

MICHEL REPORTER

VOL. 2.

NEW MICHEL, BRITISH COLUMBIA, SATURDAY, OCT. 9, 1909.

NO. 3

Toilet Lotions and Cold Creams

Superior preparations for the care of chapped hands, all roughness and redness of the skin, tan, sunburn etc.

Non-Greasy and Readily Absorbed

Allays the effects of Fall Winds

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41 Meat market Ltd 41

High-class Butchers

New Michel

All meat fresh killed--Prime Beef, Pork, and Mutton
Dairy Butter. Mild-cured Hams and Bacon--Fish
in Season

The Store Where They Send What You Order

2 Deliveries Daily 2

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New Michel, B. C.

Douglas & Stedman Proprietors

RATES \$2.00 A DAY

Everything First-Class and Comfortable

Nothing but white labor employed

BUS MEETS ALL TRAINS

Go to **KING'S KANDY KITCHEN**

For all kinds of

Fruit, Candy, Cigars, Nuts and Ice-Cream

NEW MICHEL

Reward Offered

We Offer you a Saving of
10 per cent.

On your Meat Bill, and the largest and choicest assortment
of Fresh, Cooked, Smoked and Cured meats in the Pass
Five special brands of Creamery and Dairy Butter
WATCH OUR CARS COME AND GO

P. BURNS & Co. LTD.

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

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All Kinds of Lumber, Mouldings, etc.—Fancy Windows, Doors and
Verandah Posts in Stock and to Order.

Fernie Lumber Co., Ltd. New Michel

FALLOPENINGS

At the Big Store

Special Showing of Women's Misses and Children's

Fall and Winter Millinery

Exclusive Novelties from Fashion's Centres, including Pattern Hats from
London, New York and Paris. In Children's Headwear we are showing
a wide range of Silk Embroidered, Corded Silk, Velvets and Bearskin in
white and colors. Drop in and see the new styles.

Latest Novelties in Women's Knitted Coat Sweaters, all colors and new-
est styles. \$2.75 to \$4.00.

Silk shawls, scarfs, fascinators, squares, motor scarfs, silk embroidered
gauze centres, d'oylies and cushion tops. We have just opened up a
large assortment in these silk novelties, and invite your inspection of
these special values.

Misses and children's **Fall and Winter Coats.** Best values and
lowest prices combined with latest styles and serviceable materials; make
these the best value in coats ever shown in Michel. \$2.50 to \$10.00

Women's skirts, coats and suits in a wide range of latest styles and fab-
rics.

The Trites-Wood Co. Ltd.
Michel

THE SPECIAL EDITION

The Reporter Will Issue An Illus-
trated Industrial Number

As this town has been growing rapidly and her indus-
trial development certain to attain an envied place, the Re-
porter will, on October 16, issue on fine, half tone paper, an
exhaustive review of the two towns and their progress.
While suitable illustrations will lighten up the pages of this
number, special attention will be given to the history of the
town, its industries and natural resources.

Everyone who is interested in the promising future of
the two towns should join with the Reporter in making this
number a decided success.

ORDER EARLY

As we are only printing a limited number of the Special
Edition, we would advise all desirous of sending copies
to their friends, to order at once. Sixteen pages for ten
cents.

Station Required at Once

The recent trip of C. P. R. officials through here and the
palpable evidence of the need of better railway facilities and
accommodation along the line, may probably result in much
good accruing to the people of New Michel. From the bus-
iness outlook, that must have been apparent to the railway
people, we cannot see how they can much longer delay giv-
ing New Michel what she is justly entitled to in the way of
station and surrounding advantages. We look with a good
deal of confidence to the outcome, and when it does arrive,
we feel assured it will be in no half hearted manner, for
when the president of the C. P. R. does things, he does
them on a scale commensurate with the importance of his
great transcontinental line.

NEW AGREEMENT SIGNED

On Monday Oct. 4, the employees of the Crow's Nest
Pass Coal Company at Michel, voted on the proposed Doc-
tors agreement between Dr. T. A. Wilson and the employees
as represented by Michel Local Union No. 2334, U. M. W.
of A., and the doctor's agreement was ratified by a major-
ity of 207 votes. The doctor's agreement gives ample med-
ical and hospital attendance and the reporting of all acci-
dents to the Secretary of Michel Local Union so as to do
away with the difficulty of collecting compensation for injur-
ed members from the Coal Company, both from Old and
New Michel, and the mineworkers the right to build a hos-
pital of their own. It's about time the mineworkers of Mi-
chel owned a hospital of their own, and then they would not
have to depend upon the good-will of a coal corporation for
hospital accommodation and in the long run it would only
mean their paying about half what they have to pay at the
present time, the same as they have to at Coleman where the
mineworkers own their own hospital. Dr. T. A. Wilson is
now making arrangements with Dr. H. S. McSorley to take
over his hospital equipment and hospital so that he can get
down to business.

CHAS. GARNER,
Secretary Michel Local Union, Michel, B. C.

YES

WE SELL
**STANFIELD'S
FAMOUS
UNDERWEAR**

This brand is so well known, that it needs no recommend-
ation from us.

Let us be your Furnishers.
Specialists in Mens' Wear.
Get the Habit. Go to

BOYD & MUIR, Gt. Northern Hotel Block, New Michel

Suits Cleaned and Pressed.

GREAT NORTHERN HOTEL

NEW MICHEL

EVERYTHING
FIRST-CLASS

Cuisine
Unsurpassed

Bar Stocked
With the Finest

Attendance
Unexcelled

McCOOL & MOORE, Proprietors

"Elk Valley Beer"

Pure and
Pleasing!

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

Elk Valley Brewing Co., Limited

SLICK UP

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

P. M. MacLanders, Prop

The Model Bakery NOW OPEN!

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

The Model Bakery New Michel

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.

E. V. Holding Co.,

Builders and Contractors

Repairs and alterations promptly attended to.
Estimates cheerfully given.

New Michel

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

LOVE'S INTUITION.

A Girl Who Was Able to Read Beneath the Surface.

By MARY WOOD.

Above the shrill whir of the crickets rose the hum of feminine voices. Under the green apple boughs the hammock convention was in full swing. Miss Maybrick culled it a hornets' nest and preferred the doubtful coolness of the piazza. But, then, she was a college professor, too superior to appreciate the joys of the younger set.

Jane Carew, however, sometimes agreed with her. This afternoon she hid her face behind a book, while girlish fancies carried her far above the swaying leaves up into the perfect blue of the July sky. How lovely nature was this summer, how full life of new delights!

Miss Maybrick's name brought her back to earth again—Miss Maybrick, the one cloud in her sky.

"Oh, yes, she approves of him," saucy Madge was saying. "She can put up with his sunburned face, roughened hands and the general boorishness of a farmer. But I suppose at her age any man is acceptable. To tell the truth, I have almost reached that condition myself in this man forsaken spot." And she shook her head in mock despair.

"Jane agrees with her," some one added a little maliciously. "She never seems to mind sharing his attentions with her."

A book went down with a crash and angry spots of scarlet glowed in Jane's cheeks as she said defiantly: "John Staunton is not a boor. He is a gentleman. Just because he scorns to talk the twaddle that men usually think good enough for us girls you vote him a boor. He often makes me ashamed of the little I know, and the books he lends me have opened up a new world, a world bigger and better than all the flirting and shams and heartaches that go to make up society. No wonder he likes to talk to Miss Maybrick. She's worth the whole lot of us when it comes to knowing the things that are worth while!"

The girl stopped short with a gasp as she realized the horrified hush which had fallen on the circle. "Oh, what have I said?" she cried and buried her face in her cushions.

But Madge's gay voice was tender as she stroked the brown head. "You've read us a lecture, Janie, dear," she said gently, "but I fancy we needed it a bit. It's horrid to talk about one of your friends the way we talk about Staunton, and we ought to ask your pardon. As for Miss Maybrick, she's a stuck up old thing, and you're ever so much nicer than she in spite of all she knows. Just wait till Cousin Alex comes next week and see the new world that he opens to you. He is really literary and writes things for other people to read."

Jane's face was still hidden. She was battling to overcome her tears and even harder to drive out of her heart the unreasonable jealousy of the older woman that somehow had crept into it. The time had been when she would have scorned her as a rival, but love had made her humble. Youth and beauty seemed of small weight to cast into the scales against years of scholastic training and study.

Cousin Alex came. He was a slim, dapper young man, with an important manner rather than variance with his size. But he had a way of retelling old jokes that made them seem new and a stock of compliments suited to every age and was therefore greatly in favor among the guests at the sleepy old farmhouse. As befitting his pretensions as a journalist he rattled on unceasingly about books and literature. He knew this man and that book, and, above all, he was one whose name should some day stand foremost in the world of letters. The date was not yet set, but he spoke of "his novel" mysteriously, even reverently, and his feminine audience was accordingly impressed.

More or less unwillingly Jane was compelled to listen to many of these predictions, for "Cousin Alex" at once developed a fondness for her society. Perhaps certain glances that Staunton cast in his direction added zest to the chase. Perhaps it was the elusive fashion in which the girl received his advances. Certain it is that a week's time had earned him the very fitting name of "Jane's shadow."

Yet to Jane herself each day seemed to bring more unhappiness. Staunton came as often as ever, but at sight of Alex by her side he left the laughing group to chat with Miss Maybrick in intimate aloofness. And as the girl saw the door to the beautiful new world closing because the hand of him who held it open was withdrawn the pain and weariness of her old frivolous life seemed almost past bearing.

Her eyes were more watchful than she knew one evening as she saw a tall, muscular figure swing up the walk with the easy, confident stride of the man who was master of his fate. Staunton's face softened as he met them, and, though Cousin Alex Hamblin was on hand, as usual, he settled himself on the top step with the air of a man who had come to stay. The brown eyes were downcast now, but a shy blush of pleasure still flushed her cheeks.

There was always a visible air of constraint between the two men, but Hamblin rose manfully to the occasion. Here was a most longed for opportunity to prove to Miss Jane that Staunton was but a boor of a farmer, after all, and no match for a man of the world like himself.

If the older man detected his half-witted tone of patronage, he only

smiled quizzically. Indeed, his position soon grew more untenable than that of his adversary. As the conversation ranged from books to men and back to books again Jane saw, with a thrill of pride, that Staunton more than held his own. What is more, he held his temper, a precaution neglected by the other.

At last the talk fell upon one of the recent novels, a book of unusual strength and breadth of view. Jane had read it several times, for it had seemed to point her to the new life she longed to live. Staunton was silent, as though in unspoken condemnation. Thereupon Hamblin became an enthusiastic defender and openly scoffed at his lack of appreciation.

A shadow crossed the moonlit porch, but the three did not see Miss Maybrick till her voice broke in on the controversy.

"You would not expect Mr. Staunton to criticize his own book, would you?" she said calmly. Then, as her ear caught Jane's low exclamation of wonder, she added in a tone of surprise: "Had you not guessed that he was an author, Miss Carew? I heard that you defended him very eloquently one afternoon in the orchard and said a good word for me too. For that I want to thank you."

Staunton's face was turned toward the blushing girl, and in full moonlight Miss Maybrick could read his secret. If it sounded the deathknell to some hope in her own heart, gratitude to her companion made her lead the bewildered Alex for a walk down the lane and a gradual restoration of his self confidence.

"And I have to thank you, too, Jane," Staunton said tenderly.

But he took her down to the orchard and told her in his own way.

"How did you guess that I was not the farmer I pretended to be?" with a hint of wonder under his gladness.

Jane raised a face radiant with the realization that the new world was opened forever. "Just because you are you," she said joyously. "Love is not always blind."

A Story That Varies.

There is a story more or less diffused of a young bride on her wedding day playing the game of hide and seek and concealing herself in one of those ancient carved chests of large size. After she had got in the lid closed, and she found herself unable to raise it again, for it fastened with a spring, and she was shut in. Search was made for her in every quarter but the right one, and great perplexity and dismay were caused by her disappearance. It was not till years after, when chance led to the opening of the chest, that the body of the young bride was discovered and the mystery of her disappearance solved.

The story is found in so many places that it may be questioned whether it is true of any one of them. Rogers tells it of a palace in Modena. The chest in which the poor bride was found is shown at Bramshill, in Hampshire, the residence of Sir John Cope. Another similar chest with precisely the same story attached to it was long shown at Marwell Old Hall, between Winchester and Bishop's Waltham.

The folk tale of Catskin or Peau d'Ane represents the girl flying with her bridal dresses from a marriage that is repugnant to her, and as this tale is found all over Europe it may have metamorphosed itself into that of the bride who got into a chest and died there.—Cornhill Magazine.

Detecting a Thief.

Some of the stories in the "Folklore of the Holy Land" seem to be at least founded on fact. And, indeed, when we come down to quite recent times we find undoubtedly genuine stories that might have been told of the days of the caliphs.

Here is one of Ibrahim Pasha: A goldsmith of Jaffa complained that his house had been robbed and remarked that the Egyptian occupation had not brought security.

The pasha promised redress. The next day he came to the man's shop and in the presence of a great crowd ordered the executioner, to give the door a hundred lashes.

Then he stooped as if to listen. "The door tells nonsense," he cried; "another hundred!"

He stooped again. "The same tale; the door persists that the thief is somewhere in this crowd of honest people and that he has some of the dust and cobwebs from the shop on his turban."

He had his eye on the crowd and saw a man hastily raise his hand to brush his fez.

The man was arrested and confessed his guilt.

A Chromatic Love Affair.

"Marooned!" muttered the villain, turning white and striking his forehead.

Violet, pearl of women, had refused him again.

He lapsed into a brown study, wondering if he were too green to win any woman's love. Perhaps she objected to his prematurely gray hair, or could it be that the cardinal virtues of his rival outweighed his old gold?

The hero entering, black as a thunder cloud, readily solved the mystery.

"There's a yellow streak in you!" he cried. "In the hope of winning my betrothed, Violet, you have jilted Alice, and it has made Alice blue!"

The villain rose, madder than a hornet, purpling with rage beneath his tan. But before he could speak the hero had plucked him with his sword.

Violet screamed. Terror caught her. But her lover soothed her.

"Red of him at last," he murmured, folding her in his arms and kissing her cherry lips as the crimson sun sank in the west, partially obscured by the London smoke.

Epilogue. Orange blossoms.—Los Angeles Times.

JAMES AND DAUGHTERS.

The Duchess of Roxburghe has a tiny watch set in a gold shoe buckle.

Mrs. Emily Treat of Hannibal, Mo., is said to be the first woman to be employed as an official court reporter in this country.

Mrs. Millicent Garrett Fawcett is the only woman who has ever been asked to address the University Debating society at Oxford. At the request of the students she took woman suffrage as her subject.

Miss Alice Taylor of Edinburgh is now lady chess champion of Scotland, having defeated Miss Smith Cunningham in her series to decide the tie for the first place in the recent Scottish Ladies' Chess association tournament.

Mrs. Edwards C. Dodd of Laredo, Tex., has earned distinction as a farmer. She has made a profit this season of a little more than \$60,000 off of 135 acres of land. Bermuda onions were her sales crop. She is the largest woman Bermuda onion farmer in the world.

Mrs. Taft has traveled more than the wife of any other president. She has almost as great a globe trotting record as the president. She has crossed the Pacific half a dozen times and has traveled in Japan, Manchuria, Siberia, China and other far eastern countries. She went to Cuba with her husband, and to Panama, and she has visited every corner of Europe with him.

Things Theatrical.

Christine Hiesting has been engaged for "On the Eve."

Miss Elty Cheatham has made a big bit in London.

Dazle, the noted American dancer, is to appear in J. M. Barrie's playlet, "Pantomoon." There is plenty of opportunity for dancing in this pantomimic piece.

Laura Nelson Hall has been engaged by Comstock & Gest as leading lady of their stock company in Cleveland. Charles Waldron, Tully Marshall and Leslie Bingham are other members of this company.

There will be four companies the coming season to present "The Cili max," by Edward Locke, which the critics have pronounced a little dramatic gem. The play is to be under the direction of Joseph Weber.

Science Siftings.

The earth's atmosphere becomes at only a few miles from the earth's surface too thin to support any form of animal life.

The "fixed" stars are changing their positions at an appreciable rate, according to astronomers, who say that even the most familiar constellations have changed their forms since the time of the ancients who named them.

Many astronomers are of opinion that the famous star Sixty-one Cygni, which is a double star, is a binary system—that is, that the two stars composing it revolve round their common center of gravity and move through space together.

Pen and Brush.

John S. Sargent has acquired a commission to paint a three-quarter length portrait of Mrs. Whitehead Reid.

Mark Twain is reported to have written a comic opera based upon his story, "A Yankee in King Arthur's Court."

Edwin Abbey was painting in London for ten years before he had a picture hung in the academy and began his work as a newspaper illustrator.

The lives of the six great Victorian poets extended originally over just a century, from the birth of Tennyson, the eldest of them, in 1800, to the death of Swinburne, the youngest, this year.

Law Points.

One lacking testamentary capacity is held in re Goldstickler, 192 N. Y. 35; 84 N. E. 581; 18 L. R. A. (N. S.), 99, not to be competent by means of an attempted testamentary act to revoke a prior will.

The collateral inheritance tax is held in re Lamb (Iowa), 117 N. W. 1118; 18 L. R. A. (N. S.), 226, not to apply to property conveyed in possession and enjoyment in the owner's lifetime to another in consideration of support to be furnished during the remainder of the owner's life.

Tales of Cities.

The city of Hamburg was originally a castle built by Charlemagne for defense against the Norsemen.

Philadelphia has opened under the auspices of the Women's Pennsylvania Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals twenty-three water stations for horses.

New York city, says the New York Herald, now contains a larger population than was in the United States when the constitution was adopted. The estimate of the health department is 4,422,685.

Train and Track.

One man in every twelve in the United States is on the payroll of a railroad.

Belgium's complete system of narrow gauge steam railways connecting all the towns and villages with the main centers is being electrified.

A Denver syndicate has bought the Argentine Central railroad in Colorado and will extend the line to the top of Gray's peak, 342 feet higher than the point reached by the Pike's peak cog road.

Zam-Buk
"RUB IT IN!"
CONTAINS NO ANIMAL OILS OR FAT IS NOT A MINERAL
PURELY VEGETABLE
FOR SUMMER SORES
When troubled with sunburn, blisters, insect stings, sore feet, or heat rashes, apply Zam-Buk!
Surprising how quickly it eases the smarting and stinging! Cures sores on young babies due to chafing.
Zam-Buk is made from pure herbal essences. No animal fats—no mineral poisons. Finest healer!
Druggists and Stores everywhere.

Hard on His Hearers
"Did you ever find yourself embarrassed while in Europe by your lack of acquaintance with the French language?"
"No," answered Mr. Cumrox. "I think I suffered less embarrassment than the other folks. I couldn't tell half the time what they were blushing about."—Washington Star.

The Best Liver Pill.—The action of the liver is easily disarranged. A sudden chill, undue exposure to the elements, over-indulgence in some favorite food, excess in drinking, are a few of the causes. But whatever may be the cause, Parmelee's Vegetable Pills can be relied upon as the best corrective that can be taken. They are the leading liver pills and they have no superiors among such preparations.

Smith slapped Jones on the back. "Hello, old chap!" he gurgled familiarly. "I'll wager \$54 you don't recall me!"
Jones gave him an icy stare. "You win!" he said, passing on.—Lippincott's Magazine.

Corns cause much suffering, but Holloway's Corn Cure offers a speedy, sure, and satisfactory relief.

Helpmates
"Let me see—didn't you tell me to remind you to get something when we got to town?"
"I believe I did."
"What was it?"

"Did she accompany him on the piano?"
"She tried to. But he soon distanced her."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Careless
He—"There was nearly a bad fire at the theatre."
She—"How was that?"
He—"The villain lit a cigarette and tossed the match into the snow."—St. Louis Times.

In the window of a little book store in Eighth avenue, New York, was recently heaped a great pile of Bibles, marked very low—never before were Bibles offered at such a bargain; and above them all, in big letters, was the inscription:
"Satan trembles when he sees Bibles sold as cheap as these."
—Woman's Home Companion.

The boat was three days out when one of the passengers was able to go on deck. There he met an old friend. "Hello, old chap," he exclaimed, "are you going over?" "Yes," replied his friends. "Are you?"—Young's Magazine.

"Why, that's a regular little printing press, isn't it," remarked the visitor. "Yes," replied Mrs. Ponley. "Willie's uncle gave it to him on his birthday." "What a complete little thing! It's a self-inker, isn't it?" "I don't know, but Willie is."

"Would you like some fresh air?" she asked, starting in the direction of the window. "Yes; do you know any?" he replied, thinking she was going to the piano.—Yonkers Statesman.

"Women, it is said, are returning to small waists."
"Um."
"And some of them are going to have trouble in getting back."—Washington Herald.

Much in a Name
"What became of that paper you were going to start in the interest of uplifting the poor tramp?" asked the interviewer.

"Ah, it fell through," confessed the great reformer, with much agitation, "and all on account of the blooming carelessness of the printer."
"Did he make a grave error?"
"I should say so. You know the paper was to be named the 'Bar of Hope'—Well that idiot of a printer changed it to the 'Bar of Soap,' and as soon as my constituents heard the name they started running and are running yet."

Hungry Higgins—A woman gimme a handout dis mornin', den had de nerve t' ask me t' beat a carpet fer her.

Dusty Doolittle—Wot did you say? Hungry Higgins—I tole her dat I wuz orful sorry, but I was all tired out from beatin' a railroad.—Chicago News.

"Mr. Gudtheng, you said you'd gimme a quarter for a lock of sis's hair."
"Yes, Chester."
"Well, here's the whole switch. Just cut off what you want."—Kansas City Times.

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Willing to Help
"But darling," murmured the love-lorn youth "every night for two weeks I have been on my bended knees before you. Have you no pity?"
"I certainly have, Horace," spoke up the pretty flirt, as she reached for her hand bag, "here is a whole quarter. Go have your trousers pressed. After so much bending they must be baggy at the knees."

"You never read the weather predictions?"
"Nope," answered Farmer Cornrossel. "I skip 'em for two reasons. One is that there's no use o' worryin' about what you can't help, an' the other is that you never can rely on a prophecy till after it's come true, an' then it's too late to make any difference."—Washington Star.

Gunner—"And now comes a professor who declares that fruit is just as healthy with the skin on as it is peeled."
Guyer—"H'm. I'd like to see somebody start him on a diet of pineapples."—Chicago News.

No Terrors for Him
"There was a time when they put men in jail for debt," said the bill collector, severely.
"Well," answered the fretted citizen, "I don't know but a good, stout jail, where your creditors couldn't send in cards or call you up on the telephone, would be a great deal of a comfort."

"Young man, you are well preserved; you ought to live to a good old age."
"I was canned at the university, doc."—Stanford Chapparral.

SUNLIGHT SOAP
HALF THE TOIL
of household work is taken away when Sunlight Soap is brought into the home. For thoroughly cleansing floors, metal-work, walls and woodwork, Sunlight is the most economical both in time and money.

Too Much for Them
"So you rode that toothpick salesman out of town on a rail?" interrogated the tourist in the mining town.
"By George, yes," thundered the mayor in the cowhide boots and red shirt. "When he tried to sell us toothpicks with our names on them he almost started a fight, but when he asked us if we wanted them flavored with old rose or tutti-frutti that was more than we could stand so the boys just pitched into him. The old bowie-knife is the only kind of toothpick we need in these diggings."

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New System of Treatment. Recently Discovered Remedy that Cures Rapidly and Permanently. Marvellous Results Obtained that makes our remedy one of the wonders of Modern Medicine. Patients cured secretly at their own homes against their own will and knowledge. No suffering, no injections, no loss of time, or detention from business, no bad after effects.
FREE! We send by mail, free of charge, our 64 page book, which fully explains our modern system of treatment, of how the Drink, Tobacco and Drug habits can be rapidly overcome and cured. This book is sent in a plain envelope, sealed from observation, so no one can tell what your letter contains. All correspondence absolutely secret and confidential. Address:
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Stays Shined. Dust won't dull it. Rain won't spot it. Dampproof and waterproof. Keeps out moisture. Softens and preserves the leather. Just put it on, rub two or three times with a brushor cloth and a brilliant and lasting shine results. No substitutes even half as good.
10c. and 25c Tins

Eddy's Toilet Papers offer you more of Better Toilet Tissue for the Same Money than any Other Make on the Market.
Made in Every Known Form and Variety, and Every Sheet Guaranteed Chemically Pure.
Always Everywhere in Canada Ask For EDDY'S MATCHES

MAGIC BAKING POWDER
PURE FOOD INSURES GOOD HEALTH—MAGIC BAKING POWDER INSURES PURE FOOD.

SCHOOLDAY BLUNDERS.

Answers That Got Few Marks For Their Ingenious Framers.

The inability of the mind of growing children to retain more than a fragment of their tutor's instructions is evidenced in the little blunders we all have made when called upon to answer questions. Facts, their answers show, have been retained, but they have not been properly classified in the mind, and therefore, when the student seeks to use them, he finds them somewhat dissociated and his answers become a trifle mixed. Especially is this true of the young student of the Bible. There are too many characters, and the facts concerning them are entirely too numerous for his undeveloped mind to classify. Therefore we are not surprised to learn from one youngster that Moses was an Egyptian who lived in an ark of bull-rushes, kept a golden calf, and was whipped, brazen snakes, and "ate nothing but wales and manna for forty years," or that he was caught by the hair of his head while riding under a bough of a tree, and was killed by his son Absalom as he was hanging from the bough.

To the question "Who was Jonah?" one lad replied: "He was the father of Lot and had two wives. One was called Ishmael and the other Hagher; he kept one at home and he turned the other loose in the desert, and she became a pillow of salt in the day time and a pillow of fire at night." "What did Moses do with the tabernacle?" was asked by another Sunday School teacher, to which one boy replied that he chucked it out of the camp. The teacher, in surprise, asked him where he obtained this information, and the boy promptly quoted the first sentence of the seventh verse of the thirty-third chapter of Exodus: "And Moses took the tabernacle and pitched it without the camp."

Another lad informed his teacher that Elijah was such a good man that he went to heaven without dying, and that while he was going up he threw his coat down for Queen Elizabeth to step on. "Eau," he said, "was a man who wrote fables and sold the copyright to a publisher for a bottle of potash."

The blunders of youth are not, however, confined to sacred history, as these answers, vouched for by the several teachers who have saved them to posterity, will testify: "Tobacco was introduced into England by Sir Walter Raleigh, and as he sat smoking a pipe he shouted: 'This day, Master Ridley, we have lighted such a fire as shall never be put out.'"

"The reign of Queen Ann was the time in which the Spanish Armada took place. She married Philip of Spain, who was a very cruel man. The Spanish and English fought bravely against each other. The English wanted to conquer Spain. After several battles were fought, in which hundreds of English and Spanish were defeated, they lost some very large ships and were at a great loss on both sides."

Suggestions For Misses First School Garments



FIG. C—MIDDY-SHIRT DRESS.

TRADITION more than the latest kinks of fashion governs the wardrobe of the school girl, whatever the status of her temple of learning. Her garments must be comfortable, sweetly maidenly, and sufficiently numerous to insure absolute neatness. If she goes to boarding school or college, she must be supplied for every emergency before leaving home, which means, along with other needs, that a dainty little "visitor's day" or dance frock is quite as much wanted as the class dress and "gym" suit. A storm coat is especially required by day school maids, under which one of the sweaters, which now so excellently suggest coats, would very likely be worn in freezing weather.

All of these things, and unnumbered others, will be required so soon that August seems the proper month for their accumulation. Materials for Autumn use are shown in abundance now, and such made-up things as have appeared are far cheaper than they will be later on. In point of styles—notwithstanding predictions of tremendous changes—it is observed that the prettiest of the Summer models have been carried over for fall use, and this is especially the case with misses' and children's effects. Skirts are still narrow and limp, though reaching out here and there to trimmed panels that faintly suggest drapery; coats still hold their becoming looseness and small sleeves, and there is no sign that shirtwaists mean to drop the widening shoulder pleats for some time to come.

The week's illustrations show some pretty and useful models which are being copied for school use. They are suitable for girls from fourteen to eighteen, and made in proper materials the styles would do admirably for all winter.

Figure A—Here is a model charmingly suited to the visitor's "day" frock, the dressy little costume which replaces the more sombre class dress for one gay afternoon a week. As illustrated, the gown is made of mercerized dotted muslin—white with a small blue spot—and fancy lace, and it is worn over a blue lawn slip. In this shape the dress is possible for all winter wear indoors, for Fashion has long since set the seal of her approval on such dainty summeries for winter house use. But if something more substantial is wished, any of the thin velvets, soft delaines and cashmeres may be used, with velvet or silk ribbons instead of the lace.

The guimpe vest, which extends under the three rows of trimming, might be of a matching silk, or of white silk, or net or lace; but if the gown is for very smart use, a diaphanous effect, such as tucked net or a small-figured lace would give, would be far prettier.

The thin white Summer silks, barred or striped with color, would effect charming evening gowns in this design, especially if the neck of the thin guimpe were cut out slightly, and the sleeves made three-quarter length.

For an eighteen-year-old girl of medium figure there will be required

fourteen yards of material 34 inches wide, twenty-one yards of banding, 3/4 yards of edging.

Figure B—A long coat such as this makes one of the most satisfactory garments that a high school girl could own, for if made of the right material it would serve for both rain and warmth. Rainproof cravenette is the most common material seen in such coats when they do duty for double service, a wadded vest, sweater or shetland wool spencer going underneath on the colder days. For all round use no better material could be advised, though a rough tweed would be almost as serviceable and perhaps smarter.

A shade of all but invisible green is admired for cravenette, with the collars and cuffs of the coat stitched or treated to a matching or black silk. The tweed and serge coats employ both braid and leather trimmings, stout bone buttons going on these, or else the popular wooden molds, covered with the coat trimming. But whether of cravenette or wool, a coat that must do for several seasons is preferably plain, for one soon tires of a set garniture, and a marked change in styles may make it seem very antiquated.

For the full length out and medium figure 7 1/2 yards 27 inches wide will be needed. The three-quarter out, which the line of black shows on the small drawing, calls for 6 1/2 yards in the same width.

The pretty hat is of dark green felt braid, trimmed with black velvet ribbon and a bunch of red currants with green leaves.

Figure C—The "middy shirt" has had such a vogue this Summer, and is so universally becoming, that it is vain to suppose it will be banished merely because the season will change. The loose sailor blouse and the pleated skirt which generally goes with it, give just the ease that a girl from twelve to fourteen needs; and alternating with fitted frocks, such a get-up is quite permissible in class. But above all things, the combination is admirable for gymnasium games, for there are shy girls who balk emphatically at the bloomer suits more commonly worn.

Serge and flannel, trimmed as illustrated, are preferred materials for the middy dress, whose primary requirement is for something that will stand wear and tear.

With flannel 44 inches wide only 3 1/2 yards are required for the average fourteen-year-old girl. The banding on collar and cuffs demand 2 1/2 yards of braid or bias trimming.

Figure D—This design sets forth a new cut for a gymnasium suit, and it will certainly prove acceptable to girls who want a really good time with their exercising "stunts." The knicker portion of the model would also serve for the pantaloons of warm wool that so many school girls now wear on bitter winter days under their walking skirts. If this suggestion seems unpleasant to the ultra modest, let me assure them that in smart New York schools, as well as in Europe, knickerbockers are much more worn on freezing winter days than petticoats. A soft light-weight flannel in the gown color may shape the walking pantaloons, but for the "gym" suit entire, a dark blue flannel or serge, with the school color used for belt, collar and cuffs, is more commonly employed.

For a girl of sixteen (medium figure) there will be required 8 1/2 yards of material 27 inches wide, or 4 of double width goods. These measurements are for the entire gymnasium suit.

Mary Dean



FIG. D—GYMNASIUM EXERCISE SUIT.

Corn and Tomato Salad.—This is practically the same combination as the above, but is suitable for warmer weather. Select tomatoes like those for the baked dish, cut off the stem ends, and scoop out a good sized recess in each tomato. Boll young and tender corn, cool it, and cut from the ears, being sure to get all the meaty little yellow hearts, and not just the outside of the kernels. Mix the corn with a French dressing made of three parts of oil to one of vinegar, salt and cayenne pepper. Have the tomatoes and corn both chilled when serving time comes. Place the tomatoes on crisp lettuce leaves, fill them with the corn, and serve with salted water, buttered and toasted.

Little Facial Artifices To Promote Beauty

BEAUTY is not all outline and coloring. It is expression as well—that subtle essence which may make a plain woman far more fascinating than her fairer sister. Its roots lie in the heart and mind, and sometimes—ah, now, I am reaching the thing obtainable to all—it may be very successfully imitated by a little management of the eyes and mouth. These may need a touch of the painter's art as well; but there is no great sin in that, for woman's first duty is to make herself as pleasing as possible.

Let me begin with the eyes, those tell-tale windows through whose uncurtained panes all of the soul's thoughts may be so plainly read. The worried eyes, the icy eye, the round, staring, foolish eye have never been sung by the poet. This feature, above all others in a woman's face, needs to be soft, sympathetic, deep, as it were, and with the restfulness of quiet waters. Those who look long into the right sort of eyes go away feeling that they have been rocked in maternal arms. These are the eyes that little children understand, and that soldiers who go away to die on the battle field remember to the last. They are the eyes that all mothers, sweethearts and wives should have, and if Nature has denied them they should be artificially cultivated.

The eye lacking in expression, which seems to look upon all the world with chill unsympathy, should be treated first to a few HEART drops.—one or two kind thoughts a day—and then it must learn how to hold the lids in a drooping sentimental fashion with the eyebrows in a sharper slant.

The trick, which a number of my stage friends call the "Duse eyes," is accomplished in this way: Smooth the face first with a placid look, with the mouth set in a gentle bow. Then lift the forehead slightly—not enough to wrinkle it—and drop the lids over the eyes, and look at everybody and everything with these half veiled orbs. The result is eminently humanizing, and the artifice is suited to all hard and too small eyes, though I must confess that a little dusting of the upper lid with dark cosmetic goes with it. This, however, is only for pale or too red eyelids, and it is required to give the ball a look of fullness. When the lids are exceptionally pale, a faint dust of rouge may be put on before the brown, or blue or black penciling that the natural coloring needs; and if the ball is washed three times a day with salt and water, or a solution of boric acid, it will take on a new wholesomeness.

Too much vivacity in the use of the eyes is almost as unplesing as the stolid look, and constant winking conveys an impression of flightiness, lack of interest and even disease. The eye

must listen as well as the ear, but it must do it quietly—with that calm and unsympathetic attention which a speaker demands, and which, in itself, is a charm ineffable. In the mere movement of the eyelids, as they rise and fall, there may be a tremendous loveliness. When they fold upward in one smooth, deep, oval flexion, the plainest face is glorified, and this movement may be quite successfully practiced with the gymnastics for the Duse eye.

At the same time, a soft and beautiful line is cultivated for the eyebrow, for the Duse trick holds it at the right angle, inner ends up, outer ones down, the oval out suggested by this changing softening and deepening the eye in every way.

Brows in a narrow line, growing straight across, are always beautiful, and since deeply arched brows are put on the shelf of antiquated beauties, the owners of them should be very careful not to use them too much, for to see these expressive details go up into a startling bow with every "Oh" and "Ah" is foolish in the extreme, and it seems a mannerism which can and should be checked. Such brows are much improved by brushing them straight across, instead of doing it in a way to follow the entire arch. If the double bows are ridiculously long, the services of a beauty expert may be called in to remove the lower points, which slight and improving operation is neither painful nor impossible.

A tonic for meagre eyebrows and eyelashes, especially those that fall from sickness or have become ragged from neglect, is as follows: Lavender vinegar 2 1/2 ounces Glycerine 1 1/2 ounces Fluid extract of Jaborandi, ... 3 drachms Vaseline also encourages the growth of the brows and lashes, and upon the former a narrow brush, kept solely for this purpose, should be used every day.

The beauty of the mouth depends immensely upon human nature. Thought and emotion are the sculptors of the mouth, so that if the heart and mind incline too much toward the unlively of life, the secret can never be hidden. Emerson—that most spiritual of writers—tells us that the mouth (through ennobling thought, of course) is capable of the greatest beauty. With the wrong emotions, emphasizing qualities appear in the cheeks and chin, so that a happy and pure mouth, or a bitter and coarse one, may change the very formation of the entire countenance.

The habit of grimacing is greatly to be denoted, for even a beautiful woman can spoil her face by some habitual contortion of the mouth, while for a genuinely ugly woman to do this seems an actual presumption, so grotesquely and cruelly plain will she appear.

The mouth of a well bred person is sealed with the very spirit of repose when it is not called upon to perform any of the duties inherent to the flesh, and those who ignore this widespread opinion are likely to be classed at last among the "vulgar herd."

Though generally indicative of a nature that is anything but spiritual, lax, flabby lips—the "loose" mouth that the novelist loves to plant upon some unfortunate creature of his brain—are sometimes the result of sheer carelessness.

Women who are conscious of this defect should learn to hold lips more firmly, and they may further improve them with some astringent or other, such as alum or camphor or tannin. This species of mouth should also be taught restraint in every way—that it must never hold itself open or indulge in any volubility that tends to emphasize its failings. It must be given to understand that it occupies a minor place in the world and that it must assume a modesty though it have it not.

Very thick lips may be held in a way so that a part of them is concealed in the fold of the mouth, while a little attention to a mouth unduly wide will prevent its owner from spreading it too much with speech, and teach her how to keep it at all times within reasonable bounds.

The perfect mouth—that delicate bow neither too wide nor too narrow, whose curves are all sweet and tender,—when accompanied by perfect teeth, is one of the loveliest of creations. Yet even a perfect mouth may be improved sometimes by a touch of rouge, for beauty of line does not always mean beauty of tint. It is also made more charming by a sweetly wholesome breath, and for this purifying purpose pray let me recommend chewing Canadian snakeroot, though this will have little effect if the teeth are neglected and the mouth left without the antiseptic washes needed daily. A few drops of carbolic acid in a tumbler of warm water makes a magnificent wash for the mouth, but care must be taken, to keep the deadly poison where little hands will never reach it.

Katherine Higgins

Grape Juice Sherbet.—Sherbet is more easily digested than ice-cream, and grape juice agrees with most children. Add one quart of water to one pint of grape juice and one cup of sugar, and freeze. Serve with squares of ginger-bread or sponge-cake.

Etiquette Dos and Don'ts For the College Girl

IT is easy enough, after the first few days or weeks, for the girl away from home for the first time at school or college to adjust herself to her new surroundings. She keeps her eyes and ears open, her mouth shut, takes the advice of the upper classmen, and soon comes to think that at last she has found the world to which she was born, and for which she has been vainly looking all her life.

But, strangely and by some contrary fate, it is generally a hard thing for this same girl later on to readjust herself to her home and to the world that hasn't-been-to-college in general. We all know the kind of girl who comes home after her first year at boarding school, or her freshman year at college, and absolutely out of sympathy with the quiet little town, or the quiet part of the noisy big town in which she lives, and which used to satisfy all her social and intellectual cravings. She tries, desperately and in the wrong way, to straighten things out and to bring people around to her way of thinking. Then she settles down to deep despair and tragic disappointment, until, by some lucky chance, she either falls in love and gets married, decides to go to work, or else fits herself to the place that won't fit itself to her.

There are a few don'ts, and more dos, that ought to help the girl who finds herself at home after a year, or four years, away at school or college, and in a little difficulty about adjusting herself to her old life.

The first don't is a big one, and its observance will avoid much trouble. Don't act superior. If you do, you are sure to have a hard time. There is a pleasant little pension in Paris run by a charming French woman. Her house is usually filled with American guests, and she is always willing to chaperon such young women as want her to. One summer evening there were at this pension several new arrivals at dinner, and after Madame, who sat at the head of the table, to dispense the wine, had introduced them, one of the young girls whom Madame was chaperoning began to talk to the newcomers. She addressed herself to the man at her side.

"I don't suppose you've seen the Sainte Chapelle? Not of course not; you've only just come. Perhaps you've never even heard of it, but of course I've been to college and we studied architecture. It's one of the most charming things here—pure Gothic. You know, the true identification of Gothic architecture—but I don't suppose you do, and it's too difficult for a layman to understand, so I shan't try to explain. Some people stupidly

suppose anything with a pointed arch is real Gothic. It must be so funny to go about and look at all those wonderful buildings, and not really understand what you're looking at!"

She rattled on at a great rate, hinting at the wonders of philosophy, psychology, zoology and Sanskrit, and everyone listened to her with courteous attention. And she didn't even know enough to be ashamed of herself when she found that the man to whom she had talked about the Sainte Chapelle was a well known New York architect, in Paris for the very purpose of studying Gothic architecture!

Of course, she is an unusual specimen,—for which let us be thankful,—but she is a real girl and a good example of what not to be. It is much better for the college girl to keep her learning in the background until there is some demand for it to be shown in the proper way and at the proper time, than to parade it continually and have it and herself at least secretly laughed at.

The next don't is for the direct opposite of this girl. Don't foolishly refuse to talk about your life and work at college or school if somebody wants to hear about it. If someone who knows you have been to college asks you to tell him about it, don't say, "Oh, please let's not talk about that! It's such a bore! And I've really forgotten about it." This is a very rude attitude to take towards anyone who has troubled himself to talk about what you ought to be interested in.

Another don't concerns itself with clothes. Don't go about bareheaded in a sedate little town in winter just because you used to do so on the college campus. Don't wear in the city streets the numerals on your sweater which the attainment of a much coveted place on the college gym team gave you. Don't think you must wear evening clothes for the simple supper which is the rule in the town where you live, just because you used to dress for dinner at boarding school. Don't ride horseback in the city parks without a hat and with your hair streaming at the mercy of the wind, because on the country roads about the college town you used to ride that way. Although a girl who does any of these things is not being unladylike, she is, nevertheless, surely breaking the laws of strictly good taste, because she is trying to force her own opinions where they are not wanted.

Also, don't spread college customs, banners and trophies over the entire house, but confine them to your own bed-room and den, where they are in perfect taste. Don't ask the Ladies' Missionary Society of your church to conduct its meetings according to the rules laid down in Robert's "Rules in

Order;" don't insist on talking about the amphioxus or Spinoza's "De intellectus emanatione" when the rest of the girls want to talk about the men at the dance last night, or what kind of sjeves are going to be worn next season.

Now for the Dos. They are as hard to observe as the don'ts, but carefully observed, they are sure to bring happiness and popularity. In the first place, decide that you are going to make a place for yourself with your old friends. Begin by doing whatever they do, and doing it as naturally as possible. It is absurd for a girl to say that after a year or two or even four years, away from home, she cannot take up the old threads of friendship. If her old friends find her companionable and agreeable they will welcome her as a new and precious addition to their circle.

Before this girl knows it, her friends will be looking to her for suggestions and advice. She must always be ready with plans for entertainment; she must have stories of college fun and pranks at her tongue's end, to deliver on request; she must be ready to sing college songs, and to teach them, and to teach the pretty folk-dances that she learned in her gymnasium work. She must be willing to lend her books, her pictures and her golf and tennis things, and to give her fudge recipe to anyone who wants it. She must be ready to help organize reading clubs or musical societies and to get up and manage—if she's asked to do so—amateur theatrics, and she must always be ready to lend a helping hand to her younger friends who are still at school, or trying to get ready for their college entrance exam.

If the college or boarding-school girl away from college or school takes account of these dos and don'ts in her daily life she'll find herself—not that saddest of all sad spectacles, a girl who thinks she isn't appreciated—but fairly the center and life of any circle she enters. And at the same time she can take proper pride in the fact that she understands thoroughly and practices delightfully the rules of etiquette that society has laid down to govern the conduct of the away-from-home educated girl.

Prudence Standish

Blackberry Cordial: To two quarts of blackberries add one and a half pounds of sugar, a half ounce of cinnamon, a half ounce of nutmeg, a quarter of an ounce, each, of cloves and allspice. Boll all together for a short time, and when cold add a pint of good brandy.



Satan Sanderson
By HALLIE ERMINE RIVES.
Author of "Harris Courtesan," Etc.
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(Continued.)

He shoved the candle nearer on the table. "There's a queer look in your face, Hugh!" he said, with a clumsy attempt at kindness. "That rock they threw must have hurt you. Feel sort of dizzy, eh? Never mind, I'll show you a sight for sore eyes. You went off without your share of the last swag, but I've saved it for you. Prendergast wouldn't cheat a pal!"

From a cranny in the clay chinked wall he took a chamoliskin bag. It contained a quantity of gold dust and small nuggets, which he poured into a miner's scales on the table and proceeded to divide in two portions. This accomplished, he emptied one of the portions on to a paper and pushed it out.

"That's yours," he said. Harry's eyes were on his with a piercing intensity now, as though they looked through him to a vast distance beyond. He was staring through a gray mist at something far off, but significant, that eluded his direct vision. The board table, the yellow gold, the flickering candlelight, recalled something horrifying, in some other world, in some other life, millions of ages ago.

He lurched to his feet, overturning the table. The gold dust rattled to the floor.

"Your deal!" he said. Then, with a vague laugh, he fell sideways upon the bunk. August Prendergast stared at him with a look of amazement on his yellow face. "He's crazy as a chicken!" he said.

He sat watching him awhile, then rose and kindled a fire on the unwept hearth. From a litter of cans and dented utensils in a corner he proceeded to cook himself supper, after which he carefully brushed up the scattered gold dust and returned it all to its hiding place. Lastly he rummaged on a shelf and found a vial. This proved to be empty, however, and he set it on the table.

"I guess you'll do well enough without any pain killer," he said to himself. "Doctors are expensive. Anyway, I'll be back by midnight."

He threw more wood on the fire, blew out the candle and, closing the door behind him, set off down the trail to the town, where a faro bank soon acquired the bill Jessica had given him.

It was pitch dark when Jessica reached the sanitarium, though she went like a whirlwind, the chill damp smell of the dewy balsams in her nostrils, the dust rising ghostlike behind the rapid hoofs. She found David Stires anxious and peevish over her late coming.

She felt a relief when the old man grew tired and was wheeled to his bedroom.

Left alone, her reflections returned. She began to be tortured. She tried to read. The printed characters swam beyond her comprehension. At length she drew a hood over her head and stole out on to the wide porch.

It was only 9 o'clock, and along the gravel paths that wound among the shrubbery a few dim forms were strolling. She caught the scent of a cigar and the sound of a woman's laugh. The air was crisp and bracing, with a promise of frost and painted leaves. She gazed down across the dark gulches toward the town, a straggling design pricked in blinding yellow points. Halfway between, folded in the darkness, lay the green shelf and the cabin to which her thought returned with a kind of compulsion.

There was no moon, but the stars were glowing like tiny green gift coils, and the yellow road lay plain and clear. With a sudden determination she drew her light cloak closely about her, stepped down, sped across the grass to a footpath and so to the road. As she ran on down the curving stretch under the trees the crackling slip of bank paper that lay in her bosom seemed to burn her flesh. She was stealing away to gaze upon the outcast who had shamed and humbled her—going, she knew not why, with burning cheek and hammering heart.

She slipped through the side trail to the cabin with a choking sensation. She stole to the window and peered in. In the firelight she could see the form on the bunk, tossing and muttering. She lifted the latch softly and entered.

and helplessness of his posture struck through and through her. Two sides of her were struggling in a chaotic combat for mastery.

"I hate you! I hate you!" she said under her breath, clenching her cold hand. "I must hate you! You stole my love and put it under your feet! You have disgraced my present and ruined my future! What if you have forgotten the past—your crime? Does that make you the less guilty or me the less wretched?"

But with a silent voice within her gave the lie to her vehemence. Some element of her character that had been rigid and intact was crumbling down. An old sweet something that a dreadful mill had ground and crushed and annihilated was rising whole and undented, superior to any petty distinction, regardless of all that lifted combative in her inheritance, not to be gainsaid or denied.

She leaned closer, listening to the incoherent words and broken phrases borne on the turbid channels of fever. But she could not link them together into meaning. Only one name he spoke clearly over and over again—the name Hugh Stires—repeated with the dreary monotony of a child conning a lesson. She noted the mark across his brow. Before her marriage, in her blindness, she had used to wonder what it was like. It was not in the least disfiguring. It gave a touch of the extraordinary. It was so small she did not wonder that in that ecstatic moment of her bride's kiss she had not seen it.

Slowly, half fearfully, she stretched out her hand and laid it on his. As if at the touch the mutterings ceased.

Her eyes opened, and a confused, troubled look crept to them. Then they closed again, and the look faded out into a peace that remained.

A thrill ran through her, the sense of moral power of the weak over the strong, of the feminine over the masculine.

A rising flush stained her cheeks. With a sudden impulse and with a guilty backward glance she bent and touched her lips to his forehead.

She drew back quickly, her face flooded with color, caught her breath, then, drawing her hood over her head, went swiftly to the door and was lost in the darkness.

When toward midnight the fever ebbed, Sanderson had fallen into a deep sleep of exhaustion, from which he opened his eyes next morning upon the figure of Prendergast sitting, pipe in mouth, in the sunny doorway.

He lifted himself on his elbow. That crafty face had been inexplicably worn with the delirious fantasies of his fever. Where and when had he known it? Then in a great tide welled over him the memory of his last conscious hours—the scene in the saloon, the fight, the music, the sudden appalling discovery of his name and repute. He remembered the sickening wave of self disgust, the fierce agony of resentment that had beat in his every vein as he walked up the darkening street. He remembered the thrown quartz. No doubt another missile had struck home or he had been set upon, kicked and pommelled into insensibility. This old man—a miner probably, for there were picks and shovels in the corner—had succored him. He had been ill, there was lassitude in every limb, and shadowy recollections tantalized him. He retained a dim consciousness of a woman's face—the face he had seen on the balcony—leaning near him, bringing into a painful disorder a sense of grateful coolness, of fragrance and of rest.

As he stared again at the seated figure, the grim fact reared like a grisly specter, deriding, thrusting its baggard presence upon him. In this little community, which apparently he had forsaken and to which he had by chance returned, he stood a rogue and a scoundrel, a thing to point the finger at and to avoid. The question that had burned his brain to fire flamed up again. The town despised him.

What had been his career? How had he become a pariah? And by what miracle had he been so altered as to look upon himself with loathing?

He lifted himself upright, dropping his feet to the floor. At the movement the man on the doorstep rose quickly and came forward.

"You're better, Hugh," he said. "Take it easy though. Don't get up just yet—I'm going to cook you some breakfast."

He turned to the hearth, kicked the smoldering log ends together and set a saucepan on them. "You'll be stronger when you've got something between your ribs," he added.

"How long have I been lying here?" asked Harry.

"Only since last night. You've had a fever."

"Where is my dog?" "Dog?" said the other. "I never knew you had one."

Harry's lips set bitterly. It had fared more hardly, then, than he. It had been a ready object for the crowd to wreak their hatred upon, because it belonged to him—because it was Hugh Stires' dog!

"Is this your cabin, my friend?" The figure bending over the hearth straightened itself with a jerk, and the blinking yellow eyes looked hard at him. Prendergast came close to the bunk.

"That's the game you played in the town," he said, with a surliness. "It's all right for those that take it in, but you needn't try to bamboozle me, pretending you don't know your own claim and cabin! I'm no such fool!"

A dull flush came to Harry's brow. Here was a page from that iniquitous past that faced him. His own cabin! And his own claim! Well, why not?

"You are mistaken," he said calmly. "I am not pretending. I cannot remember you."

Prendergast laughed in an ugly, derisive way. "I suppose you've forgotten the half year we've lived here together and the gold dust we've gathered in now and again—slipped it all, have you?"

Harry stood up. The motion brought a temporary dizziness, but it passed. He walked to the door and gazed out on the pleasant green of the hillside. On a tree near by was nailed a rough, weather beaten board on which was scrawled, "The Little Paymaster Claim." He saw the grass grown gravel trenches, evidence of abandoned work. He had been a miner. That in itself was honest toil.

"The claim is good, then," he said over his shoulder. "We found the pay?"

Prendergast contemplated him a moment in grim silence, with a scowl. "You're either really fuddled, Hugh," he said then, "or else you're a star play actor and up to something deep. Well, have it your own way—it's all the same to me. But you can't pull the wool over my eyes long!"

There were mockery and threat in his tone; but, more than both, the evil intimacy in his words gave Harry a quail of disgust. This man had been his associate. That one hour in the town had shown him what his own life there had been.

What should he do? Forsake forever the neighborhood where he had made his blistering mark? Fling it aside and start again somewhere and leave behind this disgraceful present, with that face that had looked into his from above the dusty street?

If fate intended that, why had it turned him back? If such was the bed he had made, he would lie in it. He would drink the gall and vinegar without whimpering. Whatever lay behind he would live it down. This man at least had befriended him.

He turned into the room. "Perhaps I shall remember after awhile," he took the saucepan from Prendergast's hand. "I'll cook the breakfast," he said.

Prendergast filled his pipe and watched him. "I guess there are bats in your belfry, sure enough, Hugh," he said at length. "You never offered to do your stint before."

Just the Color. Jokesmith—That's a sarcastic editor on that comic paper. I submitted some jokes written on gray paper. Post—Did he make any comment? Jokesmith—Yes. He said they were so old they were turning gray.—Houston Post.

Terrible Censor. "What part of my book did you most enjoy?" asked the authoress as she brushed her hair over her ears. And after a moment's reflection Miss Cayenne answered: "The cover design."—Washington Star.

In Boyland. Venus was telling her friends about her missing arms. "I lost them in a revolving door while trying to attend a sale of peach basket hats," she whispered.—Chicago News.

DIVIDED WAYS.
What a Chance Meeting After Many Years Revealed.

By SUSAN H. MORLEY.
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"There's not another such stretch on the whole sound," Lisa was saying gaily. "For miles it's this same way—so level that at low tide we could, if we chose, pass dry shod, like the children of Israel, to the other side, which means to you island. In fact, it's our favorite!"

A whirling black cloud, starting the horses, rose suddenly from the edge of the water as they turned a sharp point, and Seth Eckles, who was no horseman, had all he could do to keep his seat.

"Stormy petrels," laughed Lisa. "The beach takes its name from them, they haunt it in such numbers, you know. If you could stay another month, Seth, we'd make a rider of you. It's a better sport any time, I warrant, than those new glossed games you talk so much about."

Eckles, who was comfortably settled in his saddle again, listened to the pounding of the hoofs on the hard wet



"DO YOU KNOW YOU HAVEN'T SPOKEN FOR THE LONGEST WHILE?"

sand, his eyes on Lisa, whose small gray form seemed to blend and become a part of the lithe gray she was riding.

He admired her immensely, this stepdaughter of his aunt, and suddenly it seemed to him that mortal man could ask for nothing better than Lisa for a wife, and life in this out of the way but aristocratic and exclusive, self-satisfied old town.

And Lisa was pretty. Not a girl he had ever known could compare with her in beauty, not to mention a certain rare grace of manner and an unusual, dainty wit.

She had money and lineage, too, back of her, and Seth Eckles was old enough and wise enough to know the value of such things.

"If silence is golden," she interrupted quizzically, "then your burden must indeed be heavy. Do you know you haven't spoken for the longest while?"

"I was—thinking," he stammered guiltily, ashamed that anything so sordid as family and money could for an instant have associated themselves in his mind with the girl herself. It was Lisa that he wanted.

"How late!" Lisa exclaimed with the booming of the sunset gun on the old fort across the channel. "If you but knew it, Seth, we're five miles from home. Then there's dinner and dressing, and I can't under any circumstances allow a guest to disgrace himself by arriving tardily at a function in his honor. We've got to run for it!"

She wheeled and led off, Seth following and keeping up as best he could, but undaunted by the distance between them. Was there not the dance at the clubhouse yet before his train at midnight? At any rate, it was a chance.

And Seth made the best of it. The long galleries were bowers of palms and remote from the ballroom, and there, with the tide pummeling at the pier and tossing up sheets of spray, Seth told his story.

He was young and handsome and adept, and he pleaded his case well—so well that he and Lisa in the white radiance of a big moon and with the shimmer of water about them exchanged vows, convinced that each was intended for the other. That was the way life looked that night, but, of course, it would be the same a year hence when Lisa should be eighteen and the engagement made public.

Then Seth, fresh from a law school, established himself in New York. There was no time, some weary waiting for clients. From the very first luck held his hand, and business troubles, growling like hyenas at the doors of even older men, from him stood aloof.

Lisa and was formally engaged to Laura, the engagement being speedily followed by marriage.

For awhile there were hours of gloom when he stood truly aghast at what he had done. In every conceivable light and with all honesty he argued the matter, convincing himself finally that he had nothing to regret. Lisa was young and susceptible. Probably she was already consoled.

In any case a man's maturer judgment was to be respected, no matter at what cost. And, too, he greatly admired his wife, her easy adaptability, her cleverness, her accomplishments. Besides, they were congenial. Her ambitions fully equaled his, and her penchant for politics was a factor in his career, pushing him into places he knew he could not have reached alone.

For a time honors seemed absolutely heaped upon him. He could scarcely keep step with fortune's pace, so fast and furiously did she mount. But, once started on the ladder, he continued to climb, even long after his wife's death and when his hair had grayed and Lisa was but a misty dream. And luck still held his hand.

He was in the running for governor, making the press said, a phenomenal campaign. Men spoke of him as the brilliant light, the strong man of his time. Everywhere he was made much of, and it was at a reception for him in the old clubhouse at the end of the pier that a sleeping memory awoke.

Could it be possible that he was awake? Only an hour ago it might have been that he last saw the cool green of the ballroom, the long towers of palms with lights twinkling among the black green foliage, the surf beating at the pier and the white foam dashing high. There was music, too, just as on that other night, but Lisa, shimmering in pale green, with the string of pearls close to her white throat and nestling in her yellow hair—Lisa—

"I claim the privilege of an old friend." A musical voice spoke close to his ear as he leaned on the railing, and some one touched his arm.

It was Lisa. He knew it before he turned to see her in pale, shimmering green, with pearls at her throat and in the same fair hair. She smiled at him, too, in the old way, with little dimples about her mouth and her sensitive lips moving ever so slightly, though her face was in repose.

How pretty she was! Incomparably prettier than that other night and with a sweet, womanly dignity which puzzled him. What had come to her to so beautifully beauty, to so intensely loveliness?

He forgot the years and deeds that lay between that faroff night and this, like leaves between the covers of a book, remembering only as it were the preface that once she had loved him, that he still loved her, the crown of any man's life.

"Lisa!" he cried, his face aglow, his hands extended. "Lisa!" "Dreaming!" she laughed. Then the little hand pulled at his sleeve as the other reached toward two men in the shadows. One of them was strong and fine and one was young and handsome. "I want you, Seth," she said, "to know my son and my husband."

Not Entirely Undisputed.

The case before the court was one involving the ownership of a tract of land, and the attorney for one of the parties to the suit was cross-examining a witness. "Now, Mr. Grimshaw," he said, "the property on which you live was originally a part of the twenty acres in dispute, was it not?"

"Yes, sir."

"And your title is based on the original title to that land, I presume?"

"Yes, sir."

"How long have you resided there?"

"Over twenty-one years."

"Have you had—now, mark me—have you had twenty-one years' undisputed possession of that property?"

The witness hesitated a moment. "Remember, Mr. Grimshaw," said the lawyer, raising his voice, "that you are under oath. Have you had twenty-one years' undisputed possession of that property?"

"It has been disputed once, and only once," answered the witness. "I found a nest of bumblebees in my back yard one day last summer."

In the general laugh that followed this answer the lawyer subsided.—Youth's Companion.

Freaks of Figures.

Some person of a mathematical turn of mind has discovered that the multiplication of 987654321 (which you will observe, are simply the figures 1 to 9, inclusive, reversed) by 45 gives 44,444,444.445. Reversing the order of the digits and multiplying 123456789 by 45 we get a result equally curious—viz. 5,555,555.505. If we take 123456789 as the multiplicand and, interchanging the figures in 45 so as to make them read 54, use the last number as a multiplier the result will be 6,666,666.666. Returning to the multiplicand 987654321 and taking 54 as the multiplier again, the result will be 53,333,333.334, all three except the first and last figures, which together read 54, the multiplier. Taking the same multiplicand and 27, the half of 54, as the multiplier, the product is 26,666,666.667, all 6's except the first and last figures, which together read 27, the multiplier. Now interchanging the order of the figures 27 and using 72 instead as a multiplier and 987654321 as the multiplicand we get as a product 71,111,111.112, all ones except the first and last figures, which together read 72, the multiplier.

An Inflation.

"Your tickets were complimentary, were they not?" "Well," replied the man who had seen a painfully amateur entertainment. "I thought they were until I saw the show."—London Tit-Bits.

THE FIRST EXCURSION.
Thomas Cook Ran the Pioneer Event in 1841.

Forty-eight years ago Thomas Cook organized and advertised the first railway excursion in England. Cook was then a turner by trade and a temperance organizer as a side line.

One hot summer day in the June of 1841, young Cook set out on a walk which was to mark the turning-point in his career. It was to Leicester, where he was to be one of the speakers at a great temperance demonstration. The distance was but fifteen miles—a mere nothing to such a pedestrian as he was; but, as he strode along, he read something which set him thinking deeply. It was the newspaper report of the opening of that portion of what was then known as the Midland Counties Railway, which connected Leicester with Loughborough.

Now, it had been arranged to hold another demonstration shortly at Loughborough, and all at once it flashed into his mind, what a wonderful success it might be made if the people could go by rail instead of having to walk; hundreds there might go, where dozens would not otherwise.

Full of the idea, he explained it to his audience that night. All were struck; but, said some, "What about the cost? How many workmen could afford it?" "Leave that to me," exclaimed Cook. "All of you who would like to go hold up your hands."

So large was the response that, early the next morning, he betook himself to the office of John Fox Bell, the secretary of the railway company, and unfolded his plan. Mr. Bell at once fell in with the idea, and himself gave a contribution towards the preliminary expenses.

Within a few hours the arrangements were set forth in print, thus making it the very earliest publicly advertised excursion train.

On the 5th of July, the excursion duly started, numbering five hundred and seventy passengers, amidst great popular enthusiasm, a band of music accompanying them to the station, whilst all Loughborough turned out to welcome them.

A CANADIAN'S SUCCESS.
Clarksburg Boy Gets Degree of Ph.D. From Chicago.

Mr. E. S. Moore of Clarksburg, who graduated at the University of Toronto in 1904, is the first Canadian to receive the degree of Ph.D. from the geological department of Chicago Uni-



versity. It was conferred upon him a short time ago, with the additional distinction of "Magna Cum Laude." He has also been appointed senior professor of geology in the State University of Pennsylvania, duties to commence in September next. Dr. Moore is at present in charge of a geological survey party in New Ontario, where he has held a similar position for the past five years.

An Old Time English Election.

A curious incident occurred at Paton at an election for Parliament. Sir Mark Wood, who had been one of its members for several years, had as his colleague in the Parliament of 1812 Sir William Congreve, the inventor of the famous "Congreve Rocket." The latter resigned in 1816, and the baronet wished his own son to fill the vacancy.

There were only three voters in the constituency, Sir Mark, his son and his butler, named Jennings, but as the son was away and the butler had quarreled with his master an opportunity was afforded for a singular revenge. Jennings refused to second Sir Mark's nomination of his son and proposed himself, and a deadlock was averted only by Sir Mark coming to terms with the refractory butler, whose nomination he seconded in order to induce him to act as a second to his son.

Matters being thus put formally in train, Sir Mark arranged with Jennings that the former's vote should be alone given, and the final state of the poll at Gattin's only known contest stood thus: Wood (Tory), 1; Jennings (Whig), 0.—Westminster Gazette.

Venerable Trees.

Over fifty of the "venerable trees" which Dr. Johnson and Boswell gazed upon in the vicinity of Cadzow Castle, Nairn, are, it is said, still flourishing. One of the beeches has a girth of 16 feet and a spread of branches of over 100 feet. One beautiful gem-tree, which has been blossoming for over 300 years, has this season again presented a sight of splendor, while several fine ash trees, planted in 1670, are still holding seasonable rivalry with aged oaks. The antiquity of Cadzow Wood is surpassed, of course, by the patch of Cadzow Forest, at Hamilton, where oaks that budded when Bruce was king are still giving evidences of life; but Cadzow has a splendor which is not possible amid the smoke-tinged atmosphere of Cadzow.—Glasgow News.

Madrid is Highest.
Madrid has the highest altitude of any city in Europe.

WORLD'S FINEST GEM

STORY OF THE DISCOVERY OF THE CULLINAN DIAMOND.

Man Who Found It Thought at First That He Was Dreaming or That Someone Had Played a Joke on Him—Insured For Huge Sums While in Transit—Four Detectives Watched Cutting at Amsterdam.

The late acquisition of the two magnificent flawless diamonds of the purest blue white color, cut from the great Cullinan crystal, establishes the supremacy of the diamond collection among the crown jewels of Great Britain as the largest and most valuable in the world.

The history of this wonderful diamond is one of romance from the evening of June 25, 1905, it was first seen glittering upon the side of the deep excavation in the premier mine in the Transvaal, down to its installation in a new and living form among the crown jewels on public view in the Tower of London.

Mr. George Frederic Kuntz, in the June Century magazine has dealt exhaustively with the Excelsior and Cullinan diamonds, but as the Excelsior has been broken up into ten splendid smaller jewels it has lost its identity; and as the Cullinan has furnished the two largest diamonds in existence weighing respectively 516 1-2 and 309 3-16 carats, besides a drop diamond of 9.2 carats, a square brilliant of 6.2 carats, five other smaller stones, and 96 still smaller brilliants and 9 unpolished "ends," it claims our special attention.

When Mr. Frederick Wells first caught sight of the gleam in the earth he climbed up after it, and had a good deal of difficulty in extricating it. When I took a good look at the stone stuck there in the side of the pit it suddenly flashed across my mind that I had some insane—that the whole thing was imaginary. I knew it could not be a diamond. Some practical joker had planted this huge chunk of glass there for me to find. Mr. Wells soon, however, convinced himself of the genuineness of the stone which when it was cleaned weighed 3.024 3-4 carats, and was three times the size of any other diamond that had ever been discovered. In the course of a few hours the news was telegraphed to all parts of the world that the greatest diamond of this or any other age had been brought to light. The company rewarded Mr. Wells with \$10,000, and the founder of the company gave the diamond his own name, Cullinan.

It is supposed to be a fragment, probably less than baby, of a crystal, the other portions of which are still to be discovered; and gigantic as it is, it represents in weight less than half the daily output of the De Beers mines, which average about 7,000 carats.

The owners, realizing the safety of the British mail, sent the stone to London as an ordinary registered parcel, but insured it from risk in transit for \$1,250,000. On arrival it was placed in the vaults of the Standard Bank of South Africa. The King desired to see it, so when it was taken to Buckingham Palace for an hour or two, a special policy was made out for \$2,500,000 at a cost of \$75.

"This is a great curiosity," said the King, "but I should have knocked it aside as a lump of glass if I had seen it in the road."

After several suggestions as to the disposal of it, the Transvaal Legislature decided to purchase it, and present it to King Edward VII. on his sixty-six birthday as a testimonial of the gratitude of the Transvaal for the grant of autonomy accorded by the English Government. \$750,000 is said to be the price agreed upon (but it is not definitely known), \$300,000 of which was paid in cash, and the remainder was covered by the three-fifths of the proceeds of the diamond mines that is turned over to the colonial Government.

On November 9, 1907, it was delivered to the King, who the same day communicated to the Government his acceptance for himself and his successors, and added that "this great and unique diamond shall be kept and preserved among the historic jewels which form the heirlooms of the crown."

Four detectives accompanied the treasure to Amsterdam, January 23, 1906, where it took months to cut and polish it. The cutting is expensive, \$40,000 was paid for the recutting of the Kohinoor diamond in 1852. The expense of cutting the Cullinan stone was met by the sale of some of the minor gems. The greatest and most interesting precautions were taken for its safety in Amsterdam.

The two large stones have been named "The King Edward Diamond" and "The Queen Alexandra Diamond," and a court jeweler has been setting some of the other larger diamonds so that on state occasions they may be worn on the crown by His Majesty, but at less formal events they may be detached and worn by the Queen as a necklace.

Romeo's Predicament.

During his stage career, Forbes Robertson, like most other actors, has been the victim of a number of awkward misadventures. On one occasion he was playing "Romeo and Juliet" with Madame Modjeska. He was seated on the steps of the tomb and had commenced to apostrophize his lost love when he found to his horror that the steps, which were on castors, were moving toward the footlights. "What is de matter?" asked Modjeska. "The steps are moving away," said Mr. Robertson. "Then you will have to jump," was the comforting response. He jumped.

Didn't Like Papers.

Alexander William Kinglake, author of "Eothen" and "History of the War in the Crimea," was no admirer of the daily press, even in early days. Once looking at old Mr. Villiers, then father of the Commons, he remarked, with his meditative drawl, "A clever man, before he softened his brain by studying the newspapers!"

EX-SHAH NOT WELCOME.

Persia's Deposed Ruler Cannot Live in England.

The Marquess de Fonteroy tells the following:

For the first time in many years King Edward has found it necessary to deny the hospitality of English territory to a foreign sovereign, to discover a precedent for which it is necessary to go back to 1815, when the great Napoleon, after the battle of Waterloo, begged to be allowed to take up his residence in England, sought refuge on an English warship with that object in view, was not allowed to land and was shipped off to St. Helena. The foreign monarch who has now requested permission to establish his home in England is the deposed Shah of Persia, and I hear that both Edward VII. and his ministerial advisers have taken the ground that aside from the inconveniences of permitting a full-fledged oriental establishment, harem and all, within the borders of the United Kingdom, the offer of hospitality to the ex-shah would be misconstrued not alone in Persia, but also in India, and, indeed, throughout the Orient. Were the ex-shah to live in England the Persian people would always remain under the impression that at some future period he would be brought back to Teheran and restored to power by the British Government, and they would in consequence thereof be disinclined to accord their confidence to the present regime in Persia or to believe in its stability.

Of other deposed sovereigns who have sought refuge in England and who have made their homes there while in exile, one may mention Napoleon III. and his empress, who still lives at Farnborough, near Aldershot; King Louis Philippe and Queen Marie Amelie, King Charles X. and Louis XVIII., all of France; the late King Francis of Naples and his consort; ex-King Milan of Serbia and Queen Natalie, the consort of ex-King Miguel of Portugal, who is now lady abbess of the Benedictine Convent at Ryde, on the Isle of Wight; ex-King Joseph Bonaparte of Spain, ex-Khedive Ismail of Egypt, the ex-King of the Punjab, the late Dhuleen Singh, and Alfonso XII. of Spain prior to his restoration in the early 70's. Indeed, Alfonso XII., went through a course of military training at the Royal Staff College at Sandhurst in England.

Strange Hindu Beliefs.

In India the traditions of folklore are numerous and strange. Among those pertaining to the tiger the following are the most peculiar: The uneducated Hindu (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 one rupee a day; that is to say, if the tiger kills a calf worth six 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 first must be signed 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 cause of death. Nothing was left of him save his bones and some fingers, which probably belonged to either the right or left hand."

New Cabinet Minister's Story.

The new Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, Mr. Herbert Samuel, is a member of a well-known Jewish family of bankers, and was born in Liverpool. After a brilliant career at Oxford, Mr. Samuel devoted himself to politics, and twice contested South Oxfordshire unsuccessfully. He is a forcible speaker, avoiding the style of oratory that marks the average election campaign, and of which he tells an amusing story. "One night, as I arrived late to address a meeting, I saw a working man whom I knew lounging at the doorway of the hall, while from within came a continuous and earnest bellowing. 'Do you know who's speaking?' I asked my friend. 'Or haven't you been in?' 'Oh, yes, I've been in,' said he. 'Mr. A— is speaking.' 'What about?' I inquired. My friend sighed and shook his head. 'He didn't say,' he answered." Mr. Samuel is only in his thirty-fourth year, and so can claim to have made a rapid success in the political arena.

Aviator Is Confident.

If Mr. W. Gibson of Victoria, B.C., realizes his expectations with respect to the aeroplane he has invented, then the Pacific Coast will be able to claim the honor of having done something very practical towards the solution of the problem of aerial navigation. Mr. Gibson's flying machine is less than a third the weight of the Wright machine and develops 40 more horse-power. The inventor offers to bet that in a year he will fly from Seattle to Vancouver in his machine. Its weight is only 222 pounds, and the motor develops 65 horse-power. The feature of the Gibson aeroplane is that it flies straight forward instead of sideways. While other aeroplanes present their widest side to the front, it presents the narrowest.

Curate's Substitute.

The newly-appointed Archbishop of Sydney was formerly Archdeacon Wright of Manchester, who is to be warmly congratulated on his new honors, for the Archbishopric of Sydney is the highest position, outside England, to be obtained in the Anglican Church, and its income is \$15,000 a year. The archbishop once went to hear a sermon from a newly-ordained young curate, who nervously rose, fumbled with the papers on his desk, blushed, and then said: "My friends—I, I am sorry to say that I have lost the notes for my sermon, and I therefore cannot deliver it. I will have to do the next best thing, therefore, and read a few chapters from the Bible!"

A FAMOUS BELLE.

Countess of Cardigan Is Still Alert and Fascinating.

If one of the famous ladies of the Regency or of the Empire had stepped out of the past to greet me I could hardly have been more impressed than when the Countess of Cardigan received me in her drawing-room and told me some of her memories of the past, about which she had written a book that will shortly be published.

And indeed she was a belle and a famous one, in the time of the Second Empire, and she was born only just after the days of the Regency. Nobody would believe it if they saw her to-day. Her figure is slim and upright, her face is scarcely lined, her eyes are those of a young woman, and see, you may be sure, as much of the amusing side of life as they have ever done.

And when you hear her talk of the scenes and the figures of the past, her talk is so alert that it is difficult to believe that she is speaking of the time before Queen Victoria came to the throne. She wore a dress of rose-colored silk trimmed with old lace, and round her neck some strings of great pearls, and her dress became her. You felt that the sombre clothes of an old woman would not have suited her at all.

One of her earliest recollections is of a children's ball at St. James' Palace which William IV. gave in honor of the Princess Victoria, who was then about thirteen. Lady Cardigan—she was then Miss Adelaide de Horsey—was only five and during the course of the entertainment she was missed, but discovered eventually curled up in the King's chair fast asleep.

She remembers, too, the preparations for the great Eglinton Tournament, which was to be a revival of mediæval glories but was unfortunately spoiled by rain. Duverney taught her to dance—the famous Duverney who afterwards became Mrs. Lyne Stephens, succeeded to the vast fortune of her husband, and died a very old woman not so many years ago.

Early portraits of Lady Cardigan show her as a very beautiful girl with an expression of great vivacity. One of them was painted about the time she was engaged to the Count de Montemolin, son of the first Don Carlos, claimant to the Spanish throne and uncle of Don Carlos who died the other day. "I remember him as an infant," she told me, "with very black eyes." The Count de Montemolin was on a visit with his brother to the Duke and Duchess of Nemours at Orleans House, Twickenham, and fell violently in love with the young English beauty. She still keeps his love letters, and some of them are to be reproduced in the book she is preparing.

The Incomplete Anglers.

Mr. A. E. W. Mason, M.P. for Coventry, England, novelist, playwright, and one-time actor, has made good use of his electoral experience in his new play, "Colonel Smith." This literary Parliamentarian confesses that he writes very deliberately, usually taking two years to the writing of one book. There is, however, nothing of the recluse about Mr. Mason, for he spends all his spare time in the open air, and is an enthusiastic yachtsman and mountaineer. In the sailing expeditions which he often makes on the West Coast of Scotland, he is sometimes accompanied by Mr. Andrew Lang, who is no less devoted to out-door sport. A friend of both writers tells how he once called at a little inn and asked the landlady what kind of people usually came there. "Oh, often literary people," she declared with pride. "Sometimes Mr. Andrew Lang and Mr. Mason. They come for the fishing." "And do they catch much?" inquired the interested friend. "Well, no sir," admitted the landlady, "they never catches anything; but, there sir, they fishes beautifully."

Quaint Injunction in Will.

The quaint testamentary injunction of an eighteenth century gardener and botanist was observed for the one hundred and eightieth successive year at Shoreditch parish church, says The London Standard, when what is known as the "vegetable lecture," was preached by the vicar, Rev. E. R. Ford. In 1729 Thomas Fairchild died at the age of sixty-three years, and bequeathed £125 to the church wardens or Shoreditch, stipulating that the interest should be paid each Whit Tuesday for the delivery by a selected preacher of an address on "The wonderful works of God in creation, or the certainty of the resurrection of the dead by certain changes of the creation." Fairchild had extensive grounds in the days when "the Hoxton hamlet" was noted for its productions, and he introduced many varieties of foreign fruits and flowers. In the borough council's small public garden in Hackney road, close to the church, there is a tombstone recording the injunction as to the lecture.

Set to Music.

"If you have a freckle make the most of it," is the motto of the present day, and Mr. Cave-Brown-Cave, of Montreal, shows his wisdom in being proud of a name that many a weaker man would sink under. Montrealers are telling what they claim to be a true story at his expense.

The other day Mr. H. S. Holme, also of Montreal, addressed Mr. Cave-Brown-Cave as "Mr. Cave." At this the owner of the three-fold appellation stiffened up and remarked:

"My name is Cave-Brown-Cave, Mr. Holme."

"Oh, is it?" said Mr. Holme. "Well, mine is Holme-Sweet-Home."

A Water Wizard.

It was while the well-known engineer, Mr. G. F. Deacon, whose lamented death recently occurred, was in charge of Liverpool's waterworks system that he invented the differentiating waste-water meter. He projected the Vyrnwy scheme in 1876, and subsequently completed, as engineer-in-chief, the first instalment of the scheme, which cost two and a half millions sterling. Mr. Deacon was the author of many clever papers on engineering matters read before technical and scientific societies.

FATE OF PERPETUAL CLOCK.

James Cox's Ingenious Machine May Now Be In China.

In the eighteenth century an ingenious jeweler named James Cox, of Shoe Lane, London, constructed a clock which was rendered perpetual by a cleverly contrived attachment which utilized the rise and fall of the barometer to supply the necessary energy.

The movement of the mercury actuated a cog wheel in such a manner that whether the mercury rose or fell the wheel always revolved in the same direction and kept the weights that supplied the movement of the clock always wound up. The barometer bulb dipped into a mercury cistern. The cistern hung attached to the extremities of two rockers, to the left end of one and the right end of the other.

The bulb was similarly attached to the other extremities of the rockers, which are thus moved every time there is a change in the amount of mercury in bulb and cistern, respectively. The rockers actuated a vertical ratchet, and the teeth were so arranged that the wheel they controlled could only move in one direction, whether the ratchet ascended and descended.

The clock itself was an ordinary one, but of very strong and superior workmanship, and was jeweled with diamonds at every bearing, the whole being enclosed in a glass case which, while it excluded dust, displayed the entire mechanism. The fate of Cox's clock was brought to light in a work called "Travels in China," published in 1804 and written by John Barrow.

In this book it is stated that in the list of presents carried by "the late Dutch Ambassador" were "two grand pieces of machinery that were part of the curious museum of Cox." One of these apparently was the perpetual clock, and it was taken by the Dutch Ambassador to China, where in the journey from Canton to Peking both the instruments suffered some slight damage. Efforts were made to repair it at Peking, but on leaving the capital it was discovered that the Chinese Prime Minister, Ho-chang-tong, had substituted two other clocks of very inferior workmanship and had reserved Cox's mechanism for himself.

Trader's First Deal.

The chief characteristic, as a child, of Mr. A. W. Gamage, who presided at the general meeting of the well-known firm bearing his name, was a well-developed instinct for making money, and before he was seven years of age he had carried through two business "deals." There was a considerable difference between these transactions, the first being of a pastoral, the second of a money-lending nature. At the time the boy's great desire was to obtain a certain watch he admired in a Hereford jeweler's window, and, having saved some fifteen shillings out of pocket money, he persuaded his father to sell him a lamb for the amount, his intentions, of course, being to purchase the watch out of the profit he expected to realize on the lamb when it became a sheep. Alas, a dog entered the fold, and the ewe lamb, greatly frightened, strangled itself between the bars of a hurdle. The future merchant prince was now reduced to four shillings, and the watch seemed further off than ever, but his father came to the rescue and sold, or rather gave, his son another lamb for four shillings. This one safely reached maturity, and brought to its owner thirty shillings. The youthful speculator did not, however, buy the watch then as he could not bring himself to part with the gold, and, in the second place, he shortly afterwards found another use for it.

The Wrong Lord Charles.

Like his brother, Lord Kerry, now member for mid-Derbyshire, Lord Charles Fitzmaurice, who has been appointed equerry-in-ordinary to the Prince of Wales, adopted a military career at an early date, and is at the present time a captain in the 1st (Royal) Dragoons. During his early days in India, an amusing incident occurred. Having a few weeks' leave he wired to book rooms at a certain hill station. On his arrival he was surprised to see the officer commanding the station and his staff on the platform to meet the train, and a guard of honor drawn up. Accosting an officer with whom he was slightly acquainted, he inquired the meaning of the array. "Oh, Lord Charles Fitzmaurice is coming," was the reply. His lordship looked puzzled and said, "Don't talk nonsense, I am the only white man on the train." After some discussion it eventually transpired that by some error the telegraphist had sent the message that "Lord Charles Beresford" was coming, instead of "Lord Charles Fitzmaurice." The feelings of the officer commanding may be imagined.

Hero of a Siege.

Sir F. M. Hodgson, Governor of British Guiana, is at present in England on leave of absence. Ten years ago, while Sir Frederic was governor of the Gold Coast, he, with Lady Hodgson, was besieged in Coomassie by the Ashanti people. They were for some weeks in hourly danger of losing their lives, and had no food other than dog-biscuits and tinned meats. Sir Frederic is the son of a South Country rector, and earlier in his career held a position in the General Postoffice. Once, at a dinner given in his honor, a speaker referred to this fact. "Our honored guest," he said, "began life as a clerk in the savings bank." Sir Frederic, rising to reply, smiled drily. "I am afraid someone has been fooling the last speaker," he said; "I began life as an infant."

White Horse of Kilburn.

The biggest artificial horse in the world is the famous white horse of Kilburn, England, which was formed fifty years ago by a native of Kilburn, who cut away the turf in the correct form and covered it with limestone. The whole occupies about two acres of ground and may be seen twenty miles away. It is said that twenty persons can sit on the "eye" of the horse.

WANTS TALK TO STOP.

Lord Charles Beresford Would End Party Controversy.

Lord Charles Beresford has been the guest of the London Chamber of Commerce at a complimentary dinner at the Hotel Cecil. Mr. Stanley Machin, chairman of the Council of the Chamber, presided, and among those present were Lord Brassey, Admiral Sir E. Fremantle, Sir Cyprion Bridge, Rear-Admiral Field, Lieutenant Carlton Bellairs, Sir F. Flannery, Lieutenant-General Sir J. W. Laurie.

Lord Charles Beresford, who was enthusiastically received, said his suggestions at the meeting which he addressed a fortnight ago had received a great deal of criticism, much of it quite fair, some of it most unfair.

He wished it to be understood that he would have nothing whatever to do with party politics with regard to the navy. His statement as to the deficiency of the fleet, as organized for war, he submitted to the Prime Minister. It was not a party manoeuvre; he wished to help the man at the helm to steer the ship of State, and not to throw difficulties in his way. The Prime Minister thought the statement so serious that he ordered an inquiry. He (Lord Charles) never asked for the inquiry; it was not his business to do so. Throughout the whole period his line had been Imperial and national, and that line he intended to take in the future.

He adhered to every word he said at the meeting in the city on June 30, and he intended to make no excuse for that speech. The four contingent battleships should be laid down this year, because we should be in arrears in our shipbuilding vote, and if we did not lay them down we should be in the position, in the event of a great triple alliance, of not being able to make a new program, as the yards would be full of ships of the old program.

The next important point was to get their plant ready. We could not turn out more than seven ships with gun-mountings yearly, whereas Germany was able to turn out ten. This was a serious point, and we ought to begin to increase our plant next week, so as to be ready for any demand and to make ourselves absolutely secure. If the competition in armaments continued, we should have to begin a new program altogether in 1913. The arrears of shipbuilding and false economy from which we were now suffering meant that for every \$500 saved we should have to pay \$2,500 or more to get things back to where they were, and in case of a panic something like \$5,000.

He wished all party controversy on the navy would cease, and that all would take a broad and Imperial view of the situation, devoting their attention to the common end of making the naval defence of this country adequate and strong. (Loud cheers.)

Peer as Porter.

Lord Howard de Walden, who is one of the few millionaire sportsmen who are also interested in classical literature, has just written another poetic play. Lord Howard is said to be the finest swordsman in Britain, and takes daily exercise with the foils. Another of his interests is the revival of the ancient sport of falconry, and at Audley End, his delightful seat in Sussex, are collections of trained hawks, falcons, and goshawks. The greater part of Lord Howard's large income is derived from ground rents in the Marylebone district. Marine motoring is also a hobby of this sporting peer, and he was indulging in it at Ryde last spring when an incident occurred which still occasions him amusement, tinged with regret. His motor-boat had sustained some damage, and, clad in dirty overalls, he was tinkering at it close to the pier when an old lady, struggling under the weight of a large portmanteau, approached and said: "Young man, will you please carry my bag on board that boat yonder? I want to cross to Portsmouth." Without a moment's hesitation his lordship relieved the old lady of her luggage, and, steering his way towards the boat she had pointed out, saw her safely aboard with her possessions. Long after the boat had sailed, Lord Howard was relating the incident to a friend, who told him that that particular boat was not going to Portsmouth at all, but to the French coast.

Veterans Thinning Out.

The survivors of the Indian Mutiny are gradually diminishing in number, the latest to fall out of the ranks being Mrs. Thompson, who died recently at Delhi of cholera. As Miss Alone, this lady did invaluable service during the siege of Lucknow in 1857. On more than one occasion she risked her life crossing from the ladies' quarters to the hospital amid a shower of bullets to take such unfortunates as was available to the unfortunates who were wounded. The "soldier's wife" she was, as she was described by a Scottish inmate of the hospital, was looked upon as a ministering angel.

Soldiers' Children Burn.

A shocking accident occurred recently at the Buena Vista Barracks in Gibraltar. Three children belonging to Sergeants Parker and Rover, of the Bedfordshire Regiment, were playing at housekeeping in a large packing case containing straw at the back of the officers' mess. The straw ignited, and the flames set fire to the children's clothes. A passing policeman rescued them, throwing his coat round one after the other, and himself being badly burned. Two of the children, Lily Parker and Eva Rover, both aged three, died subsequently in the military hospital. Another little girl, Ada Parker, was severely injured.

A Carpenter's Son.

Sir Hubert von Herkomer, the famous artist, is the son of a carpenter who possessed such all-round skill that he built the house in which the painter was born. When Sir Hubert von Herkomer was a baby his father once took him in his arms and said, "This boy shall one day be my best friend, and he shall be an artist." The distinguished Academician's mother, who was a talented violinist and pianist, helped to support the home by giving music lessons.

WHERE SIMCOE LIVED

GOVERNOR'S HOME AT HONITON IN DEVONSHIRE.

Founder of Upper Canada After a Hard Struggle in the Wildernesses of North America Went Home to Rest and Built Wolford Lodge—Many Relics of the Pioneer Still Exist in the Historic Old Manor.

High among the hills surrounding Honiton, the little country town which is famed far and wide as the centre of the lace-making industry of Devon, stands Wolford Lodge, the pleasant English home where Gen. Simcoe, the founder of Upper Canada, spent the last few years of his eventful life. Weakened by the wounds and hardships endured in the disheartening campaigns of the American revolutionary war, and worn with his anxious toil for the benefit of the new British province which it had been given to him to organize in the wilderness, he went back to England in 1786 to seek well-earned repose. But rest was not for him. Almost immediately he was sent back across the Atlantic to put down an insurrection in the West Indies. Returning again to his native land, he began, about the year 1800, to build himself a spacious mansion on a green slope deep amongst the gently-rounded, well-cultivated hills of lovely Devon. Surely no toil-worn warrior ever found a more restful spot in which to spend the evening of his days, for still, despite vastly increased population, despoiled railways and motor-cars, the whole land speaks of peace.

The lodge was built in solid fashion by the general round an old farmhouse, which was on the estate when he bought it. Except for the addition of some large bow-windows, the house has been little altered from the original design, and much of the old furniture remains in its spacious rooms. So large are they that an ancient four-poster bedstead appears a comparatively small piece of furniture, and the general's own bedroom is larger than many a village church. In the different rooms numerous relics connected with him have been carefully preserved.

On either side of the staircase window, in the square entrance hall, are two venerable flags, the colors of the "Queen's Rangers," a provincial corps of Loyalists, which was raised by Simcoe and did gallant service during the revolutionary war. This corps was as notable for strict discipline as for dash and courage, which, unfortunately, is more than can be said for some other Loyalist troops, and doubtless Simcoe's successful organization of the "Rangers" was the reason for his being asked to undertake the more difficult and important task of organizing a new government.

He threw himself into the work with an energy and self-abnegation which has won for him a place amongst the heroes of our history, and has sent many a Canadian on pilgrimage to his home in Devon, that beautiful county which has so long a roll of "worthies" connected with the exploration of the western world. By birth, however, Gen. Simcoe was not a Devonian. He was born at Cotterstock in Northamptonshire, but on the death of his father (one of Wolfe's gallant officers who died in Canada during the campaign against Quebec), he and his only brother, who was soon afterwards drowned in the Exe, were brought by their mother to Exeter to begin their education at the free grammar school of that ancient cathedral city.

In the hall at Wolford, opposite the colors of the "Rangers," is a portrait of Simcoe as a young man, standing with two friends beside the massive tombstone of a departed comrade; and in the drawing-room hangs the miniature of the general taken in later life, reproductions of which have made familiar to Canadians the features of the first governor of Upper Canada. There is a companion miniature of his wife as a young and pretty woman, wearing a variety of the quaint Welsh head-dress of closely-plaited cap, surmounted by a hat; but in this case the hat is blue instead of black, and the crown is lower than that ordinarily associated with the women of the principality. Mrs. Simcoe was the daughter and heiress of a gentleman of Hereford, who was descended from the ancient Kings of Wales, and family traditions describe her as a woman of high character and rather severe temper. After her husband's death she reigned at Wolford Lodge for four and forty years. She had nine children, of whom seven were girls; and the story goes that to the last she would never allow her daughters to sit down in her presence without special permission.

Nowadays a set of bookshelves across the end farthest from the large triple-windowed bay gives a hint of its original purpose. Above the bookcase hangs a long piece of carved teakwood from the luckless "Royal George," which, while being repaired, went down, with Kempenfeldt, and "his twice four hundred men," at Spithead in 1782. Beneath this relic stands a bust of Gen. Wolfe, and here and there about the room are snowshoes, Indian baskets, and birchbark canoes, that evoke the interest taken in all things Canadian by Mrs. Simcoe, the present kind and gracious chatelaine of Wolford Lodge. One of the chief ornaments of the library is "a trophy" consisting of a sword and walking stick used by the general, the midshipman's dirk and the sword of his grandson (Mrs. Simcoe's husband, who was a naval officer), and other arms connected not only with the family history, but incidentally with many stirring events in the development of the Empire. Mrs. Simcoe, by the way, has in her possession a unique collection of medals won by her father and her two grandfathers, all three of whom distinguished themselves at Waterloo.

The Jewish Race.

There are about eleven million Jews in the world.

THE TWO MIRANDAS.

A Story of a Going Away and a Joyous Return Trip.

By CLINTON DANGERFIELD.

When Herbert Moxon climbed out of the wagon in front of the farmhouse gate he looked forward with all a city boy's delight to a whole world in the country.

"That he had never seen his aunt or uncle before did not trouble him in the least. He had been brought up in a wholesome belief in the kindness of human nature in general and showed it so frankly that people invariably turned their best side toward this sunny faced lad of ten.

His uncle came hurrying down the box trimmed path to meet him.

"I'm glad to see ye, real glad," he declared warmly. "I'd 'a' come myself 'stead of sendin' Lucas, but I've had the rheumatiz considerable lately."

The boy paused a second at the doorstep to remark on the beauty of two full leaved and fruited apple trees which grew almost at the threshold, one at each side. But to his surprise



SEE LAY QUIVERING AND SIGHING AT THE FEET OF MIRANDA SWEET.

his uncle scowled slightly and hurried him into the house.

Only the cheery voice of the fire welcomed him. Herbert turned questioning to his uncle:

"Aunt—is she well?"

Jonas Alwyn showed a momentary confusion before the boy's clear glance. Then he said hastily:

"Well? Oh, yes. But she ain't to home jest now—won't be fer several days."

Time sped swiftly, there was so much to see and to do. True, his uncle's disposition varied from extreme cheerfulness to fits of moody abstraction. He proved to be so skillful a cook that he filled his nephew with wonder.

"I'll bet aunt's pancakes don't beat yours," he remarked one morning, his mouth full of light cakes and sirup, making the compliment a trifle indistinct.

Jonas started, then pushed away his coffee as though something had affected his appetite.

"They're a sight better," he said so gloomily that Herbert laughed outright.

"I didn't think you'd be sensitive on the subject, uncle. When she comes I'll tell her what you said. Have you heard from her lately?"

"Not fer say lately."

"Mother thought she was here when you wrote," went on Herbert.

His uncle rose excitedly.

"Ye don't mean it," he declared vehemently. "No; ye don't mean it, 'cause ye don't know nawthin' about it. But she ain't set foot in this house fer eight years come next November."

Herbert rose, pale in his turn.

"I'm sorry," he faltered. "I never knew—mother doesn't know—that anything had—gone wrong."

"Everything's gone wrong," said his uncle miserably. Suddenly he clutched his nephew and hurried him to the door, then down in the pathway, where he faced him about before the two fruit trees.

"This one," said his uncle, waving his right hand much as if he were introducing a duchess. "Is Miranda Sweet," and this one, "is Miranda Sour."

Herbert smothered a desire to laugh.

"Oh! Named after my aunt?"

"Jest so! Them two are seedlin's, an' I planted 'em the spring she went away. It's mighty queer that they come true ter the names I give 'em. As ter her goin'—that wuz a misanderstandin'. She's got property of her own, about ez much ez I own, an' she's livin' on it ten miles away. I ain't—"

he choked a little—"I ain't seen her sense that spring mornin' when she an' me had it out in the kitchen. I watched her bunnit go round the turn, an'—an' I ain't heard a word of her 'cept what the neighbors let drop."

"Since she's only ten miles away," said Herbert, with all the straightforward confidence of youth, "I should go to her and tell her it was just a misanderstanding."

"That's jest what I can't do," returned his uncle, with extreme moodiness. "Every time I start, an' I've started more'n onet, suthin' pulls me back. I do b'lieve it's Miranda Sour."

"Miranda Sour?"

"When she went away I named them two seedlin's fer her—Miranda Sweet," his voice faltered, "ter mind me of how purty she looked the day she an' me stood up before the preacher. She wuz

the pink cheekedest an' softest eyed gal in the hull village then.

"I named that tree Miranda Sour," the old man went on doggedly, "ter mind me how set an' contrary your aunt kin be when she's a inclination that a-way! That tree has got all of Miranda's aggravatinnest ways—the very way them leaves flit at ye is jest perzactly like the fling Miranda could give them skirts of her'n when she was swishin' past ye an' 'wouldn't listen ter reason."

Herbert hit Miranda Sour a sharp blow with a stick.

"I wish a worm would gnaw you. I wish a hurricane would blow you down."

"No sich luck," said Jonas in tones which expressed a certain mournful pride in his forecasting. "No sich luck. She'll keep on a-growin', an' Miranda an' me will keep on gittin' furdur an' furdur apart."

Herbert looked round furtively, then sidled up to his uncle.

"Cut her down," he whispered, one eye on Miranda Sour to see if she overheard.

"Cut her down!" exclaimed Jonas angrily. "Cut down an apple tree ez cost me all that trouble! By gum, I'll do nawthin' of the kind! It's all yer aunt's fault that them trees is there, an' there they kin stay fer me."

Preoccupied himself, Jonas never detected the purpose throbbing in Herbert's whole being nor even observed the guilty glance that his nephew stole at him when the boy asked with assumed calm if he might go fishing instead of accompanying Jonas to mill.

"Jest as ye like," said his uncle, somewhat surprised. "Ain't no good fishin' round here, but I s'pose throwin' the line in the water'll satisfy ye."

Herbert waited until his uncle had been gone a full half hour. Then he flew around to the wood pile and seized the ax, his heart throbbing to suffocation. He hurried back to the front yard, glancing right and left. There was no one in sight. He looked at Miranda Sour, the representative of "the ungodly." Yes, it was no fancy—her leaves rustled an insolent challenge. He sprang to her side and sunk his ax deeply in her new smooth bark.

After that the blows fell fast and furiously. In less than fifteen minutes she lay quivering and sighing at the foot of Miranda Sweet.

With desperate strength he dragged the fallen one around to the back yard, sometimes in cold terror over his deed, sometimes with the same exultation that Achilles felt in driving around the walls of Troy. The funeral pyre of Miranda Sour was no easy work, for the day was hot and the limbs full of sap, but at last nothing was left of her save a few blackened pieces not to be distinguished as parts of an apple tree. Then a tired but determined boy put old Dobbin in the ancient buggy and drove up the road at a rate that threatened an immediate smashup.

It was 6 o'clock when Jonas returned. He was weary, tired and hungry. Then as he opened the gate he rubbed his eyes—it could only be a vision!

But certainly the vision had warm arms. They clasped him around the neck, and a face still good to look on was upturned to his own, and the old, beloved voice cried out:

"Kiss me, Jonas—right here, right now!"

"Miranda!" he gasped, and then brokenly, "Thank God, oh, thank God."

"Yes, thank him," faltered Miranda, tears falling now. "An' his instrument was that blessed boy! Oh, Jonas, he told me how you missed me an' how you kept that beautiful apple tree in front of the door to remember me by!"

Hot shame and fear flooded Jonas. He glanced at the house and felt like rubbing his eyes again, for of Miranda Sour not even a stump was left, while in sweet and pined humility, comforted with many apples and tremulous with hints of years of happiness, Miranda Sweet shaded the doorway lovingly.

The Familiar Combination.

A Boston young man had married a Chicago girl, and they had started on their wedding tour. Despite, or perhaps because of, their studied efforts to appear like "old married folks" their fellow passengers on the railway train had no difficulty in classing them as bride and groom and manifested their knowledge by winks, nods and grins.

An unfortunate accident to the dining car compelled the conductor to leave it on the side track at a small station, and it was several hours before the train stopped for refreshments at a town where there was a restaurant near the passenger station.

It was by no means a first class restaurant, but the travelers had a first class appetite, and they swarmed into it. With some difficulty the bride and groom found seats, and presently a waitress came to take their order.

"Where's your bill of fare?" asked the young man.

"We haven't any today, sir," she answered.

"Nor any other day, perhaps?"

"No, sir."

"Well, what have you that you can recommend as being good to eat?"

"We have some nice pork and beans."

"Alfred," whispered the bride, "everybody seems to know that we have just been married, but how do you suppose this girl has found out that I am from Chicago and that you are from Boston?"—Youth's Companion.

Placing the Order.

"Wat's yourn?" asked the waiter of a quick lunch patron.

"Doughnuts and black coffee," was the reply.

And the waiter sent in the order to the cook by wireless. "One in the dark an' two rubber tires."—Chicago News.

VOTING BY MAIL.

New Provision In Australia That Helps Out the Women.

Many women of refinement admit that their greatest objection to the franchise—if they have any objection—lies in the fact that to record their votes they have to share the publicity of a possibly boisterous electoral booth, and run the gauntlet of mixing with the noisy rabble of an election-day crowd. "If the electoral franchise could be ridden of all the objectionable features which suggest masculinity (and the public booth necessarily entails some of these features), we would advocate the rights of women much more heartily." Thus a woman writes recently on the subject.

In certain parts of Australia, where adult franchise has been in force for some years, and where woman has an equal share with man in the election of representatives to attend the Legislature, they have overcome this great difficulty, namely, the manner of recording the ballot. They have provided that women may vote by mail from their own homes or at a Government office before the regular election days. This provision originally was made in the electoral law of Queensland, the northernmost state of Australia—when woman suffrage first was granted by the state—as a means of enabling women who lived at great distances from polling stations to record their votes; also to be taken advantage of by women who were ill and could not travel.

In Australia, the country of great distances, there are isolated farms and ranches (known as "runs," for the convenience of which it would be impossible to establish separate polling booths, with presiding officers and the rest, and so, in order not to exclude women living in such places from the privileges of the franchise, this emergency provision was inserted in the electoral law of Queensland. The provision worked so well that the state of Queensland later decided to make the clause apply to women generally throughout the country, and now, instead of having to dress and go out, rain or shine, and mix with the excited crowds on election day, the women of the cities, as well as those of the rural places, may record their votes in privacy.

The system has been found to work so well that it probably will be adopted by the Federal Government throughout Australia. At present it operates only in connection with some state elections, but there is a promising agitation to have the same system adopted for the federal elections. In fact, the federal Prime Minister has agreed to insert the necessary provision in the electoral act to be amended at the next session of Parliament.

Fifty Out of 10,000 Girls.

Nine thousand nine hundred and fifty girls out of every ten thousand are sacrificed to our method of education, according to Katharine Eggleston in Woman's Home Companion for July. Out of every ten thousand girls who enter our primary schools only fifty go to college, yet every one of the ten thousand is prepared for college. The nine thousand nine hundred and fifty who will be wage-earners and home-makers are entirely neglected.

For example, says Miss Eggleston: "Helen's school has not made work popular, so to-day Helen has several ideas firmly implanted in her brain. First, education offers a sure escape from domestic work, which is of all work the most mental. Second, the woman who has an income of her own is more independent than the woman who makes a home for a man who provides the income, therefore she is to be emulated. Third, the simplest method of acquiring one's own income is to seek work in the commercial or industrial world."

Sun Cooking.

Sun cooking—roasting and boiling by sunlight instead of coal or gas—has been going on for 300 years. There are sun stoves that roast a sirloin or boil a soup to perfection. They are only used, however, by scientists.

A sun stove consists mainly of a mirror, a spherical mirror, on a joint. There is also a reflector. The place for pot or plate is so situated that the mirror's rays can be focused on it accurately.

A German, Baron Teherhausen, was the first sun cook. He began in 1637 to boil water, and in 1638 he had very good success in boiling eggs. Sir John Herschel and Buffon are other famous names associated with sun-cooking.

In California various sun cooks have boiled a gallon of water in twenty minutes, roasted meat in two hours, and poached eggs in fifteen minutes—quite as good time as the ordinary fire makes.

Butter and Bacon.

The Bennett boys enjoyed camping. Their people were glad to have them outdoors, but were sadly puzzled to know how three boys managed to eat such amazing quantities of butter—much more, indeed, than the entire Bennett family consumed at home. At the first opportunity puzzled Mrs. Bennett inquired into the matter.

"Boy's" asked she, "how in the world did you manage to use six pounds of butter on only four loaves of bread?"

"It's the cooking," explained Frank. "It takes such a heap of butter to fry the bacon."

Possible Complication.

"Paw!"

"Well, Tommy."

"Do you believe there's people living on Mars?"

"I see no reason to doubt it."

"Well, wouldn't it be a good joke on 'em if they should find out after we get to talking to 'em that they don't know that's the name of their planet?"

Absentminded.

The master of a large factory met three of his men walking along the yard and asked whether they were going.

First Man—Please, sir, we're taking this 'ere plank to the sawmill.

Master—What plank?

First Man—Why, bless me, Bill, if we ain't been and forgot the plank!"

BITTERSWEET AT 6 A. M.

WHEN the sun is early comin' And the mornin' glories peep And the mud wasp starts to hum min'.

Then a kid 'd like to sleep— Likes to kick the sheets in billows When he rolls around the bed. Burrows beneath the pillows When the flies buzz round his head. But it's always aggravatin'.

For there comes a gentle tap: "George! Get up, George! Come to breakfast, George!" Just breaks up that mornin' nap!

Then you holler "Yessum!" quickly. "I an comin' right away!" But the sleep wuz gather thickly, And in bed you're sure to stay. And the next thing you are dreamin' Of the woodlands green and cool, Where the silver trout are gleamin' In the deepest medder pool.

Then it's always aggravatin' For there sounds a mighty rap: "George! Breakfast is gettin' cold, George! Come down! Do come down, George!" Just breaks up your mornin' nap!

"Yessum! Yessum! I'm a-comin'!" And you tumble round in bed. Still that mud wasp keeps a-hummin' In his mud house overhead. And the sun man's red face, peepin' Through the cracked and papered glass, Laughs to find you still a-sleepin' As the minutes fly pass.

And it's awful aggravatin' When you hear—no gentle tap—"George, come down this minute. Don't let me tell you again! Do you hear—e-e-r-r!"

Just breaks up your mornin' nap!—Victor A. Hermann in New York Sun.

Would Not Stand For It.



"No, sir; I would not stop another minute to talk to dem folks. Dey passed me out a short an' ugly word."

"What was it?"

"Work."—Browning's Magazine.

But Times Had Changed.

The weary hunters returned to the village in deep chagrin.

"You told us about the bears on the hills," blurted one of the Nimrods angrily.

"I surely did, bub," drawled the oldest inhabitant of the settlement. "See any?"

"Not a one."

"Bobcats?"

"Not a trace of them."

The old man lit his pipe.

"Waal, that do beat everything," he remarked dryly. "Thar was plenty of them thar sixty-nine years ago, when I was a boy. Perhaps—"

But the disappointed hunters were making strides for the station.—Chicago News.

Lack of Judgment.

"So Cayuse Charley met his fate at the hands of a posse?"

"Yep," answered Three Fingered Sam.

"What was the trouble?"

"His immett difficulty was a lack of judgment as to speed. He helped himself to a horse, but didn't pick one that was fast enough to keep ahead of the party as went after him."—Washington Star.

The Sequel.

Tourist—What's going on around here?

Chief Umbrella—Umph! Poor Lo have big meeting. After meeting have dog feast.

Tourist—Oh, I see. After the powwow comes the bowwow.—Detroit Free Press.

Since the Auto Craze.

Stubb—Some years ago you used to read of rich society women giving up their jewels for the benefit of the benighted. You don't hear of it now.

Penn—No. They are too busy giving them up to get their chauffeurs out of the police station.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

He Was Tired of It All.

"And did she succeed in refusing him?"

"She accepts credit for it. But, you see, she was wise enough not to marry him until he had gone the pace to the very limit."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Familiar Taste.

Farmer Rytap—You seem to enjoy those fresh vegetables.

Summer Boarder—Yes. It is an acquired taste. You set them from the same store up in town that we do.—Chicago News.

The Uncertain Craft.

"When do you leave town?"

"Today."

"Which way do you go?"

"I don't know. I'm an aeronaut."—Punch.

It's Swimming Time.

When the skies are blue and tender, And the little birds are building, And the buttercups and sunbeams Far and wide the fields are gliding, And the hollows every morning With a peary mist are blimming, Then I feel a constant yearning To go swimming.

When the tree toads pipe their music In the green and marshy places, And the bumblebees are booming, And the spiders spread their legs, And the boys their willow whisks, After school are busy trimming, Then the water calls and calls me To go swimming.—Alma Irving in Leslie's Weekly.

BARGAINS OF LIFE.

So Long as We Live We Will Never Stop Trading.

Four children are huddled in a tiny room in a tenement. An aged woman painfully climbs the stairs and enters. Her tired face lights with a smile as she places a bundle of groceries on a table. She has toiled all night at cleaning the floors of an office building. "Grandma," the children call her. Her days of toil had, seemingly, ended years before. She settled down, then, to end her life in rest and peace. But her son died; then her daughter-in-law died. And to keep the children together she got work. We thoughtlessly call this a sacrifice. We think it is giving "something for nothing." Oh, no, the old lady is smiling. She made a bargain. She toiled to win the deep peace that is shown by the smile.

Here is a musty old man, a professor sunk in his books. What a lot he has missed in life, some of us say! Missed nothing! He hasn't sacrificed a thing. On the contrary he got just what he most wanted—knowledge and scholarly contemplation. He might have had fame, wealth, a beautiful home. But he traded them all off for what he wanted most.

See this millionaire. Worry besets him; he does not sleep well; he distrusts every man. He traded peace and quiet and contentment for millions. Money was what he wanted.

And this is life—bargains. We barter this for that; trade what we want less for what we want more. Look at yourself at any moment in your life—now, for instance. Everything you have got by this bartering; everything you have not, you have traded away. "I'm a poor man," perhaps you say. Yes, but you're something more than that. Maybe you're lazy; maybe you drink; maybe you hate to save; maybe you're self-control is unpleasant to you; maybe you wanted a little home and children; maybe you saw that you could buy happiness for yourself by giving your money to others—there are 10,000 maybes. But you may be sure that you got what you wanted. You made your bargain. You didn't sacrifice anything.

You can see, then, when the big thing, the right things, in this world is wanting, ideals should be set high. You will get what you really want. You can't help it. You're paying out something all the time. Be sure you will be getting something back. You can't stop trading in this market for life. Don't be cheated. Choose and pay.

Bloodhounds on the Trail.

Major Richardson, of bloodhound-keeping fame, relates that during a recent visit to Germany some wonderful tales of the tracking powers of the Brunswick dogs were told to him.

In the case of a girl murdered in a farmhouse the dog was taken to the room where the crime took place. After it had scented about the blood-stained floor the farm hands were paraded. The dog rushed at one of them, growling savagely. The man was arrested, and on being examined his clothes were found to be stained with a spot of blood. He then confessed.

"Another case I found to be true," continues the major, "was the innocence of a man being proved by an ed suspicious, a man was arrested, and as certain circumstances appeared suspicious, a man was arrested.

The dog, on being taken to the girl's room, took up her trail and showed where she had walked down to the river. Her footsteps were single all the way, and this was taken as conclusive that it was a case of suicide, not murder. No other incriminating evidence having arisen, the man was released, and afterwards a letter was found written by the girl announcing her intention to commit suicide."

A Non-Committal "Character."

A contractor took, to oblige a friend, recently a sort of "odd man" into his employ, about as shiftless and worthless a so-called laborer, says he, as ever he came across. In due course the employer, his patience exhausted, called the newcomer into his office and told him to look for another job. "Will you give me a recommendation?" asked the man, piteously.

Although he felt that he could not conscientiously comply with this request, his heart was touched by the appeal. So he sat down to his desk to write a non-committal letter of character for the fellow. His effort resulted as follows: "The bearer of this has worked for me one week, and I am satisfied."

It did not help the shiftless one much.

Ibsen's Table Companions.

Upon Ibsen's writing table a visitor saw a small tray containing a number of grotesque figures—a wooden bear, a tiny devil, two or three cats (one of them playing a fiddle) and some rabbits. Ibsen said: "I never write a single line of any of my dramas without having that tray and its occupants before me on my table. I could not write without them. But why I use them is my own secret."

Why He Was Big.

A very tall and muscular man went through the office and out.

"Fine physique," remarked a visitor. "Prizefighter, is he?"

"No," was the answer. "That's the art editor. No. We don't select them because they know anything about art. We get them good and strong, so they can lick the engraver and make him do things over when he hasn't done them to our liking."

Her Valuation.

Little Mary looked at the penny which had been given to her for the collection plate with evident satisfaction and then, nestling close to her aunt, whispered, "How much are you going to give?"

Her aunt, opening her hand, displayed a quarter of a dollar.

"Oh," exclaimed Mary excitedly, "don't do it! It isn't worth it!"

To Use Henry VII's Chair.

A chair used by Henry VII, at Atherton on the eve of the battle of Bosworth Field, in 1485, is to be used by King Edward VII at the next levee before it is presented at Atherton Parish Church.

WROTE "CUDDLE DOON"

DEATH OF "SURFACE MAN" IS A GREAT LOSS.

The Late Alexander Anderson Was One of the Sweetest of the Humble Bards for Whom Scotland Is Famous—Was Born in Kirkcubright in Galloway and Was a Rhymer From His Earliest Years.

Scottish literature is sensibly the poorer by the death of Alexander Anderson, the poet, better known as "Surface Man." In Canada, as in other parts of the world, there are Scotsmen, aye, and Scotswomen, too, who will hear of his passing with a sense of domestic loss, for many's the home that has been cheered and softened and uplifted by the recital or memory of "Cuddle Doon," which has been well described as

Children Had Eczema SUFFERED AGONY UNTOLD

Treatment prescribed had no effect—**DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT** made thorough cure.

Many a mother's heart has been torn by the sufferings of her little one who has fallen a victim of eczema. Only such mothers appreciate to the full the value of Dr. Chase's Ointment as a cure for this horrible ailment.

Mrs. Oscar Vanocott, St. Antoine, Sask., writes— "I have found Dr. Chase's Ointment to be a permanent cure of Eczema and other skin diseases. One son, while nursing, broke out with running watery sores all over his head and around the ears. Many salves were prescribed to no effect. The child's head became a mass of scabs and he suffered agony untold. He became weak and frail and would not eat and we thought we would lose him."

"Providentially we heard of Dr. Chase's Ointment and it soon thoroughly cured him. He is seven years old now and strong and well. An older boy was also cured of eczema by this Ointment and we hope more people will learn about it so that their poor little ones may be saved from suffering."

Chafing and irritation of the skin from which nearly all babies suffer more or less, is a frequent source of eczema. There is no treatment for chafing so satisfactory as Dr. Chase's Ointment. Pore-clogging, unsanitary powders are being discarded by all who have once learned the value of this great ointment in keeping baby's skin soft, smooth and healthy.

In scores of ways Dr. Chase's Ointment is useful in every home in the treatment of pimples, barber's itch, scalds and burns, poisoned skin, sore feet and every form of itching skin disease. 60 cts a box, at all dealers, or Edmansons, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Cause and Effect

"I want to exchange the hat I bought of you last week for another," said the lady as she entered the milliner shop. "Everybody says it does not look good on me."

"I'm not at all surprised—if you wear it as you are doing now," rejoined the milliner. "You have it on upside down."

Red, Weak, 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.

"One-half of the world does not know how the other half lives." "Well, it is gratifying to think that one-half of the world attends to its own business."—Puck.

Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia.

"There seems to be a strange affinity between a negro and a chicken." "Naturally. One is descended from Ham and the other from eggs."—Kansas City Journal.

Comfort for the Dyspeptic.—There is no ailment so harassing and exhausting as dyspepsia, which arises from defective action of the stomach and liver, and the victim of it is to be pitied. Yet he can find ready relief in Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, a preparation that has established itself by years of effective use. There are pills that are widely advertised as the greatest ever compounded, but not one of them can rank in value with Parmelee's.

Have you ever noticed that all the men who go to rest cures are married men?

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

WALTON, KNOWL & MARTIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

He—"So you've read my new novel. How did you like it?" She—"I laid down the volume with immense pleasure."—Boston Transcript.

Wilson's Fly Pads are sold by all Druggists, Grocers and General Stores.

Visiting Stranger—It's curious what a strong hold this sport of baseball has on the— Fan—It isn't sport! It's a long drawn out agony.—Chicago Tribune.

Requisite on the Farm.—Every farmer and stock-raiser should keep a supply of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil on hand, not only as a ready remedy for ills in the family, but because it is a horse and cattle medicine of great potency. As a substitute for sweet oil for horses and cattle affected by colic it far surpasses anything that can be administered.

Spectator—"Why don't they begin the duel?" "They are waiting for the photographer."—Meggendorfer Blatter.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

"I can't see where Jinks is clever. Yet he makes people think so." "Well, I consider that clever all right."—Kansas City Journal.

"Young man," said the successful old guy, "I started as a clerk on \$3 a week and today I own my own business."

"I know," answered the Young Chap, "but they have cash registers in all the stores now."—Cleveland Leader.

SOME OLD EPITAPHS.

Queer English Verses in Honor of the Late Lamented.

At Elgin-Cathedral may be seen on a tombstone the following quaint epitaph. The date on the stone is September 28, 1687.

WILLIAM OLMER.

The world is a Citty full of Streets, And Death is the Merchant that all men meet; If lyie were a thing that Monie could buy, The Poor could not live and the Rich would not die.

On a tombstone in the "Burying Ground" at St. Peter's, Isle of Thanet, may be read this epitaph:

Acquaint Hero, famed for strength, At last lies here, his breath and length, See how the Mighty Man hath fall'n; To Death the Strong and Weak are all one. And the same Judgment doth befall Goliath Great as David Small.

In another "burying ground" in an English hamlet may be seen the following inscription on the headstone of a watchmaker:

Here lies one who Strove to equal Time; A task too hard, Each power too sublime. Time stopped his motion, Overthrew his balance wheel, Wore off his pivots, though Made of hardened steel; Broke all his springs, The verge of life decayed, And now he is as though He'd never been made; Not for the want of oiling, That he tried; If that had done for him Why, then he ne'er had died.

In a Devonshire churchyard may be seen the following on a very aged and weather-beaten headstone:

The horse bit the Parson; How came it to pass? The horse heard the Parson say "All flesh is grass."

In a Woolwich churchyard may be seen on a gravestone:

As I am now, so you will be; Therefore, prepare to follow me.

And some busybody, with a sharp knife-blade, added the following humorous couplet:

To follow you I'm not content Unless I know which way you went.

The following humorous epitaph may be read in a quaint village churchyard of Devonshire:

ANN MANN.

Here lies ye bodie of Ann Mann Who lived an old maid And used an old Mann.

Ceylon the Gorgeous.

Despite the fact that the enterprise and persistence of the planters of Ceylon, in advertising the virtues of one of its products, tea, have familiarized people with the name of the island, in the praise of which, from time immemorial, the poets of the Orient—and, in later days, those of the Occident—have exhausted the superlatives to be found in any tongue in extravagant laudation of its marvelous beauty, its gorgeous color, its soft climate, its wondrous gems, and, in short, its possession of all the features and characteristics of a paradise on earth, how many of us know anything of it, and of its history? Most probable the average person has a hazy notion that, like borneo, Formosa and other islands of "the dim and mysterious east," it's a place inhabited by barbarians, or semi-barbarians, overrun with dense and tangled tropical growths, in which lurk all sorts of dangerous wild animals and deadly reptiles, its savage state only partly redeemed by the presence of a few adventurous exponents of western civilization, who are risking health, and even life itself, to snatch hardly gained riches from a virgin soil.

Poacher Corrects Duke.

Entering the army as far back as 1837, the Duke of Grafton, who recently attained his eighty-eighth year, has seen a good deal of hard fighting. In the Crimea, serving with the Coldstreams, he was badly wounded at Inkerman, when a bullet entered his jaw and passed out through his neck. While acting as a county magistrate the duke had an amusing experience some years ago. A particularly daring poacher, who had been caught with no fewer than one hundred rabbits in his possession, was brought before him. "You are fined five guineas and sixteen shillings costs," said the duke in his severest tones. "You'll pardon me," replied the culprit, "but I'm not. You can't make me pay more than five pounds all told. You see, I know what I'm talking about. I've been up before." The poacher was found to be right, and he paid the money with the air of a man who had scored a point.

Heredity Versus Environment.

A garden party was given recently at St. Dunstan's Lodge, Regent's Park, London, by the Countess of Londesborough, when a short meeting was held on behalf of the Church of England Home for Waifs and Strays, the countess tells of a little boy, who was staying at his grandfather's farm, but he had been so continuously and persistently naughty, that his aunt, who had charge of him in his mother's absence, did not know what to do with him. In despair she said, weakly: "If you do not behave, I shall put you in one of grandpapa's hen-coops." "Well," said Henry, sturdily, "before you put me in, I want to tell you that I will not lay any eggs."

Tampering With Cables.

Three Calcutta telegraph messengers have been arrested on charges of having for many months intercepted London market cablegrams prescribing the rates for silver, wheat, jute, and other articles. The messengers are said to have telephoned to local firms the changes in prices before the addressees received the messages.

BABY'S GREAT DANGER DURING HOT WEATHER

More children die during the hot weather than at any other time of the year. Diarrhoea, dysentery, cholera infantum, and stomach troubles come without warning, and when a medicine is not at hand to give prompt relief, the delay may prove fatal to the child. Baby's Own Tablets should be kept in every home where there are children during the hot weather months. An occasional dose of the Tablets will prevent deadly summer complaints, or cure them if they come unexpectedly. Mrs. O. Moreau, St. Tite, Que., says: "My baby suffered from a severe attack of cholera infantum, but after giving him Baby's Own Tablets the trouble disappeared, and he regained health splendidly." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Enlightenment

Mrs. Boggs—Henry, did you hear about Mr. Jones? Mrs. Smith was telling me this afternoon how—

Mr. Boggs—That's just like you women, gossiping about things that don't concern you, and I suppose you have the story all mixed up, anyway. Now I got the whole thing straight at the cigar store and barber shop and the facts in the case were like this: It seems that, etc.

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

Nothing is so universally imitated as success.

If allowed to roam over your house those few innocent-looking house flies may cause a real tragedy any day, as they are known to be the principal agents for the spread of those deadly diseases, typhoid fever, diphtheria and smallpox.

"I made a big hit with that woman all right." "What did you say to her?" "Nothing. I just kept still and listened."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Dear Sirs,—I had a Bleeding Tumor on my face for a long time and tried a number of remedies without any good results. I was advised to try MINARD'S LINIMENT, and after using several bottles it made a complete cure, and it healed all up and disappeared altogether.

DAVID HENDERSON.

Belleisle Station, King's Co., N. B., Sept. 17, 1904.

Only the fool will strive for success by the skyrocket route.

A pleasant medicine for children is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator, and there is nothing better for driving worms from the system.

The Waiter—Beg pardon, sir, but—ahem!—the gents usually remember my services.

The Guest (pocketing all the change)—Do they? They ought to be more charitable and forget them.—Tit-Bits.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, Etc.

She (after the tiff)—You will admit you were wrong?

He (a young lawyer)—No, but I'll admit that an unintentional error might have unknowingly crept into my assertion.—Christian Endeavor World.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

While some men practice what they preach, the majority would be ashamed to preach half they practice.

After making a most careful study of the matter, U. S. Government scientists state definitely that the common house fly is the principal means of distributing typhoid fever, diphtheria and smallpox. Wilson's Fly Pads kill the flies and the disease germs, too. No other fly killer compares with Wilson's Fly Pads.

Friend—What was the title of your poem?

Poet—"Oh, Give Me Back My Dreams."

Friend—And what did the editor write you?

Poet—"Take 'em!" — Cleveland Leader.

STONEMASON PREMIER.

Remarkable Story of Mr. Tom Price of South Australia.

One of the most remarkable careers of modern times closed with the death of Mr. Tom Price, Premier of South Australia. Many years ago, in the humble position of stonemason, he helped to build the Parliament House; afterwards he sat in that very House as Prime Minister. He was a Welshman, born at Brymbo, in Denbighshire. His father was a working builder, and he himself was taught the stonemason's trade in Liverpool. When only twelve years of age he saved 6d. a week in order to buy a second-hand coat at a pawnbroker's shop, so that he could attend the Sunday school. When he did attend other boys made fun of him because the sleeves were too long. He dealt with them summarily. "The boys," he related, "produced a bigger boy to flatten me out. I finished him." He attended the same Sunday school for many years, and eventually became superintendent. Then he married "the prettiest girl in that school," and with her emigrated in 1881, on account of alarming symptoms of lung trouble, to Sydney, moving to Adelaide a few years later.

At Adelaide Tom Price helped, as a mason, to build the Parliament House, in which he sat since 1905 as Prime Minister. His success in life was due entirely to his gifts of self-reliance and perseverance. "After I arrived in Adelaide," he said, "I immediately got work with the leading contractor there. I was with him seven years. Soon after I left him I became Clerk of Works for the Government, which was at that time erecting some big works at a place called Islington, close to Adelaide. I was asked by the Labor party to become a candidate for one of the biggest electoral districts of the State. I was returned (this was in 1893), beating the old member for the district by one vote. Four years after that I became leader of the Parliamentary Labor party. When the States of Australia federated I stood for a seat in the House of Representatives, but was beaten by just a few votes after polling 28,000. In the year 1905 I challenged the Government—as leader of the Opposition—carried a non-confidence motion, was sent for by the governor to form a ministry, and succeeded in doing so. There was no pride in him. "I was Tom Price," he said, "when I went to school. I was Tom Price as superintendent. I was Tom Price as stonemason, and I am Tom Price as Premier to-day." As in the past, so for many generations in the future, the achievements of Tom Price, the Welsh stonemason, will be rightly held up as a great example of what sterling merit may attain. But if the moral be truly pointed, it must be remembered that in Tom Price's case the reward was not great riches or self-aggrandizement, but rather great opportunities for public service. "I am as poor as Job," he told a friend. "I have to-day nothing in the shape of wealth, but I have written my name on Acts of Parliaments of my country, which age itself cannot wipe away. And I have the best wife and the best sons and daughters in the world."

A Royal Fish Storey.

You know that kings and queens have prerogatives of English rulers in olden times related to royal fish. Royal fish are sturgeon and whale, which are considered the finest of deep-sea fish. For this reason, "on account of their superior excellence," whenever one of these fish was thrown ashore or caught near the coast of England it became the property of the King. This seems very unjust to those who might secure the whale or sturgeon, for they were compelled to give it up without receiving any pay. However, the King had some ground for claiming these royal fish as his property, because it was he who guarded and protected the seas from pirates and robbers, and in those days there were very many of them.

The most peculiar feature of the custom of royal fish was that, while the whole of the sturgeon belonged to the King, only half of the whale did. For it was a prerogative, as it was called, of the Queen that the tail of every whale caught in the way described was her property, while the head only was the King's. The reason for this division, as given by the old records, was to furnish the Queen's wardrobe with the whalebone and this reason is more amusing than the custom is peculiar, for the whalebone lies entirely in the head of the whale. But there are many more strange and amusing customs recorded in England's early laws.

Mr. Winston Churchill's Mother.

"Is there so much difference between politicians and actors? Both are equally eager for popular applause, both equally doubtful whether they will get it." Thus Mrs. Cornwallis-West, in "His Borrowed Plumes," the production of which play aroused so much interest at the Hicks Theatre, London, a few days ago. One wonders what Mr. Winston Churchill, who watched the first performance from a box, thought of this, his mother's sarcastic reference to the stage and politics. "His Borrowed Plumes" is Mrs. Cornwallis-West's first play, and was written in a single week in the country. It scintillates with brilliant epigrams; for the former Lady Randolph Churchill is a woman who can both write and speak brilliantly.

Wife Sold by Auction.

A strange story of a man selling his wife to another, comes from England. A convivial outing took place at Cradley Heath recently, and one of the men present, a chainmaker, offered to dispose of his wife to the first bidder. A sum of \$100 was speedily forthcoming, the money being paid by cheque. The lady, who was of prepossessing appearance, expressed no objection to the sale, going off with her purchaser.

Must Have License.

No private person may install or work wireless telegraph apparatus without special license from the Postmaster-General.

AN ENGLISH POMPEII

City of Verulamium Contains Some Remarkable Antiquities.

English newspapers note that the Earl of Verulam, who owns the sand upon which was built the ancient Roman city of Verulamium, has given permission to the Society of Antiquaries to undertake excavations, which will shortly be commenced. The site of Verulamium lies a mile or so from the centre of St. Albans, just at the entrance of the beautiful Gorhambury Park.

Verulamium was one of the most important cities in England at the time of the Roman occupation. With Eboracum (York) it enjoyed the dignity of being a municipium, which meant that all who were born within its walls could claim Roman citizenship. It was situated in Watling street, and the British insurrection under Boadicea culminated here in the massacre of 70,000 Romans. In 303, or perhaps earlier, St. Alban, the first English martyr, was beheaded on the site of the present St. Alban's Abbey. Not long after the ancient town was forsaken, and the new one—St. Albans—grew up on the hill which had shadowed it.

In the centre of the site of the old city is the Church of St. Michael, the vicarage of which stands in the middle of what was the forum. A few old walls and other fragments are to be seen here and there, but the Roman city lies for the most part buried under a considerable depth of soil. In the course of centuries earth has been washed down from the hillside, and earthworms have been busy, and where once lay the proud and splendid city is now the quiet, flower-filled garden of the vicarage, the fields of the glebe, and other pastures and plough lands.

The stones and Roman bricks of Verulamium were, of course, much used for later buildings elsewhere. St. Alban's Abbey is very largely built from them. But a great deal still remains under the soil. About sixty years ago, and again in 1869, the theatre was partly and temporarily uncovered, and some fine frescoes, pavements, and marbles were found. It is the only Roman theatre in Britain, and its dimension are almost exactly the same as those of the theatre at Pompeii.

In fact the whole town of Verulamium singularly resembles Pompeii as regards shape—an irregular oval—dimensions and arrangement and position of streets and buildings. It is slightly larger, its walls enclosing an area of 190 acres. Its excavation ought to provide extraordinary interest. If it is done thoroughly, as no doubt it will be, we shall have within a few miles of London an object-lesson of surpassing educational and antiquarian value as to how the Romans lived in Britain two thousand years ago.

A Model Love-Letter.

Australia is a great country for competitions. The Victorian mining city of Ballarat which returns Alfred Deakin to the Federal Parliament, has had a love-letter competition, which proved so attractive as to draw competitors from all over the Empire. It closed a few days ago, with the interesting result that the first prize was awarded to an English lady, Miss Gertrude Leighton of Black End, Cornwall. The letter judged to be the best ran thus:

"To An Imaginary Correspondent: You ask me to forgive you. What can you ever do, sweetheart, which for one moment could make me forget what you are to me, or that love which has made earth heaven, and my life a joy? Have I to forgive the sun for lurking behind the clouds when he has shone on my days and made them golden; or shall I welcome him the less when he comes forth to warm me again? Beloved, if I have aught to forgive it is that you, I hold, have asked the question. I have no desire to know anything, except that you have loved me and love me still. My faith is unquestioning, for have I not crowned you king, and the king can do no wrong? These eyes of mine, which have closed beneath your kisses, are sightless until your lips unseal them. My ears are deaf except to the magic call of the voice of my beloved, and my heart has ceased to beat until it can throb on yours. I am sleeping, and shall awaken but at the sound of your footsteps."

Painting In the Dark.

Considerable interest will doubtless be aroused at the forthcoming exhibition of the English Salon at the Albert Hall, by the work of Mr. H. K. Raine, a young artist who paints portraits in a light so subdued as to seem, to the new-comer's eyes almost total darkness. He has invented a portable shutter for regulating the light of a room, and is thus able to paint his sitters in their own homes. One result of his method is that he paints with extraordinary speed. Sitings of about half an hour before and after luncheon for one week are all that he demands. Mr. Raine makes his own oil, canvas, and colors by a secret process, and anyone may see the distinct similarity between his colors and those of the old Dutch colorists.

Married to a Doll.

India is a land of many strange superstitions, but a recent case reported from a town called Badaon is curious almost beyond belief. An inhabitant lost two wives in quick succession, and was about to contract a third marriage, when he received the following mandate from the relations of the bride:

We are told that when a man has already lost two wives his third also dies very soon. In order to satisfy the Angel of Death, you are requested to marry a doll, and thereafter come and marry our daughter, who should be your fourth wife and not your third.

The man did as he was told. He married the doll, then gave out that she was dead, buried her with great pomp, and proceeded to marry his fourth wife.

The Eddystone Light.

The first two Eddystone lighthouses were constructed of wood. One was washed away, the other burnt.

"SALADA" TEA

Is Delicious

Always of High and Uniform Quality

Lead Packets Only. At all Grocers.

40c, 50c, and 60c per lb!

Why the Tears Came

She offered an explanation of her tearful mood.

"I've been to a wedding," she said. "I always cry more at a wedding than I do at a funeral. It's so much more uncertain."

A WINDSOR LADY'S APPEAL

To All Women: I will send free, with full instructions, my home treatment which positively cures Leucorrhoea, Ulceration, Displacement, Falling of the Womb, Painful or Irregular Periods, Uterine and Ovarian Tumors or Growths, also Hot Flushes, Nervousness, Melancholy, Pains in the Head, Back or Bowels, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, where caused by weakness peculiar to our sex. You can continue treatment at home at a cost of only about 12 cents a week. My book, "Woman's Own Medical Adviser," also sent free on request. Write to-day. Address, Mrs. M. Summers, Box H. 77, Windsor, Ont.

"John, this firm is advertising dresses 75 per cent. off; what does that mean?"

"Bathing suits."—Houston Post.

Durability

Lasting beauty and quality explain the demand for silverware stamped

"1847 ROGERS BROS."

For over three score years knives, forks, spoons, etc., bearing this name have stood the supreme test of time.

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

MERIDEN BRITA CO.

SOLD BY LEADING DEALERS

"Silver Plated that Wears"

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 and scum over the eyes can be cured without the knife, by Dr. Carter's Absorption Method. Write for book

Franklin O. Carter, M.D.

182 State St., Chicago, Ill.

"Poultry Peace"

Will rid birds and buildings of lice, mites and other vermin. If applied to the bird with a sponge it will not discolor the feathers or injure the bird.

Retailed by

The Steele Briggs Seed Co., Winnipeg,

and reliable storekeepers everywhere. Manufactured by

Carbon Oil Works, Limited,

WINNIPEG, CANADA.

Manufacturers of "COWL BRAND" Oil Specialties.

Poor Digestion?

This is one of the first signs of stomach weakness. Distress after eating, sour eructations, sick headache, bilious conditions are all indicative that it is the stomach that needs assistance. Help it to regain health and strength by taking

BEECHAM'S PILLS

for they are a stomach remedy that never disappoints. They act quickly and gently upon the digestive organs, sweeten the contents of the stomach, carry off the disturbing elements, and establish healthy conditions of the liver and bile.

The wonderful tonic and strengthening effects from Beecham's Pills, make them a safe remedy—they

Help Weak Stomachs

Sold Everywhere. In Boxes 25 cents.

W. N. U., No. 758

THE MICHEL REPORTER
NEW MICHEL, B. C.

GEORGE G. MEKLE, -- MANAGING-EDITOR

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

SUBSCRIPTION ONE DOLLAR
A YEAR IN ADVANCE

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION

In and Around Town

W. Ward of P. Burns & Co., Fernie, was here on Wednesday.

Peter B. Nelson of the Rex Tailoring Co., Toronto, was doing business through here this week.

A grand masquerade ball will be held in Crahan's hall on Thursday evening, October 28. Bills will be out early in the week.

There was no meeting of the board of trade on Tuesday evening, owing to the absence from town of both the president and secretary.

W. Hawthorne, the well-known brush artist from Fernie, was here this week, adding the finishing touches in the shape of signs to Weber's new store.

Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Brandon arrived in town this week. Mr. Brandon, who is the editor of the Pass newspaper syndicate is assisting the editor publish the Illustrated Edition.

At the drawing at the Great Northern hotel on Saturday night, for a house and lot, ticket No. 205 held by C. Savessli, house 51, Michel, won. The property is worth about \$800.00.

On Wednesday, at Fernie, before Judge Wilson, Jesse Mansfield of Elk Prairie, was fined \$75 for setting out fires, and V. Vlasak was fined \$50 for allowing agents to set out fires north of Michel.

For Thanksgiving Day, October 25th, the Canadian Pacific Railway Company announce a rate of fare and one third for the round trip. Tickets will be on sale October 22nd, to October 25th, inclusive, final return limit, October 27.

There is a public telephone booth here, and it is public, so public that any one wishing to talk privately, is heard all over the premises. It is up to the telephone company to put in a proper booth immediately.

Thos. G. Harris wishes to express his thanks to those people who so kindly assisted him in his troubles and sympathized with him in the loss of his little baby, and more especially to Mrs. Evans who had the infant in charge.

A change of ad from the Trites-Wood Co. reached the Reporter too late for insertion as the front page was run. They wish to call attention to the 20 Century clothing in suits and overcoats, also to their hats, underwear and gent's furnishings in the latest styles.

We had the pleasure of shaking hands this week with Bob Walmsley, an old friend, formerly a passenger conductor on the Manitoba & Northwestern Railway, running from Portage la Prairie to Yorkton. Bob is in the real estate business now at Nelson, and doing well.

The Gold Standard Demonstration, conducted by Mrs. J. Birkbank and R. F. McIntosh, in the Trites-Wood Co's store at New Michel, was a pleasant surprise to the many visitors. The popularity of the Gold Standard goods has been considerably enhanced by this demonstration and the quality will retain the customer.

H. H. Depew of Depew, McDonald and McLean of Fernie, was here this week on important business. This firm wishes to secure from the Michel Water, Light & Power Co., the franchise held by that company for lighting purposes, and if they succeed, will immediately install an electric light plant. A meeting of the company will be held to-night, when the whole proposition will be threshed out.

Our old friend W. J. McKeown, the popular real estate man from Vancouver, was here this week. He has grown a mustache since he was here before and when Bob Moore saw it, he twisted up his, and planted himself in the barber's chair. "Take it off, Mr. barber, take it off," said he. "When Mac grows a mustache, mine comes off." And off it came and now Bob looks like Kelly does with the accent on the "i."

**HEWSON
PURE WOOL
UNDERWEAR**



Look for the Oval Brand.
Guaranteed Unshrinkable.
Hewson Underwear is as good as Hewson Tweeds.

Weber, New Michel

The Special Illustrated Edition of the Reporter to be out next Saturday, will contain a large number of half-tone Engravings of local Scenery Business Houses and Portraits of leading Citizens. Leave your Orders at Kennedy's Drug Store or at this office. 10 Cents a Copy.

Tom Huber left for the coast yesterday.

O. N. Woods is off for a week to Trout Lake.

Fred. Pomahac, has bought two lots in Block 10, from H. O. Whitney, and is excavating for a furniture and undertaking establishment.

One Cent a Word

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

LOST AND FOUND

WANTED—MISCELLANEOUS

FOR SALE OR TO RENT

ANY UP-TO-DATE BILLIARD AND POOL Room for sale on easy terms or to rent to responsible party. Apply to J. Seigle, New Michel.

FARM FOR SALE

WITH HOUSE, BARN, STABLES, SHEDS, farming tools, 3 wagons, 4 horses, harness, 200 chickens, 40 turkeys, 3 tons carrots, 3 tons of turnips, quantity of calage and everything around my place. Now is the time to buy. For terms inquire of A. Vlasak, New Michel.

SUNDAY SERVICES

METHODIST CHURCH

MICHEL AND NEW MICHEL SERVICES EVERY SUNDAY
NEW MICHEL, 10.45 a. m., in room over Somerton Bro's store.

MICHEL, Sunday School, 2.30 p. m. Evening service, at 7.30. Band of Hope every Monday at 7.30 p. m.
Rev. S. T. Chenoweth, Pastor.
The pastor and officials extend a cordial invitation to you to attend these services.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH

MICHEL, B. C.
Services—3rd Sunday in the Month, Holy Communion, 11 a. m. Evensong, 8.30 p. m. Sunday School, 2.00 p. m. A. Briant N. Crowther, M. A., Vicar.

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.
Rev. Fr. Meissner, Pastor

L. P. ECKSTEIN D. E. McTAGGART

ECKSTEIN & McTAGGART
Barristers, Solicitors Etc.

ECKSTEIN BUILDING, FERNIE, B. C.

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



60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS DESIGNS & COPYRIGHTS ETC.

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

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms for Canada, \$1.75 a year, postage prepaid. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co. 351 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 48 P St., Washington, D. C.

Union Bakery

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

Notice of Application for Renewal of Liquor License

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

ALEXANDER J. MCCOOL
Dated at New Michel, B. C. Oct. 9, 1909.

Real estate in New Michel is still advancing, and we are pleased to see that several local capitalists are noting this fact. It is rumored that Dr. Curly Martin has secured options on several business blocks, and may open out in peanuts etc.

See this Mark!

It's the Trade Mark and the plain price mark sewn on the breast pocket of every genuine Semi-ready Coat.

So many dealers try to deceive—that we want those who seek us to find us—and that Trade Mark is our sign.

We can finish you a suit in an hour—fit it to your exact size—tailor it to your individualism—to your ideas, impressions and your expression—and the suit will save you and gain you money and satisfaction.

SPECIAL ORDERS
made to order in four days

Perhaps we may not have just the fabrics in the particular or distinctive style you like—it would take a half million to stock all our lines—so we show 300 fabrics, from which we can make you any size, style or design in four days—to special order. See these, please.

Semi-ready Tailoring

WEBER
NEW MICHEL

Business Bringers

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

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

SHIPPING Tags, printed to order, good tough stock, at the Reporter office.

ENVELOPES. Any quantity, good stock, well printed, at the Reporter office.

STATEMENTS, Printed and padded as you want them, at the Reporter office.

LETTER Heads, Plain or Fancy. Any color ink. Printed as you like them at the Reporter office.

BUSINESS Cards. Finest work in the Pass. Any size and any color ink you desire. Printed at the Reporter office.

PRINTING Ink. We can decorate your printing jobs with any color or shade of the finest ink in the world. For fine color work send your order to the Reporter.

Coffins

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

J. J. SCOTT,

GENERAL BLACKSMITH,
Horseshoeing a Specialty
NEW MICHEL

J. B. Turney of Fernie, was in town on Friday.

T. B. Baker returned from his holiday trip on Wednesday.

Mrs. Taylor of moyle is visiting her sisters the misses Dudley.

Snow fell at Corbin to the depth of four inches, yesterday.

Miss Stewart of the Trites-Wood staff, is visiting friends on the coast.

Dr. Wilson takes over Dr. McSorley's practise to-day. Dr. McSorley purpose, remaining for a few weeks longer.

Grand Chancellor Townley of the K. P's. made his annual visit to Michel on Wednesday evening, accompanied by D. D. G. C. Bowness of Cranbrook and Chancellor Edgcomb of Fernie.

Grand master Wallace, Law of Vancouver was here last night visiting the I. O. O. F. He delivered an able address and a very enjoyable social time was indulged in, including a banquet.

Blairmore Townsite. Lots for Sale all over Blairmore Townsite, by the only Real Estate man in Blairmore. If interested, write for particulars Office on Main Street

A. McLeod, Blairmore

Souvenir China
Consisting of
Plates, Cups and Saucers, Five o'clock Tea Sets, Vases Etc., Containing Views of Michel.

These goods are direct from the manufacturers and the middleman's profit is cut out.

SOMERTON BRO'S
Jewelers, Opticians, Photographers
NEW MICHEL

SEND IN YOUR Subscriptions AND ORDERS FOR Fine Art Printing

To the Reporter Office