Leg Assy Library Victoria

MICHEL REPORTER

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Library Legislative Ass'y Victoria, B. C.

Board of Trade

Hot after C.P.R. and Local Improvements.

At the regular meeting of the Board of Trade, held on Tuesday evening, the following important business was transacted:

A communication re small debts court for New Michel was received from the attorney general and ordered filed.

The Board of Trade ordered 100 copies of the illustrated edition of the Reporter to be sent to addresses to be furnished by the Secretary.

A delegation appointed by the President are to approach the coal company officials regarding the placing on the market of additional blocks for residential purposes west of the present townsite of New Michel, and that the same delegation interview the government agent at Fernie in connection with the diversion of the road at the Rock Cut, and the protection of townsite from high water to avoid a reocurrence of last season's destruction to property.

Another resolution was passed that was endorsed unanimously, that the business men of New Michel will be compelled to route their business via the Great Northern Railway until such time as conditions are improved as regards passenger accommodation at New Michel and the secretary was authorized to wire this to Wm. Whyte.

The Coming Election

(CONTRIBUTED)

In a few days the electors of British Columbia will have decided as to who shall carry on the affairs of the province for many months to come; and although all classes are represented on the voter's list, it is in one section alone—the working class—who, by the mere fact of their numerical superiority, have the crowning voice in the matter. It therefore behoves the workingman in particular, to carefully consider all points before he puts the fateful cross after the candidates name, and it is just as well to think independently on the subject.

So many men nowadays are entirely guided by the opinion of some particular paper or man. They appear absolutely obvious to the fact that it is quite possible for both politicians and press to be mere puppets in the hands of unscrupulous wire-pullers. In the bad old times, when the average voter, unable to read or write, had to depend entirely on word of mouth for his knowledge of the political situation, it was conceivable that a striking personality by simply talking down to his audience and promising all things, could command a large following of the ignorant, but none the less valuable supporters. Nowadays we have have sufficient education to be able to gather from a thousand independent sources all the information we require to form an absolutely unbiased opinion, and, in justice to ourselves, to the martyrs of the past and to our children in the future, we should sit down and consider the matter carefully so that when the time comes we can give an absolutely unprejudiced and intelligent decision.

How the Election went in 1907

Fernie—W. R. Ross, (conservative), 350; W. H. Moore (socialist) 285; William Dicken, (Liberal), 66.

Changes His Coat

Fred Ogle, who conducted the last Dominion campaign for the Socialists has severed his connections with them and has applied for membership in the local Liberal Association, giving his reasons that the Socialist party will not accept any labor legislation from either Liberals or Conservatives, but are working for revolution.

Kempster Nominated

The Socialists have nominated G. H. Kempster, machinist in the C. P.R. shops at Revelstoke as candidate for Revelstoke riding

Gompers' Case is Decided

GOMPERS, MITCHELL, MORRISON, GO TO JAIL

An outrage which every Union in United States should resent with every means in their power

Washington, D.C., Nov. 3. ---The court of appeals of the District of Columbia today affirmed the jail sentence of Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor; John Mitchell, former president of the United Mine Workers and Frank Morrison, secretary of the American Federation of Labor, convicted of contempt on a charge of violating an injunction by publishing the name of the Buck Stove and Range Company as "unfair."

The sentence was imposed by Justice Wright in the supreme court of the District of Columbia and the appeal was taken to the court of appeals of the district, which handed down its decision today.

The sentence of Gompers is for one year in jail. John Mitchell is sentenced to nine months in jail and Morrison is sentenced to six months.

The opinion of the court of appeals was written by associate Justice Van Orsdel and was concurred in by associate Justice Robb. Chief Justice Sherrard dissented.

"Individual interest dwindles into insignificance when compared with the higher principles involved in this cause," declared Justice Van Orsdel."

"The fundamental issue is whether the constitutional agencies of the government shall be obeyed or defied.

"The mere fact that the defendants are officers of organized labor in America adds to the gravity of the situation, but it should not be permitted to influence the result."

ED.---Of all the narrow-minded decisions that ever have been handed down from the court of appeal this is a record. To disobey a corrupt injunction is in the mind of any fair-minded person is no crime. The injunction in this case never should have been granted and the Justice who granted it should never be allowed to sit on the bench again. Our sympathies are extended to the American Federation of Labor and think that this is a matter which all Trades Unions should resent.

It is in disputes as in armies, where the weaker side setteth up false lights, and maketh a great noise, that the enemy may believe them to be more numerous and strong than they really are.

Show us your appreciation of this change in our paper by giving us a subscription. $1.00 per year from now on.

TENDERS WANTED

To supply Christmas presents to the children of New and Old Michel. Order will be about $1,000.00. All persons wishing to tender on same will forward price lists and amount, on or before Nov. 13th, 1909. CHAS. GARNER, Secretary of Michel Christmas Tree, Michel, B.C.

SPECIAL DISPLAY OF

Children's Winter Wearables

Children's Coats

in Bearskin, Cashmere, Beaver, Velvets, Kersey, Blanket Cloths, Etc. Latest styles in these popular materials and all specially priced.

$1.50 to $7.00

Misses cloth Coats

All popular shades of Beaver, Kersey, Melton and Frieze, in latest styles. Very natty garments and sure to suit the most fastidious. Blues, greens, browns reds, etc.

$3.75 to $9.00

Childrens Dresses

in a wide range of Cashmere, Velvet, Cords, Panamas, Serges Outing Flannel, Etc. All styles and prices

Misses Dresses

Jumper Suits, Sailor Suits, and One-Piece Suits in a splendid range of fabrics and colorings. See our styles and prices on these garments.

Children's Headwear A Great Range of Bearskin, Silk, Coshmere, Angora, Tams, Bonnets, Busbies and Hats. A great variety of styles and materials. Best values ever shown in these goods. Be sure and visit the Children's Section this week.

The Trites-Wood Co. Ltd.
Michel

Still on Deck

The contemplated change did not take place

Last week we intimated to our readers that THE REPORTER would be taken over by the Foothills Job Print and News Co., Limited, but for business reasons the deal has fallen through.

Improvements in the Paper

Our readers will notice we have put on another page of home print and that the paper is filling up. We have concluded to continue the price at One Dollar a year, and we ask all who wish to see the paper advance to hand in their subscriptions. We now have the assistance of a full-fledged member of the International Typographical Union in our work and will try with your help to constantly improve the paper. The first-class job work turned out from this office will still be a leading feature and we hope to merit the support of the business men throughout the district.

Immoral Morality

The W. C. T. U. delegate who wanted to pass a resolution placing bridge whist on the same plane of condemnation as the liquor and white slave traffics is one of those who do more harm to true morality than a dozen publicans, says the Calgary Herald. She was properly rebuked by the convention refusing to endorse her attitude.

There are a lot of people in this world who love to condemn the pleasures or habits of others. They wear the blinkers of a narrow creed (or of a good creed which they themselves have narrowed,) and can see no excellence or virtue outside of their own uninteresting paths. Beyond that their only desire is to find defects. They sniff the air for the scent of immorality and display a marked aptitude for finding it, in fact they can trace the form of vice in amusements that to people less righteous than themselves seemed innocent enough.

Respect for the church and its clergy is inborn in the Anglo-Saxon race. For that reason, among others, criticism of clerical utterances has always been rare; but the exponents of religious thought would probably be surprised if they knew how often a protest has sprung up in the minds of many of their hearers at what sounded like intolerance. The church is too prone to disapprove of those whose opinions do not exactly coincide with its own; and not only the church but that army of lay workers who, in their zeal for their pet cause, forget the charity that would become them so well.

YOU are Looking for VALUE as well as STYLE in . . CLOTHES. . . .

We can give you both. We have no Summer stock to clear.
Our new Fall and Winter styles are all 1909-1910
See our range of made-to-measure Suits and Overcoats
Men's Wear of every description at right prices

Boyd & Muir, The Great Northern Hotel Block NEW MICHEL, B.C.

Coughs and Colds

Cure Your Fall Cough with

Dr. Cooper's Cough Balsam

A Guaranteed Specific for Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Loss of Voice etc., etc.

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DRUG AND BOOK STORE
NEW MICHEL

Agent for Kodaks, Phonographs, Gramaphones, Fishing Tackle etc.

HOTEL KOOTENAY

New Michel, B. C.

Douglas & Stedman - - - Proprietors

RATES $2.00 A DAY

Everything First-Class and Comfortable

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Imperial Bank of Canada
Head Office: TORONTO
Capital Authorized $10,000,000
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SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT
Interest allowed on Deposits from Date of Deposit
Drafts, Money Orders and Letters of Credit Issued, available in Any part of the World
Branches at Michel and New Michel. T. B. BAKER, Manager

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NOW OPEN!

Bread, Cakes, Pies, Buns, Etc. Fresh Every Day
Driver will call for orders and deliver

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Livery, Dray and Transfer

Bus leaves 7.40 a. m., 1.40 p. m., and 6.40 p. m.
Returns on arrival of trains

GEO. FISHER, Proprietor

E. V. Holding Co.,

Builders and Contractors
Repairs and alterations promptly attended to.
Estimates cheerfully given. . . . . .

New Michel

SLICK UP

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

P M. MacLanders, Prop

Patronize Home Industry

Smoke Crow's Nest Special and Miner's Favorite Cigars

Manufactured by the Crow's Nest Cigar Factory, Fernie.

The Hotels all through the Pass handle these goods and Union men should ask for Union Label Goods.

Have you renewed your Subscription to The Reporter? It's only $1.00 now

SUNLIGHT SOAP

The finest fabric is not too delicate to be safely washed with Sunlight Soap. When other soaps have injured your linens and faded the coloured things, remember the word Sunlight.

Near As He Could Get

"So he praised my singing?"

"Yes; he said it was heavenly."

"Really?"

"Well, something like that. He said it was unearthly."—Lippincott Magazine.

Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia.

"You have a great idea for a novel?" said a printer to a publisher. "Yes," assented the publisher. "Who is going to write it?" "Oh, I haven't gone into details. What we're at work on now is one of the most striking cover designs ever introduced to the public."

Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes.—Relieved By Murine Eye Remedy. Try Murine For Your Eye Troubles. You Will Like Murine. It Soothes. 50c At Your Druggists. Write For Eye Books. Free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Toronto.

Noisy Food

Mrs. Howard—The walls of your apartment are very thin, aren't they?

Mrs. Coward—O, very! We could actually hear our neighbors having celery for dinner last night.

It Will Cure a Cold.—Colds are the commonest ailments of mankind and if neglected may lead to serious conditions. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil will relieve the bronchial passages of inflammation speedily and thoroughly and will strengthen them against subsequent attack. And as it eases the inflammation it will stop the cough because it allays all irritation in the throat. Try it and prove it.

Little Margie was ill and wanted her mother to read to her. "But you know, dear, the doctor said I mustn't read to you until you were able to sit up." "Well," persisted the little invalid, "can't you read to yourself out loud?"

DISINFECT THE BARN

and do it with

"BARNSPRAY"

A safe disinfectant with which to spray the interior woodwork of barns or sheds.

It is perfectly harmless and can be used on any wooden drinking troughs or feed boxes. Will not rust iron.

Use **"Cattle and Sheep Drip"** on your live stock.

Ask your storekeeper or write to Sales Manager.

Carbon Oil Works, Limited,

WINNIPEG, CANADA.

WINNIPEG BUSINESS COLLEGE.

28th Year.

Individual Instruction.

Good Positions Await our Graduates. Write for Illustrated Catalogue. Address, The Secretary, Winnipeg Business College, Corner Portage Ave. and Fort St., Winnipeg, Man.

CROSS-EYES

and all eye diseases. Cataracts Beams over the sight can be cured by Dr. Carter's absorption method. Write for Free Book.

Franklin O.Carter, M.D.

182 State St., Chicago, Ill.

Agents Wanted

to push and sell a full line of The Willmott Binders, Mowers, Rakes, Shockers, Shock Loaders, Etc. Apply

HENRY W. KING,

Western Representative. Regina

Baby Spoons

There's just as much beauty and quality in baby spoons marked

"1847 ROGERS BROS."

as in all knives, forks, spoons, etc., of this world-leading brand of silver plate.

Best tea sets, dishes, waiters, etc., are stamped

MERIDEN BRITA CO.

SOLD BY LEADING DEALERS

"Silver Plate that Wears"

CONDITIONS FOR BRITONS.

Commissioner F. A. McKenzie Talks on Imperial Trade.

Mr. F. A. McKenzie, the commissioner sent out to Canada to report on existing conditions in this country with reference to promoting trade relations between Canada and Great Britain, has made some interesting discoveries.

Many British manufacturers, he writes to his journal in London, are convinced that it is useless to compete seriously for Canadian trade because the Americans have so great an advantage over us on account of their proximity and the similarity of taste and requirements in the Dominion and the Union.

This belief receives its best contradiction in the success of a number of British houses that have gone to work intelligently to push their manufactures in Canada. The advantage possessed by the Americans in being next door to the Ontario and the Western markets is undeniable, but it is not so great as many suppose. The British factory can deliver its goods as cheaply from its warehouses in Glasgow or Liverpool to Vancouver as can its competitor in New England. Vessels can load at Bristol or London and discharge their wares at Fort William on Lake Superior, the half-way city across the continent, without once disturbing freight on the way.

Some months ago a Birmingham firm making a special line of window-sashes set out to cultivate Canadian trade. The senior partner himself crossed the Atlantic and went to work with the utmost energy. He visited architects and gave them practical demonstration of the merits of his product. He interviewed builders, he button-holed hardware men, and finally he appointed a responsible firm his representative on the spot and fired them with some of his own enthusiasm. As a result one Birmingham firm has received orders from the Toronto district alone this season for £2,000 worth of goods.

The American-Canadian houses are securing practically all the trade to the exclusion of the British. The reason of this was very clearly shown to me by the manager of a large power plant. "You can rely on it," he said, "that very few more orders for electric plants will go to the old country until your manufacturers either hold full stocks here or start branch works. If you buy from a British house now you are under a serious disadvantage. Suppose, for instance, you want extra parts, 'spares,' or sundries. When you want 'spares,' usually you want them mighty quick, and something has to wait until you get them. If you must cable to England it means a delay of weeks.

"If anything goes seriously wrong in the British-built plant men are sent out from England to see what is the matter and put it right. The men come out on the understanding that if it is the makers' fault they pay, and if it is yours, you pay. The fault will probably be here, and we have both the delay and the expense of men coming from England. All this is avoided by employing the house on the spot. If the great British electric firms want Canadian trade let them start Canadian branches."

The hardware business affords in many lines great opportunities for the English maker. The activity in the Canadian building trade is very great and is increasing. The class of houses put up is steadily improving, and the demand for better-class goods is certain to become more and more marked. The people who once were content to follow some of the cruder American fashions are now in many cases showing a disposition to come back to British styles. In Toronto alone the building work this season will cost between £2,600,000 and £3,000,000.

Our Fruit Possibilities.

Ontario fruit orchards are growing yearly into more prominence. Thousands of our people are depending upon the success of the trees and gardens for their livelihood. Any obstruction to their successful operation means not only a loss to the owners, but a big hindrance to our rural population. Ontario has produced and can produce the best apples, peaches, plums and pears to be found on the continent. For flavor and appearance we take no second place. It is true that other parts of Canada and in the United States fruit may put on a color that all hot climates give to their productions. But for flavor the temperate zone has them all beaten.

Nature has done fine things for Canada. But man's handiwork at the market-end—or at the spout is anything but creditable. The rule of corporations, both public and private, seems to be to squeeze dollars out with as little outlay as possible. If it is good business ethics for the carrying and selling corporations, it is poor enough indeed from a producer's standpoint.

Out of mere preservation the fruit growers are showing organizing in co-operative associations. The sooner they have co-operative selling houses in the city the better they will be, so many reason. But there is no better system of selling one's fruit than by an honest commission house with good facilities for display and sale of the goods.

Better Prospects.

Meanwhile it is evident that Canada will be altogether left behind in the race. As a matter of fact this Dominion may be said to stand in much the same situation as was occupied by the United States half a century ago. But when we compare our present facilities of ocean traffic with what they were at that date we may reasonably look for a larger expansion of our population within a corresponding period. It is to be considered, also, that with the gradual filling up of vacant areas in the United States there will be an increased reception of settlers from that country. They make good citizens and they are satisfied with our conditions when they get here.—Daily Province, Vancouver.

Labor Disputes.

The Department of Labor, Ottawa, reports that sixteen trade disputes were in progress during August.

COMING TO CANADA.

Why the Americans Are Flocking Into the Western Prairies.

One reason why American farmers are entering the Canadian West in large numbers is found in this extract from an article, "With the Invading Yankees," by Walter P. McGuire in Canada-West Monthly:

"Guess I'm pretty much like my father," said a tall man. "His folks gave him eighty acres near their farm in Indiana in 1846, and he could have settled down there and made a living. But he didn't. He came west to the end of the railroad line—it was Iowa City then — and walked about ninety miles farther, and cut down trees at the edge of a wood and built a log house. Then he returned to Indiana and got mother—she was only sixteen then, and a year married—and they began farming. It was hard work, and they lived on nothing but corn bread and molasses one winter—I've heard 'em tell about it many a time—and for four years father hauled his grain to Des Moines, that was the nearest market and was thirty-seven miles from the farm. But they were happy there, and got pretty rich, and father always said he was glad he left Indiana.

"Now, I'm leaving old Iowa, and the old farm. Father paid $9 an acre for the place. I got $108. But I don't think I'd have moved if I hadn't got so restless on the old place, for I was making money enough to live on quite comfortable. You ever live on a farm? Well, if you didn't you ain't got any idea how hard it is to stay cooped up on 160 acres when you've got enough machinery to farm a place several times that size, and have to let it stand idle most of the time; and when you know how fine it is to stand in your doorway and look out over a strip of this old earth and can feel that it's your own and nobody can take it away from you; and when you figure that if you only went out to some new part of the earth like your father did, you could look over a strip much bigger than that, and just as good for farming—then you'd know exactly why I've started for Canada. I mean," he added, looking out of the window, "why I've come to Canada. You wouldn't think, though, that you was in Canada if you didn't know it, would you? The same sights over again."

Indian Cemetery Makes Trouble.

Acting under instructions from the Indian Department at Ottawa, A. W. Powell, the veteran superintendent of Indian affairs for British Columbia, went north recently with the object of breaking the deadlock now existing between the Indians at Kitsumkalum and the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, respecting the building of the company's line through an Indian grave yard.

The Dominion Government, after investigation, has rejected the extravagant demands of its Indian wards on the Skeena River, and has accepted the offer submitted by the railway company as a basis of settlement. Work on the grade through the cemetery has been hung up for months owing to the uncompromising position taken by the Siwashes. The railway company now offers to grant 115 for the removal of each skeleton, allowing $200 for the purpose of establishing a new cemetery, and $1,000 to surviving members of the tribe as a balm for their wounded feelings. If the offer is not accepted within a week after its submission, the chief will be deposed and the work of removing the bodies will be proceeded with, even if force is exercised. The graves affected by this dispute number twelve.

The Siwashes several months ago demanded that compensation be paid surviving relatives according to the rank of the departed. Eight hundred dollars was asked for the privilege of disturbing the resting place of two venerable chiefs, who died nearly thirty years ago, and $500 for Indian men, $250 for Indian women and $150 for Indian babies.

The Rural Postmaster.

A good many summer sojourners, who during the past fortnight have been drifting back to the big towns, are full of sound and fury anent that peculiar type the Rural Postmaster. The potentate in question deserves to have his name spelled in capital letters, for he exercises a prerogative greater than any that his nominal employer, His Majesty Edward VII., would ever presume to, and often if he is located in a lonely place beyond the beaten path of the inspectorial staff he is nothing less than a czar. Instances could be multiplied of the tyranny that this individual exercises in a small community.

In the northern sections conditions are worst, though curiosity is more frequently at the basis of the trouble than mere tyranny. The postmaster or his family open the letters just to get news from the city. If the letter is interesting they show it to their friends and the person addressed does not get it at all. A Toronto man who had a sister sojourning in the pine woods for her health discovered this situation, and, being somewhat of a humorist, he went to see the postmaster, who was not a bad fellow.

"Look here, old man," he said; "I don't mind your opening the letters I write my sister, but for God's sake give them to her afterward."

The postmaster promised he would. He saw nothing unique in the request.

Find Her Own Market.

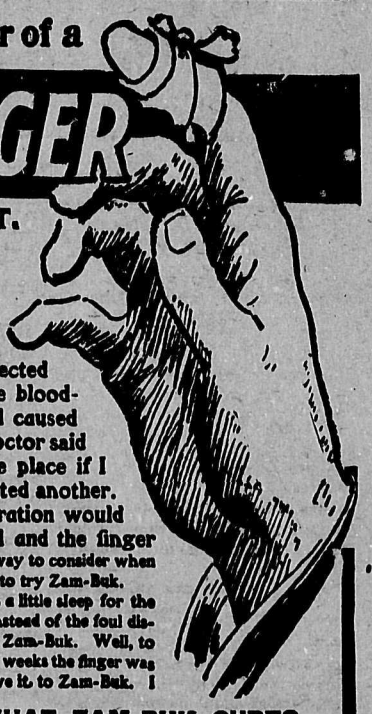
Premier Gouin of Quebec declares that he will stick to his policy of preventing the export of pulpwood from Crown Lands, and will not be intimidated or coerced by Yankee tariff discrimination. That is such a pronouncement as might have been expected from a self-respecting Canadian statesman. Canada can find market for all the pulpwood products which her people can manufacture.—Daily Ontario, Belleville.

What Could Be Fairer?

Canadians have no unkindly feeling toward the American emblem, and are willing it should be thrown to the breeze with the same measure of toleration, be it great or small, that is shown to the Union Jack on United States territory. Could anything fairer be asked?—Brantford Expositor.

Do You Realise the Danger of a POISONED FINGER

DEATH OFTEN LURKS IN A CUT.



YOU see this danger illustrated in the case of Mr. W. C. Edwards, a well-known Friendly Society leader, of Peter Street, Toronto. He cut one of his fingers with a piece of glass, and instead of applying Zam-Buk to prevent blood poison and to heal it, he neglected the cut, and blood poison followed. He says:—"The blood-poison from the finger spread up my hand and arm and caused me terrible agony. After two months' treatment the doctor said there was no cure, and amputation would have to take place if I intended to save my arm. I left that doctor and consulted another. After a few weeks' treatment, he also told me that operation would be necessary. He said the bone had become diseased and the finger would have to be opened so that the bone could be scraped. I went away to consider when I would have the operation performed and met a friend who advised me to try Zam-Buk.

"That night I bathed the wound and put on some Zam-Buk. I got a little sleep for the first time for many nights. In the morning the wound began to bleed instead of the foul discharging as in the past. This was a healthy sign so I went on with the Zam-Buk. Well, to cut a long story short, in a few days I put away the sling, and in a few weeks the finger was healed completely. To-day that finger is as sound as a bell and I owe it to Zam-Buk. I spent over £20 in doctors fees and when I think how Zam-Buk at such a trifling cost saved me from amputation I am very grateful for the balm I can tell you."

Zam-Buk

WHAT ZAM-BUK CURES.

Zam-Buk cures cuts, burns, sprains, festering sores, ulcers, scalds, blood-poisoning, eczema, bad leg, diseased ankles, running sores, ringworm, cold-cracks, chapped hands, chilblains, and all other skin diseases and injuries. All druggists and stores sell at 50c. box, 3 for $1·25 or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price. Refuse anything offered "just as good."

Little Ills of Childhood How to Cure Them

On the word of mothers all over Canada there is no other medicine can equal Baby's Own Tablets for the cure of such ills as indigestion, colic, diarrhoea, constipation, simple fever, worms and teething troubles. This medicine is good for the new born baby or the well grown child. Absolutely safe—you have the guarantee of a government analyst that this is true. Mrs. G. S. Ward, Rivington, Que., says:—"I cannot praise Baby's Own Tablets warmly enough." Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The old lady had had a severe illness, and she was relating its vicissitudes to a friend or two in the grocer's shop when the minister came in. "It's only by the Lord's mercy," she piously declared, "that I'm not in heaven to-night."—The Argonaut.

Railway Guard (to man smoking)—"You can't smoke."

Smoker—"So my friends say."

Guard—"But you mustn't smoke."

Smoker—"So my doctor says."

Guard—"Sir, you shan't smoke."

Smoker—"So my wife says."—

The transition from winter's cold to summer's heat frequently puts a strain upon the system that produces internal complications, always painful and often serious. A common form of disorder is dysentery, to which many are prone in the spring and summer. The very best medicine to use in subduing this painful ailment is Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial. It is a standard remedy, sold everywhere.

Why He Sold Him

The village postmaster doubted that the animal offered for sale was really "a valuable watchdog," and eyed rather dubiously the nondescript canine.

"'Deed he am, boss," answered Rastus.

"But if he was as good a watchdog as you make out, how is it you want to sell him at all?"

"Yo' see, boss, it am dis way: In dese hard times, I ain't done got nuthin' to watch."

The Only Kind Left

The guest glanced up and down the bill of fare without enthusiasm.

"Oh well," he decided finally, "you may bring me a dozen fried oysters."

The colored waiter became all apologies.

"Ah's very sorry, sah, but we's out ob all shell-fish, 'septin' aigs."—Everybody's Magazine.

Some people would be able to acquire a lot of knowledge if they didn't think they knew it all.

The Same Thing

"You shouldn't treat your boy so harshly; you'll break his spirit."

"Well, he'll probably get married some time, and he might as well have it broken now."

Weather Paradox

Little Alice—My mother's a pretty queer woman.

Aunt Maude—Why, I don't think so.

Little Alice—You would if you heard her ask the servant to put a tub under the spout to catch the soft water when it rains hard.

Wise Old Boy

Mrs. Kicker—"If you are going to another one of those banquets, I don't suppose you will know the number of the house when you get back?"

Mr. Kicker—"Oh, yes, I will; I unscrewed it from the door and am taking it with me."

A Hard Hit

I hope you don't mind me asking," said a woman, diffidently, "but should I call you professor or doctor?"

"Oh, call me anything you like," was the great man's rejoiner. "Some people call me an old idiot."

"Really," the lady murmured, with sweet innocence. "But, then, they would be people who knew you intimately."—London Spare Moments.

Useful Shrinkage

Clothier—"Were you pleased with the overcoat which I sold you?"

Customer—"Oh, yes; all my boys have worn it."

"Well, think of that!"

"I do. Every time after a rain the next smaller one has to take it."

"Did the minister say anything comforting?" asked the neighbor of the widow recently bereaved.

"Indeed he didn't," was the quick reply. "He said my husband was better off."—Tit-Bits.

A Pill That is Prized.—There have been many pills put upon the market and pressed upon public attention, but none has endured so long or met with so much favor as Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. Widespread use of them has attested their great value, and they need no further advertisement than this. Having firmly established themselves in public esteem, they now rank without a peer in the list of standard vegetable preparations.

Only One Thing Left

Seated in a corner of the compartment was one of those irritable young men who are continually finding fault with everyone and everything.

"Talk about individual rights," he went on, "where are they? If I walk on the foot path I am sure to get jammed between a couple of mail-carts; if I attempt to cross the street some idiot of a cyclist is bound to imperil his worthless neck and my limbs by arranging a collision; if I travel by tram-car I cannot choose my company; if I could fly—But what's the use of talking? I wonder if there is anything I could do without fear of molestation?"

"Yes," replied a burly navvy, taking a well-seasoned clay pipe from his mouth, "you might die, young un."

Polaritis

"My husband is suffering from Polaritis."

"Polaritis! What sort of a disease is that?"

"It's a new disease. I'm beginning to doubt everything he tells me."

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, Etc.

"How does it come that your wife lets you come out between the acts?"

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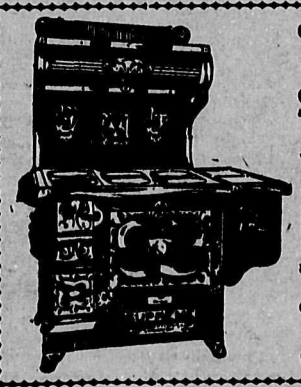

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HIS DAUGHTER'S FIRST STORY.

The Old Colonel Was Positive It Would Win the Prize.

By DONALD ALLEN.

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The Bounder Magazine was offering a $500 prize for the best love story, and when Colonel Sears, retired, happened to see the announcement at the village reading room he started right home to tell his daughter Phyllis. On the way he decided that her story should be a pathetic one. He so decided because he felt pathetic most of the time himself over being retired, over his half pay and over the fact that the army was going to the dogs without him.

Phyllis Sears was good looking, and she was smart. She had written and torn up two pieces of poetry, she had written and read numerous school compositions, and she had written one essay on the subject of intemperance.

Miss Phyllis fully realized that she was literary, but she would not have pursued the line except for the enthusiasm and encouragement of her father. She continued to be good looking and smart and literary to please him. The mother doted on the girl, but stood neutral in details.

The story was begun next day, and as fast as a page was written it was submitted to the father. He weighed every sentence. Once the tears were started from the eyes of the reader he insisted that there should be no respite.

When the story had reached five pages the colonel wrote a letter to the

AS FAST AS A PAGE WAS WRITTEN IT WAS SUBMITTED TO THE FATHER.

editor of the Bounder. He gave his war record in full and stated that his only daughter was writing a story to be submitted in the contest. Thus far, his word for it, it had proved a tremendous literary effort, fully equal to Ouida's best, and he could guarantee that the last half would be greater yet. He had cried over it, and the editor, the editor's wife and the pressmen, compositors and all others connected with the office would doubtless do the same.

By and by two or three things began to dawn on Phyllis. She found it difficult to keep up the tears. The story had gone all right to a certain point and then stuck. She was puzzled as to the end of it. She began to doubt and distrust her talent and finally ventured to say so to her father.

"Not take the prize!" the colonel exclaimed. "Why, girl, what has come over you? First, you are the daughter of a colonel who served his country for thirty years; next, you are good looking and smart; thirdly, your story is the only one to touch the editor's heart. Egad, if it doesn't I'll go down to the city and call him a ruffian! You'll win that prize in a canter."

"But if I should fail after all?" she asked.

"But you can't."

"And yet I may. You see, you have told most everybody, and if I don't take the prize I shall feel terribly humiliated. I shall want to go away for a year."

"Look here, daughter," said the colonel after a moment's thought. "I'll make you a promise. If you don't take that prize I promise to find a husband for you within a year. What do you say to that? You are sure of the prize, however, and will have to live and die an old maid."

And that evening as the colonel smoked his cigar on the veranda with a friend he whispered in confidence:

"Not a word to a living soul—not a word! There'll be thousands of stories sent in, but Phyllis' will take the cake. Bound to, sir—bound to. She's smart, and then she's the daughter of an old soldier. The first page made me hitch around on my chair, and the second brought tears to my eyes. It will be a story to set thousands weeping."

The story was finished at last, read and reread and then sent off. With it went another confidential letter from the colonel. He pointed out its many strong points to save the editor time, and he assured him that at least forty friends of his had pronounced it a gem and wanted ten copies of the issue in which it was printed. He also referred again to his war record.

There was a month of waiting. During this time the colonel never faltered. When Phyllis became despondent and discouraged he patted her on the head and replied:

"Why, the editor must have time to recover from his emotions after reading your story. Bound to win—bound to. Thirty years in the service of my country, and this is the first story my daughter has written. You may receive a $500 check at any moment. If it had been a common story, something to laugh at, a balderdash love story, but it was pathos, you see. Egad, but think of your old father weeping over a story!"

One day the pathetic manuscript was returned, and inclosed with it was a notice that such and such a story had won the prize. The colonel came home with the letter in his hand.

"But I was afraid it might fail," said Phyllis as she took it and went away to weep over it and wonder what everybody would say.

The colonel stalked into the library and sat down and wrote the editor a letter and told him that he was a man without sentiment, a numskull, a border ruffian and many other things and wound up with a lament that the days of the duello had passed away. That relieved him somewhat.

Ten days had passed and the little family were sitting on the veranda one afternoon when a gentlemanly looking man of thirty descended from an auto and introduced himself. His card showed that he was the editor of the Bounder. Phyllis blushed, and her father arose to begin an oration. It was to be a scorcher, but before he had got out a word the caller announced that he had come down to make an explanation. He was perfectly at ease, and his manner was frank.

In the first place, the pathetic story had exceeded the limit set by over a thousand words. The circular had specified American stories, and this was laid in London. Phyllis had to acknowledge that she had been careless and the colonel that he had not read the circular at all. Then the editor good naturedly pointed out the absence of any plot and other things open to criticism. When he had finished the colonel didn't know whether to ask him to take a glass of wine or to order him off the premises.

It was the daughter who settled that question, however. She frankly acknowledged her literary errors. After that there was a friendly talk on literary matters, and for an hour after the caller's departure the old warrior sat buried in a sort of reverie. When the daughter at last aroused him he said:

"Phyl, I made you a promise, you remember."

"Did you?" she innocently asked, though blushing at the same time.

"And I guess I've found him. Let me say that I'm not going to butt in and tangle things up any more. I'm not literary, and I'm going to drop pathos. I'm simply military, and I'm going to stick to that. Go ahead and paddle your own canoe after this."

And if the colonel had not been a wise father his son-in-law might not be sharing the house with him and his good wife today, and that son-in-law might not be the editor of the Bounder.

Going Berrying.

The pleasure of huckleberrying is partly in the season—the late summertime, from the middle of July to September. The poignant joys of early spring are passed and the exuberance of early summer, while the keen stimulus of fall has not yet come. Things are at poise. The haying is over. The meadows, shorn of their rich grass, lie tawny green under the sky, and the world seems bigger than before. It is not a time for dreams nor a time for exploits. It is a time for—for—well, berrying!

But you must choose your days carefully, as you do your fishing and hunting days. The berries "bite best" with a brisk west wind, though a south one is not to be despised, and a north one, rare at this season, gives a pleasant suggestion of fall, while the sun has still all the fervor of summer. Choose a sky that has clouds in it, too, for you will feel their movement even when you do not look up. Then take your pail and set out. Do not be in a hurry and do not promise to be back at any definite time. And, finally, go either alone or with just the right companion. I do not know any circumstances wherein the choice of a companion needs more care than in berrying. It may make or mar the whole adventure.—Atlantic.

The Weather.

For most of us the weather is still one of those minor unaccountable powers, too capricious to be either quite divine or quite devilish, whom our savage ancestors used no doubt to placate with offerings. We no longer do that, partly because we have learned to distinguish between religion and superstition, partly because we do not believe that the weather would care for any offerings of ours. But still we keep that primitive lingering idea of the weather as something with personality enough to make us angry with it, and we still get some satisfaction from telling it what we think of it. The poets pay their tribute to good weather and talk about the sun and the rain and the wind as if they had a wonderful and beautiful life of their own, and their poetry makes us love sun and rain and wind as if they were indeed living creatures. But there are many prosaic people who would despise such poetry for its unreality and yet who personify bad weather just as much as the poets personify good; to whom the rain, when they have no umbrella, is as much an enemy as the cloud was a friend to Shelley. We can all abuse bad weather so well that it is a pity we cannot learn to praise good weather better.—London Times.

FAMOUS FLOGGERS.

Head Masters of Eton Who Loved to Swing the Birch.

Flogging is to a great extent a lost art nowadays, and the modern schoolboy ought to be duly thankful for it. Etonians in particular ought to feel grateful that Canon Lyttelton is not so fond of the birch as were some of his predecessors. Dr. Hawtrey, for instance, who was head master about 1826, was not one who believed in sparing the rod. He once flogged Gladstone under the following somewhat peculiar circumstances:

Gladstone was prepositor one day, and it was accordingly his duty to put down the names of those to be flogged. Three boys, however, came to him with a story that their friends were coming down to see them that day and if they were down on the flogging list they would be unable to meet them. Gladstone omitted the names, with the result that the head master noticed the absence of the three boys and flogged the prepositor for not putting them down.

On another occasion Dr. Hawtrey called out to the prepositor, "Put down Hamilton's name to be flogged for breaking my window."

"I did not break your window, sir," exclaimed Hamilton.

"Prepositor," said Hawtrey, "put down Hamilton's name for breaking my window and lying."

"Upon my soul, sir," said the boy indignantly, "I did not do it."

"Prepositor," roared Hawtrey, "put down Hamilton's name for breaking my window, lying and swearing."

More famous than Hawtrey as a flogger was Dr. Keate, who Gladstone described as "the master of our existence and the tyrant of our days." On one occasion he is said to have birched forty boys in succession and been sorry when he found that there were no more to operate upon.

Commenting on the text, "Blessed are the pure in heart," Keate once said: "You hear that, boys. It's your duty to be pure in heart, and if you are not pure in heart I'll flog you."

During his head mastership the doctor is said to have flogged over fifty dukes, earls and barons, besides an innumerable crowd of common or garden misters. And yet after his retirement he is said to have had but one regret—that he had not flogged more!—London Tit-Bits.

A SPLENDID MARKSMAN.

Winner of Governor-General's Prize at D.R.A. Meet.

Sergt. McInnes, of Calgary, Alta., the lucky winner of the Governor-General's prize at the recent Dominion Rifle Association gathering here, which means the gold medal most coveted at the meet and $200 in cash.

SERGT. M'INNES.

Sergt. McInnes made a splendid showing and proved himself one of the best marksmen that has appeared at the Rockcliffe butts for some years. The Dominion Rifle Association meet of 1909 was one of the most successful for many years and the scoring was exceptionally high, so that Sergt. McInnes' shooting for a young marksman was all the more creditable and there is little doubt but that the new shot from the western province will again be heard from in the rifle world.

Knew the Family.

Sallies of almost childlike high spirits, endeared the late J. L. Toole, the lifelong friend of Henry Irving, to all who knew him. On one occasion, when the author of "Some Eminent Victorians" was spending a day in the innocent adventures which Toole was a genius in originating, they went to the Tower, where they found themselves among a party of eager sightseers in the chamber where the crown jewels are disposed.

It was a woman who was explaining to the eager throng the history of the articles displayed. At the end of a long catalogue, she said:

"And this is Anne Boleyn's crown."

Toole, apparently suddenly overcome, burst into a flood of tears, and leaned against the wall in seemingly uncontrollable grief.

"Oh, sir," inquired the poor woman, in distress, "what is the matter?"

"Nothing! Nothing!" replied Toole, in broken accents. "Don't mind me, but the fact is, I have known the family so long."

"Selected Self Made This Ink."

A Chinese newspaper contains the following advertisement of a local ink manufacturer: "At the shop Tae Shing ('Prosperous in the extreme'), very good ink. Fine! fine! Ancient shop, great grandfather, grandfather, father, very hard; picked with care, selected self made this ink. Fine and hard, with attention. The ink is heavy; so is gold. The eyes of the dragon glitter and dazzle; so does this ink. No one makes like it."—Shanghai Courier.

Will Have Building.

The Saskatchewan Government will not give a money grant to the Selkirk Centennial Exposition, to be held in Winnipeg in 1912, but announces its intention to expend $250,000 for a Saskatchewan building.

THE COMPROMISE.

He Thought He Was Firm and Knew He Was Considerate.

The young man had entered that mysterious realm called matrimony, and as it was his first offense his father was handing him some paternal advice as to how he should treat the young wife.

"When you have any little differences of opinion, my son," he said to the boy, "if you can't persuade Margaret that you are right—and you probably can't, for they are all about alike—you must compromise. Be firm, yet be considerate and compromise."

"Yes, father," replied the son.

"I well remember a little experience," and a reminiscent expression came over the old man's face, "on the very threshold of the married life of your mother and myself, and it was the basis of all future disputes. It was this way: I wanted to spend the summer, our first vacation together, in Maine, and your mother wanted to go to Saratoga. That was thirty years ago. But I shall never forget how firm and yet how considerate I was with your mother and how we compromised, avoiding all dispute. We stayed from Saturday noon to Tuesday morning at Bar Harbor, and then we spent the rest of the summer at Saratoga. Yes, indeed," the old man added, with a sigh, "that's the only way to deal with a woman. You must be firm, but be willing to compromise a little once in awhile, as I have done with your mother."—New York Tribune.

TIGERS IN INDIA.

Strange Hindoo Beliefs Concerning the Man Eaters.

In India the traditions of folklore are numerous and strange. Among those pertaining to the tiger the following are the most peculiar: The uneducated Hindoo (and he is in the great majority) believes that the ghost of a man killed by a tiger rides on the head of the beast that slew him to warn him of danger and to guide him to new victims. It is declared that God provides for the tiger's daily wants to the amount of 1 rupee a day—that is to say, if the tiger kills a calf worth 6 rupees he will not be allowed another victim for five days.

Eating the flesh of a tiger is supposed to give one great courage and alertness, but the whiskers must first be singed off the beast or his spirit will haunt the man who fed off him, and he is likely to be turned into a tiger in the next world.

The following incident really occurred in a small Indian village in the interior: One of the villagers was unfortunately killed by a tiger. The police investigated the accidental death and rendered this verdict: "Pandu died of a tiger eating him. There was no other cause of death. Nothing was left of him save his bones and some fingers, which probably belonged to either the right or left hand."—Washington Star.

The World Went Round.

When Bloggins senior on the occasion of his annual party was obliging his guests with "'Tis Love That Makes the World Go Round," Master William Bloggins seized the opportunity to retire for a few minutes behind the Japanese screen with his sire's half smoked cigar.

The applause subsiding, Master Bloggins was observed by one of the company to be looking far from well. His face had taken on the hue of putty, and his eyes stood out like small hat pegs.

"Good gracious, Willie! What's the matter?" cried Mrs. Bloggins in alarm. "I believe you've been smoking."

Willie shook his head.

"'Tain't that," he declared untruthfully. "If it's true what father's been singing about, I—I re-reckon I'm in love!"—London Express.

Astronomical.

Some curious and interesting astronomical phenomena are recorded in the old Chinese annals which go back to a great antiquity. In 687 B. C. a night is mentioned without clouds and without stars. This may perhaps refer to a total eclipse of the sun, but if so the eclipse is not mentioned in the Chinese list of eclipses. In the year 141 B. C. it is stated that the sun and moon appeared of a deep red color during five days, a phenomenon which caused great terror among the people. In 74 B. C. it is related that a star as large as the moon appeared and was followed in its motion by several stars of ordinary size. This probably refers to an unusually large bolide, or fire ball. In 38 B. C. a fall of meteoric stones is recorded.

Got the Hard Stuff.

Jedson—Ha! Ha! Ha! Silas—What's the joke, Jedson? Jedson—Why, just as soon as the county went prohibition old Hiram Hardapple got bunkoed Silas—What was the game? Jedson—Why, Hiram got a circular that stated some firm up in town would send him a keg of hard stuff for $2. Hiram sent the $2 and smacked his lips. Silas—Gosh! And what came back? Jedson—Scrap iron, and they said if that wasn't hard enough they'd send him a keg of spikes at the usual rates.—Chicago News.

Sorry He Spoke.

"I was a fool when I married you."

"But you're wiser now?"

"You can bet I am."

"Well, I've improved you a little, then, haven't I?"—Cleveland Leader.

He Was Trusty.

Mrs. Handout—I would like to know whether you are a trustworthy character. Dusty Stryper—Why, indy, at the last place I worked they called me a trusty.—St. Louis Republic.

THE DEADLY COBRA.

How Venomous Creature Is Handled by Hindu Snake-Charmers.

The creatures were on the defensive, but not one of them attempted to strike at the master, who sat serenely in front of them, so long as he did nothing to annoy them. Kullan talked to them as if they were his dearest friends. After a time one or the other of them would lower its head, collapse its hood and begin to try to wriggle away, whereupon Kullan would give it a smart little rap on the tail with his stick and bring it instantly to attention again. Whether this man possessed any special magic over these cobras or whether the description given below of how he could handle and play with them was simply due to his method I cannot say. He himself repudiated the idea of magic and asserted positively that any one who had the necessary nerve and dexterity could do exactly the same.

He used no reed instrument or music of any kind to propitiate the reptiles. He would simply squat on his haunches in front of them, and after they had been hissing and swaying their uplifted heads backward and forward for a few minutes he raised his hands above their heads and slowly made them descend till they rested on the snakes' heads. He then stroked them gently, speaking all the time in the most endearing Hindustan terms. The serpents appeared spellbound. They made no effort to resent the liberty, but remained quite still, with heads uplifted, and seemed rather to enjoy it. Presently his hands would descend down the necks about three inches below the heads, his fingers would close loosely around the necks, and he would lift them off the ground and place them on his shoulders. The looseness of the grip appeared to be the main secret. The snakes, being in no way hurt, would then slowly crawl through his fingers and wind themselves round his neck, his shoulders and his arms. They appeared to realize that no harm was to be done them, and they made no effort to resent the handling. He would pick them gently off one arm and place them on the other and, in fact, stroke them and pet them as if they had been a pair of harmless worms.—Cornhill Magazine.

B.-P'S BOY SCOUTS.

Lads Are Becoming an Important Factor In England.

It is becoming more and more evident that Lieut.-Gen. Baden-Powell's Boy Scouts are taking themselves and their work seriously, and that they mean to make themselves fit for practical work should ever their services be required. Some 20,000 of these zealous youngsters assembled at the

MAYOR OF DOVER'S SHIELD.

Crystal Palace recently, on the occasion of the annual "rally." There was an interesting program, including competitions in pioneer work and its various details, signalling, camp craft, scout cart racing, swimming and life-saving, and so on. The boy scouts promise to become a useful and popular force in the future, and they will be much encouraged by the fact that public men are taking an increasingly active interest in the movement, as evidenced by the action of Mr. Walter Emden, Mayor of Dover, who has presented to the boy scouts there the handsome trophy of which an illustration is published.

Hymn For Timing Eggs.

An amusing story is told of Canon Hensley Henson, who has just returned to England from America. It refers to a dear old lady of conservative ideas, who was informed some years ago that he had been appointed canon of Westminster. "Oh," she exclaimed, "how very dreadful! Why, I have been told that his father was Lord Salisbury's coachman!" What she really meant was that Canon Henson's father had been Lord Salisbury's "coach," but it was some time before the difference could be made clear to her. The canon was amused, while in America, by a trans-Atlantic bishop's story. While visiting a congregation in some outlandish spot, the bishop was entertained by a newly-married member of the church. He was awakened quite early by the soft tones of a soprano voice singing "Nearer My God to Thee." As the bishop lay in bed he meditated upon the piety which his young hostess must possess to enable her to begin her day's work in such a beautiful fram of mind. At breakfast he spoke to her about it, and told her how pleased he was. "Oh," she replied, "that's the hymn I boil eggs by; three verses for soft and five for hard."

Prefers Ireland.

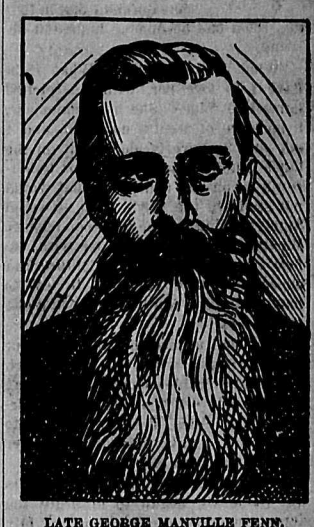
Cardinal Logue is again on his way to America. His eminence was born, and spent his childhood, in County Donegal, and has the intense love of country which characterizes the Irishman. During his last visit to the United States, the cardinal was asked what he would have done if he had been elected to the chair of St. Peter. "If the honor had fallen on me," he said, "I think I should have waited my chance, jumped out of a window and over the wall and run back to Ireland before they could catch me." After receiving ordination the cardinal remained for some years as professor of theology at the Irish College in Paris, where he was educated. He then became a parish priest in a more or less disturbed part of Ireland.

THE BOYS' NOVELIST

GEORGE MANVILLE FENN WAS A PROLIFIC WRITER.

The Englishman Who Has Probably Delighted as Many Lads as Any In His Time Was Author of 150 Books — Wrote Many Novels For Grown-Ups and Several Plays—Was a Keen Astronomer.

By the death of Mr. George Manville Fenn, which took place at his residence at Isleworth, England, a few days ago, English literature has lost one of its most popular writers of boys' fiction. Deceased, who had reached the age of 78, had never fully recovered from a serious illness of two years ago, and he died suddenly from heart failure. Mr. George Manville Fenn was born in Westminster in 1831, and was educated at private



LATE GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

schools and by a tutor. In 1855 he married Susanna, daughter of Mr. John Leake. Mr. Fenn will probably be best known to the general public as a writer for boys. A score or so of novels are included in his remarkable total of some 150 volumes, and several plays stand to his credit. He also led a singularly varied life as a journalist. He was a regular contributor to "Chamber's," and to Dickens' "All the Year Round." He edited "Cassell's Magazine" for some years, and was both editor and proprietor of "Once a Week." Syon Lodge, Mr. Fenn's house at Isleworth, was the ladies' school mentioned in Captain Marryat's novel, "Japhet in Search of a Father." The house contains one of the finest collections of dramatic literature in the kingdom, and in its library over 15,000 books. Mr. Fenn's chief hobby was gardening, but he was also a keen astronomer. He used to make his own telescopes, one "Herschelian" being a hundred and twenty feet long.

Thames Tabloids.

The recent strike of lightermen's apprentices recalls that from time immemorial Thames lightermen have been freemen of the Watermen's Company, and have the right to take apprentices.

In the old days, a Gravesend waterman, wondering at his fare having a peculiar beard, and giving him a gold piece in payment, gave information, and, on an arrest being made, it was found to be the future King Charles II., on a private expedition of his own to Spain. The time of Shakespeare was closely connected with the watermen, as they rowed the poet across the river to the playhouse at Bankside where his plays were acted.

The custom of allowing the ferrymen at Twickenham, in Middlesex, to pick up passengers from vessels, and row them ashore, has been in vogue from before the time of Charles II. In fact, the Thames is inseparably associated with romantic and ancient customs, and one can ever come across fresh discoveries which add to the charm of this great waterway.

The first steam-vessel appeared on the Thames in 1815, and was called the Margery.

Keeper of the King's Garden.

The King and Queen are enthusiastic in their praise of Lord Redesdale, to whose taste and skill as a landscape gardener are due the great improvements at Buckingham Palace, Windsor and Balmoral. Lord Redesdale's own gardens at Batsford are among the loveliest in England, and Lady Redesdale, who is of the "Bonnie House of Airlie," and was a great beauty in her day, is an equally enthusiastic arboriculturist. Though he has passed his seventy-second birthday, and it is now some years since he succeeded to the title, Lord Redesdale is still best remembered as Bertie Mitford, one of the most popular men in the diplomatic service in the middle of last century. His service took him to Russia, China, and most of all, Japan, a country about which he wrote a charming book—"Tales of Old Japan."

The Fire Tree.

The fire tree, so-called on account of its fiery red blossom, grows in the warmer parts of Asia and in the Philippine Islands. During the month of July the country is enlivened with scarlet foliage of the intensest description. The blossoms retain their color for about a month, when they fade away, and the fire tree is once more only a green leaved member of the mimosa family.

A Real Old Guard.

The British authorities are considering the question of forming two battalions of the Guards as a real "old guard." The Guards at present are recruited from the whole country, and naturally take the cream of the recruits. The two proposed battalions will be composed of long service soldiers drafted from all infantry battalions in the service.

Satan Sanderson

By HALLIE ERMINIE RIVES,
Author of "Hearts Courageous," Etc.

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(Continued.)

Chapter 21

As Harry made his way down the mountain in the blank and heavy dark, correcting his path by the lightning, he had faced squarely the question that in that dim room had become an imminent demand.

"What if I love her! What right have I to love her, with a wretched name like mine? She has refinement, a measure of wealth no doubt, and I *am poor as poverty, dependent on the* day's grubbing in the ditch for tomorrow's bacon and flour. Yet that would not stand in the way. I am no venal rogue, angling for the loaves and fishes. Whatever else she cursed me with, nature gave me a brain, and culture and experience have educated it. With hand or brain I can hew my own niche to stand in."

So he had argued, but his argument ended always with the same stern and unanswerable conclusion: "To drag her down in order to lift myself! Because she pities me—pity is akin to love—shall I take advantage of her interest and innocence?"

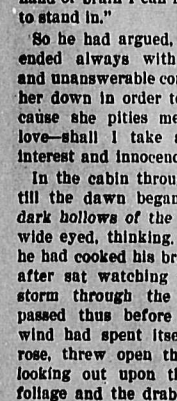
In the cabin through the long hours till the dawn began to infiltrate the *dark hollows of the wood he had lain* wide eyed, thinking. When day came he had cooked his breakfast and thereafter sat watching the havoc of the storm through the window. Hours passed thus before the fury of the wind had spent itself. At length he rose, threw open the door and stood looking out upon the wind whipped foliage and the drab desolation of the fog. Then he threw on his mackinaw coat, picked up his gold pan and climbed down the slope. Beneath all other problems must lie the sordid problem of his daily food. He had uncovered a crevice in the bed rock at the end of his trench the day before, and now he scraped a pailful of the soggy gravel it contained and carried it back to the cabin.

With a sigh he took off his damp coat and threw a log on the fire. He abstractedly watched it kindle, then filled *and lit his pipe and turned to the book*shelf. He ran his hand absently along the row. Where had been that wide, dim expanse of library walls that hovered *like a mirage beyond his visual* sight? He chose a volume he had been reading and turned the pages.

All at once his hand clinched. He gave a choked cry. He was staring at a canceled bank draft bearing his own name—a draft across whose face was written in the cramped hand resembling the signature a word that seemed etched in livid characters of shame—"Forgery!"

"Pay to Hugh Stires—the sum of $5,000." He read the phrase in a hoarse, husky monotone, every vein beating fiercely, his body hot with the heat of a forge. There it was, a hideous chapter of it, the damnable truth from which he had shrunk!

Did the town know? He snatched at *the draft and read the date. More than*



"Forgery!"

a year ago, and it had been presented for payment in a distant city, the city near which he had been picked up beside the railroad track. The forged name was the same as his own. Who was David Stires? His father? Had that city been his home once and that infamous act the forerunner of his flight or exile? He looked at the paper again with painful *intentness. It was canceled, therefore* had been paid without question Yet the man it had robbed had stamped it with that venomous hallmark. Clearly the law had not stepped in, for here he was at liberty, owning his name. He had been let go, then, disowned, to carry his badge of crime here into the wilderness! And how had he lived since then?

He stumbled to a chair and sat down, his frame rigid. He thought of the robbed sluice in the gulch below, of his own unhappy adventure of the night. How could he tell what he had done—what he might do? Minutes went by as he sat motionless, his mind catching strange kaleidoscopic pictures that fled past him into the void. At length he rose and went to the window. Far down the hillside a faint line through the mist spanned the gulch bottom. A groan burst from his lips.

"That is the hydraulic flume," he said aloud. "Gold has been stolen there in the past again and again. *Some was stolen two nights ago. How* do I know but that I am the thief?" Was that what Prendergast had meant by the "safe way to beat the game?" A shiver ran over him. "How do I know!" he thought. "I can see myself—*the evil side of* me—when the dark had fallen waking and active. I see myself creeping down there, stealing from shadow to shadow, to scoop *the gold from the riffles when the* moon is under a cloud. I see men sitting from dark to daylight with loaded rifles across their knees watching. I see a flash of fire. I hear a report. I see myself there by the sluice boxes, dead, shot down in the act of a thief, making good the name men know me by!"

The figure of Jessica came before him, standing in her soft white gown, her hand against her cheek and the jasmine odors about her. The dream he had dreamed could not be—never, never, never! All that was left was *surrender, ignominious flight to scenes* barren of suggestion.

At that instant a shining point caught his eye. It came from the pan of gravel on the doorstep, on which the rain had been beating. He thrust the draft into his pocket and seized a double handful of the gravel. He plunged it into a pail of water and held it to the light. It sparkled with coarse, yellow flakes of gold. He dropped the handful with a sharp exclamation, threw on his coat and rushed from the cabin.

All day, alone on the fog soaked hillside, Harry toiled in the trench without food or rest.

* * * * * * *

It was a fair, sweet evening, and the room where Jessica sat beside David Stires' bed, reading aloud to him, was flooded with the failing sunlight. Since the old man's seizure in *the night he had been much worse, and* she had scarcely left his room. Today, however, he had sat propped by pillows, able to read and chat, and the deep personal anxiety that had numbed her had yielded.

A knock came at the door. It was a nurse with letters for him from the mail, and while he opened them Jessica laid aside the book and went slowly down the hall to the sun parlor, where the doctor stood with the group gathered after the early supper, chatting of the newest "strike" on the mountain.

"We'll be famous if we keep on," he was saying as she looked out of the wide windows across the haze where the sunlight drifted down in dust of gold. "I've a mind to stake out a claim myself."

"We pay you better," said one of the occupants grimly. "Anyway, the whole *of Smoky mountain was staked in the* excitement a year ago. There's no doubt about this find, I suppose?"

"It's on exhibition at the bank," the doctor replied, "more than $5,000 cached in a crevice in the glacial age as neat as a Christmas stocking!"

The talk went on about her.

"Where is the lucky claim?" some one asked.

"Just below this ridge," the doctor replied. "It is called the 'Little Paymaster.'"

The name caught her ear. The Little Paymaster? That was the name on the tree—on Hugh's claim! At that instant she thought she heard David Stires calling. She turned and ran quickly up the long hall to his open door.

The sight of his face at first startled her, for it was held captive of emotion, but it was an emotion of joy, not of pain. A letter fluttered in his grasp *He thrust it into her hands.*

"Jessica," he exclaimed, "Hugh has paid it! He has sent the $5,000, interest and principal, *to the bank to* my account."

"Hugh has paid it!"

For a moment she stood transfixed. The talk she had mechanically heard leaped into significance, and her mind ran back to the hour when she had left the draft at the cabin. She caught the old man's hand and knelt by his chair, laughing and crying at once. During these last few days the impulse to tell all that she had concealed had been almost irresistible. Now the barrier had fallen. The secret she had repressed so *long came forth in a rush of sentences* that left him mute and amazed.

"I should have told you before," she ended, "but I didn't know—I wasn't sure"— She broke down for very joy.

He looked at her with eyes unnaturally bright. "Tell me everything, Jessica!" he said. "Everything, from the beginning!"

"He was young and irresponsible, Jessica," said the old man. "Money always came so easily. He didn't realize what he was doing when he signed that draft. He has learned a lesson out in the world. It won't hurt his career in the end, for no one but you and I and one other knows it. Thank God! If his memory comes back"—

"Oh, it will!" she breathed. "It must! That day on the Knob he only needed the clew! When I tell him who I am he will know me. He will remember it all. I am sure—sure! Will you let me *bring him to you?" she added softly.*

"Yes," he said, pressing her hand, "tomorrow. I shall be stronger then."

She rose and lighted the lamp, shading it from his eyes.

"Do you remember the will, Jessica," he asked her presently—"the will I drew the day he came back? You never knew, but I signed it—the night of your wedding. Harry Sanderson was right, my dear, wasn't he?

"I wish now I hadn't signed it, Jessica," he added. "I must set it right! I must set it right!" He watched her with a smile on his face. "I will rest now," he said. And she adjusted the pillows and turned the lamp low.

Crossing the room, she stepped through *the long window on to the porch and* stood leaning on the railing. The words of the Biblical narrative flashed through her mind: "And he arose and came to his father. But *when he was* yet a great way off his father saw him and had compassion and ran and fell on his neck and kissed him." So Hugh's father would meet him now!

Harry had labored, spurred by a fierce haste to make requital. Till the last ounce of the rich "pocket" had been washed and the whole taken to the bank in the town no one had known of the find. It had repaid the forgery and left him a handful of dollars over—enough to take him far away from the only thing that made life worth the effort.

A gradual feeling of apprehension had come to Jessica—an impression of blankness and chill that affected her strangely. She stood still, frightened at the sudden sense of utter soundlessness.

She caught up the lamp and, turning the wick, approached the bed. She put out her hand and touched the wasted one on the coverlet. Then a sobbing cry came from her lips.

David Stires was gone. A crowning joy had coldened his bitterness at the last moment, and he had gone away with his son's face in his heart and the smile of welcome on his lips.

(To be Continued.)

HER GREAT HAUL.

The Female Burglar Wasn't Looking For Diamonds or Greenbacks.

It was 2 a. m. on Easter morning, and all was not well.

Quiet reigned supreme, however, on Fifth avenue, the scene of our tale, and only occasionally was the silence broken by the moans of some female who tossed and turned and dreamed that the bull pup had devoured her new Easter bonnet.

As the hour rang out a man and woman muffled up to the ears and glancing suspiciously about them turned in from a side street, and that they were not out to buy a piano on the installment plan or to view the scenery would have been evident even to a policeman had one been in sight. The couple had walked a distance of three or four blocks when the man nudged his companion and softly said:

"That's the house, Lil; four doors ahead there, to the left."

"I see it, Bill," she whispered.

A moment later they stopped in front of a large brownstone residence, *and after a careful look up and down* the street the gate was opened, and they were soon at work. As they stood in the handsomely furnished *front hall the woman said:*

"You remain here on watch, Bill, while I get the swag. If all goes well we may be able to buy out that gambling house and become honest people."

"Take no chances, Lil," he cautioned her. "I'd do the trick myself, only I want to be near the door, where I can watch the moon."

With a dark lantern in one hand and a revolver in the other, she softly tiptoed up the broad stairway, and it was half an hour later when she returned to her companion with a large bundle in her hand.

"Anything doin'?" he asked.

"The best haul we ever made!" she excitedly replied. "Come, let's get out of this."

An hour later they were safe at home, and as the man removed his hat and overcoat he remarked:

"Sparklers and silverware, I suppose."

"No, Bill; I didn't see a diamond in a room I searched."

"Well, it's just as well. Bank notes are good enough for us, and it's no trouble to get rid of 'em."

"Nor did I come across any bank *notes," said the woman as she began* to unwrap the package.

"But—but I thought you said you had made the haul of your life. What have you got there, anyway?"

"Look, Bill—just look at that!" And she held up a woman's hat for him to see. "Isn't that just the swellest Easter bonnet you ever laid your eyes on? And today's Easter too!"—A. B. Lewis in Judge.

Called.

When they drew near an ice cream soda sign he started up an animated conversation to divert her attention. However, she was wise to the trick.

"Darling," he whispered rapturously, "you are the prettiest girl I ever met. You are as pretty as a picture postal card."

She smiled sardonically.

"Indeed!" she responded. "And do you know, Percy, that you remind me of a picture postal card."

"Ah! Because I am so handsome?"

"No. Because you are so cheap."

And after that there was nothing to do but take her back to the marble counter and set up the sodas.—Chicago News.

The Golden Wedding.

A servant asked her mistress for leave from Friday to Monday to visit her mother a long journey away, as all the family desired to meet to celebrate their parents' golden wedding. The mistress gave permission, and on Monday the maid duly returned, and her mistress said to her:

"Well, Mary, how did you get on?"

"Oh, splendid, ma'am, and mother was so grateful to you for letting me go."

"Yes, and your father—what did he say?"

"Lor' bless you, ma'am, he wasn't there; he died twenty years ago!"

A HEROIC MISSIONARY.

Rev. W. P. Low's Remarkable Feat In Nigeria.

The remarkable heroism of an English missionary in Nigeria is described in the story of the disastrous attack on a British force, when Lieut. Vanrenen, who was in charge, and eleven policemen were killed, while the doctor was wounded.

The first news of the disaster came to Minna, a place on the line of the Bero Kano Railway, about thirty miles from the scene of the occurrence, in a hurriedly written message from the wounded doctor at Kuta.

Rev. W. P. Low, who has for some years been working among the Guaris, happened to be at Minna when the news came in. He instantly volunteered to go to Kuta to render any aid possible to the survivors, and also to use his influence with the people.

Leaving behind all his baggage and servants, he started off on his bicycle at ten minutes' notice, cramming a few biscuits in his pockets and borrowing a revolver from Captain Orr, the Resident at Minna.

Mr. Low rode hard all night. A short distance out from Minna he was overtaken by a tornado of great severity, and was compelled to exchange his bicyle for a horse. He became completely exhausted, and shortly before reaching Kuta fell off his horse, which bolted, leaving him severely bruised.

On reaching Kuta, at three the next morning, he found that the survivors of the force had come in, having been pursued by the Guari people, from whom they had to hide in the bush.

Mr. Low spent twelve hours in Kuta, and having assured himself of the loyalty of the townspeople, resumed his journey to the coast. Picking up a construction train on the way back, he just caught his steamer, but was nearly drowned in a native canoe when going down the Niger.

He met a punitive force under Maj. Williams, consisting of 150 men, with a Maxim, on its way to the scene of the ambush.

The punitive expedition had some *stiff fighting, but they inflicted severe* punishment on the Guaris and burnt their town. There were no losses on the British side.

Rev. Walter Percival Low is a missionary of the Church Missionary Society. He was sent out to Africa in 1903. He is a young man, and was ordained in 1901.

Society Favorites.

Lord Claud Hamilton, chairman of the Great Eastern Railway, whose remarks recently were considered to have reflected upon the honor of the House of Commons, is very popular in London society. Both he and his wife are strikingly handsome, and it is said of Lady Hamilton that she can walk more gracefully than any other woman in London. She numbers amongst her accomplishments that of being able to talk several languages perfectly, while Lord Claud has a decided penchant for sport in many forms. Cricket, football, and racquets, however, are his favorite games.

Lord Claud's independence of thought has more than once disturbed the equanimity of friends and acquaintances. When a child of five he distinguished himself by refusing to kiss Queen Victoria's hand, owing to a supposed affront, when she visited his parents, the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn. In later years he was ready to break with his friend, the late Lord Randolph Churchill, in defence of his particular views concerning Ireland. The threatened rupture, however, was happily averted.

"Swan Upping."

The mayor and sheriff of Norwich, England, have revived an old custom by attending the annual "swan upping" on the River Yare from Trowse to Hardley Cross. They were attended by Mr. H. V. Steward, the corporation swanherd, whose family has held this ancient office for generations, Mr. Steward himself being now the only recognized civic swanherd left in the United Kingdom. There are a pair of swans at Earlham Hall, known to have been there for over 62 years, which in the last 19 years have laid 221 eggs and brought up 146 cygnets.

This year, despite their age, they laid eight eggs and brought off seven. Another pair, the property of the Norwich Corporation, turned off at Surlingham, are 44 years old, and in the last 24 years have had 229 eggs and brought up 166 young birds. Swan is in season from November to February, during which period they are always on sale, and at Christmas, in conformity with old custom, a prime bird is always sent to His Majesty at Sandringham, and another to the Prince of Wales.

A Roving Commission.

There are not many parts of the world which Sir Henry Norman, M.P., who celebrates his fifty-first birthday on the 19th of next month, has not visited. As an all-round journalist there are few men with a finer record. Mr. W. T. Stead was one of the first to recognize his capabilities. When the former was editing The Pall Mall Gazette, he gave Mr. Norman, as he then was £500, and told him to go where he liked and do what he liked, refilling his purse if necessary at banks all over the world. Mr. Stead gave him six months. Mr. Norman took three years, wrote over a hundred articles, interviewed everybody worth interviewing, and took notes for more books than he can ever write.

Lily With Eight-Foot Leaves.

The Victoria water-lily in the tank in the Victoria House at the Royal Botanic Gardens in Regent's Park is now in flower. The plant this year is larger than for some years past, the leaves measuring nearly eight feet in diameter.

A Costly Freak Suit.

A hawker, summoned for obstruction at Torquay, England, told the magistrates that he possessed a suit of clothes which was covered with 11,000 pearl buttons, and that it was worth £50.

AUTHORS' RECORDS.

Facts About the Speed of Famous Story Tellers.

Few things are more remarkable than the widely different rates at which authors produce their work. One will dash off a long novel in a month of feverish writing; another will count three or four years not a day too long for a similar task. A will reel off 15,000 words a day; while his rival, B, thinks he has done quite a satisfactory day's work when he has committed 700 or 800 words to paper. And, again, a lifetime may yield in one case books which you can count on the fingers of one hand; in another, the product is a hundred or more substantial volumes.

"John Oliver Hobbes," for instance, although she wrote at least fourteen novels and a large number of plays, once confessed that she rarely produced more than 150 words in a day. Mr. Max Pemberton considers 800 to 1,000 words a good day's work, and declares that he has never written as many as 2,000 words in a day in his life; and Mr. W. W. Jacobs has often been quite pleased to pen 500 words of one of his funny stories in the same time. Mr. Hall Caine thinks he has done a capital week's work when he has produced 6,000 words; although that he has the pen of a ready writer is proved by the fact that he once wrote 9,000 words while traveling from Scotland to London.

Mr. Rider Haggard has written a long story in six weeks, but his average rate of production is barely 1,500 words a day; and this is also the average of that most prolific writer, Mr. Le Queux, whost supreme effort was a novel of 83,000 words in a month.

But even this speed is a snail's pace to such a speedy penman as Mr. Frankfort Moore, who turns out a long novel at the rate of 4,000 words a day, and has more than once written 10,000 words between breakfast and bed. Mr. Moore, it is interesting to record, has a pen with which he has written over 4,000,000 words. In his early days of authorship Mr. H. G. Wells thought nothing of producing 7,000 words daily; "John Strange Winter" boasts a marvellous day's record of over 11,000 words, and rarely falls below 4,000 words; while Mr. George Griffith once reached a day's total of 12,500 words, and claims an average of between 5,000 and 6,000—a figure which represents Mr. Crockett's maximum and is three times as much as Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne's average.

Such are some of the wonderful short-distance feats of well-known authors. Let us see how they figure in long-distance competition. Mr. Watts Dunton spent fifteen years or more over "Aylwin"; Mrs. Humphry Ward worked industriously for three years before she wrote "Finis" to "Robert Elsmere"; Olive Schreiner has produced her books at the rate of one in five years; and Mr. George Meredith's books average two years apiece.

These are among the slow-goers, if long-stayers in the literary race, who are content to give to the world in a large part of a lifetime what others produce in twelve months. Their records in point of number are quite pathetically poor compared with that, for instance, of Mrs. L. T. Meade, who has at least 107 novels beneath her name in the library catalogues, and who can produce long stories at the rate of four a year.

How Carl Rosa Lost Mme. Melba.

Not the least interesting of the reminiscences of Mr. William Ganz, the veteran pianist, who recently celebrated his golden wedding, is that concerning the debut of Mme. Melba. The famous prima donna was then Mrs. Nellie Armstrong, and she made her debut here at one of Mr. Ganz's concerts at Prince's Hall, twenty-three years ago. "I was so charmed with her," says Mr. Ganz, "that I spoke to Carl Rosa about her, feeling sure he would like to hear her sing. He pencilled an appointment on his shirt-cuff for the following Tuesday afternoon, and Mrs. Armstrong duly called at my house at the time fixed. Carl Rosa, however, did not come, for he had forgotten about the arrangement, and thus he lost an artiste who would have been invaluable to him for his opera company. As it was, Mrs. Armstrong went to Paris to study *with Mme. Marchesi, and later came* out in grand opera."

Tree Legends.

The elder is believed to be the tree on which Judas hanged himself, though in Buckinghamshire an old peasant woman has been heard to declare that it was of this wood the cross was made.

"Take notice, ma'am," she said, "and you'll find as lightning never touches the elder."

While on this topic, the wild arum is said by the people of Cheshire to have been growing beneath the Cross, and to have received on it splashes of blood, hence villagers reverently regard the dark lines and blots on the surface of its leaves. The Scotch believe that the birch was used for rods for scourging, and that from that time the tree was cursed, the dwarf birch being, of course, the species meant.

Why He Was a Heathen.

Sir Arthur Fanshaw recently related an amusing story of a Mahommedan servant, who, when asked his religion, replied:

"Beg pardon, sar, I'm a heathen."

When asked by his master what he meant by a heathen, the man answered:

"Beg pardon, sar, a worshipper of stocks and stones."

"Confound it," remarked the master, "I can't keep a man like that in my service."

To which came the immediate rejoinder:

"Beg pardon, sar, in your highness's service no time to worship anything!"—London News.

Pensioned Her Parrot.

The late Miss Mary Hatton of Charlcombe, Somerset, England, by her will left her parrot and its cage to her nephew, Mr. Leonard Ernest Hatton, with £50 which she wished to be used to keep the bird as long as it shall live.

WOMAN IN WILDERNESS

WHAT MISS MANSFIELD MET IN DARKEST AFRICA.

Adventurous Young Englishwoman Who Has Completed a Trip *Through the Heart of the Dark* Continent Tells Her Experiences—Bearding the Lions, Not to Mention Elephants—Rosy Rhodesia.

"Well, I've learned the meaning of the expression 'hanging on by the back teeth.'"

The speaker was Miss Charlotte Mansfield, the charming and talented lady who has just returned from an adventurous journey through Central Africa, and she was giving an account of her experiences.

"You see, I'm not at all brave," continued Miss Mansfield, "and ever since I can remember I have been frightened in the dark. Judge, then, my sensations when I found myself under canvas for the first time *in my life, and realized that* I was alone in the African wilderness, guarded only by strange native 'boys,' my dog, and my camp-fires. And I had heard disquieting accounts of a tendency the natives have to desert at awkward junctures.

"My fears were not lessened by the sickly cries of prowling hyenas; and before my 540 miles' march from Broken Hill to Abercorn was over I suffered still greater tremors from occasionally hearing the grunt, grunt *of a lion keep time with the pad, pad* of its paws.

"One whole night I passed in terror in a small house, built by a white man, who had subsequently deserted it, while outside a lion did sentry go, my 'boys' having retired to their camp. I covered up the windows of my appropriated shelter as best I could with the materials to hand—a map and a Union Jack—and sat shivering, with only my dog to keep me company, listening to the beast's growls. When day dawned the brute took himself off, but my vigil had partly turned my hair grey.

"I had, on another occasion, an encounter with a young lion, with no walls between us, and it is not an experience I should be at all anxious to repeat.

"I was out walking with my little dog a short distance from camp when the creature appeared suddenly on the scene, and I had a moment of horrible fear before, to my great relief, the lion turned aside and made off.

"One morning, when I turned out, as usual, about five o'clock, I found some excitement among the natives. And no wonder! All around and quite close to the tent was the spoor of elephants which had passed on their way to the water. How thankful I was that none of them had blundered against or through the frail structure!

"There was one other frequent source of dread to me which I have not yet mentioned—namely, the crossing of rivers and swamps. My bearers would carry me over in a 'machila,' a hammock swung on a pole, with one man at each end, and, though the actual bearers were supported by others on either side, I was in constant fear of falling into the *rain-swollen waters. To keep from* giving myself away to the natives by screaming out I had to requisition all my reserves of fortitude.

"When we arrived at a native village, it was a never-failing source of delight to me to watch my 'boys' bartering with the village women for the necessary supplies of meal.

"Each week I had to give my 'boys' two and a half yards of 'limbo'—thin calico, blue or white, the latter being preferred—worth about 8½d. or 9d. *With half a yard of 'limbo,' a large* basket of meal could be bought; and, though money is accepted, 'limbo' is preferred, being the only clothing the villagers can get, except a coarse cloth made from tree-bark.

"At several of the villages I bought curios for myself, and generally I purchased some 'cuckoos' and eggs. 'Cuckoos' are small fowls, about the size of the English bantam, and could be bought at three for 1s., and the eggs were proportionately small and cheap.

"Before leaving the subject of camping, I may mention that I always slept with my rifle by my side and my revolver under my pillow, in case of emergency. As it was winter, the nights and early mornings were icy cold, necessitating warm furs for comfort; while in the middle of the day it was so hot that I had to wear a sun-helmet.

"When I publish my book on Rhodesia, I intend to give full particulars of all matters interesting to intending or prospective emigrants from this country. I may say that the possibilities of the country delighted me.

"Take Northeastern Rhodesia. The chances of a man who is not in a hurry to get rich in five minutes are splendid—that is, the chances of a healthy, happy, and, ultimately, prosperous life. His gun and his garden will go a long way in supplying his wants for the first year or two, and if he is content to wait he will have a beautiful home and farm by-and-by."

"What capital is necessary?"

"Well, one man I met started with £50, and leased 100 head of cattle from the Government. After seven years, he has now 750 head of cattle of his own, and a beautiful farm to boot.

The Duke's Pipe.

The Duke of Connaught possesses a unique collection of pipes. On one occasion an American billionaire asked him to do him the honor of presenting him with one of his treasures If such a favor were conferred upon him, he added, he would never smoke another pipe till the day of his death. The Duke was a little amused, but he gave the pipe. Some time after His Royal Highness again met the American, who assured him that his pipe was the sweetest he had ever smoked. "I'm awfully pleased to hear that," replied the Duke, "because I found, after I had given you the pipe, it was not one of mine at all."

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P. BURNS & Co. LTD.

NEW MICHEL, B. C.

UP AND DOWN THE CROW

Ten Liberal Names Struck Off.

Nelson, Nov. 1.—The court of revision for the electoral district of Nelson was held at the court house yesterday morning, Percy J. Gleazer, district registrar presiding. Of the 15 names objected to, all of liberals, five were retained on the list.

The following names were struck off, their bearers having ceased to reside in the district: G. L. Dinwoody, A. W. Dyer, E. W. Monk, Victor W. Odlum, A. P. Slade, F. Stevenson, William Stubbs and H. Willey. The names of E. C. Travis, and J. Fred Hume were removed by request of those parties.

"Old Man" Simpson Retires.

Cranbrook, Nov. 2—Yesterday F. E. Simpson, of the Cranbrook Herald, severed his connection with that paper, having sold out to T. M. Roberts, acting, it is believed, for a local syndicate. Mr. Simpson will winter in San Diego, for the benefit of his health and on his return will go extensively into the real estate business with very large capital behind him.

Regret is universal that the "Old Man" is quitting a domain in which he has been honored by friends and opponents alike. A farewell banquet will be extended to him at the Cranbrook hotel in the very near future.

Blairmore, Alta., Nov. 2.—Frank Chapman, until recently a teamster employed at the logging camp of Wm. Beard south of Blairmore, has been sent to Macleod to await trial on a charge of forgery. It appears that Chapman was sent to town to get the mail for the camp. A fellow employee had previously told him he expected a letter with a check from a former employer and Chapman upon getting the letter, opened it, signed the name of his friend in endorsement and cashed it. He then went on a spree and did not return to camp until the money was gone.

Frank, Alta., Nov. 1.—The West Canadian Collieries which operates mines at Lille and Bellevue and is opening a new mine at Blairmore, has well under way the construction of a new operating plant at its Bellevue collieries.

A man named Peter Kennedy, of Coal Creek, has been sent to Nelson goal for six months for theft. This makes a total of fifty-one temporary residents more in Nelson.

Last week a few large rocks fell from the top of Turtle Mountain at Frank, on the site of the old slide, but did no more damage than to alarm some of the inhabitants for a few moments.

Frank, Alta., Nov. 1—The report is current that Frank is to have another large industry. Some time ago Joseph Little, of Blairmore, purchased the rock pile caused by the great slide of 1903 and many people wondered what he intended doing with it. The latest report not only satisfied curiosity on that point but indicates that Mr. Little was not so erratic in the purchase as many seemed to think at the time.

It is now stated that Mr. Little will in the spring start one of the largest lime-burning industries in Canada in the slide where the finest lime rock in the world lies all broken ready to be dumped into the kilns. The industry will involve a heavy investment as it is the intention of Mr. Little to put in patent kilns and on a scale so large that the business will afford employment to from 150 to 200 men.

The Mishap on the C. P. R.

(Too late for last issue)

The accident which occurred on the C.P.R. last Sunday illustrates in an extremely striking way the dangers of the present method of working a single line of railroad, more especially on a long gradient. As it happened, the runaway cars crashed into a freight train. What would have happened had that train been the passenger can easily be imagined.

It is only when an accident like this occurs that we realize how much we depend on the human element in working the railroads in this country with practically no mechanical check. We place our lives entirely in the hands of the operators and train crews and it is a high estimonial to the care and skill with which they handle the trains that so few serious accidents take place.

Still, the human element is at the best uncertain, for even the most perfect of us have our lapses at times. In ordinary vocations an error may cause just a little temporary annoyance, and is soon rectified. On the railroad, a simple slip causes a big smash up and the offender gets little mercy.

The elaborate system of interlocking and block signalling in vogue throughout closely settled countries, could hardly be adapted, we presume, to the long stretches of line that exist between stations in sparsely populated districts, but it certainly seems well within the realms of mechanical possibility that some method could be invented whereby a runaway could be derailed on passing the yard limit, or at any rate in plenty of time to prevent a collision such as occurred last Sunday, twenty miles from starting point.

In any case the matter deserves the urgent attention of the chief officials responsible for the the safe working of the line, for under the present condition of affairs a terrible accident must occur some time or other.

UNION SECRETARIES

If there is no Union Printing Office in your town, send your work to the Reporter Office, New Michel, and have it done by the man who Unionized the First Printing Office in the Pass, and have your jobs decorated with that

BADGE OF HONOR

— THE —

UNION LABEL

Pointed Provincial Paragraphs

Victoria, Nov. 3—Superintendent of provincial police F. S. Hussy was informed by telegram this morning of a holdup of the Carriboo stage and says he will rush men to take up the track at once. The robbers took a quantity of registered mail. Hussey says the difficulty will be to get men there in time to take up the warm trail. He has no idea of the identity of the men.

Victoria, B.C., Nov. 3.—Alexander Smith, for whose apprehension on a charge of arson in connection with the Okanagan Hotel fire, in which seven lives were lost, a reward of $500 was offered, has been located by the police which were on his trail according to a telegram received by the attorney general. He disappeared on August 18th, during the progress of the inquiry.

I. M. Sturgess, of the Jesmont ranch, opposite Nelson, placed on exhibition in that city a 17-ounce apple of the variety Flemish Beauty. The apple was 11¼ inches in horizontal circumference and 12¾ inches in vertical circumference. To keep the apple company Mr. Sturgess brought along a pear of the variety Idaho. The pear, which was apple-shaped, weighed 13 ounces and was 11½ inches in circumference.

The Reporter is only $1.00 a year. If you are already a subscriber tell others.

WANTED

LIVE ROCKY MOUNTAIN GOATS

I want a male and four female Goats, all adult (no kids). Provincial permits to export these animals have been issued. Write me WHEN you have something caught ready to ship, but don't write till then. I will pay $100 for the male and $125 each for the females, crated, f.o.b. any express office on the C.P.R. All must be healthy and unhurt with intact horns. Will buy from the first man who gets them. DR. CECIL FRENCH, Zoologist, Washington, D.C.

Rush your can for PURE,

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Rudyard Kipling

The October of The Delineator contains another Kipling story. It is called "A Doctor of Medicine." This is the second in a series Mr. Kipling has written for The Delineator. The Kipling stories are the treat of the year.

What's the Matter with the Church in America?

It is discussed in The Delineator for October by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D. D., and other prominent divines.

THE DELINEATOR OCTOBER

This is the big Fall Fashion issue of the Fashion Authority of the World. Every Woman in this Wide, Wide Country needs it.

H. F. Weber, New Michel.

Foreign Despatches and News Notes

San Francisco, Nov. 2. — The earthquake shock felt in northern California and southern Oregon last Thursday is reported from a number of places to have been more severe than any experienced for several years. The vibrations continued from 10 to 25 seconds, according to observations in different towns. Windows were shattered, chimneys prostrated, dishes broken and small pieces of furniture moved, but so far as known the financial damage was nominal. The quake was felt in San Francisco.

Two trials which have been attracting public attention for some time were terminated in Toronto on Saturday, Walter Blythe, for beating his wife to death with a poker, was sentenced to eighteen years in the penitentiary, and Mrs. Turner, who caused the death of an infant she was paid to adopt, was given fifteen years.

What the Liberal Party Proposes

Mr. John Oliver, leader of the Provincial Liberal Party, has issued the following manifesto:

RAILWAYS

1. Construction of railways urgently needed in British Columbia to be aided by grants of cash or bonds and by exemptions from taxation for a period of ten years after completion, conditional upon: (a) Immediate commencement and diligent prosecution of the work of construction, (b) The effective control of rates either by the Lieutenant-Governor in Council or the Board of Railway Commissioners, and, (c) The payment, during construction and the period of exemption from taxation, to all mechanics, laborers or other persons who perform labor in construction or on maintenance or in operation, of such wages as are generally accepted as current for competent white workmen in the district in which the work is being performed.

TIMBER

2. Provision for the extension of special timber licenses to be made by the substitution for the present timber licenses of licenses renewable from year to year granted on the following conditions: (a) That rentals and royalties may be fixed from time to time, (b) That the licenses shall be held subject to such regulations with regard to the manner of cutting and the preservation of the timber covered by the licenses as may be promulgated by the Lieutenant-Governor in Council, (c) That agricultural lands required for settlement may be withdrawn from the operation of timber licenses by order of the Lieutenant-Governor in Council after reasonable notice has been given to the licensee to remove the timber within the period of time fixed by the order, (d) and that for the cutting and removal of such timber the wages paid shall be such wages as are generally accepted as current for competent white workmen in the district in which the work is performed.

FOREST RESERVES

3. The maintenance of the present reserve on the unlicensed timber lands of the Province until such time as the timber is required for actual use, said timber at that time to be surveyed, and the quantities having been estimated, disposed of by public competition from time to time in suitable quantities, a reasonable reserve price being fixed.

CROWN LANDS

4. The prosecution of a vigorous policy of land settlement; the granting free to settlers on reasonable conditions of residence and cultivation, suitable agricultural lands; the alienation of other Crown lands only under conditions which insure their use; the making of surveys and publication of maps and reliable information making the latter readily accessible to the public.

MUNICIPAL REVENUE

5 The transferance of the power of levying and collecting taxes upon personal property within Municipalities from the Provincial Government to the Municipalities in order to augment the inadequate revenues of the existing Municipalities.

SANITARY REGULATIONS

6. Rigid Government inspection of all places of human abode and the enforcement of Building, Health and Sanitary Regulations so as to insure as far as possible the safety of human life and to abolish and prevent the deplorable conditions now so prevalent in the dwellings of a large number of undesirable citizens.

LOCAL GOVERNMENT

7. The election of all Police Commissioners and License Commissioners in cities, towns and rural municipalities by popular vote.

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Pure and Pleasing.

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

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Business Bringers

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Rev. S. T. Chenoweth, M. A., Pastor.
The pastor and officials extend a cordial invitation to you to attend these services.

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MICHEL, B. C.
Services—3rd Sunday in the month,
Holy Communion, 11 a. m.
Evensong, 3.30 p. m.
Sunday School, 2.00 p. m.
New Michel, in the School house, 7.30
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ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH

MICHEL, B. C.
Sunday: Low Mass, 8 a. m.; High Mass, 10.30 a. m.; Sunday School, 3 p. m.; Vespers, 4 p. m.
Monday: Mass, 8 a. m.
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Do not delay in writing us.

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Notice of Application for Renewal of Liquor 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.

GEORGE B. STEDMAN.

Dated at New Michel, B. C., Oct. 16, 1909.

TANGLED ROMANCE.

A Letter, a Man and the Two Margaret Burtons.

By FRANCIS A. COREY.

[Copyright, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.]

There were two Margaret Burtons in Roxboro. Of course John Graham's letter went to the wrong one, and of course it was one of those letters that only one pair of eyes—the ones for whose delectation it had been written—should have looked upon.

"Dear old friend," it said, "I have come back from the west after twenty years. For a long time I have felt strongly the drawing of the old ties—so strongly I could no longer resist. I shall give myself the pleasure of calling upon you this afternoon at 4.

"JOHN GRAHAM."

Margaret sighed involuntarily as she refolded the letter—sighed because it had not been intended for herself. It was easy to read between the lines. Why was not she the happy woman to whom an old sweetheart had come back?

She was comparatively a newcomer in Roxboro and had never heard of John Graham. His straightforward letter pleased and interested her. She felt sure he was just the sort of person she would have liked for a friend.

"I'll take it to the Margaret Burton to whom it belongs," she said, swallowing hard. "How surprised she will be! I wonder—if she—cared! Perhaps that is why she never married."

Margaret took down her hat and wrap, then suddenly stood still. It was half past 3, and Miss Burton lived at the other end of the village. Why take the long walk in the afternoon heat? The fact that the letter had gone astray was no sign that the writer would do the same. Miss Burton would simply be taken unawares.

A minute later Margaret was in her bedroom, hurriedly donning a blue and white sprigged muslin, her most becoming gown. Afterward she went

MARGARET SAT SPEECHLESS.

out on the front porch and seated herself in the low rocker that was her favorite retreat.

Presently the gate clanged. Peering excitedly through the vines, she saw a middle aged man with ruddy cheeks coming up the path.

John Graham, of course! And all at once she knew she had been secretly hoping he would come.

Pausing at the steps, he asked courteously, with uplifted hat:

"Does Margaret Burton live here?"

"That is my name," she replied and, flushing, held out his letter. "This came a little while ago. There has been a mistake. It is intended for the Margaret Burton who lives in the big white house on the Dixville road. Our letters often get mixed. I'm—I'm—sorry."

The man looked at her squarely for the first time, a twinkle in his fine gray eyes. He even laughed a little.

"I thought strange of it when the hotel porter sent me here. There was but one Margaret Burton in my day. One would hardly expect to find two of a name in the same village."

"This place was left to me five years ago by my uncle, Silas Spear."

"I remember him well. I used to steal apples from that tree in the corner of the fence." His smiling eyes held hers for a moment. "May I sit down, please? I've had a hot, dusty walk."

Margaret set forward a chair and brought a glass of water from the spring. She liked his manner. It had an ease and cordiality foreign to New England. Soon, greatly to her surprise, she found herself talking to him with the freedom of an old acquaintance.

"Not a word was said about another Miss Burton," he presently remarked.

A cloud suddenly darkened the blue of Margaret's sky. "I am so sorry—about the mistake," she faltered.

His mellow laugh rang out. He was evidently enjoying the situation.

"Are you? Well, I've noticed that things usually happen just about right." A queer expression crossed his face. "Do you believe in fate?" he asked abruptly.

"Oh, I don't know." Her face flamed again at the strange question. She felt guilty and ashamed, as if she had done something wrong. But she did not resent his searching look. There was something so sincere, so likable, about the man. Why had he come into her life since he was to go so quickly out of it? She owed it to her namesake and to herself to speed him on his way.

"Your Miss Burton's house is in plain sight from the gate," she said, rising hastily. "If you are rested you may wish to go at once."

For a moment John Graham hesitated. The porch was cool and inviting. He followed her down the fragrant path, so deep in thought he hardly heard her simple directions or noted the house she pointed out.

A sharp exclamation as a smart carriage turned the street corner suddenly recalled him to himself.

"There's Miss Burton now!" Margaret caught her breath. "You were asking if I believed in fate. I know now! Yes, I do believe in it."

He shot her a quizzical glance as he slipped through the gate. The carriage was now very near. Miss Burton's sudden appearance on the scene was not so surprising as one might be led to think. A flying rumor of her old lover's return to his native village had come to her ears. She had set out for the sole purpose of falling in with him. Emotions smoldered in her heart that could easily be fanned into flame.

"John Graham! Is it possible?" she exclaimed in well acted astonishment, and the carriage came to an abrupt halt.

Crumpling into his pocket the letter which was never to reach its rightful destination, John strode forward with extended hand.

"So you have not forgotten me, Margaret?"

"Forgotten you?" she echoed reproachfully. "Of course not. This is a delightful surprise. Won't you get in with me?" sweeping back the billows of her shimmering gown to make room at her side. "I want to hear all about you."

He climbed to the vacant place, and the carriage rolled down the street. Miss Burton's only recognition of Margaret had been a slight arching of her haughty brows. She had been troubled and puzzled at finding John Graham in the latter's company. Rumor said he had come back a rich man.

Margaret watched them out of sight with a dull ache at her heart. It was as if something cheering and hopeful had gone forever out of her life. She crept back to the porch, feeling suddenly broken and old.

The sun dropped slowly behind the purple hills. By and by a vesper sparrow began its evening song in the cool dusk of the overhanging elm. Margaret had hardly stirred for hours. She was seeing a long vista of lonely years. Never had she felt so sorely the need of human companionship, a strong arm to lean upon.

Suddenly the gate clicked. She lifted her head with a startled air. A stalwart figure loomed big in the dusk and stillness, coming up the path. As it resolutely climbed the steps she swept a shaking hand across her eyes.

"You see, I have come back," John Graham said, looking earnestly down at her.

Margaret sat speechless; it seemed so unreal, so like a dream.

"Don't be shocked by the impetuousness of my wooing," he went on, a thrilling tenderness in his deep voice. "We never loiter over things in the hustling land where I have made my home. I came back to Roxboro to marry the other Margaret Burton. But it's you I want. Do you think you could ever love me?"

It was as if a new note had come into the sparrow's song, and the leafy boughs, tossing in the wind, seemed to laugh for very happiness.

"I know I could," Margaret answered softly.

Concerning Nice Things to Eat.

Odd that the things we like are always bad for us. Why, for instance, should old bread be more wholesome than new? The latter's reputation is simply shocking, and the excellence of the stale loaf is preached in every household. Yet does bread fresh from the oven actually possess injurious qualities which it loses in a day or two, or is it only our fancy? asks Rosaline in Black and White. Hard boiled eggs when hot and not included in pie or curry are dangerous to tackle, but when cold and savory titbits on toast one may eat them with impunity. Of course plum pudding, salmon, all nice eatables, have a bad character, and sometimes one speculates if it may not be due to their very niceness and had its origin in bygone puritanism.

No doubt good people once believed it chastened the spirit to deny the flesh the delicacies it desired. Their sense of personal virtue waxed stronger after a meal of crusts and lentils than after one of turtle and fat capon, and it is not impossible that in the course of time we have confused physical with moral well being.

Safe Security.

The great banker looked keenly at the young man. "So you are temporarily embarrassed, eh?" he asked kindly.

"I am sorry to say I am," said the young man, emboldened by his manner.

"How much do you want?"

"A hundred pounds would tide me over."

"And what security can you offer?"

"I can offer you," said the young man impressively, "my own personal security."

The old man arose with a slow smile and raised the lid of an iron-bound chest which stood in the corner. "Will you get in here, please?" he said.

"In there? Why?"

"Because," was the reply, "this is the place in which I always keep my securities."—Pearson's Weekly.

A Little Improvement.

Doctor—So your insomnia is not quite so bad, eh?

Patient—Not quite, sir; sometimes my foot goes to sleep now.—Boston Transcript.

YOUTHFUL TERRITORIALS.

Britain's New Army of Recognized Boy Cadets Flourishing.

Now that the Territorial Army is practically in full development, the War Office is turning its attention to the organization of cadet corps formed of lads over 12 years of age. The authorities have just issued in a draft form the regulations for cadet corps, which are to be submitted to the Territorial Associations for comment. The regulations, if approved, will not have effect before the beginning of the financial year 1910-11. The cadet corps mentioned in the new regulations must not be confused with what were known as the cadet corps before the days of the Territorial scheme. These latter, raised by all the great public schools, are now officers' training corps, and have their definite place in recruiting for the commissioned ranks of the Territorial Force. The cadet corps with which the new rules deal are those partially organized bodies belonging to many of the secondary and elementary schools. The rules state that a county organization shall not give official recognition to any cadet corps, under the new system, "unless it is likely to furnish recruits to the Territorial Force." Cadet corps, also, must be self-supporting, except for grants in kind. These grants will include:

Thirty rounds of miniature ammunition per man, under certain conditions.

Rifles or carbines and side-arms such as are available.

Five "converted" service rifles or miniature rifles for every 100 qualified cadets.

Free use of Government land for camps and Government rifle ranges.

Every cadet corps will be affiliated, as soon as it is properly organized and recognized, to the Territorial unit. Cadets who enlist direct into a Territorial unit may, at the commanding officer's discretion, be excused some or all of the customary recruit drills. Moreover, their cadet service after the age of 15 will be allowed to count for the Territorial Force Decoration. In the ordinary way cadets will only be allowed to stay in their corps until they are eligible to join the Territorials, except in school corps, when they will be allowed to stay as long as they are at the school. No boy under the age of 12 will be admitted to any corps. Arms carried by recognized cadets will be exempt from gun license duty. To assist county associations in meeting necessary charges, they will receive annually a grant calculated at the rate of 25s. for every 100 efficient cadets.

An Eton Character.

Stockbore, the Montem poet, used to be quite a character at Eton. He had been in the navy before he settled at the school and succeeded somehow or other in getting himself regarded as the licensed versifier of current events whenever Montem was celebrated. The quality of his verse was not high, if we may judge from one specimen. It ran as follows:

"In Royal George how many lads
were drowned.
A summut near Spithead, not Plymouth Sound,
And with them went to swell the
dreadful news,
A lot of women down, and several
Jews."

He has got the main facts of the catastrophe all right, but the method of expressing them seems to leave something to be desired.

Stockbore was blessed with twelve children, whom he named Phoebo Boreas Ann, Hezekiah Samson, Venus Britannia, William Shakespeare Pindar, Isaac Simon Brunswick Granby, Silver Dove Ann, Georgius Antrobus, Mary Maud, Paul, Pauline, Herbertus William, and Saul Henry. It is a wonder that when they came to years of ability they did not combine to murder their devastating progenitor. Stockbore seems to have possessed a good deal of humor, however, and some real talent as an improvisator. George III. always gave him a piece of gold on the Fourth of June.—From "Eton Memories," by an Old Etonian.

Giants In the House.

Mr. J. Cathcart Wason, M.P., who recently gave a luncheon to Sir Joseph Ward, New Zealand's Premier, is one of two brothers in the House, the other being the Right Hon. Eugene Wason. They are the tallest and heaviest M.P.'s. The former represents the most northerly constituency in the British Isles—namely, Orkney and Shetland—and he has completely won the hearts of his constituents. When he lands from the steamer, as all must do, in a boat, he does not wait for the little craft to be pulled up high and dry on the beach, but just puts his leg over the gunwale and wades stolidly through the surf. On shore he strides from one group of fishermen to another in his high boots, and you hear a constant succession of "Hoo's a' wi' ye, Sandy?" "Aweel, Andra; hoo are ye the day?" Thus it is he has secured the devotion of the men.

An Artistic Prince.

The young Duke of Saxe-Cobourg, who lately passed his five-and-twentieth birthday, is stated to be the only English public school boy who has become a reigning prince. His lamented father, Prince Leopold, possessed a great predilection for music and the arts—a taste that has been transmitted to the son, who also inherits from his mother a cheerful and amiable disposition, which even his strict training as a German officer has not been able to quell. His only sister, Princess Alexander of Teck, has much in common with him, and his uncle, the late Duke of Edinburgh, who preceded him in the Dukedom of Saxe-Coburg, was also a very clever and very enthusiastic musician.

Manchester's Suburbs.

London is not the most congested section of England. The region about Manchester has this distinction. The latter has a million to start with, and Liverpool, only twenty miles away, has nearly 800,000. Then there are Bolton and a hundred communities within a 25-mile radius of Manchester which contain 7,500,000, or 500,000 more than Greater London.

WAS A FAMOUS EDITOR

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LATE CHRISTOPHER W. BUNTING.

The Journalist Who For So Many Years Ran The Toronto Mail Started as a Printer In The Globe Office—Worked at Sugar Trade Until He Entered the Commons — Ran Sir John A.'s Personal Organ.

The late Christopher W. Bunting was a man of whom everyone connected with the old generation of Toronto newspapermen speaks with kindliness and even with veneration, not only for his abilities, but for his genuine good fellowship. Though he has been dead now for over twelve years, an old-timer returning from California or some distant locality wanders into The Mail office, with which he was so long identified, and asks for Mr. Bunting and is shocked to learn that he is dead. His capacity was such that when he went into The Globe composing room as a lad to learn his trade as a printer, he was made foreman before his term of apprenticeship had expired. Later when he left the newspaper business and went to Niagara Falls, Ont., to engage in the sugar business, he was ere long prominent as a Conservative, and in the seventies was elected to the House of Commons.

Old Conservatives on the Niagara peninsula used to hold a friendly grudge against Mr. Bunting, for the reason that hardly had he taken his seat than he removed to Toronto to become editor of The Mail, which had been established as a personal organ of Sir John A. Macdonald, and in which in company with the present owners he had obtained a financial interest. Later, when in 1886 a breach arose between himself and Sir John, he essayed the dangerous and very difficult game of independent journalism. He weathered the storm for eight years; indeed until several years after Sir John had been laid in his grave. Then it became apparent that the city of Toronto was the most absurdly "over-newspapered" burgh on the continent of America and then Bunting by his superb diplomacy effected an amalgamation without the sacrifice of a single man, whereas the staff of The Empire backed by the power of Mackenzie Bowell administration was turned into the street with hardly a thank you for the up-hill work they had done. It is said of Mr. Bunting that though a merger of some kind was absolutely necessary he resolutely stuck to his guns and saved the situation of every employe from cellar to garret.

There are many anecdotes illustrating Mr. Bunting's disposition and temperament and one used to be told with great gusto by his old staff. There was in his day a politician, since dead, who was ambitious and thought that fame was to be achieved by the space given to his speeches in the newspapers. He was the type of man who, if the organ of his own party gave him three columns, would come round and whine that the reporters had not done their duty, and if the opposition newspaper gave "two sticks" to the same speech, would unctuously thank the reporters of that journal for the consideration shown him. Mr. Bunting was an expert in handling gentry of this kind. In his way he was a consummate actor and when the politician would come around with his complaint, he would send for the reporter and with a twinkle in his eye that the young man thoroughly understood, thunderously asked him:

"Why, in the face of my explicit orders, did you fail to report this gentleman's speech verbatim? How often have I to tell you a thing to make you understand it? Let me warn you, sir, that if this sort of thing goes on you will be dismissed."

The reporter would help out the farce by murmuring apologetically about not having time to transcribe all his notes. The politician would go away mollified and Mr. Bunting would laugh heartily after he had departed, and say to the reporter: "Cut the old grouch down to two sticks next time."

Another Marathon Prodigy.

That Canada can turn out other great long-distance runners besides Tom Longboat, was made clear at Lowell, Mass., the other day when a dark-faced, slender boy from Quebec trotted home at the head of a long line of runners, including John J. Hayes, winner of the Olympic Marathon. Hans Holmer—for that was boy's name—not only won with the greatest ease, but clipped 18 seconds off the world's record for the distance. That he could have shortened it by minutes had he been pressed was the opinion of all who witnessed his feat. He ran the 26 miles and 385 yards in 2 hours, 43 minutes, and 37 seconds. Holmer is a resident of Quebec city, and is well known throughout Canada as a great long-distance runner. It may be that he developed his tremendous endurance climbing the hills of the Ancient Capital. Anyone who has ever walked much about the city in question will realize what grand training it is for anything from a marathon to a six-day bicycle race.

Peace Centenary.

The form of petition addressed by the Canadian Peace and Arbitration Society to the Government of the Dominion is well calculated to impress on the whole people of this country the value of peace and the hatefulness of war. The motive is to secure co-operation between Canada and the United States in arranging for an international commemoration of the close of a century of uninterrupted peace between these two countries. The petition should be widely circulated and numerously signed.—Globe, Toronto.

Hasn't Sworn For 30 Years.

In an extraordinary suit for separation and division of property at Vancouver, Hugh Nelson, an Englishman, aged 60, said under oath, that he had never used a swear word in thirty years. The parties are wealthy.

THE LAMP OF POOR SOULS.

Above my head the shields are stained with rust,
The wind has taken his spoil, the moth his part,
Dust of dead men beneath my knees, and dust,
Lord, in my heart.

Lay Thou the hand of faith upon my fears.
The priest has prayed, the silver bell has rung.
But not for him. O unforgotten tears,
He was so young!

Shine, little lamp, nor let thy light grow dim.
Into what vast dread dreams, what lonely lands,
Into what griefs hath death delivered him,
Far from my hands?

Cradled is he, with half his prayers forgot.
I cannot learn the level way he goes.
He whom the harvest hath remembered not
Sleeps with the rose.

Shine, little lamp, fed with sweet oil and prayers;
Shine, little lamp, as God's own eyes may shine,
When He treads softly down His starry stairs
And whispers "Thou art mine."

Shine, little lamp, for love hath fed thy gleam
Sleep, little soul, by God's own hands set free,
Cling to His arms and sleep, and, sleeping, dream,
And, dreaming, look for me.

(Note.) In many English churches before the Reformation a little lamp was kept continually burning, called the Lamp of Poor Souls. People were reminded thereby to pray for the souls of those dead whose kinsfolk were too poor to pay for special prayers and masses.

—Marjorie L. C. Pickthall, Scribner's Magazine.

TORONTO COPS ABROAD.

How Two of Them Were Rescued In the Bowery by the N. Y. Coppers.

Some years ago two of the brawniest members of the Toronto police force who were bachelors and had saved a little money decided to spend a holiday in New York. Naturally they wanted to take in all the sights, and like most visitors who are not attached to a feminine companion, decided to take in the Bowery. They were men of sober habits and were not out for a riotous time. They just wanted to see the life of the East side. They took in "Suicide Hall" and Steve Brodie's, and many other delectable resorts, and presently, as is the hospitable custom of the Bowery with strangers, a waiter tried to steal some change from them. They protested and got in return a shower of Bowery dialect not unseasoned with what is legally known as "low abuse."

The two big members of Toronto's finest, looked at each other somewhat as did Bill Nye and Truthful James in Bret Harte's poem when they found that they had been cheated at poker by the Heathen Chinee. They rose and proceeded to take the change away from the waiter. There was a whistle and presently Bowery toughs appeared from all quarters like bees from a hive that has been kicked over. Back to back the big fellows fought their way to the street with Bowery boys dropping around them. An alarm was already in and presently the reserve squad of the station came along with their night sticks, ready to pull in the persons who were making a "rough house." By some free masonry the two Canadians managed to slip it to the New York "cops" that they, too, wore the uniform when at home. A fraternal relation was at once established and the squad turned in with their night sticks and finished up the job that the Toronto men had commenced. Then they all went over to the station and swapped yarns.

Big Hop Yield.

Operations at the Preston Hop Yards, one of the most extensive in Canada, were concluded recently.

For sixteen days, with but one interruption on account of a shower, 200 pickers, Indians from Brantford Reserve, worked harvesting one of the best hop crops gathered in years. In addition, it required a staff of 30 box-tenders, teamsters and laborers at the hop barn to care for the crop. The yield of hops was approximately 3,000 boxes, for which 50 cents a box was paid for picking, a number picking over one hundred boxes in all. The crop when dried and packed will aggregate twenty tons.

This unique enterprise has been conducted successfully for many years by J. D. Moore, ex-M.P.P., and now registrar of Waterloo. It annually attracts many visitors from a distance.

Are Not Immune.

The important thing is that there is a noticeable development of the spirit of independence in the party press on both sides, and that the politicians are awakening to the fact. This is one of the hopeful signs of the political situation in this country. Perhaps no greater calamity could befall a party than to allow any group of politicians to harbor the delusion that because they bear the party name they are immune from criticism and entitled to the thick-and-thin support of their party press. This is true of all parties; human nature is pretty much the same in all, and constant watchfulness is the price that must be paid for safety.—Sentinel-Review, Woodstock.

Fort Garry In Grain.

The reproduction of old Fort Garry gateway in threshed wheat and threshed oats as a feature of the decorations of Winnipeg in connection with the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science was the happy idea of Mr. J. Bruce Walker, the Commissioner of Immigration. The wheat used was the finest No. 1 hard, and the threshed oats were of the same high quality.

HE MAY SUCCEED SPAIN

CAPT. LOUIS DEMERS POSSIBLE WRECK COMMISSIONER.

Chief Examiner of Masters and Mates In Canada Who Has Been Occupying Spain's Place Since Latter's Retirement Is Prominently Named For Post—Is Member of Astronomical and Arts Societies.

Capt. Louis A. Demers, chief examiner of masters and mates in Canada, has also been acting as wreck commissioner for some time, and it is thought will succeed Capt. Spain, who retired from that office. It was said that Admiral Kingsmill would likely take the post, but his other duties in connection with naval matters are so numerous that it is now claimed he will be unable to attend to the various marine investigations

CAPT. LOUIS A. DEMERS.

all over Canada and Capt. Demers will no doubt assume these duties in a subordinate capacity to the admiral. He, however, has been filling the position as acting commissioner since last spring and has given very general satisfaction, both to the department and the public.

Capt. Demers was born in Montreal in the month of August, 1862, and was educated in the Montreal Academy, where he followed a commercial course. Later he studied navigation in London, Eng., and passed his examination. The early part of Capt. Demers' life was passed in sailing ships in almost every part of the world. From 1891 to 1903 he has been in the employ of the Canadian Government on the cruisers of the protective service, and in the latter year he was appointed professor of the first marine school established in Canada. In 1904 he was made assistant examiner and during the same year was promoted head of the same department. Besides being acting wreck commissioner since the retirement of Capt. Spain, he is also superintendent of the pilotage authorities of Montreal and Quebec. He was elected a member of the Royal Astronomical Society in 1905 and has also had the honor of being elected a member of the Royal Society of Arts, being the first French-Canadian on whom these honors have been bestowed. Capt. Demers was married in London, Eng., to Miss Elizabeth Craggs, daughter of a well-known merchant service captain. He is a son of Leoandre Demers, a well-known contractor of Montreal.

The "Sillinger" Stakes.

It only takes a few hours to get from any part of England to Doncaster, see the race for the St. Leger—and return home. Yet in the coaching times a journey from London to Doncaster occupied a couple of days.

Taking its name from a famous Doncaster sportsman, Col. St. Leger—properly pronounced "Sillinger"—the race is the second oldest horse-racing event in the country. It was founded in 1776, and always arouses the greatest enthusiasm in the North of England. In fact, in the pre-railway days, laborers living fifty miles away would save up their shillings for weeks, walk to Doncaster, see the race, have a bet, and walk home again.

John Scott, who in his day was visited by peers, lawyers, poets, and authors of all degrees, trained sixteen St. Leger winners. There have been many memorable finishes to the race, and on one occasion a horse named Theodore, against whom the odds were quoted at 1,000 to a walking-stick—officially, 1,000 to 5 — won handsomely.

The largest field was thirty, in 1825, and the smallest four, in 1783 and 1785. A horse named Ninety-Three won in 1793.

The Better Book.

Grant Allen was sitting one day under the shade of the sphinx, turning for some petty point of detail to his Baedeker.

A sheik looked at him sadly and shook his head. "Murray good," he said in a solemn voice of warning. "Baedeker no good. What for you use Baedeker?"

The sheik crossed his hands and looked down on him with the pitying eyes of Islam. "Baedeker bad book," he repeated. "Murray very, very good. Murray say, 'Give the sheik half a crown,' Baedeker say, 'Give the sheik a shilling'."

Cricketing Peer's Story.

Birthday congratulations are due to Lord Hawke, who has just celebrated his fiftieth birthday. A direct descendant of the famous Admiral who defeated Admiral Conflaus of Belleisle, in 1759, he himself has contributed a small share towards upholding the fighting traditions of his family, by serving as an officer in the 3rd Battalion Yorkshire Regiment. Perhaps his lordship is best known as a cricketer, and he has taken part in his favorite game in India, South Africa, the United States and Canada.

COLD BROUGHT ON KIDNEY DISEASE

BRANTFORD LADY SUFFERED TILL CURED BY DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

Mrs. A. H. Thomson had Heart Disease, Lumbago and Rheumatism, and Tells How She was Restored to Health.

Brantford, Ont. — (Special).—How colds, La Grippe and other minor ills settle on the Kidneys and develop *Rheumatism, Heart Disease, Bright's* Disease and other terribly dangerous ailments; and how any and all of them are cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills is fully shown in the case of Mrs. A. H. Thomson, whose home is at 48 Albion Street, this city.

Mrs. Thomson was, some years ago, taken with Cold and La Grippe, and Straining, which affected her Kidneys, and the result was Backache, Lumbago, Rheumatism and Heart Disease, which caused both her and her friends grave anxiety.

She had suffered some years when she heard of cures effected by Dodd's Kidney Pills, and bought a box, which she used with such splendid results that she continued to take them till she was cured. Since then she has used Dodd's Kidney Pills in her own family and recommended them widely to her friends, all of whom have warm words of praise for the standard Canadian Kidney remedy, Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Heart Disease, Rheumatism, Lumbago and Bright's Disease are all Kidney Diseases or are caused by diseased kidneys. You can't have any of them if you keep your Kidneys sound and your blood pure. Dodd's Kidney Pills make the Kidneys sound. Sound Kidneys *strain all the impurities* out of the blood.

Little Tommy—Say, maw, if I was twins would you buy the other boy a glass of lemonade, too?"

His mother (at the counter)—Of course dear.

Little Tommy—Then, maw, you ain't going to do me out of another glass of lemonade just because I'm in one piece?

Doubting His Joy

Her Father—"Yesterday I won the prize in the lottery, and today you come and ask me for my daughter's hand."

Suitor—"Yes, you know one bit of good luck always brings another."—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

A Steady Job

"Peculiar thing about women, isn't it?" said the benedict.

"What's peculiar about them?" queried the innocent bachelor.

"Why," explained the other, "after a woman gets married she wonders three times a day as long as she lives what to get for the next meal."

Double Rate

Frayed Frederick—Dis paper sez dat Roosevelt's publishers give him a dollar a word.

Tattered Theodore—Dat's nothin'. I wunst got $2 a word—When I sassed the judge.

Horrible Punishment

Elsie (aged 12)—They punished me for misbehaving at cooking school today.

Fond Mother—You don't say! How did they punish you?

Elsie—They made me eat what I cooked.

Master—Describe the route you would have to follow to get to the Martinique Islands.

Pupil—I first proceed to Southampton——.

"Well, and then?"

"Then I go aboard a steamer, and leave the rest to the captain, who knows the way much better than I do.

"Well, there's one thing about the weather—it's always a safe topic of conversation." "I thought it was when I met Lendham today; but when I commenced to talk about it he said: "Yes, it's unsettled; and that reminds me of that account of yours."

He—I called to ask for your hand.
She—Well, call again.

CHILDREN

In disorders and diseases of children drugs seldom do good and often do harm.

Careful feeding and bathing are the babies' remedies.

Scott's Emulsion

is the food-medicine that not only nourishes them most, but also regulates their digestion. It is a wonderful tonic for children of all ages. They rapidly gain weight and health on small doses.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS

Send 10c., name of paper and this ad. for our beautiful Savings Bank and Child's Sketch-Book. Each bank contains a Good Luck Penny.

SCOTT & BOWNE
126 Wellington St., West, Toronto, Ont.

HISTORIC LACROSSE.

Canadian National Game Is Spreading All Over the World.

Lacrosse is probably the most exciting game known to the athletic world. Although only 45 years of age as a white man's pastime, it has nevertheless been played by the Indians for many years. In its old form many Indians took part, and with two curious looking sticks carried by each player the game moved fast over the red man's playground. For many years it was entirely unknown to the white man. The late Dr. W. George Beers, of Montreal, who is known as the father of lacrosse in Canada, took hold of the game some 40 years ago and reduced it to the middle stages of perfection, which stamped it as the premier of outdoor games. Clubs began to spring up in Montreal, Caughnawaga, Cornwall, St. Regis and Ottawa, and these places were pioneers in establishing the popularity of the game. Then the city of Toronto fell into line. In those days the Indian was the peer, if not the superior, of the white man. Upon the visit of the Prince of Wales, now King Edward, to Canada, a lacrosse game was one of the principal sporting events on the program in his honor, and he thoroughly enjoyed witnessing the combat between the redskins and the pale-faces, as the whites are called by the red men. Soon after this the game began to spread and become one of science, instead of one of speed and endurance, and to-day, when played by members of the big leagues, it is one of the headiest and most scientific games known to athletes. Passing and combination work has taken the place of endurance, and where there was only one association throughout all Canada, there are now seven with a club membership running up into the hundreds, and active members *numbering into the tens of thousands.* Not only has the game progressed in Canada, but also in the United States, where the colleges and city clubs are taking it up and employing Canadian coaches. England is taking hold of the game in a most remarkable manner. In Australia and New Zealand, Canada's national game is going ahead by leaps and bounds.

Strange as it may seem, while the white men have mastered the redskins at playing the game, no paleface has yet become proficient in the art of making a lacrosse stick. The Indian is naturally a born whittler, and as soon as he is able to handle a knife is found at work whittling a piece of hickory.

The making of a lacrosse stick is far more difficult than a look at it would indicate. From the time the trees are felled until the lacrosse is strung up ready for shipment requires generally about four months.

Only the butt, or first six feet, of a hickory tree is used in manufacturing the lacrosse sticks, the balance being too brittle to take the sharp curves. The wood is split up into strips 1 1-4 inches wide and shaped up with a draw-knife ready for the bending forms. They are then air dried for from two to three weeks so that the steam will penetrate. When the sap is considered to be all out of the wood it is placed in a steamer, and when soft, bent over a form and wired. The stick is allowed to stand for six weeks, so that it will keep its shape when the wires are removed. After the wires are removed, the sticks are taken to the gougers and a portion removed about the middle of the stick, so that the backs can be steamed and bent.

They are again allowed to season in this manner for some weeks. The stick is then rounded about the handle sufficiently to allow it to be doulled. When doulled they are passed along to be back-shaped, after which the inside is taken out by a draw-knife and the stick is passed along to the men who whittle the most important part of the lacrosse, which is at the different bends. This is really where the fine points of lacrosse-making come in. At this particular part there are many different curves and thicknesses and a small shaving must be whittled off here and there to get them to the proper proportion and weight. Only men of long experience are employed at this particular work. When this *portion of the stick is completed* it is heated and bent up at the crook and passed on to a boring machine, where the holes are bored to receive the strings. The stick is then sandpapered and a coat of filling is applied, and the stringing takes place. This latter part of the work is done by both squaws and Indians, the former being equally as expert at this branch as the latter. The string of the higher grade lacrosse sticks are generally clock cord or catgut, which is manufactured in England. The leaders or guard is made from rawhide. It oftens happens that every member of the family is employed in the manufacturing of lacrosse sticks.

Otter Skins Seized.

Paul Nathon, Ville Marie, Quebec, which is situated across Lake Temiskaming from Haileybury, had 26 otter and 429 muskrat skins in his rooms at the King Edward Hotel, Toronto, recently. He has been endeavoring to dispose of them to local dealers.

Provincial Inspector Greer got a clue to the presence of the skins. He met Nathon by appointment and the seizure followed.

The law is strict about the killing of otter, and the minimum fine is $20 for each skin.

The next morning Mr. Nation, with a lawyer, spent some time in the office of Edwin Tinsley, superintendent of games and fisheries. Nation's claim is that the skins were obtained in Quebec and are consequently beyond the jurisdiction of Ontario courts.

A Rough Season.

Colin Fraser, veteran fur trader, arrived at Edmonton from Fort Chippewayan early in August with $18,000 worth of furs, mostly beaver and rats. He reports other furs very scarce. He says the journey in was the roughest in his experience. A number of the bridges were carried away by high water. He says the Indians would have starved had it not been an open season for beaver.

College Sentiment

Dr. Blank, about twenty years a professor in the University of Virginia, was on the eve of a trip to Europe, to be absent two years. In pathetic and rather harrowing tones he made his farewell address to his class.

"Yes, I am about to part with you. This is more than distressing to me. Would that there was a window in my breast, my dear boys, that you might see the innermost recess of my heart."

A stripling in the rear, seized with a happy thought, shouted:

"Professor, would a pane in the stomach do?"—Lippincott's.

If one be troubled with corns and warts, he will find in Holloway's Corn Cure an application that will entirely relieve suffering.

Uncle George—Hullo, Willie; been having a swim

Willie—Yes, uncle; but I'm only learning, same as you.

Uncle George—Same as me? What do you mean?

Willie—Why, dad was telling us only yesterday as how you had an awful job to keep your head above water.—The Sketch.

BETTER THAN SPANKING

Spanking does not cure children of bed-wetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Summers, Box W. 77, Windsor, Ont., will send free to any mother her successful home treatment, with full instructins. 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.

In Pullman Parlance

Two Pullman car porters meet outside the Grand hotel after a night's run.

"Where's Ike Stevens, Bill? He hasn't been on the job for two nights."

"No. He had a birth up at his house."

"Girl or boy?"

"Twins."

"Huh! I don't call that a birth. I call that a section."—New York Telegraph.

Lifebuoy Soap is delightfully refreshing for Bath or Toilet. For washing underclothing it is unequalled. Cleanses and purifies.

"That's a fine house," said Brown to Jones, "and yet I cannot bear to look at it."

"Why not?" asked Jones.

"Why?" repeated Brown. "Because the owner built it out of the blood and the groans of his fellowmen; out of the grief of children and the wails of women!"

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Jones. "The brute! What is he—a money-lender?"

"Oh, no, dear friend; he is a dentist!"

I OWE MY LIFE TO GIN PILLS

If you want to see a happy woman, just call on Mrs. Mollie Dixon, 59 Hoskim Ave., West Toronto.

"After ten years of suffering from Kidney Disease, I believe I owe my life to Gin Pills. Before I began using Gin Pills, my back ached so much that I could not put on my own shoes, but after taking three boxes of Gin Pills, these troubles are all gone. It is a pleasure for me to add one more testimonial to the grand reputation of "Gin Pills."

MRS. M. DIXON.

50 cents a box—6 boxes for $2.50—at all dealers. Sample free if you write National Drug & Chemical Co. (Dept. N.U.), Toronto, Ont.

The other morning an invoice clerk turned up at his office even later than usual. His employer, tired of waiting for him, had himself gone about the work. The enraged merchant laid his pen aside very deliberately.

"Mr. Jones," he said sternly, "this will not do!"

"No, sir," replied Jones, drawing off his coat as he glanced over his employer's shoulder, "it will not. You have made these invoices out to the wrong people. Far better to have waited till I came!"

As an express train was going through a station, one of the passengers leaned too far out of the window, overbalanced, and fell out. He, fortunately, landed on a sand heap, so that he did himself no great injury, but, with torn clothes, and not a few bruises, said to a porter who was standing by:

"What shall I do?"

"You're all right, mister," said the porter. "Your ticket allows you to break your journey."

An aged Scot told his minister that he was going to make a pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

"And while I'm there," said the pilgrim, complacently, "I'll read the Ten Commandments aloud frae the top o' Mount Sanai."

"Sanders," said the minister, "take my advice. Bide at hame and keep them."

"Move on," said the policeman.

"You can't walk over me," snarled the suspicious-looking loiterer.

"Can't, eh?" rejoined the policeman. "I've walked over many a beat in my time."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"I got ahead a little once," said the talkative cobbler, "and took a flier in Wall street."

"Lost your entire capital I suppose," commented the customer.

"Oh, no," rejoined the cobbler; "I held on to the last. They didn't quite get my awl."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Ten-year-old Thomas had been away for the holidays and on his return had to submit to fatherly interrogations.

"I hope you were a good boy, Tommy," remarked his paternal parent.

"Pretty good," was the cheerful response.

"Well, I hope you weren't a really bad boy."

"Not very," said Thomas thoughtfully. "I was just comfortable."

GOOD BLOOD AND GOOD HEALTH

Is the Result Obtained When Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Are Used

To have good health you must have good blood. It is only when the blood is bad that the health is poor. The blood is the life-giving fluid of the body—it is therefore an absolute necessity that it should be kept free from all impurities and poisons. To do this nothing can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. *These Pills make new, rich blood with* every dose; they drive out every impurity—every poison—and thus give good health. Concerning them Miss Bernadette Lapointe, of St. Jerome, Que., says:—"For several years my health was very bad—my system was completely run down. I had indigestion almost continually; my heart was weak; I had headaches and backaches, and was sore all over. My blood was very poor and more than once I was in despair. I tried many supposed remedies but none of them helped me. One day a friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, telling me that she had found them good in a case similar to mine. I followed her advice and began taking the pills. They soon gave me some slight relief. Encouraged by this I continued their use for several months and they strengthened my whole system. I am to-day in excellent health and always keep Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the house for if I feel a litle out of sorts I take a box of Pills and am soon alright again."

Thousands of young girls throughout Canada suffer just as Miss Lapointe did. They are sickly all the time and are totally unable to take the enjoyment out of life that every *healthy girl should.* They need a tonic to build them up—to enable them to withstand the worries of household or business duties; to give them strength to enjoy social life. Such a tonic is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. These Pills give blood to bloodless girls; they strengthen the nerves; banish headaches and backaches; cure indigestion, rheumatism, heart palpitation and relieve the many ills of girlhood and womanhood. Sold by all medicine dealers or direct by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Just Shopping

"At least you doctors are not bothered by shoppers."

"Aren't we? Many a woman has gotten my prices on a fashionable operation that she never intended to buy."

In Demand

"That's a very popular man."

"Yes; he'll listen to the details of your summer trip without insisting on telling about his own."

Protect the child from the ravages of worms by using Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. It is a standard remedy, and years of use have enhanced its reputation.

Two of a Kind

Mrs. Boggs—"I hate to have a man always complaining about some little thing. Now, my husband is continually harping on the lace curtains."

Mrs. Woggs.—"Yes, and my husband has been kicking on our front door every morning at 3 o'clock for the past twenty years."

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

There may be nothing new under the sun, but there are lots of fresh people.

"She seems to be in an awful hurry."

"She is. She promised to meet her husband at 3 o'clock, and it's nearly five now."—Detroit Free Press.

A SENSIBLE MERCHANT.

Bear Island, Aug. 26, 1903.

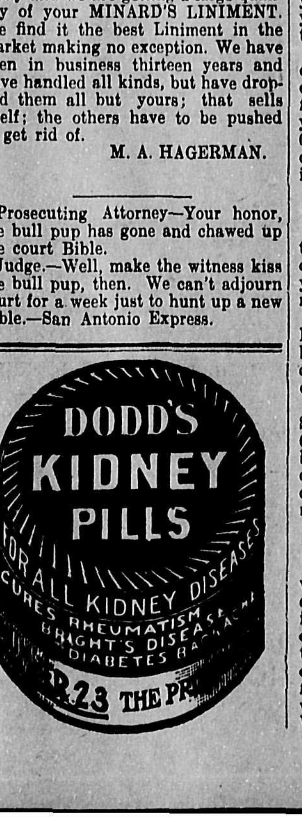
Minards' Liniment Co., Limited.

Dear Sirs,—Your traveller is here today and we are getting a large quantity of your MINARD'S LINIMENT. We find it the best Liniment in the market making no exception. We have been in business thirteen years and have handled all kinds, but have dropped them all but yours; that sells itself; the others have to be pushed to get rid of.

M. A. HAGERMAN.

Prosecuting Attorney—Your honor, the bull pup has gone and chawed up the court Bible.

Judge.—Well, make the witness kiss the bull pup, then. We can't adjourn court for a week just to hunt up a new Bible.—San Antonio Express.



CHEAPNESS OF G.T.P.

Tariffs on New Line Will Be Below All Other Routes.

A remarkable claim on behalf of the Grand Trunk Pacific has just been made by the well-known engineer, Mr. Duncan MacPherson, who has been prominently connected with the location and construction of the National Transcontinental Railway. He maintains that not only will the Grand Trunk Pacific be able to beat any existing railway in Canada in the cheapness with which it will be able to haul freight, but that it will transport grain from Winnipeg to Quebec cheaper than the cheapest existing water route and far cheaper than the present combination of rail and water routes between the two points. He bases this assertion on the directness of the G.T.P. route and the superior *character of its* roadbed.

"The distance between Winnipeg and Quebec," he said, "via the Transcontinental will be 1,351 miles, as compared with 1,771 miles via the Canadian Pacific Railway to Fort William, and lake, canal and St. Lawrence river, which route involves five trans-shipments of the grain. On the Transcontinental a Mallet articulated compound locomotive will be capable of hauling a gross load of 4,290 tons, or a net paying load of 2,860 tons, equal to 95,333 bushels of wheat. Assuming the earnings of such trains to be $4.40 per mile—which will be exactly double the earnings of the C.P.R. freight trains for 1908—it is found that even at this figure the cost per bushel over the 1,351 miles between Winnipeg and Quebec is 4.25 cents. The lowest known rate from Fort William to Montreal, via the lake, canal and St. Lawrence river, a distance of 1,216 miles was 4 cents per bushel in 1908. *This 4 cents per bushel for 1,216* miles would be equivalent to 4 decimal 44 cents for 1,351 miles, so that at $4.40 a mile per train mile the engines could haul grain on the Transcontinental Railway, eastbound from Winnipeg to Quebec, for 0.19 cents per bushel cheaper than the cheapest existing water route could haul it the same distance, and 10.86 cents per bushel cheaper than the present combined rail and water routes.

"In fact," said Mr. MacPherson, "the G.T.P. will be able to haul the grain at about one-quarter the present rail and water rate."

Hamar Greenwood's Tour.

Hamar Greenwood, the member for York in the British Parliament, has not taken his annual trip to the Canadian Pacific coast this year, because he is putting in night and day sittings in the House of Commons, with speaking tours on behalf of the budget as extras. There are only about twenty speakers in England, who can command and hold large audiences, and Mr. Greenwood is certainly one of these.

He is now touring Cornwall and Devon on behalf of the budget league, an organization with Mr. Haldane *the War Minister at the head,* which is re-invigorating the Government throughout the country. Mr. Greenwood started from Exmouth, the home of Sir Walter Raleigh, on the 10th, and toured by motor through two of the most beautiful and historic counties in the British Isles.

His plan of operation is to speak at a noon-day meeting in some quaint English town, and then to motor to a larger town, and take one and sometimes two meetings in one night. In this way, he will speak at all the principal Cornish and Devon places in about ten days. His voice never tires and his six-feet of good Canadian physique is equal to any work that runs up against him. He knows his subject, speaks lucidly and with *a minimum of gesticulation,* and never fails to ask for questions, and to deal with them pointedly and politely.

He ought to be at least Under Secretary at the Colonial Office, for if he does not know more about the colonies and as much about the Government of the home country as many so-called English statesmen, then he is not worthy of the Dominion of which he is always so keen a champion.

Grain Exports.

The Census and Statistics Monthly publishes records of exports of grain from Canada in the years, 1900, 1905 and 1908. Of wheat we exported in 1900, 9,359,640 bushels, in 1905 41,905,937 bushels and in 1908, 45,879,058 bushels.

Of oats we exported for the first year 8,106,680 bushels; for the second year, 3,869,302 bushels and for the third year, 4,829,025 bushels.

Of barley we exported for the first year 2,412,972 bushels; for the second year, 982,738 bushels, and for the third year, 2,707,154 bushels.

Wheat is obviously the great staple of our grain exports, but in 1908 we exported about 10,000,000 bushels as *flour, which makes our total for that* year about 56,000 bushels, or only 18,000,000 bushels less than the total quantity of wheat inspected for sale in the Northwest provinces.

Profits In Potatoes.

Calgary business men announce that $12,000 is the profit they are securing from 160 acres which they this year leased in the vicinity of Strathmore and planted in potatoes.

They say that the crop now being harvested will average at least 200 bushels to the acre. Two four-horse diggers and 16 men are harvesting the crop at 16 acres per day.

The potatoes will be stored at Strathmore in three-room houses each 60 feet by 20 feet, the total storage being 25,000 bushels. One full train of at least thirty cars would be required to handle this crop if it were necessary to ship all at once.

Naval Evolution.

There may come a time when there will be an imperial fleet jointly owned by all the dominions and administered by a board in which these dominions will be represented. But this will not be the next stage in the development of imperial defence. The *first step is the creation of local navies* by each of the dominions.—Winnipeg Free Press.

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HAVE you a friend who smokes? No nicer Xmas gift could be found than this Pouch.

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Religious Note

About the only people who don't quarrel over religion are the people who haven't any.—New York Times.

Hotelkeeper—Has the American gentleman made any remarks about his bill yet?

Waiter—Not yet. He is looking for some in his dictionary.—Pele Mele.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

The Man—Is that a goose that I shall have to carve?

Wife—Yes, dear.

The Man—James, bring me my mackintosh.—Illustrated Bits.

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Swear off and you go it alone,
For the jolly bum who drinks your rum
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Feast and your friends are many,
Fast and they cut you dead.
They'll not get mad if you use them bad
So long as the stomach is fed.

Steal if you gobble a million,
For then you can furnish bail,
It's the genteel thief who gets out on leave,
While the needy one goes to jail.

You can't go around dry these days.

Frank Labelle of Hosmer was a visitor here on Wednesday.

The Trites-Wood Co., are having their store at Michel, painted,

Liberals have opened committee rooms over Somerton Bro's store,

A. I. Fisher, liberal candidate for Fernie district, is expected here this evening.

The tenders are out for presents for the Michel Christmas Tree. See page 1.

The Conservatives have secured Kribs vacant store and will open up a committee room there early next week.

A special train over the G. N. R. carried a number of people to Fernie last night, to hear McBride and Bowser.

Since the snow has come there are foot prints around the town, but the most of them are pointed to the Reporter office.

A commercial wire will be run into Somerton Bro's. store. This will be a great convenience to the business men of New Michel.

On acccount of the extra work entailed by the installation of our extra page we are a few hours late this issue. We hope that our patrons will excuse this for once.

Mr. C.P.R., a little black paint formed into the letters N-E-W M-I-C-H-E-L would be a great improvement to the board on your switching premises which now reads Natal.

Henry Birks & Son's, jewelers, of Vancouver, were before the police court in that city recently, charged with offering elk teeth for sale contrary to the game protection act. They were assessed $5 and costs.

Charles Burrows, the noted boxer of the Crow's Nest Pass is now training the Cyclone Kid for the coming contest between himself and Charlie Robinson, of Coleman, which is to come off on November 20.—Frank Paper.

Any person wishing to danate towards Michel Children's Christmas Tree can do so by sending their donation to the undersigned. A list of all donations will be published in the Michel Reporter. CHAS. GARNER, Secretary Michel Christmas Tree, Michel.

Fire broke out in the Brackman & Ker Mills at Victoria, Wednesday afternoon, doing $20,000 worth of damage to stock and machinery. Two members of the fire department were hit by splinters of china when the stream from the hose struck the crockery department.

The Board of Trade ordered 100 copies of the illustrated edition of the Reporter to be sent to addresses to be furnished by the Secretary.

Subscribe for The Reporter.

Fisher the Man

Liberals nominate A. I. Fisher, of Fernie as their Standard Bearer

A large meeting of representative men of the district assembled in the Opera House at Fernie, on Thursday night. Delegates from all over the riding were present and A. I. Fisher was the unanimous choice. He was called to the stage and for a good half hour addressed those present. His address was well received and the enthusiasm throughout the house was plainly evident. Everything is being put into shape for an active campaign and the Liberals throughout this section are confident of winning.

A few Copies of The Illustrated Edition of The Reporter can yet be bought either at Kennedy's Drug Store or at this Office

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Liberal Meeting at Fernie

Fernie, Nov. 2.—A largely attended meeting of Liberals was held in the Miners' Hall last night, at which Dr. King, of Cranbrook, spoke, and resolutions of thanks to the retiring Liberal leader, J. A. MacDonald, for his able leadership during the past seven years, and wishing him a long tenure of the important position to which he is soon to be called, and expressing full confidence in the ability and integrity of the new leader John Oliver, under whose guidance the party goes into the present contest. The meeting was a most representative one and the enthusiasm was spontaneous. A delegation was selected, consisting of ten, to represent Fernie in the convention to nominate a candidate, which was called for Thursday night in the same hall. and notices were sent to all the divisions of this district to have delegates present.

The discontent among Conservatives over the railway policy of the government grows and the enthusiasm of the Liberals keeps pace with that growth.

Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper will Vote Liberal Ticket

Vancouver, Nov. 3-In speaking of the bargain between the McBride government and the Canadian Northern Railway company as "wild and unconsidered," Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper today declared that it was his intention to vote the liberal ticket, provided the Liberal party is as wholly opposed to the railway policy of the government as he is.

This statement by Sir Charles followed an inquiry addressed to him as to the truth of a report persistently circulated in Liberal circles in Vancouver, that it was his intention to be an independent Conservative candidate, either in Vancouver or Richmond.

"I am not in public life," remarked Sir Charles, "and I will not be a candidate. However I am opposed to the railway policy of the government. After reading Bowser's speech I could not support the railway policy. I look upon the bargain made by the government with the railway company as wild and unconsidered, and I think perhaps the government takes that view of it also, owing to the little time which they allow the people to consider it."

"It is rumored, Sir Charles, that you may take the platform in opposition to the government. Is there any truth in that?"

"That is a matter I have not considered," replied Sir Charles, without hesitation.

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