

Hotel Michel

T. Crahan, - : - Proprietor
 The Largest, Most Modern
 and Best Equipped in the Pass.
 Michel, - British Columbia

SPRING MEDICINE

Dr. Cooper's Blood Purifier

An Ideal Spring Tonic. A remarkable medicine for the cure of all disorders of the blood, such as Boils, Pimples, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Eczema, Scroful and all Skin Diseases that are not of a parasitical character

KENNEDY'S
DRUG AND BOOK STORE
 NEW MICHEL

Imperial Bank of Canada

Head Office: TORONTO
 Capital Authorized \$10,000,000.
 Capital Paid up \$5,000,000. Rest \$5,000,000.
Savings Bank Department,
 Interest allowed on Deposits at Current Rate from Date of Deposit.
 Drafts, Money Orders and Letters of Credit issued, available in any part of the World.
 MICHEL BRANCH, T. B. BAKER, MANAGER.

Bring in your Watch

and have it inspected.
 If it needs repairing or cleaning we will attend to it. A written guarantee given with each and every watch repaired by us.
 We have three skilled repair men, repairing watches, clocks, jewelry of all kinds, engraving, repairing and cleaning type-writers, gramophones, phonographs, musical instruments, guns and surveyors' instruments.

Somerton Bros. JEWELERS OPTICIANS PHOTOGRAPHERS New Michel

41 Meat market Ltd 41

High-class Butchers
 New Michel
 All meat fresh killed---Prime Beef, Pork, and Mutton Dairy Butter. Mild-cured Hams and Bacon---Fish in Season
 The Store Where They Send What You Order

2 Deliveries Daily 2

Singer Sewing Machines

The Best in the World. Simple, Strong, Silent, Speedy for sale at W. B. King's fruit store, New Michel. Needles, Oil and Repairs.
 F. J. Conroy, Agent.

KING'S KANDY KITCHEN

High-Class Chocolates and Confectionery
 NEW MICHEL. Tobacco, Cigars, Nuts, Cider and

Ice Cream

Moving Monday

PRESENT QUARTERS MUCH TOO SMALL

The Reporter will move on Monday to those fine premises on Northern Avenue, immediately opposite the Great Northern station. We are putting in additional plant and will be in much better shape to accommodate our largely increasing business. We extend a hearty welcome to our friends and customers to look us up in our new premises and we will endeavor to keep pace with the progress and development of the town.

Base Ballers Organize

A meeting was held on Tuesday evening, at the Great Northern hotel, at which the New Michel Baseball club was formed. The following are the officers: Honorary president, Otto Meier, president G. B. Stedman; manager, A. J. McCool; Secretary-treasurer, H. Somerton. Suits have been ordered and the club is preparing for actual work.

Standing of Football Clubs

TEAM	POINTS
Frank.....	0
Michel.....	5
Bellevue.....	5
Fernie.....	5
Coal Creek.....	3
Coleman.....	2
Hosmer.....	0
Cowley.....	0

Local Sports

Michel has the best football team in the Pass.

The recently organized baseball club bids fair to hold up the record for sport in this locality.

Nothing brings a town more prominently to the front than a good Athletic Association. Boost ours along.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

Excursion Rates

MICHEL
 To Vancouver
 Victoria
 New Westminster
 Bellingham
 Everett
 Seattle

\$29.75

Corresponding rates from other points.

Tickets on sale daily May 29th to Oct. 14th

Final return limit 60 days, but not later than Oct. 31.

Liberal Stopovers Allowed

For complete information apply to Agents, or write J. E. PROCTOR, D. P. A., Calgary.

Empire Day

THERE WAS A GOOD TIME IN THE OLD TOWN

The 24th was celebrated at Michel by a day of sports under the auspices of the football club. A game of baseball was played in the morning between New Michel and Michel, score 3 to 2. In the afternoon a good program of events was pulled off and a dance in the evening completed the day's fun.

A Type of Hypocrite

From the Lethbridge Herald.

You have no doubt run across the merchant who continually bemoans the practice of people buying from the department stores at Winnipeg and Toronto. He is with us always and we don't blame him for protesting against the practice. People should patronize the local merchants — and what we want to impress at this minute, they should get their envelopes and letter paper and other printing from the local printer. It is a funny thing, but it is true nevertheless, that some of the people that howl most about building up the town, patronizing home industries and throwing Eaton's and Simpsons catalogues in the furnace, are the first persons to give an order to the travelling stationery man, who will supply envelopes at a figure less than the local printer. That sort of a citizen is a hypocrite.

League Football News

League football games were played Saturday and Monday between Coal Creek and Michel and Fernie and Hosmer. In the former Coal Creek was given the decision by a score of 2-5 but the game was protested and will be played over. In the latter Fernie defeated Hosmer 2-1. A meeting of the league was held at Fernie Saturday evening at which the draw was made for the games to be played for the Mutz cup. The result of the draw was that Hosmer plays Cowley at Hosmer; Coleman plays Bellevue at Coleman; Frank plays Coal Creek at Frank and Michel plays Fernie at Michel in the first round. The dates for these games will be set later.

The directors decided to confer upon the team which wins the season's championship, \$100 of the contribution of \$250 made by Thomas Crahan of Michel, for the purchase of medals and the balance to be held by the league for similar purposes in future.

Frank will play at Michel Saturday.—Frank Paper.

Advertising is the difference between a quiet business and a hustling one. It is pleasant to hear the front door of your store open and shut many times during the day, and to have your clerks busy selling goods to customers.

GO TO THE BALMORAL HOUSE, if you want Good Board. : : :

Dray and Express Work Done. - - Bus Meets All Trains
 Most Reasonable Prices in town
 White Labor Only Employed.
 H. CARR, Proprietor

LUMBER YARD WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

All Kinds of Lumber, Mouldings, etc.—Fancy Windows, Doors and Verandah Posts in Stock and to Order.
 Fernie Lumber Co., Ltd. :-: New Michel

Great Northern HOTEL

NEW MICHEL, B. C.

EVERYTHING FIRST-CLASS

Cuisine Unsurpassed

Bar Stocked with the Finest.

Attendance Unexcelled

McCool & Moore, :: Proprietors

HOTEL KOOTENAY

New Michel, B. C.

Laurenson & Douglas :: Proprietors

RATES \$2.00 A DAY

Everything First-Class and Comfortable

Nothing but white labor employed

FREE BUS MEETS ALL TRAINS

"Elk Valley Beer"

Pure and Pleasing:

Manufactured from Canadian Malt, Bohemian Hops and the now Famous Crystal Spring Water.

Elk Valley Brewing Co., Limited

Livery, Feed and Transfer

Bus service, five trips daily between the C. P. R. Station and the Kootenay Hotel
 Fare, Round Trip.....
 Single Fare.....

GEO. FISHER, Proprietor

SLICK UP

Get Your Hirsute Appendage Clipped and Your Whiskers Pushed in at the Great Northern Tonsor-ial Parlors—You're next.

P. M. MacLanders, Prop

E. V. Holding Co.,

Builders and Contractors

Repairs and alterations promptly attended to. Estimates cheerfully given.

New Michel

COLDSTORAGE

One of the Sights of the Town

Meat direct from car to cold storage
 No handling. No dirty railway platforms.

New plant in running order. It is worth your while to come in and see it. Everyone welcome.

P. BURNS & CO. LIMITED

Printing

The Business Kind. That's What Keeps Us Busy. See!

FREAKS OF INVENTORS

CURIOSITIES OF THE BRITISH PATENT OFFICE.

Device For Combining a Gun and a Pointer For Hunters—An Artificial Moon—Circumventing Insect Robbery—Plan to Oust the Engineer—A Catapult For Travelers—Earthquakes Set at Naught.

Sir Cornelius Dalton recently retired from the Comptrollership of the British Patent Office, and in the course of an interesting review of that useful public servant's regime, recalls some curious instances of "cranks" with whom he has been called upon to deal.

Thus there was a man who presented an elaborate specification for combining animal instinct with human precision in the realm of sport. The patentee elaborated a plan whereby "direct communication, by chain, cord, or other device, should be established between the tail of a pointer and the trigger of the sportsman's gun.

By intuition the dog would know when the bird was about to rise, and by moving his tail would fire the gun. The sportsman had only to see that his aim was accurate; the dog and the bird would do the rest.

A rural gentleman, of marked economical habits, having observed the gorgeous reflection of the setting sun in the village windows, saw no reason why every hamlet should not boast its own artificial moon. By the expenditure of much mathematical skill he demonstrated that by suspending a huge reflector from a balloon at high altitude it was possible to reflect the rays of the sun after daylight had died away. An unappreciative public declined to avail itself of this astounding discovery, even after a patent had been granted.

A naturalist, as the outcome of profound study, was moved to pity for the hard-working busy bee, who, while wrapped in slumber after a strenuous day's toil, was robbed of his honey by the bee-moth at night.

The claims of honest industry cried aloud for protection from the midnight marauder, and another addition was made to the archives of the Patent Office. The specification with much gravity detailed the working.

The beehive was provided with a door connected to a henroost. Directly the bees retired to rest the fowls retreated to their henroost, and by the process of getting on their respective perches caused the door of the hive to close automatically. The process would be reversed in the morning and success ensured.

The plan for harnessing Niagara was puny compared with the vastness of the project which had for its object "the boring of a hole until it reached the waters that are boiled by the eternal fires of the earth."

The author of this daring proposal foresaw the day when fuel would no longer be needed, and when the engineer would be no more. Upon what principle the inventor hoped to dispense with the services of the engineering section of the community remained a closely-guarded secret.

The almost autocratic power wielded by the driver of an express train upset the democratic sensitiveness of a traveler whose experiments with the communication cord were disappointing, and he elaborated a remedy.

The top of the guard's van was to be equipped with a powerful catapult, so that in the event of sudden emergency the train might be brought to a standstill by stoning the driver into a state of subjection.

The railway companies were uncharitable enough to allow the possibilities of ruffling the feelings of the driver to outweigh the prodigious capabilities of the catapult, and the invention never reached practical maturity.

All great crises have stimulated the creative faculty of mankind, and earthquakes have, of course, earned a full share of attention of the "freak" inventor. The most original notion in this connection was not forth by a genius who quite satisfied himself that if houses were provided with wheels or rollers they would move about backwards and forwards during an earthquake and escape disaster.

Another aspirant to fame bemoaned the unhappy circumstance that man was unable to vie with the fly in rambles on the ceilings, and he patented an arrangement for soling boots with iron, so that, in combination with an electro-magnetic ceiling, he would be able to walk head downwards.

A Girl Recruiting Officer.

The London recruiting serjeants who promenade the vicinity of Trafalgar square and the provincial visitors who gaze at the Life Guardsmen on duty at Whitehall have lately been afforded the spectacle of a young lady—Miss Baker by name—in a smart uniform, and wearing in her military cap a bunch of colored ribbons, busy enlisting "likely-looking" girls for the first-aid Nursing Yeomanry Corps. This body, which has been in existence for some time, boasts several troops, each twenty strong. Miss Baker makes a most enthusiastic recruiting officer.

Country Needs It Most.

A bit of a wag is Mr. Wm. O'Malley, who represent Connemara, in the British House. He mentioned the chaplain, the Ven. Archdeacon Wilberforce, the other day to a friend whom he was showing over St. Stephen's. "Oh, he prays for the House, doesn't he?" asked the friend. "No," replied the member for Connemara, "he gets up and takes a look at the House, and then prays for the country."

REMARKABLE REMOVALS.

Church Removed by Traction Engine—Shipping a House by Water.

Something of a sensation was caused the other week at Leigh-on-Sea, England, by the removal of a church from one site to another by means of a traction engine. The transportation occupied several days, and the streets were completely blocked during the transit.

Removals of this nature are extremely rare, and there are some unique instances which are worth recording. A novel "fitting" was witnessed in Glasgow in 1899, when the St. Bride's Episcopal Church was removed from Baconsfield road to a seat in Hyndland road. The task was accomplished under extreme difficulties, as the route had a steep gradient, and the church weighed about sixty tons, affording seating accommodation for a hundred people. The building was raised by "jacks" and pulled along soaped planks until it reached the roadway, where four massive wheels were attached, and it was dragged to its new position by three traction engines.

Another remarkable case of house removing was to be seen last summer near Dalhousie, New Brunswick, when a large frame structure was shifted more than two miles by water. It was first taken 1,000 yards to the shore, and then removed by means of lighters. It was said to be a curious sight to witness a two-storey building, 35 feet by 50 feet in size, being towed into port by a gasoline launch.

Another case of this kind is that of a hydro which the doctors had ordered to be removed to a more healthy spot. Although it was a large building, with twenty rooms, it was put on rollers, and taken in this way to the edge of the bay, and then placed on large barges, and towed over the water a distance of ten miles.

LIONIZING MR. LOCKE.

English Novelist Is Excessively Timid and Hates Publicity.

William J. Locke, the noted English novelist, who recently visited America, is very tall in appearance and has a very sandy complexion. His work table is usually littered with papers and uncorrected proofs. He is one of the few famous men that success has not spoiled, and to this day he considers it a high honor to be asked for a photograph—a request to which up to the present he has always religiously acceded. In manner Mr. Locke is diffident and almost shy, and to be the lion of the evening is to him a distinction which is almost akin to pain.

A distinguished artist tells the following story of him: "Locke," says the artist, "was the guest at a reception one evening and was due at the Lambs Club at ten o'clock on the same night, when a dinner was to be given him by the members. Poor Mr. Locke, lionized by everybody, shy and almost embarrassed, felt that the time for the Lambs Club dinner must be arriving, but was far too polite to look at his watch.

"I went to him on several occasions and suggested that time was flying and that he was expected at the Lambs. After much hesitation he finally approached his hostess timidly and with outstretched hand. 'I think I must really'—he began. 'What?' exclaimed the hostess. 'You mustn't think of going yet,' and immediately commenced a brilliant fusillade of conversation directed at the lionized but embarrassed Locke.

"Poor Locke stood there, the picture of the politest trepidation. Finally the lady left him, her duties calling her elsewhere. I then manoeuvred him to near the door, when, coming behind him, I fairly pushed him from the room. Mr. Locke, rather shocked but intensely relieved, reached the Lambs Club only thirty minutes late."

Painting Wagner's Picture.

Sir Hubert von Herkomer, the celebrated English artist, described his experience in painting the portrait of Richard Wagner without a sitting. Wagner in 1877 was introducing his music to English audiences, and he permitted the young artist to be with him at his house, see him day by day and watch him. When Wagner was asked when he intended to sit he replied, "He sees me all the time." That went on for a month. Then the artist started on Friday on the portrait, worked at it all day at white heat, slept badly all night and worked again all day Saturday. By the evening it was finished, and the next day he took the portrait, glazed and framed, to Wagner. Then came a chance over the great musician. He was delighted.

Got Out by Hole.

An attempted burglary under rather peculiar circumstances was reported from Motherwell, England, recently. A shop at North Motherwell was during the night entered by thieves, who gained an entrance by making a hole in the brick wall at the rear of the building. The shop is in the Miners' Rows, and the lights used by the burglars attracted the attention of the residents, who crowded round the door to prevent the escape of the thieves. They called the police and awaited developments; but when the constable entered it was found that the thieves had made their escape by the hole, quite unobserved by the watchers. They went without their booty, however.

Designer of "Dreadnoughts."

The man who has created a new naval standard by designing Dreadnoughts is Mr. John Harper Narbeth, a naval architect employed in the construction department of the Admiralty. Mr. Narbeth began life as a shipbuilding apprentice at Pembroke Dock, and ultimately joined the designing staff at the Admiralty. When the plans of the Dreadnought were first submitted, they did not capture the fancy of the Lords of the Admiralty. Afterwards, however, the merits of the design were recognized. When not busy over his plans at Whitehall, Mr. Narbeth is to be found at Wandsworth Common, where for many years he has made his home.

A HISTORIC WRANGLE

RIOTS ENDING IN BURNING OF PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS.

Recent Conflicts In the House at Ottawa Pale Into Insignificance Beside the Trouble In Montreal Over Rebellion Losses Bill—Same Day Marked the Setting Up of Vancouver as a Crown Colony.

It has just turned sixty years since riots, stirred up by the Rebellion Losses Bill, resulted in the destruction by fire of the Parliament Buildings of United Canada at Montreal, when the commercial metropolis lost for all time its status as the political capital of the country. During the little more than half a century that has flown since that memorable but equally discreditable occurrence, the narrow union has expanded into a broad federation, and the shores of the Pacific and the Arctic Ocean, as well as those of the Atlantic, have become parts of the boundaries of the Dominion of Canada. Nor has our expansion been wholly material. Something of a national spirit has been developed, a better understanding has been reached between the different races composing our population, a broader outlook is enjoyed both as regard affairs at home and abroad, and a more correct appreciation prevails respecting the future of the Empire and the rights and duties of its widely-scattered members. Although the party spirit still dominates our public life and is still carried to an extreme not always conducive to the best interests of the country, still in comparison with the spirit that prevailed sixty years ago, it is mild and reasonable.

The country was surprised and no doubt pained at the wordy warfare waged in the House of Commons the other day by two opposing leaders, but when compared with the conflicts that resounded through the chamber of the Assembly just prior to the riot of April 25th, 1849, that scene of wrangling was mild indeed.

An evidence of this is found in the report of the debate on the second reading of the Rebellion Losses Bill, proposing to indemnify the sufferers in Lower Canada in much the same way that sufferers in Upper Canada had been indemnified a couple of years before, a movement inaugurated by the Tory Government, of which Mr. Draper, afterwards Chief Justice of the Upper Province, was the head. The Lower Canada bill had been introduced by the Baldwin-Lafontaine Government, and it was supported pretty generally by the whole Reform Party. Opposition to it was led by Sir Allan MacNab, and he and Solicitor-General Blake during that debate almost came to blows, and had to be taken in charge by the Sergeant-at-Arms.

The bill was passed, Lord Elgin gave it royal assent, and the mob burned the Houses of Parliament and stoned the Governor-General. In acting as he did Lord Elgin applied for the first time in its entirety in Canada the principle of responsible Government. He may have disliked the Rebellion Losses Bill, and probably some features of it he heartily disapproved of, but it had been introduced by his Ministers and sanctioned by a majority of the representatives of the people in Parliament assembled. The Ministers were responsible for it, and as a constitutional governor only one course was open to him—to assent to the bill and give operation to the will of Parliament. That the mob vented a portion of their rage upon him showed how imperfectly understood was the principle of responsible Government for which the people had clamored for so many years, and which had only recently been secured.

The work of the mob that night sixty years ago gave Canadian public life a bad name which it took a long time to live down; it lost to Montreal the seat of Government which for the next sixteen years fitted between Toronto and Quebec until it found a permanent abiding-place at Ottawa; and it inflicted a loss that to a large extent was irreparable for in the fire was consumed the Assembly Library of twenty thousand volumes and many records of great historic value. About the only thing saved was the life-size painting of the Queen, which was rescued from the flames by Sir Allan MacNab, "with characteristic loyalty." To-day that picture adorns one wall of the House of Commons.

On the same day on which the Parliament Buildings of Upper and Lower Canada were destroyed, a new British colony was set up on the western shores of North America, and which to-day is that part of the Dominion looking out towards the Orient. On April 25th, 1849, the Island of Vancouver became a Crown Colony, ceasing to be administered by the Hudson Bay Co. The island's first governor was Richard Blanshard, succeeded a year later by the famous James Douglas. The year of the establishing of the colony is marked by another event of still greater importance in the development of the Pacific coast. One day that spring there came on a visit to Fort Victoria, near where the capital of British Columbia now stands, an old Indian chief named Nanaimo. He brought with him his gun, which needed mending, and while in the shop waiting for the repairs to be completed he watched the men put on the fire fresh coal, which was then brought to the colony from England. Picking up a lump he examined it closely, and then said to the men: "There's plenty black stone like that in the country where I live."

The remark was not lost upon his hearers, who promised the Indian that if he would bring them some of the "black stone" they would mend his gun free of charge, and give him a bottle of rum besides. In the following spring he returned with his canoe-load of "black stone." It was found to be coal. The men were guided back to the place where it had been gathered and there was discovered one of the richest coal deposits on the Pacific coast. A fort was built there, and so began the present city of Nanaimo.

Worse Than a Failure

They had been married just a month when he lost his position, and during the next eighteen months he jumped rapidly from one thing to another without being at all successful at anything.

By this time, of course, her tresson was getting frayed around the bottom and rusty around the top; and the hope which she had been entertaining that she would some day be the possessor of some gowns had become a sort of permanent hope, as far as she could see, or in fact as they both could see together.

"Elizabeth," he said one day, "do you think marriage is a failure?" "Failure!" she said scornfully. "It's a panic."—Wall Street Journal.

The Climax

He was telling a thrilling story out of his wallet of a thousand and one hairbreadth escapes over in Santiago, doncherknow, and his pretty listener was leaning anxiously towards him, hanzing on his every utterance.

"The wolves were upon us," he said, "howling and roaring, as I have so often heard them. We fed for our lives, I don't deny it; but every second we knew the ravenous pack was gaining on us. At last they were so near that we could feel their muzzles against our legs—"

"Ah!" gasped out the lady. "How glad you must have been they had their muzzles on!"

COMFORT FOR MOTHERS; HEALTH FOR CHILDREN

Baby's Own Tablets will promptly cure indigestion, colic, constipation, diarrhoea and teething troubles, destroy worms, break up colds and thus prevent deadly croup. This medicine contains no poisonous opiates or narcotics, and may be given with absolute safety to a new-born child. Mrs. C. L. Manery, Leamington, Ont., says: "My baby suffered from colic and constipation so badly that we did not know what it was to get a good night's rest. But since giving him Baby's Own Tablets the trouble has disappeared, and he now sleeps well. The action of the Tablets is gentle yet very effective." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Bill Barlow, of Wyoming, told of one of the first humorous paragraphs of his former editorial associate, Bill Nye. There had been a railroad accident. The locomotive was lost, the passenger cars were destroyed, the express car was smashed; but no one had been fatally hurt. This is the way Bill Nye described it: "For upward of twenty years repairs have been repeatedly promised the old south bridge. Hoping against hope, and waiting until distracted, the old bridge became discouraged at last, and yesterday just laid down in the gorge with a passenger train."

Eyes Are Relieved by Murine

When irritated by Chalk Dust and Eye Strain, incident to the average School Room. A recent Census of New York City reveals the fact that in that City alone 17,928 School Children needed Eye Care. Why not try Murine Eye Remedy for Red, Weak, Watery, Watery Eyes, Granulation, Pink Eye and Eye Strain? Murine doesn't Smart; Soothes Eye Pain. Is compounded by Experienced Physicians; Contains no Injurious or Prohibited Drugs. Try Murine for Your Eye Troubles; You will like Murine. Try it in Baby's Eyes for Scaly Eye-lids. Druggists Sell Murine at 50c. The Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, Will Send You Interesting Eye Books Free.

Yakutsk, the commercial emporium of Eastern Siberia, is the coldest city in the world.

The Village Grocer (preevishly)—"Look here, Aaron! What makes you put the big apples on the top of the bar?"

The Honest Farmer (cheerily)—"What makes you comb that long scaplock over your bald spot?—Puck."

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

Rhody—'Tis contented OI found ye sittin' here, Mike. Are ye smokin' the roipe of peace?"

Mike—Oim contented, Rhody; but for the rist ave it ye're back end to Oim's shmokin' me piece ave poipe.—Judge.

For years Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator has ranked as the most effective preparation manufactured, and it always maintains its reputation.

"I think," said Miss Cayenne, "that in the course of time we shall be communicating with Mars." "What of it?" inquired the professor. "We won't be able to exchange any ideas of importance." "Perhaps not. But the conversations at teas and receptions should fortify us for a little dis-appointment like that."—Washington Star.

A GREAT SHIPOWNER.

Sir Donald Currie Was Among Britain's Self-Made Men.

One of the most notable figures in the world of shipping is removed by the death a few days ago in England, in his eighty-fourth year, of Sir Donald Currie, head of Messrs. Donald Currie & Co., and of the Union Castle Line.

Sir Donald was the third son of Mr. James Currie, of Belfast, a small tradesman (it has been said that he was a barber), who lived for many years in Greenock. Young Donald received his somewhat scanty education at Belfast, his schoolmaster being Mr. Bryce, father of the British Ambassador at Washington.

The most memorable feature in Sir Donald's private life was his friendship with Mr. Gladstone. The statesman's first trip with his friend was in the Dublin Castle. As was usual with him, he combined business with pleasure, and in the course of it made his historic speech in favor of the assimilation of the borough and county franchise. In 1880 Mr. Gladstone's health having broken down after his tremendous labors in the first session of the new Parliament, he circumnavigated Great Britain in the Grantrully Castle.

Three years later a memorable voyage was made in the Pembroke Castle. Tennyson was also a guest, and it was during the passage to Norway that he was prevailed upon to accept a peerage. A remarkable party was held on board the vessel at Copenhagen. It included, besides Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, the poet and his host, the Princess of Wales, the King and Queen of Denmark, the Emperor of Russia, the King and Queen of Greece, and twenty-nine of the Imperial and royal children.

Of the numerous interesting stories told of the great shipowner one is associated with this historic trip. When the Danish royalties heard that the Poet Laureate was on board they requested that he might be asked to read one of his poems to them.

After a long search Sir Donald found Tennyson in an obscure corner smoking a stumpy clay pipe. At first he declined to comply with the request of the royal visitors, but finally consented. Before going on deck he handed his clay pipe to Sir Donald with the jocular remark, "Keep this, it will be precious one day." It did, indeed, become precious, for it has since been one of Sir Donald's most cherished possessions.

On one occasion Sir Donald commissioned an agent to attend a sale and purchase an old chair which bore the name "Dunottar Castle." Although the chair was of little value, a similar commission had been given to another dealer, and when finally the auctioneer's hammer fell it was to a bid of \$1,850. There was nothing in the theory of some of those present that the limbs of the chair were stuffed with banknotes. The simple fact was that Sir Donald, in commissioning the second dealer, had forgotten that he had previously commissioned the other.

During one of his election campaigns Sir Donald was asked whether it was not a fact that his father was at one time only a barber in the town. "Yes," promptly replied the candidate; "but if your father had been a barber you would still have been a barber."

Infanticide in China. Though infanticide is uncommon in China, it occurs occasionally. A good many years ago, Sir Robert Hart related, a British Consular doctor and his wife were walking at Amoy. As they passed a dune-heap the lady cried out, "Oh, Charlie, Charlie, what is that?" and pointed to a small matted package, opened it, and found a baby born, newly born evidently, inside. They took the baby home and reared it, and afterwards, on a visit home to Scotland, took the child with them and gave it some education. In 1856 that Consular doctor went to Ningpo as consul, when Sir Robert Hart was an assistant in the consulate, and they had with them a under-butler, a fine, bright, healthy lad of 13 or 14. This was the child in question.

Later on they left China and got the lad a good billet as steward on an English merchant ship. His name was Lee Bueh. Still later on the Chinese Government sought to create a navy, and wanting men of naval experience, they made Lee a commander, and gave him a fine steam corvette to take charge of.

Subsequently he was condemned twice to death for losing ships by no fault of his own, and twice pardoned, Chinese fashion, being given ultimately further high official status.

Whaling May Disappear.

The depression in the Dundee whale fishing is so acute that there is danger of the industry disappearing from the British Isles. The growing scarcity of whales in the Arctic regions has made the industry very unremunerative, and shareholders have become so disheartened that a number of the vessels have been put up for sale. A serious side to the question is the probable fate of the Esquimaux, who depend upon the whalers for supplies of rifles and ammunition, having, through use of these, lost their forefathers' skill with the bow and lance.

Burns' Favorite Word.

A contributor has had the curiosity to look up Mr. J. B. Reid's "Burns Concordance" and measure the amount of space devoted to certain words. In the result he found that Burns uses the word "heart" more than any other, the quotations under this word filling no fewer than six of the closely printed columns. "Lass," "friend" and "heaven" come next, each having about two columns. —Glasgow News.

Noblemen's Plate.

The millionaire Duke of Westminster is said to possess a magnificent set of silver-plate which is declared by experts to be the finest in the world. But in the matter of quantity, however, his grace of Cumberland is credited to have as much as twelve tons.

He Went
A couple of Scotch ministers were taking dinner together one summer day in a little manse in the Highlands. It was the Sabbath day, the weather was beautiful, and the bubbling streams were full of trout, and the woods full of summer birds. One turned to the other and said: "Mon, don't ye often feel tempted on these beautiful Sundays to go cut fishing?" "Na, na," said the other. "I never feel tempted. I juist gang."

It Will Prevent Ulcerated Throat.
At the first symptoms of sore throat, which presages ulceration and inflammation, take a spoonful of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Add a little sugar to make it palatable. It will allay the irritation and prevent the ulceration and swelling that are so painful. Those who were periodically subject to quinsy have thus made themselves immune to attack.

One Thing Hidden
"I understand that the Browns have moved into a house of their own."
"Yes, they had a house-warming the other night."
"Is that so? Did they show you all the modern improvements?"
"Yes, everything except the mortar-gage."

"What is the matter with the service this afternoon?" asked the angry manager of the telephone exchange. "The town is in a tumult, and every subscriber has a complaint."
"It can't be avoided," explained a subordinate, calmly. "The morning papers announced that a man by the name of Smith had been injured in a tram smash. As a result, every Smith is telephoning to every other Smith to learn if the Smith who was hurt was his Smith."

AT A GOTHAM PLAY.

What a New York Girl Thinks of Maude Adams.

BARRIE'S LATEST SUCCESS.

The Scotch Playwright Knows the Heart of a Woman Better Than Do Most Men—Conversation Overheard at the Performance.

My Dear Elsa—Yesterday afternoon I went to see Maude Adams in Barrie's new play, "What Every Woman Knows," and it's so nice and comfortable to talk it all over with you today, even if it has to be done at the point of a pen, for you, too, are a Barrie admirer, and the spell of Maude Adams' witchery has cast a glamour many times over your dear little self, hasn't it? So you can imagine that with such an author's work interpreted by such a sympathetic actress how great was the enjoyment.

And, then, who, my dear, but the author of "The Little White Bird" could have conceived the quaint title of the play? And who better able to probe gently, tenderly, causing no moment of pain, to the very heart of the matter? For if there is one writer of the present day who understands that subtle mysticism of a woman, that mysticism which has little or nothing to do



GOWN OF GREEN SATIN CRAPE.

with character and little enough also with her psychology, it is this charming Scotch story writer, J. M. Barrie.

Bernard Shaw perhaps understands the mind of a woman, but only in the heart of a woman and not in her mind will you find the crying need of her. And it is this—the heart of a woman—that Barrie so well knows. The heart of a woman is really the heart of a child, so simple that it hides behind its simplicity, sheltered from the curious eyes of the crowd, and there this canny Scot, weaver of tales, has looked for it and found it.

In his heroine, Maggie Shand (Maude Adams), Barrie has shown us clearly, conclusively, that behind the success or greatness of every man there has ever been the tender, understanding, unselfish love of some woman who has been content to efface herself so completely that her influence has never been felt until its withdrawal revealed the fact of its existence. This is what every woman knows, but how few men ever realize this guidance, or what loving woman would want them to? No, dear, I think in the very secretness of this service lies its strength, don't you? To show how few men can even appreciate that influence after seeing it translated in three powerful acts let me tell you that as I was struggling with my hat after the play I heard a man say: "Heaven only knows what every woman knows, but I'd be mighty darn sorry to have them start in and tell us all they know. If they did Chief Croker, with his dandy fire department, couldn't put out the conversational blaze."

The story of the play is simple enough. The scene is laid among uneducated, although sturdy, honest Scotch folk. The Wylie family, of whom there are three old bachelor brothers and a young much-loved sister—Maggie, a domestic little body—have become richer than their neighbors through successful milling interests. The brothers know that Maggie, though pretty and romantic, has, strangely enough, no followers. The minister at the manse, their sentimental hope for her, has just announced his engagement, and they are afraid their sister's affections have received a blow. To repair such cardiac damage they propose to a young and struggling university student who has broken into their house like a common thief at night to study a book in their collection, of which Aleck Wylie says, "We have four yards selected by the minister and never read by us;" that they will give him £300 a year to finish his education if at the end of the course he marries Maggie. The quaint Barriestism of this situation is exquisite—Maggie's surprise, not to say aversion, though pleased acceptance of the proposal and John Shand's blunt, downright Scotch refusal to "be himself to a Wylie." "Why, mon," he says to David Wylie, "with my brains and the career I'm going to make for myself I could marry any lady in the

land." "True, lad, but how are you going to get the education without the £300?" This prompts John to say, "Weel, Maggie, I'm willing." "So am I, John, but before you sign the contract I've a word to say. My brother told you I'm twenty-five. Now, I'm, oh, lots older! I'm twenty-seven. And another thing, I wasn't run after. Nobody cared for me. I'm without charm—just vulgar and uneducated—but I'll do my best, John; I'll do my best."

The brothers ask Maggie what is charm. "Charm? Oh! Can't you hear how Maude Adams in her drawing, cooling tones answers: "Charm's the bloom on a woman. With it she needs nothing, not even education. Without it she has nothing."

That Maggie belongs to mother John Shand, who, by the way, is six years younger than herself, is evident in the way she makes him wrap the woolen scarf about his neck when he's leaving. And that she is going to keep up with him intellectually you understand when she takes the book John's been reading to her room with her "to know as much as he does." John makes good and in five years is returned to parliament as the "woman's candidate." There is an amusing side play on the suffragette question which has, however, little to do with the real action. All these years John has been true to his bargain and after his election presents Maggie to his constituents as the future Mrs. Shand.

There is a very strong scene when Maggie tears up the marriage contract and tells John that he is free—free to enjoy his life and to love as she knows he is capable of loving. She urges him to see the humorous side of things. "If I could only make you laugh, John," she pleads. "I've heard it said that it takes a surgical operation to make a Scotchman see a joke." Is all the encouragement she gets. And when he adds, "But, then, Maggie, I don't see how anything can be inserted by a surgical operation," she gives him up as hopeless and marries him to keep him out of danger.

In London they have a fine social position, and by Maggie's finesse and care for his political career, acting as his secretary and inserting into John's strong, logical speeches dashes of humor that appeal to the house, a cabinet minister offers him a chance of obtaining a portfolio. When accused by her friends of helping her husband she evades the insinuation by saying: "I help John! He wouldn't let me." When the cabinet position is almost within John Shand's reach he spoils everything by announcing his love for Lady Sibyl, a pretty girl who at the beginning of his career called him "vulgar" and piqued him into making her like and love him. Maggie overhears him telling Lady Sibyl that she is the inspiration of his life and on her own wedding anniversary sees him give this girl a ruby pendant intended as her gift and of hearing him say, "This is a drop of my heart's blood."

Maggie is magnificent as John tells her of his love for Lady Sibyl, and as he falters over the confession she reminds him of the time when he first began to care for her.

There are no reproaches when he and Lady Sibyl decide to leave London together. Maggie suggests in the most disinterested manner at this point that John had better wait for two weeks before leaving and in the meanwhile prepare the speech that will clinch the position. Even in this crisis Maggie's influence dominates, for John helplessly looks to her for advice, asking, "But where shall I go?" "Now for one of Lady Sibyl's inspirations," is Maggie's very human rejoinder. But as the muse does not respond Maggie suggests that he spend the time at a house party in the country to which the Shands and Lady Sibyl have been invited. "I will run down for a day to see how you and Lady Sibyl are getting on with the speech," are her parting words to the man who is breaking her heart. To herself she croons, "He's my little boy, and I can manage him." The speech is not convincing to the minister, who is also a guest at the house party. John and Lady Sibyl become heartily tired of each other, and it is only when Maggie appears with a polished draft of the speech that she and John had planned and in her diplomatic way has substituted for the first one that the cabinet position is secured. John then realizes what a woman knows and does for the man she loves, and Maggie's unselfish devotion of years is repaid by his heartfelt cry, "The Lord has been better to me than I deserve." Maggie, looking at the humorous side of life, saves the tenseness of the situation by dropping on the floor at his feet and laughingly looking up at her husband, saying: "They say Eve was made from one of Adam's ribs, but she wasn't, John. She's made from his funny bone."

You poor, dear Elsa, how I have made you suffer by my overabundance of Barrie-Adams enthusiasm. It happens only once a season, so please do forgive selfish MABEL.

P. S.—There's not even room to tell you about the stunning green satin princess frock I've sketched for you.

To Prevent Lint Sticking.

When pieces of felt are pasted to the bottom of ornaments that are to stand on a polished surface care must be taken that the surface is not damp or the varnish fresh, or the lint from the felt will stick to the wood and be worse than the scratch.

This happens quite often in the slides of old mahogany desks. The unsightly mark on the top can only be removed by scraping gently with a piece of fine sandpaper and then rubbing up with sweet oil and vinegar. Do not scrape hard, or the varnish will be scored and the surface of the mahogany be ruined.

MEMBERS' NICKNAMES.

British Commoners Cling to Their Old Sobriquets.

In nothing, perhaps, is the boyish love of the British Commoners for the conviviality of the playground and the cricket-field, the river or the racket court, more forcibly illustrated than in the free and easy fashion in which members address one another. Nicknames follow their victims sometimes to the end of their lives. Those who were at Eton with Mr. Herbert Gladstone still speak of, and in rare cases to, the present Home Secretary as "Tuppence." Why this curious sobriquet was bestowed no one probably can recall. So of Sir Frederick Banbury, the senior member for the City of London. He is still pursued by his old Winchester cognomen of "Buns." Again, for years the brilliant and popular First Commissioner of Works, Mr. Lewis Harcourt, is almost universally spoken of in the House as "Lulu." That was a name held by a trapezist who earned fame at the old demolished Royal Aquarium, Westminster.

Because of some fancied resemblance conceived by an Irish member, Mr. Claude Hay, one night while endeavoring to make an interminable vigil of a certain sitting, found himself addressed as "Little Tich." The sleepy members who heard laughed, but to this day Mr. Hay is known jovially as "Tich" and "Little Tich." A "terminological inexactitude," as Mr. Winston Churchill would say, it is taken up with characteristic zest by the Stock Exchange, with which other "House" the member for Shore-ditch is professionally connected.

Lord Helmsley, Lady Warwick's genial son-in-law, is known as "The Pocket Adonis"; and, traveling to the Upper House, there exists in Lord Heneage "Smike." Not the least felicitous is the name given to the chief Tory whip, Sir Alexander Acland-Hood is a fiery blond, and for that he is called "The Pink 'Un," also "The Scarlet Pimpernel." Though in many respects the "pink" of party whippers-in, Sir Alec bears his sobriquet rather as a personal color and badge. Sir Alec's foil, the chief Ministerial Whip, though christened Joseph, is known as "Jack" Pease, which probably synchronizes with the sporting proclivities of the hon. gentleman. He is, like all the members of the famous firm of Pease & Partners, a fine shot and a good rider.

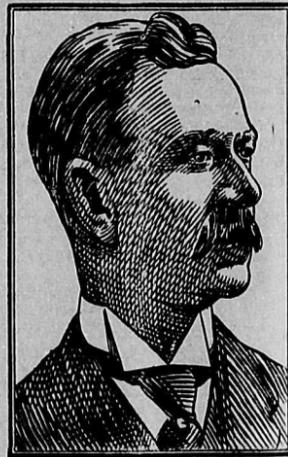
And Mr. Arthur Balfour—has Parliamentary invention nothing for the Unionist chieftain? Not by any means. He came up from his university, where he was known as "Miss Amelia," and Miss Amelia he remains.

Mr. George Wyndham is known to his friends as "Agag," who pranced before the King and lost his head. Mr. George Bowles, M.P. for Norwich, is known as "The Ditty Box," after a little book of naval verses which the young cadet wrote and courageously published. Sir Samuel T. Evans, the Solicitor-General, is designated "Pickwick."

CHIEF OF I.C.R.

Deputy Minister Butler Was Admitted to Illinois Bar.

M. J. Butler, Deputy Minister of Railways, who has been appointed chairman of the new I.C.R. commission, is one of Canada's foremost experts in his line. He was born in 1856 at Deseronto, Ont., and was edu-



M. J. BUTLER, C.E.

ated at Toronto University. He began his railway career in 1879 as transitman on the Kingston & Pembroke Railway. Later he was chief engineer on the construction of the Thousand Islands Railway and the Napanee, Tamworth and Quebec. In 1889 he was appointed assistant chief engineer of the Atchinson, Topeka and Santa Fe. Returning to Canada in 1891 he became chief engineer of Bay of Quinte Railway & Navigation Co. and in 1903 was appointed assistant chief engineer of the National Transcontinental Railway Commission and the following year was appointed Deputy Minister of Railways and Canals.

Mr. Butler studied law and in 1897 was admitted to practice at the Bar of Illinois.

London Pavements In the Old Time.

Occasionally a side pavement added to the comfort of the foot passengers and spared them the necessity of floundering through the deep mire of the roadway. These pavements, however, were only partial, and passengers made use of the highway, soft with mud and filth thrown from the houses and obstructed with heaps of manure, which dogs and swine made their lair. The latter animal was so useful a scavenger and could be kept at so little expense as to account for the pigsties which stood in the main streets of all our towns, even in London. When a royal procession was expected to pass along the narrow roadway dogs and pigs were driven indoors and gravel was thrown down to make the road passable. Usually, however, the streets were left in their primitive noisomeness.—"Denton's England In the Fifteenth Century."

SMART NEGLIGEE.

Something Unusually Handsome For My Lady's Bedroom Wear.

No matter how busy or energetic one is obliged to be in this busy life of ours, there are hours when one must necessarily relax, and the luxury and comfort of a charming negligee are then thoroughly appreciated. A limited number of us prefer models on very simple lines and inexpensive materials, while others choose the more elaborate designs knowing that they possess a beautifying quality not to be found in the plainer negligee. A most charming design on unusually artistic lines is shown in the illustration and may be developed in a wide variety of materials. As sketched the model breathes luxury, for handsome Irish crocheted lace and crepe de chine with ribbon decorations are used in its development. Dimity, lawn, swiss and sheer goods are also appropriate with lace used for trimming, or any of the lightweight silks with cream lace would prove attractive with dainty pompadour ribbon used as a decorative note.

So many gowns are now made on princess lines that the set and fit of underwear have become a serious question, for all extra fullness and gathers must be absolutely eliminated if one wishes to secure the slim hip effect. The foundation slip has been considered by many in past seasons to be an unnecessary expense, the separate corset cover and skirt being preferred. The coming season, however, will de-



OF CREPE DE CHINE AND LACE.

mand the adoption of the underslip to a greater extent than usual if the smart effect is to be acquired, for the thin materials show every fold and band in a much more disagreeable way than the gowns of cloth. The quiet weeks of Lent are a very convenient time in which to prepare several of these slips of lawn or silk, and one will be well provided with the necessary undergarments when the more fascinating question of summer finery demands attention.

CUT OUT CARES.

Take Life Easy Is Pleasant Advice to the Tired.

Priscilla Prim says that it is by the process of elimination that sensible housekeepers manage to get their work done and have a little time for leisure and to do outside things. In the older days, when a woman's life was entirely centered in her home, she could afford perhaps to spend undue time in non-essentials. Today she cannot.

She now has other interests besides home affairs, and while the family and home should not be neglected in the least, yet neither should outside matters, which develop, broaden and give her an entire change of thought.

It may be the club or lectures or other things—it doesn't matter so much what, so long as she is getting relaxation and something worth while. The only normal way for a housekeeper to have leisure is by elimination.

Perhaps all your life you have felt it was necessary to have a dessert every night for dinner. Drop it occasionally and take the time you would have fussed with a pie or pudding and read or do something you like.

It isn't necessary, either, to dust behind every picture and on top of every high piece of furniture just at stated intervals in each week. Forget about it once in awhile.

If you are going to have a little luncheon, eliminate all unnecessary courses and change of dishes—things that would tire you out and keep you from enjoying it. Your guests will respect and admire you for your courage.

There are women so cut and dried in the habits of housecleaning that when the calendar points to such a date in the spring, no matter if it's below zero or excessively hot for the season, the house is ripped up from garret to cellar and the ordeal commences. It's a great thing to be elastic in these matters and be able to eliminate some cares.

Ventilate Raincoats.

If the raincoat proves too overheating, a circular row of buttonholed eyelets may be worked under the arm and a second row on the under section of the sleeve. If kept far enough under, there will be little danger of their showing, and they will do the ventilating act successfully.

The excessive closeness of the raincoat is distressing whether worn with a coat or without one.

LUCKY RATEPAYERS.

Anomalies That Arise in Small English Communities.

The times when about three men used to stand under a tree at Old Sarum, England, and elect two members of Parliament are gone forever, but there are still some strange anomalies in local government which remind one of a Gilbert and Sullivan comic opera. Barsham, a small parish in Suffolk, has for many years refused to trouble about electing a parish council, and, as the law demands that the parish shall have a council, the County Council of Suffolk, tired of Barsham's obstinacy, has appointed the rector, Rev. Allan Coates, to be a one-man parish council, to meet and discuss with himself the affairs of the village, to make the rate, and to say how it shall be spent.

Creslow, a parish in the beautiful Vale of Aylesbury, is another extraordinary specimen of one-man rule. There stands but a single house in the whole parish—namely, Creslow Manor, whose owner, Mr. W. R. Rowland, has therefore the whole and sole government of the district, electing himself by his own vote to form the parish council, making his own rates and paying them to himself, after which he has the pleasure of spending them as he pleases.

Upper Eldon, near Stockbridge, goes one better, perhaps, in the direction of popular control, for there are actually two houses in the parish, together with an old church that dates back to the eleventh century. The village cemetery is in the middle of the farmyard which adjoins one of the two dwellings, and the tenants of these two houses together form the duly elected parish council, manage all their own affairs, make and maintain their own roads, levy their own rates at what amount they like, and pay themselves when they are ready.

At Grove, near Leighton Buzzard, a dozen inhabitants occupy a farmhouse and two cottages. For their wants there is a tiny church and a council elected by the "popular" vote. As the two cottages are more or less closely connected with the farmhouse this parish may certainly be regarded as another one-man-managed place, whose rates and taxes cannot be supposed to press unduly on its residents, seeing that the three heads of families assess themselves and pay them when they find it convenient.

Rhyd, in Flintshire, had recently only three adult men within its bounds as voters, being householders, and so these entirely ruled the village. There are five cottages, however, and one shop, together with a public-house. Thus the parish council can only consist of the three voters. You may be sure that nobody is ever troubled much by the rate collector in Rhyd, nor is any household ever ejected for non-payment of his rates.

But Bardsey, at the southwestern end of Carnarvonshire, would appear to be even more remarkable still. It has a fair number of inhabitants when compared with Creslow, Rhyd, or Grove, yet it elects one man to act as the leader of its council, and he has practically the sole voice as to what rates shall be levied or paid and what shall not, also as to how the money is to be spent. In addition to this peculiarity, Bardsey may surely make claim to being without a rival, for its size, in England and Wales, seeing that it has no doctor, lawyer, resident minister, or public-house within miles of it.

TO REMEMBER BROCK.

Movement Is Begun to Celebrate Centenary of His Last Battle.

There is a movement already being started to organize a series of celebrations to commemorate the hundredth anniversary of the Battle of Queenston Heights and the death of Major-General Sir Isaac Brock. Of course this celebration would not



GENERAL BROCK.

take place till 1912, as the battle in question occurred on the 13th of October, 1812, but those back of the movement believe in beginning early. It is intended to bring the matter up in the ensuing session of the Legislature, as a preparation for the grant which will be asked for the following year. In view of the attention thus being drawn to the subject, the accompanying picture of the hero of the Battle of Queenston Heights may be of interest to the public.

Deep Breathing and Character.

We are beginning to learn the value to health and lungs of the habit of "deep breathing." To throw our windows wide open, breathe in fresh air so deeply that not only the lungs, but the whole of the body right down to the hips, is expanded, exercised and bathed with clean air, prevents chest weakness and consumption and helps to cure anaemia and—bad temper.

In Germany there is a certain very fine Havana cigar, with a green and gold band, which the Kaiser alone is permitted to smoke.

WILLOW FURNITURE.

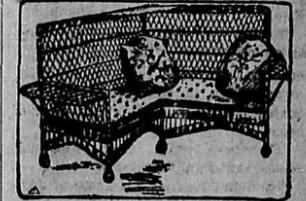
Attractive New Designs For the Summer Home.

VARIETY IN COLOR SCHEMES.

Each Room in a Different Shade if Desired—Desks and Writing Tables Among the Most Useful Pieces of Furniture.

The woman who is on the lookout for ideas for her summer home (and this is the time her plans should be made) will find that there were never so many delightful things in willow for her to draw upon. She can furnish a whole house in it, and nothing is more attractive. The only room which she cannot furnish entirely in it will be the bedroom, but all the chairs, couches, the case for her special books, her work table and small or large stands can be of willow. Consideration is being given to enlarge the range of this material for the bedroom, and dressers will soon be made from it. The bedstead is the only thing that holds its own in other materials. While the willow might have the strength, it has too much of a tendency to creep to make it agreeable.

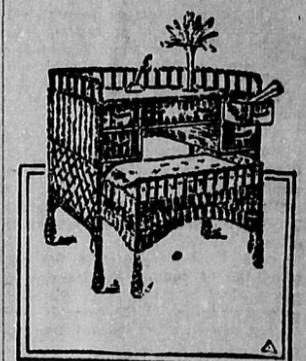
In color schemes greater variety, if anything, may be had in the willow



CORNER SEAT.

than in ordinary furniture. The woman first makes the plans for her entire house and fits the colors in as she thinks best. The willow comes in all designs in the natural tones and is stained to order. This gives a wide range of selection. Each room may be in a different color if desired. The willow may be given simply a weathered effect. It may be in soft, light yellow green or a dark forest green. Indian yellow is charming; so is deift blue, and one may choose a beautiful shade of sumac red, or it may be stained brown or ebony. Done in gold or bronze the cost is little more, and it is sometimes treated with French enamels in delicate shades.

Desks and writing tables are among the prettiest and most useful pieces of furniture. These stand on four legs, and there is a drawer at the front, an unusual feature in willow furniture. In some cases the drawer runs the length of the table; in others it is shorter, and on either side are bookshelves, just below the top, going across the ends. The desk is raised at the back and has several compartments, two with doors, and a shelf above for small books or ornaments. One pretty desk has wing shelves on either side, and on these are covered baskets for paper, envelopes, etc. Low



DESK AND SEAT.

bookshelves of the willow are the size and shape of the ordinary low bookcases, but with only three shelves, as a rule.

There is a charming little work table made like some of the pretty old time ones, standing on six feet, square covers opening at the center and rounded ones at the two ends of the oval.

New Butter Molds.

Culinary artists, and there are many such, will delight in the new butter mold which figures among the latest improvements in household utensils. The mold is, of course, a wooden one. It is made in two pieces, which, when brought together, fashion the shapeless mass of butter that has been tugged in through an aperture in one side into picturesque design. The two sides are then taken apart, and the butter, in the design provided by the mold, is left on the dish.

A sheet of wheat, an autumn leaf and a pine cone are the more popular designs, and the fashioning of the design by means of two sections of the mold makes it possible to place the figure on the dish upright. It is a charming idea for the presentation of the butter in new and picturesque forms.

To Carve a Duck.

A young duck or duckling is carved very much the same as a fowl. First cut off the wing portions. The first slices of the breast should be cut close to the wing, proceeding upward to the center of the breastbone. The legs are next removed and cut in two at the joints. If stuffed an opening should be made at the end portion of the duck and the stuffing scooped out with a spoon, allowing a small portion each guest.

The Opal Serpent

By FERGUS HUME.
 Author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab,"
 "The Mandarin's Fan," Etc.
 Copyright, 1908, by G. W. Dillingham Company.

(Continued.)

"I laid it on the table there. The case was open, as I had been looking at it. I sent Tray out of the room and attended to my usual business. Several clients came and went, and I forgot about the opal serpent. Then I went to see my clerk outside about a deed. I was with him for some minutes. When I recollected the brooch before I went home—for I intended to take it with me!"

"Stop," interrupted Hurd. "You were here till Aaron Norman came along with the jewels, so you must have missed the brooch before he came or he would have taken it, seeing it was exposed on the table."

"My esteemed client did not come till 7," said Pash, annoyed at being detected in trickery. "He walked about with the bags of jewels for some time, not being able to make up his mind to give them to me, which he did for safe keeping."

"Then he expected a visit from his wife?"

"I can't say," said the solicitor, with an air of fatigue. "He certainly hinted that he wanted the jewels placed away safely in case some one connected with the opal brooch should come."

"Perhaps Captain Jessop, who did come," said Paul suddenly.

"He didn't mention the name of Jessop," snapped Pash. "Had he hinted at a sailor I would have known who my nautical visitor was."

"We know all about that," said Hurd, waving his hand, "but if Norman came to you at 7 how did you manage to prevent him meeting his wife in this office?"

"Oh, she was—What do you mean?" asked Pash, breaking off and conscious that he was letting slip something he had rather not been known.

Hurd saw the slip and Pash's confusion and at once made every use of the opportunity. In fact, he played a game of bluff. Shaking his finger, he approached the little lawyer. "Do you think I came here unprepared?" he asked solemnly. "Do you think I have not been to the Red Pig at Christchurch and learned that Mrs. Krill knew of her husband's whereabouts, through Hay, long before the day she came to you with the lying story about the handbills? Hay has confessed his share in the business of a false introduction to throw Mr. Beecot off the scent, seeing that he was defending Miss Norman's interests. Do you think I don't know that this woman Krill came to see you, through Hay, whose lawyer you are? She was here on that fatal evening," said Hurd, making a bold shot. "How did you prevent her seeing Norman?"

Pash was completely thrown off his balance by this volley of language and presumption of knowledge. "Mrs. Krill left at 6," he gasped, backing to the wall.

"And carried off the brooch?"

"I'm not sure—I can't say—I did miss the brooch!"

"After Mrs. Krill left?"

"No, when Norman came, I intended to show him the brooch and found it gone."

"Mrs. Krill left at 6. Between 6 and 7 did any other client come into the office?"

"Yes—no—I can't say. Well," Pash broke down in despair, seeing that his lies were not believed. "I think Mrs. Krill did steal the brooch."

"Quite so, and murdered her husband!" Hurd went to the door and took Beecot's arm. "I only hope you won't be brought up as an accessory before the fact, Mr. Pash," and, disregarding the lawyer's exclamations, he dragged Paul outside. In Chancery lane he spoke. "I've bluffed him fine, he said. 'That boy is lost. Can't see him anywhere, but we're getting at the truth at last.'"

CHAPTER XXIV.

NEXT day Hurd did not go to see Mrs. Krill as he had intended, but spent his time in hunting for the missing boy. Tray, however, was not to be found. Being a guttersnipe and accustomed to dealing with the police, he was thoroughly well able to look after himself and doubtless had concealed himself in some low den where the officers of the law would not think of searching for him. However, the fact remained that, in spite of the detective's search, he could not be caught, and the authorities were much vexed. To unravel the case completely Tray was a necessary witness, especially as, even when examined at Jubileetown, Hurd shrewdly suspected he had not confessed all the truth. However, what could be done was done, and several plain clothes detectives were set to search for the missing boy.

Pash remained quiet for, at all events, the next four and twenty hours. Whether he saw Mrs. Krill or not during that time Hurd did not know and, truth to say, he cared very little. The lawyer had undoubtedly acted dishonestly, and, if the matter were made public, there would be every chance that he would be struck off the rolls. To prevent this Pash was quite ready to sell Mrs. Krill and any one else connected with the mystery. Also, he wished to keep the business of Miss Norman, supposing the money—as he hinted might be

the case through his assistance—came back to her; and this might be used as a means to make him speak out. Hurd was now pretty sure that Mrs. Krill was the guilty person.

"She knew Pash through Hay," argued the detective, while thinking over the case, "and undoubtedly came to see him before Norman's death, so that Pash might suggest ways and means of getting the better of the old man by means of the bigamy business. Mrs. Krill was in the Chancery lane office when the brooch left by Tray was on the table, and Mrs. Krill, anxious to get it, no doubt slipped it into her pocket when Pash was talking to his clerk in the outer room. Then I expect she decided to punish her husband by fastening his lips together as he had done those of her daughter twenty and more years ago. I can't exactly see why she strangled him," mused Hurd, "as she could have got the money without proceeding to such an extreme measure. But the man's dead, and she killed him sure enough. Now, I'll get a warrant out and arrest her straight away. I may force her to speak now that she is in a corner."

Having made up his mind Hurd went to work at once, and the next day, late in the afternoon, he was driving in a cab to 23A Hunter street, Kensington, with the warrant in his pocket. He also had with him a letter which he had received from Miss Qian and written from Beechill, in Buckinghamshire. Aurora had made good use of her time and had learned a number of facts connected with Mrs. Krill's early life which Hurd thought would prove of interest to the woman. In one way and another the case was being proved plain and clear, and the detective made sure that he would gain the reward. The irony of the thing was that Mrs. Krill, with a view to throwing dust in the eyes of the law, had offered a bribe of £1,000 for the discovery of the assassin.

Hurd had brought a plain clothes policeman with him, and this man remained outside in a hansom while Hurd rang the bell. In a few minutes the door was opened, and the detective seated up his card. Mrs. Krill proved to be at home and consented to receive him; so, shortly, the man found himself in an elegantly furnished drawing room bowing before the silent and sedate daughter.

"I was lately down at Christchurch, madam," began the detective. "So my servant, Matilda Junk, said, 'I could have saved you the journey, I can tell you what you wish to know.' 'In that case I will relate all that I have learned, and perhaps you will correct me if I am wrong.' Mrs. Krill bowed, but did not commit herself to speech. For the sake of effect the detective took out a sheaf of notes, but in reality he had the various points of the case at his finger tips. 'You will excuse me if I talk on very private affairs,' he said apologetically, 'but as we are alone—again Mrs. Krill glanced at the curtain and thereby confirmed Hurd's suspicions of an unseen listener—"you will not mind my being perhaps personal. I had to look into your past as well as into that of your husband's."

Mrs. Krill's eyes grew harder than ever. She scented danger. "My past is a most uninteresting one," she said coldly. "I was born at Stowley, in Buckinghamshire, and married Mr. Krill at Beechill, which is a few miles from that town. He was a traveler in jewelry, but as I did not like his being away from me I induced him to rent the Red Pig at Christchurch, to which we removed. Then he left me—"

"On account of Lady Rachel Sandal's murder?"

Mrs. Krill controlled herself excellently, although she was startled by this speech, as was evident from the expression of her eyes. "That poor lady committed suicide," she said deliberately. "The jury at the inquest brought in a verdict of suicide!"

"By a majority of one," added Hurd quickly. "There seems to be a considerable amount of doubt as to the cause of the death."

"The death was caused by strangulation," said Mrs. Krill in hard tones. "Since you know all about the matter, you must be aware that I and my daughter had retired after seeing Lady Rachel safe and sound for the night. The death was discovered by a boon companion of my husband's, with whom he was drinking at the time."

"I know that. Also that you came down with your daughter when the alarm was given. I also know that Krill fastened your daughter's lips together with the opal brooch which was found in the parlor."

"Who told you that?" asked Mrs. Krill, agitated.

"Jessop—the boon companion you speak of."

"Yes," she said, suppressing her agitation with a powerful effort. "Matilda said you had him to dine with you. What else did he say?" she asked, with some hesitation.

"He told me, among other things, that Grexon Hay had been engaged to your daughter for two years."

"Well," asked Mrs. Krill coolly, "what of that?"

"Nothing particular," rejoined Hurd, just as coolly, "only I wonder you took the trouble to pretend that you met Hay at Pash's office for the first time."

"That was some romantic rubbish of my daughter's. There was no reason why we should not have acknowledged Mr. Hay as an old acquaintance."

"None in the world that I can see," said Hurd smoothly. "He told you that Aaron Norman was your husband."

"No," said Mrs. Krill decidedly. "I first heard of my husband by seeing a chance handbill!"

"Not at all," answered Hurd, just as decidedly. "Hay has confessed."

"There was nothing to confess," cried Mrs. Krill loudly and with emphasis.

"Oh, I think so," said the detective, noting that she was losing her temper. "You didn't want it known that you were aware of Norman's identity before his death. Do you deny that?"

"I deny everything," gasped Mrs. Krill, her hands trembling.

"That's a pity, as I want you to corroborate certain facts connected with Anne Tyler. Do you know the name?"

"My maiden name," said the widow, and a look of fear crept into her hard, staring eyes. "How did you come to know of it?"

"From the marriage certificate supplied by Pash."

"He had no right to give it to you."

"He didn't. I possess only a copy. But that copy I sent down in charge of a certain person to Beechill. This person found that you were married as Anne Tyler to Lemuel Krill in the parish church, twenty miles from your birthplace. This person also made inquiries at Stowley about you. You are the daughter of a farmer."

"I mentioned that fact myself."

"Yes. But you didn't mention that your mother had been hanged for poisoning your father."

(To be Continued.)

Uncle Silas Said

"A soft answer turneth away wrath, but it won't a fresh book agent nor bill collector."—Los Angeles Express.

Woman's World

A CABINET HOSTESS.

Mrs. Philander C. Knox, Wife of the New Secretary of State.

One of the most popular women of the Taft cabinet will be Mrs. Philander C. Knox, wife of the secretary of state. This gracious lady will fill her new position with the same grace and distinction she displayed as chateleine of the attorney general's home in the Roosevelt administration.

Secretary and Mrs. Knox are the most youthful looking couple in official life. Jokes about their identity being submerged in their juvenile appearance are many. That of the old countryman from Pittsburg when Mr. Knox was attorney general who lolled about the official office and finally sidled in when the messenger was not looking is one in which Mr. Knox delights. The man approached him



MRS. PHILANDER C. KNOX.

stealthily and, leaning over, whispered hoarsely: "Son, I am from Pittsburg, and I want to see Knox. Here's a dollar if you slip me in right now."

There is another about the old lady who called to see Mrs. Knox and was kindly received by the hostess herself and who sat and sat and finally blurted out: "Miss Knox, you have been very good to me, but I want to see your mother. Will you just run and call her?" Mrs. Knox is petite, but as her distinguished husband is less than five feet seven she is just the right height to make the ideal couple. Her gowns are gracefully chosen and always in perfect harmony with her enstions and the event. She does not attach that superlative importance to her gowns as do some Washington dames with much less income, but she is so exquisitely neat that she always looks well. Some one said that she reminds one of a little brown wren, for she is partial to brown and other subdued shades.

There are four Knox children, all well known in Washington, Pittsburg and Valley Forge.

The eldest, Mrs. James Tindle, was Rebecca Page Knox, a serious minded young woman who refused to accept the homage which comes to a cabinet minister's daughter. Reed Knox, the eldest son, started Washington society by eloping with Miss Helen McCook, one of the clan of the fighting McCooks. Perhaps Mrs. Knox is prouder of her second son, Hugh, who is very like his father and a lawyer practicing in Pittsburg. Philander C. Knox, Jr., the third son, has been a boon companion of Kermit Roosevelt. He is known as Phil, and he is one of the young men who should be good politicians, for he is such an excellent "mixer." Phil gave a Christmas party in his early Washington career, and his guests included newsmen, messengers and bootblacks, and he insisted upon the best in the house being served for their delectation.

Mrs. Knox is the daughter of the late Andrew D. Smith of Allegheny, Pa., and as Miss Lillian Smith she was as popular in her girlhood as in her mature womanhood. Having enjoyed wealth all her life and being inured to social life, Mrs. Knox is an admirable hostess in any circle.

Chasing Away the Blues.

Every once in awhile some one learns something that he has known all the time. Paradoxical as this may seem, it is true. In a general way, you know a hundred things you only half stop to think about and really never put into practice. And then some day by mere chance you find out this old truth for yourself, and from then on it seems like a brand new discovery to you.

Perhaps, for instance, you have often heard that fresh air will do for you what drugs couldn't accomplish. A certain Cleveland girl who just the other day thought she was starting a nervous collapse in the face had always heard this, too, but it never occurred to her to take it seriously.

The nervous collapse she did take seriously, however. So would you if your head was throbbing and your muscles fairly tense with overwrought nerves. Things looked pretty black. There were hard things to bear, and—well, what's the use?—the world looked pretty dark. Possibly a doctor could

Eating at Bedtime.

Do you go to bed hungry? This is not a good thing to do. Nothing should, of course, be eaten which is hard to digest, but something should be taken to stay the stomach's craving and insure sleep.

Wafers and warm milk, hot water and brown bread or a few dates are all good. They should be eaten slowly. If they are not well digested, instead of inducing sleep they will cause wakefulness.

Don't Do It.

Dr. Weir Mitchell declares that women often talk themselves into a nervous collapse. "Talking," he says, "reduces the vital force. One has only to lose one's voice temporarily to find out how many unnecessary remarks one makes."

With Roast Lamb.

For a delicious salad to serve with roast lamb sprinkle orange pulp with minced mint leaves, dress with lemon juice and sugar and serve on lettuce leaves.

SMART TRIMMINGS.

Designs on Net That Can Be Made by Amateur Needleworker.

Not for years have the modish trimmings been so easy to reproduce at home.

One of the trimmings most used this season, both on odd blouses and gowns, is embroidered net.

It is easy to fashion bands of embroidered net, as the stitches used for this work are very simple, being for the most part confined to the simple darning stitch. It is also possible to get excellent effects by the use of the satin stitch and the long and short stitch. The net bands shown in the illustration could easily be copied. They are worked in satin stitch with the outline darned in. A combination of the darning and satin stitches in a simple leaf and dot design is good.

These are not the only forms of hand work seen on the smart blouses and



HANDMADE BANDS AND ORNAMENTS.

gowns. It is a great year for odd motifs in crochet or braid. Little ornaments made of braid, either with or without pendants or drop ends, are also popular. In the illustration a pleasing little motif of knotted soutache is shown which would make an effective finish for a soutache trimming.

The button shown is covered with satin and then trimmed with loops of fine cord.

In working with the net it is well to baste it over stiff paper before beginning to embroider the pattern; otherwise it will be hard to keep from puckering. For this work either Roman floss or soft mercerized cotton floss may be used. The best results will be obtained from the silk floss probably, and a rather heavy grade will be found more effective than a finer one. Silver or gold thread is easily combined with the floss and is very stylish and well suited to this work. In view of the popularity of gold and silver embroideries this would be a distinct addition to a trimming of this kind.

CHARLOTTE ROLL.

A Dessert That May Be Made Early in the Morning.

Take a piece of cardboard the size of the pan in which you are to bake your cake, allowing one inch more to lap over. Sew this in shape for your roll.

To make the sponge cake take one egg, beat the yolk and white separately, add one-half cupful of sugar and beat again. Sift together twice one-half cupful of flour, one-half teaspoonful of baking powder and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Fold into the beaten egg and sugar. Add one-quarter cupful of boiling water and one-half teaspoonful of vanilla. Bake in a hot oven in a flat, shallow pan until browned a little, but not crisp. Roll and put in cardboard frame while hot.

For the Charlotte filling take a teaspoonful of minute gelatin and dissolve with two tablespoonfuls of boiling water. It may be necessary to beat still more to completely dissolve the gelatin, but do not add any more water.

Whip half a pint of cream till stiff, add two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar and half a teaspoonful of vanilla. Have your dish standing in ice water while beating. Add the gelatin and beat till it is set. Pour it into the sponge cake mold and set in ice chest till needed.

This is a good dessert to use, for it may be made early in the morning.

Roosevelt in Pastry.

The woman who makes her own gingercakes has at some time or other taken pride in the clever shapes in which she turned them out as men, women, dolls and animals. It is most



interesting to know that the Germans, who are adepts in this art, have made one like the picture here, representing President Roosevelt hunting in Africa and bringing in his own game.

LIVESTOCK CONDITIONS

LOSS DURING PAST WINTER WILL NOT EXCEED ONE PER CENT

Farmers are Going In More for Stall Feeding Beef Cattle for the Export Market—Prices are Unusually High This Year, Due to the Scarcity of Beef in the Old Country Market

Calgary.—Reports from every part of the province are to the effect that the stock never were in better condition at this season of the year, and that the loss during the past winter from all causes will not exceed one per cent.

The farmers are going in more and more each year for stall feeding beef cattle for the export market in the early spring, and as a result there is a larger amount of prime beef being shipped this spring than ever before in the history of the province.

Prices are also unusually high, especially for export cattle, second and even third grades bringing as high a price this year as primes did in 1908 or 1907.

Colin MacPherson, of Calgary, shipped several carloads of prime beef cattle on Saturday last to Winnipeg for export, some of which weighed from 1,400 to 1,500 pounds and netted the farmer \$73 per head.

P. Burns & Co. also shipped last week 450 head, which were sorted at Winnipeg and sold either for butchers or for export.

The only regrettable feature about the export cattle trade of Alberta this spring is that there are such a large number of very fine young heifers and cows being shipped for beef that ought not to be sold out of the country.

Lots Sell High at Prince Rupert

Vancouver.—The first auction sale of Prince Rupert townsite lots was a great success, the total value being nearly half a million dollars.

Two thousand people attended the sale, and bidding was keen from the start.

In no case was property withdrawn because of the failure to reach the reserve price, and in many cases the prices went far above what was anticipated.

This was especially the case in the business property, when the choicest corner in that locality brought \$16,500. Buyers from Austria, Alaska, United States and Winnipeg secured property, though the bulk of the buyers were from Vancouver.

Alberta's School Fund Totals \$506,518

Ottawa.—In reply to a question by M. S. McCarthy, of Calgary, in the House of Commons, Hon. Frank Oliver said that, assuming the school lands of Alberta to comprise one-eighth of the total area of the province, that is to say two sections out of thirty-six, the area of school lands still unsold would be approximately 8,310,000 acres.

Censors Bernard Shaw's New Play

London.—The censor has prohibited the production of George Bernard Shaw's new play, "The Showing Up of Blanco Posnet." The play, which was on a theological subject, was in advanced rehearsal for an early production.

Mr. Shaw, in a characteristic interview in the Daily Chronicle, says: "The censor objects to the play, not because it is irreligious, but because it is religious, and because it suggests belief in God by picturing a set of ungodly people who waken up to the perception that God is a real vital and active existence."

American Indian as Co-Respondent

London, Eng.—A divorce has been granted in this city in which White Cloud, a North American Indian, was cited as co-respondent. This is the first time an American Indian has so appeared in England, and a crowd went to the court room in the hope of seeing the Indian, but he did not appear.

The suit was brought by a Mr. Green, who alleged that while White Cloud was playing in this city with a Wild West show, he captivated Mrs. Green and induced her to leave her husband. The court found in favor of Mr. Green. The papers were served on White Cloud by advertising.

Church Colleges in Saskatchewan

Regina.—The provincial board of directors of the Presbyterian residential college for Saskatchewan met recently and decided to erect a college at Moose Jaw. One hundred thousand dollars will be raised for this purpose and the city of Moose Jaw is donating a free site for the building.

The Church of England will locate a college at the university site at Saskatoon, and Lutherans will do the same.

Philippines Want Independence

Manila.—With but slight variation from its action of final adjournment of the session of 1913, the Philippine general assembly in the closing hour of its session adopted the second resolution declaring in favor of the independence of the islands.

IRISH-AMERICAN PILGRIMAGE

Movement Now on Foot for a Great Pilgrimage of Irish-Americans to the Old Land

London.—A movement is on foot for a great pilgrimage of Irish-Americans to Ireland next year is being eagerly discussed in all parts of that country. One of the originators of the movement is Richard Croker, who says he is glad to hear that the project is meeting with success.

"Whether 500 or 1,000 or 50,000 Irish-Americans cross the Atlantic and tour Ireland," he said, "money is bound to be left in the country and its industries are bound to benefit. Such a scheme, if successfully carried out, may be the means of starting new industries."

"I believe there is a great future before Ireland, but it badly needs men with means to come and help its development. There are more inducements for people to come to Ireland than ever before. Better houses are being built, and the land act has done a lot of good in encouraging the people to stay at home and work their own land."

"It is remarkable to think how few Irish-Americans of Irish parentage know anything about the attractions of Ireland. Americans arrive at Queenstown and rush through to Liverpool without seeing anything of the country. What may they find better in Italy than you can see here?" asked Mr. Croker, as he pointed to the beautiful landscapes surrounding his home. He added that he would like to see the pilgrimage made an annual affair.

U. E. Loyalists and Empire's Defence

Toronto.—A strong position upon the question of Canada's naval policy was taken by the United Empire Loyalists' association at a recent meeting. A resolution which had previously been endorsed by the Daughters of the Empire was introduced and carried unanimously. The resolution first expressed hearty appreciation and approval of both associations of the naval defence resolutions passed by the Dominion parliament, and then said that the Canadian naval service should be organized on a sufficiently liberal and comprehensive scale to provide adequate protection to our coasts and commerce and also a contribution to defensive power of the empire.

Czar Pardons Stoessel and Nebogotoff

St. Petersburg.—Lieutenant-General Anatole M. Stoessel and Rear-Admiral Nebogotoff have been released from confinement in the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul by order of Emperor Nicholas. The health of both men has been gravely affected by their confinement.

General Stoessel was found guilty by court martial of surrendering Port Arthur to the Japanese, and was serving a sentence of ten years' imprisonment. Nebogotoff was sentenced to be interned in a fortress for the same length of time for surrendering to the enemy at the battle of the Sea of Japan.

Stoessel began his sentence March 20, 1908, while Nebogotoff took up his quarters in the fortress April 15, 1907. Rear-Admiral Gregorieff and Lieut. Smirnof, subordinate officers under Nebogotoff in the Russo-Japanese war, were pardoned a month ago.

Rival Railway Surveys

Vancouver, B. C.—Final location surveys along the west bank of the Thompson river 20 miles above Kamloops, are being made by the Canadian Northern railway according to Major J. T. Robinson of Kamloops, who was in Vancouver the other day. This railway has three parties in the field and is pushing its work to the limit of the capacity of its men in order that it may traverse the valley ahead of the forces of the Grand Trunk Pacific, which is working two survey parties on the east bank of the river within sight of the Canadian Northern men.

Generous Newspaper Proprietor

New York.—Plans have been made to establish in Toronto, Ont., a system of milk depots for the free distribution of pasteurized milk similar to the Strauss bureaus in New York. J. Ross Robertson, chairman of the board of trustees of the hospital for sick children in Toronto, and proprietor of the Toronto Evening Telegram, is the donor of the new system for this city, although Nathan Strauss will send an expert from here to put it in working order.

Selling Bad Eggs a Crime in New York

New York.—Two men have been sentenced to sixty days' imprisonment, one for selling bad eggs, the other for using them in making pastry. This announcement was made by the board of health. They are the first cases on record in New York where a prison sentence has been imposed for the offence. This drastic action was taken to break up the practice which the repeated imposition of fines failed to check.

Jap Warship for Behring Sea

St. Petersburg.—A local newspaper publishes a despatch from Tokyo saying Japan has decided to send a warship to the Behring Sea on account of the repeated seizures there of Japanese vessels by American and Russian ships.

New York the Insanity Factory

Buffalo, N. Y.—That New York is the place where insanity is manufactured was the statement made by Dr. Albert Warren Ferris, of Brooklyn member of the state commission in lunacy, in a lecture on the general phases of insanity before the men's club of St. Paul's church.

SEVERE ON RICH CLASS

EX-PREMIER BALFOUR DENOUNCES NEW BRITISH TAX

Wealthy Class of Britain Must Now Pay Heavy Taxes—Double the Former Tax on all Stock, and 20 Per Cent. of all the Increase on Land Values—Operation of Law Will Give State Much Property

London.—The House of Commons passed the new death duties by a vote of 298 to 122, the settlement duties by 300 to 127, the legacy succession duties by 300 to 127, the automobile taxes without a division and the reduction of the sinking fund by 203 to 50.

Ex-Premier Balfour again strongly denounced the death duties: "Let us be careful," he said. "We do not associate democracy with robbery, an association which never has been true in any civilized, modern state, and which I hope never will be true in this country, but it seems nearer after this budget than before."

Under the new budget, which is the creation of Lloyd-George, chancellor of the exchequer, the poor-rich man has a hard lot. He must pay over an 8 per cent. income tax, \$200 a year for each of his big automobiles, double the former tax on all stock, a new tax on all his land, and 20 per cent. of all the increase in land values.

When he dies, if he was a millionaire, the state will seize a maximum of 27 per cent. of his entire property. This is divided into three taxes: 15 per cent. death duties, 10 per cent. legacy duty on all bequests except to near relatives, and a general tax of 2 per cent. on all estates passing to probate.

There are numerous instances annually where estates pass to probate twice in the same year through the death of an heir of the first owner. The operation of the new law would confiscate to the state as high as 54 per cent. of such properties. If the total amounted to a million or more, the burden upon large estates would be even greater than these figures would indicate, for the government compels immediate cash payment by the great properties.

Of course they do not represent cash, but all manner of investments. Executors are required to make immediate forced sales of sufficient property to satisfy the government demands. This is especially so when the real estate involves heavy sacrifices.

Irrigated Lands Being Extended

Winnipeg.—"One million acres of Albertan irrigated land will be sold this year by the Canadian Pacific railway at the present rate of progress," said T. Heeney, the head of that department of the company's work.

"Half a million acres were disposed of last year, but there has been an immense influx of Americans from the irrigated lands of the United States, and by the end of the season we anticipate having three million acres of irrigated land occupied." Mr. Heeney declared that farmers who had enjoyed experience of irrigated land appreciate the fact that it is more reliable than ordinary soil. The land in Alberta that was being irrigated had, previous to irrigation, produced forty and fifty bushels an acre. The aim was not to increase the yield but to make the land independent of droughts.

Mr. Heeney said a contract had just been let to Foley, Welch & Stewart for extending the irrigation system to the extent of a million acres. He said prospects had never been better.

Good Advice for Australia and Others

London.—Addressing a gathering of Australians here on the naval question, Admiral Lord Charles Berosford urged that the colonies, instead of contributing towards the building of a Dreadnought, should build cruisers to protect their trade and commerce, and to form the nucleus of navies of their own, after the example of Japan, which half a century ago was fighting with the toise shell armor and bows and arrows.

This, he said, should not be difficult for the colonies. What the British Empire wanted was a navy that was able to go out and attack and protect trade routes. He considered that "Our insane advertising of Dreadnoughts" offended other nations and involved Europe in terribly expensive naval competition.

High Prices for Eggs

Toronto.—Ontario's biggest egg shippers stated that after careful survey of the situation they believed that there will be no cheap eggs in Canada this year, owing to the immense demand from western markets. Prices in the country are 17 and 18 cents per dozen, the highest on record. London is the centre of the largest egg shipping industry in Canada, and recently several million dozens have been sent west. Large orders are still unfilled.

High Wheat Prices Will Continue

Chicago.—J. A. Patten, of the board of trade firm of Bartlett, Patten & Company, whose operations in wheat have received national notice during the last few weeks, reviewed the wheat situation and gave his opinion of the market in an address before the Flour Manufacturers' club of Chicago recently.

"I predict," he said, "that higher prices will prevail all the world over for a year to come in wheat and that red winter wheat (soft wheat) will sell as high in America a year from now as it is selling to-day."

Wheat in Punjab

Lahore, India.—The official estimate of the Punjab wheat crop for 1909 is 2,723,099 tons an increase of 22 per cent. over the crop of 1908.

COLLAPSE OF FRENCH STRIKE

Curtain Is Rung Down Upon General Turmoil and Peace and Quietness Now Reigns

Paris.—The curtain has been rung down upon the general strike, amid recriminations by the leaders, who tried to bring the responsibility for the failure upon each other and the defeated postal employees. The end came when a few hundred laborers voted to resume work.

The General Federation of Labor issued a manifesto in which they seek to cover up their retreat, explaining that the postal employees were over confident of the success of their second strike, "which everything shows was prepared and instigated by the government, which was desirous of an opportunity to avenge itself against the leaders of the first strike."

The statement adds that the strikes of the excavators and other workmen have sufficiently demonstrated the solidarity of the proletariat and the postmen.

With the surrender of the general Federation of Labor the strike of the postal employees, which had already practically ended, collapsed utterly and the few men who were still on strike decided to return to their offices and try to obtain their old positions. The postmen and a few of the other unions are now raising a fund from which to give the dismissed postal employees \$80 a month until they can obtain other employment.

Castro Can Return to Venezuela

Caracas.—A decision has been rendered by a judge of the criminal court, dismissing the charge against Castro of complicity in a plot to assassinate Juan Vicente Gomez last December. Senor Gomez at the time was acting president of the republic, having been left at the head of the government by Castro when he sailed for Europe on November 23.

The decision was rendered on a petition of the attorney general, who took as the grounds for his plea the recent amnesty decree of President Gomez, which gave freedom to all persons taken prisoners at the time of the overthrow of the Castro administration last December. Everybody under arrest charged with complicity in the attempted assassination was liberated at that time.

This is the offence for which Castro was threatened with arrest if he returned to Venezuela.

Work on the G. T. P.

Vancouver.—With the opening of navigation on the Skeena river, permitting the landing of laborers at various camps almost shut off from communication with the outside world during the winter months, impetus has been given to construction along the Grand Trunk Pacific railway. Over 1,000 new hands have been added to the payrolls of the contractors during the past six weeks. The early fall will see the first 100 mile section completed and in operation. J. W. Stewart, managing director of Foley, Welch & Stewart, railway contractors, who are carrying out this contract, has gone east. Rumor has it that this firm will secure the next contract for the extension of the line 125 miles beyond the mouth of the Copper river. Work has been suspended on the Kilamaat branch to connect the main line at Kitsalas canyon with Kilamaat.

Ill-Treatment of Prisoners

St. John, N.B.—Joseph William Shaw, alias Samuel Adams, after serving twenty-two months in Dorchester penitentiary, announces that he will write articles on the treatment of convicts in Dorchester penitentiary as soon as he can rid his mind of bias. He says he can prove he charges to the hilt. Graft on the part of some prison officials is one charge, and another is to the effect that at least four prisoners during the twenty-two months he was there died from neglect and ill-treatment.

Prevention of Consumption

Hamilton, Ont.—At the annual meeting of the Canadian association for the prevention of tuberculosis a resolution was passed urging all provincial governments and legislatures to aid in every way the reforms to check the spread of disease. Dr. J. G. Adams, Montreal, was elected president. The next meeting of the association will be held in Montreal.

Obed Smith Makes Fine Address

London.—J. Obed Smith addressed the Royal Society of Arts on Canada as a field for investment, laying stress on the tendency of the British investor to seek only official issues whilst United States capitalists had the clear field of industrialists. The excellent paper was listened to by an influential audience, Lord Hindlip presiding.

Swooped Down on Asquith

Sheffield.—A political meeting that was being addressed here by Premier Asquith was stormed by a crowd of suffragettes. The women, however, failed to effect an entrance to the hall, and several of them were injured in encounters with the police.

Mr. Asquith was obliged to make his exit secretly through a side door before the proceedings had ended.

Teachers' Trip to Vancouver

Toronto.—Inspector Hughes has conferred with a number of Toronto teachers and planned the details of a trip this summer to Vancouver to attend the Dominion Educational association convention, and then drop south to Seattle to see the Alaskan exposition.

Will Investigate Charges

Victoria, B. C.—Colonel Gregory has been appointed commissioner to investigate the charges made against Captain Gaudin, of the marine and fisheries department. Capt. Gaudin denied them absolutely and asked for an investigation.

BOTH NATIONS WERE WRONG

The Hague Criticises the Position Taken by Germany and France in the Casablanca Affair

The Hague.—The decision of the Court of Arbitration on the Casablanca dispute between France and Germany over the forcible seizure by French officials of deserters from the French foreign legion while under the protection of the German consulate, has been delivered. While not placing the blame definitely upon either France or Germany, the court censures the representatives of each nation in several particulars. It declares that the secretary of the German consulate at Casablanca wrongfully endeavored to bring about the embarkation on a German steamship of deserters from the French foreign legion, who were not of German nationality, and adds that the consulate had even no right to protect deserters who were of German nationality, and that the consul committed an error in signing their safe conduct.

Nevertheless, the decision continues, the German consulate officials were not guilty of an intentional fault.

The court adds that the French military authorities were wrong in not respecting the de facto protection exercised by the German consulate. The circumstances did not justify the French soldiers in threatening the consular agents with revolvers, nor in their ill-treatment of the Moroccan troops attached to the German consulate.

The court concludes with the statement that it is unnecessary to deal with the other claims of the litigants.

The official view of the decision rendered by the court of arbitration on the Casablanca dispute is favorable according to the Nord Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung.

"The decision," says the paper, "takes a middle course, between the German and French view points. The officials of both countries are declared to have been wrong in various points. While both governments must express regrets Germany will do so willingly, as the action of the German agents has been recognized from the first not to be free from blame.

"A very disagreeable incident is settled by the decision in a worthy manner for practical politics and in a satisfactory way for international relations."

***** GOAL STRIKE SETTLED *****

Macleod.—The board of conciliation and arbitration appointed under the Lemieux Act, which has for some days been endeavoring to reconcile the differences between the striking coal miners and operators in the southern districts, has succeeded in bringing about an agreement, and peace and a speedy resumption of work is assured. The informal agreement was reached after long discussion.

The main features are that the miners will yield on the open shop contention and the operators will yield as to discrimination.

Millions Celebrated Holiday

London.—Empire Day, which comes on the anniversary of the birth of the late Queen Victoria, was more generally observed this year than since its inauguration. The day has been selected as the occasion upon which children of the empire shall honor the flag, and it was celebrated in every part of Great Britain. It is estimated that all told not less than fifteen million saluted the national emblem and in the United Kingdom alone close to four million children took part in the demonstration. For the first time London had an organized celebration. Five thousand uniformed school boys marched through the main streets of the capital to Hyde park. All the children gathered and saluted the national emblem as well as the emblem of fifty-six dominions and colonies.

Lyttleton Sounds the Imperial Note

London.—There was a brilliant gathering at the annual dinner of the Royal Colonial Institute, Alfred Lyttleton, former colonial secretary, presiding. Mr. Lyttleton said the true way to get a great imperial navy was to foster the national spirit in the dominions. Yet, what needed to be developed was not merely the sense of nationality, but a comprehensive patriotism embracing the empire as a whole. He emphasized the splendid audacity of New Zealand in announcing to the world the unity of the empire. Patriotic speeches were also delivered by Hall Jones, a representative of New Zealand, the Earl of Jersey and Sir Gilbert Parker.

King and Meredith's Tomb

London.—It is said that King Edward has taken a hand in the agitation to induce the Dean of Westminster to reconsider his decision not to admit George Meredith's ashes to the abbey, and if this is the case it is almost certain that the novelist's remains will find a resting place there after all.

Capt. Thomas Will Represent Alberta

Calgary.—At a recent meeting of the executive of the Alberta Press association, Capt. T. Berville Thomas was appointed a delegate to the Imperial Press conference to be held in London in a short time. Capt. Thomas has left on his mission, and expects to be absent for about six weeks.

Peace River Navigation Co.

Ottawa.—The Peace River Trade and Navigation company has been incorporated with a capital of one million dollars. The incorporators are: F. S. Lawrence, of Fort Vermilion, Alta.; W. D. Lightall, C. A. Harwood, E. Greenwood and G. S. Wilson, of Montreal.

PEACE FOR ALL NATIONS

SOME STRIKING STATEMENTS AT ARBITRATION CONFERENCE

If President of United States Were to Interview King Edward and Kaiser William, all War Talk Would Soon Be at an End, Says Representative Barthold—Alfred Moseley Attaches Blame to Germany

Lake Mohonk.—Hon. James Bryce, British ambassador, in addressing the conference on international arbitration, said that the ill-feeling between nations which led to war was often laid "at the feet of the newspapers, which were accused of misrepresenting the purposes and sentiments of the other side, leading each people to believe itself wholly in the right, and the other side wholly in the wrong."

While not defending the newspapers, he questioned if they were really to blame, stating that the press was what the people made it, and that if the people wished the newspapers to show a pacific spirit they would do so, as the press reflects the spirit of the people.

In his address, Representative Barthold said:

"If the president of the United States were to say to King Edward and Emperor William, 'Let us keep the peace, and in case of any trouble between either two of our three countries, let us not draw the sword until we have an investigation by an impartial third party, be it power, commission or court,' and that the two monarchs would agree to this proposal, it would signify the end of war."

Alfred Moseley's speech was less conservative than the diplomatic utterances of those who preceded him. He is an Englishman, and arrived at the conference after a trip from South Africa. He said that he was not at all sure that President Taft would care to take the initiative in saying something to Britain and Germany, but suggested that if he did he should turn his attention to Germany first, as Britain had already proposed to come to some agreement with Germany regarding armaments, but had received no response.

Dowieites for Alberta

Edmonton.—The entire colony of Dowieites numbering 100 families, from Zion City will locate in the Edmonton district this summer. Four representatives of the colony left under the direction of a guide to inspect the country to the east of the city and will be absent for some weeks. The colony will acquire 50,000 acres. Another colony of 60 German families from near Chicago is also preparing to come to Northern Alberta. Three of their forerunners reached the city last week.

Training Canadian Troops in England

London.—The suggestion coming from Canada that two regiments of Canadian infantry militia should visit Aldershot in August to undergo a few weeks' training with the regulars there, the Canadian Press association hears, is not received favorably at military headquarters. However, should any formal proposal for a visit be made to the war office, the month of March is suggested as the best time, as then the training of troops at Aldershot begins for the year.

Lord Strathcona May Be Generous

Winnipeg.—Subscriptions for the Canadian exposition and Selkirk centennial in Winnipeg are already beginning to come. The street railway company has headed the list with a contribution of \$7,000. There was a persistent rumor on the streets that Lord Strathcona has granted \$2,500,000 on conditions that the exposition be held in Kildonan, and the permanent buildings be devoted to the university of Manitoba. This story could not be confirmed.

Englishmen Going on Big Hunt

Vancouver, B. C.—To carry a party of distinguished English big game hunters to Kamchatka and up along the eastern coast of Siberia, possibly through Behring Sea and into the Arctic Ocean, the steamer Transit, of the fleet of Mackenzie Bros., of Vancouver, has been chartered for a period not to exceed four months. The steamer is to be delivered to the English party in Vancouver June 30.

The All Red Route

Ottawa.—In reply to a question by Hon. Mr. Foster, Sir Wilfrid Laurier replied that nothing could be said in regard to the All-Red route scheme until Deputy-Postmaster-General Coulter had returned from Australia, whether he had gone in connection with the matter. The premier promised a statement for the beginning of the next session of parliament.

London Times Application Refused

Ottawa.—The railway commission has dismissed the application of the London Times for an order to compel telegraph companies to grant press rates on news sent to Glace Bay, N.S., for transmission by Marconi wireless telegraph to the United Kingdom. The matter will be dealt with at an inquiry into the whole question of telegraph and cable rates to be held at a later date.

Start Quebec Bridge This Summer

Ottawa.—Commissioners appointed by the Dominion government to prepare plans for the reconstruction of the Quebec bridge are so far advanced in their work that it is likely that the government will be in possession of completed plans in a short time and the contract for the building will probably be let during the summer. The new bridge will cost between six and seven million dollars.

DECORATING HINTS.

An Artistic Bedroom Done in Gray and Pink.

A REAL STROKE OF GENIUS.

Tidies Again the Vogue in Smart New York Homes—The Zodiac Necklace Is the Thing to Conjure With. Handicraft Work.

My Dear Elsa—I have just come back from a week end spent with Elinor N. You know the N.'s have recently finished their new house at Short Hills, and when they are not exploring all the unexplored regions of the globe they will be located at this delightful colonial abode, situated in one of Jersey's most exclusive spots. The place will be in the market a year from now, I am absolutely certain, but for the time being they are perfectly bewitched with their latest architectural achievement. I wonder why the "moving on" spirit does get such a



ZODIAC NECKLACE.

grip on Americans. I reckon it's because we are so bent upon improving ourselves we just can't rest. We certainly do lack repose as a nation; but, as the English complacently hint, we'll "arrive" when we get over the novelty of having barrels of money to dispose of as the whim seizes us. But I haven't time this morning to moralize, for I must tell you about Elinor's bedroom, which is the sweetest thing you ever imagined. Titania's bower, Mrs. George Gould's famous boudoir at Georgian Court, the magnificent Lakewood palace, isn't a patch on this apartment in point of artistic conception. I couldn't shut my little peepers in such a beauty spot. The wonder of it would keep me awake. Raving, as usual! Now, listen to how it's "done" and you'll rave with me.

To begin with, the room is a good sized square apartment. I loathe a great barn of a bedroom, don't you? It started out for a "square deal," but got sidetracked at one end, where a slightly bowed diamond paned window breaks up the architectural precision. Under Elinor's supervision—you know she's artistic to the finger tips—a New York interior artist, a woman by the way, did the decorating. A gray and pink scheme was selected, and to carry out the misty, hazy atmosphere that was planned to float over this Eden the floor was first painted and then enameled a soft French gray and partly covered with a square rug of silvery gray green wilton. The walls were hung with a pale gray cartridge paper suggesting the tone of the floor. Now comes evidence of the divine afflatus possessed by the decorator.

Departing from the commonplace frieze, this original craftswoman ran a stiff border of pink hollyhocks immediately under the place dedicated to this piece of mural decoration. Where the frieze wasn't, to be Irish, was a blurry effect in grays that melted into the ceiling, rather indicating the gathering of a storm with the sun shining through. On either side of the dressing table, which was of gray enameled satinwood, were arranged silver candelabra in branch style, fitted with electric light, softened by shades in the form of pink hollyhocks. The single bed was of the same wood; also a small colonial table, on which were placed the night light of silver, with hollyhock shade, and a few of Elinor's favorite books bound in gray suede. Talking about genius, it surely was burning when it came to the dressing up of this bed. A spread and bolster roll of white handkerchief linen edged with deep cluny lace and embroidered with a row of the pink hollyhocks was designed for this particular couch and carried into effect.

Have I told you why the old kitchen garden flower was selected as a motif? No? How stupid, for hereby hangs a tale! You should and must know that the decorators imported just two patterns of a French cretonne in gray be sprinkled with the dear, stiff old posies, and one of these lengths Elinor annexed and had her couch, easy chairs and window seat upholstered in it. Naturally the blossoms became the theme of the furnishings. But, to come back to the spread, when it was laid on the bed it became a whited sepulcher, and, as an editor friend of mine says, "it hit one in the eye." Something had to be done. Sleepless nights ensued for Elinor and the interior decorator. Like Sentimental Tommy, they "found a why," and such a funny way! It was decided the spread had to be dyed a pale gray, the right sort of nuance to tone in with the other effects. But how get it? I believe in "leadings," both in things divine and material, and an earthly manifestation took place in this instance. One even-

ing Elinor had for the moment forgotten the spread and was getting ready for a dinner party. When her maid, frock in hand, was about to slip over her head a Worth creation she gracefully dodged the service, flew to a bundle of old newspapers that happened to be in the room and, while Marie looked on aghast, tore them up, tossed them in the basin and poured boiling water over them. Impatiently walking the floor for a second, she returned to the experiment, lifted the paper from the water with the aid of a toothbrush handle, and gazed in ecstatic rapture at the grayish solution left in the basin. When Marie had brought her the spread and bolster roll merrily gathered the embroidered part of the work up in her hands and dipped the rest of the linen in the water. After sousing the material up and down, behold a lovely tone of gray was the result! Satisfied with the undertaking, Elinor allowed herself to be dressed for the dinner and departed in high glee.

Next day the tidies were treated to the same kind of bath. Tidies, you say, who uses anything so antiquated? We up to date Gothamites do, my dear. They've been the smart caper all winter, but not the antimacassar of hideous English origin. No; the new affairs are of the sheerest handkerchief linen and are used merely on the arms of upholstered furniture. There were no pictures on the walls of this exquisite room. In fact, nothing of a pictorial nature was attempted save the portraits of the master of the house and Elinor's small girl, Kathleen, framed in dull silver, that were to be seen on the dressing table. At the bow window were sash curtains of gray brussels net and long hangings of cretonne lined with pink silk. The toilet things were of perfectly plain dull silver, each article decorated with a single hollyhock. When I tell you that the doors entering the boudoir and bath were of plate glass with dull silver knobs you can gather, I hope, a faint idea of the attractiveness of this room.

I know how fond you are of needlework, so when my hostess showed me a tea cloth she had just bought I took in all the points so I could pass them along. The cloth was a large oval affair of white handkerchief linen, measuring probably two yards around. A superb piece of handmade Russian lace was used as a finish. For about a depth of two feet at intervals around the cloth were the most natural stalks of wild carrot. The blossom part was worked in tufts of mercerized white cotton and the stalks and spiky leaves in a pale green. The flowers were raised so high and were so true to nature that one instinctively looked for the funny little black beauty spot that is to be found in all wild carrot flowers. Between the bunches of blossoms were medallions the size of a bread and butter plate of Russian lace. The whole thing was gorgeous and yet in perfect taste.

Hand wrought jewelry is the fad of the moment, and classes are being formed for courses of instruction during Lent, one of which I have joined, but all I expect to accomplish is a much battered up pair of hands. Some of the reproductions of ancient amulets and charms are stunning, and I spent all my last allowance the other day on a zodiac necklace, which is the latest thing to conjure with. Everybody nowadays has a fetich, a particular luck charm, which is supposed to



NEW CORSAGE DECORATION.

ward off misfortune. My charm is an Egyptian one, the twelve signs of the zodiac, all in dull beaten metal, arranged to encircle the throat and connected in front with a sacred scarab, or Egyptian beetle with spread wings. Below the scarab hangs a little pendant showing the asp, another Egyptian charm. If your astral color and birthstone have played you false, let me know, and I'll lend you my necklace, and in the meantime believe me ever mostly sincerely yours, MABEL.

Crystallized Orange Peel.

Save all the orange skins from the table and throw them into a large crock filled with salt and water, about a cup of salt to a gallon. When it is full wash them in two or three waters, scraping out the white inside. Simmer gently, changing the water from time to time, till all trace of the salt disappears. Drain and with the scissors or a sharp knife cut into very narrow strips and weigh. For each pound allow a pound of sugar and a half cupful of water. Boil the sugar and water a moment, add the orange peel and simmer gently about thirty minutes or until tender. Drain, roll each piece in granulated sugar and put on a platter covered with oiled paper to dry in the sun or on buttered tins in a slow oven.—Harper's Bazar.

FOR THE GAS STOVE.

New Cooking Utensils That Are a Joy to Use.

Judging from the number of cooking utensils to be used over gas, it appears as if the kitchen stove would soon become a thing of the past.

Among the latest inventions for gas stoves is the waffle iron. It fits into a frame underneath which the gas is turned on.

A good sized iron that is divided into four quarters, making three corner shaped cakes, is \$1.10. There are French waffle irons that make four or more small cakes that cost \$1.75, \$2.50 and \$3. Each size comes with a frame to fit.

Then there is a new steamer that will cook an entire dinner over one burner. There are four vessels, each setting into each other, made from tin with an excellent copper bottom.

The water is placed in the first one and put on over the gas stove. When the water boils the food to be cooked can be put in. The odor from one pot cannot escape to the other, and a dinner consisting of a chicken, potatoes, beans and apple dumpling (boiled) can be cooked at one time over the same burner with the latter turned off half way.

In using this boiler the chicken is placed in the pan next the water, then the potatoes in the third, setting on a wire rack, which comes (15 cents extra) for keeping them dry and mealy, and lastly the apple dumplings.

It is not necessary that all the pots shall be used—two, three or four, as meets one's needs. But it is extremely necessary that the little cap shall be placed on the tube of the last pot; otherwise the cooking will be a failure, as the steam will escape.

This vessel comes in four different sizes and costs from \$1.75 to \$3.50, according to size.

By its use food cannot burn, of course, and as a fuel saver it has no equal. Nickel frying pans, especially good for use over gas, are delightfully clean looking and exceedingly strong, as the nickel is over iron. A medium sized pan in this style may be bought for 65 cents. Large sizes sell for more.

When it comes to the question of buying a roasting pan it is quite a problem, for there are so many good ones. The seamless are supposed to be best, and there are a number of these which include also the self basting feature. One style in iron which has an extra tray or rack inside the ventilated cover is only \$1 and is of a reliable quality. Then there is another style similar to the first in merit, but has glazed iron, which makes washing and scouring easier. These are \$1.25 to \$1.50.

Then there are agate self basting pans and enameled pans that do the same service, and really all are excellent in their way.

Though a number of new griddle-cake pans have been introduced, there is nothing, I am told, to beat the soapstone models. The aluminium ones are practical, but are expensive, and while iron is satisfactory, it is apt to make the house smell of cooking and is not as clean looking as some of the others, so that, all in all, the soapstone is conceded to be the best kind.

MISS GOULD'S BOUQUET.

A Novel Bunch of Flowers Designed by Mrs. Gould.

What promises to become one of the greatest fads in society is the new floral piece, "La Pompadour," such as was carried by Miss Marjorie Gould at her coming out dinner and dance at the Hotel Plaza. The creation, which consists of American Beauty roses, ferns and lilies of the valley, was made by Alex McConnell, society florist of New York city.

La Pompadour is a loose bunch of flowers arranged in pyramidal form, standing about two feet in height. It required much effort on the part of the young debutante to carry it.

Miss Gould's floral piece was the idea of her talented mother, Mrs.



THE POMPADOUR EFFECT.

George Gould. She wished for something elegant, but plain, and with the aid of Mr. McConnell designed La Pompadour. Bounding the roses is a fringe of lilies of the valley that falls over a ruche of blush pink chiffon spangles with crystal dewdrops. This is fitted into a holder of lace made of bluish chiffon on which a lace design is painted in white. The latter is puffed and shirred and has the artistic French touch, which makes the new creation one of the most exquisite floral designs known. Tied around the stem is a broad pink satin ribbon, veiled with dewdrop chiffon, making a big bow with long ends.

MR. BOWSER TOO GOOD

Acted Part of Good Samaritan and Suffered Thereby.

AIDED WOMAN IN DISTRESS.

Touched His Sympathetic Heart, but at the Cost of His Watch, Pin and a Wallet—Wife Called Him Easy Mark and Innocent Babe.

(Copyright, 1909, by T. C. McClure.)

MR. BOWSER has a program for coming home from the office which seldom varies.

He leaves the office at a certain minute; he rushes for a car; he catches it or perishes in the attempt; he secures a seat or does likewise. There are times when he escapes a row with conductor or passenger, but they occur only at long intervals. Five blocks before he reaches his street he begins to crowd out on the platform. Sometimes he is elbowed in return and asked if there are bristles on his back, and sometimes people simply swear at him under their breath. He demands that the car be brought to a full stop. When he has descended he remembers that he has left his evening paper on the seat and pushes his way back to get it. He is finally free, but, as a rule, has something to say to the conductor and is answered back in language appropriate to the occasion.

The other night, when the usual hour arrived and there was no Bowser, Mrs. Bowser began to wonder. Ten minutes later she was anxious. When twenty minutes had passed she thought of mangled remains lying in the middle of the street. Just half an hour had been ticked off by the clock when he unlocked the front door to hear her exclaim:

"So you are here at last! I was never so worried in my life!"

"Yes; I am a little late," he answered as he hung up his overcoat.

"A little late! Good gracious, what's happened?"

As Mr. Bowser turned to her she saw that he had a cut lip, a bloody ear and a swelling eye and that what few hairs he had on his head were lying around in a most bewildering fashion. It was evident that the Gatun dam on the Panama canal had given way at last.

"I don't care about any dinner," he said as he made for the sitting room.



"I SAW A WOMAN STANDING IN A DOORWAY."

"You may get the camphor and witch hazel and some rags and fix me up. Maybe I'll have an appetite later on."

"But what has happened to you?" she insisted.

"Just a little incident hardly worth mentioning. No use to talk so loud and get the cook all excited."

She brought out the medicine chest and got out what was wanted, and as she began binding up the hurts she said:

"Now tell me all about it. Were you dragged by a street car?"

"Of course not. I was coming home all right when I remembered that I had no cigars in the house. I got off to get some."

"And the car suddenly started?"

"I told you the car had nothing to do with it. It may have suddenly started, or it may have hung around there for half an hour. Am I going to have a black eye?"

"Wasn't Kicked by a Horse."

"Yes, and a bad one. You'll have to wear a green patch over it for at least two weeks. You didn't get kicked by a horse, did you?"

"How silly you talk, Mrs. Bowser! What would I be doing with my eye against a horse's heel?"

"Then go on and tell me about it. This car looks as if a bulldog had hung on to it."

"Well," he said after getting up to look at the ear in the mirror and sitting down again, "I had got the cigars and started to walk the rest of the way home when I saw a woman standing in a doorway. I could tell by her attitude that she was scared."

"But you came right along about your business?"

"No, ma'am; I didn't. I stopped right then and there about my business. Her attitude appealed to me. I saw that she was in trouble. I walked up to her and asked her what the matter was."

"And of course she burst into tears at once?" sneered Mrs. Bowser.

"There was no bursting about it. She was already crying. She told me that she had been followed and insulted by a scoundrel."

"Oh, I see!"

"If you see, then you stop right there. I won't have it. She was a per-

fect lady, and I'd have been a loafer not to have listened to her. Just such an event is liable to happen to you any evening."

"But she could have appealed to the police."

"There were no police around. They had all gone off to funerals or something else."

"Well, go on."

"She lived three blocks away, and she asked me to escort her home. She was trembling all over, and I never pitied a woman more. She said the man was a divorced husband and he had actually threatened her life. What could I do but escort her home?"

"You could have come along about your business and let some one else play the gray Lothario."

"There you are! That's you to a dot! Mrs. Bowser, I hope that the next time you go to church in the evening a big loafer will try to carry you off in his arms. You are so hard hearted that you have no mercy on your own sex. Why, if I hadn't offered my escort I should have been put down as a coward and a cur."

"Very well. You butted in, and what happened?"

"I walked along beside her to her home. She was so weak and trembly that I had to sustain her all the way. I didn't know but I'd have to call an ambulance."

"Well, you got her home?"

"Yes. And then I went in to light the gas for her and to see if the fellow was lurking around. He might be waiting there to cut her throat, you know. She didn't come in, but sat on the step all the while."

"Go on."

"Well, the fellow was there. The hall was dark, and I had only got in when he jumped on me and inflicted those hurts before I was aware of his presence. I rallied after a minute, and I think he is in a hospital by this time."

"And the perfect lady out on the steps—she didn't mix in?" asked Mrs. Bowser.

"I think she screamed."

"But you are not sure?"

"N-o-o-o."

"And she had gone when you finally got out of the hall?"

"Y-e-s."

"That's all. Shall I send over for a chicken and make you some broth?"

"Chicken? What in thunder do I want of chicken broth?"

"Oh, if you don't want it to steady your nerves for the shock to come, all right!"

"Woman, don't let your jealousy make you talk like an idiot. I saved that lady's life. There's no doubt of it. I got hurt a little in doing it, but what man would not have run the risk? I shall not be in the least ashamed of my black eye. I think, however, I'll go over to the drug store and get something stronger than witch hazel. What are you grinning about?"

"Nothing. I happened to have a funny thought."

Robbed the Good Samaritan.

"Humph! You'd better have a few thoughts in favor of your own sex. Well, I'll go over to the store. The cook can clear off the table. I'll be back in ten minutes, but I shan't want any dinner."

He was back in far less. He had just taken his overcoat off the hook when he uttered a shout that fetched Mrs. Bowser and the cat on a run.

"What is it! What's the matter?"

"My watch is gone!"

"It can't be!"

"And my pin!"

"You don't say!"

"And my wallet!"

"Good heavens!"

"Yes, even my keys!" shouted Mr. Bowser as he continued to search his pockets.

Mrs. Bowser caught him as he went limp and led him back to the lounge and laid him down and fanned him.

"How—how did I lose them?" he finally asked in the voice of a man that had been sick for three months.

"Oh, that's easy to explain. They were taken by the perfect lady and her divorced husband. You were the easy mark they were laying for, you know. Poor, innocent babe! I always said you were too good for this world."

M. QUAD.

Point of Difference.

"Yes," said the bride of three short months, "I had made up my mind to remain in the spinster class; then John appeared upon the scene, and I accepted him because he was so unlike other men."

"Oh, of course he's different!" rejoined the envious lady friend. "He proposed."—Chicago News.

He Caught the Train All Right!

She had her Easter holiday, and enjoyed it very much too.

A Sponge Garden.

A beautiful effect may be obtained by means of a damp sponge and a few seeds. Take a large piece of coarse sponge and cut it into any shape desired. Then soak it in water, squeeze half dry and sprinkle in the openings red clover seed, millet, barley, grass, rice oats—any or all of these. Hang the sponge in a window where the sun shines at least part of the day.—Country Life in America.

\$350,000 Won in the Prize Ring.

Twenty years ago Jim Mace, who has applied for an old age pension in England, is said to have had \$350,000 in the bank, but had investments and speculations, and a too generous disposition towards friends, have rendered the hero of something like five hundred prize-fights almost penniless. Mace is now seventy-eight, and has only twice been defeated.

More Money In It.

"I was just reading of a man who has a hen that can sing. Another man has a hen which whistles and imitates various birds."

"I don't care for these vaudeville hens. A hen should stick to the legit and lay eggs."—Kansas City Journal.

KING'S MAUNDY GIFTS

ANCIENT CEREMONY IS STILL OBSERVED IN ENGLAND.

Twice as Many Aged Persons as the King Is Years Old Receive Money Every Year — Receive Presents Borne on the Head of a Giant Yeoman of the Guard—Four Children Also Participate in Good Things.

One of the most interesting memorials of days gone by is preserved in the Royal Maundy gifts. The custom began in England in 1363, when Edward III, was fifty years of age, and consisted then of almsgiving—pence, clothes, and food, as well as the ceremonial washing of the feet of poor persons by the King or his deputy. The last monarch to perform this office was James II, in 1754; and in recent times, too, the gifts of clothing and provisions have been discontinued in favor of gold coin.

The recipients of this historic charity, specially chosen, are not less than sixty years of age, and the number of each sex corresponds to the age



YEOMAN WITH MAUNDY GIFTS.

of the Sovereign. This distribution, which formerly took place in the chapel at Whitehall, is now made at Westminster Abbey. Processional order is marshalled in the nave, with the Lord High Almoner (the King's representative), clergy, and Yeomen of the Guard in attendance, one of the latter carrying on his head a basket containing the gifts, as shown herewith. Flowers and scarves, both of white, are adjuncts of canonical dress. A move is then made to one of the chapels, where Divine service is held, and during which two distributions of the money take place. In the first of these each man receives \$11 and each woman \$9. In the second distribution there are red purses containing respectively \$7.50 and \$5 in gold, and white purses of silver pennies, twopences, threepences, and fourpences to the number of the King's age, all newly-minted.

The four attendant Children of the Royal Alms (previously represented by four aged men) are each paid \$1.25 every Maundy Thursday, and \$25 annually, towards their education.

Royal Inventors.

The inventive talents of the German royal family have been much in evidence of late. A few months ago the Emperor's brother, Prince Henry, obtained legal protection for a device for cleaning the shield-window fitted to the front of motor-cars. The name of the announcement that His Majesty himself had invented a brake particularly applicable to automobiles.

Now, in his turn, the Crown Prince has actually taken out a patent for a new kind of stud for shirt-cuffs. As far as can be judged from the description given in the specification, the device is a combination of the link principle with that of a two-part stud, and unites security of the former to ease of adjustment of the latter.

The princely inventor is at present busily occupied with public affairs. Having completed his studies in the Ministry of the Interior, he is now to pass to the Navy Office.

She Went For Her Holiday.

Here is a pleasant tale of matrimonial methods. The wife was negotiating with the husband for an Easter holiday that would cost something.

"Jane," he said, impressively, "I'd like for you to have it. I'd be glad to let you go."

The wife looked her doubts as to whether this was quite the right tone for an affectionate man to take.

"Yes, I'd be glad," he said, with conviction. "But the fact is I can't do it. I have to take up a note for four thousand pounds next week and I can't spare a penny."

The wife looked him up and down. "Very well, Josiah," she said; "very well. If you think the man who holds your note can make things hotter for you than I can—very well, Josiah."

She had her Easter holiday, and enjoyed it very much too.

A Sponge Garden.

A beautiful effect may be obtained by means of a damp sponge and a few seeds. Take a large piece of coarse sponge and cut it into any shape desired. Then soak it in water, squeeze half dry and sprinkle in the openings red clover seed, millet, barley, grass, rice oats—any or all of these. Hang the sponge in a window where the sun shines at least part of the day.—Country Life in America.

\$350,000 Won in the Prize Ring.

Twenty years ago Jim Mace, who has applied for an old age pension in England, is said to have had \$350,000 in the bank, but had investments and speculations, and a too generous disposition towards friends, have rendered the hero of something like five hundred prize-fights almost penniless. Mace is now seventy-eight, and has only twice been defeated.

A QUESTION OF HEALTH

Without Rich, Red Blood You Cannot be Healthy—How to Obtain This Blessing.

If every woman and young girl would realize the danger of allowing blood to become thin and poor, would understand that the majority of common diseases are caused by an anæmic (or bloodless) condition, that persistent pallor means that the blood is not furnishing the organs with the required amount of nourishment, there would be awakened interest in the tonic treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Thin blood means starved nerves, weakened digestion, functional disorders, headaches, frequently neuralgia, sciatica and even partial paralysis. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills build up the blood, repair waste and prevent and check disease. They fill the system with rich, red blood which means good health and life.

Miss Marie Dionne, St. Angele, Que., says: "I am deeply grateful for what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for me. My blood had almost turned to water. I was pale, had no appetite, suffered from pains in the back and side, and had a feeling of constant depression. The smallest exertion would leave me breathless, and I was reduced in flesh until I weighed only 93 pounds. I got nothing to help me until I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They began helping me after the first couple of weeks, and in a few weeks more I was again perfectly well. The color returned to my cheeks, the pains left me, and I gained in weight until now I weigh 130 pounds. I feel so happy for what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for me that I hope some other ailing, miserable girl will profit by my experience and obtain new health."

These Pills are sold by all medicine dealers or you can get them by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Lady Aberdeen's Adoption

Lady Aberdeen, who has added another to her many good works and deeds by founding a new monthly journal to help in the campaign against consumption in Ireland, figured in a dramatic incident thirty-two years ago. She and her husband went to Egypt for their wedding tour at a time when Gordon was trying to suppress the slave traffic. Four slave boys who were offered for sale excited Lady Aberdeen's compassion, and the slave dealer was invited to bring them on board Lord Aberdeen's dahabayah, where he hoped to find a purchaser. When the man stepped on deck with his human chattels, Lord Aberdeen pointed to the British flag and said: "These boys are free! I claim them in the name of the queen!" Afterwards, however, he compensated the slave dealer, and Lady Aberdeen returned to England with these four boys and another whom she had rescued. Three of her adopted children died, but two were educated and set to useful work.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm. W. BALDWIN, KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

"Poor chap! Everything he earns goes on his wife's back."
"Well, if you had seen her at the opera you wouldn't think he earned much."

The ease with which corns and warts can be removed by Holloway's Corn Cure is its strongest recommendation. It seldom fails.

To aid horses to keep their footing on slippery streets, a Massachusetts veterinary has invented a chain tread, which may be buckled upon their hoofs without the use of tools.

Minard's Liniment, Lumberman's Friend.

An English paper says that the champion absent-minded man lives at Belham. On one occasion he called upon his old friend, the family physician. After a chat of a couple of hours the doctor saw him to the door and bade him good-night saying: "Come again. Family all well, I suppose?" "My heavens!" exclaimed the absent-minded beggar, "that reminds me of my errand. My wife is in a fit!"

A Pill for Brain Workers.—The man who works with his brains is more liable to derangement of the digestive system than the man who works with his hands, because the one calls upon his nervous energy while the other applies only his muscular strength. Brain fog betrays irregularities of the stomach and liver, and the best remedy that can be used is Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. They are specially compounded for such cases, and all those who use them can certify to their superior power.

And He Didn't

She—So many men marry for money. You wouldn't marry me for money, would you, dearest?
He (absently)—No, darling. I wouldn't marry you for all the money in the world.
She—Oh, you horrid, norrid wretch!
"Why doesn't someone invent a new puzzle?"
"Cheer up; the spring change of railway timetables is about due."—Buffalo Express.

ALEX. NELSON AND HOWE.

Late Toronto Hotelman Was a Friend of the Famous Nova Scotian.

The late Alexander Nelson, one of the proprietors of the Rossin House, who died so suddenly last month, was one of the few Canadians still surviving in this neck of the land who knew Joseph Howe intimately. To the average Ontario man the name of Joseph Howe is all but meaningless, but in the Maritime Provinces his name is one cherished as highly as that of Sir John Macdonald or Hon. George Brown in this section of the country. He was the man who opposed Confederation, as did John Sanfield Macdonald, the first Premier of Ontario, after nationhood became established. And he it was who was worsted by young Dr. Tupper, who practically hurled the Bluesoes into Confederation against their will. His old constituency was Hants, and the father of the three Nelsons, who nearly twenty years ago, took over the Rossin House, kept hotel at Shubenacadie, the principal settlement of the riding. It was Alexander Nelson's duty as a boy to drive Joseph Howe all over the large and partly unsettled riding on his visit to his constituents, of whom he was never neglectful.

The best of the late Mr. Nelson's reminiscences as to Howe's campaign methods relate to the visit of the present King, then Prince of Wales, to Canada in 1859. Shubenacadie was then the terminal of the newly-built railway running from Halifax into Hants county, and on the day of the arrival nearly a hundred of the constituents of the Prime Minister of Nova Scotia journeyed to Halifax to see the arrival of His Royal Highness. When they got there they found the streets so filled with troops and people from everywhere that there was little chance for anybody to see anything. Suddenly old Mr. Nelson, who was with the party, sighted Joseph Howe on his way to the wharf to officially greet the prince in the name of the colony of Nova Scotia. The Shubenacadie contingent told him that they wanted to get a good look at Albert Edward, and the Prime Minister took the whole tribe of his constituents along and placed them on a wharf alongside the landing-place, where they saw everything. And as he walked into the city, His Royal Highness had an auxiliary guard of Hants county voters.

An Easy Jail.

In one of the Basque provinces of Spain there is a prison the doors of which are opened every morning, allowing the prisoners to go into the town for housework, gardening or some trade. Some act as commissioners. In the evening they quietly return to the prison at the appointed time, and after being identified by the jailer the bolts are drawn for their admission.

Tanner to Baron.

Lord Allerton, who has just entered upon his seventieth year, began life as the son of a small tanner in Leeds. He worked his way up by sheer hard work to opulence, a seat in Parliament, a Privy Councilship, the mayoralty of his native city, and finally the barony, which came to him in 1902. He is the father of the Hon. F. S. Jackson, the famous Yorkshire cricketer.

Very Silent.

"You and Mr. Gudgeign were very quiet in the parlor last night," said her mother.

"Yes, I told him early in the evening that money talked to me, and I think he was trying to let his converse. I don't believe he has much."—Chicago Record-Herald.

THE GARDENING HOBO.

His Experience With a Red Visaged, Flaming Haired Virago.

As he walked along the country lane and sniffed in the keen air of the early morning the wandering hobo felt within him the stirrings of an appetite that would not be appeased by anything short of real food, and a good deal of it at that. Devouring scenery and drinking in the salubrious morning air were all well enough in their way, but it was upon more substantial things that his hunger was now set. So, perceiving a farmhouse with a smoking chimney not far along the highway, he approached it and rapped briskly on the kitchen door.

The door opened immediately, and a huge, red visaged, flaming haired virago confronted him just as he was about to make a pleasant remark on the subject of the early bird.

"Well," she said, "what is it?"
"I don't know, ma'am," said he, beginning his retreat, "but it looks like a cross between a Sunday supplement and a war cloud."

"What are you looking for," she demanded, seizing a mop that stood just inside the door—"trouble?"

"No, madam," said the tramp, hurrying a little until he was safely on the other side of the fence; "I'm lookin' for a way out. If I'd been lookin' for trouble I'd ha' stayed inside there where you are."

And he made blithely up the road.—John Kendrick Bangs in Lippincott's Magazine.

An Amazing Achievement.

A triumph for British engineering is the great Nile dam which has just been opened by the Khedive. It has been erected by Sir John Aird, who, from small beginnings, has built up one of the largest and most successful contracting concerns in the world. For about six years Sir John has had 14,000 men working for him on the banks of the Nile, and the huge reservoir which he has built—holding 80,000,000,000 gallons of water, weighing nearly 400,000,000 tons—stands as one of the engineering marvels of the age. Sir John became a millionaire solely by hard work. His grandfather was a working man who was killed during the building of the Regent's Canal, while his father held a subordinate position in a London gas company.

Bronchitis More Than a Cold.

Sometimes it becomes chronic and returns again and again, wearing out its victim.

At other times it develops rapidly into pneumonia—cure is found in Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

Any cold is serious enough when its dreadful possibilities are considered, but when there is soreness or tightness in the chest and a dry hard cough you can look for bronchitis, which is often confused with an ordinary cold.

It is usually known by aching limbs and body pains, chilly feelings, weariness and weakness, pain in the chest and a tight, tearing cough. Fever, dry skin, thirst, coated tongue and constipation are other symptoms.

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine seems almost like a specific for bronchitis because it is so successful in loosening up the cough, aiding expectoration and preventing the inflammation from reaching the lungs.

Bronchitis is particularly dreaded because of its tendency to develop into pneumonia and even when this does not result bronchitis is likely to return again and again whenever a slight cold is taken until it wears out even the most vigorous system.

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is so prompt in affording relief and so thorough and far-reaching in action that it succeeds when ordinary cough medicines have no influence.

Mr. James F. Thompson, Yonge Mills, Leeds Co., Ont., writes: "Last winter my two boys, were so bad with colds on the chest or bronchitis that they coughed all night and could get no rest or sleep. Several cough remedies were tried to no avail until I was told about Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, and this treatment soon cured them." 25 cts. a bottle, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Anxious to Sell

Some years ago a wealthy American syndicate desired to purchase the New York Herald, and despatched the following cable to Mr. Gordon Bennett: "Please wire price for which you will sell New York Herald." Mr. Bennett's reply was characteristic. He cabled back as follows: "Daily, three cents; Sunday, five cents." J. Gordon Bennett.

"Father, what does 'apprenticing' mean?" asked a boy in quest of information.

Father—"It means the binding of one person to another by agreement, and that one person so bound has to teach the other all he can of his trade or profession, whilst the other has to watch and learn how things are done, and to make himself useful in every way."

Freddie—"Then I suppose you're apprenticed to mother, aren't you, dad?" and the old man rushed off to catch his train without a word.

"I say, Jack Perkins has asked me to lend him ten dollars."

"Well, do it. As a personal favor to me let him have it."

"Personal favor to you?"

"Yes. If you don't let him have it, he'll come to me for it."

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

I was very sick with Quinsy and thought I would strangle. I used MINARD'S LINIMENT and it cured me at once.

I am never without it now. Yours gratefully, MRS. C. D. PRINCE, Nauwigawauk, Oct. 21st.

If a girl is really pretty, she doesn't mind being told that so me other girl is.

Algy—Myrtle, what are your objections to marrying me?
Myrtle—I have only one objection, Algy. I'd have to live with you.

It is with satisfaction that we call attention to the Aladdin Mantle Lamp as advertised in these columns. With the perfection of such inventions as these, we see our country dwellers coming into their own, for it solves the artificial light problem in smaller towns and country residences. The Aladdin, which uses a mantle, and burns common coal oil, gives a brighter and softer light than either gas or electricity, and at a much smaller cost.

Ever since entering the train, two stations back, the Yankee in England had been talking about the speed with which buildings were erected across the water. Finally, to cap the climax he told of a 22 story building which was started and finished in one month. His fellow-passengers had given up all hope that he would ever stop, when a burly Yorkshireman turned to him, saying: "Why, mon, that's nowt. At home I've seen 'em laying foundations for a row of houses in the morning when I'm goin' to work, and at night when I come back they're turning 't' people out for back rent."

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

"Yes," said a retired insurance agent to his friend, "I once got a man to take out a \$100,000 life assurance policy only the day before he was killed, and it took a lot of coaxing to do it."
"My word," replied the friend, "that was rough on the company. I expect you wished your persuasive powers had not been so successful!"
"H'm! No," said the agent; "you see, I married the widow."

BREATH OF SCANDAL.

By ELIAS LISLE.

Young Mrs. Verrell leaned on the rail of the yacht and looked with disappointed surprise at the approaching dingey.

"There are only Hugh and you cousin in the boat," she announced to her guest. "Mr. Cuthbert isn't there. I'm so sorry."

Her intonation implied that the sorrow was sympathetic rather than personal. Sibyl Beach resented it.

"You needn't be, Helen," she said, the curve of her lips straightening firmly.

"Why, I invited him to come, particularly on your account."

"And I wanted him not to, particularly on my account," said the girl.

"Why, Sibyl, dear, I thought you were such great friends or even more."

"So did I." There was a suspicion of tears in the bright eyes the girl turned to her friend. "So did I until—until he disgraced himself. Oh, you'll know all about it soon enough anyway. I may as well show you now."

She held out a clipping from a weekly publication which makes a business of purveying social sewage to its readers.

"It came to me in the mail—anonymous, of course," she said.

Mrs. Verrell took it with an expression of distaste.

"You wouldn't believe anything that wretched paper says, I hope," she observed. "Whenever I read it I feel as if I needed a bath to get clean again."

"The Era had a little notice, too, saying that Sid—Mr. Cuthbert—was there, and that is reliable enough. I only wish it weren't."

With pressed lips and frowning brow Mrs. Verrell ran over the clippings. It was a comment less veiled than is common with that paper upon the presence of Sidney Cuthbert at the funeral of a woman who had once been well known in that dim border of the theatrical profession where people of a more dubious world claim habitation.

"It will strengthen Mr. Cuthbert's reputation for generosity among his club and society friends," commented the paragraph, "that he should have borne the expense of the funeral from his own pocket. The woman who was once known as Viola Trevannon was buried beside her son, whose death two years ago was also the occasion of a burst of mortuary generosity on the part of young Cuthbert."

"Isn't that a nice thing to read about a man you had thought you could—could at least respect?" said the girl bitterly.

"I don't believe it about Mr. Cuthbert," began the other indignantly when the two men came over the rail.

After Verrell and young Dr. Dent had greeted the two women the latter turned to his cousin and said:

"Did I hear you speaking about Sidney Cuthbert, Beauty?"

"You may have if you were listening," said the girl. "And I do wish, Harvey, that you would drop that childish nickname. I've outgrown it."

"Well, I don't know about your outgrowing it," said Dent, looking at her flushed cheeks and shining eyes, "but you certainly haven't outgrown your childishness—beg pardon—your childhood temper. But of course I'll drop it, Sib. If you don't like it," he added good naturedly. "But I was interested in Sidney Cuthbert because I used to know him when he was Typh 7 and I was house in Sawgums."

"What's Sawgums?" asked Verrell lazily from his deck chair. "Lunatic asylum? And was Cuthbert one of the numbered patients and you another? I understood you to say you were a house. Singular delusion."

"Sawgums is short for St. Augustine's hospital, where I disported myself as house physician when Cuthbert became typhoid case No. 7," explained the young physician. "As all the private rooms were full, he had to go into the public ward and live at a dollar per day between a profane and asthmatic car driver and a charity convalescent."

"Very good lesson in economy," observed Verrell virtuously.

"He couldn't give many dinner parties and send the kind of flowers he used to favor Sibyl with on that basis. Helen, if my feet are in your way I'll have 'em moved," he concluded, blissfully unconscious of his wife's savage glances. "Did Cuthbert like it, Dent?"

"Seemed to enjoy it tolerably after he got convalescent. He got up quite a friendship with another patient known as Tommy the Cod, presumably because he lived in an empty fish box down Fulton market way."

"Don't remember having heard Cuthbert speak of the gentleman," murmured Verrell. "Did he ever bring him to call, Sibyl? Helen, if you kick the only husband you've ever liked to have on the sblus he'll rise up and desert you."

"The Cod's real name, as near as he could tell, was Hannigan," continued the physician. "Cuthbert's previous acquaintance with him was purely a business one. Tommy used to sell Cuthbert evening papers on Wall street until one day a truck ran over his ankle, and when we got him here we found he had a very interesting case of heart disease. We kept him. Well, the Cod used to give Cuthbert all the news about the street that he got from his friends who used to visit him. It meant a good deal to Cuthbert, for he was keeping his illness a secret for fear it would bring his mother back from Newport and consequent

y didn't have any callers of his own. Tommy generously loaned him his visitors, and one day the superintendent, a pious old party, came in unannounced and caught them shooting craps on Cuthbert's cot. They had made dice out of tinned sugar, and Cuthbert had

won 8 cents, when old Barber raided the game. After that the two pals were more cautious. One other visitor the Cod had was a woman who said she was his cousin, but Tommy had other ideas. Certain acquaintances of hers had told Tommy that she was his mother. At any rate, she had treated him white, as he informed me, on several occasions and had 'staked' him to a much needed dollar more than once when he was 'up agin' it."

"In those days we had a night orderly in our ward whom I always meant to poison, but somehow I never got time. He wound up a career of blunders one night by dropping a night lamp into a screen, and two minutes later he dropped the job of fighting the fire and hustled to save our cases. Just as we were congratulating ourselves that all were safely out Tommy the Cod seized the night nurse by the neck and yelled:

"'Where's my pal? Where's Typh 7?'
"In the inner passage," said the nurse, turning white. "They must have taken him out the other way."

"The first I heard of it was when the nurse came crying to me."

"I tried to stop him, sirs, the little heart case No. 15, but he broke away from me and ran back into the ward. He thought Typh 7 is in there."

"I thought so, too, and ran for the entrance, and as I reached it a wall of black smoke rolled out upon me, somewhere back of which rose the voice of Tommy the Cod, who was exhorting his pal, and the rattle of a wheeled chair.

"'Keep yer head down, buddy. Air's fresher near de floor. Dere's de door ahead! Blast de chair! It's stuck!'"

"'Never mind me, old man,' I heard Cuthbert say. 'Make a run for it. You can send back after me.'"

"'Not on yer life,' began Tommy, but the brave words ended in a pitiful, strangling cough.

"Groping blindly, I stumbled upon the chair and with a rush brought my two patients out into the hall. Tommy keeled over, and we got him to open air unconscious. When he came to his first words were:

"'Did yer get my pal?'"

"'I'm right here, Tommy,' said Cuthbert, catching the boy's hand.

"'Dat's all right, den,' said the Cod contentedly. 'But I guess I'm done. Dey always told me inhalin' wasn't good fer kids,' he added, with a faint grin.

"Cuthbert looked up at me appealingly, but I had to shake my head. Tommy's diagnosis was correct. Cuthbert climbed out of his chair—against my orders—and bent over Tommy.

"'Little pal,' he said, 'you saved my life.'"

"Tommy waved the matter away airily. 'Dat's all right. It was up to me. Between pals, yer know, yer'd have done de same trick fer me.'"

"'God knows, I'd have tried. And now there's nothing I can do,' said Cuthbert, his voice breaking. 'Isn't there anything, Tommy? Haven't you got any relations or friends I could help? I'm rich, you know.'"

"'G'wan,' said Tommy faintly. 'Is dat right? I tought yer was a charity patient.' He pondered for a moment. 'There's dat fluffy haired loidy dat came to see me last week. She was pretty, white to me. You might kinder look out fer her a bit. Dey said she was me old woman, but I dunno. Wot's de difference?' said Tommy the Cod wearily. 'She was white to me anyway.' And Tommy said no more.

"Cuthbert buried Tommy in style. I went to the funeral—professional interest, you know. Well, Cuthbert has been paying his debt to Tommy ever since, looking after the 'fluffy haired loidy,' as Tommy called her. She called herself Trevannon, I believe, on the stage."

"Trevannon," interrupted Sibyl Beach—"Viola Trevannon?"

"Why, do you know her?" asked her cousin in surprise.

"Yes—no; never mind," said Sibyl tremulously. "Harvey, I want you to go ashore and telegraph Mr. Cuthbert that we—that I am expecting him and sign my name. You needn't stare so," she added indignantly. Then she turned and hurried below.

"Well, upon my soul!" mused Dent as he went over the side to send the message. "I must have done that uncommonly well."

Rabbinical Wit.

Rabbinical wit is a vital element in the Talmud and Midrash, entering into the discussions of the sages and appealing to the people with magic power, when dry disquisitions and homilies without such spice would have driven the people away.

A preacher in those olden days noticed that his audience seemed to be asleep despite his eloquence. "Once," he cried, "there was a Jewess who had 600,000 children." The people were all wide awake now and demanded to know the woman's name. "Jochabed," was the response. "Was not her son Moses equal to 600,000 who came from Egypt?" There was no lack of attention for the rest of the sermon.

An English rabbi was asked by his congregation if there was any weighty reason against having a clock in the synagogue. "By no means," was the reply. "Have your clock, but put it outside the building, and then you can tell how late you come to the service."

Two rabbis were passing the beautiful synagogue in which one of them officiated. "How I envy you!" said the first. "You must be in a paradise."

"Hold, friend!" the second exclaimed. "In the original paradise there was only one serpent, but in this congregation are many of them."—Abram S. Isaacs in Boston Post.

Same Old Deduction.

"There is no doubt that women always get what they want."

"And of course that explains why they don't get the ballot."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

LAY FOR WEEKS AT DEATH'S DOOR

BUT DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED MRS. THOMPSON'S DROPSY

It Started with Backache and Grew Worse till the Doctor Said She Must Die.

Holt, Ont. (Special).—All the countryside here is ringing with the wonderful cure of Mrs. Samuel Thompson, who lay at the point of death for weeks, swollen with Dropsy so that the doctor five different times decided to tap her but desisted because, as her husband said, "It might be better to let her die in peace." After the doctor had given her up Dodd's Kidney Pills cured her.

Mrs. Thompson's terrible trouble started with pain in the back. She grew worse and the doctor treated her for jaundice for eight weeks. Then her feet and legs began to swell, and it was realized that Dropsy was the trouble. For seven months she suffered. The doctor said there was no hope; she must die.

As a last resort Dodd's Kidney Pills were tried. The improvement was slow, but gradually her strength came back. To-day Mrs. Thompson is a well woman. She says, and the countryside knows, she owes her life to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

If the disease is of the Kidneys, or from the Kidneys, Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure it.

Two Extraordinary Operations

At the St. Louis City hospital there was performed recently two surgical operations of such a delicate and unusual nature that leading surgeons of the city went there to see them. One was the insertion of a rubber tube in the stomach of Mrs. Anna Davis. She swallowed concentrated yre by mistake recently, and this will prevent her swallowing food. Hereafter her life will be sustained by food forced into her stomach through the tube.

The other operation was the removal of a small splinter of steel from the arterial system of George Watkins, 60 years old. The splinter was carried along by the blood and was wearing out the walls of the arteries. The splinter was located by means of the X-ray, and then the artery above and below that point was bound and the tiny bit of metal was removed. Both patients will recover.

BETTER THAN SPANKING.

Spanking does not cure children of bed-wetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Summers, Box W. I., Windsor, Ont., will send free to any mother her successful home treatment, with full instructions. Send no money but write her to-day if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child, the chances are it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged people troubled with urine difficulties by day or night.

The Dear Girl—He had the impudence to ask me for a kiss."
Her Dear Friend—The idea? What cheek!

The Dear Girl (blushing)—He wasn't particular which.

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

A little girl was engaged in making an apron for her doll. Looking up to her mother, she said, "Mother, I believe that I will be a duchess when I grow up."

"Why, Molly, how is it that you expect to become a duchess?"

"Why, by marrying a Dutchman, of course."

Hydrochloric acid should be used to clean the porcelain surfaces of spark plugs, as emery, so often employed, scratches them.

More anthracite coal is shipped from Swansea, Wales, than from any other port in the world.

Probably the oldest derricks in the world that still are in use are two at Trier, Germany, erected in 1413, and one at Anderach, Germany, built in 1564. The loads are chain lifted by train wheels sixteen feet in diameter.

THE MICHEL REPORTER
NEW MICHEL, B. C.

Issued every Saturday, from office of Publication, Northern Ave. New Michel.

SUBSCRIPTION TWO DOLLARS
A YEAR IN ADVANCE

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION

GEORGE G. MEKLE, - MANAGING-EDITOR

Swift Telegraph Service

We wired the editor of the Advance at Macleod this afternoon for particulars of the strike settlement, but with the usual courtesy of the service here, the boy was kept waiting from 2 till 5, and on being asked why he waited, was told there would be no reply till to-morrow.

Meanwhile the paper goes to press without the report.

The system wants a shaking up badly, when a telegram to Macleod and return cannot get through on other than regular freight schedule.

In and Around Town

Play ball.

We celebrate Dominion Day.

J. C. Day left on Friday for the coast.

Board of Trade meets on Tuesday evening.

J. L. Smith is registered at the Great Northern.

S. Malone of Lethbridge was here on Wednesday.

H. H. Depew of Fernie was at the G. N. on Wednesday.

W. J. McGowan and wife, from Frank, spent Sunday here.

S. Graham, formerly of Fernie, is here now with the 41 Meat Market.

The Oddfellows of the Pass intend holding a picnic at Pincher Creek on July 21.

J. H. Marshall, Bert Black of Fernie and Thos. Corkill of Corbin were at the G. N. this week.

James Carney sprained his leg at the base ball game on Monday and has been limping around all week.

Miss Clara Zellar, who has been visiting at the Kootenay hotel this week, has returned to the Waldorf at Fernie.

Kennedy the druggist is putting in an up-to-date soda fountain and the boys are saying up their fifteen cents to treat girlie.

L. W. Kribs who has been laid up with rheumatism, is now around on crutches. His many friends are pleased to see him out again.

On Monday evening there will be a concert and farewell social tendered to the retiring pastor Rev. S. Cook, in the Methodist church.

The Canadian Club are making preparations for a grand celebration at Michel prairie on Dominion Day. Programs of sports will shortly be issued.

The election for district vice-president for the miners' union, takes place on Monday from 10 to 8. The following are the candidates:— R. Evans, C. Brooks, F. Campbell, W. McFagan, D. McNab, A. Perkins, W. Powell, C. Stubbs.

All Get Busy Now

Customers do not come to your store simply because your store is open.

They are attracted there by some particular reason. The idea in advertising is to increase the attraction so that you might surround yourself with a continuously growing number of customers.

One Cent a Word

Advertisements such as For Sale, To Let, Lost Found, Wanted etc., inserted at the uniform rate of One Cent a Word Each Insertion.

SEVENTY MILLION TIMBER—SAWMILL— S Great Northern Railway passes through—5 limits—running 18 years—annual dues \$750, or \$115 annually each. Cedar, tamarac, fir, spruce, and some white pine. Price is \$30,000, half cash, balance on terms. Address the Editor of this paper for further particulars.

FIFTY MILLION FEET OF FIRST CLASS TIMBER on drivable stream. Easily logged to Columbia River. This can be bought for \$16,000, 1/2 cash, balance one and two years. These licenses run for 18 years more. Cost of continuing licenses in force, \$115 each. The above are snags, and if you are a lumber or timber man communicate at once, as the owner must sell. For any further details, address the Editor of this paper.

SUNDAY SERVICES

METHODIST CHURCH
MICHEL AND NEW MICHEL
SERVICES EVERY SUNDAY

NEW MICHEL, 10.45 a. m., in room over Somerton Bro's store.

MICHEL, Sunday School, 2.30 p. m.
Evening service, at 7.30. Band of Hope every Monday at 7.30 p. m.
Rev. S. Cook, Pastor.

The pastor and officials extend a cordial invitation to you to attend these services.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH

MICHEL, B. C.

Services—1st. Sunday in the month, Holy Communion, 11 a. m.
Every Sunday, Evensong, 7.30 p. m.
Sunday School, every Sunday, 2.30 p. m.
A. Briant N. Crowther, M. A., Vicar.

Union Bakery

G. SOVBAÑO, Proprietor
OLD TOWN, - - - MICHEL
Fresh Bread Delivered Daily

Coffins

In stock and made to order
FRED. POMAHAC,
NEW MICHEL

BAILEY THE BUILDER,

BUILDER & CONTRACTOR
Estimates Furnished Free, on Short Notice.
NEW MICHEL

A Type of Hypocrite

From the Lethbridge Herald.

The printing offices in this city today pay out a big wage bill. Their employees patronize local merchants, the newspapers boost the city, give the citizens prominence when they are doing something creditable, and keep their names out of the paper when they are figuring in police court. Yet, the oily-tongued, non-tax-paying, non wage-paying, travelling salesman from Winnipeg catches some of these citizens with an order, because his price is a little lower. What if the rest of mortals followed the same practice? Most of the buying in this city would be done by mail order. As a matter of fact there is too much talk about "Building up Lethbridge" and too little practice. If we want to build up Lethbridge we want to get together, patronize each other and run the peddlers and mail order catalogues out to the scrap heap.

Elk Valley Beer

The "Hospital" points out that a man might more properly be said to eat beer than to eat certain kinds of soup, or indeed water-melon.

The special commissioners of the "Hospital" drive home the fact that, when a man drinks beer or stout habitually, he is not only drinking but eating, a fact which has not been sufficiently recognized in recent years. These beverages (says our contemporary) contain all the elements of a typical diet, with the exception of fat, and in a proportion approximately physiological.

Baseball Dance

The baseball dance last night was held in Martin's hall, Kennedy's new store not being quite in shape. There was a good crowd, although not as large as expected, one lady being heard to remark that "the toughs were all absent." They had a good time.

Notice of Application for Renewal for Liquor License

NOTICE is hereby given, that I, Alexander J. McCool, of New Michel, B. C., intend to apply to the Superintendent of Provincial Police, at the expiration of one month from the date hereof, for a renewal of my retail liquor license for the premises known as the Great Northern Hotel, situated at New Michel, B. C.

ALEXANDER J. MCCOOL,
Dated at New Michel, B. C., May 1, 1909.

Application for Transfer of Liquor License

J. JOHN S. LAURENSEN, of the of Michel, J., et al. B. C., hereby apply to the Superintendent of Provincial Police for a transfer of G. B. Stedman of my license to sell intoxicating liquors under the provisions of the Statutes in that behalf, in the premises known and described as the Kootenay Hotel, situated at New Michel, B. C. to commence on the 1st day of July, 1909.

JOHN S. LAURENSEN,
Michel, B. C., April 24th, 1909.

Notice of Application for Renewal of License

NOTICE is hereby given, that I, George B. Stedman, of New Michel, B. C., intend to apply to the Superintendent of Provincial Police, at the expiration of one month from the date hereof, for a renewal of my retail liquor license for the premises known as the Kootenay Hotel, situated at New Michel, B. C.

GEO. B. STEDMAN,
Dated at New Michel, B. C., May 1, 1909.

NOTICE

TAKE NOTICE that I intend to apply to the Superintendent of Provincial Police, after thirty days from the first appearance of this notice, for a renewal of our wholesale license to sell intoxicating liquors at Michel, B. C.

Dated this 7th day of May, A. D. 1909.
THE MICHEL LIQUOR COMPANY, LIMITED

NOTICE

TAKE NOTICE that I intend to apply to the Superintendent of Provincial Police, after thirty days from the first appearance of this notice, for the transfer from myself to the Michel Liquor Company, Limited, of my wholesale license to sell intoxicating liquors at Michel, B. C.

Dated this 7th day of May, A. D. 1909.
THOMAS CRAHAN

Licence to an Extra-Provincial Company

"COMPANIES ACT, 1897."

CANADA:
PROVINCE OF BRITISH COLUMBIA,
No. 484

THIS IS TO CERTIFY that "The Crow's Nest Pass Hardware Company, Limited" is authorized and licensed to carry on business within the Province of British Columbia, and to carry out or effect all or any of the objects of the Company to which the legislative authority of the Legislature of British Columbia extends.

The head office of the Company is situated at Frank in the Province of Alberta, Canada. The amount of the capital of the Company is Twenty Thousand dollars divided into Two hundred shares of One hundred dollars each.

The head office of the Company in this Province is situated at New Michel, and Louis W. Kribs Hardware Merchant whose address is New Michel aforesaid, is the attorney for the Company.

GIVEN under my Hand and Seal of Office at Victoria, Province of British Columbia, this third day of May, One thousand nine hundred and nine.

"S. Y. WOOTTON"
Registrar of Joint Stock Companies.

The objects for which this Company has been established and licensed are—
To buy, sell and carry on business as wholesale and retail dealers in hardware including builders' supplies, mining supplies, plumbing, heating and electrical supplies, household and kitchen utensils and everything pertaining to a general wholesale and retail hardware business. To manufacture and instal all kinds of tin-smithing, plumbing, hot air heating and steam fitting supplies. To act as agents for manufacturers in any of the above lines. To acquire by purchase or lease, hire or exchange or otherwise, such lands, leases, buildings, machinery, tools, warehouses, rights of way, railway tracks or sidings as are necessary or conducive to the carrying on of the above hardware business. To do any or all of the things herein set forth as objects, purposes, powers or otherwise to the same extent and as fully as natural persons might or could do as principals agents or otherwise. To do all such other things as are incidental or conducive to the attainment of the foregoing objects.

J. J. SCOTT,
GENERAL BLACKSMITH,
Horseshoeing a Specialty
NEW MICHEL

PHOTOGRAPHS
SOMERTON BROS.
Studio Now Open Over The Store

Sinclair the Tailor

Cleaning and Pressing
Repairs and Alterations
Gent's and Ladies' Clothes.
No. 90, Over the Creek.
Business Bringers

Reading Notices inserted under this Heading at the rate of Ten Cents a Line, each insertion. No ads inserted amongst Locals.

SMOKE Crow's Nest Special and Extra. Union Made Cigars.

ALL Kinds of Musical Instruments sold at Somerton Bro's.

WHO Sells the New Scale William's Piano? Somerton Bro's.

A New Propeller Company

The engineers and machinists of Michel are forming a company and have subscribed \$1000 for stock in the Speed & Safety Propeller Co., invented by C. O. Demareuz. An enthusiastic meeting was held in the master mechanic's office last night, Mr. A. Williams presiding.

There is some talk of starting up the bake shop back of Wright Bro's store.

Stimulators
For Next Week

46 children's dresses, .50c to \$2.25
50 pairs of fleece lined drawers, broken lots, regular .65 and .75 cents, now .50
All wool, heather Sox, regular 35 cents a pair, during next week, 4 pairs for \$1.00
Fine balbriggan underwear, per suit 90

Nickeled Alarm Clocks, regular \$1.50
Now 95 cents
20 Toz Exelda Handkerchiefs, 6 for 1.00
Black sateen Shirts, regular 1., 1.25, and \$1.50, while they last, 95 cents
Trunks, \$2.35 to \$8.00

The Bargain House
Weber, New Michel

NEWSPAPER
ADVERTISING

Cost\$ money, but properly done it brings\$ big result\$
The Newspaper is the place
the proper place
and the only proper place
in which to make your advertising announcements

Get into THE REPORTER

Are You House Cleaning ?

We have everything in

Paints
Oils
Varnishes
Alabastine
in all Colors

Crow's Nest Pass Hardware Co., LTD
New Michel

Rosedale Dairy

Open for business on May 15th.
Fresh Milk, Cream, Butter and Eggs
Delivered daily to all parts of both towns.

A. C. MURRAY, : PROPRIETOR

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
PATENTS
TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
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Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the **Scientific American**.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms for Canada \$5 a year, postage prepaid. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 457 F St., Washington, D. C.

Moving Pictures

On Sunday Night in
Crahan's Hall.

On Monday Night in
Martin's Hall.

Admission .15 and .35

Roughead & Brown, Proprietors