record hailstorm. That was in November two years ago.

A gentleman caught in it described how, to save his horse, he was forced to cover the animal with his rugs, the carriage mat, and cushions. He himself would have been killed but for covering his own head with a cushion

During the quarter of an hour the storm lasted the vehicle was filled to overflowing with hailstones the size of hens' eggs.

Bogus Coin for Africa.

According to a Johannesburg journal, a number of continental crooks are engaged in running a mint, which has its headquarters in Germany, for the purpose of making and conveying counterfeit gold coins to Africa. It is stated that discs of gunmetal are cut almost the size of half sovereigns and sovereigns, and covered with gold. The pieces are turned out perfectly "milled," and of the exact weight of the ordinary current coin. These coins are taken by a traveler, who is going out on "commission" to Africa. He arrives with a packet of a hundred or two of sovereigns. For safe keeping he places these in the hands of the purser, and is often a well-behaved, thrifty passenger on the liner. On arrival at Cape Town or Durban the traveler obtains his "money" from the purser, and the rest is an easy matter. In various bars, and by making purchases, the "money" is soon in circulation. Banks are deceived, for the coins are the exact weight of the genuine currency. Money is so esaily handled in Africa that it has for a long time been made a dumping ground by these foreigners, who are said to make a profit of about five shillings out of every "half-sovereign."

England's Premier Duke.

While many noble families proudly boast their descent from knights that came over with the conqueror, the Duke of Norfolk can trace his back to at least a century before this.

But the family has sustained numerous catastrophes almost unparalleled in the history of any other noble house. The first Duke of Norfolk led the van of Richard III.'s army at Bosworth, and fell there; his son was the victor of Flodden Field, but his grandson was beheaded by Henry VIII.; the fourth duke held communication with Mary Queen of Scots, and was also beheaded, and his son died a prisoner in the Tower. The present duke's first wife died ten years after marriage, and their only son, delicate from birth, died in 1902.

The Duke of Norfolk is the premier duke after the princes of the Blood-Royal, and he owns about 49,900 acres. His Grace recently sold the Holbein "Duchess" to a firm of art dealers for $330,000, and it was ultimately bought for the nation for $360,000.

Man Who "Sat on the Fence."

Of the many stories told of Lord Rosebery, one of the best had its scene in a certain London hat shop.

While his lordship stood bareheaded waiting to be fitted, a bishop entered, and, being rather short-sighted, mistook him for one of the shop assistants.

"Have you a hat like this?" asked the bishop, showing him his own episcopal headgear.

Lord Rosebery took it, and examined it critically for a moment before replying:

"No, I haven't; and if I had, I'm blessed if I should wear it!"

Lord Rosebery owns 7,000 acres in Linlithgowshire, 18,500 in Midlothan, 5,500 in Bucks, 2,000 in Norfolk, 500 in Herts, 170 in Kent, and three in Suffolk.

His lordship replaced Gladstone as Premier in 1894, but the party was divided against itself, and the Ministry fell in 1895.

For many years Lord Rosebery was constantly referred to in political cartoons as "sitting on the fence."

A Snake Astray.

Lately a lady living at Wood Green, North London, Eng., discovered in her children's bedroom a live snake. Looking into the dormitory at midnight to ascertain if her little ones were all right, she saw what was apparently a stocking on the floor; but, as she was about to pick it up, she saw it was a snake, nearly a yard long. She screamed out for her husband, and the intruder was secured with a pair of tongs and killed.

"Didn't some idiot propose to you before our marriage?"

"Certainly."

"Then you ought to have married him."

"That's just what I did."—Montreal Star.

Mere Matter of Time

"I say waiter," said a guest in a Boston restaurant, "have you any fried oysters?"

"No, sir," replied the home-grown slinger, "but we have some oysters that are susceptible of being fried."

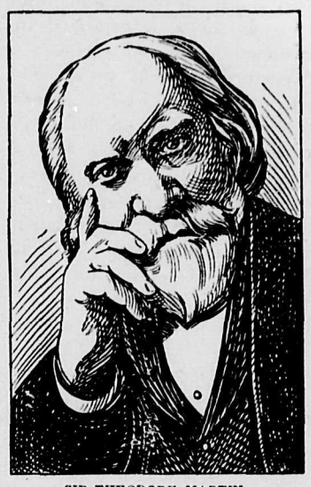
CONSORT'S BIOGRAPHER

SIR THEODORE MARTIN WAS A FAMOUS VICTORIAN.

Englishman of Letters Who Died Recently in Llangollen Wrote Official Life of Queen Victoria's Husband—Author of Many Other Works—Married Helen Faucit, the Celebrated Actress.

Famous as a man of letters, and better known as the author of the official "Life of the Prince Consort," Sir Theodore Martin died at the age of 93, at his home, Bryntysilio, Llangollen, in the room in which he wrote that great work alluded to, and in which, also, Lady Martin, formerly Helen Faucit, the famous Shakespearean actress, died in 1898. Sir Theodore had been seriously ill for a fortnight, during which time sympathetic inquiries were made by the King and Queen Alexandra, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and Princess Louise.

Sir Theodore Martin, born in 1816, was the son of James Martin, S.S.C., Edinburgh. He was educated first at Edinburgh High School and Edinburgh University, and became an excellent classical scholar under Prof. Pillans. Adopting his father's profession, he earned both wealth and fame in it as the head of the eminent firm of Parliamentary solicitors, Martin and Leslie. But he was more famous



SIR THEODORE MARTIN.

as a man of letters; and at the time of his death he was fairly entitled to be esteemed the doyen of English literature. The period of his literary activity had lasted between sixty and seventy years. In the year in which "Pickwith" was appearing he published his first work, "A Disputation between the Body and the Soul"—a poem of fifteen pages, privately printed in 1838. Then came the famous "Bon Gaultier" collaboration with Prof. Aytoun, to whom Martin was introduced by Prof. Forbes, the author of the first important "climbing book" in the language. The burlesque ballads were the most popular volume of parodies since "Rejected Addresses." There was a series of "prize novelists," too, prior in date to those of Thackeray. One of these, an imitation of Disraeli, was reprinted in Sir Theodore Martin's "Life" of Aytoun. It was in 1846 that Sir Theodore Martin went to London as a Parliamentary agent. He at once got an enormous practice of the best kind. Those were the days of keen and protracted contests between great railway companies, and in those contests the rising young lawyer took part to his advantage.

That, while working a good deal harder than the average solicitor, he found time to produce as much poetry as the average poet, together with a fair amount of prose, is a very remarkable fact. He told the students of St. Andrews in his Rectorial Address of 1881, that a crowded life of hard professional work had left him little leisure. "The busiest man is the happiest man," he said, in a speech given on his ninety-second birthday. "Excellence in any art or profession is only attained by hard and persistent work.

"When a man imagines, even after years of striving, that he has attained perfection, then his decline begins." Sir Theodore Martin's great work, his biography of the Prince Consort, he was requested, in 1874, by Queen Victoria herself to undertake. The work had been commenced by Gen. Charles Grey, one of the Equerries of the Queen, who had been private secretary to Prince Albert, and who died in 1870. Although Sir Theodore did not know the Prince Consort personally, his biography, when completed and given to the world, was pronounced a great success, pleasing the public and—what is more to the point — satisfying Queen Victoria. Queen Victoria was also very fond of Lady Martin. Every Christmas Day, no matter where Sir Theodore was, he found on his breakfast table a gift from her Majesty. It was generally sent by a special messenger, and was always timed to reach him as he sat down to breakfast.

It was in 1851 that Sir Theodore married the celebrated actress, Helen Faucit. The ceremony took place at old St. Nicholas Church, Brighton. He records, in his life of her, not, perhaps, altogether without naivete, that "she had a horror of public display at all times, and wished that this, the most solemn act of her life, should not draw together the crowds which," etc.; but that "nevertheless every seat in the church was filled, and the bride had to make her way through the churchyard shrinking from the gaze of a great crowd of eager spectators." The marriage was happy, Lady Martin sharing her husband's taste for literary pursuits. After her retirement from the stage, which did not take place immediately, she wrote a work on Shakespeare's female characters. Lady Martin died on October 31, 1898.

"Is it true that Long threw up his position as purser of the liner after the first trip?"

"Yes, he found he could not hold it down."

Of More Interest

"Papa," confided the pretty girl, shyly, there is a rumor afloat that I am to be the wife of Count Bluffem."

"Bosh!" snorted the old man with a frown.

"But—but, don't you know the rumor is gaining currency every day?"

"H'm! What good are rumors. What I want to know is—is the count gaining currency?"

The Hosmer Times

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
One Year..... One Dollar in Advance
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Published every Thursday morning at Hosmer, British Columbia.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 6, 1910

Time Tables.

C. P. R. TIME TABLE

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

Change took effect Sunday Oct. 31

G. N. TIME TABLE

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

G. R. SHEPHERD, Agent.

FUTURE OF WESTERN CANADA

That history repeats itself is a universally admitted axiom. That what has taken place in older countries will, under similar conditions, be repeated in newer lands is equally true.

Western Canada stands today, practically, in the same material condition as did that portion of the United States west of the Mississippi thirty years ago. At present that portion—the only portion then available to the pioneer of limited means—is closed to them forever. The once boasted homestead laws of the states have been abrogated. President Taft's flamboyant proclamation of last summer, opening three Indian reservations under the "homestead" laws, was a farcial performance and a glittering fraud. All of these lands were sold, and sold, too, at prices far beyond the reach of anybody but capitalists. There are no homesteads left in the states.

Naturally the trend of immigration will, from now, be toward Western Canada. It will be settled as rapidly, if not more rapidly, than have been the western states. Vast fortunes have been made in those states during the past 30 years; there will be fortunes accumulated in Western Canada within a much shorter space of time. Conditions are the same—in some respects better—than they were in the states. Magnificent opportunities lie at the doors of every Western Canadian. Not only are these opportunities available, under the beneficent and honest Canadian homestead laws, but the settler has for his guide the experience and examples of those earlier pioneers who have won for themselves comfortable homes and fortunes in the states.

There is a reason for past neglect of Western Canada. It is natural for humanity to seek the most populous sections of a country. Mankind is gregarious in the same way as are the great majority of animals. This is attested by the continual flocking to cities, until today alarmists are calling attention to the great problem of future food supply. Senator Champ Clark declares that within 20 years the United States will be importing food stuffs. James J. Hill is of the same opinion. Is there the least doubt in the world but that Western Canada will find itself what the western states have been, "the bread-basket of the world?"

But it is not in grain alone that Western Canada will find its profit. With few exceptions the advantages of the country in dozens of other resources are as great as ever existed in the western states. With the certain prosperity of the farmer, the miner, the stockman, the horticulturist will advance hand in hand the prosperity of every other industry. A new era has dawned for Western Canada, and fortunate will be those who wisely avail themselves of the opportunities offered.

The Twentieth Century is Canada's.

DELUSIVE ADVERTISING

That advertising pays, and pays big, is at the present day illustrated on every hand. It is not the province of a daily or weekly journal to discourage judicious and timely advertising. Its real worth has been too firmly established in the business world to warrant any such course Generous advertising will sell almost anything, good, bad and indifferent.

But it is the province of an honest family journal to warn its patronize against a certain kind of gold brick advertising which is catching far too many good, honest suckers in the world. It is a class of fake advertising which promises to convert everyone, regardless of character, mental aptitude, knowledge or education, into expert professional or mechanical men and women. From one magazine we take the following headings:

"We Teach Short Story Writing;" "Learn to Mount Birds;" "I Teach Penmanship by Mail;" "Become a Public Accountant;" "I Can Make You a Convincing Speaker;" "Learn Plumbing by Mail;" "Study Law at Home;" "Why Not You Be an Artist?" "Become a Trained Nurse;" "Learn Newspaper Work at Home;' "Become a Cartoonist and Earn $100 a Week;" "Shorthand in 30 Days;" "Learn to Write Advertisements;" "Why Not Become an Actor?"

There are many more in other magazines, but this one list is sufficient to emphasize the point intended, which is this: Ninety per cent of all these alluring ads. are, simply baits and nothing else. They are the most delusive literature ever put before gullible mankind. It is doubtful if any one of the bunko people who insert such extraordinary advertisements is capable of imparting any really practical or useful information on the subject he suggests, or can guarantee proficency in that line for which he promises high salaries. He simply wants your money in exchange for nothing tangible or worthy the least notice for intelligent people.

Shun all such magazine delusions.

President Lewis W. Hill of the Great Northern railroad is quite positive in his assertion that none of the company's officials is implicated in the fraudulent issue of passes, while the police go right along arresting whole bunches of the company's officials. President Hill has acquired a rather unfortunate notoriety for distributing voluminous misinformation.

A new law recently promulgated in the states makes it a penal offence to draw a cheque for any sum less than one dollar. Prominent bankers say that the constitutionality of the law will last about as long as would a snowball in Hades.

Possibly the transplanting of the suffragette movement, temporaily, from England to Ottawa, may be accounted for by the suggestion that the English budget has crowded out the enthusiastic agitators for women's franchise.

Last Friday a man found the sum of $2,140 on the street and returned it to a local bank. The fact that the man was a Spokane city official causes one to sit up and take notice.

Before another issue of The Times the writs for the elections in England will have been issued and the first one is set for January 15th. The writs will issue on the 10th.

Why does not some ambitious genius open a correspondence school for the purpose of teaching hockey? They are paying hockey players $4,000 for the season.

It begins to look as though Col. Roosevelt was destined to return to the states and find that his man, Taft, had not busted a single trust.

Bob Fitzsimmons has been licked again. Prize fighters are something like political officeholders: Few die and none resigns.

It may be set down as a dangerous practice to sign cheques just for the fun of seeing how your name looks on that kind of paper.

British Columbia's material benefits for 1910 will come alike to conservative, liberal and socialist. Politics has no corner on prosperity.

If you feel cold this kind of weather just think of poor Dr. Cook. Then you will get hot under the collar.

The new $15,000,000 bridge between New York and Brooklyn is said to be 10 parts cost and 5 parts graft.

Bavarians drink most of the beer they make, and so far the only complaint is that they don't make enough.

Speaking of Dr. Cook—but then, there is no necessity of saying anything more.

It is better to keep a New Year's resolution a month than to not make any at all.

Winston Churchill appears to be just now the stormy petrel of English politics.

The Fernie postoffice is still doing business—but not at the same old stand.

From now on until 1911 let it be business with a big B.

And now Dr. Cook is not even a "big noise."

Premier McBride's Greeting

Victoria, Jan. 1.—In extending New Year's greetings and good wishes to all British Columbians, Premier McBride says:

"British Columbia during the past year has enjoyed wonderful development and everything points to 1910 being the most prosperous year in the history of the province. The expression in the coming twelve months will, I believe, be unexampled, and an indication of the great future of the Pacific coast of Canada.

"RICHARD McBRIDE."

Real Progress In Canada

From the New York Sun

As for material development in Canada there is little doubt that the census of 1911 will show an increase of at least 50 per cent in population. Foreign commerce grew from $220,000,000 in 1890 to $380,000,000 in 1900, and Minister Fielding's estimate for the current year is more than $650,000,000. On a per capita basis this is nearly three times the commerce of the United States. Figures of the increase of national wealth are not available, but all the factors point to an enormous gain. It will be many years before Canada attains the present stature of the United States, but the last twenty years, and more notably the last ten years, have given it a tremenduous impulse in that direction.

All of which suggests the desirability and wisdom of establishing such economic relations with our neighbor as will best enable this country both to contribute to and share in that prosperity which is Canada's rightful and assurred heritage,

Forecast of English Elections

A dispatch from Glasgow, Scotland, says:

If Great Britain votes for tariff reform it will not be because of the idea that such a step is necessary to hold the colonies loyal to the empire. Men of all shades of political opinion assert that no one of importance is now presenting that argument. The farthest they go is to say, as does Mr. Chamberlain in his manifesto, that this is probably the last chance of entering into closer trade relations because before the next elections the colonies may enter into commercial treaties that would make a preferential trade system impossible.

Scotland is likely to be as strongly liberal in the new house as it is in the present one. A representative of a leading unionist newspaper, who has been chronicling the progress of the campaign in Scotland, says that the people are showing an intsnse anti-lords feeling. Scotland in 1906 returned 61 government supporters and eleven opposition members. The chief liberal organizer says that Scotland will not send more than 14 conservatives out of 72 members she is entitled to elect. The only sections that are wavering he adds are London and the home counties, but they cannot overcome the free trade faith of the north of England and Scotland. The government in his opinion is certain to be returned.

HOW TAFT BUSTS TRUSTS

Gigantic $150,000,000 Merger Formed Right Under President's Nose

A January 3rd dispatch from New York says:

J. Pierpont Morgan, Thomas F. Ryan and Levi P. Morton linked hands in New York today in a trust company merger which united resources of $150,000,000. It is a triple combination bringing the Guaranty Trust company, the Morton Trust company and the Fifth Avenue Trust company, all of this city, under one head with the title of the Guaranty Trust company. This merger is, perhaps, the largest of its kind in the United States.

Directors of all the three companies met today and informally approved the terms of the merger, which will be put in more definite form on Wednesday when directors' meeting will be held and the plan ratified by the stockholders, although a formal vote on the matter will not be taken until later.

Levi P. Morton, who is president of the Morton Trust company and the Fifth Avenue Trust company, both known as Morton-Ryan concerns, has consented to act as chairman of the board of the merged companies, for which no president has as yet been selected. The name of Alexander J. Hemphill, vice-president and acting president of the Guaranty Trust company, has been mentioned for the position, however. This new move in finance follows the absorption of the Guaranty Trust company by the so-called Morgan interest, but upon just what terms the merger is made was not declared today.

The Guaranty Trust company was organized in 1891 and has total deposits of more than $88,000,000. The Morton Trust company, which was formerly the banking house of Bliss & Co., was organized in 1899. Thomas F. Ryan is vice-president. Its deposits aggregate more than $45,000,000.

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Please send in your changes of ads. no later than Tuesday night if you wish to be sure of securing a change during the current week.

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Long distance wire is now ready for use by the public
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RAYMOND SEWING MACHINE
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Call and see us before purchasing a machine elsewhere.
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The Elmsbury Ghost

It Appeared In Person to Mr. Ebenezer Pollock

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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"Going once! Going twice! Going three times and sold to Mr. Ebenezer Pollock for $1,900!"

The auctioneer's hammer fell with a resounding thud and nearly grazed the nose of the purchaser.

"Didn't mean to damage a good customer," chuckled the man of the hammer as he pulled down the red flag above the gate and climbed into his buggy. "Come down to Lawyer Fitch's office bimeby, 'Nezer, and we'll close the deal right and proper."

"Very well," said Ebenezer gruffly.

He watched the crowd of women tiptoeing out of the house and waited until the last one had passed through the gate, each with a furtive glance at the new owner. He was aware that they marveled because he had bought a ghost ridden house.

When he was alone in the shadows of the tall oaks he looked up at the house, dark and forbidding in the midst of rank grass and weeds. Whatever had been its original color, it was now faded to a dingy mustard hue, blotted with the dark green of heavy wooden shutters tightly closed.

There were years and years when the shutters had never been closed. Those were the days before old Simon Elmsbury's granddaughter had run away with the schoolteacher and had in consequence been disinherited by the old man. Simon had left the house and land and furniture to the Foreign Missionary society, and now, five years after his death, they had put it up at auction, and Ebenezer had bought it at much below its real value.

It was well known that Simon would have opposed his granddaughter's marriage to any man. He was selfish enough to wish to keep her at his side to wait upon him, for she was the only relative he had.

"Let us come and live with you, grandfather," Cornelia had pleaded with her arms around his neck. "You will like Henry better when you know him." But the obdurate old man had angrily flung her aside, and the next day the girl had been married to Henry Stone and disappeared from Melville.

After that Simon Elmsbury closed the main part of the house and lived in the east wing for ten years, and then he died without one relenting word to Cornelia. The Stones had never been heard from since their departure from Melville. No one knew where they lived or even if they were alive. Old Simon Elmsbury went to the grave unattended by any relative.

Since Simon's death gossip had it that the house was haunted. On stormy nights, the credulous said, the old piano tinkled softly behind the closed shutters, and a woman's thin, sweet voice was heard singing in low tones. Snatches of this weird music could be heard sometimes in the lull of shrieking wind or dashing rain. On other nights all was still. Some claimed that Cornelia was dead and that her sweet spirit came back to sing in the rooms of the old home, where she had spent a happy girlhood.

In spite of ghostly rumors, Ebenezer Pollock had suddenly made up his mind to give up boarding in the village hotel and occupy a home of his own. The Elmsbury place suited him. It was near his harness shop, and the east wing was just large enough to serve his simple purposes. As for the main portion of the house, he gave it over to rats and mice and mold.

Now he walked up the path and entered the front door, creaking rustily *on its hinges in the south breeze that* swept the yard. On the second floor a door banged loudly. Ebenezer started and then, with an exclamation of disgust, entered the house.

A long, dark hall stretched away into inky blackness, and to the right and left open doors gave glimpses into darkened rooms faintly illuminated with candles placed there by the auctioneer.

Ebenezer creaked in and out of the rooms filled with decaying furniture, carefully blowing out the candles. Upstairs the candles were flickering strangely, and there was a chill in the large north bedroom as if from an open window, but all the windows were tightly shuttered and barred.

Once outside again, he turned the great brass key in the front door with an involuntary sigh of relief. The east wing had a separate entrance and was shut off from the rest of the house by a sealed door. A day's work by black Anna would make the wing very habitable for him and his bachelor belongings. Ebenezer didn't want a housekeeper—he detested women.

He had lived in the Elmsbury place for three weeks before he heard the singing ghost. It was the 21st of September, and the equinoctial gale was shaking the old house to its very foundations. Ebenezer had gone to bed, but he could not sleep. The wind screamed down the wide chimney and whistled around the windows. The roar of beating rain drowned all sound save the whistling wind. There were creaking sounds beyond the walls, and Ebenezer fell to thinking of the ghost.

It was then that the wind paused for breath and the rain fell more lightly. From a distance came the echoing jangle of an old piano touched by timid fingers and a mere thread of melody in a woman's voice; then the rain continued its monotonous beat, and he heard the music no more.

Ebenezer Pollock was angry. He resolved to lay the intruding ghost if possible, and so the next day when a watery sun rendered the house a little less dreary he lighted a lantern and unsealed the door that led into the other side of the house.

The house was quite as dusty and forlorn as on the day he had bought it. Strangely enough, Ebenezer did not look at the little piano which stood open just as Cornelia Elmsbury had left it so many years ago, with a yellowed sheet of music upon the rack. He scurried through the rooms with a half realization that some slender spirit was flitting through the rooms away from his contaminating presence.

A few weeks afterward there came another storm of wind and rain, and again he heard the ghostly music. Ebenezer had a twinge of the rheumatism that night, and he very irritably rapped on the wall with his cane. The music stopped abruptly, and he did not hear it again, although there were many storms that fall.

One winter evening, when the old house was wrapped in a blinding snowstorm, Ebenezer awoke from his first sleep with every muscle aching and drawing with pain. Rheumatism held him a captive. For hours he groaned *dismally, conscious that the fire in his* air tight stove was nearly out at a time when he needed heat. There was no ministering hand to apply hot flannels to his swollen joints and muscles or to allay his torture with soothing liniments.

It was then that the ghost came again—this time with groping fingers upon the sealed door. It knocked gently and spoke to him in faint, frightened whispers.

"Go away!" shouted Ebenezer wrathfully. "Go away, ma'am! It ain't proper that you should be loitering around here! Go away, I say!"

There was a silence, and presently Ebenezer's thick, grizzled hair stood almost upright on his head. Ghostly footsteps sounded in the rooms over his head and softly, tap, tap, tap, down the narrow staircase that opened into his bedroom.

The lamp beside his bed gave forth a cheering light, and Ebenezer Pollock, thoroughly frightened for the first time in his life, watched with fascinated eyes the slowly opening door at the foot of his couch.

Tall and slender and pale, she stood before him at last, her tender blue eyes filled with pitying tears. Perhaps she was forty years old, but the hair framing her delicate face made her appear much younger.

"I could not bear to hear you moaning with pain all alone. My husband used to have rheumatism before he died, and I know just what to do," she said in a low tone.

"Ma'am!" gasped Ebenezer. "Ma'am!"

He watched her slender figure as it flitted to and fro about his rooms. She mended the fire, and soon its cheering warmth brought relief to his aching limbs. She heated water and flannel cloths and applied soothing liniments with very human fingers.

When the lines of suffering had relaxed and Ebenezer's face still sought hers questioningly she sat down in a low chair and spoke somewhat sadly.

"I'm Mrs. Stone—Cornelia Elmsbury that was. I've been living here four years."

"Here—in this house? How?" demanded Ebenezer doubtfully.

"In the big back attic," said Cornelia, with a little smile. "It looks out on the tall chestnut woods, you know, and the short chimney comes out there. Grandfather left the cellar full of coal and wood. I've got it real comfortable up there, and on stormy nights I'd come down in the dark and play on my piano till you drove me away. I used to walk over to Belton on dark evenings and get all my groceries and things. It was hard work, but it was heaven to me to get home again after all I went through!" She broke into sobs.

"What made you hide? What did you do it for?" asked Ebenezer excitedly.

"My husband was poor. He died and left a little insurance money—just enough to buy my food and not enough to pay rent. My eyesight is so poor I cannot work, and so I thought I would come back here. I heard the place was shut up, and it was *my own by rights*. I knew I'd be driven out if any one knew I was here!"

"You poor little thing!" blurted Ebenezer pityingly. "Stay here just as long as you like!" There was a long silence after that, while the little widow cried happily before the fire. Ebenezer was thinking rapidly. "If you ever go away, ma'am," he said, with *a great blush*, "I'll go after you and bring you back here and"— He paused.

It happened that one day the ghost deserted the Elmsbury house, and Ebenezer kept his word and went after her—and brought her back a bride to her old home.

His Little Joke.

An enterprising Philadelphia restaurant proprietor hung out a large blackboard sign one day with the following announcement: "You Can't Beat Our 15 Cent Dinners."

This sign proved to be a good drawing card until a young man of humorous turn of mind came along. The latter, seeing the sign, stopped and after scrutinizing it closely smiled one of those smiles which bode no one any good. He waited until none of the employees was watching, and, taking out his handkerchief, he erased the letter "b" from the word "beat."

The transformation was complete, and it was not until a crowd had collected that the proprietor of the restaurant discovered why there was larger crowd outside than inside.

Melancholia.

One peculiarity of melancholia is that the victim of it actually enjoys the despondency and often doesn't want to be cured.

A Tea Test.

To test tea burn a small quantity on a metal plate. With good tea the amount of ash remaining is small, increasing in *quantity as the quality of* the samples tested deteriorates.

Doubtful Compliments.

The colonel who, taking his leave at a garden party, inquires, "Have I had the pleasure of saying goodby to you, Miss Mary?" the hostess sweetly assuring a distinguished pianist who has risen abruptly from the instrument with a sarcastic protest lest he should disturb the conversation that he does not do so at all; the young man who, on being told that a possible rival had taken the lady who is speaking in to dinner the previous evening, declares that "that's all he's fit for"—these are decided instances of this class of bad compliment, while for a well meant but lukewarm one poor Newman Noggs' reply to the collector's query respecting the Kenwigs' new baby, that it wasn't a very nasty one, may be cited.

FAMOUS TEA DRINKERS.

Johnson Once Took Twenty-Five Cups at a Sitting.

Napoleon, like Johnson, was a hardened tea drinker, and so a century later was Mr. Gladstone, who confessed that he drank more tea between midnight and four in the morning than any other member of the House of Commons and that the strongest brew of it never interfered with his sleep.

The dish of tea was one of the most important factors in Johnson's life. Proficiency in the gentle art of tea brewing was regarded by him as an essential attribute of the perfect woman, and there can be no doubt that his feminine friends (and their name was legion) did their best to gratify *his amiable weakness.*

Richard Cumberland tells us, says The London Gentlewoman, that his inordinate demands for his favorate beverage were occasionally difficult to comply with. On Sir Joshua Reynolds' reminding him he had already consumed eleven cups he replied: "Sir, I did not count your glasses of wine. Why should you number my cups of tea?" And laughingly he added in perfect good humor, "Sir, I should have released our hostess from any further trouble, but you have reminded me that I want one more cup to make up the dozen, and I must request Mrs. Cumberland to round up my score."

When he saw the complacency with which the lady of the house obeyed his behests he said cheerily: "Madam, I must tell you for your comfort you have escaped much better than a certain lady did awhile ago, on whose patience I intruded greatly more than I have on yours. She asked me for no other purpose than to make a zany of me and set me gabbling to a parcel of people I knew nothing of. So, madam, I had my revenge on her, for I swallowed five and twenty cups of her tea."

Cumberland declared that his wife would gladly have made tea for Johnson as long at the New river could have supplied her with water, for it was then, and then only, he was seen at his happiest moment.

On his Scottish tour his inexorable demands for tea sorely tried the patience of Lady Macleod of Dunvegan, who after giving him his sixteenth cup suggested that further supplies in a small basin might be agreeable to him.

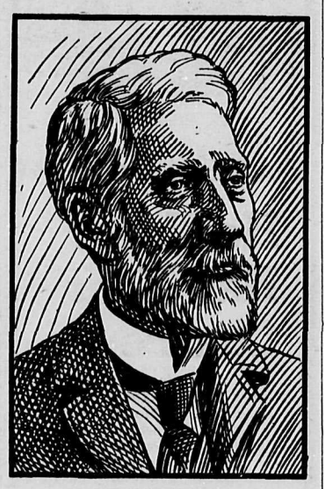
"I wonder, madam," he answered roughly, "why all the ladies ask me such questions. It is to save yourself trouble, madam, and not me."

The lady was discreetly silent and resumed her task.

THE PURE MILK QUESTION.

It Has Been Thoroughly Investigated by the Commission.

The commission appointed some time ago by the Ontario Government to study the question of regulating the production of pure milk in the province has made a very exhaustive and thorough investigation into the subject. It has made expert inquiries not only at important dairy centres in Ontario, but also at the leading milk producing centres in the United States, so it will be able to give the result of the experiences of a large number of workers in this field of



MR. DARGAVEL.

reform. The question of the proper handling of milk is a very important one for the Ontario farmers and the Whitney Government has selected good men to study the subject and present the facts to the people.

Mr. Dargavel, M.P.P., the leading member of the commission, who has been working on this problem for several months past, has been president of the Ontario Dairymen's Association for a considerable time and is one of the largest milk producers in the province. He will bring a wealth of personal experience to the study of the subject as well as wide knowledge of literature on the question. He represents Leeds in the Legislative Assembly and ever since entering that body has taken a very active and intelligent interest in public affairs, and especially in everything pertaining to dairying and farming.

Ambergris.

The essential characteristic of ambergris is the penetrating and peculiar odor, similar to that of musk. It is so powerful and so illusive in its perfume that the most minute quantity when mingled with any other strong scent is still perceptible.

Cheese.

Cheese is one of the most concentrated of foods. A twenty pound cheese contains more nitrogenous substance than a sheep weighing sixty or seventy pounds.

Royal Billiard Players.

King Edward is a very fair billiard player, and occasionally indulges in an evening game with the Prince of Wales. His Majesty was taught billiards in his youth by Dufton, then a noted player. The Queen and her daughters play a fair ladies' game, Queen Maud being especially good at winning hazards. The Kaiser has also played with the King, and is an excellent player, though somewhat nervous.

Spiteful.

Nell—Miss Passay says Mr. Golden proposed to her on Wednesday night, but she didn't give him her answer until Thursday.

Bell—If that's true I'll wager he proposed at 11 59 p.m. and was accepted at 12.01 a.m.

Spider's Web.

Efforts to utilize the spider's web for practical purposes were made as early as 1710 in France.

THE BRIDGE LIGHTS.

Black on the rain-swept harbor hung the night,
But through the darkness, lamp by valiant lamp,
We saw the spectral glow where ran the bridge,
From gloom-encompassed mainland on to dim
Imagined mainland even more remote.
The lordly bridge of granite and of steel
We could not see, but light by serried light
We knew it lived and arched the emptiness.

And so it is with each faint gleam that man
Has known and nursed. Companioned by its kind,
There, light by light, across the frustrate tides
And o'er the undeciphered gloom they swing.
The towers of granite and the paths of steel
Our eyes have not beheld; but still we know
That out from mainland unto mainland swings
And stands and waits some undiscovered bridge.

—Arthur Stringer in Smart Set.

SHE TAPPED THE KEG.

How a Backwoods Woman Got All the Beer She Wanted.

Verily truth is stranger than fiction, and often vastly more amusing. Here is a story which is true. That it was amusing to the Toronto man who heard it at first hand from an interested person, and who saw the proof of the incident it concerns, will readily be seen.

A well-known piano manufacturer of Toronto was in Muskoka during the recent deer-hunting season, and while there he became acquainted with an interesting backwoodsman. Incidentally, he learned something of *the latter's home experiences. Now* the settler's wife has an appetite which we do not like to associate with the fair sex, but which in this instance may be accounted for by the fact that backwoods women lead a most lonely life, a life which would drive a good many of us to drink. She dearly loves to assimilate fiery water, and her husband has had to resort to many schemes to keep her *from getting gloriously drunk, while* at the same time providing himself with a modest store of liquor for his own temperate use. Well, recently this man was offered a barrel of beer at a bargain at the nearest settlement—at all events he found himself in possession of a barrel, and then arose the problem of its safe disposal at home. He could not put it in the house, of course; so, after some *careful planning*, he smuggled the stuff into the barn, fixed up a block and tackle, and hoisted it to the roof, where he was sure his wife could not reach it if she discovered its whereabouts. Then he went off to work feeling quite pleased with himself. But on his return in the evening he found his wife in a condition variously described as "canned," "tanked," or "spifflicated." He himself for a moment was paralyzed with astonishment. Then he ran to the barn to see how she had managed to "get-next" to the contents of the barrel. He glanced up. It was up at the roof safe enough, but a close examination revealed the manner in which it had been tapped. His wife had located the liquor, taken his rifle, shot a hole in the bootom of the barrel, placed a pail underneath, and got all she wanted!

When the Toronto man heard the story, he could scarcely believe it until he had been shown the hole in the keg.

A Tribute From Harper's.

A traveler, returned from a journey to Seattle, which so many easterners have made to their profit, reports an interesting observation. He came back by way of British Columbia, and the Canadian Pacific Railroad. He reports being impressed with the different appearance of things north and south of the Canadian boundary, in that on the Canada side things were so much more shipshape. The houses to his eyes looked neater and better, the yards were neater, there were everywhere signs of greater effort among the Canadian settlers to secure comeliness in their surroundings; of more solicitude about the conditions of living and more ambition to maintain civilized standards.

We cannot verify these observations, but give them for what they are worth. Doubtless the far-western Canadian colonists are largely British and have carried with them dooryard and cottage traditions from the comely, cultivated islands which vagrant Americans love to visit and admire. An Englishman will have flowers in his dooryard if he can, and is apt to know how to have them, and to take the trouble to make them grow. That is one good fruit of training and long-standing civilization. It is by no means so common as yet in the United States as in England. The Englishman pays more attention to living and does not skip the details. The American's thoughts are apt to be too exclusively engaged in getting on in life. He is loath as yet to spend time and strength in beautifying life as he lives it.—Harper's Weekly.

Our Fisheries.

As to whether the Dominion should pay the province for what it gets in the way of property or revenue, or whether the province should pay the Dominion for the protection it affords a valuable industry, is not a matter, from this point of view, of very great importance. It is of far greater importance that the fisheries shall be so protected that they shall continue to be the valuable asset to the country that they are at the present time. —St. John Globe.

What a Boy Should Learn.

The boy is the father of the man. The boy that learns to be a gentleman in his sports, that can trust himself in a crowd, and that would scorn to win by unfair means, has already laid the foundations of good citizenship.—Sentinel-Review, Woodstock.

Sir Frederick Macmillan.

From England comes the announcement that King Edward has knighted Frederick Macmillan, the present head of the English publishing house of Macmillan & Co., of New York and Toronto. Mr. Macmillan is the son of the original founder, Daniel Macmillan. In 1843 there appeared a little volume, "The Philosophy of Training," by A. R. Craig, bearing this imprint: "Published by D. and A. Macmillan, 57 Aldersgate street." That was the first the reading public heard of a name which has since become familiar in England and America.

WATSON AND HIS WORK.

Is a Powerful Poet But Does Not Apply Himself Very Much.

The English poet, William Watson, whose recent poem, "The Woman with the Serpent's Tongue," has attracted such widespread interest, was for many years regarded as a confirmed bachelor. He has surprised his friends, however, by recently getting married to a beautiful Irish lady.

He has not, of late, been very productive, and his brother, Mr. Robinson Watson, of Montreal, in conversation with the writer, has more than once regretted what might be called poetic slothfulness. Not only has Mr. Watson the Government pension of $1,500, but some years ago he came in for a considerable fortune, and his brother in Montreal rather thought that possibly he was yielding too acilely to the exactions of society.

While he is known for limpid sweetness and the inculcation of the most delicate and ethereal ideas, he possesses, at the same time, a grimness of humor, a power of invective, a searing and dissolving corrosiveness, possibly unequalled by any living writer.

He seems to have a measureless choice of epithet, yet in his scolding remains all the poet.

At the time of the massacre of the Armenian Christians, a few years ago, by the Turks and Kurds, he wrote the famous sonnets to "Abdul the Damned,"—sonnets which, in their terrible power of invective, burned with a white flame of anger and contempt, and which produced the most prodigious effects, thrilling the general pulse, stirring the people to righteous indignation against that power which Gladstone desired, many years previously, to thrust out of Europe—"bag and baggage."

The sonnets established him in the popular regard; but his "Commemorative Ode to Liverpool," upon the occasion of the celebration of the founding of that city, seven hundred years ago, was a noble effort—dignified in *treatment, stately in its measures* flow, warm with feeling, and which by the committee appointed to make the selection — the committee being composed of some of the foremost men of letters in the country—was deemed to be greatly superior to every other contribution.

Scattered pieces of Mr. Watson's have been published in book form;—the entire collection of his poems is *now in the press.*

Mr. Watson, for all his fiery philippics, is of a gentle spirit, as befits the poet, with an intense love for nature in all her moods and expressions. He is of a retiring nature, caring little for fol de rol. Possibly his modesty militated against his claims for the Laureateship. He did not seek social or political backing. Those who appreciated his genius, felt that his could be the only congruous appointment; but Mr. Austin had many political and social friends highly placed.

REV. DR. A. A. CAMERON.

Elected Head of the Baptists of Ontario and Quebec.

Rev. Dr. A. A. Cameron of Ottawa, who just recently completed his 24 years as pastor of the First Baptist Church in Ottawa, was elected president of the Baptist Brotherhood of Ontario and Quebec at the 21sit annual convention held a short time ago in Hamilton, Ont. The new head of the Baptists of Ontario and Quebec is one of the best known clergymen of Ottawa and an active worker in ministerial circles there. He is

REV. DR. A. A. CAMERON.

widely known as an eloquent preacher, a deep thinker and a man of broad sympathies and Christian charity. He is a son of the late Rev. D. Cameron of Tiverton, Ont., and was *born at Breadalbane*, Perthshire, Scotland, in 1841.

Dr. Cameron was educated at the Free Church Schools at Lawers and came to Canada in 1857, continuing his studies at the grammar schools at Vankleek Hill, Ont., and L'Orignal, Ont. He taught school for five years and then entered Woodstock College in 1864, graduating in 1867. He became pastor of the Baptist Church at Strathroy, Ont., the same year, and was called to Ottawa in 1871, thence to Winnipeg, then to Denver, Col., and later to Calvary Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. He has published a number of pamphlets, chiefly on controversial subjects, and is an able writer as well as a clever public speaker.

The Jarndyce Case.

The Jarndyce case in "Bleak House" was based on fact. It was actually the famous Dyce-Sombre case. A French adventurer in the eighteenth century married a begum of Oude and acquired enormous wealth. I think it was he who built the Martimere at Agra, so famous in the Indian mutiny, and miles of other beautiful buildings of mud and chunam. How his affairs after death got into chancery I don't know, but the fact remains that every scrap of his wealth dissolved in the litigation. While it lasted members of the contesting families were cared for, and descendants are to-day holding commissions in the English army and other reputable positions.

"A Bale of Wool."

Col. Haldane, a cousin of the War Secretary, who has been appointed a Brigadier-General, had an adventurous experience during the South African war. He was made a prisoner in Pretoria. Plan after plan of escape was made only to be foiled. In the end, after many days spent under the floor of his prison, the colonel, in a coat neatly lined with slabs of chocolate, escaped from his cell, overcame countless other difficulties, and finally crossed the Portuguese border in a railway truck, having been for sixty hours officially, though inaccurately, described as "a bale of wool."

ONLY TWELVE YEARS.

In That Time Canada Has Made Immense Strides.

No parallel to Canada's rapid development of her natural resources can be found in the history of any other country in the world. With her vast riches and especially with her agricultural possibilities; with a government policy in force for over twenty-five years by which an actual settler could obtain a free grant of 160 acres of the richest grain-producing and stock-raising land in the world, to be selected out of an area of three hundred million acres, it can with difficulty be believed that barely 1,800 persons, or less than one-tenth of one per cent. of the number that could have found homes on those fertile western prairies, actually settled there in 1896. The fact is that up to that year the West was practically an unknown region. Since then, or within the past twelve years, the number accepting the offer of free land has grown until the total for the past ten years is nearly 270,000 persons who took up free homesteads offered to actual settlers. These entries represent forty-five million acres taken up for development by farmers from Eastern Canada, the United States, Great Britain and Continental Europe. The Canadian West is no longer in an experimental stage. Its fertility as a grain producing country is now established beyond question. Its yield during the season just closed, although not yet exactly known, is estimated by the best-informed to be nearly four hundred million bushels of grain, of which one hundred and twenty-five million bushels are wheat. The population of the West is fully a million and a quarter, which is six or seven times greater than was the population of twelve years ago.

During that same period fruit-growing in the West, and particularly in British Columbia, has developed wonderfully. Where there were then less than one hundred acres in orchards, there are now one hundred thousand *acres set out with apple, pear, peach* and other varieties of fruit trees. The Yukon goldfields have been discovered and one hundred and twenty million dollars extracted from the gravel in the valleys of Bonanza, Eldorado, Hunker, Dominion and other streams in the Klondike district. The silver deposits of Cobalt during the past five years have proved enormously rich, and millions of dollars have already been taken from those rocky hills, which contain perhaps the richest known deposits in the world. The great iron industries of Great Breton and Northern Ontario have come into existence, showing vast possibilities for the future.

The discovery and development of seemingly illimitable coal area is no less astounding. With the opening up of the West and the on-coming of the tide of settlement in the prairie provinces, whose supply of wood-fuel is limited to a comparatively small area, comes the discovery of deposits estimated by competent authority to contain sufficient fuel to supply the West for thousands of years.

With these discoveries behind us, who can foretell the discoveries of the future? So far only the fringe of our resources has been touched.

While this development of our natural resources has been going on, changing the whole aspect of the country, the expansion of our manufactories and commerce has made steady progress. Our railway mileage has increased by thousands of miles of new lines in every part of the Dominion, and our shipping has grown enormously. The Canada of twelve years ago can scarcely be recognized when compared with the Canada of to-day.—Canadian Life.

A Football Hero's Experiences.

Someone, in congratulating Stronach, of the Ottawa Rugby team, hailed him as chiefly responsible for the Tigers' recent defeat. The big Scot declined the honor.

"People are very kind," said he, "but Williams won the game."

His interviewer tried him on another tack. "Which game do you prefer, the English or Canadian?" The Rough Rider thought he couldn't express an unprejudiced opinion. He had been brought up in the Old Country style of play, and had played in Canada only two years, but the Canadian game was well enough.

"Do they make it rough for you?"

"No," said Stronach, gently rubbing the centre of his forehead whence *a nondescript bruise extended to the* bridge of his nose.

"Just where Ben Simpson's toes landed when I threw him once," he explained.

In Scotland, he volunteered, he had experienced a few knocks. His collar-bone was broken and his skull fractured. "I lost the originals of these in one game," said he, removing an upper set of store teeth; "then *I had an ankle broken, and my knees* haven't been any good for a long time. Finally, my best friend was the occasion of my suffering a fractured thigh, and curiously enough, he sustained the same injury at my hands later on. But it's all in the day's work."

Means Nothing.

The whole question revolves back to the only logical position, real aid to the British navy. A Canadian navy, such as has been outlined, is a farce, a blowing in of millions for nothing. Money voted to strengthen the British navy means something; money voted for a tin-pot Canadian navy means nothing.—Winnipeg Tribune.

At the Capital.

A glimpse of the development of Ottawa during the past ten years must convince the average man that any portion of the urban and suburban area which is now sparsely settled will be within another ten years pretty well filled up.—Ottawa Journal.

Not Be Canada.

It would be a calamity if commercial war should come between Canada and the United States; but if it is bound to come, the chief sufferer will not be Canada but the United States, in whose favor the balance of trade lies so greatly.—Ottawa Free Press

Peopled by Flemings.

Pembrokeshire is called "Little England beyond Wales," owing to the English from Somerset who were settled there by the Earl of Warwick in and also to Flemish colonists. There is said to be a difference between the inhabitants of some districts and the Welsh even now.

Drinking Water.

The quality of drinking water may be ascertained by filling a bottle half full, tightly corking it and then shaking it vigorously for a minute or two. On uncorking the bottle if the slightest disagreeable odor develops there is some kind of pollution in the water

MAN BEHIND FAWKES

ROBT. CATESBY PLANNED GUNPOWDER PLOT.

The Famous Villain, Who Is Hanged In Effigy Every November 5, Was Only a Tool In Catesby's Scheme—Chastleton Manor the Scene of the Scheming Still Stands In Oxfordshire.

Every great movement in the world's history, whether for good or evil, has at one time been the one thought in one man's brain. So said Emerson. And truly there is one person who, more than any other, is identified with the Gunpowder Plot—namely, Guido, or Guy, Fawkes. He, as is universally known, was the one chosen from the eight chief conspirators to fire the train of gunpowder that would annihilate King, lords and commons. Caught almost in the very act he gloried in pleading guilty, so that from that day to this he has always figured as the "villain of the piece."

Nevertheless, he was merely an instrument in, not the originator of, the

CHASTLETON HOUSE.

plot, as that doubtful honor must be accorded to Robert Catesby, of Chastleton, Oxfordshire.

This estate, with its fine old forestland, came to Robert Catesby from his father, Sir William, with other lands, as a marriage gift. Here he lived for many years, and here, on Nov. 11, 1595, was baptised his son Robert. Catesby was a born plotter, and from early days began to empty his purse in the cause of rebellion. His estates vanished, consequently, one by one, till Chastleton only re*mained, and here, beyond all doubt,* was conceived the ante-plot which developed into the Gunpowder treason.

Money, however, was still needed for the propaganda, so in the end Catesby was compelled to sell his estate of Chastleton to help the scheme. The deed of sale, with Catesby's signature attached, is still at Chastleton.

The Jacobean Manor House, of which a drawing of the state-room is shewn, is a splendid specimen of old-time architecture, and contains a really fine collection of tapestry, carving, oil paintings, and books, among the latter the Bible which King Charles I. gave the Bishop Juxon on the scaffold.

"Queer Old Joker."

Gen. Sir Dighton Probyn, who has been made a K.C.B., is Keeper of the Privy Purse, and a special favorite with King Edward. Apropos of his close companionship with royalty, the story is told how, on one occasion, overhearing in the smoking room of an Isle of Wight hotel a gentleman make some incorrect remarks regarding the doings of royalty, he ventured to hint that the speaker was wrong. "Perhaps you would like to say, sir, that you are a personal friend of His Majesty's?" said the first speaker, with a sneer. "I think I might even venture so far," replied the old gentleman, quietly, as he rose from his seat and made for the door. When he had gone the other looked after him for a moment, and then said, to the room generally: "Queer old joker; who is he?" "Only Sir Dighton Probyn!" came a chorus of delighted *voices, and then someone else had a* chance to talk.

A Persistent Cow.

Mr. Carlyon Bellairs, who has seceded from the British Liberal party, told an amusing story a short time ago in justification of his late arrival at a meeting at which he was announced to speak. The express by which he left London began to travel at the rate of six miles an hour. Many of the passengers, says Mr. Bellairs, did not notice the difference; "but, being anxious to arrive at my destination, I put my head out of the window, to find that the cause was a cow on the line. Presently the train started again, then another stop. Exasperated at the delay, I happened to catch sight of the guard passing the window of my compartment. 'What's *wrong now?'* asked Mr. Bellairs. 'A cow on the line, sir,' was the reply. "But I thought you drove it away." "So we did, sir; but it's caught us up again."

Hostess to 25,000 Guests.

The position of Lady Mayoress of London is no sinecure. During her year as chatelaine of the Mansion House Lady Truscott acted as hostess to 25,000 people. "The most brilliant event of my year," she says, "was the great concert last May in aid of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. A charming incident occurred in connection with this concert. Mme. Tetrazzini wrote to tell me that she had never heard Mme. Patti sing, and would give anything to hear her. In invited Mme. Tetrazzini, and I had the *great pleasure of bringing* the two prime donne together in my drawing-room. Mme. Tetrazzini fell on her knees and kissed the hand of Mme. Patti, in homage, she said, to **the greatest singer of the age."**

The Latest Wheat Corner.

A curious discovery was made in an unused level in one of the mines along the line of lode at Broken Hill, South Australia.

A miniature crop of wheat, nearly 2 feet high, was found growing at a depth of over 700 feet, away in a dark drive, where no ray of sunshine ever penetrated. The wheat was very "spindly," and of a pale-yellow color. Some of it was brought to the surface, and placed in the manager's room. In a little time it assumed a green tinge. The seed was probably introduced in a bag taken below by a workman.—Melbourne Age

OUR SHOE DEPARTMENT

Is one that we are paying special attention to in our new store. We have increased our stock in this department by

Fifteen Hundred Pairs of Shoes

bought with care from the best shoe factories in Canada, including "Slater," "McPherson," "Muir," "Amberst," "Leckie," and "Sterling" makes.

We take pleasure in satisfying every customer with a "try on"

Shoes for Men and Women

Shoes for Boys and Girls

A. MILLS & SON

MILLS BLOCK HOSMER, B. C.

TALK OF THE TOWN

Prepare for spring.

John Bossio spent New Year's in Fernie.

Sam Snell was a Fernie visitor Wednesday.

Ed Richards arrived from Elko Friday morning.

F. H. Ingraham spent Saturday and Sunday in Elko.

J. H. Brown of Elko was registered in Hosmer Sunday.

Miss Annie Gardner left for Fernie Wednesday morning.

Alexander Cameron and family spent New Year's in Fernie.

William Furnell left Tuesday on a business trip to Bankhead.

W. T. Watson returned from Pincher Creek Tuesday evening.

Mrs. G. B. Racicot was visiting friends in Fernie yesterday.

William Todhunter of Fernie was a Sunday visitor in Hosmer.

H. A. Marx returned from a short visit to Coleman Tuesday evening.

The first curling match of the season was played in Fernie last Thursday night.

C. E. Olsen of the Elk Lumber Company, Fernie, spent a few days in Hosmer this week.

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

Ed Bergland of Moyie was in Hosmer Friday representing the Wright Investment Company.

A few of the annual holidays have been passed and St. Patrick's Day will be along in due time.

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

The twin boys, born last week to Mr. and Mrs. Paul Santa, are both dead. One died Friday of last week; the remaining little one died yesterday.

Lewis Stockett, manager of the Hosmer Mines, Ltd., went to Bankhead, Alta., Monday evening,

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hargrave of Walsh, Alta., visited Tuesday with Mr. and Mrs. G. Herbert Marlatt.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. James Milo, New Year's Day, January 1st, a girl. The little one has been named Stella.

New Year's brought forth a whole covey of skatorial artists, as well as a number of snow-shoe parties.

"Missouri Bill," brother of Col. John Henry Bill Morrison, left for Michel Friday, returning Sunday evening.

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

G. H. Marlatt reports a most excellent holiday trade, and regards the business outlook for the future as quite favorable.

The handsome Canadian flag presented to the town by C. R. Hosmer floated from the staff throughout the day New Years.

The handsome gold watch, which was raffled New Year's Day by the Catholic church, was won by John Howcroft of Old Michel.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Mills, Beattie and Miss Jessie Mills, spent New Year's at Baynes, the guests of Fred Adolph, of the Adolph Lumber Company.

The regular meeting of the local union No. 2497, U. M. W. of A., will be held tomorrow night, Jan. 7th, in the school house instead of the Hosmer opera house.

Despite the severity of the zero weather of New Year's day, Contractor Wildman and a crew of carpenters continued at work on the new school house. The frame is now up and being rapidly enclosed.

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

Hosmer Constable, George H. Aston, returned Tuesday evening from a two-weeks' holiday vacation at Banff and some of the coast cities. During his absence his place has been filled officially by Harry Brown.

Master Frank S. Woods, Jr., who was born Tuesday of last week, was presented with an infant's toilet set on Thursday. This was hung on the Christmas tree of the English church, and the little boy was the youngest child in Hosmer to receive a present.

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

A. Mathieson, D. D. G. M., accompanied by R. McTaggart and F. W. Cox, drove to Fernie Wednesday evening and installed the officers of Mount Fernie Lodge, No. 47, in their respective offices. Following the ceremony refreshments were served and a social evening was passed.

The English Church services have been transferred from Odd Fellows' Hall to the Hosmer Opera House. Services will be held fortnightly; second Sunday Evensong at 7:30 p. m. Fourth Sunday, Holy Communion at 11 o'clock a. m. Evensong at 7:30 o'clock p. m.

Clark's Moving Picture Show opened Sunday night to rather a light audience at the Hosmer opera house. But this was owing to the severity of the weather. The show is good and the audience Monday night was much better and appeared to be very appreciative. Clark's show will be at the opera house every Monday evening until further notice.

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

By Balloon to South Pole

From Paris comes the report that Messrs. Mateesan and Voischhck of the Russian army have purchased two dirigible balloons with capacities of 1400 and 2000 cubic metres with which they will undertake an expedition to the South Pole.

The explorers plan to convey the apparatus by ship as far south as the ice will permit and thence proceed in the balloons southward. They will keep in touch with their ships, their base of supplies, by means of a wireless outfit.

A Serious Fire at Cowley.

On Tuesday afternoon between two and three o'clock the town of Cowley, Alta was visited by the fire fiend. The Alberta hotel and stables, the butcher shop and outhouse was destroyed. The store of Davidson & Colpman was saved with difficulty, but the building and contents suffered considerable damage. A large number of farmers were in town, who with the citizens fought a hard fight and by using snow and water were successful in saving the rest of the town. It was lucky that there was not a high wind blowing or nothing could have saved a large part of the town. As the fire happened in daylight all the guests escaped without injury. It is understood that the loss is partly covered by insurance.

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

TASK OF TOASTMASTER

Compelled to See That Everything Moves Smoothly at Public Feeds

The profession of toastmaster is an uncommon one. There are probably not more than twenty toastmasters in England all told, says a writer in Answers. Some of the city companies keep their own toastmasters; but there are two unattached, and these are the beaus of their profession. Between them they divide most of the political banquets.

A toastmaster, of course, is that dignified gentleman who does all the chairman's hard work. He introduces the speakers, calls the toasts, and sees to it generally that the dinner flows smoothly. His qualifications are—a thorough acquaintance with the art of catering, an encyclopaedic knowledge of etiquette, and most important of all, an inexhaustible supply of tact. One of these two gentlemen has, in the course of a thirty years' career, acquired sufficient knowledge of the political and social world to write half a dozen books of reminiscences.

"Yes, my business is certainly a peculiar one," he confessed lately. "It looks simple enough, but for years I was as nervous as a kitten. A toastmaster must not let his attention slip for a moment, or something may go wrong. And when he is, perhaps, puzzling over half a dozen problems, he must as if he had not a care in the world. His presence, indeed, must inspire confidence in the most timid of speakers.

"One difficulty that is constantly occurring, of course, is that of the orator who has begun to bore his audience. How is one to cut him short without offending him? There are several ways. I sometimes arrange beforehand with the guest beside him that he is to be interrupted when I give a certain signal, and with others they are to join in the discussion thus raised. The moment this discussion begins to die away, I rise and introduce the next speaker.

"But I have another plan that I use only when ordinary remedies fail. Suppose a gentleman is on his feet who obviously intends to speak at great length. When, by glancing over his shoulder, I see that he has reached, say, the tenth page of a twenty-five-page manuscript, I realize that it is time to take strong measures.

"I just set my tie straight and glance around. Now, there are in the room, of course, many people who have often met me before, and know my ways. This signal, they know, means, 'Gentlemen, please follow my lead.' (In such a case they are only too anxious.)

"I bide my time until the speaker has reached the end of a paragraph. There are immediately shouts of 'Oh, oh!' when it is seen that I have raised my eyebrows in pretended surprise at the speaker's last statement. The room resounds with ironical cheers and counter-cheers. I frown and shout 'Order, order!' The opposition dies away; the applause gets louder and louder. I relent, and join in the clapping, leading it up to a tremenduous pitch.

"When the applause is dying away I break in with the regular formula for introducing the next speaker, 'Pray, silence, gentlemen, for——.' The man on his feet can, of course, do nothing but resume his seat.

"He usually asks for a few minutes' talk with me afterwards. Sometimes his language is painfully frank and free. Sometimes, however, he contents nimself with phrases like 'Thick-headed ass!' I, of course, apologise profusely, and explain that I thought he had finished. I have even applied the closure to ——. But I dare not mention names. The fees counterbalance the inconveniences.

"There is, however, another source of income. At many great dinners a collection is made for some public object or charity. The amount raised depends very largely upon the popularity and tact of the toastmaster. So, though it is not generally known, he is often encouraged to do his best by a promise of a commission on the amount he succeeds in raising."

CHURCH DIRECTORY

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

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

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

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

Rev. Irl R. Hicks Almanac for 1910

Ready November 15th, 1909, a splendid year book on astronomy and meteorology, the only one containing the Hicks Weather Forecasts." By mail postpaid 35c., on news stands 30c. One copy free with a year's subscription to Word and Works, the Rev. Irl R. Hicks Monthly Magazine, the best $1 monthly in America: discounts in almanacs in quantities. Agents wanted. Remember the genuine Hicks Forecasts are not published elsewhere else—you get them only in his own publications Word and Works Publishing Co., 2201 Locust street, St. Louis, Mo.

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HOSMER, B. C.

Winter Term

Opens in the Garbutt Business College Calgary, on January 3rd. An ex-secretary of the Y. M. C. A. is in charge of the girls' residence in connection with the School. Graduates are guaranteed positions or their tuition fees are refunded. The Garbutt School is recogonized as the leading business training school in the West.

Write for information to the Principal, F. G. Garbutt.

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CANDY
A MATTER OF GOOD TASTE
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The indications are that the coming Winter will be very severe. You will never realize this if you have one of our up-to-date heating plants in your building. We sell steam, hot water and hot air heaters.

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He Never Had Your Chance

In this man's day there was little chance for the chap who started out in life as a workman with no special training. He was foredoomed to work for small wages until finally disqualified by old age. With YOU it is different. If you are not getting ahead as fast as you should in your chosen occupation, the I. C. S. will help you.

A record of over 16 years of remarkable success in training thousands of ambitious wage earners for better positions and increased earnings enables us to state positively that we can help you, no matter how scant your time, money, or education may be. Don't neglect any possible chances for advancement. Send this coupon NOW.

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JOHN SORKEE, PROPS.

Fine Wines, Liquors and Cigars

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YOUR TRADE SOLICITED

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The Workingman's Home

Is now under the management of Robert Gourlay and will be run for the accommodation of the working class. All modern improvements. Transent rates $1 per day, special rates by the week

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