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MICHEL REPORTER

VOL. 2. NEW MICHEL, BRITISH COLUMBIA, SATURDAY, NOV. 20, 1909. NO. 9

DON'T MISS

Boyd & Muir's Great Reduction
SALE of High Grade MEN'S Furnishings.
Commences Saturday Nov. 20th
Ends Saturday, November 27th.

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

Monday Evening's Meeting

Fisher Finds Friends

On Monday night Fisher, the Liberal candidate, the man who represents the people and the coming member, addressed a crowded meeting in Michel Hall. Mr. McDonald, of Fernie, opened the meeting and in a masterly manner handled the proposed railway scheme of McBrides. He was followed by C. Garner and D. McDonald for the Socialists, Prof. Meyer, who spoke in Italian and another gentleman who spoke in Welsh. Then came the people's choice, A. L. Fisher, for over an hour and a half he held forth on the political topics of the day. Interruptions were frequent and the meeting at one time developed into pandemonium, caused by a few Socialists, who were not willing to take their medicine. Order being restored the speaker answered all questions put to him and demonstrated to his large audience that their interests could safely be entrusted to him. Mr. Fisher is a fighter from away back, and won many votes by his fearless and unbiased attitude. His clear, clean cut, expressions were loudly applauded, and outside some half-dozen soreheads, there were few in the hall whose ideas on the questions discussed were not in sympathy with the speaker. As it was there were many who came forward after the meeting and expressed themselves favorably to the Liberal cause, and prominent amongst them were some Socialists, who acknowledged their error and pledged their support to the Liberals. This fight, now on, is one that warms up the cockles of the heart. Its an old time battle and the youngsters who are polling their first vote are receiving an education they will never forget. Liberal ideas and views are more strenuously enunciated than they have been for years and the Grand Old Party has awakened to the fact that it is time to be up and doing. The returns on the 25th will plainly show that the principles of Liberalism have received the support of the vast majority of the votes and that Fisher from Fernie will be Fisher to Victoria, and the sweep of the Liberal broom will land him into the cabinet, whose head will be old "Honest John" Oliver."

UNION SECRETARIES

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

BADGE OF HONOR
— THE —
TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION LABEL

Wednesday Nights Meeting

Ross Rushes Rapidly

Wednesday night, W. R. Ross, K.C., held what was perhaps one of the largest meetings in this section in Crahan's Hall. He spoke on the railway question and used the same stock arguments we have been treated to by speakers in favor of the McBride government all through the campaign. He was frequently interrupted by several Socialists, who apparently do not think that a man can represent the Coal Company and the miner's whose interests often conflict, as one of them stated after the meeting in discussing the remarks of the speakers, "No man can serve God and Mammoth." W. A. McDonald, of Vancouver, one of the most fluent platform speakers in the province, followee in an able address in which he touched on Conservatism from the days of the national policy until the crack of doom, and was highly complimented by his many friends, but his opponents called him a beautiful "Wind Jamber". D. J. MacDonald and Vincent Frodsham spoke for the Socialists, eliciting nothing new. The meeting closed very early—too early to suit Mr. Fisher, who was hurrying from his meeting in Hosmer to confront the Conservatives on their own platform. He arrived shortly after the meeting closed, much to his disappointment. Everyone expected Ross to close the meeting, but it is surmised that he had word that Fisher was on the way and he hurriedly neglected to give us that grand peroration he had prepared.

NOTES

[By Jim the Penman]

It was a hustled meeting at Crahan's hall the other night. Mr. Ross, backed up by his brilliant talking machine, went through the program in a truely breathless fashion. Ross made a speech McDonald explained the whole business and questioners were talked into silence at a lightning rate, Vincent Frodsham and another of the Mac's spoke on behalf of the Socialist cause and the shop was shut with a bang.

Just at first we thought that Mr. Ross was showing us just how he hustles and and gets right there—a kind of object lesson on the 20th. century methods of doing business. But alas for our generous thoughts, just as we wended our way downstairs, who should appear but Mr. Fisher—out from Fernie by first available freight and astonished that the meeting had ended so early— that it slowly dawned on us that it was the rattle of those caboose wheels that had expedited matters.

The Italian Socialists are still unable to convert Joe Missoti and Pete.

Jimmie Bennie is boosting for Ross. A special police job is whispered. Perish the thought!

Mr. Tuck finds it easier to get votes for Ross than lumber for the mines. Promises are more easily managed than lumber-jacks. Sure!

"Get out of the way, feller! said a young man—aged about ten—to me the other day. He was propelling a four wheeled arrangement containing sundry groceries along Northern Avenue and I

(Continued on Page Eight.)

Did You Ever Have Dollar Bills

thrown at you, without making an effort to catch them? Well, that would be like overlooking the **Special Values** we offer for the **Next Ten Days.** Here are a few of them

All Our Trimmed Millinery

at **One Third Off.** There are just twelve of them in this lot — all pattern Hats, ranging from $6 to $10, clearing at ⅓ off these prices.

Womens Knitted Golf Blouses

all colors—navy, cardinal, black, white etc. A lot of comfort in one of these, clearing at $1.75, $2.00, $2.25 and $3.00. Worth ⅓ more.

Womens Suits and Mantles at Cost.

A good range of styles and fabrics—latest novelties in these goods and specially priced.

Regular $15.00 value for $10.00
Regualr 18.50 value for 12.50
Regular 30.00 value for 23.50

Special Value in Children's Furs.

Boas, Collars, Muffs and Sets in White Lamb, Bearskin, Thibet etc. These pieces make very pretty and comfortable Xmas Gifts.

The Trites-Wood Co. Ltd.
Michel

Elettori Italiani

Giudicate dall' andamento dei diversi discorsi politici, la furia de' socialisti senza nessuna base di politica, ed il poco o nulla di fumo de' conservatori arrampicandosi su degli argomenti inconsistenti. Al contrario, con verita indiscutibile di fatti Fisher, candididato liberale, e stato e stara per gli operaii.

Mr. Bowser's Bluff

In the railway policy of the McBride Administration, says the Vancouver World, one feature appears conspicuous, because it is the point from which it is proposed to make connection between this new transcontinental railway and Vancouver Island. It is called English Bluff. Many people heard of it for the first time as part of this railway policy; many people believe that it is not an essential part of the scheme of construction and that, in the remote event of the endorsation of the policy by the electors, the bluff would be dropped out of it, in favor of some other point more practical. Mr. Bowser's bluff, however, is of another sort, resembling the other only in respect that whereas English Bluff fronts the inrolling Pacific, Mr. Bowser's bluff rises gaunt and unpicturesque, confronting and opposing a whole ocean of fact, a whole decade of practical experience of Bowserism. At Fernie, the other day, Mr. Oliver offered to "put up" $100 against Mr. W. R. Ross, that in the Provincial contract with the G.T.P., dated Feb. 10th, 1908, there is not one word to the effect that "white" labor should be employed on the construction of the road, or that white workmen's wages should be paid. Mr. Bowser, following the rules of the game of bluff. does not take the bet; he merely raises the stakes from $100 to $1000. We do not comment upon the seemliness or unseemliness of a question of great sociological and industrial importance being made the subject of a bet, but we do point to Mr. Bowser's method. He raises the stakes, in the hope of bluffing, or beggaring, his opponent. If he would leave them at the reasonable figure at which he started, not only the member for Delta but a few other poor folk such as newspapermen would cover that bet. From Revelstoke to Vancouver Mr. Bowser has read from a contract which he describes as the one in dispute. He is merely bluffing the electors.

VOTE FOR FISHER

The man who will faithfully stand up for the rights of workingmen

Larger than Ever

Our large and complete assortment of Toilet Sets, Manicure Sets, Burnt Leather Goods., Hand-bags, Collar Boxes, Cased and Meerchaum Pipes, Sewing Sets etc., etc., and all other

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

including Christmas Cards, Books, Toys, Dolls etc. etc

Now on Display

We will set aside any article you choose, by paying a deposit on same.

KENNEDY'S
DRUG AND BOOK STORE
NEW MICHEL

HOTEL KOOTENAY

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

Imperial Bank of Canada

Head Office: TORONTO

Capital Authorized $10,000,000
Capital Paid Up $5,000,000 :-: Reserve Fund $5,000,000

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT

Interest allowed on Deposits from Date of Deposit
Drafts, Money Orders and Letters of Credit Issued, available in Any part of the World

Branches at Michel and New Michel. T. B. BAKER, Manager

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

Livery, Dray and Transfer

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

GEO. FISHER, Proprietor

E. V. Holding Co.,

Builders and Contractors

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

New Michel

SLICK UP

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

P M. MacLanders, Prop

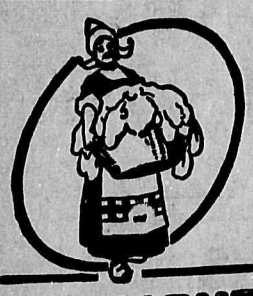
Patronize Home Industry

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

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

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

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



SUNLIGHT SOAP

No trouble with Sunlight Soap. Just follow the directions on the wrapper and Sunlight does the rest. Costs little—goes far—never injures hands or clothes.

Just Waiting

An old gentleman, rather portly and clad in a somewhat youthful suit of light gray flannel, sat on a bench in the park.

"What's the matter, sonny?" he asked a small urchin who lay on the grass just across the walk and stared intently, "Why don't you go and play?"

"Don't wanter," the boy replied.

"But it is not natural," the old gentleman insisted, "for a boy to be so quiet. Why don't you run about?"

"Oh, I'm just waitin'," the little fellow answered. "I'm just waitin' till you get up. A man painted that bench about 15 minutes ago."—Pittsburg News.

A Hereford gentleman met an eccentric old squire of his acquaintance riding with only one spur.

"What have you done with the other spur, squire?" he asked.

"Why, what would be the use of the other?" said the squire, "if one side of the horse goes, the other can't stand still."

The manager entered the office, his face clouded, his brow wrinkled in angry thought. He called the office-boy. Regarding the youth sternly, he said: "Boy, do you smoke cigarettes?"

"I d-do a little, sir," stammered the youth. The manager fixed him with his eagle eye. "Then give me one," he said. "I left mine at home."

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only Constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Aunt Crabbe—"I think it is my duty to tell you that I have heard from several sources that Mr. Brown is a very fast young man?"

Daisy—"Fast as he is, I shall catch him yet, auntie!"

"Humble as I am," said a loud-voiced orator at a meeting, "I still remember that I am a fraction of this magnificent Empire."

"You are, indeed," said a bystander, "and a vulgar one at that."

George Augustus Sala's eloquent testimony to the superiority of English viands reminds us of Dr. Johnson's outburst after examining a French menu, "Sir," said he to the faithful Boswell, "my brain is obfuscated with the perusal of this heterogeneous conglomeration of bastard English ill-spelt, and a foreign tongue. Bid the rascals bring me a dish of hogs' puddings, a slice or two from the upper cut of a well roasted sirloin, and two dumplings."—London Chronicle.

He was dining at a French restaurant, and while he was sipping his black coffee and firing 500 glances to the minute at a girl in a fluffy pink-and-white dress, a stranger gracefully commandeered his overcoat. He had just reached the door when the owner tapped him on the shoulder.

"Pardon me, sir," he said, meekly, "but would you allow me to get another cigar from my coat pocket, in case I do not meet you again?"—Tit-Bits.

This is the trade-mark which is found on every bottle of the genuine

Scott's Emulsion

the standard Cod Liver Oil preparation of the world. Nothing equals it to build up the weak and wasted bodies of young and old.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS

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

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

ZAM-BUK CURED HER BABY

Mothers will find the following statement of more than passing interest, showing, as it does, how Zam-Buk ends the skin diseases of children, even when ordinary remedies have competely failed. Mrs. C. W. Bowerbank, of 126 Denison Avenue, Toronto, says:

"Not long ago my baby's face broke out in an eruption. The spots would crack and be very irritating and sore. At other times they itched fearfully, and caused the child to scratch and rub thus making the sores very inflamed and painful. I tried all sorts of ointments and salves but they somehow did not seem able to remove the trouble. Zam-Buk proved very different and a few applications gave the child relief. The sores are now healed completely.

"Since that time my little daughter has had occasion to use Zam-Buk for skin trouble. She broke out in blotches on her hands and arms, and in her case also Zam-Buk effected a cure.

"We now keep Zam-Buk handy as a household balm, and do not intend to be without it.

"Not only for skin diseases, but for cuts, burns and bruises, it is a fine remedy. The other day I burned my hand badly. An application of Zam-Buk seemed to take the fire out of it at once, and it soon healed. In the course of my experience I have tried pretty nearly all the salves and ointments obtainable, but there is nothing to come near Zam-Buk."

Zam-Buk is Nature's own healing balm, being composed of pure herbal essences. It is a sure cure for pimples and eruptions, eczema, ring-worm, ulcers, cuts, burns, bruises, poisoned sores, chronic wounds, bad leg, piles, festering sores, and all skin injuries and diseases. Druggists and Stores everywhere sell at 50c. a box, or post free for price from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto; 3 boxes $1.25. You are warned against cheap and harmful imitations sometimes represented to be "just as good."

Courage

A good many people who think they have the courage of their convictions reverse the decision when they discover that their opinions may cost money.—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Pill for All Seasons.—Winter and summer in any latitude, whether in torrid zone or Arctic temperature, Parmelee's Vegetable Pills can be depended upon to do their work. The dyspeptic will find them a friend always and should carry them with him everywhere. They are made to withstand any climate and are warranted o keep their freshness and strength. They do not grow stale, a qualilty not possessed in many pills now on the market.

Gardener—"This is a tobacco plant in full flower."

Lady—"How very interesting? And how long will it be before the cigars are ripe?"

Minards Liniment Cures Dandruff.

"Dearest, if I were far, far away, could you still love me?"

"Why, Reggie, what a question! I'm sure the farther you were away the better I should love you."

BETTER THAN SPANKING

Spanking does not cure children of bed-wetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Summers, Box W. 77, Windsor, Ont., will send free to any mother her successful home treatment, with full instructins. Send no money but write her to-day if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child; the chances are it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged people troubled with urine difficulties by day or night.

"Ladies and gentlemen," declared a conscientious auctioneer, "there is no deceit about these carpets. They are genuine tapestry carpets. I bought them from old Tapestry himself?"

A Mother's Chief Care Is Her Baby's Welfare

The great desire of every mother is that her little ones shall be bright, good-natured and healthy. Every mother can keep her little ones in this condition if she will give them an occasional dose of Baby's Own Tablets. These Tablets cure Colic, indigestion, constipation, diarrhoea, worms, teething troubles, and other minor ailments. Guaranteed to contain no opiate or poisonous "soothing stuff." Mrs. H. Irvine, North Portal, Sask., says:—"I have used Baby's Own Tablets when our baby was teething, and for other little troubles, and have found them all you claim for them. I always keep them in the house." Sold at 25 cents a box by all dealers, or by mail from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Timid Old Lady—"Is it really very deep here?"

Boatman—"Lor, bless yer 'eart, no, mam—not more'n 12 feet. Why, at low tide it's that shaller yer can see the corpses lyin' on the bottom!"

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

Phyllis—"You don't act as if I was the first girl you ever kissed."

Henry—"If I am the first man who ever kissed you, how do you know I don't.

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

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A little girl taking a walk with her father frequently looked behind. Said her parent: "Don't look behind, dear, remember what happened to Lot's wife." "She only only turned a somersault," replied the diminutive maid, and the conversation on that subject went no further.

FUTURE FERTILE FARMS.

Clay Belt Has Almost Unlimited Wealth For Farmers.

Samuel J. Martin of Kemptville, who has returned from an exploratory visit to the region along the Transcontinental Railway east and west of Frederick House river, speaks in high terms of the quality of the land there, says The Census and Statistics' Monthly. The soil is a rich clay and much of it is naturally well drained, standing well above the streams which unwater it. The timber is chiefly spruce and jack pine, 60 to 75 feet high and as straight as gun-barrels. The spruce is usually 10 to 18 inches in diameter and the jack pine 6 to 12 inches, and the wood is so dense that it can only be traversed safely along the banks of streams or on the surveyed lines, when flanking parties may be thrown out on either side within hearing distances. In this way the country may be explored securely and this was the plan taken by Mr. Martin and his party, who located about 15 lots for settlement near Frederick House river. The trees have no tap roots, and the stumps are readily cleared off with a team and chain when the trees are felled. Mr. Martin brought home some fine samples of wheat, barley, oats, clover and timothy which had grown this year from grain scattered at the feeding places for horses employed on railway construction, and he is sanguine that under proper cultivation these grains and grasses could not be excelled in quality elsewhere in Canada. The wheat shows 30 grains per head, plump and well matured, and the six-rowed barley 60 grains, and the timothy grows four to five feet high with heads of seed six inches long. Land growing such samples is sold by the Government at fifty cents per acre, and it is now said that the extent of the clay belt is not less than 20,000,000 acres which the railway traverses from east to west. The town of Cochrane, at the junction of the Temiskaming and Northern and the Transcontinental Railways, which was surveyed last year, has now 300 dwelling houses, 15 stores, two banks and a school house where 80 pupils are registered. This town is six miles east of Frederick House river, which flows northward to join the Abitibi.

A Story From Japan.

Those who peruse the joke columns of the newspapers have perhaps read stories relating to a curious and interesting custom in Japan—the scrubbing of the backs of guests, while in the bath tub, by the landladies of hotels. But these tales have been pretty generally set down as being products of the peculiarly active imagination possessed by jokesmiths in general. Here, however, is a tale that is true.

The other evening at a meeting of the Men's Association of St. Anne's Church, Toronto, a letter was read from Rev. R. M. Millman, now in Japan, who has a wide circle of friends and acquaintances in this country, and who was curate at St. Anne's before entering the mission field. One portion of the letter very much amused the young men assembled. It read thus:

"To tell a true story. A young man came out here recently to teach. His friends wanted to have some fun with him, so they asked him if he would not like a bath. He said he would. Then they told the landlady that this newcomer was particularly fond of having his back rubbed (which I suppose was perfectly true). They furthermore told her that if he seemed to object it would be because she was not rubbing hard enough. Anyway, the unsuspecting victim got into the tub, and scarcely had he done so, when in walked the landlady and began to rub. Of course he was shocked and strongly objected to the proceeding. But he did not know a word of Japanese, nor did she know a word of English; so the harder he talked in English the harder she rubbed in Japanese, till at last she felt her duty had been done, and she left him a cleaner and a wiser man."

C.P.R. In Strathcona.

The C.P.R. will have a direct line via Wetaskiwin between Strathcona and Winnipeg in operation by the first of November. This was the information which Premier Rutherford received while in Winnipeg a few days ago at the western office of the C.P.R. At the present time the company is hurrying to completion the unfinished portion of the line east of Hardisty, which will connect with Saskatoon. When this is completed it is stated that the line of the Canadian Pacific between Winnipeg and Strathcona will be shorter than that of the Canadian Northern.

Premier Rutherford says that it is expected that the C.P.R. will also start shortly the line from either Camrose or Sedgewick to Strathcona, which it will enter from the southeast. The completion of this line will bring Strathcona even nearer to Winnipeg and the east than the Wetaskiwin line. With the C.P.R. on this short time in competition with the C.N.R. and the G.T.P. Edmonton and Strathcona will have the best transporting facilities of any city of the West.

Earth Would Explode.

You probably learned at school that an atom was a particle of matter so minute as to admit of no division; but science has learned much since then.

Sir J. J. Thomson, at the meeting of the British Association delegates at Winnipeg, pointed out that the atom is now known to be a comparatively large and complex structure, and that units of negative electricity, called corpuscles, have a volume, compared with that of an atom, such as a speck of dust has compared with the volume of a large lecture-hall.

But these corpuscles are to be found in every atom of every substance, and the energy they contain is so great that a little over a grain of hydrogen from their presence has an amount of energy greater than that developed by the burning of ten tons of coal.

Sir Joseph remarked that if an appreciable fraction were at any time to get free, the earth would explode, and become a gaseous nebula.

Why Stanfield's Use Nova Scotia Wool

THE chief reason is because the Stanfields have never found any other wool that makes Underwear so peculiarly suited to Canadians.

The salty, ocean breezes and healthful climate, coupled with the rich grazing, give Nova Scotia wool a quality which is not found anywhere else.

Nova Scotia wool is perfectly blended.

It is soft and smooth, yet staunch and strong. It can be spun like silk and wears almost like steel. Garments, knitted of this fine wool, give the desired warmth and are not heavy or bulky.

It is no exaggeration to say that the Stanfields get the pick of the Nova Scotia wool. The founder of these mills did much to develop the sheep-raising industry throughout the Maritime Provinces. The farmers saved their best wool for him, and continue to send their high grade wool to the Stanfield mills.

Then, too, this wool reaches the mills in the best possible condition. There are no long railroad hauls—no lengthy journeys in the holds of tramp steamers. The wool is shipped direct to Truro as soon as sheared. Experts sort, clean and make it ready at once for its trip of transformation into **Stanfield's Unshrinkable Underwear.**

Stanfield's Underwear is made by the only process which takes the shrink out of the wool before the garments are knitted.

The value of this discovery—made by the founder of the Stanfield Mills—is shown by the growth of this business, which is now capitalized at $750,000.00 and employs over 300 operatives.

Stanfield's Unshrinkable Underwear is made in 3 standard weights—Light (Red Label), Medium (Blue Label) and Heavy (Black Label) and 17 other weights and qualities to suit the needs and requirements of every man and woman.

The best dealers everywhere handle **Stanfield's Underwear.** Catalogue showing styles, and sample of fabric, sent free for your address. 6

John Stanfield
President
Stanfield's Limited
TRURO, N.S.

Had as Many Lives as a Cat

In a divorce case recently instituted in the circuit court of Baltimore the defendant's sworn answer contains the following paragraph:

"4. Answering paragraph No. 4 of the plaintiff's bill of complaint, this defendant says that he denies that he has treated the plaintiff with great cruelty, harshly and brutally or that he attempted to take her life, but on the contrary, says the plaintiff on numerous occasions has threatened his life, and on several occasions carried her threats into execution."—Baltimore Sun.

NEWFOUNDLAND PAYS TRIBUTE

TO THE GRAND WORK DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS ARE DOING

Fisherman Regard Them as a Boon to Mankind—Mr. Frank Banfield Tells How They Cured His Backache.

Garnish, Fortune Bay, Nfld. (Special).—Among the fishermen here, who through exposure to wet and cold are subject to those pains and aches which come to diseased Kidneys, Dodd's Kidney Pills are looked upon as a positive boon to mankind. They are never tired of telling how their Backaches and their Rheumatism vanished before the great Kidney remedy.

Among many others Mr. Frank Banfield, after years of suffering, has found relief in Dodd's Kidney Pills, and here is what he is telling his friends:—

"I find Dodd's Kidney Pills the best medicine for Backache I have ever used. I only used two boxes and they cured me of Backache I had had for five years. It started through a strain. My father's back also bothered him, and he got some relief from one pill I gave him. They were too precious to give him more. All persons suffering from Backache should use Dodd's Kidney Pills."

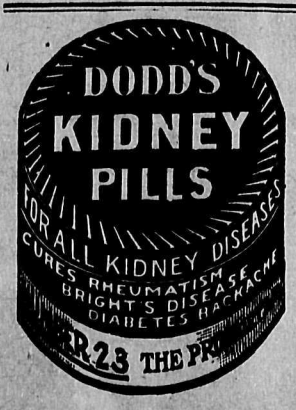
Why do Dodd's Kidney Pills cure Backache? Simply because Backache is Kidney ache, and Dodd's Kidney Pills positively cure all Kidney aches and ills. This has been proved in thousands of cases in Canada. If you haven't used them yourself ask your neighbors.

"Why do so many women rest their chins on their hands when they are trying to think?"

"To hold their mouths shut so that they won't disturb themselves."—Cleveland Leader.

Countless have been the cures worked by Holloway's Corn Cure. It has a power of its own not found in other preparations.

"I must have time," the expert said.
"For framing a reply,"
And hen he asked, and scratched his head;
"Pray, on what side am I?"
Philadelphia Evening News—



The hard work of bread-making should be done in the flour mill—not in the kitchen.

When it is necessary for you to make bread by main strength, the miller hasn't done his part. His flour is not fine enough.

Royal Household Flour

is made from hard Spring wheat—which is capable of finer grinding than any other wheat—and milled by a process that insures the finest, and most nutritious of flours. Get enough to try from your grocer. 13

Ogilvie Flour Mills Co., Limited, Montreal.

A Fearsome Threat

From the classroom occupied by the roughest boys in the Sunday school came a great uproar. The secretary in the next room went in to investigate. Complete silence followed the opening of the classroom door.

"Have you got a teacher?"

"No."

"Then be quiet or you'll get one."

Result, comparative peace.—Manchester Guardian.

Society girl—"My dear Miss M'Siddons, how you must adore your art! You seem perfectly wrapped up in it. I love to see you gaze upwards in that soulful way of yours when you come to particularly emotional passages. Are you seeking inspiration when you look like that?"

Emotional actress—"Oh, no; I am counting the receipts in the gallery."

"I must warn you, dearest," he said, "that after we are married you will very likely find me inclined to be arbitrary and dictatorial in my manner."

"No matter," she replied, cheerfully, "I won't pay the slightest attention to what you say."

The Bachelor—"Is it true that you are an advocate of woman's rights?"

The Spinster—"Yes."

The Bachelor—"Then you believe that every woman should have a vote?"

The Spinster—"Oh, no; but I believe every woman should have a voter."

"The servant that works for me must be very, very economical, said the boarding-house mistress to the applicant for work. "Oi'm such a one, mum," promptly returned the applicant. "Indeed, me last mistress discharged me for being that way!" "For being economical?" "Yis, wid me clothes. Oi used to wear hers."

As a Beautifier of the Skin Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment holds a unique position. It does not clog the pores as do unsanitary powders but positively promotes a healthful action of the skin and thereby makes it clear, soft, smooth and velvety.

It soothes irritation and inflammation, cures chafing, pimples and blackheads, and all kinds of skin eruptions, including the worst cases of eczema and salt rheum.

Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment

Stops itching promptly and heals the skin quickly. It is antiseptic and therefore of utmost value in preventing blood poisoning when applied to scalds, sores and wounds.

Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment has a world wide reputation as a cure for itching skin diseases. Imitations and substitutes will only disappoint you. 60c. a box at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. Write for a free copy of Dr. Chase's Recipes.

The Value of Physical Exercises For Beauty

"MET any ten women walk across the floor in my hearing," recently declared a physical culture lecturer "and I will tell you blindfolded which are the ones who have looked after the health of their muscles and which have not. Those who have kept themselves in good trim will have a crispness of step which is unmistakable to the trained ear. These who have not will have what I call a 'dopy step'—a dull flop of the foot, or a drag, which is evidence as readable as Holy Writ that they have neglected the body at its most important point."

A careful watch of the expressions of one's own walk will testify to the truthfulness of this satement, and if at the bad times we look at our faces in a mirror we will notice that every feature of it looks as old or as dull as the walk seems.

From the mere point of looks, then, physical exercises are important, but to have any great value in that direction the development must be harmonious. In other words, the body must be taught to move and carry its various parts with perfect balance and equilibrium, and not show merely a bunch of hard muscles somewhere or other.

A healthful, and consequently graceful, pose of the body is the first thing to consider, and this improvement of posture must not be put off and on like the Sunday frock, but be habitual. It is best achieved by certain light exercises taken twice a day, but the constant thought, "I must stand properly," will go a long way toward effecting the desired end.

Any number of actual diseases, let alone grave uglinesses of body, are said by physicians to be the result of standing or sitting improperly. To these ungraceful and harmful attitudes is often laid curvature of the spine, while, if not predisposing to lung disease, they at least help to pave the way for it. Even crossing the legs while sewing or reading is said to be bad, as this very inelegant habit, compressing the arteries and veins, may cause rheumatism and paralysis. To have a footstool handy when sitting down for a long spell of work or reading will do much toward correcting this vulgar tendency, for it really comes from the fact that the chair is too high for comfort. Half of the ungraceful attitudes in which the feet are posed while sitting—such as wrapping them around the chair leg, or thrusting them far forward—are also due largely to the unsuitability of the chair, for all persons cannot use chairs of the same height.

An excellent standing pose is sometimes taught young French girls with the following gymnasium drill: They are made to stand back against a board partition in such a way that the back of the head, shoulders, elbows, back, palms and heels press against it; at a given signal the girls wheel and face the board, when it is seen, if they stand correctly, that only the bust and the tip of the nose touch it.

The lift of the chest caused by the two simple movements gives freer space for lung expansion, and the head is held erect and proudly, as it should be. If children are made to practice this standing pose alone night and morning they would soon get out of the way of standing awkwardly, and the good results of the training would last them till the end of their lives. But nobody is too old not to get benefit from it, and, everything else unconsidered, it is a splendid help to the digestion.

Walking about the room on the balls of the feet while dressing is a fine leg exercise, and the following breathing and arm exercises combined will expand the chest, harden the bust and correct round shoulders:

Let the arms hang with a dead limpness for a moment, withdrawing with a mental effort all force from them. Then lift the hands, place them palm to palm and interlace the thumbs. Then raise the hands straight up over the head, at the same time inhaling deeply. Count five while the arms are in this position and hold the breath; then lower the arms slowly and exhale completely.

Repeat this exercise night and morning six times, and vary it sometimes by holding the breath at the time of lowering the arms and letting it out after they are down. These movements throw the nerve force into the finger tips, and if the exerciser takes the trouble to notice when she lifts her arms, it will seem as if she is drawing the ribs apart and giving all the internal organs more room.

An excellent exercise for filling out the hollows of the neck and throat is to rise upon the tips of the toes at the moment of drawing in the long breath already described. Then, still standing upon the balls of the feet, the exerciser must hold the breath while she counts fifteen, endeavoring, at the same time, to direct its force against the muscles of the throat and neck.

Another good neck exercise is to move the head rythmically from side to side, first one way and then the other, then backward and forward, and finally around, from first one side and then another, in a circular way.

The sitting posture of the untrained body is generally as bad as the standing one, and there is no excuse for a rumpled up stomach and concave chest even with the hardest sewing or writing. The spine should be held erect, with the back braced against the chair back if some support is felt to be needed; and if there is ever any bending done it should be at the hips and not at the waist. "It is treating the waist as if it were a joint which causes such aching backs and shoulders," declares one authority on this momentous subject; while all those who deal with the value of bodily exercises absolutely affirm that each one, however far removed the movement may be from the legs, helps toward acquiring a graceful walk.

Finally, let me say that to walk gracefully is one of woman's most important accomplishments, for, no matter how fair the body may be, it loses its right to charm when walking movements are unbeautiful.

So, if you have no time or taste for other exercises, practice mere art of walking gracefully, take the practice stroll outdoors and breathe deeply as you take it. The fashionable step is rather long than short, the abdomen is held well in, the head high, the shoulders back, the chest out, and there is a faint hint, as the lady moves, that she is walking mostly upon the balls of the feet.

Yet she must in no wise give the secret of her office away with any exaggeration of any one of these features—she must go by in a whole piece, as one born to the art of walking.

Katharine Martin

Smart Gown and Coat Styles—Late Freaks in Sleeves

FIG. A—PRINCESS GOWN WITH FLOUNCE EFFECT.

FIG. B—A COMBINATION OF BODICE AND YOKE SKIRT.

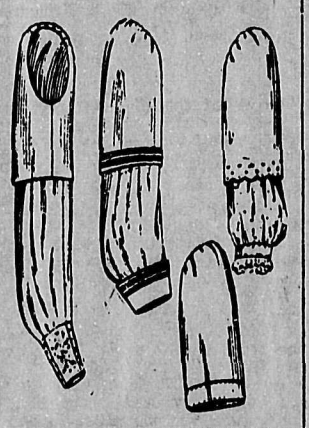


FIG. D—BISHOP SLEEVES WITH CAP.

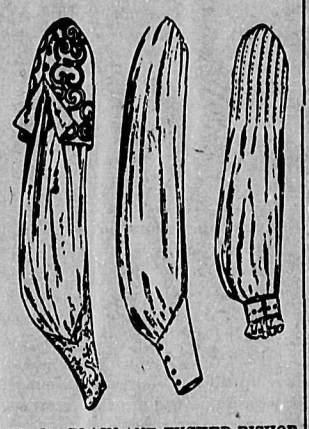


FIG. D—PLAIN AND TUCKED BISHOP.

FIG. C—A PRACTICAL AUTUMN COAT.

VERILY, as far as Fashion is concerned, there is nothing new under the sun. However novel a thing may appear, one has only to look in the fashion books of vanished periods to find out that Madame Mode merely returns to her old madnesses. The burdensome basket hats which lately swept the feminine world off its feet were all reminiscent of the top-heavy headgear of the Directoire; and now—blessed be old loves—here we are returning to the pin-back skirt effects of the Seventies, and to the sentimental sleeves which belong to the day of the "spencer." Bishop sleeves they are called, as they were then, and under this name the arm coverings definitely recall some revivals of a dozen years ago.

For soft materials, these gathered sleeves, with their loose, limply hanging puffs and pretty shoulder caps, are most charming and suitable, and, as they possess a certain aesthetic grace, they doubtless will be much favored by thin women. Truth to tell, the thin woman has it still all her own way, for it is no use to pretend that the statue-like draperies of fine dress and the chopped-up effects of medium dress are for any but sylph-like figures.

In the way of practical coats and ordinary walking dress the average world is still considered, and as few women can afford the setting which goes with the more startling effects, perhaps the commonplaceness of these is desirable. At any rate, the woman who is expert with her needle will find in many a new garment of sensible nature more than one suggestion for making over old clothes.

Except for the sleeves, which are smaller than then, many a coat repeats the lines of two winters or more ago, so if there is a loose coat in good condition on hand it may be necessary only to alter the arm portions. The jersey-top dresses likewise offer hints for the reviving of old gowns, for if there is a pleated skirt of handsome silk or cloth in the wardrobe it will be easy enough to match the color with the spun stocking-like stuffs which are now in the market. Many a princess dress looks for all the world like a long tailed jersey with a pleated flounce sewed to the bottom; and at the join of the two portions a broad ribbon sash will often slip under slides arranged for the purpose and tie in a big bow in the back. This sash novelty appeared with late Summer, but as it takes more than a half season to establish popularity for anything so freakish, this low method of sash girdling will doubtless be seen for some time to come. It is too juvenile a fancy for any except young persons, and is far more suited to a smart dress than a practical one.

The group of models displayed today suggest some of the mid-Autumn phases in gowns, coats and sleeves, and any one or all of them may be confidently followed by the home sewer. The medium figure is considered in the measurements given for material; and before I go any further pray let me assure my readers again that I shall be glad to answer any questions concerning dress in any department.

Figure A. This princess gown, if trimmed elaborately as shown, is suited to any handsome silk or cloth, while a plain back and front and a simpler material may revolve it into something for every-day wear. For since the princess is so popular, it is vain to suggest that the smartness of the style should confine its use to the best frock. In the illustration ramie linen, in a deep Autumn-berry red, shapes the dress, with a stout lace and soutache braid in the same shade. Linen and crash in these rich tints are quite admissible for all-winter wear in the house, and if there is a long coat to cover the dress it may go until very late Autumn for street use.

But Henrietta and cashmere constitute, of course, more reasonable materials for a dress which requires as much work as this, and since braiding promises to continue its vogue such stuffs could be treated at the front to soutache instead of with the lace here used. In the material pictured, the frock makes a most satisfactory dress with which to finish the season, and, if liked, the dress may be entirely untrimmed and still look well, for the cut nowadays is everything.

With a 24-inch material eleven yards of goods would be required for the gown, and if the material is double width only six yards would be needed.

Figure B. This combination of fussy bodice and yoke skirt is so suggestive of antiquated modes that it seems hard to believe that Madame Mode intends to present it as something entirely new. But such is the case, and if the cut-up effect of the dress is too trying for many figures, for others it would be smart and fine to a marked degree. The bodice or skirt could be used separately or combined, as shown, to compose a frock for dressy afternoon or semi-dress evening service, and in either case any delicate wool, pretty silk or veiling would be a suitable material.

For a young woman of angular type the division made by the yoke and trimming of the skirt would help to suggest less height, while the puff sleeves and elaborate front of the bodice offer a very graceful disguise for thinness. Since sleeves are now so much a matter of separate consideration, the pretty puff effects may be accepted as suitable for a smart indoor bodice in any style.

As pictured, the dress is made of French silk cashmere with braided bands and a combination of lace for the bodice.

Figure C. Such a coat as this one can be utilized for motoring, shopping, travelling, stormy weather, etc., and if topped as in the illustration with a smart and appropriate hat, the garment is suitable for any walking use. The coat is made of diagonal coating, with a military collar of velvet and buttons to match. Modish motor coats in this shape are sometimes made of plaid wools in striking colors, but for all round use the coat is best in a single tone and dark color. The model is a very easy one for the home sewer to follow, as the double-breasted fronts are fitted chiefly by the shoulder darts, and the back of the garment may be entirely in one piece. A three-quarter cut in this style is also premissible, though the coat is definitely smarter and more useful when full length.

As a double width goods cuts to better advantage, I would suggest buying a 44 or 52-inch material, when, for many figures less than four yards would be required.

Picture D. The bishop sleeve in all its ramifications is here shown, any one of the models or all of them being especially suited to house dresses of every description. In the smarter more stylish group which shows three designs only, are displayed very graceful effect for tea gowns, flannel shirtwaists and little dressy odd bodices in soft mulls or silks or lace. The sleeve with the cap and cuff could also be used for the most stylish cloth gowns, and the combination gives ideas for the using up of materials on hand which may be in good condition.

The second group of sleeves displays the various methods of treating the bottom of the long shoulder cap and such wrist finishes as would go with the soft puff that hangs below it. Half a glance would tell anybody fairly gifted with the needle that sleeves in this style present unnumbered possibilities for making old sleeves into new. The cap and cuff should be of the bodice material, but any lace, net or thin silk, suitably colored or in white or cream, would do for the puff.

Mary Dean

Canned Pears—Bartlett pears are considered by many housekeepers the best for canning. If not perfectly ripe, they can be easily mellowed by wrapping them up in a woolen blanket; but they must be a little under rather than over-ripe for canning. To every quart jar allow seven or eight medium-sized pears, a pint of water, and one-fourth pound of sugar. Cut the fruit in halves, pare, core and throw at once into cold water to prevent discoloration. Put the sugar and water first into a preserving kettle and let heat slowly; when the scum appears, remove it carefully, and as soon as the syrup boils hard add the fruit and boil all together from three to ten minutes.

Put a cloth wet in cold water, around the jar when putting in the hot fruit, in order to prevent breakage, and further make sure against this by putting in a couple of pears and a little juice at a time. When the jar is full run a silver knife down the sides of it to let out the air bubbles, and seal tightly while the fruit is still hot. Canned pears should be kept in a cool dark place.

Seckel pears, which may be canned in the same way, are best when picked directly from the tree and canned at once. If too hard, both they and the Bartletts may be boiled for ten minutes or less before putting them in the syrup.

Pool and Billiards

Drop in any time and have a game. Tables in excellent condition. Choice Cigars, Cigarettes and Tobaccos.

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AND BACON, are the best cured Meat in Canada

Shamrock Lard Provincial Govt. Creamery Butter
All Government Inspected Meats
Home Made Sausage. No order too small to fill
TWO DELIVERIES DAILY TO ALL PARTS OF THE TOWN

P. BURNS & CO. LTD.

NEW MICHEL, B. C.

UP AND DOWN THE CROW

Fernie, Nov. 15.—The past week has shown a substantial increase in the output of the Coal Creek mines, the tonnage now being over 2000 tons per day. The tonnage is now increasing steadily, which means assured prosperity throughout the district. Many improvements are being made in the outside works also, the most important being the construction of the snow sheds from the mines to the tipple, which will greatly facilitate the handling of the coal in the winter.

Mrs. J. F. Charbonneau had a close call from drowning in Crow's Nest Lake on Sunday morning. A skating party started out on the ice, but Mrs. Charbonneau broke in along with R. C. Bradley and Geo. Gagnon, and was rescued with great difficulty as she was going down for the third time.

Frank, Nov. 16.—Preparations for exploiting the oil prospects on the South Fork of the Old Man river are being made by the Chicago-Alberta Oil Company. The company has built a wagon road to its property. Operations will be carried on throughout the winter. Oil seepages are numerous and the chances of getting oil are good.

Pincher Creek, Nov. 16.—A considerable number of the inhabitants of this place are much wrought up over the alleged smuggling case in connection with which there are some very interesting and rather unusual features.

Recently customs officials seized rare Irish laces to the value of something like $800, which it is alleged have been smuggled into the country and which had found their way into the hands of quite a number of prominent ladies of the town.

George Jarrad, the good all-round veteran sportsman, has left England and is on his way to Michel, where he will make his new home. It was as a swimmer that Jarrad was best known, and prior to long distance swimming being in vogue, he swam from Teddington Lock to Barnes Bridge some 45 years ago, he then being in his eighteenth year. Jarrad more than held his own on the running track, and was well known on the river as a member of Nelson, Surrey and Old Cobden Rowing clubs.

Frank, Nov. 15.—W. S. Foster, superintendent for the Carbon Hill company, which has large coal holdings on the South Fork of the Old Man river and which is now engaged in surveying a railroad up that river, came in this week from the property and reports that in the prospecting work being done, a seam hitherto not known to exist has been recently uncovered on the company's property which promises to produce a rare quality of domestic coal. Mr. Foster states that the coal is on the anhtracite order and that in numerous tests made, characteristics for domestic uses were disclosed which are not ordinarily found in the coals of this region.

It is expected that the company will begin development of the property on an extensive scale with the building of the railroad in the spring.

Pointed Provincial Paragraphs

Prince Rupert, Nov. 14.—To jump into a sewer ditch and find himself seized in a death grip by a quicksand was the experience of a Montengrin laborer a few days go. He yelled for help, a rope was thrown him, half a dozen men gave a pull, and the man was gradually drawn to the surface.

Vancouver, Nov. 12.—Fire broke out yesterday evening in the basement of the Sherwin - Williams Paint Co's building. The stock in the basement was practically ruined.

Vancouver, Nov. 16.---Surveys have been completed for a million dollars worth of reconstruction work on the line of the C.P.R., between Lytton and a point to the west of Hope.

J. McAuliffe, formerly engine foreman at Crow's Nest, has been transferred to Cranbrook.

Foreign Despatches and News Notes

Everett, Wash., Nov. 13.—The use of electric motors in the Great Northern Cascade tunnel has proved so successful from the viewpoints of speed, cleanliness and safety that the company has plans now under way, by which the whole of the Cascade division from Wenatchee to Everett, will be equipped with the electric engines, meaning the complete elimination of the coal burning locomotives.

The red widow has been acquitted in Paris after a most sensational trial. We wonder what vaudeville circuit she will join.

Ottawa, Nov. 15.—From the Dominion observatory it was reported that an earthquake shock was recorded there about 7 o'clock this morning, lasting for about 20 minutes.

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

What the Liberal Party Proposes

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

RAILWAYS

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

TIMBER

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

FOREST RESERVES

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

CROWN LANDS

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

MUNICIPAL REVENUE

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

SANITARY REGULATIONS

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

LOCAL GOVERNMENT

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

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

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2 Deliveries Daily 2

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Pure and Pleasing; | Manufactured from Canadian Malt, Bohemian Hops and the now Famous Crystal Spring Water

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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.

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

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

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NEW MICHEL, Sunday school 2 p.m. Service 3 p.m., in the schoolhouse.
MICHEL, Sunday School, 2.30 p. m. Evening service, at 7.30. Band of Hope every Monday at 7.30 p. m.
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Services—3rd Sunday, in the month,
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Evensong, 3.30 p. m.
Sunday School, 2.00 p. m.
New Michel, in the School house, 7.30
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

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The Reporter for Stationery

AT THE OCTAGON HOUSE

It Wasn't a Burglar That the Pretty Intruder Encountered.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

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Rosamond Lee walked slowly down the rose bordered path to the tall stone wall that inclosed the deserted house next door. The owners were abroad, and there was no prospect of their immediate return to inhabit the Octagon House, as it was called.

Rosamond had made many excursions about the neglected grounds and dreamed many dreams beneath the noble trees that rose from the unkept turf. She had taken toll of the blooming flowers and shrubs in their seasons, and now she fed the gray squirrels that raced up and down the green branches.

Her family laughed at her fondness for the Octagon House and predicted a speedy abandonment when Mrs. Phillips came home again, for Mrs. Phillips was old and irascible and much feared by Rosamond since she was a little child.

But on this glorious September day, when the late monthly roses were bordering the path with delicate sweetness, Rosamond, a fair, sweet rose herself, thought little of Mrs. Phillips in distant Berlin. The day was made for her—for her alone—and the Octagon House!

She followed the stone wall to an intersecting fence which served as a stepping stone. In a trice she had jumped lightly to the soft turf of the other side and sped swiftly across the dappled green toward the house.

The crooked piazza, which followed the outline of the old house, was covered with Virginia creeper, even now turning to brilliant scarlet and gold. In one corner where the vines hung low and formed a curtain were a long wicker chair and a pile of Rosamond's favorite books.

She had tired of reading and was sitting half drowsy with sleep when a step on the piazza roused her. Never before had any one trespassed on her chosen retreat.

She parted the vines and peeped through to discover a man's tall form bent to peer into the half drawn shades of the long windows. He straightened up again, and she saw that his clothes were gray and dusty and that white dust powdered his dark hair. He was mopping his forehead vigorously with a handkerchief, and she noticed that his hands were bronzed by exposure to the sun.

That the man was a burglar Rosamond had not a doubt. Her heart almost stopped beating when he glanced carelessly toward her vine covered retreat before he sat down on the top step to light a pipe.

"He's wondering how to get in," murmured Rosamond to herself. "If only I were brave enough I would go out and frighten him away, but I am fearfully afraid of burglars, and yet if he should break in and steal some of Mrs. Phillips' pictures I would feel dreadful, because I have enjoyed her hospitality unasked." She smiled thoughtfully and then sat very quietly.

Presently she dropped a book on the floor and rustled out of her retreat with a haughty expression on her sweet face. The stranger jumped to his feet and pulled off his gray cap.

"I beg your pardon," he stammered. "I didn't know any one was around."

Rosamond fixed him with a cold stare while she mentally decided that he was too good looking to be engaged in such a nefarious pastime as burglarizing unoccupied country houses.

She lifted her pretty brows inquiringly. "You wished to see some one?"

"Why—er—no. I didn't expect to see any one here. I thought the place was vacant," he stammered, knocking his pipe against the railing and stuffing it into his pocket.

"It is not vacant. I am here," said Rosamond bravely.

"So I—er—see," with an air of chagrin.

"The house is well protected."

"I am glad of that," he said heartily.

Rosamond imagined his tone was sarcastic. "Perhaps you wished to see my husband," she said in a wavering voice.

The man started violently, and his eyes forsook her face and dropped to the ground. "Of course it would be a pleasure," he said. "Is he around?"

Rosamond edged closer to the steps and ran lightly down to the path below. "I will call him. He is not far away," she cried breathlessly. Then she turned and sped swiftly toward the wall that divided the place from her home. Once there, her father would telephone to the village for assistance, and thus the burglary would be prevented.

She thought she heard swift steps behind her, and she renewed her speed toward the wall. Her heart was beating almost to suffocation as she stepped on a loose stone. She uttered a terrified cry as the stone slipped and she fell to the ground.

Now she heard swift steps in reality as the stranger crossed the turf and bent anxiously above her.

"I hope you have not hurt yourself," he said gravely.

"I have sprained my ankle," admitted the girl with white lips.

"What were you trying to do—not to scale the wall?"

"Yes."

"Why? Was your husband over there?"

A red flush crept to her brows. "Yes," she said.

"Shall I call him," asked the suspected burglar frankly, "or shall I carry you back to the piazza and get you some cold water? Where are the servants? Have you occupied the house long? My aunt wrote me that the place was vacant." He hammered out the questions with remorseless haste.

Rosamond stared with growing horror. "Who are you? Who is your aunt?" she gasped in return.

"I am Mrs. Phillips' nephew. My name's David Phillips. I have bought the place, and I came down to look it over. I was to have met the real estate man at the station. He came, but he forgot the keys, so I walked on. As he said nothing about the place being occupied, I was surprised to find a tenant."

Rosamond closed her eyes wearily, while her brain sought some escape from her appalling position. She was angry at having placed herself in such a situation. She might have known this good looking young man was not a burglar. She opened her eyes with suddenness and looked straight at him.

"I wish you would go away," she said petulantly.

"Of course, if you wish it. But you are suffering. May I not call some one to help you? I will look for your husband, if you will tell me his name." He stopped awkwardly.

"I haven't any husband," she said recklessly. "You see, I've been in the habit of running over here and sitting on the porch and reading, and today I saw you looking in the window, and I thought you were a burglar, and so I tried to frighten you away by pretending I had a husband. I live next door, and my name is Rosamond Lee—so there! You may laugh if you want to."

"But I don't want to laugh," he said softly. "I think it was awfully brave of you, you know, when you believed me to be a desperado. Now, Miss Lee, you must let me help you home again, for that ankle needs attention at once. Permit me as a neighbor and perhaps later on a friend!" He stooped and lifted her in his strong arms and carried her through quiet bypaths to a small gate in the wall and thus up the rose bordered path into her father's care.

Many times after that David Phillips strode up the rose bordered path to see Rosamond Lee, and the following June, when the roses were rioting the garden, he claimed her as his own, and together they passed under the portal of the rejuvenated Octagon House, of which Rosamond became in fact the mistress.

He Could Say "No."

"A very dignified young man took a seat in a smoking car," said the hostess, who joined in the after dinner story telling. "Near him were three traveling salesmen, well dressed, jolly fellows, one of whom suggested a game of cards, and the others agreed. They appealed to the young man to take part and make up a four handed game.

"'Thank you; I never play cards,' came the response to the invitation.

"'I am sorry for that. Will you have a cigar with us?' added the spokesman, producing his case.

"'I am obliged to you, but I never smoke,' replied the dignified young man.

"They thought they would jolly the young fellow out of dignity, so the leader produced a 'traveling companion' and asked:

"'As you do not play cards nor smoke you will not refuse to join us in a drink?'

"'I thank you, gentlemen, but I never drink.'

"With this a venerable man with ministerial aspect sitting in the seat behind the young man reached forward and tapped him on the shoulder.

"'I have heard what you have said to these men,' said the sedate old fellow, 'and I admire you for the stability of character which has enabled you to shun bad habits. I have a daughter in the parlor car, whom I should like to have you meet.'

"'I thank you, sir,' replied the young man, turning about and facing the gentleman, 'but, the fact is, I never intend to marry.'"

The Incorrigible Kid.

"Israel W. Durham, the Philadelphia politician," said a Pennsylvania legislator, "owed part of his success to the fine way he kept his followers submissive and obedient without hurting their pride.

"Mr. Durham could call you to order without offending you. Once, for example, he called me to order. He said I was incorrigible. He said, with a laugh, that I was as hard to manage as a little boy in a downtown school.

"This youth's teacher told him he must add without counting on his fingers. Then she gave him several mental sums. He solved them, but from the way he kept looking down at his hands she knew he wasn't minding her. So she made him put his hands behind his back, and then she gave him another sum. He answered it, too, correctly.

"'Good,' she said. 'You didn't count on your fingers that time, did you?'

"'No'm. On my toes,' said he."

Quite a Mistake.

A lady visitor at Blackpool was bathing and was on the point of drowning when a boatman, who is a local wag, went to her assistance. Later in the day he called where she was staying and saw a gentleman who, seeing the lady in difficulties, had offered £20 to any one who would rescue the lady. This conversation took place:

Boatman—I am the man who saved the lady, sir, and I thought I'd call and see about the £20.

The Gentleman—Y-e-s, I know, but when I made the offer I thought it was my wife who was in danger, and it turned out it was my wife's mother.

Boatman—Just my luck! Well, sir, how much do I owe you?—London Tit-Bits.

CIRCUSES.

The Old and the New and the Greatest Drawing Card.

Before the one ring days, and going back a few centuries, the circus was represented in the person of a mountebank, a thin visaged, clean shaven man who hitched his trapeze to the sturdy limb of a village oak and did feats to the ill concealed amazement of a people who respected God somewhat, but the devil and his black magic a great deal more.

A long and high jump this—from mountebank to modern hippodrome, from a man who lived under his hat to a tented city which houses as many as 25,000 people in one day and regularly furnishes food, shelter and transportation for 1,200 more, to say nothing of a hospital, a postoffice and a commissary, where one can purchase almost anything from a postage stamp to a suit of overalls.

The big show today is as highly specialized and deviously organized as is our greatest business institution. Its maintenance costs a thousand dollars an hour. Yes, it's a long jump from the mountebank; but, after all, things haven't changed so much in some ways.

A man who was running a trick pony and dog show last year added a "thriller" to his program in the way of a dangerous flying trapeze act. To the delight of his pockets, but the intense disgust of his trainer's soul, the door receipts almost doubled. He had two men at the door one night who asked the outgoing crowds which part of the show they liked best—the trick animals or the acrobats. They answered as one, "The acrobats!"

Danger—danger to other human lives and limbs—that's the drawing card, after all, excepting only the children who are too young to be gory minded and who find most delight in the clowns. We grownups like the "thrillers"—the more deadly the better.—William Allen Johnston in Harper's Weekly.

WHAT HE WAS TELLING HIM.

An Incident That Ended the Conversation at the Barber's.

"You are very bald, sir," said the barber to little Binks as the latter took up his position in the chair.

"What's that you say?" asked Binks pleasantly.

"I say you are very bald, sir," repeated the barber.

"Who is?" asked Binks.

"You, sir," said the barber.

"What paper did you see that in?" demanded Binks.

"What's that, sir?" asked the barber.

"What newspaper?" repeated Binks. "I read all the papers, but I didn't see any reference to this. Was it in one of the early editions of the evening papers?"

"Was what, sir?" queried the puzzled barber.

"This thing you were just telling me," said Binks.

"Why, I don't remember telling you"— began the barber.

"About my being bald, you know," said Binks. "You said I was very bald, didn't you?"

"Yes," said the barber, "but I didn't mention the newspapers, sir. Why should it be in the newspapers, sir?"

"Why, because it's news, isn't it?" said Binks.

"I shouldn't say that, sir," said the barber.

"Well, if it isn't news, what in thunder did you tell me about it for?" demanded Binks. "I supposed you had read about it in one of the papers and had reached the conclusion that I didn't know it. If you find a mole under my left ear while shaving me break it to me gently, please, and you may omit all mention of the fact that my beard is getting gray. I am trying to stave off a realization of the"—

But just then the barber accidentally ran his lather brush over Bink's mouth, and the conversation ceased.—Lippincott's.

The Mechanical Choir.

"I hear that your church has installed a phonograph stuffed with sacred music?"

"Yes. Had to do it. Choir had struck."

"New scheme work all right?"

"It's beautiful. Never quarrels with itself, has no skirts to rustle, doesn't fret about the angle of its hat, refrains from giggling or powdering its nose, and if it gets out of order a mechanic can repair it."

The Day He Selected.

When Mr. Gladstone was alive he was once discussing with some friends at Hawarden castle the greatest day in the world's history. Each member of the group was asked to say on which day he, in the past or the future, would prefer to live, it being supposed that he should have his present knowledge, and afterward return to his present existence. Mr. Gladstone chose a day in Greece when Athens was at its highest glory.

Not Like Him.

The Vicar—I'm surprised at you, Miggs. Why, look at me. I can go into the town without coming back intoxicated. Miggs—Yesh, zur. But O be so popular.—London Telegraph.

Might Have Helped.

"We were traveling all day in the teeth of the gale."

"Pity you didn't have a dentist."

"What for?"

"To draw the teeth!"

That's Different.

"Here's a case where fear turned dark hair yellow."

"Fear turned the hair yellow! Bosh!"

"Fear of being out of style."—Exchange.

LOST CALHOUN STATUE.

Disappeared During Civil War and Never Has Been Found.

What has become of the handsome marble statue of John C. Calhoun which was brought to Charleston from Italy in 1854 or 1855 and placed in the city hall here? That is a question which several members of a generation which is able to recall events of a half century ago have been asking each other recently. The statue, which was very much admired by all who saw it, has not been seen since the war and has been practically forgotten, it appears, by all except a handful of people, none of whom knows certainly its fate.

The statue was made in Rome by the American sculptor Powers. It represented Calhoun standing, wearing a Roman senator's toga. In his left hand, which was uplifted, was a scroll representing "Truth, Justice and the Constitution." The right hand of the figure was pointing toward the scroll. The statue cost, it is stated, $10,000.

The statue was shipped from Rome to New York. In transit, it is said, one of the arms was broken just below the shoulder, and under the direction of Mr. Powers it was repaired in this city by a stonecutter whose name was Walker.

One story has it that the statue was placed in the city hall and remained there until the civil war, that it was then packed and shipped to Columbia for safe keeping, that upon reaching Columbia the boxed statue was placed in the courthouse, but that when Columbia was burned the statue perished in the flames.

There are other accounts given as to the last chapter of the statue's history. Some hold that the statue was never sent to Columbia, but that it was buried in the lot around the city hall here. Others claim that the statue was shipped to Columbia, but that it was not burned. They are of the opinion that it was taken from Columbia courthouse by northern soldiers and may still be in existence. However that may be, the facts connected with the statue's history are as difficult to obtain as they would appear to be interesting.—Charleston News and Courier.

Ancient Mechanical Carts.

There is nothing new under the sun. The taxicab, which is probably supposed by most to be a recent invention, was in use ages ago. Ancient documents plainly show, says Professor H. H. Parker in the Asiatic Quarterly Review, "that mechanical carts capable of registering distances traveled by counting and recording the revolutions of very large cart wheels connected by cogs with other concentric or eccentric horizontal and perpendicular wheels of proportionate diameters have been well known to the Chinese for 1,700 or 1,800 years." On the top of the cart was the figure of a man holding a drum, which he beat when one li, a third of a mile, was traveled. Some carts had in addition a figure holding a cymbal, which was struck when the drum had been beaten ten times.

Another English Scare.

Some of the London papers are giving attention to an enormous magnet which has been patented in Germany, and the Berlin correspondent of the Standard, speaking of what it is hoped it will do, says that, placed at the mouth of a river or port, it is to make scrap iron of all the iron and steel of an enemy's neighboring Dreadnought, throwing all the machinery out of gear and generally sending the monster mad. A smaller ship, it is hoped, may even be drawn out of its course altogether and swept into the port by the force of attraction, and a still smaller one may be sucked right under water. Worse still, the magnet's motto is, "Defense, not defiance."

Imperishable Wood.

A curious source of wealth is reported by the French consul at Mongtze, in upper Tonkin. It lies in wood mines. The wood originally was a pine forest, which the earth swallowed in some cataclysm. Some of the trees are a yard in diameter. They lie in a slanting direction and in sandy rolls, which cover them to a depth of about eight yards. As the top branches are well preserved, it is thought the geological convulsion which buried them cannot be of very great antiquity. The wood furnished by these timber mines is imperishable, and the Chinese gladly buy it for coffins.—London Globe.

Watered Butter.

An ingenious fraud in the butter line was brought to light recently in England. In that country the amount of moisture in butter is limited by law to 16 per cent. Australian and New Zealand butters, on the other hand, usually contain only 8 per cent of water. Taking advantage of this fact, several firms imported large quantities of these colonial butters, to which 8 per cent of water was then added, thus bringing them down to the British standard. As the added water naturally cost nothing and the product was sold at the current butter price, a substantial profit was made.

A New Peril.

Sir William Bull writes to the papers to suggest that appendicitis arises from our habit of sharpening knives. "The head of every family invariably sharpens his carving knife as he stands before the joint. This means a shower of microscopic steel shavings on the meat." Appendicitis has increased enormously of late years. Perhaps our grandfathers always used blunt knives or dissected the joint in ways of which polite society has kept no record.—Westminster Gazette.

MILITARY PRISONERS.

How They Are Guarded at Garrisons—The Bull Ring.

The hardest duty that a soldier is ever called upon to perform in times of peace and the duty which he dreads the most is the guarding of military prisoners. These are divided into two classes:

First.—Garrison prisoners, who have received light sentences for minor breaches of discipline and will be returned to duty in a short time.

Second.—Military convicts, who for attempted desertion or other serious military crimes have been dishonorably discharged by order of a court martial and have received sentences varying from a few months' to several years' confinement at hard labor, according to the gravity of the offense. Into their ranks the vicious element of those who hold their oath of enlistment too lightly eventually find their way.

Every morning at fatigue call the prisoners are drawn up in a long line in front of the guardhouse and surrounded by a chain of sentries. The somber prison garb of the "generals"—military convicts were formerly known as "general prisoners"—is marked with a gigantic capital "P," which renders them conspicuous and therefore makes escape more difficult.

Some are evil looking fellows with long and unsavory records. Doubtless many have "done time" more than once in civil prisons before evading the watchfulness of the recruiting officer and finding their way into the army. Others are rosy cheeked lads who in all probability have yet to see their twenty-first birthday, and in nine cases out of ten the charge against them is desertion. Homesickness or restlessness under military restraint and discipline have led them into the rash act, the heavy penalties of which they may not have fully realized.

In groups of twos and threes and guarded by sentries with loaded rifles, these men perform most of the disagreeable work and menial labor about the army post, which is highly varied in character and may consist of anything from sprinkling the flower beds on the officers' lawns to digging ditches for monster sewer pipes. Although they generally perform their enforced tasks cheerfully, occasionally a particularly disagreeable piece of work causes a miniature strike, and a dozen men may "buck"—that is, refuse to work.

It is then that the historic "bull ring" is resorted to. A huge circle is marked out on the ground, and the malefactors are required to walk around its circumference in Indian file for eight hours a day, preserving absolute silence. A ten minute respite is allowed at noon for a bread and water lunch. A day or two of this treatment usually suffice to break the most stubborn will. If not there still remain solitary confinement on the bread and water diet and as a last resort the dungeon.

The prison duty is by all odds the grimmest phase of the soldier's life. He may find himself standing guard over his best friend, with orders to shoot to kill should his man attempt to escape.—Youth's Companion.

Where He Blundered.

A Cleveland lawyer tells a story about a Milesian wielder of the pick who had been digging a trench for a gas pipe leading to a private residence—a one inch pipe.

Contemplating the excavation and comparing its capacity with the loose dirt, he shook his head in doubt. "Be this and be that," said he, "I'm thinking I'll not have room in the ditch for all the dirt on the pile, bad cess."

"But," said a bystander, "why not, Pat?"

"Sure," he made reply, "because I didn't dig it deep enough!"

A Growing Love.

Mr. and Mrs. Married Bliss were both growing very plump, and every effort to reduce weight had proved fruitless, and their discontent with their failure was pathetic.

"It is too bad," said a mutual friend to a sympathetic physician. "The Blisses are so fond of each other and used to be so graceful and slender when they were first married."

"Ah, well," replied the physician "Think how much more they are to each other now."—Life.

Little Breaks.

Among "blunders in emphasis" the prize must be awarded to the remark of the beautiful Miss Gunning to George II. She told the king that she would dearly love to see a coronation. A compliment not infrequently takes a questionable form. G. W. E. Russell in his "Collections and Recollections" tells of a working class admirer who once said to the dean of Windsor (Dr. Wellesley), "I always say there's nothing of the gentleman about you."—St. James' Gazette.

The Part That Never Changes.

"What a very affecting part, my dear," remarked the husband as they returned from the suburban theater the other night. "I suppose there wasn't a dry eye in the house."

"I observed, however," said the wife, "that there seemed to be the usual number of dry throats."—London Tit-Bits.

The Difference.

Stubbornness is fighting to have to a certain way what you want. Strength of purpose is getting in the most convenient way that presents itself what you desire.

The worst feature about nailing a lie is that you are so apt to hammer your fingers.—Puck.

AUTHOR GETS DIVORCE

MRS. J. M. BARRIE PUTS IN NO DEFENCE.

Famous Dramatist and Novelist, Whose Wife Fell In Love With Gilbert Cannan, Has Displayed the Utmost Chivalry In His Unhappy Domestic Affairs—Has Given Competancy to His Unfaithful Spouse.

Not for years has the world of literature and drama experienced such a shock as when the news went abroad recently that James M. Barrie had instituted a suit against his wife for divorce. Even to his closest friends who were aware that his domestic horizon was not unclouded it came as a complete surprise while the thousands to whom the Scotch author and playwright stands for all that is finest in literature were incredulous. It was difficult, somehow, to associate this shy, high-minded genius of Thrums, whose aversion to notoriety amounts to a perfect passion, with the idea of divorce.

In 1908 Mr. Barrie permitted Gilbert Cannan, a young author, to occupy a cottage which the novelist owns at Farnham. Later he discovered that Mrs. Barrie and Cannan were in love and that they were guilty of misconduct. He offered to forgive Mrs. Barrie if she would break off her relations with the younger man, but she refused. She pleaded with her husband to be set free, for Cannan was the only man in the world for her.

At the trial Mrs. Barrie made no defence and the divorce was granted in London.

Mrs. Barrie was the charming actress, Mary Ansell, the original Nancy

J. M. BARRIE.

O'Brien in Mr. Barrie's play Walker, London. Since her marriage in 1894, she has not been on the stage.

It was inevitable that rumor should at once name Mr. Barrie's second wife, Pauline Chase, the American actress, whose rapid rise to fame as "the girl in the pink pajamas," was sensational, has been named as the probable successor. Miss Chase, who is the daughter of a Dr. Bliss, of Washington, was regarded by Mr. Barrie as the ideal Peter Pan. She appeared in the London production of Mr. Barrie's play of that name. So great a favorite of Mr. Barrie and his wife has this young actress been that she has come to be known as their adopted daughter. The Barries have no children. Miss Chase is remarkably beautiful as well as talented. Twice she has been commanded to play before the King and Queen of England, an honor indeed for a girl who went to London six years ago as a chorus girl.

Barrie denies that his suit for divorce in any way concerns Miss Chase and even the most malicious gossip has not dared insinuate that he instituted the suit in order that he might be free to take another wife. Those who have been closest to the couple are firm in stating that Barrie has been the soul of chivalry and consideration in his domestic relations, and has settled a sum of money on her.

King Manoel, K.G.

The installation of King Manuel as a Knight of the Garter will make him the fourteenth of foreign monarchs to hold an Order which is said to "rank indisputably as the first in the world."

Knights of the Garter are numerous enough to be divided among themselves into five groups.

The King belongs to, and indeed constitutes by himself, the first group. The Queen has been made a Lady of the Garter—the only one.

Then there are the crowned heads of Europe; next, a group of royalties whom it may not be disrespectful to call of miscellaneous composition, headed by the Prince of Wales, who is, so to speak, an ex-officio Knight of the Garter; and, lastly, the twenty-five Knight Companions, taken from the higher ranks of the peerage.

Among the thirteen rulers is the Mikado of Japan, the only Asiatic Sovereign in a list from which the late ruler of Turkey was notably absent, and in which the Queen of Holland, doubtless because she is a woman, has not been included.

Affable Hawk."

Such was the nickname bestowed upon Lord Tweedmouth, who died a few days ago, at the time when he earned the reputation of being a "heaven-born" Whip. This was in 1892, when Mr. Gladstone took office with a majority of about forty. It was no sinecure keeping this majority together, but only twice was Lord Tweedmouth beaten, and never once in a division which damaged the Government.

Before and After.

"Before I was married I used to accuse my fiancee of smiling so often in order that she might show her pretty teeth."

"And after marriage?"

"I soon found out that she could show her teeth without smiling."

ON THE ROOF.

He Didn't Want to Seize the Opportunity, but She Did.

By HARRIET LUMMIS SMITH.

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"We've time enough yet to take a look at the city from the top of the Securities building. It's worth seeing, you know."

Prudence should have vetoed the suggestion. For the longer half of the blissful afternoon Viola had been aware that Raymond's eyes were saying more than they should and that their mute eloquence was singularly sweet and satisfying. Considering the fact that she was as good as engaged to another man, discretion counseled flight. A voice within, an authoritative voice, cried out that at the best the day would soon be over and urged her to make the most of it.

Viola compromised. "Mr. Raymond suggests our getting a view of the city from the top of one of the skyscrapers," she said, turning to her out of town guests. "If you are not too tired"— And her heart leaped at the promptness of their protests.

She walked beside Raymond silently, glad that he, too, seemed to have nothing to say. She was frightened to find herself clinging so fiercely to the joy of that afternoon together. He had come upon them quite by accident, but Viola knew that but for her he would have lifted his hat and gone his way. The gladness that leaped to her eyes at the sight of him, the tremor in her voice as she spoke his name, had been his undoing—and hers. They had lunched and taken a drive along the boulevards. Viola's country cousins had had the time of their lives. And now the western sky was red, and the time for saying goodby was near.

They stood looking down upon the city. Raymond, as in duty bound pointed out the objects of interest. The country cousins hung upon his words and declared that they would not have missed the sight for anything. As for Viola, she had no eyes for the crawling streets between the steep cliffs of brick and stone nor for the crawling creatures far below. Bravely she feasted her eyes upon him.

He turned suddenly and looked into her eyes, and his own caught fire. A moment later they were standing together in an angle of the roof, sheltered from the view of their companions. The noise of the city below them seemed far away.

Raymond broke the spell by a downward gesture. "I wish it were all mine."

"You mean the whole town? What greediness!" she laughed.

"So that I could give it all to you."

"Thank you, but I'm not ambitious to be a plutocrat. Of course one must have the things one is used to. Poverty is the worst of all."

"Is it?" His eyes challenged hers.

"Oh, don't! You make it so hard for me!"

"You make it hard for yourself when you fight against your heart."

"Oh, you don't understand, Phil. It isn't as if I had only myself to think of."

"Do you ever give a thought to me?"

She put her hands over her ears in sudden tremor. If she listened longer she was lost. "I must go," she said hurriedly. "I've stayed longer than I should, but it was so pleasant." She turned in a panic and fled across the roof, and he followed slowly. When he overtook her her eyes were dilated.

"They're gone!" she gasped.

"Who?"

"Why, Leonard and Bessie. What could have induced them to go without us?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. But they will be waiting for us below without doubt."

He tried the door, rattled the knob sharply and met questioning her gaze with a blank stare. "We're locked up here," he exclaimed. Then as Viola laughed hysterically he added in haste "Don't be frightened. It will be very easy to attract some one's attention."

Half an hour later, flushed and dripping with perspiration as a result of his fruitless exertion, he acknowledged his mistake. "Your cousins must have thought we had gone down before them. But after they get home and we fail to make our appearance it will of course occur to somebody that we're still up here. And the only thing to do is to resign ourselves to wait with what patience we can muster."

She looked at him reproachfully, but he did not meet her eyes. He sat some distance from her, staring moodily at the roof. Furtively Viola put back her veil and smoothed her hair. Apparently her appearance was to him a matter of complete indifference. He never turned his eyes.

Her sense of resentment found voice at last. "Are you going to sit here in absolute silence? Haven't you anything to say?"

"I have plenty to say, but I can't say it without taking advantage of the situation."

A long silence; then Raymond felt the slipping of a small hand down his sleeve. "I rather think, Phil," said a tremulous voice, "that I want you to take advantage of the situation."

Help was long in coming. As the darkness fell Viola drew closer, and her hand stole into his of its own accord.

It was a night without a star, and for that reason it was the more startling when suddenly a blinding illumination lit up the space where they sat. Viola shrieked and hid her face on her lover's shoulder.

"Only a searchlight, dearest. Rather startling on this pitch black night, wasn't it?"

Viola blushed in his arms. "Phil, do you suppose anybody—saw?"

The young man smiled. "Perhaps," he acknowledged. "In fact, little girl, I rather hope somebody did."

Fifteen or twenty minutes later the sound of approaching footsteps told them that release was at hand. Raymond shouted. There was a sound of a key turning in the lock. A grinning policeman and the watchman of the building confronted them. Explanations were exchanged. The elevator had stopped running at 6 o'clock, and the two young people descended the endless flights of stairs as blithely as if they were walking on air.

Viola's home was in an uproar. The story brought by the country cousins had aroused grave suspicions, which Viola's mother explained as she clung to her daughter.

"It couldn't have happened at a more unfortunate time. To begin with, Mr. Pickering was annoyed. He makes such a hobby of punctuality, you know. And then when Leonard and Bessie came in"—

She raised her head from Viola's shoulder and looked sharply at the young man who had escorted her daughter home. Raymond bore her scrutiny in silence. It was Viola who prompted her impatiently.

"Go on, mamma. When Leonard and Bessie came in"—

"It was, of course, entirely absurd," declared Viola's mother persistently, addressing herself to Raymond, "but one must make allowances for a lover's natural jealousy. When Leonard and Bessie said that you had been with them all afternoon and that you and Viola had suddenly disappeared the poor man jumped to the conclusion that you had—eloped."

There was an impressive silence, which Viola improved by removing her hat.

"Of course we must explain at once," Viola's mother continued. "Would it be better for you to phone him, Viola, or will you send him a note? Perhaps you had better phone him and say you are sending the note. You see, it is important that the matter should be cleared up without delay."

"I don't know that it's worth while to make explanations, mamma," she said. "It is true I didn't have any intention of eloping; but, just the same, I'm going to marry Phil."

What Wearied Him.

A friend once asked an aged man what caused him to complain so often at eventide of pain and weariness. "Alas," replied he, "I have every day so much to do. I have two falcons to tame, two hares to keep from running away, two hawks to manage, a serpent to confine, a lion to chain and a sick man to tend and wait upon."

"Well, well," commented his friend, "you are busy indeed! But I didn't know that you had anything to do with a menagerie. How, then, do you make that out?"

"Why," continued the old man, "listen. Two falcons are my eyes, which I must guard diligently; the two hares are my feet, which I must keep from walking in the ways of sin; the two hawks are my hands, which I must train to work, that I may provide for myself and those dependent on me as well as for a needy friend occasionally; the serpent is my tongue, which I must keep ever bridled lest it speak unseemly; the lion is my heart, with which I have a continual fight lest evil things come out of it, and the sick man is my whole body, which is always needing my watchfulness and care. All this daily wears out my strength."

Had the Effect.

"Yes," she said in answer to something he had said, "the old songs are very beautiful."

"Beautiful!" he exclaimed enthusiastically. "Beautiful hardly describes them. They are—they are—well, compared with them the songs of today are trash, the veriest trash."

"I agree with you, yet the old songs sometimes contain sentiments that one cannot wholly approve."

"I think you are mistaken."

"I will give you an illustration. There is John Howard Payne's 'Home, Sweet Home,' for instance. You surely do not agree with all the sentiments it contains?"

"Why not?" he asked warmly. "Why not?"

"Because," she said, glancing at the clock, which was marking the hour of 11—"because there is a line in that song which says 'There's no place like home.' You do not believe that, do you?"

Then he coughed a hollow cough and arose and went silently out into the night.

She Is So Sensitive.

"I wish some persons weren't so all fired sensitive and ready to see an insult when none is intended," remarked the man with the troubled look, looking for sympathy. "Now, last night I got myself into an awkward fix just trying to be agreeable and to please everybody. I went to see a young lady I think a great deal of—yes, I do think a great deal of her, but I wish she would be more sensible. Girl friend of hers was there, and it was her first visit since she'd sent a crazy looking, good for nothing decorated cup and saucer with scalloped edges as a birthday gift.

"'When I was out shopping,' the girl friend explained, 'and saw that cup and saucer I just thought of you, Marguerite.'

"'How? Hand painted, isn't it?'

"Now, the recipient's complexion is natural, as any one can see, and there was no reason for her to be so chilly toward me the rest of the evening. Hang such sensitiveness!"—New York Telegram.

A MOOTED QUESTION.

Difference Between Suffragette and Suffragist Satisfactorily Explained.

In response to the repeated and numerous inquiries as to what may be the distinction between the suffragette and the suffragist it may be well at this time to define the difference.

Both are working for the cause at issue, but, while the suffragist plods along in the beaten track made by the great pioneers of the movement and contents herself with methods conservative, the suffragette is the product of the modern period. She is up to date in manner and method.

The suffragette is militant. She is awake to present conditions and employs methods which are in keeping with those conditions, realizing the helplessness of that important, though outclassed, part of the people—the women.

The suffragette, further, realizes the ineffectiveness of tea table and drawing room chat, of indoor meetings where the participants are mainly those who are believers in suffrage.

And, furthermore, the suffragette is conscious of the necessity of converting the masses—all the people—and therefore goes to the people direct, in the streets, on the highways and byways, and holds open air gatherings with able speakers to address the crowds. So does the suffragette spread the gospel of woman suffrage indiscriminately and effectively.

And still further does she recognize the necessity for recruiting and enlisting the men—the present voters. They alone can make woman suffrage possible, says Mrs. Sofia M. Loebinger in the American Suffragette. The voters must bring pressure to bear upon their political bosses, who in turn must instruct the legislators whom they have placed in office. It is love's labor lost to send large delegations to the legislature each year.

She wants it now, and she wants it quick. She needs it. It is her just right, her natural right and her constitutional right.

She is too sensible to be stung by any criticism, whatever may be the source, and simply follows along the path of duty in her own way.

Woman suffrage today is too serious a question to be treated sentimentally or theoretically. Practical treatment is needed.

The suffragette is an expert in her treatment of the disease known as anti-suffragitis. She uses her antitoxin in such treatment with wonderful effect.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

The hair is often improved by heating the hairbrush before brushing the hair. Frequently hold the brush to the fire, then brush the scalp. Hair highly charged with electricity is snappy and will fly about in the most unruly manner, but it can be evenly brushed with the heated brush.

A slight massage with the rotary motion should be given the face at least once a day, preferably twice. The work consists merely in rubbing in a circle with the finger tips over the cheeks, temples and forehead sufficiently to stimulate circulation. This serves to keep the tissues in healthy condition and will freshen the color.

Finger nails that retain their grayish tinge at the tips should be bleached, and this can be done with wet borax or borax dampened with ammonia or ammonia and peroxide of hydrogen. Moisten the nails on the under side, slip the cambric handkerchief over the orange stick and wipe the nail edges. In most cases the nails are instantly turned a shell white.

An oculist says that short distance looking is responsible for much of the trouble women have with their eyes. He advises them to go to a high roof and look down, as that will do in part what a long range of vision in the distance of the plains might be able to effect. Persons who have a wide expanse of sea or plain to look at do not as a general thing suffer with weak eyes.

Burning a little lavender in a saucer gives a delightful fragrance to a room and is a method that certain French physicians declare highly antiseptic. Another good way to deodorize a room is to add a tablespoon of some good antiseptic to a glass of cold water and spray it with a small hand spray around the room several times daily. In cases of contagious diseases most of these antiseptics can be used full strength.

Homemade Frames.

By holding spoiled negatives under the hot water faucet the gelatin is removed and a nice piece of glass obtained.

With a ten cent piece of passe partouting tape and a quantity of glass in different sizes to choose between it is possible to frame pictures from magazines for dens and nurseries almost without expense.

Spoiled negatives are frequently thrown away as worthless which could be washed clean in five minutes and put in good use. The glass which comes on both sides of honey cases in different sizes can also be removed, cleaned and used for picture making.

To Get Rid of Tobacco Smoke.

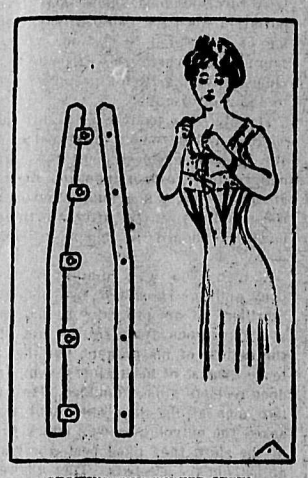
"My wife won't let me smoke in the drawing room because the odor of the tobacco clings to the curtains for so long," grumbled the young husband to his friend.

"I'll tell you what to do," said the man with more experience. "Place a large bowl of fresh water in the room at the end of the evening, and the odor of tobacco will be quite gone in the morning. I always do it, and my wife doesn't mind where I smoke."

THE NEW CORSET CLASP.

A Tongue or Clip Which Acts as a Safety Guard.

An invention of interest to women is the new corset clasp here shown, which is designed to add much to the comfort of the user. These clasps are so shaped that when a corset provided with them is fastened on the wearer they incline slightly outward from about the waist line to the top of the corset, and because of this outward inclination the steels cannot press uncomfortably against the wearer. In some makes of corsets this fault of inward pressure is so pronounced that it causes real suffering, and the after effects are sometimes serious. It frequently happens that corsets after they have been worn only slightly develop this fault and have to be discarded. In this new design, on the left hand clasp on the inner edge, near the top, is a little tongue or clip that acts as a locking means and prevents the clasps when hooked from coming unfastened, which is another annoying feature of many of the old style clasps.



SHOWING THE CURVED STEEL.

LIFE IS A FAIRY TALE.

Everyday Occurrences Regarded in a New Light.

Some people claim that we ought not to tell children fairy tales. Perhaps we ought not. But what else in life is there? Isn't it a fairy tale, this living from day to day, this struggle for fame and power and glory? Isn't it a fairy tale to suppose that one man has it within his power to be happier than another? Could anybody but a fairy bring peace to grownup children who are wet with sweat of work and worry?

Palaces there are in abundance—only they are not construed on the fantastic lines of dreams. Goblins are everywhere—and hobgoblins; imaginary bean stalks to be climbed by daring Jacks and giants to be slain by giant killers. It is all a fairyland when you come to think about it—every good woman a princess, every tired shopgirl a lovely Cinderella; the white steeds of ambition standing caparisoned, ready to be mounted by knights and couriers; ships laden with their wealth coming into silvery ports from odorous oceans; caravansaries with the fruit of a thousand looms trailing across the plains to the castles; moats in which flow molten gold and drawbridges which one can only cross by whispering the secret word "Success." It is all a fairyland. Flowers bloom upon every wall, the mystic music of the unseen muses, seraphs bathing in the summer seas, cherubs romping through a tangled wilderness of blooms and blossoms—oh, it is a fairy world, all right, if it is anything.

Why American Girls Marry Abroad.

Tired men fill our vaudeville theaters—for there at least the audience is largely masculine—even in the daytime. They are too near exhaustion to do more than listen to wit quite easy of comprehension.

Our girls are accustomed to amusing tired men. That joy of being amused, of being interested by a man of the world, is not to be omitted in any just weighing of the question of why they find foreigners attractive, and as time passes, in spite of all the bitter disillusionments of the past, our rich girls will make more and more unflattering selections from among suitors from across the seas. And it is full time our young men awakened to their own share in the causes which lead to such a condition. The whole social system of England and of Europe generally spares a girl from such shameful sales. The mothers, the fathers, the men about her, are equipped to protect her, and they take the time and spare the energy to do so. Justly considered, it is a social, psychic question, quite apart from a man's commercial value in the world.

The Worry Habit.

The worry habit is one that grows rapidly. The more it is indulged in the stronger it becomes. When you discover that you are its victim just stop and consider: What do I gain by it? If so, what is the gain? What do I lose by it? Health, strength, cheerfulness, the power of helping others. Whatever you do don't say, "I can't help it." The worry habit is easily overcome if one is determined.

May Be Dean of Radcliffe.

Vassar graduates will be interested to know that it is rumored that Lois Kimball Matthews will be the next dean of Radcliffe. She is a member of the faculty of Vassar college, but a graduate of Leland Stanford university, and, coming east, took her Ph. D. degree at Radcliffe in 1906. If she is not already chosen she is thought to be the most likely candidate for the position.

THE VALUE OF TIME.

Making Every Moment Count the Secret of a Successful Life.

The average woman does not appreciate the value of time.

She is rushed and heated and overworked because she does not make the spare moments count.

I have seen women sit a whole morning idle and then rush madly around all the afternoon, undoing all the good work of that rest.

When you sit down to chat with a friend, why don't you do some simple sewing, such as finishing seams, sewing on buttons or adjusting loose hooks?

You will need to do all these things later on, and probably they will come up at the very time when you have an engagement to keep. If you are late for that engagement it puts you back for the entire day.

Before you go to bed at night lay out your clothes for the next morning. See that you have clean shields in your waist, a fresh tie and collar and that your shoes are polished.

And don't throw your things around. You take more time hunting for them than you would take in putting them where they belong.

Don't waste your days with people that do you no good. Associate with those who stimulate you mentally, or aid you to rise in the world. It isn't necessary to be a snob or a climber to do this. The idea is not to make companions of those inferior to you. That is a sheer waste of time that had better be spent at home resting.

When you work don't allow people to walk in on you and make you lose precious minutes. If you must meet them do so at certain hours. Keep the rest of the day to yourself in order that you may concentrate fully and in that way finish your work quicker with less labor on your part.

Learn to make time work for you and you will always accomplish everything you have to do.

The women who are the most rushed and flustered are not the hardest worked. They are the ones who waste the most minutes.

WHY THEY PREFER ENGLAND.

American Women Who Find Society There More Agreeable.

The London Daily Mail has been interviewing some American women social leaders in New York—as to whether they prefer to live in England and if so why so. All agree that English society is far more agreeable.

"American society," said one, who stipulated that her name be withheld, "is a very badly ordered system. Indeed, it has ended in being no system at all. Every one in it is trying to get ahead of every one else. In England, on the other hand, social order is not questioned. This gives those living there a most restful feeling."

Still, this lover of English society sees "a certain restlessness" creeping into it, "due," she explains, "not to the influx of American millionaires, but to English parvenus of enormous wealth."

Another woman says that England is the best place for a mother with daughters to launch. "Presentation at court is such an excellent sendoff," she says. The English, too, are better mannered than Americans, and especially she likes their deference to older women.

Another reason for the liking wealthy Americans have for England is that most of them are brought up by English governesses, says the woman quoted. "English governesses are the best in the world and are to be found in all parts of the world," she said. "They are the greatest propagandists of English civilization."

Good Form at Summer Hotel.

Women who go year after year to the same hotel in summer grow to feel a proprietorship, such as they would at home, and can add to the pleasure of others who go for the first time. It is the simplest matter and perfectly good form for one woman to speak to another on a big piazza if they have been meeting face to face for several days. In that case they already know each other by sight, and it remains only to give their names, an act the woman speaking first should do immediately and in which the stranger should follow suit.

It is always good form for one woman to speak to another in the house of a friend, even though they may never have seen each other before and have not been introduced. In garden parties or big receptions it is kind for one who has many acquaintances present to notice for a moment the one who is obviously a stranger. There is no need of presenting the outsider, for she too has the same privilege of speaking, but the fact that she is an unknown many times renders her shy in drawing attention to herself.

For a Baby.

In these days when the baby is out of doors practically all the time his mother wants to be assured of his safety and comfort. One of the big shops is showing a canvas pen made with a strong framework of wood, with sides high enough to prevent the baby from climbing out unless he is particularly acrobatic.

The pen is so arranged with ropes at each corner that it may be raised off the floor of the porch or room to keep the baby entirely out of a draft. The canvas floor has enough spring to it to be entirely comfortable to sleep on and is big enough to allow the baby plenty of room to creep about in.

Equipped with such an arrangement a mother would be spared many hours of fretting with a small child, not to speak of the unnecessary handling the baby would be spared.

Young Folks

TO MAKE SECRET WRITING.

Two Methods by Which Only Those Who Know May Read.

Professor Gross of Germany has discovered and made public a simple method of invisible writing which has been used extensively by prisoners for communicating with their friends without the knowledge of the authorities. The information is of interest and value. You simply take a sheet of ordinary writing paper, moisten it well, lay it flat on a piece of glass or other very hard and smooth surface, lay a dry sheet of paper over it and then write your message on the dry sheet with a hard pencil.

Then destroy the dry sheet and let the moist paper dry in the free air (not heated) and you will not notice anything has ever been written on it. On moistening this sheet again, however, the writing shows very plainly in white, and the operation can be repeated any number of times. The explanation is that the pressure of the pencil on the damp paper makes it more compact, so that when wet the writing becomes translucent.

Another simple kind of secret writing can be done with ordinary lemon juice. Merely write with a clean pen, using lemon juice instead of ink, and when it is dry it will be invisible. When you hold the writing over a lamp, however, it quickly develops so you can read it. Children can have a good deal of fun making such experiments as these, which are very helpful in getting them interested in scientific and other practical matters.—The Pathfinder.

THE GLOWWORM.

Curious Insect That Exists in Faraway New Zealand.

In New Zealand there is a very curious glowworm. The first idea about this insect was that it turned into a kind of beetle. Afterward it proved to be the larva, or grub, of a fly. Its light is seemingly given it to attract small insects, which are its food, and these are secured by means of a web.

This web is placed in a niche among rocks or trees and has a central thread, from which run smaller threads to the sides of the opening.

Upon several of the lower threads there are usually a number of globules that resemble tiny silver beads, but what is the use of these is uncertain. Upon the middle thread the grub sits. If startled it glides away into a hole it has for a hiding place. The light comes from the hinder part of the body, and the grub can display or darken this as it chooses.

On damp, warm nights it is brightest, and it is not visible when the weather is cold nor, of course, during the day.

Having reached its full size, the grub becomes a chrysalis, being fastened firmly to its web. A faint light comes from the chrysalis now and then. When the fly comes out, that also has a faint light, only half as bright as that of the grub. What it feeds upon is unknown.

A Little Rhyme.

Mary had a little dog,
Who went off hunting in the bog,
And there he stuck until a crane
Came by and pulled him out again.

Land of Perpetual Spring.

The most singular plateau in the world is in the island of Papua. The plateau is elevated 6,000 feet above the sea, and there are summits towering 5,000 feet higher, but the close proximity of the equator has covered the great plain with luxuriant vegetation. The climate is a perpetual May, birds sing in every bush, and the only animals are a few marsupials, such as ground kangaroos and possums. Yet this lovely region is literally deserted. The million Papuans live in the sweltering coast jungles and only occasionally stray to the uplands.

Shopkeepers.

To play this game all sit together, and each chooses a trade. The first may say: "I am a tea dealer and have some green tea to sell. Is it animal, vegetable or mineral?" The next one must reply at once, "It is vegetable, because it is made of the leaves of the shrub which grows in China." She then goes on: "I am a shopkeeper and have some scissors to sell. Are they animal, vegetable or mineral?" The next replies, "They are mineral, because they are made of steel." And so the game goes on. Any one making a mistake in describing his neighbor's goods must pay a forfeit.

Riddles and Answers.

Why does a band of choristers resemble twenty-four sheets of paper? Because they form a choir (quire).

What root is the best for a schoolmaster's cane? The beat (beet) root.

What part of a tree is the most polite? The bow (bough).

BRONCHITIS

If Neglected, it soon reaches the Lungs and may Prove Fatal.

Mr. G. L. Garrow of 116 Millicent St., Toronto, writes under date of September 13, 1908, "One year ago this spring I contracted a severe cold in the chest, which developed into Bronchitis. I took three kinds of medicine and found no improvement. A friend of mine advised me to try PSYCHINE and in three days I felt like a new man again. I desire to let others know what a valuable cure you have in PSYCHINE for it cured me where all other medicines had failed. I am more than thankful to be well again, and for the sake of others who may be ill, you may publish this testimonial."

Stop that cold or the results will be serious. You can do this by toning up the system with PSYCHINE.

For Sale by all Druggists, 50c. & $1 per bottle

Dr. T. A. SLOCUM LIMITED, TORONTO

PSYCHINE

PRONOUNCED SI-KEEN

Too Cruel

Not long ago the will of an English railway official was probated, and in it was the following clause relating to his wife:

"My estate would have been considerably larger if it had not been for my unfortunate marriage with the cleverest known legal daylight robber. My associations with this perambulating human vinegar cruet I consider to have cost me considerably over £400."—Tit-Bits.

Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia.

"Look here, waiter, that lobster is without a claw. How's that?"

Waiter—"You see, they're so fresh, these lobsters, the fight with each other in the pantry."

The man at the table—"Well, take that one away and bring me one of the winners."

Honest men do what they can; dishonest men do whom they can.

Shiloh's Cure

quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs. . . . 25 cents.

Beauty and Wear

Knives, forks, spoons, etc., of exclusive design and fine wearing quality are stamped

"1847 ROGERS BROS."

This mark on silver plate is a guide to quality recognized everywhere as the world's standard.

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

MERIDEN BRITA CO.

SOLD BY LEADING DEALERS

"Silver Plate that Wears"

WHY LIVE?

a life of worry, only to pay your tailor fabulous profits, when we, with our Productive Facilities, are able to clothe you **For Little More than Nothing a Year.** It is no flight of fancy but an actual fact that residents in Canada can be attired in a really comfortable smart and dressy suit, cut and tailored in West End style or latest New York Fashion just as you prefer. In either case the cost is the same, though the prices are always Dollars cheaper than you pay locally. Besides you can always have the return of your money or the garments remade if they displease you. No expensive shop fronts and glitter, but everything centred on giving you unbounded satisfaction. Fill in a post card and address same to us as below, asking for our latest assortment of materials. Together with patterns, we send you fashion-plates and complete instructions for accurate self-measurement, tape measure, all sent free and carriage paid. We dispatch your order within seven days, and if you do not approve, return the goods, and we will refund the money.

SUITS & OVERCOATS to measure from $5.14 to $20.

CURZON BROS

The World's Measure Tailors,

(Dept. 81), 60/62 CITY ROAD, LONDON, ENGLAND.

Addresses for Patterns:

For Toronto and East Canada: CURZON BROS., c/o MIGHT DIRECTORIES, LTD. (Dept. 81), 74/76 Church Street, TORONTO, ONTARIO.

For Winnipeg and the West: CURZON BROS., c/o HENDERSON BROS. (Dept. 81), 279 Garry Street, WINNIPEG.

Please mention this paper.

C. R. WILLMOTT

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

HENRY W. KING, Western Representative. Regina.

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.

W. N. U., No. 767.

A REAL LID.

American Writer Describes Visit to Toronto on a Sunday.

The following story of "Hugh Allen" is being published as syndicate matter in a number of United States newspapers:

Did you ever spend Sunday in Toronto?

If you haven't, don't.

Take my tip on it, and don't.

You can get to Buffalo between 9 o'clock and noon, and it's a good idea to do it. Buffalo isn't the best town in the world, but—

Well, Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" is like 43nd and Broadway in comparison to Toronto on Sunday.

I spent two days in Montreal and one Sunday in Toronto. There's a startling difference. Like—well, say, like between day and night.

Montreal is a wide open town. You can laugh and smoke and talk French and sing and drink Scotch whisky at mahogany bars and get into a limit game most any hour of the day or night, seven days a week, there.

But, Toronto—

Well, I came into the town early in the morning — Sunday morning. There's a hotel alongside the depot, but I figure I'l go farther uptown and see a little of the city on the way.

I take a car and ride for blocks through the business section of the city. Everything is closed up. Tighter'n the proverbial drum.

Banks are closed, of course, and wholesale groceries — you'd expect that. But so are restaurants and drug stores and news stands and souvenir postal card emporiums—everything.

"Restaurants?" the conductor echoes, "Well, if you get off at the second block ahead, and walk four blocks to the right, and round the corner to the north a little way, there's a place that's usually open."

I express a small part of the astonishment.

"Why, you're lucky to be riding on the cars; you couldn't used to."

I make my way back to the hotel by the depot. After breakfast, I look for a newspaper and some cigars. They size me up like a secret service man does a visitor to the President. Then they look cautiously around. The coast seems clear. They whisper for details and cautiously sneak cigars and papers across to me.

"We're not supposed to do this," the man says in a stage whisper. "Not supposed to sell stamps, even, on Sunday. They round up about 15 or 20 places every Sunday for selling papers and things."

"What's the chances for buying a drink?" I hazard, my curiosity aroused.

"No chance," he said.

"But what if a snake bites me?"

"Well, you might engage a room at the hotel and try to fix it up with the bell boy."

"But at Montreal—"

My informant is English. "Oh, that's a French town," he observes, "there's all kinds of graft in that town. They've got some of their councilmen up now before the royal commission for paving graft. Toronto is clean."

Yes, Toronto is clean, all right. Nice, pretty streets and parks. Good government and all that. And Montreal's streets look like a big green cheese after the rats have been in it.

But if I lived in Toronto and had to stay home Sundays, I'd be tempted some day to go up in my room, draw all the blinds down, close the ventilator, bribe everybody to secrecy, and try to smoke a cigarette.

Navy Chaplain In Canada.

Rev. Paul Bull, C.R., R.N., better known as Father Bull, chaplain general to the royal navy, who was in Toronto recently on his way to the Brotherhood of St. Andrew convention at Providence, R.I., is a picturesque personalitiy and has had a stirring career. In 1897 he went to India to minister to the troops there. For four years he was chaplain of a camp of 2,500 boys, and is a natural expert and enthusiast on boys' work. For two years he was chaplain to the forces at Aldershot and to the Guards in London. During the Boer war he was chaplain to Gen. French's cavalry division, and has been through twenty-five battles.

His address at St. Luke's Church, Toronto, was sane, sensible, with flashes of wit, and at times epigrammatic.

He has no use for boy preachers, "who come to us sometimes in England from America to our intense disgust. If you encourage a boy," he said, "to preach to other boys or to his elders, what you do is to imperil his modesty, make him a mass of conceit and perhaps of hypocrisy. If you play only upon a boy's emotions you run the risk of shattering his soul. If you put a fair and reasonable idea before a boy I believe he will live up to it."

The "Bandage Rush."

This novel type of student warfare was introduced at McGill a few days ago by the students of the first and second years in the Faculty of Applied Science, and it was voted a great improvement over the style of "rush" that had hitherto been in vogue at the University. It was played as follows: Two goals were erected on the field, as for football. One of these was placarded the "Freshman's Morgue," the other the "Sophomore Morgue." The members of the two classes gathered around their respective goals and at a given signal made a concerted rush for the centre of the field, where they grappled and then the fight was on. Each man was equipped with a large supply of strong bandages. The idea was to take a member of the opposite side, tie him up, and then drag him to the morgue with as much haste as possible, and the side which had the largest number in their morgue when time was called was declared the winner. In this case the Sophomores won an easy victory.

Poisonous Fish.

Poisonous fish are rare here, but common in the tropics. A Japanese fish, fugu, has deadly poisonous roe. Roe of pike and meat of sturgess are poisonous when spawning. The bile and liver of many fish are poison. But most fish poison is due to decay.

Tonic Treatment For Indigestion

Remedies That Digest the Food Will Not Cure the Trouble—The Stomach Must be Fitted to do Nature's Work

The tonic treatment for indigestion, dyspepsia, catarrh of the stomach and gastritis is having remarkable success in curing obstinate cases and deserves attention from every sufferer.

Its principal is that remedies for indigestion that digest the food for the stomach give relief for only a short time. Ultimately they unfit the stomach to do its own proper work, because they make its already weak powers still weaker by disuse, while the remedy that strengthens the stomach makes it capable of digesting the food for itself, and this benefit is lasting. A remedy that is not only a tonic for the stomach, but for the blood and nerves as well, invigorates the entire system and makes recovery from the painful, weakening effects of indigestion rapid and thorough. Every sufferer from indigestion will find in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills just the tonic needed, as they enrich the blood, tone the stomach and thus enable it to do the work nature intended it should do. This has been proved in thousands of cases, and it is worth the while of every sufferer from stomach troubles to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial. Mr. Edward Chatterton, Campbellton, N. B., says—"I have been a great sufferer from indigestion and stomach trouble and although I had treatment from several doctors, I did not find a cure until I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I can hardly describe how much I suffered at times. Every meal brought with it more or less agony, and I seemed to have a complete distaste for food. I had almost begun to think my case incurable when I came across a pamphlet advertising Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I decided to give them a trial. I am very thankful that I did so, for I had not been taking the Pills long before I found them helping me, and in six weeks every symptom of the trouble had vanished. I can now eat heartily almost any kind of food, and no longer experience pain and discomfort after eating."

It is because Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make new, rich blood that they cure such troubles as indigestion, rheumatism, neuralgia, headaches and backaches, St. Vitus dance, and other forms of nerve troubles. They cure the irregularities of girlhood and womanhood, and bring ease, comfort, and health to sufferers. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cts. a box or six boxes for $2.50 from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

An Improvement

Said He—"Since I met you I have only one thought."

Said She—"Well, that's one more than you had when we met."

They Soothe Excited Nerves.—Nervous affections are usually attributable to defective digestion, as the stomach dominates the nerve centres. A course of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will still all disturbances of this character, and by restoring the stomach to normal action relieve the nerves from irritation. There is no sedative like them and in the correction of irregularities of the digestive processes, no preparation has done so effective work, as can be testified to by thousands.

"On your trip abroad, did you see any wonderful old ruins?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied, archly; "and guess what?"

"Give it up."

"One of them wanted to marry me."

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, Etc.

Iriate Customer—"What d'yer call this stuff?"

Waiter—"It's bean soup, sir?"

Customer—"I know it's been soup, but what is it now?"

A druggist can obtain an imitation of MINARD'S LINIMENT from a Toronto house at a very low price, and have it labelled his own product.

This greasy imitation is the poorest one we have yet seen of the many that every Tom, Dick and Harry has tried to introduce.

Ask for MINARD'S and you will get it.

Wigwag—"I never knew such a fellow as Jones! He is always looking for trouble."

Henpecked—"Then why doesn't he get married?"

Worms in children, if they be not attended to, cause convulsions, and often death. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator will protect the children from these distressing afflictions.

The Victim—"I'm troubled with cold feet, doctor. What do you suppose is the cause?"

The Doctor—"Cold weather, sir; cold weather. Half a guinea, please."

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

The Heiress—"But why should I marry you; I don't love you."

Her Suitor—"Oh, that's all right. I shan't be at home very much, you know."

KELPION

A PERFECT HOME REMEDY.

Endorsed by the English journals—"Lancet," "Science Siftings," "Health."

Supplied to British Soldiers in South Africa.

For all Throat and Gland Troubles, Pleurisy, Lumps, Abscesses, Old Sores, Ulcers, Felons, Skin Diseases, Eczema, Pimples, Stiff Joints, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sprains, Bruises, Piles, Cuts, Sore Feet and Frost Bites.

Sold by Druggists, 25c. Try it once.

POSTMAN'S PUZZLES.

Ingenious Persons Manage to Give a Lot of Trouble.

Some folks appear to have a penchant for giving the postal officials unnecessary trouble, and among the worst in this category are those who delight in so addressing their letters that the sorters—who on all occasions have to work at high pressure—have to waste valuable time in trying to decipher the meaning of a none too clever verse, perhaps. It speaks volumes for the sorters and postmen that, with even the most attenuated clue to the addressee, the missive is almost sure of delivery.

From time to time the writer has noted these "curious" addresses, and gives here some of the most interesting examples from his collection.

Recently a letter bearing the Croydon postmark arrived at the Princes Risborough postoffice, near Aylesbury, addressed as follows:

This letter please take to the land of
white ducks,
The beechy and beautiful county of
Bucks;
And there, if your search on the map
is most thorough,
You'll find a small township called
Princes Risborough.
At the postoffice there will you then
leave this letter,
My friends there are (W)right, so
they couldn't be better.

Similar are the following examples. In February, 1880, "Uncle Toby," the conductor of the Children Corner of The Newcastle Weekly Chronicle, received a letter addressed:

To Uncle Toby this missive is sent,
And I'm sure the penny is very well
spent.
The weekly newspaper, The Chronicle
named,
Is in Newcastle and through England
famed.
Mr. Editor this to my Uncle will give,
And heartily hope that both may
long live.

In the same year a gentleman at Ayr duly received an envelope bearing this superscription:

Awa' to auld Scotland, and speer for
John Graeme;
It's a wide direction, but a well-knet
name.
In the new town o' Ayr, at the auld
Brig-en,
He sells a drap whusky, but the postman will ken.
And if ye should fin' him, as I've nae
doot you will,
Am sure he'll no grudge the postman
a gill.

In 1821, Regent street, London, was known as Swallow street, and the following was sent to a lady there:

Dear honest postman, be so kind
To take this to a friend of mine.
She is a Fox—Lucy's her name,
In Swallow street you'll find the
same;
She is a cruel little toad,
And lives not far from Oxford Road.

Here is another poetical effusion:

'Midst corn and clover, grain and
grass,
There lives and laughs one Mr. Vass;
'Tis not from Barnet very far—
Say on the left of Potter's Bar.
Should you arrive while he about is,
Pray stop and ask him how the gout
is,
And beg him (mind, the postage paid
is)
To give this letter to the ladies.

A Canadian Grub In London.

By a log of wood riddled with tiny tunnels, says a London correspondent, stands an ordinary-looking beetle in the insect house at the London Zoo. It has just been born as a beetle from the grub which drove those tunnels. It belong to the Longicorn family of beetles.

The grub was sent from Canada in a small log of Vancouver pine to a lady eighteen months ago. When recently it turned into a beetle she sent it to the Zoo, and it has just emerged in its final state, but it may have been anywhere between twenty and fifty years in the wood, boring the tunnels through the log.

An official at the Gardens says that naturalists have not yet settled how long it takes beetles to accomplish this work of boring. There is the historic case of the Natural History Museum grub of the same species. For fourteen years it lived undiscovered in the boot tree constantly used by an Indian military officer and probably had lived in the wood itself before it was made into a boot tree.

When the officer first discovered the grub he handed the boot tree, grub and all, over to the museum. It was placed in a show case, where it lived ten years. About once annually the grub used to poke its head out into the daylight, when the curator promptly pushed it back into the wood and plugged up the hole so that it could dig its way out.

"The Weeping Counsel."

It was on account of his earnest and emotional pleading for Arthur Orton, the Tichborne claimant, that Lord Halsbury, who recently celebrated his eighty-fourth birthday, was so christened. If his lordship believes in lucky numbers, he has reason to regard "5" as his own. He was born in 1825; he began his career at the Bar in 1850; he was made a Q.C. in 1865; he was appointed Solicitor-General in 1875; he became Lord Chancellor in 1885; and he commenced his third term of office in 1895. An incident in his early days brought his career perilously near a close. While defending a prisoner at the Old Bailey he excited the animosity of an insane clergyman, who fired a revolver at him. This is the only instance on record of an attempt to assassinate an English advocate in the performance of his professional duties.

Keeping Busy.

Walking one day amongst his old parishioners in the East End of London, Dr. Lang (now Archbishop of York) stopped a parishioner who had married a man who enjoyed the reputation of being the laziest man in the East. "Well, Mrs. Brown," he said, "I hope your husband is proving a good provider." "Yes, sir, thank you, sir," she replied; "he's provided me with three new places to work at since we were married."

PRESIDENT

STILL IN HARNESS? STILL TIED DOWN? You'll feel pounds lighter as soon as you change your rigid suspenders for the "Sliding Cords." ALL DEALERS, 50 CENTS. Medium and heavy weights.

SUSPENDERS

GET THE GENUINE. "PRESIDENT" ON EVERY BUCKLE

The Proper Kind

"Say," queried the young man with the conundrum habit, "what kind of notes does a shoe-horn player use?"

"Foot notes, I suppose," answered the girl who was wise to his foolishness.

For Sprains and Bruises.—There is nothing better for sprains and contusions than Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. It will reduce the swelling that follows a sprain, will cool the inflamed flesh and draw the pain as if by magic. It will take the ache out of a bruise and prevent the flesh discoloring. It seems as if there was magic in it, so speedily does the injury disappear under treatment.

Scott—"Long hair makes a man look intellectual."

Mott—"Except when his wife finds one on his coat. Then he looks foolish."

CURED IN ONE MONTH

If every woman, who has Kidney or Bladder trouble, could go to Davisville, Ont., and talk to Mrs. A Simpson, they would do just as she did—take Gin Pills and cure themselves.

"For 14 or 15 years I had Kidney or Bladder trouble, suffering at times intense pain. I doctored continually but nothing gave me permanent relief until I was persuaded to try Gin Pills.

"Within a couple of days I received great relief, and after taking one box was completely cured."

MRS. A. SIMPSON.

Write National Drug and Chemical Co. (Dept. N.U.) Toronto, for free sample. 50 cents a box—6 boxes for $2.50 at al dealers.

Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is agreeable to the taste and is a certain relief for irritation of the throat that causes hacking coughs. If used according to directions it will break the most persistent cold, and restore the air passages to their normal healthy condition. There is no need to recommend it to those familiar with it, but to those who seek a sure remedy and are in doubt what to use, the advice is—try Bickle's Syrup.

"Our Emancipated Woman's League is going to have a lecture on the social Equality of the Sex." Now be sure and come, won't you?" "I certainly shall, and I'll bring Mrs. Brown with me." "Not for worlds! You know she isn't in our set!"

"I understood that our friend Hunter," said Joakley, "is working on a big money-making scheme to remove weeds." "The idea!" exclaimed Brown. "I didn't know he took any interest in gardening." "He doesn't. He's merely laying his plans to capture old Smith's pretty widow."

A Tale of Webster

As Judge-made law is now so much discussed, we may recall one of the neatest answers in history, as far, at least, as our own reading goes:

Judge (interrupting Webster's argument)—"That is not law."

Webster—"It was law until your honor spoke."

WE WANT YOU To Try

"SALADA" TEA

The Flavor Will Please You.

Lead packets only. At all Grocers.

SPECIAL $1.00 FOUNTAIN PEN

For either a man or women no more sensible Xmas gift could be found than this Ryrie Fountain Pen.

It is fitted with a 14k Iridium pointed pen nib, and safety clip. Complete in case with filler and instructions.

Delivered post-paid, for $1.00, to any address in Canada—except the Yukon—Order by the number—698.

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Our handsomely illustrated 144 page catalogue of Diamonds, Jewelry, Silverware, Leather, Arts Goods and Novelties, free upon request.

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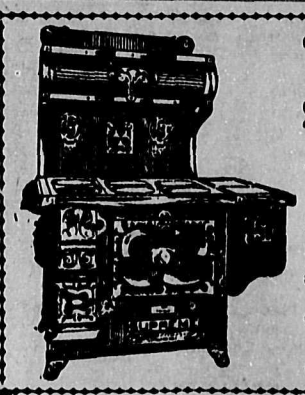

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made only by THE SUPREME HEATING CO., Welland, Ont.

Is the only Second Combustion Range made in Canada. Is very handsome in appearance and guaranteed to save 50 per cent in Fuel.

Ask your hardware man for it, or write our western agents,

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SURE PURE

THE KIND THAT PLEASES THE PEOPLE!

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

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E. W. GILLETT CO. LTD.
TORONTO, ONT.

THE RIGHT WAY

In all cases of DISTEMPER, PINKEYE, INFLUENZA, COLDS, ETC. of all horses, broodmares, colts, stallions, is to

"SPOHN THEM"

on their tongues or in the feed put Spohn's Liquid Compound. Give the remedy to all of them. It acts on the blood and glands. It routs the disease by expelling the disease germs. It wards off the trouble no matter how they are "exposed." Absolutely free from anything injurious. A child can safely take it. 50c and $1.00; $5.50 and $11.00 the dozen. Sold by druggists and harness dealers.

Distributors: Martin, Bole & Wynne; Bole Drug Co., Calgary and Winnipeg.

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Chemists and Bacteriologists
GOSHEN, IND., U. S. A.

THE MICHEL REPORTER
NEW MICHEL, B. C.

GEORGE G. MEIKLE, -- 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

His name is Fisher.

Let it go at that. Fisher for Fernie.

If anybody asks you, just say its Fisher.

J. R. Narboe is off on a trip to Spokane.

This week's heavy rains have raised the waters of the creek.

Notwithstanding the cold snap, building operations still continue.

Boyd & Muir have placed a sign over the door of their premises.

Mrs. G. E. Huddleston is off to Myer's Falls, Wash., to visit her mother Mrs Bullock.

Ground has been broken for the additional siding here, and lumber is on hand for the new station.

A carnival will be held on the rink here in Christmas week. Prizes will be announced later.

The committee rooms are well patronized and everyone seems confident that his candidate will be elected.

The government of Spain has been forced to resign because it killed an editor. This is a solemn warning to all those who get mad at the editor.

George Elliott has written that "It is a great gift of the gods to be born with a hatred and contempt of all injustice and meanness." So, you see, we simply cannot help it,

The coming week is a week of sales here, the merchants having large stocks of seasonable goods on hand. The only parties who cannot promise delivery of the goods are not the merchants, but the professional politicians,

Many will be Rescued

Cherry, Ill., Nov. 20.—Some of the entombed miners rescued today. One man stated that there were at least 150 miners alive yet, having erected a protecting wall.

Increase your advertising space. It will not hurt your business.

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

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Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents.

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NOTICE

In future all Job Printing done for non-advertisers is cash in advance; for advertisers, cash when job is delivered.

Vote For FISHER Thursday

To Knockers

There are some people who do not talk about hard times, but go right along doing business and making themselves and others happy, just as though they were right in the swim and leading the way. What is the use of always and everlastingly talking hard times, why not go right ahead without grumbling and do the best you can.

NOTES

(Continued from First Paae)

[By Jim the Penman]

was occupying the only available road between two gigantic puddles. As soon as I could I got out of the way and he turned up to a house where a lady—presumably his mother—smiled approvingly at him. In my time I should have receiven a box on the ear and the stranger would have received an apology for my rudeness, but in this case it was simply treated as a piece of smartness.

The children of Canada in general are rapidly getting an unenviable repntation for this sort of thing, and Michel in particular is not at all behind hand. Mothers, please note.

"Manners Makyth Man" is the motto over the Winchester schools, and they are famous schools that have turned out famous men. It has stood for centuries and still stands. Politeness is the grease that makes the world run easy.

King Edward will be presented with a box of apples from the Spokane Apple Show.

One Cent a Word

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

HELP WANTED—MALE

WANTED. A GOOD CARPENTER. APPLY to Fred. Pomahac, New Michel.

WANTED—MISCELLANEOUS

WANTED. SMALL BUILDING, 2 OR 3 ROOMS or would rent a couple of rooms suitable for a doctors office. Apply to Dr. Weldon.

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

HEWSON PURE WOOL UNDERWEAR

PURE WOOL HEWSON AMHERST. UNDERWEAR

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

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ANNUAL

Eastern Canada EXCURSIONS

LOW ROUND TRIP RATES TO

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Tickets on sale Dec. 1 to Dec. 31, inclusive, good to return within three months

Tickets issued in connection with Atlantic Steamship Business will be on sale from Nov. 21, and limited to five months from date of issue

Finest Equipment. Standard First-Class and Tourist Sleeping Cars and Dining Cars on all Through Trains. Compartment-Library-Observation Cars on the "Imperial Limited" and "Atlantic Express."

3 Through Express Trains Daily 3

THE "TORONTO EXPRESS" leaves Winnipeg daily at 22.40, making connections at Toronto for all points East and West thereof.

The "Imperial Limited" leaves Winnipeg daily at 18.15, and the "Atlantic Express" at 8.00 daily, making connections at Montreal for all points East thereof

APPLY TO the nearest C.P.R. Agent for full information

Great Northern

OCEAN RATES

Michel To	Liverpool	$83.40
" "	Antwerp	87.90
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First-class Railway Cars

Through Sleeping Car, no change at St. Paul or Chicago, $3.65 EXTRA

Secure Your Xmas Presents Now

It is none too early to purchase Xmas Gifts, provided you intend sending them to your friends at a distance.

Our Christmas Stock Will Soon Be Complete

Here is a list to choose from:— Jewelry, Watches, Clocks, Silverware, Cutlery, Cut Glass, Souvenir China, Toilet Sets, Travelling Cases, Leather Goods, Jewel Cases, Musical Instruments, Victor Gramaphones, Princess Cabinet Talking Machines., Christmas Cards and Toys.

SOMERTON BRO'S

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New Michel Blairmore Frank

COFFINS In Stock and Made-To-Order

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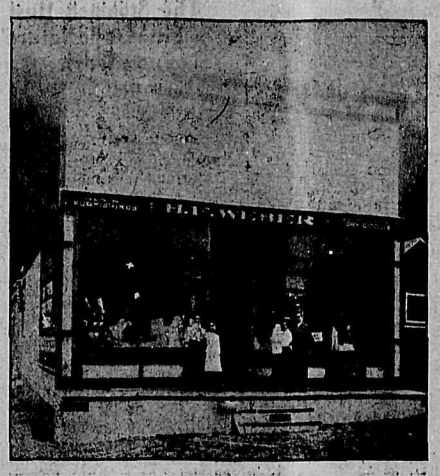

THE WORKINGMANS' STORE

SATURDAY EVENING Nov. 27

A Week From To-Day

FREE CONCERT & DANCE

At Weber's

Michel Brass Band in Attendance

Concert in our store from 8 o'clock to 10 o'clock

Dance starts at 10, in the old Hardware building

It's Free. You are all invited to attend Our First Anniversary . . . . . .

Concert & Dance

Special inducements on Men's and Children's Clothing

33 1-3 per cent less than regular price during our

Anniversary Sale

WEBER

The Workingman's Store

Remember our Big Sale is in full swing

Who is going to get the Free Silver Tea Service ?

I Always Originate, but Never Imitate.