

MICHEL REPORTER

VOL. 2

NEW MICHEL, BRITISH COLUMBIA, SATURDAY, DEC. 18, 1909.

NO. 13

Xmas Gifts FOR MEN

See our stock of Ties, Mufflers, Handkerchiefs, Gloves and Braces.

Our Combination Set containing Braces, Arm Bands and Garters, put up in fancy box, makes a very acceptable gift.

Boyd & Muir, The Great Northern Hotel Block
NEW MICHEL, B.C.
THE MEN'S WEAR MEN

A Christmas Box that is Worth While

When you make a present of a periodical to a friend or family you are really selecting a companion to influence them for good or ill during a whole year. If the acquaintances of your sons and daughters were to talk to them aloud as some periodicals talk to them silently, how quickly you would forbid the companionship! In the one case as in the other, the best course is to supplant the injurious with something equally attractive and at the same time "worth while." A food can be wholesome and utterly distasteful. Reading can be made so, too. But the Youth's Companion not only nourishes the mind, but delights it, just like that ideal human associate whom you would choose. The Youth's Companion fills that place now in more than half a million homes. Can you not think of another family in which it is not known where it would be joyfully welcomed? If the \$2.00 for the 1910 Volume is sent now, the new Canadian subscriber will be entitled to all the remaining issues of 1909. If desired, the publishers will hold these back and send them at Christmas time, together with the Christmas Number and the Companion's new "Venetian" Calendar for 1910, lithographed in thirteen colors and gold.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION
Companion Building Boston, Mass
New Subscriptions Received at this Office

Dissolution of Partnership

TAKE NOTICE that the partnership heretofore existing between Alexander J. McCool and Robert H. Moore, carrying on business as hotel-keepers at New Michel, B.C., has this day been dissolved by mutual consent.

Notice is hereby given, that all outstanding accounts against the said firm will be paid by Alex. J. McCool, and all accounts due the said firm must be paid to Alex. J. McCool.

Dated at New Michel, B.C., this first day of December, 1909.

ALEXANDER J. MCCOOL
ROBERT H. MOORE.

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &c.

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

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms for Canada, \$3.00 a year, postage prepaid. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co. 311 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 657 St. Washington, D.C.

TUESDAY Crahan's Hall

Clark's
Moving
Picture and
Vaudeville

The talk around town
Entire change of program
New faces in Vaudeville

3,000 feet of the best Life
Moving Pictures procurable

Fine Singing. Excellent Vaudeville
Funny and Thrilling Pictures and Good
Music.

Special Notice to Parents
Bring your little ones. They are welcome, besides they enjoy it as well as you. Lots of room for carriages.

ADMISSION
Children .15 and .25c Adults .35c
Dontmissthisshow?

Suitable Gifts FOR Everyone

For Father, Mother, Sister, Brother, everyone on the long list of friends and relatives which is made up every year at this time

Webb's Fancy Christmas Candies, Cakes and Plum Puddings.

Everything in Xmas Novelties in Hardware and Furniture Departments, including Special Values in Hockey Sticks and Skates, Sleighs, Rocking Horses etc.

The Most Complete Line of Toys in the Pass

The Trites-Wood Co. Ltd. Michel

Splashes from the Editorial Pen

We do not need money ourselves, but the fellow we owe wants us to pay. Pay your subscription and help the other fellow out.

The man who gets mad at what the newspaper says about him should return thanks three times a day for what the newspaper knew about him and suppressed.

The editor of this paper has a warm place in his heart for the friends who bring or send in news items. It is the desire of this paper to give all the news all the time and those who lend us their assistance to that end have our unbounded gratitude.

There are few towns where the stores present a more pleasing appearance than those of our town. Our merchants take a pride in the appearance of their respective places of business and such pride is certainly commendable. That is not all, they carry good, clean stocks of merchandise and their reputation for fair dealing draws a splendid patronage from the surrounding territory.

Our merchants have all enjoyed a fine trade the past two weeks, some of them having been so rushed as to be obliged to keep extra clerks to supply their customers. Few towns in the province can compare with this in the amount of business transacted at this or any other season of the year. It has become an established fact that goods can be bought as cheap here as anywhere, and in many instances much cheaper. Hence, the immense crowds that gather here every week.

She Was Dead Easy

A small Michel boy was once called in to view his new born baby brother. He looked it over with dissatisfaction, and finally asked: "Mamma, where did this thing come from?" "An angel brought it, Jimmie." "Wuz you awake when he came?" "Certainly, Jimmie." Well, then, mamma, all that I have got to say, is that you are dead easy. I'd like to see any old angel put off such a looking thing on me. But I reckon we are stuck unless I kin work Johnny Green to trade it sight-unseen for one of his spotted pups."

It Pays to Advertise

Billy Jones wrote on the blackboard, "Billy Jones can hug the girls better than any boy in the school." The teacher seeing it, called him up. "William, did you write that?" she asked. "Ye'm," replied Billy. "Well, you stay in after school." The children waited for Billy to come out, when they began to guy him. "Got a lickin', didn't you?" "No," said Bill. "Get jawed?" "No." "What did she do?" they asked. "Shan't tell," said Bill, "but it pays to advertise."

We heard a man the other day kicking for a chance to work. That man was a false alarm. No man who wants work these days need be out of employment ten hours. There is all kinds of work in this district and good wages can be secured by good men.

Christmas Gifts

Our new and beautiful lines of Holiday Goods are now ready for your inspection. We can supply you with the nicest and most appropriate gifts for every person.

Special lines in

Toys, Books, Novelties, Art and Burnt Leather Goods, Manicure, Shaving and Dressing Sets, Xmas Cards, Perfumes, Fancy Chocolates, Souvenir View Books, Ebony Goods etc., etc.

Make your Xmas purchases now while stock is complete and we will set aside any article for you.

KENNEDY'S DRUG AND BOOK STORE NEW MICHEL

Agent for Phonographs, Gramophones, Kodaks, Waterman's Fountain Pens

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

- XMAS GIFTS -

Our entire Xmas stock to be sold before December 25th, consisting of

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, Fancy Goods, Leather Goods, China and Cut Glass, Musical Instruments, Victor Gramophones, Xmas cards and Toys.

All Toys will be Sold at Cost

NOTICE

For every Dollar you spend in our store from now until 10 p. m., Dec. 24, you will receive a ticket.

TEN DOLLARS worth of any Goods in the store, is the PRIZE to the one holding the lucky number.

Get Busy and Buy

SOMERTON BRO'S
Jewelers, Opticians, Photographers

New Michel Blairmore Frank

\$1.00 is not much to pay for this newspaper FOR ONE YEAR. SUBSCRIBE TO IT NOW

SUNLIGHT SOAP



THIS IS IT!
The soap that saves you work, and saves you money without injury to hands or article.
Sunlight Soap turns wash-tub drudgery into pleasure.
Get a bar of Sunlight to-day and try.

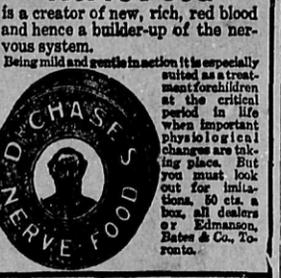
Amazing
An enthusiastic Burlington motorist was driving his car through one of the most rural sections of the state. He came to the top of a very steep hill. On each side of the road was a ditch and at the bottom of the hill a load of hay was just beginning the ascent. The motorist, who is not one of the chicken and man-killing variety, backed his car into the ditch and waited for the sturdy son of the soil, who was driving the load of hay, to guide his team past. On the rear of the load, almost buried in the hay, reposed at full length a typical old patriarch of the hills. His face rested easily in his hands and his hands and his whiskers streamed out a foot or two in the breeze. As the team passed the automobile he called out, with a note of surprise in his voice, "Goosh! Taint often we meet a gentleman in one of them things!"

Sick Wife—"Doctor, I will double your fee if you will prescribe a trip to the seashore."
Doctor—"Very well, madam, I shall do so."
Wife—"What were you intending to prescribe?"
Doctor—"A trip to the seashore."
"You might as well say two and two make five is right."
"Well, it's four-fifths right, ain't it?"—Life.

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.



When an undue amount of nervous energy is used in the brain there is certain to be failure in the other functions of the body.
Digestion is imperfect—the head aches—you cannot sleep—you become nervous and irritable—you are easily excited and quickly tired—your memory fails and you cannot concentrate the mind.
Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food
is a creator of new, rich, red blood and hence a builder-up of the nervous system.
Being mild and gentle in action, it is especially suited as a treatment for children at the critical period in life when important physiological changes are taking place. But you must look out for imitations, 50 cts. a box, all dealers or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Toronto.



MADE IN CANADA
ROYAL YEAST CAKES
Best Yeast in the World
Sold and Used Everywhere
F. W. Gillett Co., Ltd. Toronto, Ont.

WHEN WOMEN VOTE.

Not a Self Respecting Man Will Stay Away From Polls.
I have a letter from a man, says Dorothy Dix, who is really intelligent enough to know better, who says:
"If women had votes there is not a self respecting man who would go to the polls. He will let the country go to perdition in the hands of that abnormal and unnatural creature, the masculine woman, and things will the sooner right themselves by a political, social and economic cataclysm that will drive the brazen females back to their proper places—the kitchen and the nursery."
Let us hasten to assure this modern Jeremiah that his gloomy prophecies are without foundation. The time will come when women will vote, and yet not a self respecting man will stay away from the polls because he is liable to meet there his mother, his sisters, his female cousins and his aunts.
"The proof of the pudding is in the eating," says the old adage, and we base our belief on this happy outcome of woman's suffrage on the fact that in the countries where women do vote they have not kept a single man, self respecting or otherwise, from exercising his privilege as a free man to express his opinion by means of a ballot. In the four western states where women vote and where men are quick on the trigger it certainly wouldn't be safe to tell any gentleman that he was a poor, emaciated squaw man because he went to the polls at which women also voted. In New Zealand, Australia, the Isle of Man, Finland and Norway women have full suffrage, and if the self respecting men of these countries are conspicuous by reason of their absence from the polls no rumor of it has reached the outer world.
Indeed, the best argument that can be advanced for giving women the right to vote is that wherever female suffrage has been tried it has worked out successfully, and there has never been a suggestion of depriving women of their rights and going back to the old order of a male oligarchy.

Houseboats In China.
Houseboats have been in use by the natives of China for some hundreds of years and have been improved and largely used by occidentals living in the Chinese empire since their arrival in the country. At Shanghai large numbers are owned by the well to do Chinese merchants as well as by foreigners.

In the Seventeenth Century
A fatalistic excuse for drinking is to be found in the "Manuscripts of Sir Henry Ingilby," published by the Historical Manuscripts commission. In a letter dated August 21, 1669, announcing that a hard-drinking friend of his is on his deathbed, Sir Robert Paston remarks: "I have been taught that Jupiter allows every man who comes into the world a different proportion of drink, which, when he has despatched, there remains nothing for him to do but die; and that the proportion and expedition makes great differences in men's ages."

Serious Circumstances
"Those tools," said the conductor "are to be used only in case of accident."
"Well, there's been an accident," replied the man who was working feverishly at the case.
"Where's the accident?"
"I just busted my corkscrew."
—Houston Post.

Lakefield, Que., Oct. 9, 1907.
Minard's Liniment Co., Ltd.
Gentlemen,—In July, 1905, I was thrown from a road machine injuring my hip and back badly and was obliged to use a crutch for 14 months. In Sept. 1906 Mr. Wm. Outridge of Lachute urged me to try Minard's Liniment which I did with the most satisfactory results and today I am as well as ever in my life.
Yours sincerely,
his
MATHEW X BAINES,
mark

Golfer—The day I get around these links in under a hundred I'll give you a shilling, Sandy!
Juvenile Caddie—Hoo will I want it when I'm drawin' me auld age pension?—Punch.
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, etc.
This Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

The editor was dying, but when the doctor bent over, placed his ear on his breast, and said: "Poor man, circulation almost gone!" the dying editor sat up and shouted "You're a liar. We have the largest circulation in the country!"
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 instructions. Send no money but write her to-day if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child; the chances are it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged people troubled with urine difficulties by day or night.
Teacher—We declare that this earth is a ball. Now what basis have we?
Tommy—First, second, third and home.—Detroit Free Press.

AN EXCELLENT REMEDY.

Will Break Up a Cold in Twenty-four Hours and Cure Any Cough That is Curable.
The following mixture is often prescribed and is highly recommended for coughs, colds and other throat and bronchial trouble: Mix two ounces of Glycerine, a half ounce of Virgin Oil of Pine compound pure, and eight ounces of pure Whiskey. These can be bought in any good drug store and easily mixed together in a large bottle. The genuine Virgin Oil of Pine compound pure is prepared only in the laboratories of the Leach Chemical Co., Cincinnati, and put up for dispensing in half-ounce vials.

Not Yet, But Soon.
Old Gent—Ah, my little lady, is your mother home?
Little Grace—Aw! she says wot's de book youse is tryin' to sell, Cook's or Peary's?—Life.

A RELIABLE MEDICINE FOR ALL CHILDREN

Baby's Own Tablets are absolutely safe. This medicine is as good for the new born babe as the well grown child. It contains no opiate or poisonous stuff. The mother who gives this medicine to her child has the guarantee of a government analyst that these statements are true. This is worth something to every mother for Baby's Own Tablets is the only medicine that is sold under such a guarantee. The Tablets cure such ailments as indigestion, colic, constipation, diarrhoea, and teething troubles, destroy worms, break up colds and thus prevent deadly croup. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Some recent examples from the writings of two Australian humorists:
"Hope is the increase in salary we never get—but might. It's that trip round the world we're going to take—but don't. It's the mine that's going to pay big dividends—some day. Luckily the things we hope for most don't always happen, otherwise our enemies would be all dead."
If we may credit a Princeton lecturer, reported in the Washington Star, the late Mr. Cleveland was disposed to have a little fun at the expense of those Americans to whom life is degrading and incessant activity.
"Mr. Cleveland," said the lecturer, "had no sympathy with the rush and hurry that our business men so complacently affect, no sympathy with the lunch-table telephone, with the letter phonograph, and the train and boat dictation."
"Don't rush so," Mr. Cleveland once said to me. Lightning might do a great deal more if it wasn't always in such an awful hurry!"

Weary William—"What did ye tell dat lady when she asked ye if ye wuz equal to de task o' sawin' wood?"
Tattered Tom—"I tol' her dat equal wuzn't de word. I wuz superior to it."
She—"Somebody has told me that you already have a wife—a blonde."
He—"I assure you, dear girl, you are the first blonde I ever loved."

FOOD FOR A YEAR

- Meat.....300 lbs.
- Milk.....240 qts.
- Butter.....100 lbs.
- Eggs.....27 doz.
- Vegetables.....500 lbs.

This represents a fair ration for a man for a year.

But some people eat and eat and grow thinner. This means a defective digestion and unsuitable food. A large size bottle of

Scott's Emulsion

equals in nourishing properties ten pounds of meat. Your physician can tell you how it does it.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS
Send No. name of paper and this ad. for our beautiful **Seaman's Book** and **Child's Kitchen-Book**. Each book contains a Good Luck Penny.
SCOTT & BOWNE
126 Wellington Street, West Toronto, Ont.

VETERAN SCRIP

THE FARMER'S OPPORTUNITY!
DO YOU realize the opportunity South African Veteran Scrip affords to secure title to 320 or 640 acres of land? Land adjoining that upon which you can locate Veteran Scrip is being sold to-day at from \$10 to \$15 an acre. Figure it out what this means to you.
SCRIP SOLD ON EASY TERMS.
We will sell 320 ACRE WARRANTS—on terms—without any cash payment if you have improved farm land to offer as security. Our price is only \$65.00 a Warrant and five years to pay the same.
CANADA LOAN & REALTY CO.
Limited.
318-317 McIntyre Block, Winnipeg.
W. N. U., No. 769

THE SHEEP ROMANCE.

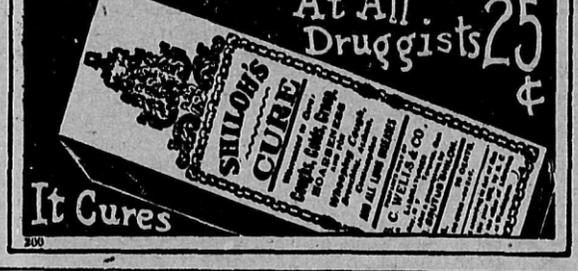
Australia Produces Fine Wool For the Whole World.
There were sheep before Australia was known of, just as there were brave men before Agamemnon, but the fine wool sheep of to-day is practically an Australian production—one might almost say invention.
Australia started its national life as a reformatory. With the "First Fleet" of prisoners and their guards there went a few sheep. Unlike the human exiles, they were not sent out for reformation. Yet they were destined to found practically a new race of sheep, vastly more valuable than any that had gone before them.
The picked rams of the First Fleet would yield about 3-1/2 pounds of coarse wool. The picked ram of a first-class Australian stock to-day yields up to 40 pounds of fine wool, and the average yield of a decent flock is eight pounds per sheep. With this great increase in quantity, there has been an even greater growth of quality. Australian merino wool is finer, more elastic, longer in staple than any wool ever dreamed of a century ago, and its production alone makes possible some of the exquisite fabrics which display the triumphant luxury of modern civilization.
Nearly 90,000,000 sheep are pastured in Australia to-day, and the pastoral industry brings to Australia's population of between four and four and a half millions some \$125,000,000 a year—more than \$25 a year for every man, woman, and child.
Of much more than Australian moment was the growth of this grand wool industry. It gave to England a new source of wealth. Before the days of Australia, Spain was looked upon as the only country in the world which could produce fine wool. Spain of that day was not willing that British looms should have any advantage of her production, and the British woollen manufacturing industry, confined to the use of coarser staples, languished.
Now, Australia—and Australia practically alone—produces the fine wool of the world; and if, in the course of any future developments, an Imperial Zollverein confined Australian wool to the mills of the Empire, a great part of the foreign production of fine clothes would perforce cease.
John MacArthur was the first wool prince of Australia, and as such deserves to be honored as one of the founders of the Commonwealth. From him stretch, in descent of industry though not of blood, a long line of big-hearted, big-brained men, who hide under the curious name of "squatters" the fact that they were, and are, the chief pillars of Australian prosperity, and the dominant type of Australian character.
The squatter earned his name from the fact that in the early days he pushed out with his flocks and herds beyond the borders of then known civilization, and "squatted" where he listed. His title to the land was his use of it. As settlement progressed, that free and easy method of occupying the country had to give way to more elaborated and not, in all cases, such satisfactory tenures. The squatter, however, remained still in title a squatter, though he was now a tenant of the crown on a long lease, or an actual freeholder by right of grant or purchase.
Vast are the areas now held by pastoralists in Australia. In the northern territory, where primitive conditions still rule, some of the runs are as big as the principality of Wales. Even in the more settled parts of Australia it is not uncommon for one man to hold up to a million acres of land for a cattle or sheep run.
Generous hospitality marks the Australian wool-grower. The stranger within his gates may be assured of a lordly welcome, which stretches even to the loan or gift of fresh horses to resume his journey. This gracious custom of hospitality—born of the days when traveling was rare and difficult—now dies reluctantly as the railroad carries on its campaign against primitivism.

Stations of the Dead.
New South Wales has seven "stations of the dead."
"The stations referred to are as follows: First, the mortuary station at Sydney, where all the funeral trains start from. This is a stone building with a good-sized platform and an arch right over the train, where the hearse stops; the whole building is beautifully carved, and was erected in 1867.
"There are four cemetery stations on the Rookwood branch, which diverges from the main suburban line ten miles from Sydney. The branch line is one mile and a half long, and the first station on it is of the same style as the mortuary station in Sydney, and was erected in 1868.
"The other three stations are of very much later design and build. One more is at Sandgate, four miles from Newcastle on the main northern line. The last is on the Woronora cemetery branch, which leaves the main South Coast Railway at Sutherland, 15 miles from Sydney."

Women Millionaires.
The Marchioness of Graham is the richest British-born lady, for on the death of her father, the twelfth Duke of Hamilton, she came into an income of \$550,000 per annum. The Duchess of Roxburghe was left \$25,500,000 by her father, Mr. Ogden Goelet. The Baroness von Eckhardstein came this year into the second portion of the fortune left by her father, the late Sir John Blundell Maple, making her total income \$325,000 per annum. The Countess Szechenyi, as Miss Gladys Vanderbilt, inherited \$12,500,000.
Secret of Longevity.
Prof. Goldwin Smith, who recently entered upon his eighty-seventh year, was once asked for the secret of longevity. He replied that he had no secret to impart. "I have never," he said, "observed any particular rules of diet, except that of general moderation. I have always avoided working late at night. I have taken a good deal of outdoor exercise. When younger I wandered on the Alps, went out shooting, and rode with foxhounds."

Don't let your Cough reach the danger stage use Shiloh's Cure now—it banishes Coughs—Cures throat troubles

Some people who contract a cold are prone to say "it's not serious, I'll let it wear off." That's an unsafe attitude to take—
GET SHILOH'S CURE IN TIME
One of the children goes about coughing—"Oh, Willie is pretty strong, I'll keep him home a day or so and the cough will go." Perhaps it will. Perhaps it won't—
USE SHILOH'S CURE NOW
Yes—this asthma doesn't give me much rest and I've tried nearly everything." Friend says: "My father cured me of asthma thirty years ago with Shiloh's Cure—
START SHILOH'S CURE TO-DAY
Baby is croupy, whooping cough developing—"What can we get that we can rely on to cut that dangerous, choking phlegm!"
"Don't like the way son's cough is settling on his lungs. He says they're sore, feverish, weak—there's danger." There is—
THE REMEDY—SHILOH'S CURE
Wife says: "John, you really must stay home and doctor that cold—you can't keep up with it." Valuable time lost—situation imperilled. Needless. For in one night—
SHILOH'S CURE CURES COUGHS
"Bronchitis again—I get it every winter—do wish I could cure it." You can, once for all, with Shiloh's Cure—it allays inflammation, builds up weakened lung tissues.
SHILOH'S CURE IS GUARANTEED
It banishes Asthma, makes strong the vocal chords and stimulates the whole breathing tract to health and strength. Just try
THE FAMILY FRIEND FOR 40 YEARS—SHILOH'S CURE



The Manly Man.
"After you've been two weeks in the house with one of those terrible handy men that ask their wives to be sure and wipe between the tines of the forks, and that know just how much raising bread ought to have, and how to hang out a wash so each piece will get the best sun, it's a real joy to get back to the ordinary kind of man. Yes 'tis so!" Mrs. Gregg finished, with much emphasis. "I want a man who should have sense about the things he's meant to have sense about, but when it comes to keeping house, I like him real helpless, the way the Lord planned to have him!"
Inventive
Mrs. Jims—Madame Snipper has perfected a wonderful invention. Mrs. Tims—What is it?
Mrs. Jims—A revolving hat; it works so that the congregation can see all sides of it.
"I'll give ye two a week," said the country merchant.
"I can't live on less than four," declared the ambitious boy.
"Ye don't know what ye can do 'till ye try John Try it on two fer awhile. It will make better reading fer your biography when ye git rich."

CUT YOUR FUEL BILL IN HALF
by using a
SUPREME STEEL RANGE
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,
WALDON COMPANY,
92 Princess St., Winnipeg.

SPONH'S DISTEMPER Pink Eye, Epizootic Shipping Fever & Cysternal Fever
Sure cure and positive preventive, no matter how horses at any age are infected or "exposed." Liquid, given on the tongue; acts on the Blood and Glands, expels the poisonous germs from the body. Cures Distemper in Dogs and Sheep and Cholera in Poultry. Largest selling live stock remedy. Cures La Grippe among human beings and is a fine Kidney remedy. 50c and \$1 a bottle; 50c and \$1 a dozen. Cut this out. Keep it. Show to your druggist, who will get it for you. Free Booklet, "Distemper, Causes and Cures." DISTRIBUTORS—ALL WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS. **SPONH MEDICAL CO.,** Chemists and Bacteriologists, 605NER, IND., U.S.A.

WHAT every cook should know is, which wheat makes the best flour, and why.
Winter wheat is put into the ground in the fall, but does not ripen until the following July. It matures slowly, is soft and very starchy.
Spring wheat is sown in April or May, and ripens in August. It's a flinty, translucent wheat, rich in gluten and contains nearly twice as much nutriment as winter wheat.

Royal Household Flour

is made entirely from the hard, nutritious spring wheat, carefully selected from all the wheat of this kind grown in Canada.
Royal Household is fine, light and pure—milled by the most improved methods—in a mill as clean as your own kitchen.
Ask your grocer for Ogilvie's Royal Household—just enough to try. You won't mind the slight advance in cost when you see the results in your bread and pastry.
Ogilvie Flour Mills Co., Limited.



THE PANAMA HAT.

What Came of a Glimpse of the Initials on the Inside.

By HARRIET LUMMIS SMITH.
(Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.)

As Genevieve came on deck the young man in the panama hat glanced over his shoulder in her direction. Then, with surprising alacrity, he whirled about, and the rapid removal of the panama revealed a well shaped head and close cropped dark hair, which clung through many vicissitudes to an unmistakable tendency to curl. As the morning dew vanishes under the fierce rays of the midsummer sun, so the young man's expression of joyful animation disappeared when met by Genevieve's chilly stare. His lower jaw dropped. The color mounted from the top of his rather high collar to the roots of his hair. Genevieve went on her way well satisfied with herself. "I imagine he thinks me not quite as unsophisticated as he supposed. Probably his intention was to surprise me into a bow and then to presume on that to join me. And by the time that I had explained that I really didn't know him we should be beginning to feel quite well acquainted." She smiled again with superior triumph as she reflected on the overthrow of the plot. She wished that Aunt Myra might have been an onlooker—Aunt Myra, who had questioned the propriety of her taking the short voyage unchaperoned.

On the opposite side of the steamer the wearer of the panama hat leaned upon the rail and darkly regarded the blue water. The attitude, suggestive of dejection, gave Genevieve the opportunity to steal furtive glances at the motionless offender. His clothes fitted well. As far as that was concerned, any tailor would be inspired to do his best by such a figure. "Adorable shoulders," said Genevieve, so nearly aloud that it was just as well that Aunt Myra was not present. At the expiration of an hour Genevieve had come to the conclusion that



"I NEVER HEARD OF BUT ONE PERSON WHOSE INITIALS WERE X. Y. Z."

the gaily young man who had addressed her when she came on deck was not an old offender. He had taken her rebuff too deeply to heart for that. His interest in the Chesapeake bay seemed to undergo no diminution after sixty minutes of incessant staring. Genevieve began to feel that possibly she had been too severe. A look of dignified perplexity might have been enough without any of the ruthless, annihilating scorn before which his self confidence had shriveled. Genevieve surprised herself in a pitying sigh.

It was now time for the panama to take a hand. As Genevieve's commiserating glance stole in the direction of the crushed and disheartened youth staring over the rail her challenge was accepted. With a birdlike motion the panama rose from its owner's head, evading his clutch with a dexterity that argued deliberate intention. It sailed across the steamer's bow, dodging various agile persons who attempted to intercept it, and continued in Genevieve's direction. On reaching her it surrendered at discretion. Tame and obedient as a pet dog, it dropped into her lap, and, though Genevieve clutched it by the brim, that was merely a matter of form. She was sure that the panama had had no intention of going farther.

The hat's owner was not far behind his property. There was a redness about him that was not due to sunburn, but was not unbecoming. He bowed. Genevieve reflected, with a feeling of self congratulation, like a gentleman. "I am very much in your debt," said the owner of the panama. "Not at all, I'm sure," responded Genevieve. Her tone was calculated to a nicely-not friendly enough to encourage liberties in the presumptuous, not chilling enough to dishearten the timid and retiring.

"Perhaps," the young man hesitated, taking his property from her extended hand. "I might improve this opportunity to apologize for what must have seemed a piece of rudeness on my part." Genevieve listened with an expression as nicely calculated as her tone had been. There was nothing about

it on which one could presume, yet it was far from being frosty.

"As you came up the stairs," the young man continued, twirling the panama, "I glanced over my shoulder, and for some reason your face looked extraordinarily familiar. When I bowed I was under the impression that I knew you."

Genevieve's lips curled a little in spite of herself. He would have done better, she reflected, to stop with the apology, the explanation was so painfully weak; trite to start with, and, moreover—well, without vanity, Genevieve knew that her type was not common.

Certainly never was six foot one of manhood so easily disconcerted.

"Thank you again," said the owner of the panama in a low voice, and he turned on his heel.

But as he set his recovered hat upon his head Genevieve caught sight of something that made her start—three shining gilt letters fixed into the inner leather band. "Oh, I beg your pardon!" she cried impulsively.

The young man did not hear her, and a fellow passenger checked him in his return to his seat, seizing his coat-tails. "Lady ain't done with you yet," said the obliging passenger, and the owner of the panama looked back and saw that it was true.

He returned with an apparent reluctance Genevieve thought best not to notice. "Excuse me," she said breathlessly, "but those letters inside your hat—are they your initials?"

"The young man stared and colored. "Why, yes."

"Like an algebra problem, aren't they?" Genevieve persisted. Apparently the young man wished to show her that she was not the only person who could assume an air of hauteur. "The peculiarity of my name," said the owner of the panama, looking over Genevieve's head, "is a misfortune in which the general public—"

"The reason I asked," interrupted Genevieve, "is because I never heard of but one person whose initials were X. Y. Z., and he was one of my cousin's dearest friends."

The owner of the panama no longer looked haughty. Instead his expression suggested blissful incredulity.

"His name began," Genevieve continued, blushing under the young man's gaze, "with Xavier."

"Young," prompted the other delightedly.

"Zimmerman," Genevieve concluded, and she looked about her. "Isn't there an unoccupied chair? Oh, yes!"

The young man brought it and seated himself beside her. "I've always hated my name," he said meditatively. "It's a mixture of French and English and German, of the prosaic and the sentimental. It's fairly grotesque and indefensible from any standpoint. I've seriously contemplated having it changed by an act of the legislature. But from this day on I'll find no more fault with it. When you saw those letters X. Y. Z., of course you knew there couldn't be but one of us."

"I blame myself for waiting for that," said Genevieve demurely, "since I've seen your photograph at my cousin's, a number of photographs indeed."

Mr. Zimmerman drew a long breath. "And I was wondering why your face seemed so familiar." He made a motion toward an inside pocket, but then checked himself, reflecting that perhaps it would be wiser to wait a little for that. But by the middle of the next forenoon he felt it safe to exhibit the little kodak picture Jim had given him—a picture of Genevieve with a tennis racket over her shoulder and her hair ruffled by the breeze.

Genevieve pouted. "If he were going to give you any," she said, "he might have chosen one that—that flattered me more."

The sea voyage from Baltimore to Boston, though not a long one, affords considerable opportunity for progress in acquaintance. Mr. X. Y. Zimmerman might be suggestive of an algebraic problem, but in that case no one of his fellow passengers was in doubt as to the final solution.

The Psychology of Crowds.

There is a justification for a preventive censorship in the peculiar nature of the crowd. Collective psychology, or the psychology of crowds (mainly investigated so far by French and Italian inquirers), is a study still in its infancy. A completely satisfactory explanation of the peculiarities of the crowd is not yet forthcoming. But those peculiarities are matters of common knowledge.

Briefly, a crowd is a new entity, differing in mind and will from the individuals who compose it. Its intellectual pitch is lowered, its emotional pitch raised. It takes on something of the characteristics of a hypnotized "subject." It tends to be irrational, excitable, lacking in self control. Many Frenchmen under "the terror," gentle and humane as individuals, made up crowds guilty of horrible atrocities. Questioned afterward, they could not account for their actions. Some inexplicable change had taken place in them, and that inexplicable something was the peculiar influence of the crowd.

A theatrical audience has the peculiar psychology of the crowd. An offensive play performed before it has an entirely different effect from that which the play would have if read separately and privately by each individual. The crowd is the real controlling factor in the matter.—A. B. Walkley Before Stage Censorship Commission.

Forever.

"What's the matter, daughter?" "Ferdie and I have parted forever." "Um! In that case, I s'pose he won't be around for a couple of nights."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

THE AUCTION.

HERE is Polly's heart for sale! Highest bidder want! Speak up, O ye timid male! Time the flying spins. What's your offer for a heart Warm and full of cheer? Let us have a bid to start. What's the bid I hear?

LANDS? The bid is LANDS, my friends! Acres broad and fine, Full of teeming dividends In the harvest line. Any higher bid? O ho! You're a sleepy band! GOING—GOING! My! Heart like this for LAND!

What? A bid of GOLD? Aha! That's the way to bid. Better than mere acres far That cannot be hid. Yet who'd win a heart like this With a lump of GOLD? GOING—GOING! Shame it is if it thus were sold!

Ah, another bid comes in! Speak up louder, FAME? Here's a hidden hope to win With a guided name. But for hearts so warm and true That's a trifle low. GOING—GOING! Really you Should not let it go!

GOING—GOING! Now, see here, This is bargain day. Win a heart so full of cheer With a bit of bay? Really—What's that? Speak up clear. Ah, we're getting on! LOVE's the highest bid I hear. GOING!

—John Kendrick Bangs in Harper's Weekly.

Seemed Fair.

"I'd like to know, of course," said the new man, with some concern, "whether my job is to be permanent or not."

"Well," returned the employer, "you can stay here as long as you please. That's fair, isn't it?"

"Certainly, I'm much obliged." "On the other hand, I reserve the right to discharge you whenever I please. That's equally fair, isn't it?"

"Yes; I suppose so."—Chicago Tribune.

He Was Better Off.

"When I rejected you the other day," she began, with affected sweet confusion, "I did not—"

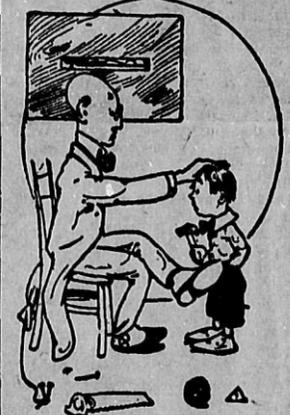
"You did not know I was wealthy," he interrupted coldly.

"Not at all. I knew you were well off, but—"

"I didn't know when I was or I shouldn't have proposed to you."

Her confusion then was not affected; neither was it sweet.—Philadelphia Press.

Her Usual Plan.



Mr. Askitt—Willie, what is your sister going to do on her birthday? Willie (aged nine)—Take a year off, I guess.

The Reason.

Principal (to homecoming salesman)—How did you come to sell that fellow Smith, who is on the verge of bankruptcy, so many things and at such low prices?

Traveling Man—Well, I said to myself, "Now, if he goes bankrupt, then we shan't lose so much money."—Wiener Salonwitzblatt.

Enlightened.

Professor—I'm grateful for my sense of humor. Thank heaven, I can always see a joke.

Miss Flaylla—Oh, professor, the sense of humor is not ability to see a joke. The sense of humor is ability to take a joke.—Minneapolis Journal.

Hot Weather Madness.

The Judge—You shot at the prosecuting witness three times. What was he doing?

Prisoner—He was slinging "In the Good Old Summer Time."

The Judge—Discharged.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Not Thinking of Himself.

She—Father consents to our marriage, but he wishes us to wait four years. Oh, Carlo, don't look like that! You will be still young at that time!

He—My treasure, I was not thinking of myself.—Il Motto per Riders.

Tactful.

Malden lady (rescued from drowning, to her rescuer)—How can I ever thank you, noble young man! Are you married?

"No. Have you got a pretty daughter?"—Meggendorfer Blätter.

He Rights Them.

"I am told that you write poetry," said the snake editor to the proofreader.

"Yes, sir," was the reply. "I right poetry, and I right prose too."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Care Needed.

"One has to be so careful in choosing a servant nowadays." "Yes, indeed. You never know what they'll testify to if they're called upon as witnesses."

FRENCH MARRIAGES.

All Probable Future Events Arranged For in Advance.

On the appointed evening I arrived at the given time, and after an excellent dinner, at which all members of both families were present, we repaired to the great drawing room, where the chairs had been arranged in a semicircle about two small, round tables. Presently two grave old gentlemen, the family notaries, who had not been seen to smile during the whole dinner, took their seats in front of the tables, and when we were all assembled the elder commenced to read a long memoir, which he announced he had compiled with the help of his colleague. Then, to my utter amazement, he began to name all the possessions of the future bride and bridegroom—so many bonds and mortgages, so many houses, farms, woodlands, prairies, articles of personal adornment, furniture and jewels; the ways in which they might be used or disposed of, what would happen in case no children were born of the marriage, in case of death of one or the other of the parties. In fact, all the misfortunes, all the most terrible and saddest events, had been foreseen, and cold chills began running down my back as I heard each new case mentioned. I was indignant. I positively revolted. Why were miserable questions of business allowed to overshadow the charming union of these two young people, who had known and loved each other since childhood and whose true and pure affection was innocent of all monetary interests? Could not all have been spared them?

The next day I frankly opened my heart to Jeanne and her mother, explaining the sensations I had experienced the previous evening and saying that in my country, when two persons were about to marry, as long as there was love on both sides and the man was able to support his wife all such questions were usually left undiscussed.

They both listened to me somewhat astonished, and then Mme. de R—, whose great good sense has always convinced me, replied smilingly: "But, my dear, for us marriage is not only the joining of two young and loving hearts. We go further and consider the generations to come, the founding of a new family—a home. As every one knows, the first years are often the most difficult, and we therefore take precautions to smooth the paths of our children by settling in their presence all business matters, once and forever, and arranging things so that the new life may develop under the best of circumstances."—Scribner's Magazine.

THEY WERE STUBBORN.

A Story Illustrating the "Setness" of the Cornishman.

Your Cornishman can be very "set" and stubborn. His determination of spirit is more remarkable than admirable at times, though it may be amusing.

Mr. Hook, the late royal academician, was once, says Mr. W. H. Hudson in his book on the "Land's End," on the sands at Whitesand bay, working at a marine picture, when two natives came up and planted themselves just behind him. There was nothing the artist hated more than to be watched by strangers over his shoulders in this way, and pretty soon he wheeled around on them and angrily asked them how long they were going to stand there.

His manner served to arouse their spirit, and they replied brusquely that they were going to stay as long as they thought proper.

He insisted on knowing just how long they were going to stay there to his annoyance, and by and by, after some more loud and angry discussion, one of them incautiously declared they would stand at that very spot for an hour.

"Do you mean that?" shouted Hook, pulling out his watch.

Yes, they returned, they would not stir one inch from that spot for an hour.

"Very well," he said and pulled up his easel; then, marching off to a distance of thirty yards, he set it up again and resumed his painting.

And there, within thirty yards of his back, the two men stood for one hour and a quarter, for, as they did not have a watch, they were afraid of going away before the hour had expired. Then they marched off.

Franklin as a Swimmer.

In 1726 Benjamin Franklin was working as a printer at Watts, near Lincoln Inn Fields, and taught two shopmates to swim "at twice going into the river." With them and some of their friends from the country he paid a visit by water to Chelsea, and "in our return," he recorded, "at the request of the company, whose curiosity Wygate had excited, I stripped and leaped into the river and swam from near Chelsea to Blackfriars, performing on the way many feats of activity, both upon and under the water, that surprised and pleased those to whom they were novelties."—London Tatler.

Her Housekeeping.

Growells—Smith's wife must be a poor housekeeper. Mrs. Growells—Why do you think so? Growells—He declares he's perfectly comfortable at home every day in the year.—Chicago News.

Tree and Sea.

"By the way, what is the tree most nearly related to the sea?" "The beech, of course." "Are you sure? Isn't the bay tree nearer?"—London Scraps.

AT THE BIG STORE.

This Man's Perseverance Was Very Well Rewarded.

"Where are your razor straps?" asked the customer.

"Razor straps?" said the floorwalker, stroking his side whiskers. "Fifth aisle to the right."

The customer went to the fifth aisle to the right.

"Razor straps?" he asked.

"Razor straps?" the girl behind the counter said. "I think they must be in the notion department."

"Where is the notion department?"

"Next section, three aisles back."

The customer hunted up the notion department.

"Razor straps—razor straps?" he said.

"You'll find them among the household goods in the basement," responded the girl in charge of the hairpin sub-department.

He went to the basement.

"Where are your razor str-straps?" he inquired of the first salesman he met.

"Last counter on the right."

He went to the last counter on the right.

"I'd like to see some of your razor straps."

"I think you'll find those in the notion department on the first floor."

"Been there. They sent me down here."

"Nearest we can come to it is dog collars. Suppose you try the razor department."

"Where is that?"

"First floor."

The customer hadn't thought of the razor department. He went back to the floor above and appeared a few moments later at a counter presided over by a girl with large bangs and a lip.

"Got any razor straps?" he demanded.

He was becoming reckless now.

"Razor thrap? No, thir. You'll find tothe in the leather gooth department on the thickth floor."

He took passage in the elevator for the sixth floor.

"Where's your blamed razor straps?" he inquired of the sixth floor walker.

"Eight aisles over—leather goods department."

The weary pilgrim traversed the eight aisles.

"I want to see your razor straps," he said with some fierceness.

"We don't keep 'em," replied the man behind the counter.—Chicago Tribune.

Cautious.

The old gentleman was in a fury.

"Young man," he stormed in angry tones, "didn't I tell you never to darken my doorway again?"

"But—but I didn't darken it this time," ventured the trembling youth.

"What do you mean?"

"Why, I cleaned my shoes five times before I took one step on the sill. If the doorway has been darkened any I didn't do it, sir."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Edifying.

Gentleman (looking for rooms)—Did you say a music teacher occupies the next apartment? That cannot be very pleasant.

Landlady (eagerly)—Oh, that's nothing! He has eleven children, and they make so much noise you can't hear the piano.—Harper's Bazar.

Coming Easy.

Mrs. Gramercy—What in the world put the idea of a divorce in your head?

Mrs. Park—I've been so happy here in the country with the check my husband sends me regularly I'm sure that living on alimony must be the ideal existence.—Brooklyn Life.

The Divorce Mill.

Mrs. Sheekago—No, you wouldn't know my husband now; he has changed so much.

Friend—Yes; I understand he has changed six times since I saw you last.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Discouraging.

Grace (sentimentally)—I wonder if there is anything in a presentment—why the chance of marrying a rich and handsome young man should haunt me so.

Helen (cynically)—Perhaps because it is the ghost of a chance.

Fruit Enough to Go Round.

"Jimmy, did you get only three apples for a nickel?"

"Yes, pa, but that'll be enough if ma don't want any an' you on'y want one."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

At the Asylum.

"There seems to be method in that man's madness."

"Yes. He's letting somebody else pay for the meat he eats."—Chicago Record-Herald.

W S FAMOUS TRAINER

TOM MOORE OF THE SHAMROCKS WIDELY MOURNED.

Man Who Led Celebrated Lacrosse Team So Many Times to Victory—Had Not Been on the Team Since 1899—Was in the Great Game of 1892 in Ottawa When Caps Were Defeated.

Tom Moore, the famous coach and trainer of the celebrated Shamrock lacrosse team, is dead, and lovers of lacrosse throughout the Dominion will mourn the passing of the genial, kindly athlete whose name was a household word in lacrosse circles for many years in this country. Moore was one of the Shamrock stalwarts who started to play with the big team back in the 80s and through defeat or victory he was always one of the standbys of the boys in green. He had been ill for some two months with typhoid fever



THOMAS MOORE.

er and had been a patient in the Western Hospital, Montreal. Complications set in and he died a few days ago.

Moore played in the celebrated match in 1892, on the M.A.A.A. grounds, Ottawa, when the Shamrocks defeated the Capitals, and his last championship match was in 1899. Since that period he had been trainer-coach for the Shamrocks and his indefatigable efforts undoubtedly helped them to win the numerous championship battles which they have had marked to their credit since. For many years Moore was considered one of the best and fastest defence fielders playing lacrosse. He began playing with the junior Shamrocks and helped to land the championship for them in 1888 which placed them at the top of the District League. He was at once promoted to the senior team with a number of other men who have since become celebrated in the lacrosse arena. Some four years ago he married Miss Margaret Burns of Montreal, and at the time the Shamrocks made a splendid presentation to Moore at half time, during one of the big matches at the Mile End grounds, to show their appreciation of his services to the team during many years of hard work. Mr. Moore was a Government clerk for 25 years in the Montreal postoffice, where he had a host of friends.

England's Best Shots.

Experts declare that the four finest shots in Great Britain are the new Lord Ripon, Lord Walsingham, Lord Ashburton, and Prince Victor Duple Singh. The Prince of Wales' shooting is so clever that he stands quite apart even from this category. Lord Ashburton has for years held the record in partridge driving, and his parties at The Grange, with a bag of 700 odd brace to six guns, were such a triumph of good organization that his head keeper was summoned to Sandringham to explain his methods.

Lord Ashburton began to shoot when only eleven, and has had some memorable experiences. Lord Ripon was a child of nine when he first shot, and since that time he has made many records. But the biggest records seem to have been made by Lord Walsingham. Among women the best shots with partridges are Lady Violet Beaumont and Mrs. Launcelet Lowther.

An Election Story.

Appropos of the "delusion deep-rooted in the minds of innumerable voters that a man can only be 'putting up for Parliament' in order to better himself one way or another," and that no sacrifice has to be made by the candidate, there is the speech that was made by Sir Richard Temple, who had returned post haste from his duties in India, arriving after his own contest had begun. Sir Richard used words to the following effect: "I have traveled 8,000 miles and surrendered £5,000 a year for the privilege of representing this great constituency"; but the proper sense of his generosity and public spirit was entirely marred by a remark from a loud voice in the crowd, "Oh, what a fool you must be!"—Cornhill Magazine.

A Handy River.

The pretty little town of Ross, in Herefordshire, situated on the banks of the Wye, is becoming quite a holiday resort, first on account of the excellent fishing, and next by reason of the magnificent scenery around. The scholars of a school in the town were recently set to write an essay on the Wye, and this is what one wrote: "The river Wye at Ross provides splendid sport for fishermen and ample accommodation for visitors."—London Daily News.

Their Own Victims.

"Why is it," said the discouraged housewife, "that all our cooks become discontented and irritable?" "That's easily explained," answered old Mr. Groucher. "They have to eat their own dinners and get dyspepsia."

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Christmas

I heard the bells on Christmas day
Their old, familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good will to men!—LONGFELLOW.

The glad, joyous, festal time draws near, and unnumbered hearts are beating in delightful anticipation. Store windows are decked in holiday attire. The evergreen hangs in festoons, and the wonderful Christmas tree is putting in appearance. Cheery voices ring out in rehearsals of song and chorus for celebration night. Merry Christmas will soon be here and Christmas songs are songs of peace. Christmas greetings are greetings of good will. How they soften hard hearts, purify base desires, sweeten bitter thoughts and make every deed, purer and holier; every wish, kind and tenderer. Let hearts expand, sympathies enlarge, and good will reign. Let benedictions drop from lips, and substantial gifts fall from overflowing hands. Make cheerless homes radiant, and hopeless hearts to thrill with unspeakable gladness. Forgive your enemies. Bury the past. Rise above the mean and petty resentments which you may have harbored against those who have not used you well. Be generous. Get ready to start the new year with more kindly feelings and more noble ambitions. Make the Christmas of this year a day to which you can always look back with pleasure and gratitude. Peace and good will unto you, dear reader, and a Merry, Merry Christmas to all.

The yule clog or log—the great stick of timber placed in olden times upon the Christmas fire—was derived from the Saxon feast of Jul or Yul, at which a similar piece of timber gave the principal fire and the principal light. The yule clog and the superstitions connected with it are among the most venerable of Christmas associations.

The Editor's Appeal

My friend, help the editor in his wild-eyed search for news. When your friends come to see you, if you are not ashamed of it, tell him; when your wife gives a tea party, if you have recovered from the effects of the gossip; drop in with the news; when a baby arrives fill your pockets with cigars and call; if you go to a party steal some of the good things, and leave them with the item in our sanctum. If your wife licks you come in and let us see your scars and tender sympathy through the paper; if your mother-in-law has died don't be bashful about it; give in all the common-place news. In short, whatever makes you feel proud; sad, lonesome or glad submit it to our 24 karat wisdom and see our matted locks part and stand on end with gratitude; which will pour from every pore like moisture from the dew besprinkled earth.

"PARKDALE"

(A) New sub-division of Calgary has just been put on the map. This sub-division is located west of the city about two miles from the post-office, perfectly level, overlooking the river, city park on opposite side and a beautiful view of the city. The new park three miles further west of this, is having a street car line built to it in the spring; the line running through this property. With building restrictions, location and beautiful scenery, makes this property very valuable and a coming residential part of Calgary.

Lots now selling at \$150 each; \$50 cash and \$10 a month, 10 per cent allowed for cash.

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All kinds of Furniture Repaired
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MICHEL AND NEW MICHEL SERVICES EVERY SUNDAY
NEW MICHEL, Sunday school 2 p. m.
Service 3 p. m., in the schoolhouse.
MICHEL, Sunday School, 2.30 p. m.
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The pastor and officials extend a cordial invitation to you to attend these services.

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MICHEL, B. C.
Services—3rd Sunday in the month
Holy Communion, 11 a. m.
Evensong, 3.30 p. m.
Sunday School, 2.00 p. m.
New Michel, in the School house, 7.30
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, p. m.; Vespers, 4 p. m.
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BADGE OF HONOR

— THE —



Satan Sanderson

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

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(Continued.)

Chapter 26

The sound of steps in the jail corridor and the harsh grating of the key in the lock, Harry rose hastily from the iron cot whereon he had been sitting and took a step forward.

"Jessica!" he exclaimed. She came toward him, her breath hurried, her cheek pale. Tom Feider's face was at her shoulder. "I have a little matter to attend to in the office," he said, nodding to Harry. "I shall wait for you there, Miss Holme."

She thanked him with a grateful look, and as he vanished, Harry took her hand and kissed it. He longed to take her in his arms.

"I heard of it only at noon," she began, her voice uncertain. "I was afraid they would not let me see you, so I went to Mr. Feider. They were saying on the street that he had offered to defend you."

"I had not been here an hour when he came," he said.

"I know you have no money," she went on. "I know what you did with the gold you found. And I have begged him to let me pay for any other counsel he will name. I have not told him what I am, to you, but I have told him that I am far from poor and that nothing counts beside your life. He says you have forbidden him to do this—

forbidden him to allow any help from any one. Hugh, Hugh! Why do you do this? The money should be yours, not mine, for it was your father's! It is yours, for I am your wife!"

He kissed her hand again without answering.

"Haven't I a right now to be at your side? Mayn't I tell them?"

He shook his head. "Not yet, Jessica."

"I must obey you," she said, with a wan smile, "yet I would share your shame as proudly as your glory! You are thinking me weak and despicable, perhaps, because I wanted you to go away. But women are not men, and I—

I love you so, Hugh!"

"I think you are all that is brave and good," he protested.

"I want you to believe," she went on, "that I knew you had done no murder. If an angel from heaven had come to declare it I would not have believed it. I only want now to understand."

"What do you not understand?" he asked gently.

She half turned toward the door as she said, in a lower key: "After you had gone many things came back to me that seemed strange—something curious in your manner. You had not seemed wholly surprised when I told you you were accused. Why did you shut the cabin door and speak so low? Was there any one else there when I came?"

He averted his face, but he did not answer. She was treading on near ground.

"My horse came back this afternoon," she continued. "He had been ridden hard in the night, and his flanks were cut cruelly with a whip. You did not use him, but some one did."

She waited a moment. Still he made no reply.

"I want to ask you," she said abruptly, "do you know who killed Dr. Moreau?"

His blood chilled at the question. He looked down at her speechless. "You must let me speak," she said. "You won't answer that. Then you do know who really did it. Oh, I have thought so much since last night! For some reason you are shielding him. Was it the man who was in the cabin—who rode my horse? If he is guilty, why do you help him off and so make yourself partly guilty? The whole town believes you are guilty—I see it in all their faces. They are sorry, many of them, for they don't hate you as they did, but they think you did it—even Mr. Feider, though I have told him what I suspect and though he is working now to defend you!"

"Jessica," he urged, "you must trust me and have faith in me. I know it is hard, but I can't explain to you! I can't tell you—yet—why I do as I am doing, but you must believe that I am right."

"You speak as if you were sorry for me," she said, "and not for yourself. Is it because you know you are not in real danger—that you know the truth must come out, only you can't tell it yourself or tell me either? Is that it?"

"It is not that, Jessica," he said gravely, "yet you must not fear for me—for my life. Try to believe me when I say that some time you will understand and know that I did only what I must."

"Will that be soon?" she asked.

"I think it may be soon," he answered.

Her face lighted. The puzzle and dread lifted. "Oh, then," she said—"oh, then, I shall not be afraid. I cannot share your thoughts nor your secret, and I must rebel at that. You mustn't blame me—I wouldn't be a woman if I did not—but I love you more than all the world, and I shall believe that you know best. Hugh," she added softly, "do you know that—you haven't kissed me?"

Before her upturned, pleading eyes

and trembling lips the iron of his purpose bent to the man in him, and he took her into his arms.

A frosty gloom was over the city of Aniston, moon and stars hidden by a cloudy sky, from which a light snow, the first of the season, was sifting down. The streets were asleep. Only occasional belated pedestrians were to be seen in the chilly air. These saw a man, his face muffled from the snowflakes, pass hurriedly toward the fountain square, from whose steeple 2 o'clock was just striking. The wayfarer skirted the square, keeping in cover of the buildings as though avoiding chance observation, till he stood on the pavement of a Gothic chapel fronting the open space.

On the night of his flight from Smoky Mountain, Hugh had ridden hard till dawn, abandoning the horse to find its way back as best it might. He had slept through the next day. For two days after his arrival he had hung about outside the town in a fever of impatience, for, though he had readily ascertained that the premises were unoccupied, the first night he had been frightened away by the too zealous scrutiny of a policeman, and on the next he had been unable to force the door. That morning he had secured a skeleton key, and now the weather was propitious for his purpose.

After a moment's reconnoitering he scaled the frost-fretted iron railings and gained the shelter of the porch. He tried the key anxiously. To his relief, it fitted. Another minute and he stood in the study, the door locked behind him, his veins beating with excitement.

Crouching down before the safe, he took from his pocket the paper upon which was written the combination.

The match scorched his fingers, and he lighted another and began to turn



"You speak as if you were sorry for me,"

the knob. The lock bore both figures and letters in concentric rings, and he saw that the seven figures Harry had written formed a word. Hugh dropped the match with a smothered exclamation, for the word was Jessica! So Harry really had loved her in the old days! He swung the massive door wide and took out the canvas bag with the thousand dollars. With this and the ruby ring—it must easily be worth as much again—he could put the round world between himself and capture.

He closed the safe and with the bag of coin in his hand groped his way to the door of the chapel. It was less dark there, for the snow was making a white night outside, and the stained glass cast a wan glimmer across the aisles. He greatly needed sleep, and tonight in the open that was out of the question. He could gain several hours' rest where he was and still get away before daybreak. He drew together the altar cushions and lay down, the canvas bag beside him, but he was cold, and at length he rose and went into the vestry for a surprise. He wrapped this about him and, lighting a cigarette, lay down again. He was very tired, and in a few minutes he was sleeping heavily.

The last half consumed cigarette dropped from his relaxing fingers to the cushion, where it made a smoldering nest of fire. A tiny tongue of flame caught the edge of a wall hanging, ran up to the dry oaken rafters and speedily ignited them. In fifteen minutes the interior of the chapel was a mass of flame, and Hugh woke gasping and bewildered.

With a cry of alarm he sprang to his feet, seized the bag of coin and ran to the door of the study. In his haste he stumbled against it, and the dead lock snapped to. He was a prisoner now, for he had left the skeleton key in the inside of the outer door. Clutching his treasure, he ran to the main entrance. It was fast. He tried the smaller windows. Iron bars were set across them.

He made shift to wrap the surprise about his mouth against the stifling smoke and fiery vapors. The bag dropped from his hand, and the gold rolled about the floor. He stooped and clutched a handful of the coins and crammed them into his pocket. Was he to die, after all, like this, caught like a rat in a trap?

Uttering a hoarse cry, with the strength of despair, Hugh wrenched a pew from the floor and made of it a ladder to reach the rose window. Mounting this, he beat frantically with his fist upon the painted glass. The crystal splintered beneath the blows, and clinging to the iron supports, his beard burned to the skin, he set his face to the aperture and drew a gulping breath of the sweet, cold air. In his agony, with that fiery hell opening beneath him, he could see the massed people watching from the safety that was so near.

"Look! Look!" The sudden cry went up, and a thrill of awe ran through the crowd. The glass Hugh had shattered had formed the face of the penitent thief in the window design, and his outstretched arms fitted those of the figure. It was as though by some ghastly miracle the painted features had suddenly sprung into life, the haggard eyes opened in appeal.

All at once there came a shout of warning. The wall opened outward, tottered and fell.

Then it was that they saw the writhing figure, tangled in the twisted lead bars of the wrecked rose window. Shielding their faces from the unendurable heat, they reached and bore it

to safety, laying it on the crisp, snowy grass and tearing off the stinged and smoking ministerial robes.

Judge Conwell was one of these. In the mingling confusion he leaned over the figure. The gleam of the ruby ring on the finger caught his eye. He bent forward to look into the drawn and distorted face.

"Good God!" he said. "It's Harry Sanderson!"



Chapter 27

IN communities such as Smoky Mountain the law moves with fateful rapidity. Harry had been formally arraigned the second morning after his self-surrender and had pleaded not guilty. The grand jury was in session—indeed, had about finished its labors—and there had been no reason for delay. All necessary witnesses for the state were on the ground, and Feider for his part had no others to summon. So that when Dr. Brent one keen forenoon swung himself off a Pullman at the station, returning from his ten days' absence, he found the town thrilling with the excitement of the first day of the trial. Before he left the station he had learned of Prendergast's death and accusation and knew that Tom Feider had come to the prisoner's defense. Dr. Brent had taken no stock in the young lawyer's view of Hugh Stires.

He betook himself to the filled courtroom. The court had opened two hours before and half the jury had been selected. His attention was given first to the bench where the prisoner sat and second to a chair close to the railing beside Mrs. Halloran's, where a girl's face glimmered palely under a light yell.

Toward this chair the hundreds of eyes in the room that morning had often turned. Since the day Mrs. Halloran had surprised Jessica at work upon the rock statue she had kept her counsel; but, as the physician had conjectured, the monument had been stung upon and had drawn curious visitors. Thus the name on the grave had become common property and the coincidence had been chattered of. That Jessica had chiseled the statue was not doubted. She had bought the tools in town, and old Paddy Wise, the blacksmith, had sharpened them for her. The story Prendergast had told in the general store, too, had not been forgotten, and the aid she had given the fever-stricken man had acquired a new significance in face of the knowledge that she had more than once been admitted to the jail with Feider. From the moment of the opening of the trial Jessica had divided interest with the prisoner.

Circumstantially speaking, the evidence was flawless. Dr. Moreau, while little known and less liked, had figured in the town as a promoter and an inventor of "slick" stock schemes. He had come there with Hugh Stires from Sacramento, where they had had a business partnership of short duration. There had been bad blood between them there, as the latter had once admitted. The prisoner had pre-empted the claim on Smoky Mountain in an abortive "boom" which Moreau had engineered, and over whose proceeds the pair, it was believed, had fallen out. He had then, to use the attorney's phrase, "swapped the devil for the witch" and had taken up with Prendergast, who by the manner of his taking off had finally justified a jail record in another state. Soon after this great Hugh Stires had vanished. On the day following his last appearance in the town the body of Moreau had been found on the Little Paymaster claim shot by a cowardly bullet through the back, a fact which precluded the possibility that the deed had been done in self-defense. There was evidence that he had died a painful and lingering death. Suspicion had naturally pointed to the vanished man, and this suspicion had grown until, after some months' absence, he had returned, alleging that he had lost his memory of the past, to resume his life in the cabin on the mountain and his

partnership with the thief Prendergast. The two had finally quarreled, and Prendergast had moved to town.

Subsequent to this the latter had been heard to make dark insinuations, unnoted at the time, but since grown significant, hinting at criminal knowledge of the prisoner. The close of this chapter had been Prendergast's dismal end in the gulch when he had produced

the scrap of paper which was the crux of the case. He declared he had found Moreau dying; that the latter had traced with his own hand the accusation which fastened the crime upon Hugh Stires.

In his cross-examination Feider fought gamely to lighten the weight of the evidence. All rested, he said, upon a single scrap of paper, a fragment of handwriting in no way difficult of imitation, and this in turn upon the allegation of a thief, struck down in an act of crime, whose word in an ordinary case of fact would not be worth a farthing. No motive had been alleged for the killing of Moreau by the prisoner, but Prendergast had had motive enough in his accusation. It had been open knowledge that he hated Hugh Stires, and his own character made it evident that he would not have scrupled to fasten a murder upon him.

But as Feider studied the twelve grave faces in the jury box, who in the last analysis were all that counted, he shared his client's hopelessness. Judgment and experience told him how futile were all theories in the face of that inarticulate but damning witness that Prendergast had left behind him. So the afternoon dragged through, a day for the state.

Sunset came early at that season. Dark fell, and the electric bulbs made their mimic day, but no one left the room. The outcome seemed a foregone conclusion. The jurymen no longer gazed at the prisoner, and when they looked at one another it was with grim understanding. As the last witness for the state stepped down and the prosecutor rested the judge glanced at the clock.

"There is a bare half hour," he said tentatively. "Perhaps the defense would prefer not to open testimony till tomorrow."

Feider had risen. He saw his opportunity—to bring out sharply a contrasting point in the prisoner's favor, the one circumstance, considered apart, pointing toward innocence rather than guilt; to leave this for the jury to take with them, to offset by its effect the weight of the evidence that had been given.

"I will proceed, if your honor pleases," he said and arid a rustle of surprise and interest called Jessica to the stand.

As she went forward to the witness chair she put back the shielding veil, and her face, pale as bramble bloom under her red bronzed hair, made an appealing picture. A cluster of white

carnations was pinned to her coat, and as she passed Harry she bent and laid one in his hand. The slight act, not lost upon the spectators, called forth a sibilant flutter of sympathy, for it wore no touch of designed effect. Its impulse was as pure and unmistakable as its meaning.

Harry had started uncontrollably as she rose, for he had had no inkling of the lawyer's intention, and a flush darkened his cheek at the cool touch of the flower. But this faded to a settled pallor as under Feider's gaze questioning she told in a voice as clear as a child's, yet with a woman's emotion struggling through it, the story of her disregarded warning. While she spoke pain and shame traveled through his every vein, for, though technically she had not brought herself into the perplexing purview of the law, she was laying bare the secret of her own heart, which now he would have covered at any cost.

"That is all, your honor," said Feider when Jessica had finished her story.

"Do you wish to cross-examine?" asked the judge perfunctorily.

The prosecutor looked at her an instant. He saw the faintness in her eyes, the twitching of the gloved hand on the rail. "By no means," he said courteously and turned to his papers.

At the same moment as Jessica stepped into the open aisle the ironic glance treated the spellbound audience to a novel sensation. Every electric light suddenly went out, and darkness swooped upon the town and the courtroom. Hubbub arose—people stood up in their places.

The judge's gavel pounded viciously, and his stentorian voice bellowed for order.

"Keep your seats, everybody!" he commanded. "Mr. Clerk, get some candles. This court is not yet adjourned."

As the pall of darkness fell upon the courtroom it brought to Jessica a sense of premonition as though the incident prefigured the gloomy end. She turned sick and stumbled down the aisle, feeling that she must reach the outer air.

In the room Jessica had left the turmoil was shimmering down. Here and there a match was struck and showed a circle of brightness. The glimmer of one of them lit the countenance of a man who had brushed her sleeve as he entered. It was Hallelujah Jones.

"Wait, wait!" he cried. "I have evidence to give!" He pointed excitedly toward Harry. "This man is not what you think he is not!"

The judge's gavel thumped upon the wood. "How dare you," he vociferated, "break in upon the deliberations of this court? I fine you \$20 for contempt."

Feider had leaped to his feet. What could this man know? He took a bill from his pocket and clapped it down on the clerk's desk.

"I beg to purge him of contempt," he said, "and call him a witness."

Hallelujah Jones snatched the Bible from the clerk's hands and kissed it. Knowledge was burning his tongue. The jury were leaning forward in their seats.

"Have you ever seen the prisoner before?" asked Feider.

"Yes."

"When?"

"When he was a minister of the gospel."

Feider stared. The judge frowned. The jury looked at one another, and a laugh ran round the hushed room.

The excitement kindled the evangelist's distempered passion. Sudden anger flamed in him. He leaned forward and shook his hand vehemently at the table where Harry sat, his face as colorless as the flower he wore.

"That man's name," he blazed, "is not Hugh Stires. It is a cloak he has chosen to cover his shame. He is the Rev. Henry Sanderson of Aniston."

Harry's pulses had leaped with excitement when the street preacher's first exclamation started the courtroom; now they were beating as though they must burst. Through the stir about him he heard the crisp voice of the district attorney:

"I ask your honor's permission before this extraordinary witness is examined further," he said caustically, "to read an item printed here which has a bearing upon the testimony." He held in his hand a newspaper which earlier in the afternoon, with cynical disregard of Feider's tactics, he had been casually perusing.

"Read it, sir."

Holding the newspaper to a candle, the lawyer read in an even voice, prefacing his reading with the journal's name and date:

This city, which was aroused in the night by the burning of St. James' chapel, will be greatly shocked to learn that its rector, the Rev. Henry Sanderson, who has been for some months on a prolonged vacation, was in the building at the time and now lies at the city hospital, suffering from injuries from which it is rumored there is grave doubt of his recovery.

In the titanic rattle of the courtroom Harry felt his heart bound and swell. Under the succinct statement he clearly discerned the fact. He saw the pitfall into which Hugh had fallen—the trap into which he himself had sent him on that fatal errand with the ruby ring on his finger. "Grave" of his recovery! A surge of sweat swept over him to his finger tips. He would be free to go back—to be himself again, to be Jessica's—if Hugh died. The reading voice drummed in his ears:

The facts have not as yet been ascertained, but it seems clear that the popular young minister returned to town unexpectedly last night and was asleep in his study when the fire started. His presence in the building was unguessed until too late, and it was by little short of a miracle that he was brought out alive.

As we go to press we learn that Mr. Sanderson's condition is much more hopeful than was at first reported.

(To be Continued.)

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Woman's World

MRS. FREDERICK A. COOK.

Her Reluctance to Talk of Husband's Discovery Explained.

To transpire the post, "wives of great men" all—most all—remind us that they have helped to make possible in one direction or another the achievements of their husbands. Mrs. Cook, the modest and very retiring wife of one of the discoverers of the north pole, is no exception to this rule. A friend of the Cook family, speaking of the reluctance of the explorer's wife to discuss her husband's exploits, says: "I think that Mrs. Cook is merely evermore by the magnitude of the news that came as unexpectedly to her as to the rest of the world. There is no reason why she should be unwilling to discuss her husband and his achievements, and she is well qualified to do so."

"Mrs. Cook was of great assistance to her husband in his work. She helped him in his literary labors, and I have seen her surrounded with books of reference, doing much of the laborious research necessary for articles

such as her husband has written. Although Mr. Cook's absence and the depletion of the family finances resulting from his expedition have been hard for Mrs. Cook and her daughters, I have never heard her complain. She has always been confident of her husband's success and ready to make sacrifices to help him.

"At present I believe that she wants time to adjust herself to new conditions and fully realize the significance of her position before she talks for publication."

LOVERS' LEAP.

A Lesson in Matchmaking That Brought Double Results.

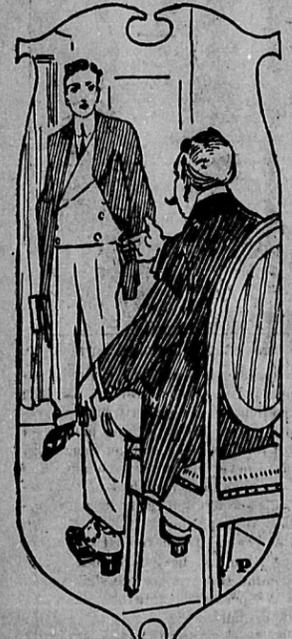
By NELLIE CRAVEY GILLMORE. (Copyright, 1902, by Associated Literary Press.)

Miss Drusilla looked shrewdly across the reading table at Colonel Weyman. He gave no outward indication of having foolishly lost his passage, and the ominous clattering of scissors on the bare mahogany opposite caused him to glance up with an ostentatious display of surprise.

Miss Drusilla proceeded to divest herself of needle, thimble and yarn before framing her opening words with cool deliberation. "It appears to me, John, that the time for chitching matters between these young people is just about ripe."

Colonel Weyman received this announcement with a beaming face. "Exactly, Drusilla. I was thinking about putting a bug in the young scamp's ear no later than this very morning. You do the same in regard to Penelope. We'll just drop them a hint or two concerning our wishes in the matter; give them to understand that their union is a thing that was planned in their cradles; point out the various advantages that will accrue."

Miss Drusilla broke in with a disdainful sniff and a quick toss of her silvery curls. "Good gracious, John Weyman! Do you want to ruin everything? Listen to me. There's but one



"IT ISN'T ALWAYS SAFE TO BE SURE OF ANYTHING."

course to pursue if we expect to succeed in our pet scheme."

"Well?" The colonel glanced up bewilderingly and with a sort of meek deference into the animated face of his companion.

Miss Drusilla lifted her dainty, porcelain-like fingers and marked off her sentences upon them in a clear, stately voice. "Just this, you stupid man: They must be warned against each other. Every obstacle we can think of must be placed in their way. Sentiment must be tabooed. Cool down all their advances with cold water and plenty of it. There's nothing like it at this stage, mark my word. And failure after all these years would be a horrible disappointment to us both, John."

The colonel listened to his old friend's admonitions with unconcealed admiration. What a diplomat was Miss Drusilla! What an excellent life partner she would have made for a man! He heaved an involuntary sigh of regret for his squandered youth and reached across the table to press the porcelain fingers. There was a tactful smile, a hand pressure, and the colonel took his departure.

Half an hour later a fresh, sparkling face was framed in the doorway, and a musical voice addressed Miss Drusilla in tremulous accents. "May I come in, aunty, dear?" The question was flung upon a hassock at Miss Drusilla's little slippered feet.

"Where in the world have you been, Penelope?" she questioned very sternly, with a deprecatory glance at the young girl's vivid cheeks and the tumbled straw gold hair above them.

"Where haven't I been, rather? Oh, aunty, it was just the dearest, jolliest time in the world! We, Jack and I, rode—yes, actually rode—up that steep crag to Lovers' Leap!"

"Lovers' leap!" echoed Miss Drusilla, with very grave brows. "And you not yet eighteen, Penelope?"

Penelope's blue eyes flashed a swift challenge to Miss Drusilla.

"And you went along with young Mr. Weyman to the very top of a mountain, my child?" She paused in her stitching and looked seriously into the young face at her knee. "It was most indiscreet. Don't think of repeating it. And, by the way, Penelope, don't you think you are rather too familiar with this young man, calling him by his given name on a fortnight's acquaintance and scampering through the woods with him on all occasions? What do you know of?"

"Just! Why, why, I know that he's just splendid—that he—that I—that we—oh, aunty, you can never guess what a dear he is—that's all!"

Miss Drusilla's lips settled perceptibly. "Very well, my little one; he may be all that you say—and think. Naturally I am in no position to judge.

However, I prefer to have my niece a little more circumspect and dignified. It is not always well to allow oneself too much intimacy with any—stranger. Remember, girls of your station are expected to submit with all grace and dutifulness to the arrangements which have been made for them by their guardians—matrimonial particularly. Let there be no foolishness, Penelope."

"But, father, am I not twenty-one years of age?"

"Twenty-two, to be more exact, young fellow. But remember also that I am forty-four and you are still in college. Penelope is a mere baby. She ought to be in school herself in short frocks. Recollect that you have a reputation to make in your profession; that you cannot afford to throw away your opportunities in any such absurd fashion, so don't fritter away your time over sentimental nonsense."

Young Weyman was silent a moment trying to down the vehement words that struggled to his lips. His face was flushed, and his eyes belied the calmness of the tone in which he replied:

"I have always respected your opinion, father, in everything, but in this case I fear that I cannot abide by it. There is one thing which is every man's privilege—the choice of his wife; consequently I mean to offer myself to Penelope this very evening."

"And if she refuses—if she is already betrothed to some one else?"

"Impossible! That is!"

The colonel smiled broadly. But his head was turned away. When he looked back again his face was decidedly stern. "It isn't always safe to be too sure of anything, my boy, especially anything of the feminine gender. Give her half a chance—say a couple of years—to change her mind in, and I'm certain you'll not regret it."

Jack bridled. "Obviously we need not discuss the question further, sir. Good morning." With an angry jerk of his head he stalked out of the room, and a second later Colonel Weyman was edified by hearing the front gate slam to with considerable force. He laughed heartily for a minute or two; then his face relaxed into sudden seriousness. "Upon my word," he mused, "a fellow ought to be proud to call a woman like Drusilla his wife. By Jove, I'll write a note and ask her to walk with me to Lovers' leap this afternoon. I've been a blind man for twenty years, but I'm blamed if I don't believe I see light!"

Dearest Penelope—You must marry me immediately, and we can take the 5 o'clock train for New York. It is only certain events have occurred which make it essential for us to take this step at once. If you love me enough and think you can trust me to this extent write back by messenger and don't fail to say "Yes." Devotedly, JACK.

Dear, Dear Jack—it shall be just as you say. I will marry you whenever and wherever you wish. I have been worried to death all day. Aunt Drusilla has been hinting about some sort of matrimonial arrangement for me and saying just dreadful things all around. Of course I love you, Jack, and am willing to trust you to the ends of all creation. Your own PENELOPE.

At breakfast the following morning Miss Drusilla opened a flabby yellow envelope and read:

We were married last night at my cousin's. A message of forgiveness and your blessing will reach us at the Guest, New York city.

A similar dispatch found Colonel Weyman over his coffee and chops. He chuckled as he thrust the envelope into his pocket, and his thoughts barked back to Lovers' leap.

That afternoon another telegram flashed over the wires between Plainfield and New York city:

You are forgiven since people must be fools. I know two more who are soon to turn one. Accept our blessing. AUNT DRUSILLA.

The Noble Pike.

In size, in courage and in strength the pike rivals, in historic claim to nobility it exceeds, even the royal salmon itself. King Edward I, who fixed the price of fish then brought to market, rated the pike above the salmon and more than ten times higher than that of the best cod or turbot. In the reign of Henry VIII, a large one was sold for double the price of a house lamb in February and a small pike-kerel for more than a fat capon. Its greater reputation is probably to be explained by the old custom in the great houses and abbeys of England of having their private stew ponds, so that fresh water fish were the luxury of the rich, while the salmon could be caught in the sea and so never attained the rank and dignity of fashionable food. Today his artificial value is gone, and the salmon has taken the place upon the tables of the rich as much for the beauty of its pink flesh as for the superior flavor of the meat.—London Globe.

A Brave Answer.

There was sharp fighting between the English and French in the Windward Islands in 1778 when General Meadows conquered St. Lucia, not however, without himself being severely wounded at the very beginning of the engagement. The general, though wounded, would not leave the field for a moment, and when the action was over he visited every wounded officer and man before he would receive the surgeon's attention himself. His heart was greatly cheered by an answer given to him by a young subaltern, Lieutenant Gomm of the Forty-sixth regiment, who in the heat of action was wounded in the eye.

"I hope you have not lost your eye, lieutenant," said the general.

"I believe I have sir," replied Gomm, "but with the other I shall see you victorious this day."

The brave young fellow had his wish.—London Scraps.

THE SUPREME TEST.

What the Lovely Maiden Feared the Most.

"Stillingia," said the young man, his voice tremulous with suppressed emotion, "are you going to put me on the piazza? Is this where I get off?" Unshed tears were in the lovely maiden's eyes. If she had shed them they would not have been in her eyes. But let that pass.

"I have not said so, Geoffrey," reluctantly she answered, "in so many words, but—"

"Listen, Stillingia," he burst forth impetuously. "Is there any other guy that's got the inside track? Am I playing second fiddle to some snoozer with plastered hair, an ingrowing chin and a pull at the bank? If so—"

"No, Geoffrey, but—"

"Then why the Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego are you stalling me off? I may not be a pampered child of fashion, but I'm on the dead lev. I've never been caught with the goods. Gifflie, ever since I was a kid you've been my one best bet, and you know it. I'm Old Faithful from Kiekenonville. I've trailed along in your wake like a night police reporter on the track of a lovely hoodlum or a bug collector after a gorgeous butterfly. All my life I've been building bungalows in the air for you to move into some day. And rather look at your tinsy than to eat four square meals. You are the nicest, beachiest dream that ever—"

"Geoffrey," interrupted the beautiful girl, standing erect before him, pale, but calm and resolute. "I know you love me, and I am touched as never before by your devotion, but something seems to tell me that we are not truly suited."

Here her voice faltered.

"Geoffrey," she said, recovering herself, "we must not make a mistake that will wreck our whole lives! I must ask you one question."

"Well?"

"Which side do you take in the north pole controversy?"—Chicago Tribune.

Pleased His Majesty.

The dark monarch from sunny Africa was being shown over an engineering place in Salford by the manager, who, in explaining the working of certain machinery, unfortunately got his controls caught in it and in a moment was being whirled round at so many revolutions per minute. Luckily for the manager, his garments were unequal to the strain of more than a few revolutions, and he was hurled, disheveled and dazed, at the feet of the visitor.

That exalted personage roared with laughter and said something to his interpreter.

"Sah," said that functionary to the manager, "his majesty say he am berry pleased with de trick an' will you please do it again."—Sketchy Bits.

No Free Admittance.

An aeronaut, leaning over the edge of his car as his balloon was slowly passing over a football field, overbalanced himself and fell plump among the players. When he recovered consciousness he found several of the club officials bending over him anxiously.

"Ah," said the treasurer in a tone of relief, "I'll trouble you for your sixpence now, old fellow."—Tit-Bits.

What He Got.

A good many years ago, in the state of Iowa, there was a small boy hoeing potatoes in a farm lot by the roadside. A man came along in a fine buggy and driving a fine horse. He looked over the fence, stopped and said, "Buh, what do you get for hoeing those potatoes?"

"Nothin' ef I do," said the boy, "and hell ef I don't."—Saturday Evening Post.

Excusable Resentment.

"It's really provoking," said the fond mother, "baby always cries when we have company."

"Well," answered Mr. Groucher, "you can't blame children for disliking company. If it weren't for visitors they wouldn't have to recite or play pieces on the piano."—Washington Star.

Insuring Respect.

In England and all the English speaking countries the kissing of the book before the oath comes from the practice of touching a "haldane," or sacred object, as the old Roman touched the altar or Harold the casket of relics. The form "So help me God" is inherited from ancient Teutonic-Scandinavian law, under which the old northmen, touching the blood daubed ring on the altar, swore, "So help me Frey and Njord and the Almighty God"—that is, Thor. The first and last of these are the two old English gods, whose names we keep up in Friday and Thursday.

Why Women's Minds Are Cleaner.

"Of course women should vote," said a woman, "women deserve the suffrage as much as men—more, because their minds are purer and cleaner."

"Cleaner?" cried the sweet young thing he had taken to in dinner. "Of course they are, ever and ever so much cleaner! But how do you know that?"

"Because they change them so much oftener," said he solemnly.—Exchange.

In Doubt.

Mrs. Meadow (at Paris hotel)—Cool There's a fly in this soup! Mr. Meadow (who has traveled a little)—Hush, Miranda; don't speak so loud! No use exposing our ignorance. This bill of fare is all in French, and mebbe we ordered by scup.—London Tit-Bits.

The Henpecked Husband.

Children (who have been left in his charge)—Father, we are going back into the park for a little. May you come with us?—Magendorfer Blatter.

COWED BY MOSQUITOES.

A Clergyman's Experience on a British Columbia Trip.

In 1890 the Rev. John Sheepshanks, later on the bishop of Norwich, was traveling through British Columbia. His book, "A Bishop in the Rough," relates his experiences on the Douglas trail, where the greatest discomfort was caused by the swarms of ferocious mosquitoes. He met with Indians covered with paint, carrying branches of trees in their hands, which they were sweeping around them as they walked. They were evacuating their country, being temporarily driven out by these pests. If by chance a traveler arrived at a clearing or an open space where there appeared to be an immunity from them, ere long they would appear.

"Quite early in the morning after meeting these Indians I issued from my tent and found an open space on the river's side where I could get my bath. But no sooner had I emerged from the water than I found swarms of mosquitoes assailing me, and do what I would, slaughter them by dozens, I suffered severely."

"It was on that same day, dining at a wayside house, that I took part in a scene which I can never forget. There were twenty-five men going up to the mines. Food was on the table. There was a ceaseless hum in the apartment, for it was literally brown with thousands of mosquitoes."

"It was swelteringly hot, yet every man had made himself as impervious as he could. Each man wore his coat buttoned up, strings were fastened round his cuffs, and trousers also if he had not on top boots. They had gaiters on their hands, their hats were on, and veils hanging down covered face and neck. A man would stick his fork into a piece of meat and pop it under the veil as quickly as possible. When drinking their coffee, the men would hold the cup underneath the veil, first clearing out the bodies of the mosquitoes which possibly had been feeding upon the hairy miner close at hand."

"Not a word was uttered during that brief meal, for we were beaten down and cowed by the insects. The first words spoken were by a miner in pushing away his chair from the table, 'Oh, this God forsaken country!'"

Absentminded.

The Dinner to Which Willis, the Artist, Invited a Friend.

Mr. Willis, the artist, was renowned for his absentmindedness, and the following story, says Henrietta Cockran in her book, "Celebrities and I," was told of him by a friend: "Willis invited me to dinner one afternoon when I met him in the Strand. I accepted, reminding him that as he was absentminded he had better make a note of the evening. As he had no paper in his pocket, he wrote the date on his shirt cuff."

"When the appointed evening arrived I went to his studio. The door was opened by Willis, and I could see that he had forgotten all about the appointment."

"Ah, old fellow," he exclaimed, "do not be too hard on me. The cuff went to the wash and the date with it. But there is a fowl in the pot boiling here," continued Mr. Willis. "Just come in and wait a few minutes."

"I had my misgivings, but walked inside and sat upon the only chair not crowded with paint brushes and palettes."

"After waiting for about twenty minutes, feeling decidedly hungry, I growled. This had its effect."

"He fowl must be boiled by this time," and, coming forward, he lifted the lid of the pot and peered inside. "It is very odd," he remarked, "but I cannot see the fowl. Extraordinary! No one has been here, so the bird cannot have been stolen."

"Well, the long and short of it is that a week or two later I called again at the studio, noticed a peculiar odor and discovered the fowl wrapped up in a piece of paper."

"Ah," said Willis. "Now I know how it all happened. When the fowl was brought in there came a smart visitor—Lady G.—about sitting for her portrait. I must have thrown the fowl behind a canvas and forgotten about it."

Kissing the Book.

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The Henpecked Husband.

THE WAY OF IT.

A man and woman ride Within a street car cooped, But if she be not fair, With age at tolling stooped, We notice in the car That thus they will be grouped:

Him—
A married pair go out, And in an auto race He has no eye for sight Save tearing holes through space, And therefore we observe 'Tis thus each takes a place: Him, Her.

A youth and maiden ride Upon a winter day, Their sleigh skims lightly on, And all with frost is gay, And we observe they sit In just about this way: Him, Her.

—New York Times

An Old Story.



"Chesty says that his boy is wonderfully smart."

"Yes, but Chesty ought to know better than to build any experience on that. I can remember when Chesty's father said the same thing about him."

Such a Mean Trick.

"Come home with me to dinner tonight, Gormley."

"Delighted."

"I want you to hear my youngest daughter play the piano."

"By Jove, I'm awfully sorry, old chap, but I have for often a most important engagement. Some other night, dear boy."

"Sorry about the engagement, Gormley. The fact is, I have neither a youngest daughter nor a piano."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Larry Was Prepared.

"Well, Larry," said the genial manufacturer, "I hear that you are much interested in aerial sports these days."

"Yes, sir," responded the coachman with the big volume under his arm; "that is why I bought this book."

"Ah! You want to learn how to go up in an airship?"

"No; I want to learn how to come down. That is why I bought 'The Descent of Man,' sir."—Detroit Free Press.

Beating Mrs. Lot.

"It was not so very wonderful that when Lot's wife looked back she turned into a pillar of salt."

"Not a very wonderful thing to have happened in the age of miracles, perhaps, but nothing so wonderful happens in these prosaic days."

"Oh, I don't know. We were going out Main street last evening and when my chauffeur looked back he turned into a telegraph pole."—Houston Post.

A Crazy Clock.

Visiting an old mate, who had the misfortune to be confined in a Yorkshire asylum, a collier noticed that the large clock in the reception hall was ten minutes slow.

"That clock is not right," he exclaimed.

"No, lad," was the lunatic's reply, "that's why it's here."—London Daily News.

The Village Romancer.

"Has that feller Pinkley returned home yet?"

"None. He's been gone two years now, and nobody knows a blessed thing about him."

"Well, durned if I shouldn't think you'd be afraid he'd come home some day an' claim he found the south pole."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Bravery Its Own Reward.

The lady (to hero who had risked his life to save her little dog from a watery grave and looks for some reward)—Poor fellow, how wet and cold you are! You must be soaked through to the skin. Here! I'll give you some quinine pills. Take a couple now and two more in an hour's time.—Throne and Country.

No Worry.

"We have a strike in our factory every day, off and on!"

"Why, I thought you had no labor troubles there at all?"

"No more we have."

"But how, then, can all this striking be going on?"

"The clocks do it."—Baltimore American.

Lack of Judgment.

"Bliggins is a most kind and considerate man."

"Yes, but he has an unfortunate way of showing it. He is the sort of person who will ring your doorbell at 6 a. m. to ask you whether the crowing of his rooster disturbs you."—Washington Star.

A Difference.

"Is she jolly?"

"No, but she does."—Lippincott's Magazine.

HAS BRITAIN ONE, TOO?

RUBBER OUTRAGES ARE BEING TRACED TO LONDON.

"Truth" Publishes Charges Against Peruvian Amazon Rubber Co. With Headquarters in England—Tells Tales of Ghastly Cruelty to Indians in South America—Native Children Buried Alive Head Downward.

London. "Truth" is publishing a narrative of the horrible atrocities which are said to have been practiced on the defenceless Indians in the Putumayo rubber country in Peru.

This rubber collecting business is carried on by the Peruvian Amazon Co., of Salisbury House, London Wall, registered at Somerset House. The secretary of the company, Mr. A. V. Smith, has written as follows in regard to the terrible allegations made against their employees:

"The directors have no reason to believe that the atrocities referred to have in fact taken place, and, indeed, have grounds for considering that they have been purposely mistated of indirect object. Whatever the facts, however, may be, the board of this company are under no responsibility for them, as they were not in office at the time of the alleged occurrences."

Then follows a series of formal statements made by people who declare they have seen the inhumanities practiced on the natives. Extracts are given below, though it should be borne in mind in view of the terrible nature of the allegations that this evidence may yet be controverted.

From a declaration made by a Brazilian citizen, Joao Baptista Braga, before a commandant of the Brazilian army: It would be an endless task to relate the innumerable crimes that I have seen committed during my stay in this section. Here, recently, in the month of July the tuchau known as Tiracahuaca and his wife were held prisoners in chains.

When Jimenez—who had been temporarily absent—arrived, he had them brought into his presence, and told them that if their tribe did not appear within the space of eight days he would show them what he would do with them.

The eight days passed, and as the tribe did not come he ordered a can of kerosene to be poured over them, and then, striking a match, he set fire to these unfortunates, who fled to the forest, uttering the most desperate cries.

Naturally, upon seeing such an awful crime committed, I expressed my horror at it to Jimenez, who replied that if there were anybody who wished to protest against the orders he gave he would be served in the same manner, and that if the company kept him as chief it was because he knew how to do his duty.

From a statement declared before a notary at Iquitos by Daniel Colantes, Martinegui ordered a commission to set out for the houses of some neighboring Indians and exterminate them, with their women and children, as they had not brought in the amount of rubber that he had ordered.

This order was strictly carried out, for the commission returned in four days, bringing along with them fingers, ears, and several heads of the unfortunate victims to prove to the chief that they had carried out his orders.

A Brazilian paper, The Journal do Commercio, published at Manaus, printed an account of a "barbarous deed" close to the Brazilian frontier. This was a narrative of a butchery of inoffensive Indians by a band of Peruvian rubber collectors.

Having killed twenty-five, they discharged their weapons at the Indians who were constructing the roof of the house. These poor unfortunates, pierced by the bullets, some dead, others wounded, rolled off the roof and fell to the ground.

Not content with these cowardly murders, they took the Indian women of advanced age, threw them into the canoes of the Colombians, and conducted them to the middle of the river, and then discharged their rifles at them, killing them all.

What they did with the children was still more barbarous, for they jammed them head downwards into the holes that had been dug to receive the posts that were to support the house.

The Peruvians, after taking possession of the merchandise, conducted the Colombians, the tuchau (Indian chief) of the Andoques, two Indians, and an Indian woman to Matanzas, the dwelling-place of Norman, the journey taking two days.

Here the prisoners were tied up with cords, and afterwards shut up in one of the houses, where they passed a night of torture. In the morning the tuchau and the two Indians were taken out to a near-by knoll and clubbed to death.

These outrages took place prior to the formation of the Peruvian Amazon Co. "Truth" remarks that the company "only comes into the case as being responsible for the way the business is conducted at the present moment."

In reply to questions in the House of Commons concerning the alleged atrocities, the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs said he had asked for a report on the subject. He would inquire if the Belgian consul had made a report to his Government. The shareholders in the Peruvian Amazon Co. had made no request to the Foreign Office for an inquiry.

Must Be Careful.

One of the undeniable marks of a genius is the mark he leaves as a result of infinite labor on themes he loves. No famous poet was ever so great that he could neglect to leave one word that made his whole effort inharmonious. If Canadian writers are to reach the highest peaks in literature they must learn this lesson. They must free themselves from the criticism that attaches to hurriedly done work and to reckless verbiage.—Sunday World, Toronto.

YOU NEED FEAR IT NO LONGER

GRAVEL WARDED OFF AND CURED BY DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Manitoba Man Tells How His Urinary Troubles Vanished Before the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy.

Hamrik, Man. (Special).—Probably there is no disease to which man is heir that causes such a general dread as Gravel, or Stone in the Bladder. The frightful pains it brings and the terrible operations it necessitates cause a shudder of apprehension whenever it is mentioned. But there is really no reason why any man or woman should fear Gravel. It is purely and simply a Kidney disease, and as such can be either cured or guarded against by the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills. Take the case of Mr. Calvin R. Snyder, well known here. He says:— "In the spring of 1907 I was almost laid up from a lame back and was also troubled with excessive urination. I got a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and used them with satisfactory results. Dodd's Kidney Pills are the best Kidney medicine I ever heard of."

The First Bath

Marshall J. Winslow, of Duluth, said at a charity ball supper: "The time is now at hand when tramps come in out of the cold to sleep in wayfarers' lodges. There they must, alas for them, strip and bathe. Among the stripped tramps crowding about the baths, really amusing witticisms on cleanliness are sometimes heard.

"One bitter autumn night I saw two tramps, bared for the watery ordeal, regarding one another quizzically. "Bill," said the first tramp, "yer dirtier than I am. Ye certainly are."

The Royal Humane Society during last year made 772 awards for heroism.

DR. MORSE'S INDIAN ROOT PILLS

owe their singular effectiveness in curing Rheumatism, Lumbago and Sciatica to their power of stimulating and strengthening the kidneys. They enable these organs to thoroughly filter from the blood the uric acid (the product of waste matter) which gets into the joints and muscles and causes these painful diseases. Over half a century of constant use has proved conclusively that Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills strengthen weak kidneys and

CURE RHEUMATISM

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THIS bag is one of the most useful articles made—especially for those who travel. It is made from the finest quality calf leather, lined with silk, and holds 24 handkerchiefs. Sent postpaid to any address in Canada—except the Yukon—upon receipt of \$1.00. Order by the catalogue—633.

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The camera takes pictures 7 1/2 x 3 1/2 in size and is well adapted to making views on postcards. Anybody can take good pictures after reading the directions once. The camera is carefully made and tested. The outfit includes one camera, one box six 1/2 dry plates, one pkge. developer, one pkge. toning powder, one toning tray, one improved printing frame, one ruby paper, (for lamp), one pkge. sensitized paper, one developing tray and full directions.

STANDARD PREMIUM CO. DEPT. U, WINNIPEG MAN.

A Perfect System

"I can't save anything. What I want is a patent bank that will take my pay envelope away from every Saturday night and hand me lunch money every day."

"What you want is a wife"—Kansas City Journal

The girl was very rich and the young man was poor but honest. She liked him, but that was all, and he knew it. One night he had been a little more tender than usual.

"You are very rich," he ventured. "Yes," she replied frankly. "I am worth one million two hundred and fifty thousand pounds."

"And I am poor."

"Will you marry me?"

"No."

"I thought you wouldn't."

"Then why did you ask me?"

"Oh, just to see how a man feels when he loses one million two hundred and fifty thousand pounds."

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

Canada's wheat crop is estimated at 168,386,000 bushels, or 43,696,000 bushels more than last year's.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

Since its introduction from America the chigger has spread far and wide along the west coast of Africa and is now a greatly dreaded pest.

CURED HIS BLADDER TROUBLE

Mr. Herbert Bauer, of Davisville, says he owes Gin Pills a debt of gratitude which he can never repay. He suffered for years with Bladder Trouble, and could not pass Urine except by much straining, which caused great pain.

Mr. Bauer sent for a free sample of Gin Pills. The first dose did him so much good that he ordered six boxes and began to take them regularly. A month's treatment completely cured him.

You can try Gin Pills before you buy them. Write National Drug and Chemical Co. (Dept. N.U.), Toronto, for free sample. At all dealers 50c a box—6 boxes for \$2.50.

In 1883 there were fifteen labor co-operative societies in the United Kingdom; in 1908 there were 142, and their profits in a trade of \$20,510,069 amounted to 888,929.

For Burns and Scalds.—Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil will take the fire out of a burn or scald more rapidly than any other preparation. It should be at hand in every kitchen so that it may be available at any time. There is no preparation required. Just apply the oil to the burn or scald and the pain will abate and in a short time cease altogether.

Chile annually takes imports to the value of about \$100,000,000 United States gold, of which more than 90 per cent. is in manufactured articles, and of which the United States is supplying less than \$9,000,000.

Red, Weak, Watery, 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.

Roumania, with a population of only six and a half millions, could raise an army of 650,000 men if necessary.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, Etc.

A comfortable thing about your children is when they are so naturally impish it's of no use to try to pretend how good they are.

Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia.

By the time a girl gets old enough to believe that men don't mean the nice things they say, she is so old they don't say them any more.

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

The aggregate value of Canadian cheese and butter exported during the year 1908 was approximately, \$18,987,340, a decrease of \$1,999,068, as compared with the previous year; 5,500,000 pounds of butter were exported, as against four million in 1907. The decrease in the total value is, therefore, due to the falling off in the export of cheese.

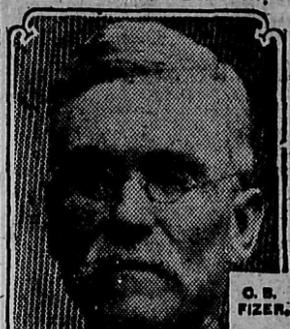
The efficacy of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is curing coughs and colds, and arresting inflammation of the lungs, can be established by hundreds of testimonials from all sorts and conditions of men. It is a standard remedy in these ailments and all affections of the throat and lungs. It is highly recommended by medicine vendors, because they know and appreciate its value as a curative. Try it.

"Prisoner at the Bar," said the portly, pompous and florid magistrate "You are charged with stealing a pig, a very serious offence in this district. There has been a great deal of pig-stealing, and I shall make an example of you, or none of us will be safe."

All babies are so smart it's a mystery where so many brains go before they grow up.

KIDNEY TROUBLE

Suffered Ten Years—Relieved in Three Months Thanks to PE-RU-NA.



C. B. FIZER, Mt. Sterling, Ky., says: "I have suffered with kidney and bladder trouble for ten years past. Last March I commenced using Peruna and continued for three months. I have not used it since, nor have I felt a pain."

Logical Conclusion

"You look sweet enough to kiss," says the impressed young man. "So many gentlemen tell me that," gaily answers the fair girl. "Ah, that should make you happy." "But they merely say that," she replies "They merely tell me the facts in the case, and never prove their statements."

The government of Brazil has determined to develop iron smelting and the iron and steel industry generally, and thus make use of the vast deposits of iron ore which exist in several portions of the country.

CAUSE AND CURE OF NEURALGIA

Modern Methods Dispose of the Cause Instead of Treating the Symptoms.

Neuralgia means simply "nerve pain," so there may be a great variation in the character and intensity of the pain and any nerve in the body may be affected. There are a number of causes of neuralgia, but the most common is a general run-down condition of the system. The discovery of this fact from reliable statistics led to the new treatment for neuralgia which consists in building up the general health by the tonic treatment and so disposing of the cause of the trouble.

Persons reduced by acute sickness, or by severe mental or physical strain, or by loss of sleep are frequently victims of neuralgia and it is common in the case of those suffering from anaemia or bloodlessness. This brings us to the actual cause of neuralgia, which is nerve starvation. The blood which in normal health carries to the nerves all of their nourishment, is unable to perform this duty satisfactorily when it is weak or impure. Build up the blood and the neuralgia pain will disappear as the nerves become better nourished. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a blood-making tonic, and for this reason cure even the most obstinate cases of neuralgia. Every dose of this medicine makes new, rich blood, which feeds the starved veins and drives out the sharp, darting, stabbing pains of neuralgia. Mrs. John Tibert, Little River, N.S., says:—"A few years ago I was a great sufferer from neuralgia in my head and face. At times the attacks were simply excruciating, and I would be forced to remain in bed. I tried doctors' medicines, but did not receive any benefit until I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I am happy to say that the benefit I received from these was wonderful. I may also add that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured my daughter of anaemia and indigestion, at a time when we began to despair of her getting better. I can highly recommend these Pills to anyone suffering from these troubles."

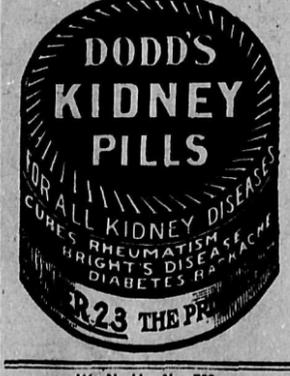
You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills from any dealer in medicines or they will be sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Some men can't even blame cigarettes for their failure to make good.

The Canadian Pacific Railway are running their Annual Excursions from Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta to Eastern Canada, and with the Touring Sleeping Cars, now run on all through trains, enables passengers from Western Canada to travel East with comfort, and at a minimum cost. By taking the "All Canadian Route" (C.P.R.) passengers have very few changes of cars, no tedious transfers across crowded cities and no examination or bonding of baggage.

"She—"Why did he marry her at all if he intended getting a divorce so speedily?"

He—"Because he didn't think it would be honorable to break their engagement."



W. N. U., No. 769

A Collector

Minister—"My dear little boy, why don't you get an umbrella?"

Jakey—"Since pa has stopped going to church he never brings home any more umbrellas."

"I suppose your house is getting an enormously big establishment?" a commercial traveller was asked by a customer. "Bie?" you can't have any idea of its dimensions!" responded the "commercial." "Last week we went through our wages book and found out for the first time that three cashiers and four bookkeepers were missing!"

First Fair Invalid—"Which kind of doctor do you prefer—the allopathic or the homeopathic?"

Second Fair Individual—"I prefer the sympathetic!"

Mamma—"What can I do to induce you to go to bed, dear?"

Nettie (aged 6)—"You can let me sit up another hour."

ZAM-BUK ENDS YEARS OF PAIN

Powerful Proofs of Its Healing Value

As a household remedy, useful in emergencies such as are always arising in any home, and particularly where there are children, Zam-Buk is without equal. Here are some opinions of its merit:

Mrs. Halliday, Wroctzer, Ont., says:—"I have proved Zam-Buk unequalled for cuts, sores and diseases of the skin. In every case to which I have applied it, it has brought about a cure, and I recommend it to all mothers."

Miss Cassie Petrie, Victoria Mines, Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, says:—"For a long time I suffered from pimples and unsightly spots on my face, and they broke out about Zam-Buk, gave it a trial. It has now removed the eruption, and I would heartily recommend it for pimples and skin diseases."

Mr. Joseph Kostyuk, of Woodridge, Man., says:—"I had eczema on my face, neck and hand, so bad that I was unable to leave my room. Several doctors failed to do me any good, although I spent large sums of money. Zam-Buk has effected what they failed to do, and I am now cured."

Zam-Buk is the finest-known cure for skin diseases and injuries. It heals cuts, burns, bruises, a scabies, ulcers, eczema, scald-sores, bad leg, inflamed patches, poisoned sores, insect stings, bilious, sore feet, etc. It also cures piles. All Druggists and Stores sell at 50c. a box, or post free from the Zam-Buk Co., Toronto for price.

HONOR FOR MR. G. T. BELL

His New Gavel is a Unique and Interesting Piece of Furniture.

Everyone who has ever come in contact with the genial presence of Mr. George T. Bell, assistant passenger traffic manager of the Grand Trunk Railway, will be pleased to hear the story of the closing incident of the fifty-fourth annual convention of the American Association of General Passenger and Ticket Agents recently held at Toledo, Ohio. At this convention Mr. Bell presided, and it is interesting to note that he is the first Canadian to be elected president of the association, which is the oldest organization of railway men in the world. This fact, together with the great personal popularity of Mr. Bell with the delegates, were considerations which contributed to the making of the customary presentation of a gavel to the retiring president of the association an affair of more than usual interest and significance.

The Grand Trunk Railway being a great international road with lines in several of the New England States, is a member of a number of the territorial passenger associations there, and it was thought fitting that the New England Passenger Association should make the presentation to Mr. Bell. Then came the problem of securing for the Canadian president a gavel which would be at once emblematic of cordial international relations among railway men, suggestive of future as well as present transportation achievements, and significant as a personal gift. The thing was ingeniously done. The association includes representatives of railways and steamship lines in Canada, Mexico, and the United States. So part of the head of Mr. Bell's presentation gavel was formed of Canadian oak, a part of the fine new steamer Hamonic of the Northern Navigation Co., which is connected with the G.T.R. Blended with the oak is a bit of ebony taken from a railroad tie once used on a line of road in Mexico. The handle was made from a piece of wood which was part of the first successful aeroplane. It was furnished by the Wright brothers, and is suggestive of future transportation achievements in the air. Some time ago Mr. Bell noted at a meeting of the association that in the year the organization was formed the first band of steel of the Suspension Bridge, joining Canada and the United States, was laid across the gorge at Niagara. The gavel was therefore bound together by a strand of steel from one of the cables of this bridge; and there was embedded in it a rivet from the Victoria Tubular Bridge at Montreal, the last rivet of which was driven in 1860 by the King, then Prince of Wales. There is also on the gavel a band of silver from the Drummond mine, in memory of Dr. William Henry Drummond, "humanity's friend," as he is fittingly referred to in the presentation committee's address, and a near friend also of Mr. Bell. Both gavel and case—the latter being made from British Columbia fir and Mexican ebony—were artistically put together by the firm of Tiffany, New York.

Speaking of Justice

"Anyway," remarked the moralizer, "justice is blind."

"Yes," rejoined the demoralizer, "but not so much so as the deluded man who goes to law with the idea that he is sure to get justice."

He was a sturdy little lad bordering on three years of age, and, although he was bawling at the top of his voice after two youngsters, who were running away from him, he still was an attractive sight as he stood with his feet planted wide apart, and tears running down his face.

"What's the matter, Buddy?" asked a passer-by; "wouldn't they let you play with them?"

He stopped yelling a moment and look at his questioner. "I don't care about that," he said. "But they called me a cry-baby." Whereupon he resumed his yelling.—Newark Call.

The foreign population of Morocco is divided into the following classes, in order of their preponderance: Spanish speaking, including Jews, 50,000; French speaking, 20,000; English speaking, 5,000; German speaking 1,000; others, 2,000.

The Beauty of a Clear Skin.—The condition of the liver regulates the condition of the blood. A disordered liver causes impurities in the blood and these show themselves in blemishes on the skin. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills in acting upon the liver act upon the blood and a clear, healthy skin will follow intelligent use of this standard medicine. Ladies, who will fully appreciate this prime quality of these pills, can use them with the certainty that the effect will be most gratifying.

England's newest vessel of the Dreadnought type, the Neptune, has a displacement of 230,250 tons.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

He—"My teeth are aching awfully."

She—"You must have left them out in a droughty place."

Honored, but Empty.

The emperor of Austria holds lengthy dinners in detestation. In no circumstances will he spend more than forty-five minutes at table. Guests at the imperial banquets, which invariably consist of twelve courses, suffer the tortures of Tantalus, for no sooner are their plates charred than they see them whisked away in order to keep within the time limit. The emperor's "table-decker," or grooms of the table, are the chief gainers by this arrangement, as all food left over goes to them as a perquisite. These officials make arrangements with the proprietor of a restaurant near the palace, whether the dishes are taken as soon as they leave the dining room, and where Vienna gourmets flock when they hear that Franz Josef is giving a state dinner. Some of the imperial guests have been known to visit this restaurant after leaving the palace in an honored but empty condition.—London Chronicle.

The Royal Picture Dealer.

"The royal picture dealer is making preparations for another sale," says the Brussels correspondent of a Berlin paper. "The people of Belgium are still muttering about the sale of the old masters by King Leopold, but the royal merchant is not disturbed and shows his disregard by sending a collection of 250 modern works on its first stage to the auctioneer's block. The pictures were taken from the royal residence to the museum, where they may be seen by those who pay for the privilege for three months, and then to the auctioneer. Leopold will also sell all the castle furniture, and liberal American purchasers will receive as gratuities letters of Louis Philippe which will guarantee the genuineness of the various pieces."

The Trackless Trolley.

The trackless trolley is under discussion in street railroad circles, and it is quite possible it will be tried in the United States in the near future. It originated in France, but is much in use in many parts of the continent. It is used on suburban routes. It is an omnibus run by an electric motor, getting its power from a trolley wire. As it uses no track it does not interfere in the slightest with the operation of other street traffic, and the line can be constructed quickly and cheaply. In places arrangements are made by persons operating private electric vehicles to use the power of the trackless trolley line, and private automobiles with trolley attachment are not a novelty in France.—New Orleans Picayune.

Ownership of the Pole.

The territorial sovereignty of the pole, the British Law Journal points out, belongs presumably to the United States. But what lawyers would call a "preliminary objection" goes to the root of the matter. Can there, asks the Law Journal, be any question of territorial sovereignty if the only territory is an open polar sea? "Cook sank his cylinder with the stars and stripes in it on an ice floe, and Peary seems to have planted his flag on the same precarious and shifting foundation, and the sea, it has long been settled, cannot become the exclusive property of any nation."

Electric Smelting.

At Nelson, B. C., a large electric smelter is now at work reducing mixed ores of lead and zinc. The ore is first crushed to the size of wheat grains and then roasted, by which process most of the sulphur is removed. From the roaster the ore goes to the electric furnace, which melts it into slag. The lead, sinking through the slag, passes into a crucible. The zinc takes the gaseous form and is led into condensors, from which it is ladled out into pigs.

WEAK LUNGS

RESTORED BY PSYCHINE. "PSYCHINE" has restored thousands of people to buoyant health and strength whose condition had been regarded as hopeless. It is a tonic and flesh-builder, containing remarkable properties as a blood purifier and germicide. It will strengthen and heal the weak lungs, force out the phlegm, and drive away the cough, no matter of how long standing. "PSYCHINE" tones up the whole system and drives out disease, heals the decayed tissues and restores lost energy. It is used daily will prevent and ward off that most subtle disease consumption. Write for a Free Sample. For Sale by all Druggists & Dealers, 50c. & \$1 per bottle. Dr. T. A. S. UN LIMITED, TORONTO

PSYCHINE PRONOUNCED SI-KEEN

Out of Sight Father—Johnny, does the teacher in school ever give you any good marks? Johnny—Yes, father, but I can't show them to you here.

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

She—"I hear that you lost your valuable little dog, Mr. Dudley." He—"Yes, in a railway accident. I was saved, but the dawg was killed. She (shocked)—"What a pity."

Advertisement for SALADA tea, featuring a cup of tea and the text: A Perfect CUP OF TEA IS OBTAINED BY USING "SALADA" Lead Packets Only. At all Grocers 40c, 50c, and 60c per pound

Advertisement for learning at home, featuring the text: LEARN AT HOME We Teach You by mail. Book-keeping, shorthand, arithmetic, commercial law, penmanship, matriculation, teachers' courses, steam engineering, mechanical drawing, beginners' course, and over 100 other courses. Write today for full information. Canadian Correspondence College Ltd., Dept. P., Toronto, Can.



BLACK KNIGHT STOVE POLISH

Has the "Black Knight" come to your home? Let him show you the quick and easy way to shine the stoves.

"Black Knight" takes all the hard work and dirty work out of stove polishing.

It's a paste—so there is no watery mixture to be prepared.

Just a few rubs with cloth or brush brings a mirror-like shine that "you can see your face in". And the shine lasts!

Most dealers handle and recommend "Black Knight" Stove Polish. If your dealer cannot supply it, send for a big can—sent postpaid.

THE F. F. BALLEE CO. LIMITED, Hamilton, Ont.

Advertisement for Dainty Silver, featuring the text: Dainty Silver Possessing a charm equalled only by its fine wearing quality, silverware marked "1847 ROGERS BROS." is the ready choice of those who want the best in knives, forks, spoons, etc. Best tea sets, dishes, wafers, etc., are stamped MERIDEN BRITA CO. SOLD BY LEADING DEALERS "Silver Plates that Wear"

Advertisement for KELPION, featuring the text: KELPION A PERFECT HOME REMEDY. Endorsed by the English journals—"Lancet," "Science," "British Medical," "Health." Supplied to British Soldiers in South Africa. For all Throat and Head Troubles, Feverishness, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Old Sores, Eczema, Venereal Skin Diseases, Erysipelas, Pimples, Itch, Scabies, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sprains, Bruises, Piles, Cuts, Sore Feet and Frost Bites. Sold by Druggists, 25c. Try it once.

In and Around Town

Pay Day.
 Work has begun on the new saw mill.
 Thos. Corkill, of Corbin, was here on Monday.
 Thousands of logs are waiting for the mill to start operation.
 H. F. Weber has bought E. Estabrook's house in block 4.
 Miss Rae Pickering is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. S. Thompson.
 The B. C. Telephone Co. expect to make connection with Alberta today.
 A. C. Nelson, assessor for East Kootenay, was here Thursday and Friday.
 Two Salvation Army lassies were here on Thursday selling the Christmas War Cry.
 G. W. Munroe, the well-known cigar traveller, from Calgary, was here on Tuesday.
 Chas. J. Battman, of Winnipeg, has taken a permanent position with H. F. Weber.
 Geo. Leach, is in the bastille for the next ten days as the result of the vintage of '88.
 There is said to be at least a five year's job cutting the timber from the side of the mountain.
 John Delaney, Great Northern roadmaster, was at the Great Northern hotel on Wednesday.
 There are nearly one hundred men working in the Breckenridge lumber camp just west of the town.
 Rumor has it that Chas. Garner has been elected International Board member by a large majority.
 Miss Minnie Kelly, who has been in charge of the school here, leaves today for Calgary to spend Christmas.
 It is stated that the firm of Douglas & Stedman, of the Kootenay hotel, will dissolve partnership today.
 J. R. Pollock, of the Pollock Wine Co., Fernie, was here on Tuesday, attending the annual meeting of the Elk Valley Brewery.
 At the police court on Wednesday J. Otsuji was fined ten dollars and costs for frequenting the red light district.
 We want to get the Reporter on the streets on Friday evening. Advertisers will consult their own interests best by turning in copy for change of ads. as early in the week as possible.
 If you wish to send a letter in a hurry, be sure to write "in haste" on the envelope. The postmaster and clerks will then fall over each other in their haste to get it in the first mail, then the postal clerk will yell to the engineer: "Pull her wide open here's a letter in a rush." and the train will just fly. It is expensive for the railroads, as accidents are liable to happen, and the officials will not thank us for giving the snap away, but this is the way to get letters through real quick.
 In regard to our schools, parents have duties to perform, which they can ill afford to neglect. They should show to their children that they have an interest in the school. They should examine carefully the reports sent by the teacher, should see that their children are in school every day, and punctual; should assist and encourage their children to do all their school duties faithfully and well; should co-operate with the teacher in securing the prompt return of their children home after school is dismissed; should make a friendly visit to the school and talk freely with the teacher and principal in regard to same.

ELK VALLEY BREWERY
 At the annual meeting of the Elk Valley Brewery, held on Tuesday, the following officers were elected:— President G. B. Stedman; Vice-President Thomas Crahan; Manager Otto Meier; Secretary-Treasurer T. H. Cox. Directors:— G. B. Stedman, Thos. Crahan, Otto Meier, T. H. Cox, John Crahan, J. R. Pollock, and Arthur Young.

Old Michel

The rink this year is a dandy.
 Dr. Bell of Cranbrook was here last Saturday.
 H. W. Reid is laid up with quinsy. We hope to see him around again soon.
 What's the matter with the Canadian Club? We don't hear much about it these days.
 There is a yarn going around that one of the mines is going up on the 23rd. Are the people in this camp superstitious? It would be a good thing if the persons who start such rot were made to suffer for their damphoolishness.
 Wm. Mast and John Sewell left on Sunday for Portland, Ore., to attend the funeral of the late Wm. Sewell. The sad news of his death came on Saturday morning. He left here a little over a month ago. He was not in good health and thought the change would do him good. He was very popular, a good musician and will be greatly missed in Michel. The heartfelt sympathy of the community is extended to his brother Jack and to his family in the old country.
Clark's Moving Picture Show
 Clark's Moving Picture Show on Tuesday night, in Crahan's Hall, drew out the usual large crowd. There is no doubt but Clark puts on the best show of all round attractions that comes through the Pass. Another thing, Clark has all his printing done in union offices and as it carries the union label, all union men should patronize his show to the exclusion of the scab outfits that use rubber stamps for date lines and have their bills printed in non-union offices by kids. His vaudeville specialties are good and for an evenings fine, clean entertainment, don't miss Tuesday night.
Great Northern Lunch Counter
 The lunch counter now open at the Great Northern hotel, is proving to be a great convenience for those who wish a meal after the dining rooms close. You can get pretty near anything you call for and the cooking under the charge of C. Hammelvang is of excellent quality. The patronage is steadily on the increase, and it must be gratifying to the proprietor, A. J. McCool, to realize that his efforts to cater to the public have so quickly been appreciated.
 The friends of this paper will please hand us in news items when they are fresh. We prefer not to publish a birth after the child is weaned, a marriage after the honeymoon is over, or the death of a man after his widow is married again.

Contract to let for digging and cribbing well.
H. F. WEBER

HOTEL WALDORF FERNIE
 HOME OF COMFORT
MRS. S. JENNINGS Proprietor
 LESLIE MILLS, MANAGER

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
PATENTS
 TRADE MARKS, DESIGNS, COPYRIGHTS & C.
 Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the **Scientific American**.
 A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms for Canada, \$4.75 a year, postage prepaid. Sold by all newsdealers.
MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
 Branch Office, 65 F St., Washington, D. C.

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

BADGE OF HONOR
 — THE —


THE MICHEL REPORTER
 SUBSCRIPTION ONE DOLLAR

One Cent a Word

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

HELP WANTED—MALE

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

WANTED—MISCELLANEOUS

SECOND-HAND HEATERS FOR SALE. Apply J. Seigel, New Michel.

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

FOR SALE

IF YOU ARE IN DOUBT WHAT TO BUY your husband or best young man drop into BOYD & MUIR'S and buy a combination set containing Braces, Arm Bands and Garters in fancy boxes. He'll be tickled all over.

A SECTION OF LAND (554 acres) Lots 4132 and 4133, situated about four miles up Elk River from Michel, British Columbia. Good soil and abuts on western bank of river. For further particulars apply "L" REPORTER OFFICE.

Business Bringers

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

DON'T MISS CLARK'S SHOW TUESDAY.

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

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

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

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

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

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.

Still Another Drop
 In the price of Ladies Costumes

"Her Majesty's" Brand
 Fine Panama Cloth, assorted colors. Manufacturers Price \$15 to \$18.50, must sell at \$12.50
 Vicunas and Fancy Serge, beautiful patterns. Manufacturers Prices from \$18.50 to \$24. must sell at \$15.
 Come in and See Them

We have just received a New supply of **HOLIDAY TIES**
 the latest New York patterns. See them on display in our window, Monday.



DO NOT FAIL
 to get your ticket on **The Free Dolls**



The contest closes Xmas eve. You get a chance with every 50 cents worth of goods you buy.
 Cash or on Time

WEBER
 The Workingman's Store
 New Michel

CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT

THE REPORTER, NEW MICHEL, B.C.



SANTA CLAUS UP TO DATE



CHRISTMAS



CHRISTMAS is here. The stores are being congested. Bargain counters are being besieged. Spirits and stockings are going up. Minds are ubiquitously working over the problem of what to give.

Christmas is in the air. It is in the clouds, in the cars, along the trails, and in every childish eye. Post and express offices are working overtime sending out messages of good cheer. Fat turkeys are strutting aimlessly, unconscious of martyrdom. Cornucopias are looking up, and the candy sellers are growing ambitious.

Christmas is with us. Churches are being trimmed. Spruce trees are spreading their branches for coming burdens. Small, chubby hands are being clasped in joyous expectation. Round, full little hearts are beating high. Secrets are being kept—and broken. Santa Claus is hiring extra hands.

There is agitation supreme in all the toy windows. Little steam cars are beginning to puff with pride. Hobby horses are feeling their oats. Tables are beginning to groan, and as for Cupid, he is just as warm as ever in a fur-lined overcoat.

Jack Frost is also at work at the same old painter's trade. Fingers are being surreptitiously measured. Mysterious packages are being smuggled in through back doors. Significant smiles are being exchanged. Bills are coming in, but who cares? For Christmas is here again.

And incidentally, we wish each of our friends a Merry Christmas, and hope that each and every one of them may have a Christmas tree; not a Christmas tree especially reserved for himself, but one that you may be only too glad to share with others.

One of the peculiarities of the Christmas tree is that it has no pride of birth; rich or poor, it is always the same, and it is even thought by some that the humbler its aspect—the more thin and shabby its appearance—the more joy it carries to those to whom it goes. This is, doubtless, because the Christmas tree is not so much dependent upon mere externals, but carries beneath its rugged exterior a heart of pure gold; and possibly its love is more likely to reach out for the poor, rather than to the very rich.

To whomsoever it goes, the Christmas tree carries its own special radiance. May it shine upon you all, good friends, and make your Christmas what it ought to be.

Christmas Fruits

By EUSTACE MILES

ONE of the pleasantest associations of Christmas is the fruit. Besides the sugary, crystallized fruit (of which perhaps the less said the better), there is always, at least in upper and middle class families, the fresh fruit and the dried fruit and nuts at dessert, to say nothing of the dried fruit in the Christmas pudding and mince-pies.

And from the humanitarian point of view the fruit is the least objectionable part of our food: the taint of the shambles is not about it; it is in harmony with the highest ethical ideals of Christmas Day. And perhaps from the health point of view the use of fresh fruit does something to counteract the excess of other foods, and to keep the body less clogged than it would otherwise be. From the aesthetic point of view nothing could be more admirable than the array of fruit—the oranges, apples, bananas, raisins, figs, dates, and, in the plum-pudding, the sultanas and currants, and so on.

Today the above mentioned small range of producing countries would not nearly supply the enormous demand. We draw now on the whole globe, and still we need more than we can get at a moderate price. Take apples as an example. In 1870 two-thirds of the entire stock of apples in the country were exhausted at Christmas. At the present time the supply of marketable English apples, except for a few varieties used at dessert, is exhausted long before, and at Christmas we are drawing on American and Canadian apples. In 1870 we had none of these, only Normandy pippins, which sold wholesale in Covent Garden at ninety-five shillings a hundredweight at Christmas-time. Again, as late as 1886 bananas did not find their way into England regularly; they only reached here irregularly from time to time. Now, although their best time is July and August, they are to be found also at Christmas. They are among the cheapest and most popular of all Christmas fruits. Some of the best prunes come now from California and Oregon. Trade with these countries is comparatively recent. California also gives us excellent bottled fruits.

The first consignment of Jamaica oranges, which form an important part of

the better and the inferior classes. For instance, the ordinary grocer will perhaps be unable to tell you that the best raisins are the Malaga, very dark and thin-skinned muscatels, beautifully sweet. These raisins have to be dried in the sun, artificial drying experiments having proved a comparative failure. Probably in part because of the abundance of sunlight, Australia and the Cape will soon become important countries for raisins. The fruit is prepared for packing. It is dipped for an instant in boiling water for the sake of sterilization, and then it is dried on straw in the sun, when it shrinks to a half or a third of its original bulk. The ordinary raisin of the grocer is a cheaper kind—larger, redder, and coarser.

Figs begin to come in in November. The figs from Turkey are the best. The unpressed are better than the pressed; they are more fleshy and juicy. Two harvests are gathered each year in the Levant. We get the second or summer crop. The commoner varieties are sulphured before they are dried in the sun, and the sulphur tends to destroy the flavor.

The finest sultanas are the Greek. The commoner kinds are highly sulphured, so as to produce a clean color. In Asia Minor sultanas are still brought into

and the peel cooked and crystallized in a sugar-solution here.

Bananas are not naturally at their best at Christmas-time; they are artificially ripened, and therefore dearer. Still, they are a most popular fruit, and are indispensable in fruit-salads, etc.

Turning to the dried fruits—apricots, apples, peaches, etc.—we find that they are all of fairly modern growth and chiefly from America, which does the best trade. The same applies to bottled fruits. California is now bottling fruits in distilled water. There is no doubt that the bottled fruits have come to stay.

The origin of the canning of fruit is interesting. Years ago, when the excavations of Pompeii were beginning, some Americans discovered many jars of preserved figs in what had been the pantry of a house. One of these jars was opened, and the figs were found to be fresh and good. The hint was taken, and the very next year fruit-canning was introduced in the United States. An interesting account is given in Food for September 15, 1884.

A word may be said about the food-value of these fruits, so that we may consider how far they are likely to take the place of other Christmas foods; certainly the other Christmas foods are not likely to take their place! First and foremost come the nuts, which, as a general rule, can take the place of any flesh-foods, especially if they are properly prepared. Already many families use Brazil nuts or pine-kernels or other nuts freely in the Christmas plum-pudding. Nuts are the only fruits that have any considerable body-building value.

In an entirely different class come the dried fruits, which are comparatively poor in body-building elements or proteid, but are rich in a kind of sugar which is generally very easily digested. Figs, dates, prunes, and sultanas have a reputation as aperients; they were and are an important part of the ancient dietary of many peoples.

The fresh fruits, excepting the banana, which stands as distinct from them, have scarcely any body-building value, their chief value is because of their pure water and natural 'salts.' Different fruits have different effects, some being useful for one purpose, others for another; but among the most honored of all fruits for their health-value are apples, grapes, and melons. Almost every healing virtue has been attributed to the apple—for instance, the power of dissolving uric acid; and the grape-cure is familiar, by name at least, to every one. Lemon is well known to be a cooling fruit and a preventive of scurvy. It would be easy to devote page after page to the subject of the curative effects of various fruits.

Here, however, it must suffice to ask, what will become of the orthodox roast-beef and turkey-and-sausages a century hence? Will they still generally survive, or will they have given place to a non-flesh dinner, not necessarily of fruits only, for that would be unwise, but with fruits as part of the healthy elements in the meal, and also because of old associations with Christmas-time? For when we see side by side at Christmas-time, in the poorer districts or in the richer districts, the stalls or shops of the butchers, poulterers, and fishmongers on the one hand, and of the fruiterers and greengrocers on the other hand, we cannot hesitate for a moment as to which is the pleasanter sight, which is the one which we should prefer that our children should associate with the idea of Christmas.

UNDER THE MISTLETOE

YOU had no business to kiss me," said she, poutingly.
"But it wasn't business; it was pleasure," he responded.

IT IS the human touch which gives to the Christmas story its perpetual charm. Not the song of the angels, which the shepherds heard as they were watching over their flocks; not the star which appeared in the far east and led the Wise Men across the plains to Bethlehem. It is the little Child cradled in a manger and the loving mother bending over Him, by which all hearts are touched anew as often as the beautiful is told.

—Edward B. Coe.



How the Christmas Dinner Came to Canada Three Hundred Years Ago

The orange itself has always been invested with romance, perhaps because the Crusaders, who first met with the fruit in the Levant, fostered the theory that it was the golden apple of the Hesperides. "Psychic" people set the orange high among fruits. Then there is the date, which was an object of peculiar veneration in prehistoric times; it was a symbol of helpfulness, and we need not wonder at this when we consider its value to the Egyptians. The fig, besides its well-known health-properties, carries us back to the days of Greece when athletes used figs as an important part of their dietary.

It is very pleasant, from whatever point of view one looks at it, to find fruit taking a more important place than ever before in Christmas fare. This change has been steady during recent years. For instance, a quarter of a century ago we used not to have bananas at Christmas. Our oranges came (and very sour they were as a rule) from Spain and Italy, our prunes from France, our figs and dates from a few ports in Asia Minor and Northern Africa, while our apples and pears were almost exclusively home products.

Think also of the prices twenty-five years ago. Boxes of about three hundred St. Michael oranges cost from sixteen to eighteen shillings a box wholesale in Covent Garden, Egyptian dates fifty shillings a hundredweight, apples twelve shillings a bushel, and pears from threepence to ninepence each.

the present trade of Jamaica, was in 1867. The first consignment of Jaffa oranges to England was as recent as 1885; these had to be transhipped at Alexandria, since no English steamer was then running direct. Today oranges are also grown largely in Florida and elsewhere.

It was the Indian and Colonial Exhibition of 1886 that first drew colonial fruits to England in any quantity. Australian apples reached us then for the first time; but Tasmania, the great apple and pear country, was, I believe, not represented at all. In 1874 some apples had reached Vienna for the International Exhibition from New South Wales; they were packed in cotton-wool, and this was thought a wonderfully clever idea. In 1886 Messrs. Scrutton & Sons began to bring fresh fruit from the West Indies in cool chambers specially fitted up for the purpose, and I believe the Elder Line has recently put on special ships for the banana-trade.

It must be noticed that we do not get the best of all these fruits from the ordinary grocers. Some specialist in fruit, like Mr. Bilson, of Gray's Inn Road (to whom I am very much indebted for some of the information here, and who has had twenty years' experience of the trade, and has grown up with it), will give much better samples of Christmas fruit than one who is not conversant with the differences between

port on the backs of camels, and are re-packed before shipment.

The best currants are the small black, rich and fleshy kind; the ordinary provincials which are commonly used are far inferior. There has been an enormous growth recently in the currant-trade with Greece: it has been advertised freely. Let us hope that Australia will experiment with currant-growing, and reap some of the harvest of this advertising.

Of prunes the French no longer hold the decidedly best kinds. California and Oregon compete with France, the Oregon variety being stoneless.

The best Canadian and California apples begin to arrive early in November, and are actually at their best about Christmas-time. The Newton pippin and northern spy (a variety like the Baldwin, and excellent for table and cooking) are among the best kinds.

Pears come from the same districts, but of course are more perishable.

Oranges are sweeter and riper now than they used to be at Christmas. Valencians are the finest kind to use at Christmas—Valencia oranges and Messina melons.

As to dates, Tafflets come first (from Algeria) and Egyptian second. The common date, the Tunis or honey date, is dressed with syrup before it is pressed; hence its sweetness.

Candied peels are brought over in brine-pickle; then the salt is washed out,

DANIEL, the gateman, was sitting on the pine bench before his little square gate-house, gazing gloomily up the empty stretch of South Fourteenth Street. He was an old man, and having outlived his days of usefulness as an active railroad man had been given the gates at the grade crossing in Fairview. It was not a lively job. During the middle of the day nothing used the track but an occasional bobtail freight, and South Fourteenth Street itself was not lively. Teams avoided the heavy road of loose sawdust, knee-deep over a bed of pine slabs. Morning and evening, to be sure, the sawmill hands passed the gate-house in a hurrying stream, and some time during the day S. Potts usually dropped over to have a word with Daniel. The days were as long for S. Potts as for Daniel. Except in the morning and evening customers seldom entered his corner saloon, and S. Potts could sit on Daniel's bench and keep an eye on his own door. For five years he had poured upon Daniel the vast stores of his knowledge, and he felt a sort of proprietorship in the old man.

"S. Potts," said Daniel, as his friend took his customary seat on the bench, "I wisht I had turned out to be an inventor, 'stead of a railroad man, I do."

S. Potts settled his long legs comfortably, and shook his head. "Now, there you go, Daniel!" he said reproachfully. "Here I've been teachin' you philosophy for near six years—just chuckin' it into you free gratis by wholesale, as I might say—an' still you ain't satisfied."

"I am satisfied, S. Potts," said the old man. "I'm just too satisfied for any use."

"No, you ain't, Daniel," insisted S. Potts. "You're sore an' mad an' discontented, an' it pretty nigh discourages me. Here you are, sixty-four years old, goin' on sixty-five, an' you've got a good job as gateman to this railroad, an' yet you ain't satisfied."

"Yes, I am," insisted Daniel; "yes, I am, S. Potts."

"No, you ain't," S. Potts reasserted, "an' I don't take it as no compliment to me, neither. It ain't everybody that has a chance to associate with me an' hear me talk. You can't claim I've been stingy in giving you free information, Daniel. I've give you enough knowledge to make you equal to Solomon, an' I've learned you philosophy until you ought to be chuck-full of it. But the more I learn you the less you seem to know, an' you keep kickin' all the time."

"You hadn't ought to git mad at me, S. Potts," said Daniel. "You know—"

"I wouldn't blame you so much, Daniel," interrupted S. Potts, "if you didn't have me to talk to, but it does seem, associating with me like you do, an' hearin' me talk, you ought to have more sense. Sometimes I think I won't bother with you no more, only I'm so full of knowledge it sort of hurts my head. An' all of it, every drop of it, I pour on you, Daniel. You ought to be mighty thankful."

"I am thankful," began Daniel, but S. Potts interrupted him again.

"If you was you'd be singing and dancing like a nightingale," he said. "If you knew what was best for you, you would be mighty glad to sit on this bench here and listen to me talk."

"I am," declared Daniel.

"No, you ain't," insisted S. Potts. "I've knowed you for five years, Daniel, and if I had thought it was best for you to be an inventor I'd have made you into one. But I seen you wasn't fitted to be made into an inventor, an' that is why I didn't make you into one. I seen you was fitted to be a gateman, an' I left you be one, didn't I?"

"You did, S. Potts," Daniel admitted.

"I might have made you into an inventor an' sent you off, an' then somebody with brains take this job so's I could talk to him an' git some comfort out of it," said S. Potts. "But the minute I seen you I knew that if I made you into an inventor you would go an' invent somethin' to ruin yourself, like Peter Guppy did."

"I'm perfectly satisfied, S. Potts," said Daniel.

"That's the kind of inventor you'd be, the kind that Peter Guppy was," continued S. Potts. "He was just such

Teeth is Teeth

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

a discontented old kicker like you are, Daniel, but he was worse off—he didn't have no S. Potts to be a model for him. He had a nice, steady job sawin' wood, an' all he ever had to do was just rest one knee on the sawbuck an' push a saw up an' down all day; no brain work, like the kind that wears me out—just plain wood-sawing. He had everything to make a man happy, except he didn't have no friend to come across from the saloon an' give him good advice, like you have."

"I'm satisfied," Daniel said, but S. Potts continued:

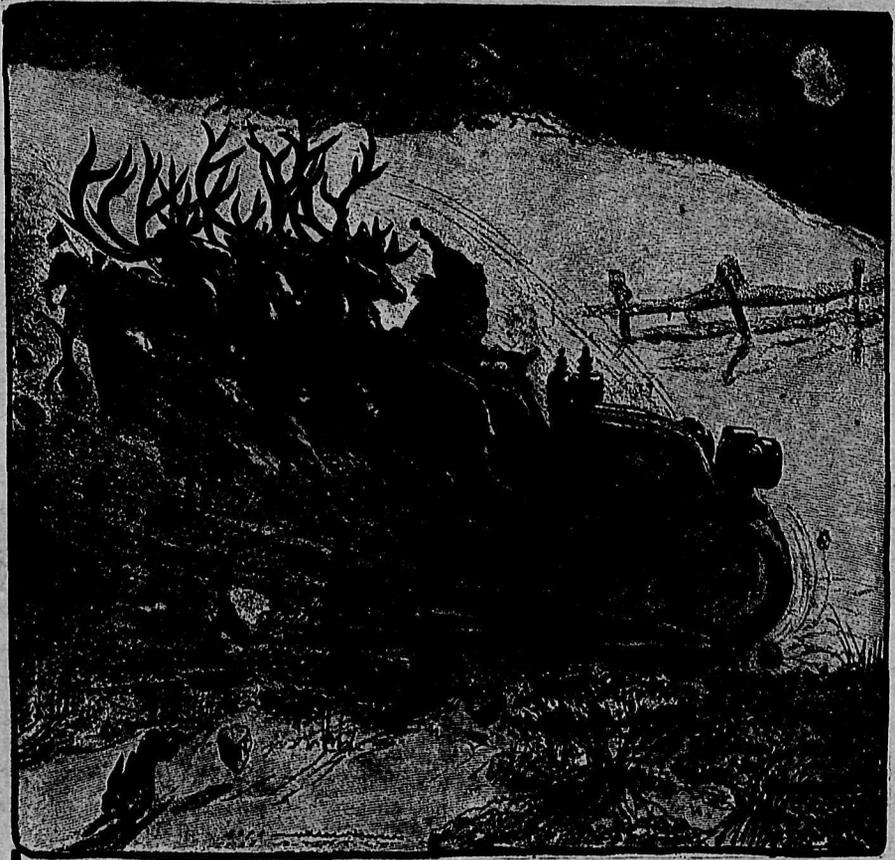
"No, you ain't, an' he wasn't. He

it is today—false teeth was already as good as they could be made. But Peter Guppy was like you, always complainin' an' unsatisfied, so he went an' had the few old teeth he had left in his head pulled out, an' had a good set of false ones made—double set, uppers an' lowers—an' he used to set on his saw-buck day after day with them false teeth in his hand studyin' 'em an' wonderin' how he could improve on 'em. An' at night he would sigh, an' go to bed, an' then he couldn't sleep for thinkin' of them false teeth. He was about three years thinkin' how to invent better false teeth."

go on champin' 'em. So one day he says: 'I declare to goodness, if it's goin' to take me forty years to invent somethin' new about these here teeth, I wisht there was some way the plaguy things could do their own champin'! My hands is 'most wore out champin' the plaguy things.' An' right there, Daniel, was where he got the idee."

"I can almost see it, S. Potts," said Daniel.

"Power!" said S. Potts. "Power! That's what he thought of. That's what he thought of. That's what a lazy man always thinks of first off—gittin' power to do his work for him. First off Peter Guppy thought he'd hire a boy to champ his teeth for him, whilst all he had to do would be to lay back an' look on; but he didn't have no money to hire a boy. Then he thought what a fine thing it would be to have self-workin' teeth that would champ by machinery whilst he looked on, an' then he stood up an' yelled. He'd thought what he could invent about false teeth. He could invent self-operatin' teeth. Nobody had ever invented self-operatin' teeth, so far as he knew."



Santa Takes His Reindeer in Case of An Emergency

was like you, Daniel. He wanted to invent, an' he looked around to see somethin' to invent that hadn't been invented already, an' what he saw was false teeth. False teeth looked to him like a good thing to invent, because nobody had invented anything very new in false teeth since he could remember."

"Say," exclaimed Daniel, "I wisht I had thought of false teeth! False teeth would be a mighty good thing to invent, wouldn't it, S. Potts?"

"I told you you hadn't no more sense than Peter Guppy had," said S. Potts pitilessly, "but Peter Guppy had more brains than what you have, Daniel. How would you go about inventin' false teeth? Just tell me how?"

Daniel gazed at the sawdusty level of South Fourteenth Street, and creased his tanned forehead into thoughtful wrinkles. He shifted uneasily on his bench, and frowned hard. "Well, of course, I can't say right off like this," he said at length, "but if I had time

"The reason nobody had been gittin' new inventions in false teeth," interrupted S. Potts, "was the same then as

"It was worth it, it was worth it!" said Daniel enthusiastically.

"Three years," said S. Potts, "that was the time that Peter Guppy put in settin' around holdin' his uppers an' lowers in his hand. Sometimes he would hold the uppers in one hand an' the lowers in the other, an' sometimes he would hold them all in one hand an' scratch his head with the other, an' all the while he was gittin' more an' more discouraged. They ain't nothin' more disheartenin' than to set day after day studyin' false teeth. The more you look at 'em the more they look just like what they always looked like. But Peter Guppy was just such a fool as you are, Daniel. He hadn't no sense."

"Well, S. Potts, we can't all be—"

began Daniel.

"He was lazy, that's what he was," said S. Potts. "He wanted to git rich quick, like you do. He'd set by the day with them uppers an' lowers in his hand, openin' an' shuttin' his hand so them teeth would champ open an' shut before his eyes, an' when he got tired in his right hand he would shift them teeth over into his left hand an'

"I wisht I had thought of that invention," said Daniel greedily.

"I bet you do," said S. Potts. "That's about what sense you've got. But it wasn't much to invent. I could have thought of it long before Peter Guppy did, but I seen it was a foolish thing to invent, so I didn't think of it. Anybody could have seen that the only way to improve a perfect thing like false teeth was to put power into them, but I wouldn't do it. No, sir! But Peter Guppy went right ahead an' done it. He set right to work an' invented Guppy's Auxiliary Motor Teeth, an, was as proud as pie. Soon as I seen 'em I shook my head. I hated to discourage him, but I hadn't no faith in self-actin' teeth, so I just hiked up my head an' shook it. But it didn't do no good."

"I guess he made a lot o' money, didn't he?" asked Daniel wistfully.

"Out of an invention I had shook my head at?" questioned S. Potts scornfully. "Peter Guppy thought he would make a lot of money. That's what he thought. Them teeth looked all right, an' they would have fooled you, Daniel.

They was rigged up with a clockwork spring, an' when Peter Guppy touched a button they went right to work an' chewed. Just like I'm openin' an' shuttin' my hand here—champ, champ, champ! That's the way they worked when Peter Guppy held 'em in his hand. He figgered they'd save a lot of labor, an' lots of time, too, because all a feller had to do was push his food into his mouth, an' them teeth would do the chewin'. Peter Guppy was mighty proud."

"I'd be proud," said Daniel. "I wasn't," said S. Potts. "I waited. Peter Guppy went around town tellin' how he was the greatest benefactor America ever had, an' that all this nation had needed was him to invent them teeth, an' now it would be the happiest on earth. He said everybody knew that what was the matter with America was indigestion an' dyspepsia, caused by lack of not chewin' their food enough, caused by the lack of time for eatin'. Now, he said, folks wouldn't have to chew long, they could chew quick. They could set their teeth at high speed, an' the teeth would chew sixty bites a second, or if they wanted to git some satisfaction chewin' tobacco or gum they could set the teeth at

teeth," said S. Potts. "They had to have room in 'em for the spring, an' that made 'em step mos' too high when he had 'em in his mouth. Peter had only about a two-inch-high mouth, an' them teeth was three-inch steppers. They sort o' strained his mouth. There ain't nothin' much worse in false teeth than to have 'em tread too high, 'specially when they tread by machinery. It used to tira Peter all out, openin' an' shuttin' his mouth that way, sixty times to the second, an' them teeth used to knock so hard on the roof of his mouth that he had to sit at meals with one hand on the top of his head to hold himself down, an' even then he bounced so hard on the chair that he jarred the house some. The whole neighborhood could tell when Peter was havin' a little nourishment. He made a noise like a motor-boat. Them that seen him said it was sort o' funny to see him, settin' back with his mouth wide open an' them teeth jiggin' away inside of it. Often he used to joggle clean off onto the floor, an' if he didn't grab the table-leg with his free hand he would joggle all 'round the room. I wouldn't have had the things at no price."

"Neither would I," said Daniel. "Yes, you would," said S. Potts.

finger. They bit him three times before he could git his finger out, an' he was so mad he grabbed 'em an' threw 'em across the room, an' they lit on the sofa an' chewed a sofa-pillow till daybreak. When Peter got up in the morning there wasn't nothin' left of the sofa-pillow but fine leather dust, an' the teeth had chewed on through the sofa, an' fell to the floor an' chewed the hind leg of the sofa clean off. Peter's wife was so mad she never smiled again until she got his insurance money. Peter died from them teeth."

"I s'pose," said Daniel, thoughtfully, "I s'pose that when them teeth bit Peter they give him hydrophobia."

S. Potts looked at him sorrowfully. "Ef that ain't just like you, Daniel!" he said. "There ain't no logic in you. Of course if this was a pack an' parcel o' lies I was tellin' you, it might be that I'd go on an' say that Peter Guppy got the hydrophobia from that bite, but nothin' of that kind happened. Naturally. Because them was Peter's own teeth what bit him. If Peter had had hydrophobia when them teeth bit him then they would have give it to him, like as not, but he didn't have. The trouble was that he swallowed them teeth. I don't suppose you know any-

way, if Peter Guppy had wanted to have a pair he could have rigged up another, but on the way down the push-button bumped against his esophagus, an' it set them teeth goin'. Never shall I forgit that scene, Daniel, an' I hope it will be a lesson to you."

"I hope so, S. Potts," said Daniel. "I hope so, but I doubt it," said S. Potts. "I heard poor Peter yell, an' I run, an' so did everybody, an' there was poor Peter layin' on the ground, writhin' in agony, an' nobody knowed what was the matter. Some thought he was havin' a fit, an' some thought maybe he was inventin' some new invention. Then all of a sudden we seen a little lump rise on his left knee, an' out come them teeth. Whilst we was all dumfounded, they sort of looked around an' give a champ or two, an' jumped right at Peter's other leg, an' disappeared, sixty champs to the second. There wasn't much we could do. Some said one thing an' some said another, but any of them wouldn't have done no good; if so I would have done it. You know that, Daniel. When the sun went down there wasn't nothin' left of Peter Guppy but one shoe, an' them Auxiliary Motor Teeth had begun on that, sixty bites to a second. But I stopped that right then."

"I bet you did, S. Potts," said Daniel enthusiastically. "I bet you did." "I did," said S. Potts. "Here, I I says, 'them teeth has had fun enough, an' it's time they stopped. We'd best stop 'em whilst there's enough of Peter Guppy left to have a funeral with.' That's what I said, but I had to get an axe before I could kill them teeth, an' then they nearly sprang on me an' bit me. But I was just a little too quick for 'em."

"There ain't no false teeth goin' to git the best of you, S. Potts," said Daniel admiringly. "But it does seem sort of too bad that they had to be killed off. They might have—"

"There you go!" said S. Potts. "If that ain't just like you! Why, them teeth was murderers! That's what they was—murderers!"

Daniel shook his head regretfully. "I'd liked to have seen 'em, S. Potts," he said. "If you hadn't killed 'em that way maybe I might have seen 'em, an' if I had seen 'em I might have knowed how to invent 'em a little better. Of course they was murderers, but you might have sort of arrested 'em—put 'em in the penitentiary. Them teeth oughtn't to have been killed that way with an axe, S. Potts, even if you did do it. They ought to have been arrested an' tried. They ought to have had a fair trial."

"Well, it ain't much use tellin' you things, Daniel," said S. Potts with disgust. "Seems to me like Peter Guppy give them teeth all the trial they deserved. I bet you don't even see the moral what this tale has got in it for you. Do you now?"

Old Daniel wrinkled his brow and thought deeply. Suddenly he smiled. "Sure I do!" he said. "Sure I do, S. Potts! When a feller invents Auxiliary Motor Teeth he don't want to use 'em; he wants to sell 'em to other folks."

"Great howling Christmas candles!" said S. Potts, and he got up and went back to his saloon.

SHE HAD A BETTER PLAN

IT WAS the dreamy hour after the Christmas dinner, and the girls were talking in the hushed tones appropriate to the occasion.

"I've just heard of a new charm to tell whether any one loves you, and, if so, who it is," whispered Elsie.

"What is it?" queried Sophie, absently fingering her new diamond ring.

"Well, you take four or five chestnuts, name each of them after some man you know, and then put them on the stove, and the first one that pops is the one that loves you."

"H'm," said Sophie, "I know a better way than that."

"Do you?"

"Yes, indeed. By my plan you take one particular man, place him on the sofa in the parlor, sit close to him with the light a little low, and look into his eyes. And then if he doesn't pop you'll know it's time to change the man on the sofa."



H.M.S. "Indomitable" at Quebec

low speed an' chew long an' steady. All lazy people would have to do would be to set with their mouths open an' let the Guppy Auxiliary Motor Teeth go ahead an' chew. Peter Guppy used to stand down at the post office corner an' place them teeth on the sidewalk an' set 'em, goin', an' the whole crowd would stand off and admire 'em whilst they champed away, sixty bites to the second, as regular as clockwork."

"What'd he put 'em on the sidewalk for, S. Potts?" asked Daniel.

"They were safest there," said S. Potts. "Peter Guppy had let 'em champ so much in his hand that the muscles of his hand was all tired out, an' he was afraid they might champ out of his hand an' fall an' git broken; but on the sidewalk they just champed around in a circle, goin' kind o' hippety-hop. They traveled backward like a crab, but the action was more like a clamshell, only quicker. You don't often see a clamshell open an' shut sixty opens an' sixty shuts to the second, Daniel."

"I don't recall none," said Daniel. "Why didn't he use them teeth in the regular way?"

"There was one bad thing about them

"You would if I hadn't been there to stop you. You would have gone an' bought a pair, like as not. 'Twould have been just like you to sleep with the blame things in your mouth, like Peter did. That's what spoiled Peter's looks. He'd been a fair looker before that, but one night he went to bed with them teeth in his mouth, an' they got touched off accidental whilst he was asleep, an' they champed all night, an' the next morning Peter had the top of his mouth all blistered, except where them teeth had worn callouses, an' his lower jaw was pushed down so far out of plumb that it was permanently lowered, an' all the rest of his life he had to go 'round lookin' like a big-mouthed bass out of water. He couldn't git his mouth shut by an inch. No, sir! You bet he never wore them teeth to bed again!"

"Took 'em out nights, I reckon," said Daniel.

"He took 'em out," said S. Potts, "but he didn't do like he ought to have done an' put 'em outside the house. He laid 'em on the stand by his bed, an' woke dreamin' they was stole, an' when he put out his hand to see if they was there they bit him on the

thing about physiology, Daniel?"

"Well, S. Potts," said Daniel apologetically, "I ain't looked into it much. You ain't never told me much about—what did you say that word was, S. Potts?"

"Physiology," said S. Potts. "But if you don't know nothin' about it, it ain't much use tellin' you about what happened to Peter Guppy, 'cause you wouldn't understand it. I don't reckon you know what an esophagus is, even?"

"Now, S. Potts," began Daniel pleadingly, "you know I never had any esoph—"

"Daniel," said S. Potts, "an esophagus is a sort of knob on the inside of your throat, that's what it is. It's put there to help you swallow. But the whole inside of Peter Guppy's throat was spread wide by the constant champing of them teeth, an' where the back end of them rubbed, his esophagus was worn down to a nubbin. So that's how it happened that whilst Peter Guppy was goin' down-town one day he swallowed his teeth. He threw back his head to sneeze, an' whilst his mouth was open them teeth slipped on down his throat. That wouldn't have been much loss. Them teeth was a failure, an' any-

THE CHRISTMAS TRUCE

(Between the British and the Boer Armies, December 25, 1899)

By Julia Ward Howe

AT early dawn, one wintry day,
Two armies, oft encountering,
lay

Pledged to a fierce and fatal fight,
Each hateful in the other's sight.

Why sounds no more the iron rain
Of missiles, nor the cry of pain?
And why do foemen greeting send
As to a brother, or a friend?

In ancient times of bloody war
Stood portents in the heavens afar,
And cloud-built hosts with seeming rage
Approached each other to engage.

What stood between the foes that day
To keep the battle fens away?
What emblem consecrates the morn?
The vision of a Babe new-born.

Foreseen in many a prophet's mind
As the Redeemer of Mankind;
Belov'd, for help that He should bring
To human woe and suffering.

The centuries that lie between
His sacred glory cannot screen.
He bids the bitter conflict cease,
And lifts His infant voice for peace.

Oh! Babe adored! What passions wild
Are stilled before that little Child
Whose gentle Mother shall become
The guardian spirit of the home!

His two small hands are stretched in
love

The sanguinary field above.
"Oh! harm each other not!" he cries,
"Henceforth encounter brotherwise."

Thus He who lived and died for all
Announced His holy festival
And so th' opposing armies lay
At peace on blessed Christmas Day.

AN ESKIMELODRAMA

MID Greenland's polar ice and snow,
Where watermelons seldom grow
'Tis far too cold up there, you
know),

There dwelt a bold young Eskimo.

Beneath the self-same iceberg's shade,
In fur of seal and bear arrayed
(Not over cleanly, I'm afraid),
There lived a charming Eskimaid.

Thro'out the six months' night they'd
spoon

(Ah, ye of sage, think what a boon).
To stop at ten is much too soon
Beneath the silvery Eskimoon.

The hated rival now we see!
(You spy the coming tragedy,
But I can't help it; don't blame me.)
An Eskimuicher vile was he.

He found the lovers there alone.
He killed them with his axe of bone.
(You see how fierce the tale has grown.)
The fond pair died with an Eskimoan.

Two graves were dug, deep in the ice,
Were lined with furs, moth balls, and
spice;

The two were buried in a trice,
Quite safe from all the Eskimice.

Now Fido comes, alas, too late!
(I hope it's not indelicate
These little incidents to state)—
The Eskimurderer he ate.

L'Envoi.

Upon an Eskimo to sup
Was too much for an Eskipup—
He died. His Eskimemory
Is thus kept green in verso by me.

CHRISTMAS SWEETS

A NEWLY-ENGAGED couple were
enjoying some blissful moments
alone after the Christmas dinner.
They had broken the wishbone at the
table.

"Tell me what you wished," she asked
shyly.

"Tell me what you wished," he re-
turned.

"Well—I will if you will."

"I hate to do it—it might not come
true."

"But maybe it would. Now, you
promised, you know."

"Well, i—er—I wished you'd let me
kiss you. Now, what did you wish?"

"Oh, I daren't tell!"

"But you promised."

"Well—I wished you'd get your
wish!"

CHRISTMAS CHEER

HOW TO KEEP CHRISTMAS

THERE is a better thing than the ob-
servance of Christmas Day—and
that is, keeping Christmas.

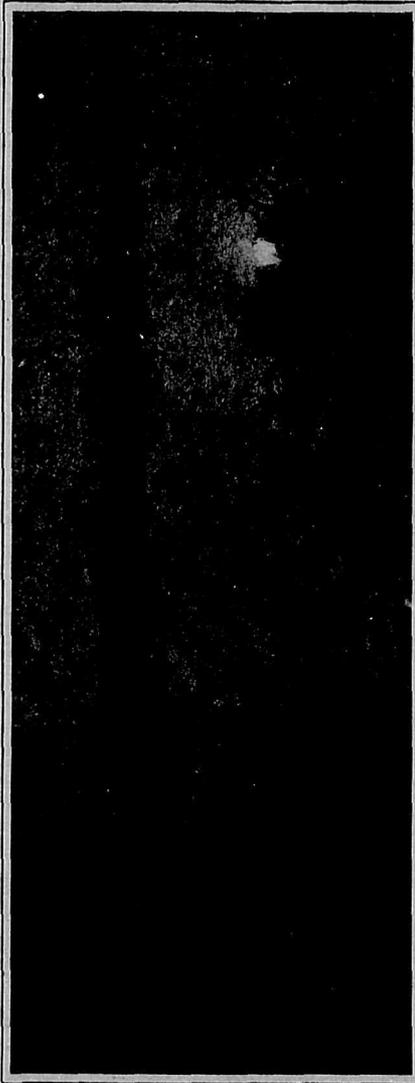
Are you willing to forget what you
have done for other people, and to re-
member what other people have done
for you?

Are you willing to stoop down and
consider the needs and the desires of
little children; to remember the weak-
ness and loneliness of people who are
growing old; to stop asking how much
your friends love you, and ask your-

WHAT STRAWBERRIES WILL DO

EUGENE FIELD was a guest at an
English country house, and the
hostess had, as a special mark of
honor to the guest, reserved for his
visit the finest strawberries of her
raising. When the berries came to the
table they were certainly beauties, but
the hostess notified with horror that
Field didn't touch the fruit, but sat
looking at it in deep thought.

"Why, Mr. Field," anxiously asked
the hostess, "don't you like my straw-
berries?"



Sentinels of the Forest

self whether you love them enough; to
try to understand what those who live
in the same house with you really want,
without waiting for them to tell you; to
trim your lamp so that it will give
more light and less smoke, and to carry
it in front so that your shadow will
fall behind you; to make a grave for
your ugly thoughts and a garden for
your kindly feelings, with the gate
open—are you willing to do these things
even for a day? Then you can keep
Christmas.

Are you willing to believe that love
is the strongest thing in the world—
stronger than hate, stronger than evil,
stronger than death—and that the
blessed life which began in Bethlehem
nineteen hundred years ago is the
image and brightness of the Eternal
Love? Then you can keep Christmas.
And if you can keep it for a day,
why not always?

But you can never keep it alone.
—Henry van Dyke.

"Oh, yes," replied Field, "I know
I shall love them. But I was think-
ing, if I ate them, how they would spoil
my appetite for prunes."

A PALE poet who wrote pale poetry
was taken to the White House
one day and presented to Presi-
dent Roosevelt by a friend. The friend
and the president had occasion to go
downstairs, followed by the pale poet,
who lagged a few steps behind.

"I don't like that man's poetry,"
said the president. "It is anaemic."

When the president left, the poet
turned to his friend and said: "Did
I understand the president to refer to
my poetry as anaemic?"

"Anaemic?" said the friend. "Oh,
no!" And then, working his wits
overtime, he added: "You misunder-
stood. He said it was academic."

Christmas gifts, by any other name,
Would make us bankrupt just the same.

A CHRISTMAS PROCLAMATION

Know All Men by These Presents:

Smoker's Pride cigars.
Purple cravats.
Hopeless hairbrushes.
Noisy neckties.
Dainty smoking jackets.
Agonizing bathrobes.
Fairylike bath slippers.
Unreliable umbrellas.
Meerschaum(?) pipes.
Monogram socks.
Chaste cigarette boxes.
Maddening match safes.
Enigmatic toilet articles.
Scandalous scarf pins.
Love-knot cuff links.
Full back pyjamas.
Embroidered suspenders.
Tippy ash-receivers.
More match boxes.
More cigars.
Calabashes.

"IS THERE A SANTA CLAUS?"

THE night with the shifting flakes
is thick,
Old Boreas blows and blows,
And now is the time when speeds Saint
Nick

Over the piled-up snows;
For close at my knee there stands a
wight

And pleads in the cuddling pause
That follows his kiss and his sweet
"good night":

"Is there a Santa Claus?"

And I answer: "Yes, to be sure there
is.

Why straight from the pole he comes
With his reindeer, Dasher, and Prance,
and Whizz,

And a load of sleds and drums,
And a host of wonders both tin and
wood

Intended for lass and lad:
Aye, oceans of toys for the children
good—

But sticks for the children bad."

So we talk and guess, and Saint Nick
we hear

Whenever a sleigh-bell rings;
And into the chimney throat we peer

While the back log glows and sings.
Till, careless of drifts besieging deep,
And many a snow whirl wraith,

Tucked fast in his bed he lies asleep,
Secure in his childish faith.

Dream, happy youngster, your fondest
dreams

Of Dasher, and Whizz, and Prance;
Not mine the arrogant faith, meseems,
To shatter one least romance.

For the time drags near in the future's
store,

When, keen to a thousand flaws,
Grown wise—too wise—you will ask no
more:

"Is there a Santa Claus?"

THE BEST OF REASONS

A LITTLE five-year-old asked for
a second piece of cake at the
Christmas supper-table, and
when her mother refused, the little one
looked at her very seriously and said:
"Mamma, don't you know that The
Ladies' Home Journal says that when
your little girl asks for anything to eat
it's a sign she needs it, and her appetite
is the safest guide to feed her by? So
you'd better give it to me!"

NATURAL ADVANTAGES

A FEW hours after the very elabor-
ate Christmas dinner little Marie
was taken violently ill, and her
cousin Elizabeth, who had been un-
happy all day on account of Marie's
prettier dress, was heard to whisper in
an awed voice: "Marie's got the
prettiest clothes, all right, but I've
got the strongest stomach."

ALL HOPE GONE

THIS most persistent lover seemed to
make no progress whatever with
the object of his affection; she
gave him no apparent encouragement.
Finally he said:

"My dear Gertrude, can you give me
no hope—none whatever?"

"No, my dear boy, I cannot; not one
speck of hope—for I am going to marry
you."

A Famous Animal Trainer

THE name of Carl Hagenbeck is known all over the world as the greatest dealer in wild animals. For half a century he has been a hunter, trainer, keeper, breeder, and exhibitor of every kind of beast, and a general purveyor of live stock to all the principal zoological gardens in the world. The extraordinary experiences he has met with in the course of his business, the wonderful tales of the creatures which have passed through his hands, form the most interesting portion of "Beasts and Men," which is the title of his reminiscences.

Hagenbeck has been a true friend to the dumb creatures which he has gathered from all parts of the world for distribution among the zoos and circuses. As Dr. Chalmers Mitchell says in an appreciative introduction, "He has been a notable pioneer in the proper handling of wild animals. . . . He is a naturalist with a genuine affection and sympathy for animals, and in all his handling of them he sees to it that their health and general condition is the first care."

From his earliest childhood Hagenbeck has been accustomed to dealing with live animals. His father was a dealer in a small way, and initiated him into the business which under their joint management soon developed considerably. Hagenbeck tells some amusing stories of these days:—

"In our early days we had many mishaps. On one occasion we were aroused in the middle of the night by a terrified night-watchman, who informed us that an enormous seal was perambulating the streets of Hamburg (where Hagenbeck lived). We rushed out with nets, and just succeeded in securing the creature as it was about to return to its native element. On another occasion a hyaena escaped from its cage, and was only recaptured after a long and decidedly dangerous nocturnal hunt."

Among Hagenbeck's chief customers was Phineas T. Barnum, the famous American circus owner. He tells us:—

"Barnum paid us his first visit in November, 1872, and on that occasion purchased animals from us to the value of about £3,000. He was touring Europe, he told me, in search of new ideas, and as I was able to supply him with some such (among other things I told him about the racing elephants of India, and of the use of ostriches as saddle animals) he paid me the compliment of inviting me to join him in his enterprise, with a one-third share of the profits. I preferred, however, to remain in Hamburg and develop my own business."

It was just about this time that Hagenbeck received his record consignment of animals. Cassanova, one of his travellers, sent word that he was making his way out of the interior of Nubia with huge caravans of captured animals, but that he was too ill to bring them home. It was necessary for Hagenbeck to go to Suez to take charge of the animals and bring them back to Europe. He was a trifle surprised at the task that awaited him:—

"I shall never forget the sight which the courtyard (of the Suez Hotel) presented. Elephants, giraffes, antelopes, and buffalo were tethered to the palms, sixteen great ostriches were strolling about loose, and, in addition, there were no fewer than sixty large cages containing a rhinoceros, lions, panthers, cheetahs, hyaenas, jackals, civets, caraculs, monkeys, and many kinds of birds."

It is an ever-present subject of discussion whether animals are trained to perform through fear or whether it is "all done by kindness." It is quite certain that in the old days they were urged on to do their tricks by the basest means. But these cruel methods are things of yesterday we are told, and it is a good thing that it is so. There is no doubt Carl Hagenbeck has had a tremendous share in doing away with these infamous practices. He assures us that:—

"The period when unfortunate ani-

mals were driven to jump over a bar from dread of a whip or a red-hot iron—a disgrace to the humanity of man—is gone by. Sympathy with the animal, patience with its deficiencies, has brought about a perfection of education which cruelly altogether failed to secure. . . . The trainer is no longer a taskmaster, or the beast a slave. There subsists between them the wholesome and happy relation of teacher and pupil."

Hagenbeck's experiences of elephants are extremely interesting. They are unquestionably among the most intelligent of animals. "They are wonderfully quick of apprehension, have remarkably retentive memories, and in their likes, as in their aversions, they display great intensity and depth of feeling. The elephant is a much cleverer creature than the horse, and his power of differentiation is almost human." Moreover, an elephant "falls in love" just like a human being. Hagenbeck quotes a striking instance of this:—

"Some years ago I had in my Zoological Garden a young bull elephant that had just arrived at maturity. This animal became enamored of a young cow, and, his affection being returned, it was an interesting and touching sight to see them tenderly caressing one another. I decided to test the genuineness of the bull's marital affection by the introduction of a third party—a somewhat cynical proceeding, perhaps, but it was all in the cause of science. One day, whilst the bull was enjoying a doze, his loved one was led away, and another, somewhat older, but to all appearances thoroughly lovable cow introduced in her stead. When the elephant awoke he immediately discovered his loss, and, paying not the least attention to the blandishments of the new cow, he raged about the yard in a pitiful state of agitation until his sweetheart was restored to him."

In other ways elephants are models of domestic virtue, the parents' devotion to their children being as great as their love for each other; and it is quite remarkable with what kindness elephants, not belonging to the family at all, treat the young calves. At the same time, an elephant can prove a very ugly customer when the devil of mischief seizes him, and Hagenbeck tells many thrilling stories of narrow escapes he has had from several animals that passed through his hands.

CONSCIENCE-MONEY

YES," said a Treasury official, with whom the writer recently had a conversation, "we usually receive something like \$50,000 a year on account of the trouble given by guilty consciences. It comes in all sorts of ways. I have known a single sovereign, wrapped up in a piece of paper, to be dropped into our letter-box, with an added pencilled sentence that it was for conscience-money! Then, again, we often get sums by registered letter with similar statements attached. I have opened packets containing as much as \$500."

"What was your queerest experience in that kind of receipt?" I inquired.

"We got a tin box, and heavy it was, by post one morning," said the clerk. "When we opened it we found a short note saying that 'X.X.X.' wished to make amends for his deceit in returning his statement of income, and adding that we should find the amount due in sovereigns in the box. So we unpacked the small parcels there, and took from each the gold coins they enclosed. The total amounted to \$1,800, which you will agree was a very good haul for one morning's work in this way!"

"You don't get such strokes of luck every day?" I asked.

"Oh, no; they come very irregularly. Sometimes a whole week elapses without our receiving one, but seldom more than that. And it is curious that most people wish to have some acknowledgment of the receipt of their conscience-money in the daily paper, which is why you so often see in the Press a paragraph after this style:—

"X.Y.Z.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer wishes to acknowledge receipt of \$750 on account of unpaid income-tax."

"Or it may be that the advertise-

ment runs in the name of the Commissioners of Inland Revenue, but it is generally the same announcement, bar that. The very largest amount the Treasury ever got at one swoop from this source, so I am told, was \$5,000, though that did not come under my own cognizance here. And, I believe, the lowest sum we have ever had was a shilling, which somebody once dropped into the letter-box with the usual explanatory note. "That defaulter must have had a very tender conscience indeed; far more so than most men who pay income-tax. Dodging the payment of this tax is reckoned not only right, but even creditable, by some men; but five postal orders for a pound each, which came not long ago to us for conscience-money, proves that not every man with a moderate income can stifle the 'still, small voice' when he has succeeded in 'doing the collector.'"

"I suppose," I put in, "that the Treasury does not take any special steps to discover the personalities of any of these conscience-stricken defaulters who thus send their money to its coffers unexpectedly?"

"No," he replied; "we should generally find the task impossible. Besides, we are only too glad to get the money at all! Many folk look upon the Treasury as a veritable gold-mine, a department never really needing money! But I can assure you that this is wrong. Our motto has long been—and I believe it always will be—'The smallest contribution thankfully received.' So we welcome these various gifts of conscience-money whenever they arrive. And the oftener they come and the larger they are the better we like them!"

EPISTLE TO MISTLETOE

MISTLETOE, holly,
Frolie and jolly,
Everyone jolly

Once in a year!
Carols and kisses,
Barrels of blisses,
What a time this is;
Christmas is here!

For a whole day now,
Fling care away now,
Let us be gay now,
All is good cheer!
Tears may come after;
Now, only laughter
Shakes the old matter:
Christmas is here!

White spray, I wonder
If I should blunder
Kissing Rose under
That chandelier?
That is Love's diet.
I mean to try it.
Once on the quiet.
Christmas is here!

So, then, here goes, you
Sweet little Rose you:
Who would suppose you
Could be so dear!
Lip like a cherry,
Mueh sweeter, very,
Let us make merry:
Christmas is here!

Tight in my arm then,
What was the harm then!
Without alarm then

In a pink ear,—
Suddenly bolder,
Over her shoulder
I leaned and told her:
"Christmas is here!"

A LITTLE CHILD HAS LED THEM

THE wheels of industry will be led today. A thousand mills will be as silent as the star above the Bethlehem manger. The workmen will be by their own firesides, rejoicing in fellowship of domestic love. Industry halts before the manger and listens to carols from celestial lips. Labor lays down its tools, takes up the song and forgets the hum and crash of mighty machinery. Wealth bends with a gift for the needy and a word of cheer for the lowly.

"Battle flags are furled
In the parliament of man, the federation of the world."

It is not science that brings humanity together today. It is not the floating arsenals of the sea; it is not conferences at The Hague, nor the "parliament of man." A "little Child" has led them.

PROMPT ACTION FOLLOWED

A MEMBER of the peace committee saw two youths fighting. He pushed through the crowd and appealed to the combatants to desist. "My good young fellows, settle your disputes by arbitration. Each of you choose half a dozen friends to arbitrate."

"Hurrah!" yelled the crowd. "Do as the gentleman says."

Having seen the twelve arbitrators selected to the satisfaction of both sides, the man of peace went on his way rejoicing.

Half an hour later he returned that way and found the whole street in an uproar.

"Good gracious! What is the matter, now?" asked the peacemaker.

"Shure, sor," said a bystander, "the arbitrators are at work."

ONE TOO MANY FOR HIM

A MAN, who looked to be a giant in strength, brought his meek little wife before the magistrate, charging her with cruel treatment of himself, an uncontrollable temper and an incorrigible disposition.

The magistrate looked the big fellow over suspiciously, and glancing sympathetically at his slip of a wife, asked the husband: "Well, sir, what have you to say for yourself? What business do you follow?"

"I am a lion-tamer, your Honor," was the proud reply.

CAUGHT THAT TIME

A COLLEGE professor who was always ready for a joke was asked by a student one day if he would like a good recipe for catching rabbits. "Why, yes," replied the professor. "What is it?"

"Well," said the student, "you crouch down behind a thick stone wall and make a noise like a turnip."

"That may be," said the professor with a twinkle in his eye, "but a better way than that would be for you to go and sit quietly in a bed of cabbage and look natural."

NICE ENOUGH, BUT—

A TWELVE-YEAR-OLD boy, who had reigned supreme over parents and household all through his dozen years, was surprised one morning to hear the cry of a little baby brother.

"Isn't it nice, Tommy," said the jubilant father, "that we have another baby?"

"Yes, it is nice, father," said Tommy, as he saw the end of his reign; "but what bothers me is, was it necessary?"

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

MISS MAUDE ADAMS was driving along an English country road last summer with the curate of the village church, who was a man of very small stature. A party of American tourists passing the couple recognized the curate.

"Ah," said the curate to his companion, "that is the penalty of fame!"

"What was that?" asked the curate. "Those people recognized you as Maude Adams," replied the curate.

"Are you sure?" answered Miss Adams. "Are you certain they didn't recognize 'The Little Minister'?"

A FINE DISTINCTION

WHEN you find the intelligent woman at a loss for an answer just remember that you have found the exception which makes the rule.

"Woman is peculiar," said the husband of a bright woman with just a shade of cynicism.

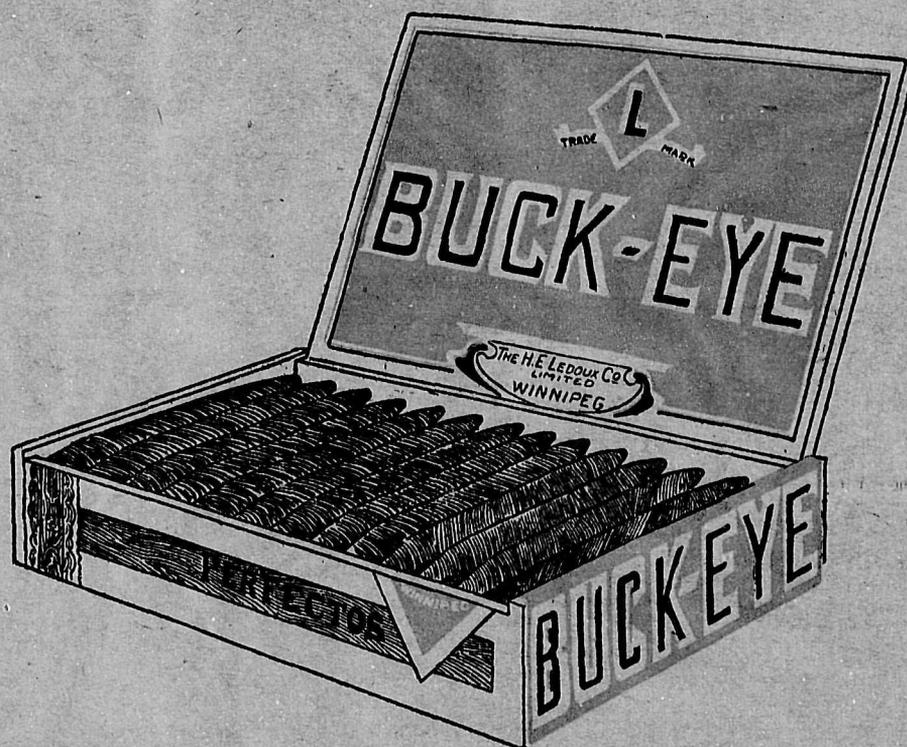
"Well, what now?" she queried, smiling.

"Why, she jumps at a mouse and she jumps at a proposal of marriage," was the reply, which he thought unanswerable.

"Yes," was the quick response, "but just remember this, that she does not jump in the same direction at both."

THE BUCK-EYE

GOOD AS GOLD



SOLD EVERYWHERE

THE BUCK-EYE