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THE MICHEL REPORTER

VOL. 1. NEW MICHEL, BRITISH COLUMBIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1909. NO. 30

HE CAME TO TOWN

Our Member Shows Up Smiling and Promises to Make Good Our Needs

W. R. Ross M. P. P. was here on Wednesday.

Mr. Ross came down on special invitation of the Board of Trade, to enquire into the needs of Government expenditure in New Michel, and we rather imagine he had his eyes opened by what he saw. He was shown around the coming metropolis of the Pass, by prominent members of the Board, and partook of a sumptuous repast at the Great Northern hotel. He likes good things to eat, and as he has been living quietly at home in Fernie since his return from his legislative labors at Victoria, the change of menu must have been largely responsible for his display of extraordinary good humor.

The president of the Board of Trade, T. B. Baker, impressed in his blandest tones, just what was desired, and intimated rather strongly that nothing less would do, but gently suggested that if Mr. Ross had something better up his sleeve, he need not hesitate to play his long suite.

R. H. Moore, our celebrated stock expert, had his prize bull out for inspection, and Mr. Ross was apparently delighted with everything with which he came in contact.

We hope Billy will be a more frequent visitor here than formerly, as he will find many friends willing to advise him and if he feels lonely among the ruins of ancient Fernie, he has only to drop down here to inhale the pure air of the prairie and with a moderate admixture of Crystal Spring water, feel that life is once more worth the living.

Another inducement we might mention that ought to have weight. New Michel will at no distant day, require a good, solid man to represent her in the cabinet, and from what we can learn, Billy Ross might confidently pack his grip from here.

THE C. P. R. NEW STATION

There has been a rumor floating around town during the past week, relative to the C. P. R. station. From what we can learn, it is proposed to locate the main station here, and as, in the nature of things, it is highly improbable there would be sufficient business to furnish employment for two staffs, it is also stated that the old station will be cut out from general freight and passenger traffic and utilized simply for the use of coal shipments over that line. As it is, the great bulk of the business outside of one or two firms, is now transacted in New Michel. Then comes along some idea, said to emanate from the C. P. R., relative to a change of name for this place. Briefly, the town of Michel—old Michel we mean— is not a registered town-site, and until New Michel sprang into existence made no pretensions to be other than a mining camp, while New Michel is on the Government maps and deeds are issued bearing the name of the town-site. Now, if any name has to be changed to meet the wishes of the C. P. R., what is the reason they've pitched on the one bearing the Government recognition? The people here are unanimous in favor of New Michel, and it seems out of keeping with the dignity of a great railway, to hesitate to comply with the wishes of a majority of prospective patrons and the business men of New Michel.

Somerton Bro's

wish to inform their customers, that they have just received a consignment of high grade

WATCHES

consisting of such makes as Waltham, Elgin, Hamilton, Seth Thomas and Illinois, which are recognized as the leading makes. They are put up in Nickel, Silver, 20 year, 25 year Gold filled and solid Gold cases. You will find no trouble in choosing a watch from our stock. Invest in

A GOOD MOVEMENT

and you have the right time.

Somerton Bros. WATCH REPAIR SPECIALISTS New Michel

41 Meat market Ltd 41

High-class Butchers

New Michel

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

The Store Where They Send What You Order

2 Deliveries Daily 2

Nixon & Ferguson

Tinsmiths, Plumbers and Steamfitters
Plans prepared and estimates cheerfully given.

Hosmer, B. C.

Hotel Michel

T. Crahan, - : - Proprietor

The Largest, Most Modern
and Best Equipped in the Pass.

Michel, - British Columbia

FREE

to the person catching the largest speckled trout, within a radius of ten miles of Michel, a $10. Green heart Fishing Rod.

Fishing Tackle

Our stock is complete and well assorted in well selected flies, rods, lines, reels, baskets, gut, hooks etc., etc.
Equip yourself with our tackle

KENNEDY'S
DRUG AND BOOK STORE
NEW MICHEL

Imperial Bank of Canada

Head Office: TORONTO

Capital Authorized $10,000,000.
Capital Paid up $5,000,000. Rest $5,000,000

Savings Bank Department.

Interest allowed on Deposits at Current Rate from Date of Deposit.

Drafts, Money Orders and Letters of Credit issued, available in any part of the World.

MICHEL BRANCH, T. B. BAKER, MANAGER.

Great Northern HOTEL

NEW MICHEL, B. C.

EVERYTHING FIRST-CLASS

Cuisine Unsurpassed

Bar Stocked with the Finest

Attendance Unexcelled

McCool & Moore, : : Proprietors

HOTEL KOOTENAY

New Michel, B. C.

Laurenson & Douglas - - - Proprietors

RATES $2.00 A DAY

Everything First-Class and Comfortable

Nothing but white labor employed

FREE BUS MEETS ALL TRAINS

Singer Sewing Machines

The Best in the World. Simple, Strong, Silent, Speedy

Sold on easy payments. If you want a Machine, drop a line to J. P. HOULAHAN, Agent, FERNIE, B. C.

N. M. A. A. A. GETS GOING

A Fair Start for a Central Sports Body is Now Underway for New Michel

A meeting to organize the New Michel Amateur Athletic Association, was held at the Great Northern hotel on Tuesday evening. G. B. Stedman was moved to the chair, and H. Somerton was appointed secretary. The following was the result:

Moore—Meikle. That we form ourselves into an association, to be known as "The New Michel Amateur Athletic Association."

McCool—Meikle. That G. B. Stedman, R. H. Moore and H. Somerton act as a committee to interview H. H. Depew, regarding suitable grounds for athletic purposes.

Meikle—McCool. That each club send 5 representatives to the annual meeting of this association, to be held at New Michel the first Monday in June.

Meikle—Moore. That the secretary be instructed to try and get copies of by-laws and rules from Hosmer, Fernie and Cranbrook.

McCool—McLanders. That secretary write H. H. Depew, in regard to arranging an interview with the committee and after the committee and Mr. Depew have met, to call a meeting of the association, for the purpose of placing the arrangement before them and for the election of officers.

I. C. S. SMOKER ON SUNDAY

A smoker will be held in Crahan's hall on Sunday evening, under the auspices of the International Correspondence Schools. One of the objects, is to organize the I. C. S. Fraternity amongst the students, and incidentally to sell stock in the company. F. X. Holl, the stock representative, who is in charge of the undertaking, states, that with the organization of the fraternity here, the company will donate some $600.00 worth of text books, bearing on technical subjects. These books would be useful to those who desire to improve their minds, learn the practical side of their work and fit themselves for better positions, and should form the basis of a first-class library. He will be pleased to explain everything in connection with the work at the smoker and no doubt a crowd of young men will take advantage of this opportunity.

Livery, Feed and Transfer

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

GEO. FISHER, Proprietor

Singer Sewing Machines

for sale at W. B. King's fruit store, New Michel.

Needles, Oil and Repairs.

F. J. Conroy, Agent.

P. BURNS & CO., Ltd,

New Michel, B. C.

DEALERS IN

Fresh and Smoked Meats

BUTTER

Lard, Hams, Bacon and Eggs. Give us a Trial, We Guarantee Satisfaction

OUR MOTTO—Always the Cheapest and Best

RETAIL LUMBER YARD

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

Fernie Lumber Co., Ltd. :-: New Michel

SLICK UP

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

P. M. MacLanders, Prop

Reporter Ads Bring Much Business To The Advertisers

HINDU REBEL METHODS

HOW SEDITION SPREADS AMONG THE NATIVES.

Story In Pall Mall Magazine Tells How Soldier Was Accused of Poisoning the Wells of the Village and Innocent Tommy Atkins Was Brutally Ill-treated—Arrival of Patrol Saved Him From Death.

The methods which, it is claimed in some quarters, are adopted by those intent on poisoning the minds of the millions of India against British rule are strikingly illustrated in a short story which appears in the current issue of The Pall Mall Magazine.

The situation which gives the writer the story is as follows: Private Jas. Smith has fallen out of the ranks in the course of some cavalry manoeuvres, and is trudging along with his lame horse in the hope of finding the camp. As a matter of fact, he is lost, and some time after dark has fallen he reaches a native village.

On the same day a fakir, "filthy to an unspeakable degree," had arrived in the village, and at the moment that Private Jas. Smith reached it was haranguing the natives on the wrongs of India.

His hearers, standing and sitting around him in picturesque groups, dwelt upon his words, and swallowed his statements eagerly. They saw themselves robbed of their little stock of hard-earned money; they saw themselves preyed upon by a Government of foreigners, and despoiled to make fat an unknown Lord-Sahib and a King who dwelt across the seas.

Truth and lies rolled together, and in turn from his glib and polished tongue.

He demonstrated beyond refutation how famine had been introduced into the country with the sole view of stamping out the population. He showed how, not content with the progress of the scourge with which it was seeking to kill off the people, the Government had invented a certain thing called inoculation with the sole view of slaying the people by more direct means.

But, he went on, that was not all, worse things were being done. When the Government saw that people were not deceived by their wicked trick of inocultaion they began to do something yet more devilish. They sent out emissaries to—here, with an orator's instinct for effect, he paused—to poison the village wells!

It was at this moment that Private Jas. Smith stumbled into the village, and the fakir took instant advantage of the dramatic possibilities of the situation.

"Hush! Watch him, and see if he goes not to the well?" he whispered. Naturally that is exactly what Smith did. The bucket was lowered three times before his thirst and that of his horse had been satisfied.

"There!" said the fakir impressively to those nearest him. "There! Did I not tell you that Government sent forth men to tamper with the wells?"

The result was that Private Jas. Smith was attacked and tied up, and then the fakir led his audience to the well to prove that it had been poisoned.

Truly, this pseudo-fakir was a useful man to those who employed him. He was not one of the posturing devotees who acquire merit and earn sanctity by measuring their length along the road all the way from Calcutta to Benares, or by some similarly foolish and impressive act. He was of another breed—a new breed that has sprung into existence, or perhaps has only renewed its existence, of recent years; a breed the members of which are sent out from various centres to poison the minds of the country folk, to tell them the "real truth" about the Feringhi and the aims of his rule.

The bucket was again lowered. It was easy for the fakir to drop several little bread pills into it, and then it was raised.

Floating on the surface were half a dozen little objects that bobbed innocently in the ripples, and showed white in the light of the lantern. A roar broke from the crowd; the water was poisoned!—had been poisoned before their eyes by a soldier! There was the poison in the bucket, evidence irrefragrable of the truth of statements they had been ready to believe proofless.

Private Jas. Smith was dragged out and brutally ill-treated by the villagers and the fakir. The villagers wanted to make him drink of the "poisoner" water, but the fakir was against this. Throw him down the well, was his advice. "The well is useless to you henceforth, for it is already foul with poison. Therefore drop him in it."

Now the fakir was only too eager that the village should be embroiled with the authorities; he knew that the villagers would be much too simple and too avaricious to sacrifice Private Smith's horse, for it would be of use to them. Consequently, when search was made for Private Smith, his horse would be found in or near the village. That, in its turn, would almost certainly lead eventually to the dragging of the well and the fishing-up of a soldier's body. Then there would be the devil to pay, with the ultimate result that the village would really become angry and disaffected with Government. That would be so many men gained.

But Private Smith was not thrown down the well. He was rescued by a night patrol which happened on the village just in the nick of time.

The upshot was, firstly, that Private Smith was stiff and sore for several days; secondly, that the village had quartered upon it a force of punitive police, to show them that soldiers must not be bound or drowned in that off-hand way; thirdly, that the fakir, who turned out to be a defaulting babu from a commercial office in Calcutta, was sent to the Andamans for ten years.

Nova Scotia Apples.

Of late years the export of apples from Nova Scotia has averaged 500,000 to 600,000 barrels annually, the bulk of which goes to Great Britain.

Announcement

I beg to announce to the **Officers of Western Municipalities and School Districts** that in future all negotiations for the purchase of **debentures** shall be carried on in my own name, and not in the name of my former representatives in Regina, with whom I have severed connection.

William C. Brent
Canada Life Building... TORONTO

Up Against It

The suffragette leader was addressing a meeting of the Cooklady's and Chambermaids' union.

"You women should all have a voice in the affairs of the nation," she exclaimed. "You should assert yourselves. You should be entitled to a vote."

Hereupon a seeker after information arose. The interruption was accompanied by a strong Hibernian accent. "Sure, thot wud mean that we'd be after havin' to live in wan place for six months, wodn't it?" demanded the speaker.

It was not until then that the suffragette leader fully realized what she was up against.

Trial is Inexpensive.—To those who suffer from dyspepsia, indigestion rheumatism or any ailment arising from derangement of the digestive system, a trial of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills is recommended, should the sufferer be unacquainted with them. The trial will be inexpensive and the result will be another customer for this excellent medicine. So effective is their action that many cures can certainly be traced to their use where other pills have proved ineffective.

"But you must come down to dinner with me."

"Really, old boy, you must excuse me; the doctor warns me that if I start to eating I am liable to go to flesh and blood."

Repeat it:—"Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."

Yearning

The farmer who doth till the soil
Has independent will,
But still doth yearn to hie to town
And learn to soil the till.

Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia.

A Dear Friend

"I hear yer freen' Tamson's married again."

"Aye, so he is. He's been a dear freen' tae me. He's cost me three wadding presents an' two wreaths."

Why suffer from corns when they can be painlessly rooted out by using Holloway's Corn Cure

Dust

There is a Wilmington man whose nerves sometimes give way under the constant fire of questions from his talkative eight-year-old son.

"Dad," asked the youngster, just as the old man had one evening settled down for a perusal of his newspaper. "Dad, am I made of dust?"

"I think not!" responded the unhappy parent. "Otherwise you'd dry up now and then."

Horsemen, Read This

I have used MINARD'S LINIMENT in my stables for over a year, and consider it the VERY BEST for horse flesh I can get, and would strongly recommend it to all horsemen.

GEO. HOUGH.
Livery Stables, Quebec, 95 to 103 Ann St.

Doctor—No, I shouldn't advise you to take whisky for the grip.

Guzzler—Well, I don't believe I've got the grip. It must be something else. Say, Doc, what disease is whisky good for?

These Pills Cure Rheumatism.—To the many who suffer from rheumatism a trial of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills is recommended. They have pronounced action upon the liver and kidneys and by regulating the action of these organs act as an alternative in preventing the admixture of uric acid and blood that causes this painful disorder. They must be taken according to directions and used steadily and they will speedily give evidence of their beneficial effects.

Griff—You look prosperous, old man.

Grafton—Yes, I suppose you read about Nuritch's ambition to be a senator?

Griff—Well, yes; I see by the papers that he says he's in the hands of his friends——.

Grafton—That's it. I'm one of his friends.

Cannot some of these scientists teach us how to make baldness attack the face instead of the scalp?

THE GIANT ANT EATER.

A Most Peculiar Creature That Is Found In Venezuela.

The giant ant eater of Venezuela is one of the most outlandish looking creatures in all the domain of nature. It is an animal about two and a half feet high. The body and tail taken together measure about seven feet in length. The tail is usually carried curved over the back, draping and shading the body. In appearance the bushy tail may be likened to a clump of ornamental grass. The head is very small, but it is prolonged into a snout a foot or more in length. The mouth is at the extremity of this snout.

The ant eaters belong to that group of the animal kingdom known as the edentates, a class usually toothless. If they have any teeth at all, they are very few in number, of a rudimentary or simple form, in the back of the head. They resemble in this respect birds, and they furthermore bear a resemblance to the bird creation in the possession of muscular, gizzard-like stomachs. One feature of the edentates is that they all have some peculiarity in the covering of the body. The armadillo, for instance, has a shell of armor, the pangolin a series of shingle-like scales, the aard vark, native to the Transvaal, a pig-like skin, scantily covered with hair, and, lastly, the ant eater, with a bushy tail and the body plentifully covered with hair.

The ant eater is in many ways unlike other animals. The most striking dissimilarity is in its mouth, which does not open and shut with an up and down movement of the lower jaw, as that of all other quadrupeds, but it is a mere aperture, opening only enough to admit of the passage of the foot long, whip-like tongue.

In captivity the ant eater is fed on bread and milk. In its native haunts, the forests of South America, it feeds exclusively on termites, or, as they are commonly called, white ants. These termites abound in the wilds of tropical America, and the ant eater tears open with its sharp fore claws their conical mud nests and with its slender tongue licks up the inmates out of every nook and crevice.

The ant eater has a queer way of walking. It is the manner in which it uses its fore limbs. The claws of its fore limbs are so constructed that they are incapable of sustaining the weight of the body, but are turned backward, compelling the animal to stand and walk on the outer surface of the wrists. When it ambles around, awkwardly, as it appears, it seems to be using two amputated fore limbs.

One of the Immortal Arnolds.

Mr. Forster came of a family that simply could not help themselves in becoming famous. Son of William Delafield Arnold, director of Public Instruction in the Punjab, and nephew of such master minds as Dr. Arnold of Rugby, certainly the greatest and still most hero-worshipped of the great cult of English public school masters, and Matthew Arnold, whose classic poetry will ever live in the minds of those Englishmen who can never forget the sad and tragic description of a so-called unbeliever's loss of Christ:

"But He is dead;
Far off He lies
In a far Syrian town;
And in His grave
With twinkling gaze
The Syrian stars look down."

Likewise nephew of Sir Edwin Arnold, whose "Light of Asia" is still the only safe handbook for those lovers of Indian lore who look upon Buddha as the light of the coming Indian race, a probability which God forbid, and Lord Morley of Blackburn destroy.

The Acid Test

She looked up at him.

"You love me, George," she said. "You have told me you would do anything to prove your love."

"Anything, dearest," he fervently muttered.

Her steady gaze did not waver.

"My new suit from Paris has come," she said, "together with my new hat and my new puffs. I will array myself in these and you will walk down the avenue with me to-morrow afternoon."

He turned pale and hesitated.

"This is the acid test of love," she coldly added.

He mutely shook his head as he arose.

"I can't do it," he hoarsely gasped, and went away deeply sorrowing.

A MOTHER'S CHIEF CARE IS HER BABY'S WELFARE

Every mother is anxious that her little ones shall be healthy, good natured and bright. Every mother can keep her children in this condition if she will give them an occasional dose of Baby's Own Tablets. These Tablets cure all stomach and bowel troubles, destroy worms and make teething easy. Mrs. T. Covert Massie, Toronto, Ont., says:—"I have used Baby's Own Tablets for my little boy since he was three months old, and find that they agree with him splendidly." Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

It is usually the blunt man who says the sharpest things.

Muscular Rheumatism Subdued.—When one is a sufferer from muscular rheumatism he cannot do better than to have the region rubbed with Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. There is no oil that so speedily shows its effect in subduing pain. Let the rubbing be brisk and continue until ease is secured. There is more virtue in a bottle of it than can be fully estimated.

People who live high are not always above suspicion.

W. N. U., No. 738

When the Nerves get out of Tune

And nervous prostration or partial paralysis brings you to a bed of helplessness.

You can remember the case described here and revitalize the wasted nervous system by using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

It is so easy to neglect derangements of the nerves until something serious happens.

We say happens because many persons do not think they are really sick until they are laid low by nervous prostration or some form of paralysis

They overlook the headaches, the nervous indigestion, the irritability and nervousness, the loss of sleep and energy and ambition. They forget that for weeks or months life has been more or less of a drag.

Then when the nervous collapse comes it takes patient and persistent treatment to get you on your feet again. The nerve cells must be gradually built up and a little more energy added to the system each day than is expended.

Get in the sunshine, breathe the fresh air, rest and use Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and you will get well. But you must be patient and persistent.

Mr. Wm. Graham, Atwood, Ont., writes:—"My wife had been ill for some time with nervous prostration and two of the best doctors we could get failed to help her. She gradually became worse and worse, could not sleep and lost energy and interest in life. She was giving up in despair when a friend advised a treatment of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

"From the first box of this preparation my wife used we noticed improvement and now she is completely cured and as well as ever she was, eats well, sleeps well and feels fully restored. I am satisfied that my wife owes her life to Dr. Chase's Nerve Food." 50c a box, 6 boxes for $2.50, at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

A GREAT RUNNER.

One of His Feats of Which He Had to Be Reminded.

"I'm the real thing as a runner," said Howard James majestically as he seated himself at the first home dinner since his return from college. His mother and sister looked at him in sheer admiration.

"Yes, mother, I wish you could have been at the university to see me run. During the football season I ran away from every one on the team. They were not in it for a minute. In the classes I took the lead, leaving them in the lurch. I always stood highest in my lectures. And then when it came to selecting a president for the class I made the race. When the voting started I ran second, but at the last, well, I ran ahead of all of the other candidates. There's no doubt about it, I'm a runner. Of course, when the baseball season opened the crowd wanted me to get on the team. At first I hesitated because I realized my superiority, but persuasion succeeded. I went on the team, and the way I ran bases was a positive shame. Then I went into the track meet. I ran ten yards in ten seconds, almost equaling the world's record. Yes; I am a runner. Then"—

"Then you ran into debt," interrupted Old Man James, with a distinctive grunt, "and I have to pay you out."

DARK DOINGS.

The Reason One Woman Is Disgusted With the Voting Proposition.

When any one asked little Mrs. Pratt her opinion on the question of equal suffrage she had her answer ready. "I don't want to hear anything about it," she would say pleasantly, but firmly, "and I'd just as soon tell you why. It's because there's got to be a concealment and mystery about voting, and I like things open and aboveboard. It's the way I was brought up and the way I shall always feel if I live to be a hundred.

"I've had one experience, and that's all I want. A friend of mine talked and talked to me about voting on the educational question till at last I said I would, because I was brought up to think a great deal of education, and I always shall. So I gave up an engagement to go to the polls and register (and the dress was almost spoiled on account of my missing that trying on, too, because she didn't wait to see whether it fitted or not, but stitched the seams right up), and then I took the greatest pains to go and vote just as they'd told me to, and what do you suppose Henry Pratt told me afterward? My vote was thrown out because I had the frankness to write my full name and address on it!

"I told Henry that nothing would surprise me after that—nothing!"

The Gouts of Asia Minor.

The goat more than any other factor had assisted the rural inhabitants of Asia Minor to destroy the magnificent forests which once extended from Smyrna through to Konia, the ancient capital of Karamania. Not only have the peasants and nomads destroyed the timber for the sake of firewood, but they destroyed it also in order that their goats might obtain suitable pasture. And the goats in their turn prevented the new shoots ever after from replacing the trees which had been cut down.

Death Signs In Holland.

The outward signs on the houses where some one has died in north Holland are original in the extreme. When the dead person is a Protestant, a long black mantle such as the undertaken wears when he goes to the grave is hung in the middle of the front door. In the case of a Roman Catholic a tall black cross is placed on the doorstep.

Convalescing

The following was told of the patient of a well-known New York physician:—

The patient, an elderly gentleman, became quite ill while the doctor was absent upon a vacation, the indisposition being the result of too frequent potations. A female nurse was at once engaged to care for him in his hotel.

A lady residing in the same hotel one morning inquired concerning his condition of the chambermaid.

"Shure, ma'am," replied Maggie, "an' I think he be getting along very well. The nurse was sittin' on his lap this mornin'!"

Exasperating

From the dark kitchen there emanated a series of thumps and angry exclamations. Jones was looking for the cat.

"Pa!" called the son from the stairway.

"Go to bed and let me alone," blurted Jones; "I've just barked my shins."

"Pa!" insisted Tommy, after a moment's silence.

"Well, what is it? Didn't I tell you to keep quiet?"

"I—I didn't hear your shins bark."

And the next moment Tommy was being pursued by an angry sire with a hard hair brush.

What Shall the Punishment Be?

How must we deal with those who steal a child from its mother's side?
What is the fate that should await such wretches far and wide?
They bid us pay or they will slay—let vengeance quickly fall.
Enact, oh state, a fitting fate—a fate that will appall.

All men are born free and equal, but most of them spoil it by getting married.

The schoolboy thinks that a switch in the hand is worse than a dozen in the bush.

Repeat it:—"Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."

Deadly Breath

There's a lot in modern science
Sure's your born.
Did you ever try deep breathing
For a corn?

EVERY WOMAN WHO SUFFERS

CAN FIND SURE RELIEF IN DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

Mrs. J. Oliver Tells How She Lost Her Pains and Weakness When She Used the Old Reliable Kidney Remedy

Elgin, Ont. (Special).—Women who suffer, and there are thousands of them in Canada, will hear with interest the experience of Mrs. J. Oliver of this place. She has suffered and found a cure and she has no hesitation in saving that cure is Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"I suffered for over a year from Backache and Fainting Spells," Mrs. Oliver states. "I was tired and nervous all the time and the least exertion would make me perspire freely. My feet and ankles would swell and I had a dragging sensation across the loins. I saw Dodd's Kidney Pills advertised and bought some. Twelve boxes cured me."

All women who suffer should use Dodd's Kidney Pills. They make healthy Kidneys and healthy Kidneys are the first rule of health for woman. The female organs depend almost entirely on the Kidneys for their health. No woman can hope to be healthy and happy unless her Kidneys are right. The Kidneys need occasional help or they must become tired or sick. And almost any woman can tell you out of her own experience that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the help they need.

A Tobacco Heart

I might have wed, but realized
What married life might mean,
And so I but idealized
My Lady Nicotine.

The man who can't stand prosperity will find it harder to stand adversity.

A dumb man is like a minority; he has no voice in the matter.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

Some surgeons manage carve out large fortunes.

A man's lid may not be a thing of beauty, but he can wear it in the rain without getting the curl out of the feathers.

Real English SUITS and OVERCOATS
to Measure from
$5.14 to $20.

Cut in Latest London and New York Style, whichever preferred. No matter what part of the dominion you live in, we undertake to supply you with a smart, comfortable Suit, fitting you perfectly, or otherwise to **refund your money in full.** The process is simple, merely fill in a post card and address same to us as below, asking for our latest assortment of materials. Together with patterns, we send you fashion-plates and complete instructions for accurate self-measurement, tape measure, all sent free and carriage paid. We dispatch your order within seven days, and if you do not approve, return the goods, and we will refund the money.

SUITS and OVERCOATS to measure from $5.14 to $20.
SEND FOR FREE PATTERNS.

CURZON BROS. "Go to Curzon." *The World's Measure Tailors,*
(Dept 81 D, **60/62 City Rd., LONDON, ENGLAND.**

Addresses for Patterns:
For Toronto and East Canada: CURZON BROS., c/o MIGHT DIRECTORIES, Ltd. (Dept. 81D) 74-76 Church St., Toronto, Ont.
For Winnipeg and the West: CURZON BROS., c/o Henderson Bros. (Dept. 81D) 279 Garry Street, WINNIPEG.
Please mention this paper.

When You Feel Played Out

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Retained In the Role.

By CARL WILLIAMS.

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Melrose was agog with excitement. The local billposter was hanging the paper of the Denham Repertoire company for a three night run. And Maggie Denham hailed from Melrose. "Margaret Denham" she was billed, but Melrose recognized her.

It was the first time that what Melrose called "a real theater troupe" had visited the little town. This in itself would have meant much, but Maggie in addition created an epoch in town history.

Melrose could not know that she was to be a star only for this brief engagement in Melrose. Maggie had happened to mention that she had been born in Melrose, and the astute manager had changed the name of the company from the Metropolitan to Denham Repertoire company for the three night stay.

He well knew the value of a local name in a small town. Occasionally Maggie had let fall some scrap of information as to her departure from the town that told the rest of the old story of the girl who had run away from home to go upon the stage.

Maggie's story differed from most, for she had succeeded in achieving her ambition. She had become a fairly

"I'M GLAD HE DIDN'T SEE ME LAST NIGHT AS THE ADVENTURESS."

useful player of parts in the smaller com[illegible]ies.

This was her second season with the Metropolitans, and she smiled confidently when Quinlin, the manager, asked her if she felt strong enough to play the star part for three days.

It involved a little extra rehearsal, but Maggie was delighted. She would show Tom Chambers and the rest of Melrose that she had made a success.

Tom came ahead of the rest of Melrose, because there had been a time when they two were almost engaged, and she still thought tenderly of those courtship days.

She looked about eagerly when the company arrived; but, though every one else in town appeared to have come to the train to stare curiously at Maggie Denham's troupe, Tom was not there.

With a curious sense of blankness Maggie climbed into the ramshackle bus that was to convey the company to the hotel. Her triumphant entrance into her home town had gone for naught just because one man was not there.

She was angry and surprised to realize that she still cared more for Chambers than she had ever admitted when he had tried to win her.

She had not long to wait, however, for information about the recreant one. Presently a string of callers came to the hotel, and all of the friends of her school days crowded the hotel parlor, all talking at once.

From the babel of voices Maggie gathered that Tom had left town the day before with the evident purpose of avoiding her. The blood throbbed in her temples.

It was to give Tom a lesson that she wanted to show to Melrose how well she had succeeded. Now he would not witness her triumph, and she turned strangely depressed until the manager, versed in the handling of the erratic omen of the stage, sensed the situation.

"Anyhow, you can do your best," Quinlin reminded her, "and leave behind a record that he will be proud of."

"And who may 'he' be?" demanded Maggie truculently.

"I don't know," confessed Quinlin promptly, "but there is usually a 'he' somewhere, and since he does not seem to be around I thought you might like my suggestion."

Maggie waved him off with a jesting remark, but her heart was lighter. Here was something that she could do. So it happened that even her fellow players wondered that evening at the brilliancy with which she played her part.

"You'll land on Broadway yet," they assured her, but even this promise of reaching the goal of all actors did not cheer the girl, and when the performance was over she hurried back to the hotel, only to creep into bed and cry herself to sleep.

On the third and last day of the engagement Tom appeared suddenly in town, and, though she could not see him in the badly lighted auditorium that night, Maggie felt that he was there, and she acted with a touch of tenderness that lent new beauty to a naturally sympathetic role.

John Benjamin, one of the important eastern theatrical men, had stopped over to wait for a train and had drifted into the opera house, where the manager overwhelmed him with attentions. As he watched the girl work he nodded his head.

"I'd like to steal your leading woman," Benjamin said to Quinlin. "I can place her in a road company for a year under one of my good stage directors and then bring her into New York."

"Go ahead and steal," invited Quinlin. "She's a nice little woman, and if you can place her the contract she made with me won't hold her back. I'll tell her to write to you."

The big manager nodded his thanks, looked at his watch and hurried off to make his train.

Maggie only nodded carelessly, when Quinlin hurried back with word that the way to Broadway was open to her at last.

She could not think of business when Tom was out there in the darkened auditorium watching her. She needed to give all of her attention to her performance, and she played the last act with a rich sincerity that won the audience completely.

Not until the curtain had fallen and the other players crowded around to congratulate her upon the opportunity she had earned did she seem to realize what it all meant, and then she accepted listlessly what the other women of her profession would have given years of their life to attain.

She slipped from the stage door alone to go to the hotel, but as she emerged Tom stepped forward with outstretched hands.

"I had to come to see you," he said brokenly. "At first I vowed that I would stay out of town while you were here, but I had to come back, and I'm glad I did.

"I thought that you would be tough and common, Maggie, like the rest, but you can't be that and play as you did tonight. That wasn't acting, and when I saw you as you really are, and not as I thought that you would be, I wanted to get up and shout to you to come right to me and we'd get married, as we used to plan when we were children. Will you come and marry me, Maggie? I've got a fine farm now, and you'll never regret it, dear."

"I don't think I will regret it," agreed Maggie happily, "but I didn't think you'd want me, Tom."

"You know what they think about actresses here," he reminded her. "I guess I thought pretty much the same, but you—well, when I saw you come on the stage looking just as you used to do I knew you were my Maggie still!"

He clasped her hands, unable to say more, but Maggie understood. To the Melrose minds all player folk were followers of the devil. Perhaps the ingenuous role she had played had won Tom. He wanted for his wife the woman she had played. And she knew it would be easy to continue in that role with Tom as opposite.

She felt that she could continue her success in that part, and so she let him kiss her before she pushed him gently from her with a whispered command to come to the hotel in the morning. Together they would see Quinlin and secure the release from her contract.

As she entered the hotel the manager was waiting for her. He had taken from his trunk her contract for the season, and this he handed to her.

"This sets you free, my girl. You can go to Benjamin and Broadway," he said smilingly. "I'm glad that at last the Metropolitans have contributed a real star to Broadway."

"I'm not going to Benjamin," replied Maggie. "I'll play the season out for you if you want me to, but I made a real human hit in the part tonight, and I'm going to keep on playing it for Tom here in Melrose. Gee, Mr. Quinlin, I'm glad he didn't see me last night as the adventuress."

Ice Sport For Danish Children.

In Denmark one of the favorite forms of exercise on the ice is a game wherein the skaters can have their fun and also the tots who prefer to ride upon sleds.

A large pole is fixed upright in the middle of the frozen pond, and a cross-beam is attached, the whole affair being kept from toppling over by means of a large wagon wheel, through whose hub the upright pole is thrust and which lies flat upon the ice. To the end of the longer section of the transverse beam a string of sleds is attached, and then eight or ten of the large lads and lassies begin to skate in a circle, pushing the beam around with them, while the little fellows climb on the sleds.

Around and around they go, faster and faster, amid shouts of delight, until the string of sleds is flung out across the ice like the lash of a long whip. It often becomes necessary for those who are furnishing the motive power to slacken speed in order to let the coasters get back into a better position, centrifugal force having stretched them out sometimes almost to the banks of the lake.—Pathfinder.

Had the Proof.

"I wonder if Jones is married."

"No."

"Did you ask him?"

"I didn't have to. I heard him telling what he would do if any wife of his came out in a dress like that gown."

ORDER OF THE GARTER.

It Is the Most Exclusive Order In the World.

The news that the King has been pleased to approve of the Earl of Durham being made a Knight of the Garter in the place of the late Earl of Leicester will give special interest to the following facts on the story of the world's premier honor, and how this greatest of distinctions is conferred.

The origin of this illustrious order has been much disputed, but tradition has it that the choice of the emblem was determined by a trivial accident. It appears that Joan Countess of Salisbury dropped her garter of blue embroidered velvet when dancing with Edward III., and the King, picking it up, tied it around his leg. But, observing the Queen's jealous glances and the significant looks of his courtiers, he returned it to its fair owner with the remark, "Honi soit qui mal y pense!" (Evil be to him who evil thinks), adding, "that in a short time they should see that garter advanced to so high honor and estimation as to account themselves happy to wear it."

The knighthood now consists of the Sovereign—who is invariably the head of the order—twelve dukes, five marquesses, and eight earls of the kingdom. These, with the Earl of Durham, make up the total number of twenty-six members, but the reigning monarch has the power to extend the order to foreign sovereigns. At the present time these include twenty-one reigning rulers and six heirs-apparent to European thrones.

The order has for its principal emblem the garter, which formerly was of light blue silk, with the motto set in pearls, rubies, or diamonds. It is now, however, of dark blue velvet, about an inch wide, with a buckle and pendant of solid gold and the motto in gold letters. It is worn on the left leg a little below the knee, but if the head of the order is a queen, she wears it on the left arm above the elbow.

The dress of the knights of the order for ceremonial occasions is, as befitting the greatest distinction in the world, most magnificent. The mantle is of blue velvet, lined with taffeta (the finest white silk), and having the star of the order embroidered on the left breats, a hood of crimson velvet, a surcoat, or coat without sleeves, of the same material and lined like the mantle. A hat of black velvet fastened with a band of diamonds to the lining of white silk, and bearing a plume of white ostrich feathers, having in its centre a tuft of black heron's feathers.

Over the mantle is worn the "collar" of the finest gold, with twenty-six garters—signifying the number of members—enamelled in azure blue, each enclosing a rose "gules" of red enamel and having between each garter-link a knot and pendant in white enamel. Upon this is suspended the "Great George"—a figure of the patron saint of England on horseback, who, having thrown the dragon on his back, is slaying him with a tilting spear.

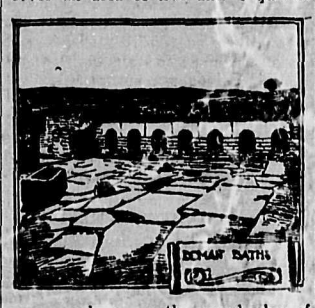
The ribbon and star are w[illegible] invariably by knights of the ord[illegible] when attending at Court, the "Great George" and collar being only assumed when, by special order of the Lord Chamberland, any great ceremony is declared at the King's command to be "Collar Day."

OLD ROMAN BATHS.

Very Fine Example Exists at Walwick Chesters, England.

Of Roman remains there are many examples in the north of England, and one of the best and best preserved is to be found at Cilurnum, or Walwick Chesters, as the modern name is. The words "Cyl hyrn" are Welsh to this day for "narrow haugh," so the link with the past is very clearly seen in this expressive term for "riverside meadow."

The remains of the Roman station cover an area of five and a quarter



acres, and are on the usual plan of an oblong. Excavations in 1879 brought to light much interesting detail, including fragments of gates, quantities of fine plaster and wood-ashes, but the most important discovery was that of portion of a bronze tablet which recorded the confer[illegible] of the privileges of Roman c[illegible]ship and the rights of mar[illegible]e on certain troops quartered in Britain under Antoninus Pius in the year 146. Of such tables only a very few are extant. Many coins also have been found here, dating from Agricola to Valentinian, as well as a small altar inscribed with the words "Dibus Veteribus."

The bath in particular is of special interest, differing altogether from that example, for instance, which is one of the treasures of Roman London, being much larger in construction. It is lined with a red-colored cement, which gives an idea of warmth and cosiness. In the breach of the wall there was discovered some time ago an effigy of a river-god, which may be taken as a former representative of the Genius of the Tyne.

We bathe somewhat differently today than did the Romans, but not more luxuriously or, indeed, frequent.

A Powerful Plea.

A count whose normal position was one of insolvency paid court to the daughter of a millionaire. When interviewing her father the impecunious suitor remarked ingenuously, "Be assured, sir, that in asking you for your daughter I am guided by no selfish or interested motives. All your daughter's marriage portion will go to my creditors!"

A BIRD BUILT BOWER.

New Zealand Feathered Colonies Construct Intricate Houses.

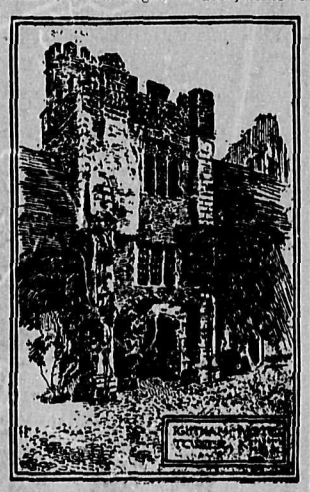
Writing to Professor James Drummond, whose delightful nature notes from New Zealand are well known, Mr. Will Lawson gives some interesting details of Queensland's natural history. Referring to the bower bird, he says that these birds, which are about the size of magpies, dwell in colonies of about a dozen, and each pair has its nest, a most untidy, hastily-thrown-together affair, stuck promiscuously in adjacent trees. The whole energy of the colony is centred in the bower, which each group of birds builds, and which is a marvelous construction. Twigs are laid on the ground, and their ends are curved upwards. Then more twigs are woven into these, their ends still curving, until a woven tunnel is the result, built so strongly that it is difficult to cause any movement by shaking it with the hand. These tunnels, or bowers, have several ramifications, and here the birds play all day long. They decorate their bower with bright leaves, flowers, pebbles, and shells, and if by chance a silver spoon or ornament falls into their clutches, it is given a prominent position in their playhouse.

The laughing jackass, or "kookaburra," is a bird whose fame as a humorist has traveled far, but, says Mr. Lawson, a person must hear two of them laughing to really appreciate this eccentricity of bird-life. There are two kinds of laughing jackasses, the grey and the blue, and the laugh of each is quite distinct. One gives a "hoo-hoo-hoo," while the other chatters and cackles. The sound rises in tone until it is very loud, and then it quite suddenly dies away. Another bird whose cry is a combined effort is the stock-whip bird. One of the pair emits a whistle, sharp and shrill, which rises in crescendo, and is then cut short off with a "whit," very like the sound of a wet stock-whip lash. Then the hitherto silent mate gives two quick notes, just as though it said, in startled tones, "What oh!" Closely related to the stock-whip bird are the soldier bird, all uniformed like a red-coat, and the leather-head. The latter has no feathers on its head. These two chatter all day long in the scrub.—Standard of Empire.

CASTLE UNDER HAMMER.

Famous Fairhill Mansion In England Is to Be Sold.

The beautiful Fairhill mansion and estates, belonging to the Earl of Derby, are to be sold by auction. Situated between Sevenoaks and Tonbridge, the 4,000 acres, or thereabouts, extend from Knole Park to the latter town, and include portions of the parishes of Seal, Shipbourne, Hildenborough, Wrotham, Ightham (the scene of the terrible Luard tragedies), Hadlow, and Tonbridge itself. "The garden of Kent" the district has been rightly named, containing as it does, some of



the most beautiful scenery and some of the most charming architectural treasures of that county. In the sale will be included the famous One Tree Hill, a landmark that is famous over the whole of the south of England. The mansion also will be sold, as well as a number of other residences and farms. At Ightham, although apparently not included in the sale, there is one of the most interesting historical edifices of all, Ightham Mote. An illustration of the beautiful tower over the entrance to the courtyard is printed herewith. The older portions of the building date back to the reign of Edward III.

Originally in the possession of Sir Thomas Cawne, Ightham Mote later on passed into the hands of the Haut family, at that period influential Kentish squires, whose representative, Richard Haut, in the fifteenth century, mixed himself in political matters, and lost his head and his estates, the latter being restored to the family by Henry VII. Edward Haut, who received this mark of the Sovereign's good-will, is generally believed to have caused the building of the beautiful tower. Another fine piece of stone and woodwork—probably a part of the original structure—is the great entrance gates and their overcovering, pointed arch.

Heir to £10,000,000.

Considering that he is the son of the millionaire inventor of the Westinghouse vacuum brake, and heir to £10,000,000, Mr. George Westinghouse's marriage to Miss Evelyn Brocklebank the other day was a very quiet affair, although a spice of novelty was introduced into it by driving to the railway station en route for the honeymoon in a coach and four. Mr. Westinghouse, however, has always been characterized by his unassuming manner and lack of "side." He is twenty-eight years of age, and for some twelve of those worked in his father's workshops for 9d. an hour. He has been through every department, and when his time comes for controlling something like 20,000 men he will know exactly what they should do.

In Lilac Days

By GERTRUDE MANSFIELD.

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"Eh, what's that?" Alan Berresford, tall, athletic, good looking, swinging at a rattling pace down the city streets, flung around as an odor, faint, fragrant, delicious, assailed his nostrils. "Lilacs, by Jupiter!"

Lilacs, in truth. The street stand at the corner brimmed over with them—great purple swaying plumes of sweetness among their cool, green, smooth, heart shaped leaves.

"Lilacs, sir?" The swarthy skinned young vender evidently expected a liberal purchaser.

"Yes—no; wait a minute!" And this prosperous man of affairs, whose dictum could shake the board of trade building over on Lasalle street to its foundations, stood looking absently at the flowers, lost in retrospection.

Lilacs! He saw all at once the quaint home in a pretty, peaceful country town. He saw, too, the overgrown old garden where the peonies and gooseberries interlaced silken stems and briery branches, and farther back still, just where the emerald slopes of the orchard came gently dimpling down, a secluded green stretch of pathway. At either side a row of lilac bushes grew higher than a man's head—a way of bloom and beauty, of overwhelming fragrance. Lilac lane they called it. And when the moon rose and set shifting shadows about the place it was a luminous mosaic of moving leaves and silvery lights where he and Elsie walked.

"Lilacs, sir?"

"Yes—a lot." Berresford pulled himself together with a start. Ah, that all seemed so long ago! Had he been letting himself drift into a sentimental dream—here, in broad daylight, on one of the most crowded streets of a great city? He glanced around half guiltily.

Then, with a little cynical smile and shrug of his shoulders, he turned to the Greek flower seller. "Send those to my hotel." He motioned to a great earthen jar full of the beautiful blooms. He pencilled name and number on his

"HER DROOPING FACE I COULD NOT SEE DISTINCTLY."

business card and handed it to the man with a bill.

Then, receiving his change, he walked on, the scent of the lilacs still seeming to perfume the surging city street.

"Hello, Berresford!"

But the man addressed apparently did not hear. In this place of blare and bustle his thoughts had gone astray. He was no longer walking down the street of a western metropolis.

He was walking with a girl in a gown of palest rose and green through the changeful lights and shadows that flickered over Lilac lane.

"Hold on, Alan! What is the matter with you? You'll get run over the first thing you know! Can't you speak to an old friend?"

Berresford swung around. An old friend! All the dreaminess went out of his eyes. His jaws were set—hard. Yes, a Judas friend—one who could and did betray! And that now, just now, in this crowded city street he should loom up he who had been responsible for such disillusion, such sorrow, such loneliness!

"Ronald!" he cried in scorn. "How dare you speak to me?"

Amazement was apparent on the face of the man who had addressed him. "Alan Berresford, have you gone clean daft? Why should I not speak to you? We who sat side by side in the same school, went swimming in the same creek, went sweethearting together"—

Berresford controlled himself with an effort. Men were passing whom he knew - whose salutations, deferential and admiring, he mechanically acknowledged. The necessity for self control was obvious. "We must not attract attention," he said. "Let us walk on."

And walk on in silence they did. It was not until they had gone several blocks that Beresford could control himself sufficiently to explain his repudiation of Ronald Dever.

"It is a queer coincidence," he said, "that you should have spoken to me just when I was dreaming of the little old town in which we both grew to manhood." He had himself so well in hand now that he spoke almost dreamily.

"Of course I was thinking most of the Rivers' home, where we both used to visit. You probably know that I was engaged to Elsie Rivers when that fortune—which is the cornerstone of my wealth today—was left me, and I was obliged to go abroad to claim it."

The other gave a startled glance. "No; I never knew that!" he said.

Berresford pressed his lips tightly together before he spoke again. "It was midwinter when I left—springtime when I returned. And, of course, I went at once to our old home town. Elsie was out, her mother said, somewhere around the grounds. I went immediately to our old trysting place in Lilac lane. There was the same familiar walk, all odorous with bloom and the moonlight falling in a thousand shifting lights and shadows, just as I always loved to remember"—

His voice broke curiously. His companion, a slight, dark man, younger than he, looked at him with frank anxiety in his eyes.

"She was there," went on Berresford. "So was a man whose arm encircled her as they walked. Her head almost touched his shoulder. Her drooping face I could not see distinctly, but the height and walk were those of Elsie, whom I had called my Elsie. I believe," with a sudden chill change of tone, "that is all I need explain, Dever!"

"No," said Dever quietly, "it isn't quite all. Who was her escort? Who was the man?"

A great wrath shook Berresford from head to feet. He whirled around upon his companion, white to the lips. "You!" he cried. "You, Ronald Dever! I saw you distinctly. You were the man!"

Dever spoke in a level and commanding voice. "Come! Let us walk still a little farther. Neither you nor I can afford to invite public comment. I hope to prove to you that you have been mistaken."

Startled, but incredulous, Berresford accepted the suggestion.

"What made you turn, like another Enoch Arden, and leave the place?" Dever asked.

"Because, being supplanted in my absence, I was another Enoch Arden!" came the reply, passionately spoken.

"Listen. After you went abroad Elsie's cousin came to live with her. They were of the same height and general appearance, although when considered together they do not look alike. I fell in love with Laura. She has been my wife for three years, and a mighty sweet wife she is. Will you dine with us tonight, Berresford?"

Berresford flushed and trembled like a girl. "It was she—not Elsie—that I saw with you?"

"Assuredly, as you might have discovered had you been less impulsive in your flight. He mentioned their address. "We'll expect you at 6."

"No, no; I must go at once to Elsie—if she will listen, if she will forgive me. But there may now be some other person, some other claim."

"There isn't any one but you. I don't think there ever would or will be. But come to dinner at 6, as I said. Elsie is just now visiting at our home."

"What?" shouted Berresford. "Give me that card with your address—quick! Hi, cabby! Double fare if you make good time! Wait until 6, indeed. Well, I guess not!"

Then he was being driven swiftly southward, and for him all the world—the gracious, sweet, delicious, springtime world—was full of the waving of lilac plumes, the prescient fragrance of lilac blossoms.

Plateau Plains of the West.

A phenomenal feature of the desert plains is the plateau plain. Mesas they are called in the southwestern United States and Mexico. These mesas, as their Spanish name signifies, are extensive, flat topped, table-like areas rising abruptly from the general plain to heights of from 100 or 200 feet to 1,000 feet or more. The great Mesa de Maya, in northeastern New Mexico, is 3,500 feet above the next lower plain. The surface of the plateau plain is usually found to be composed of some hard rock layer, as in the case of the vast Llano Estacado, or "walled plains," or staked plains, as it is called by the Texans, or is made up of an extensive lava flow—as, for example, the Mesa de Maya, the Ocate mesa and the majority of the plains of this kind. The surface beneath the lava flows of the mesas is itself a plain worn out on the beveled edges of the strata. The plateau plain thus represents a former position of the general plains level. It is the best example of circumdenudation through vigorous wind scour.—Popular Science Monthly.

Part of the Game.

"I come," said the great actress to the modest lawyer, "to engage you to get a divorce for me."

"I suppose you have a good case," said the lawyer.

"A perfect one," responded the actress.

"And want it got as quietly as possible," said the lawyer.

"Quietly as possible! I should say not! What is the use of getting a divorce, I'd like to know, if there is to be no advertising in it?"

Practical Superstition.

"Heard a dog howling all night."

"It means a sudden death."

"I didn't know you were superstitious."

"I am. It means the finish of the dog."

The Opal Serpent

By FERGUS HUME,

Author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," "The Mandarin's Fan," Etc.

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(Continued.)

CHAPTER XVII.

FOR the next day or two Paul was kept closely to work in the office reading a number of tales which were awaiting his judgment. After hours he several times tried to see Billy Hurd, but was unable to meet him. He left a note at the Scotland Yard office, asking if Hurd had received his communication regarding Mrs. Krill, and if so, what he proposed to do concerning it. Hurd did not reply to this note, and Paul was growing puzzled over the silence of the detective. At length the answer came, not in writing, but in the person of Hurd himself, who called on Beecot.

The young man had just finished his frugal meal and was sitting down to an evening's work when there came a knock to the door. Hurd, dressed in his usual brown suit, presented himself, looking cool and composed. But he was more excited than one would imagine, as Paul saw from the expression of his eyes. The detective accepted a cup of coffee and lighted his pipe. Then he sat down in the armchair on the opposite side of the fireplace and prepared to talk. Paul heaped on coals with a lavish hand, little as he could afford this extravagance, as the night was cold and he guessed that Hurd had much to say. So, on the whole, they had a very comfortable and interesting conversation.

"I suppose you are pleased to see me?" asked Hurd, puffing meditatively at his brier.

Paul nodded. "Very glad," he answered, "that is, if you have done anything about Mrs. Krill?"

"Well," drawled the detective, smiling, "I have been investigating that murder case."

"Lady Rachel Sandal's?" said Beecot eagerly. "Is it really murder?"

"I think so, though some folks think it suicide. Curious you should have stumbled across that young lord," went on Hurd musingly, "and more curious still that he should have been in the room with Mrs. Krill without recollecting the name. There was a great fuss made about it at the time."

"Oh, I can understand Lord George," said Beecot promptly. "The murder, if it is one, took place before he was born, and, as there seems to have been some scandal in the matter, the family hushed it up. This young fellow probably gathered scraps of information from old servants, but from what he said to me in the cab I think he knows very little."

"Quite enough to put me on the track of Lemuel Krill's reason for leaving Christchurch."

"Is that the reason?"

"Yes. Twenty-one years ago he left Christchurch, at the very time Lady Rachel was murdered in his public house. Then he disappeared for a time and turned up a year later in Gwynne street, with a young wife whom he had married in the meantime."

"Sylvia's mother?"

"Exactly. And Miss Norman was born a year later. She's nearly twenty-one, isn't she?"

"Yes. She will be twenty-one in three months."

Hurd nodded gravely. "The time corresponds," said he. "As the crime was committed twenty-three years back and Lord George is only twenty, I can understand how he knows so little about it. But didn't he connect Mrs. Krill with the man who died in Gwynne street?"

"No. She explained that. The name of Krill appeared only a few times in the papers and was principally set forth, with the portrait, in the handbills. I shouldn't think Lord George was the kind of young man to bother about handbills."

"All the same, he might have heard talk at his club. Every one isn't so stupid."

"No; but, at all events, he did not seem to connect Mrs. Krill with the dead man, and, even with regard to the death of his aunt, he fancied she might not be the same woman."

"What an ass he must be!" said Hurd contemptuously.

"I don't think he has much brain," confessed Paul, shrugging his shoulders, "but he asked me if I thought Mrs. Krill was the same as the landlady of the Red Pig, and I denied that she was. I don't like telling lies, but in this case I hope the departure from truth will be pardoned."

"You did very right," said the detective. "The fewer people know about these matters the better, especially a chatterbox like this young fool."

"Do you know him?"

"Yes, under the name of the Count de la Tour. But I know of him in another way, which I'll reveal later. Hay is still fleecing him?"

"He is. But Lord George seems to be growing suspicious of Hay," and Paul related the conversation he had with the young man.

Hurd grunted. "I'm sorry," he said. "I want to catch Hay redhanded, and if Lord George grows too clever I may not be able to do so."

"Well," said Paul, rather impatiently, "never mind about that fellow just now, but tell me what you have discovered."

"Oh, a lot of interesting things. When I got your letter of course I at once connected the opal serpent with Aaron Norman and his change of name with the murder. I knew that Norman came to Gwynne street over twenty years ago—that came out in the evidence connected with his death. Therefore, putting two and two together, I searched in the newspapers of that period and found what I wanted."

"A report of the case?"

"Precisely. And after that I hunted up the records at Scotland Yard for further details that were not made public. So I got the whole story together, and I am pretty certain that Aaron Norman, or, as he then was, Lemuel Krill, murdered Lady Rachel for the sake of that precious brooch."

"Ah," said Paul, drawing a breath, "now I understand why he fainted when he saw it again. No wonder, considering it was connected in his mind with the death of Lady Rachel."

"Quite so. And no wonder the man kept looking over his shoulder in the expectation of being tapped on the shoulder by a policeman. I don't wonder also that he locked up the house and kept his one eye on the ground and went to church secretly to pray. What a life he must have led. Upon my soul, bad as the man was, I'm sorry for him."

"So am I," said Paul. "And, after all, he is Sylvia's father."

"Poor girl, to have a murderer for a father!"

Beecot turned pale. "I love Sylvia for herself," he said with an effort, "and if her father had committed twenty murders I would not let her go. But she must never know."

"No," said Hurd, stretching his hand across and giving Paul a friendly grip, "and I knew you'd stick to her. It wouldn't be fair to blame the girl for what her father did before she was born."

"We must keep everything from her, Hurd. I'll marry her and take her abroad sooner than she should learn of this previous murder. But how did it happen?"

"I'll tell you in a few minutes." Hurd rose and began to pace the narrow limits of the attic. "By the way, do you know that Norman was a secret drinker of brandy?"

Paul nodded, and told the detective what he had learned from Mrs. Krill. Hurd was much struck with the intelligence. "I see," said he; "what Mrs. Krill says is quite true. Drink does change the ordinary nature into the opposite. Krill sober was a timid rabbit; Krill drunk was a murderer and a thief. Good Lord, and how he drank!"

"How do you know?"

"Well," confessed Hurd, nursing his chin, "Pash and I went to search the Gwynne street house to find if possible the story alluded to in the scrap of paper Deborah Junk found. We couldn't drop across anything of that sort, but in Norman's bedroom, which nobody ever entered, we found brandy bottles by the score—under the bed, ranged along the walls, filling cupboards, stowed away in boxes. I had the curiosity to count them. Those we found ran up to 500, and Lord knows how many more he must have got rid of when he found the bottles crowding him inconveniently."

"I expect he got drunk every night," said Paul, thinking. "When he locked up Sylvia and Deborah in the upper room—I can understand now why he did so—he could go to the cellar and take possession of the shop key left on the nail by Bart. Then, free from all intrusion, he could drink till reeling. Not that I think he ever did reel," went on Beecot, mindful of what Mrs. Krill had said; "he could stand a lot, and I expect the brandy only converted him into a demon."

"And a clever business man," said Hurd. "You know Aaron Norman was not clever over the books. Bart sold those, but from all accounts he was a Shylock when dealing, after 7 o'clock, in the pawnbroking way. I understand now. Sober, he was a timid fool; drunk, he was a bold, clever villain."

"My poor Sylvia, what a father," sighed Paul. "But this crime"—

"I'll tell you about it. Lemuel Krill and his wife kept the Red Pig at Christchurch, a little public house it is, on the outskirts of the town, frequented by farm laborers and such like. The business was pretty good, but the couple didn't look to making their fortune. Mrs. Krill was a farmer's daughter."

"A Buckinghamshire farmer," said Paul.

"How do you know? Oh (on receiving information), Mrs. Krill told you so? Well, considering the murder of Lady Rachel, she would have done better to hold her tongue and have commenced life with her dead husband's money under a new name. She's a clever woman, too," mused Hurd. "I can't understand her being so unnecessarily frank."

"Never mind. Go on," said Paul impatiently.

Hurd returned to his seat and refilled his pipe. "Well, then," he continued, "Krill got drunk and gave his wife great trouble. Sometimes he thrashed her and blacked her eyes, and he treated their daughter badly too."

"How old was the daughter?"

"I can't say. Why do you ask?"

"I'll tell you later. Go on, please."

"Well, then, Mrs. Krill always revenged herself on her husband when he was sober and timid, so the couple were evenly matched. Krill was master when drunk, and his wife mistress when he was sober—a kind of seesaw sort of life they must have led."

"Where does Lady Rachel come in?"

"What an impatient chap you are," remonstrated Hurd in a friendly tone. "I'm coming to that now. Lady Rachel quarreled with her father over some young artist she wanted to marry. He would not allow the lover to come to the hall, so Lady Rachel said she would kill herself rather than give him up."

"And she did," said Paul, thinking of the suicide theory.

"There you go again. How am I to tell you all when you interrupt?"

"I beg your pardon. I won't do so again."

Hurd nodded smilingly and continued. "One night—it was dark and stormy—Lady Rachel had a row royal with her father. Then she ran out of the hall saying her father would never see her alive again. She may have intended to commit suicide certainly or she may have intended to join her lover in London. But whatever she intended to do, the rain cooled her. She staggered into Christchurch and fell down insensible at the door of the Red Pig. Mrs. Krill brought her indoors and laid her on a bed."

"Did she know who the lady was?"

Hurd shook his head. "She said in her evidence that she did not, but living in the neighborhood she certainly must have seen Lady Rachel sometimes. Krill was drunk as usual. He had been boozing all the day with a skipper of some craft at Southampton. He was good for nothing, so Mrs. Krill did everything. She declared that she went to bed at 11, leaving Lady Rachel sleeping."

"Did Lady Rachel recover her senses?"

"Yes—according to Mrs. Krill—but she refused to say who she was and merely stated that she would sleep at the Red Pig that night and would go on to London next morning. Mrs. Krill swore that Lady Rachel had no idea of committing suicide. Well, about midnight Mrs. Krill, who slept in one room with her daughter, was awakened by loud shouts. She sprang to her feet and hurried out; her daughter came also, as she had been awakened and was terrified. Mrs. Krill found that her husband was raving mad with drink and smashing the furniture in the room below. The skipper"—

"What was the skipper's name?"

"Jessop—Jarvey Jessop. Well, he also, rather drunk, was retiring to bed and stumbled by chance into Lady Rachel's room. He found her quite dead and shouted for assistance. The poor lady had a silk handkerchief she wore tied tightly round her throat and fastened to the bedpost. When Jessop saw this, he ran out of the inn in dismay. Mrs. Krill descended to give the alarm to her neighbors, but Krill struck her down and struck his daughter also, making her mouth bleed. An opal brooch that Lady Rachel wore was missing, but Mrs. Krill only knew of that the next day. She was insensible from the blow given by Krill, and the daughter ran out to get assistance. When the neighbors entered, Krill was gone, and, notwithstanding all the search made for him, he could not be found."

"And Jessop?"

"He turned up and explained that he had been frightened on finding the woman dead. But the police found him on his craft at Southampton, and he gave evidence. He said that Krill when drunk and like a demon, as Mrs. Krill told you, had left the room several times. The last time he came back, he and the skipper had a final drink, and then Jessop retired to find—the body. It was supposed by the police that Krill had killed Lady Rachel for the sake of the brooch, which could not be discovered"—

"But the brooch"—

"Hold on. I know what you are about to say. We'll come to that shortly. Let me finish this yarn first. It was also argued that, from Lady Rachel's last words to her father and from the position of the body—tied by the neck to the bedpost—she had committed suicide. Mrs. Krill, as I said, declared the deceased lady never mentioned the idea of making away with herself. However, Krill's flight and the chance that, being drunk, he might have strangled the lady for the sake of the brooch while out of the

"What was the skipper's name?"

room, made many think he was the culprit, especially as Jessop said that Krill had noticed the brooch and commented on the opals."

"He was a traveler in jewels once, according to his wife."

"Yes, and left that to turn innkeeper. Afterward he vanished, as I say, and became a pawnbroker in Gwynne street. Well, the jury at the inquest could not agree. Some thought Lady Rachel had committed suicide and others that Krill had murdered her. Then the family didn't want a scandal, so in one way and another the matter was hushed up. The jury brought in a verdict of suicide by a majority of one, so you can see how equally they were divided. Lady Rachel's body was laid in the family vault, and nothing more was heard of Lemuel Krill."

"What did Mrs. Krill do?"

"She stopped on at the inn, as she told you. People were sorry for her and helped her, so she did very well. Mother and daughter have lived at the Red Pig all these years, highly respected, until they saw the handbills about Krill. Then the money was claimed, but as the circumstance of Lady Rachel's fate was so old nobody thought of mentioning it till this young lord did so to you, and I, as you see, have hunted out the details."

"What is your opinion, Hurd?" asked Paul, deeply interested.

"Oh, I think Krill murdered the woman and then cut to London. That accounts for his looking over his shoulder, etc."

"But how did he get money to start as a bookseller? Premises are not leased in Gwynne street for nothing."

"Well, he might have got money on the brooch."

"No. The brooch was pawned by a nautical gentleman." Paul started up. "Captain Jessop, perhaps. You remember?" he said excitedly.

"Ah," said Hurd, puffing his pipe with satisfaction, "I see you understand. I mentioned that about the brooch to hear what you would say. Yes, Jessop must have pawned the brooch at Stowley, and it must have been Jessop who came with the note for the jewels to Pash."

"Ha," said Paul, walking excitedly about the room. "Then it would seem that Jessop and Krill were in league?"

"I think so," said Hurd, staring at the fire, "and yet I am not sure. Jessop may have found that Krill had killed the woman and then have made him give up the brooch, which he afterward pawned at Stowley, though why he should go near Mrs. Krill's old home I can't understand."

"Is Stowley near her old home?"

"Yes—in Buckinghamshire. However, after pawning the brooch I expect Jessop lost sight of Krill till he must have come across him a few days before the crime. Then he must have made Krill sign the paper ordering the jewels to be given up by Pash so that he might get money."

"A kind of blackmail, in fact."

"Well," said Hurd doubtfully, "after all, Jessop might have killed Krill himself."

"But how did Jessop get the brooch?"

"Ah, that I can't tell you, unless Norman himself picked it up in the street. We must find these things out. I'm going to Christchurch to make inquiries. I'll let you know what I discover," and Hurd rose.

"One minute," said Paul hastily. "Do you think Miss Krill is the dead man's child?"

"Of course. She's as like her mother as two peas. Why do you ask?"

Paul detailed what Sylvia and Deborah had said. "So if she is over thirty," said Beecot, "she can't be Krill's child or else she must have been born before Krill married his wife. In either case, she has no right to the money."

"It's strange," said Hurd musingly. "I'll have to look into that. Meanwhile, I've got plenty to do."

"There's another thing I have to say."

"You'll confuse me, Beecot. What is it?"

"The sugar and that hawker," and Paul related what Sylvia had said about thuggism. Hurd sat down and stared. "That must be bosh," he said, looking at the novel, "and yet it's mighty queer. I say," he took the three volumes, "will you lend me these?"

"Yes. Be careful. They are not mine."

"I'll be careful. But I can't dip into them just yet, nor can I go into the Hindoo business, let alone this age of Miss Krill. The first thing I have to do is to go to Christchurch and see"—

"And see if Mrs. Krill was at home on the night of the 6th of July."

Hurd started. "Oh," said he dryly, "the night the crime was committed, you mean? Well, I didn't intend to look up that point, as I do not see how Mrs. Krill can be implicated. However, I'll take a note of that," and this he did and then continued: "But I'm anxious to find Jessop. I shouldn't be at all surprised to learn that he committed the double crime."

"The double crime?"

"Yes. He might have strangled Lady Rachel and twenty years later have killed Krill. I can't be sure, but I think he is the guilty person."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE next afternoon Hurd was on his way to the former abode of Mrs. Krill. During the journey he glanced at his notes and arranged what inquiries he should make. It struck him as strange that Mrs. Krill should have told Paul of her association with the Red Pig, considering the reputation of the place in connection with Lady Rachel Sandal's murder or suicide. It would have been better had Mrs. Krill changed her name by letters patent and started a new life on her dead husband's money. The detective could not understand the reason for this unnecessary frankness.

Before leaving town he took the precaution to call on Pash and note down a description of the sailor—presumably Jessop—who had tried to obtain possession of the jewels on the morning after the crime had been committed in Gwynne street. He learned that the man (who had given no name) was tall and stout, with the flushed skin of a habitual drinker of strong waters and reddish hair mixed with gray. He also had a scar running from his right temple to his mouth, and although this was partly concealed by a beard, yet it was distinctly visible. The man was dressed in blue serge, carried his large hands slightly clinched and rolled in his gait. Hurd noted these things down and had little doubt that he would recognize the man if he came across him. Connecting him with the individual who had pawned the brooch at Stowley, Hurd fancied he might be Jessop. He resolved to look for him in Southampton, as, judging from the evidence given at the inquest on Lady Rachel's remains, that was the port of call for the mariner.

At the station immediately before that of Christchurch, Hurd glanced at a telegram which he produced out of his pocketbook and then leaned out of the carriage window. A pretty, daintily dressed little woman saw him and at once entered the carriage with a gay laugh. She was Miss Aurora Qian, and Paul would have been considerably astonished had he overheard her conversation with Mr. Hurd. But the detective and the actress had the compartment to themselves and talked freely.

"It's the safest place to talk in," explained Miss Qian, producing a bag of chocolate and eating during the conversation. "Of course, I told the landlady at the Red Pig that my brother was coming down, so we can go there right enough. But walls have ears. I don't think railway carriages have, though, and we have much to say, Billy."

"Have you found out anything, Aurora?" asked Hurd.

Miss Qian nodded. "A great deal considering I have been in the place only twenty-four hours. It's a good thing I'm out of an engagement, Billy, or I shouldn't have time to leave London or to look after that man Hay. I am a good sister."

"Well, you are. But there's money in the business also. If I can get that thousand pounds, you'll have your share."

"I know you'll treat me straight, Billy," said the actress, with much satisfaction. "I always say that my brother is as square a man as I know."

"The deuce you do," said Hurd, rather vexed. "I hope you don't go telling every one that I am your brother, Aurora?"

"Only one or two special friends—not Hay, you may be sure. Nor does that nice Mr. Beecot know that we are brother and sister."

"You'd best keep it dark and say nothing, Aurora. It's just as well you left the private detective business and went on the stage. You talk too much."

"Oh, no, I don't," retorted Miss Qian, eating a sweet. "Don't be hasty, Billy, or I'll tell you nothing."

Her brother shrugged his shoulders. He was very fond of Aurora, but he saw her many faults, and she certainly had too long a tongue for one engaged in private matters. "What about Hay?" he asked.

Aurora raised her eyes. "I thought you wanted to know of my discoveries at Christchurch?" she said, pouting.

"Well, I do. But Hay"—

"Oh, he's all right. He's going to marry Miss Krill and her money and is getting cash together by fleecing young Sandal. That fool will play and keeps losing his money, although I've warned him."

"Then don't warn him. I wish to catch Hay redhanded."

"Ah," Miss Qian nodded, "you may catch him redhanded in a worse matter than gambling."

"Aurora, you don't mean to say he has anything to do with the murder of Aaron Norman?"

"Well, I don't go so far as to say that, Billy. But when I got settled in the private sitting room of the Red Pig on the plea that I had come down for a change of air and expected my brother"—

"Which you do without any lies."

"Yes, that's all right, Billy," she said impatiently. "Well, the first thing I clapped eyes on was a portrait of Grexon Hall in a silver frame on the mantelpiece."

"Hum," said Hurd, nursing his chin in his hand, "he may have given that to Miss Krill during the engagement."

"I dare say," rejoined the actress tartly, "for he has been engaged for many a long day—say two years."

"I thought so," said Hurd triumphantly. "I always fancied the meeting at Pash's office was a got up thing."

"What made you think so?"

"Because, when disguised as the Count de la Tour, I overheard Hay address Miss Krill as Maud, and it was the first time she and her mother came to his rooms. Sandal was there, and gambling went on as usual. I lost money myself," said Hurd, with a grimace, "in order to make Hay think I was another pigeon to pluck. But the mention of the Christian name on so short an acquaintance showed me that Hay and Miss Krill had met before. I expect the meeting in Pash's office was a got up game."

"You said that before, Billy. How you repeat yourself! Yes, there's an inscription on the portrait—'From Grexon to Maud, with much love.' Sweet, isn't it, when you think what an icicle the man is? There is also a date. Two years ago the photograph was given. I admired the photograph and asked the landlady who was the swell."

"What's the landlady's name?"

"Matilda Junk."

Hurd almost jumped from his seat. "That's queer," he said. "The woman who is devoted to Miss Norman and who nursed her since she was a baby is called Deborah Junk."

"I know that," said Aurora. "I'm not quite a fool, Billy. I mentioned Deborah Junk, whom I saw at the inquest on Norman's body. The landlady said she was her sister, but she had not heard of her for ages. And this Matilda is just like Deborah in looks—a large Dutch doll with beady eyes and a badly painted face."

"Well, that's a point," said Hurd, making a note. "What did she say about the photograph?"

"Oh, that it was one of Mr. Hay, who was Miss Krill's young man, and that they had been engaged for two years"—

"Matilda seems to be a chatterbox."

"She is. I got a lot out of her."

"Then there can be nothing to conceal on the part of Mrs. Krill?"

"Well," said Aurora, throwing the empty sweetmeat bag out of the window and brushing her lap, "so far as I can discover, Mrs. Krill is a perfectly respectable person and has lived for thirty years as the landlady of the Red Pig. Matilda acknowledges that her mistress had inherited the money of Lemuel Krill, and Matilda knows all about the murder."

"Matilda is wrong," said the detective dryly; "Miss Krill gets the money."

Aurora smiled. "From what I heard, Miss Krill has to do what her mother tells her. She's nobody, and her mother is all the world. Matilda confessed that her mistress had behaved very well to her. When the money came she gave up the Red Pig to Matilda Junk, who is now the landlady."

"With a proviso she should hold her tongue."

"No. Mrs. Krill, so far as I can learn, has nothing to conceal. Even if it becomes known in London that she was the landlady of a small pub I don't think it will matter."

"Did you ask questions about Lady Rachel's murder?"

"No. You gave me only a hint when you sent me down. I didn't like to venture on ground I wasn't sure of. I'm more cautious than you."

"Well, I'll tell you everything now," said Hurd, and gave a rapid sketch of what he had learned from the newspapers and the Scotland Yard papers relative to the Sandal affair. Aurora nodded.

"But Matilda Junk said nothing of that. She merely stated that Mr. Lemuel Krill had gone to London over twenty years ago and that his wife knew nothing of him until she saw the handbills."

"Hum," said Hurd again as the train slowed down to the Christchurch station, "it seems all fair and aboveboard. What about Jessop?"

"Knowing so little of the Lady Rachel case, I didn't inquire about him," said Aurora. "I've told you everything."

"It's strange," said Miss Qian, nodding with a faraway look. "It would seem that Mrs. Krill knew of the whereabouts of her husband before she saw the handbills."

"And possibly about the murder also," said Hurd.

Brother and sister looked at one another. The case was becoming more and more interesting. Mrs. Krill evidently knew more than she chose to admit. But at this moment the train stopped, and they got out. Hurd took his handbag and walked into the town with his pretty sister tripping beside him. She gave him an additional piece of information before they arrived at the Red Pig. "This Hokar is not at all popular," she said. "They say he eats cats and dogs. Yes. I've talked to several old women, and they say they lost their animals. One cat was found strangled in the yard, and"—

"Strangled!" interrupted the detective. "Hum, and the man's an Indian, possibly a thug."

"What's a thug?" asked Aurora, staring.

Hurd explained. "I ran through the book lent by Beecot last night," he added, "and was so interested I sat up till dawn"—

"You do look chippy," said his sister candidly, "but from what you say, there are no thugs living."

"No, the author says so. Still, it's queer, this strangling, and then the cruel way in which the man was murdered. Just what a Hindoo would do. The sugar, too"—

"Oh, nonsense! Hokar left the sugar by mistake. If he had intended to murder Norman he wouldn't have given himself away."

"I expect he never thought any one would guess he was a thug. The novel is not one usually read nowadays. It was the merest chance that Miss Norman came across it and told Beecot."

"I don't believe in such coincidences," said Aurora dryly, for in spite of her fluffy, kittenish looks she was a very practical person. "But here we are at the Red Pig. Nice and comfy, isn't it?"

(To be Continued.)

JAPANESE CADETS.

Military School Exercises Include Hand to Hand Conflicts.

In the Japanese military school, where I saw a Spartan system of education, the exercises of the cadets with pikes, rifles and broadswords were not approached by anything of the kind that I had witnessed in Europe. It was fighting of the fiercest character.

At the end of the struggle there was a hand to hand combat, which lasted until the victors stood triumphant over the bodies of the vanquished and tore off their masks.

In these exercises, which were very severe, the cadets struck one another fiercely and with wild cries, but the moment a prearranged signal was given or the fight came to an end the combatants drew themselves up in a line, and their faces assumed an expression of wooden composure.

In all the public schools prominence was given to military exercises, and the scholars took part in them with enthusiasm. Even in their walks they practiced running, flanking and sudden, unexpected attacks.

The history of Japan was everywhere made a means of strengthening the pupils' patriotism and their belief in Japan's invincibility. Particular stress was laid upon the country's successful wars, the heroes of them were extolled, and the children were taught that none of Japan's military enterprises had failed.—McClure's Magazine.

The Winter Shave.

"To sharpen your razor in bitter weather," said a barber, "you must dip it first in boiling water or very hot water, then wipe it dry and then strop it while it is still heated. This will cause the blade to take on the keenest kind of an edge. Men continually complain that they can't give themselves a decent shave in winter. They think it's their faces, but it is really the fault of the chilled razor."—Exchange.

SULTAN TO ABDICATE

IS NOW AWAITING THE CALL TO STEP FROM THRONE

Salonikins Have Submitted to the Government List of Persons Whose Punishment is Demanded for Complicity in the Recent Mutiny—Commanding General of Army of Investment Issues Proclamation

Constantinople. — Sultan Abdul Hamid is waiting in his palace for whatever may befall. He has not taken to flight, and his grand vizier, Tewfik Pasha, has announced that without fear, the sultan will remain with his family and accept resignedly the fate which has been prepared for him and his country.

Tewfik Pasha and the minister of war, Edhem Pasha, who sent in their resignations to the Sultan, have decided to withdraw them, and the grand vizier is spending most of the time with his majesty. Nazim Pasha is still in command of the garrison, but no preparations have been made to offer any resistance to the advance of the Salonika troops. The Constitutionalist lines now envelop the city, but the commander-in-chief, General Husni Pasha, is still at Hademkoi, and there is little likelihood that the invading army will enter the city before the end of the week.

It is understood that Salonikins have submitted to the government a list of persons whose punishment is demanded for complicity in the recent mutiny. This list includes deputies, journalists and theologians. But apparently there is the utmost good feeling between the invaders and the residents of the city, many of whom visited the camps of the Saloniki troops and were received hospitably by the soldiers.

Two proclamations, signed by the commanding general of the army of investment, and addressed respectively to the citizens of Constantinople and the garrison, have been issued They have had a reassuring effect That sent to the war office for distribution to the garrison, denounces as "criminal" and monstrous the acts committed under cover of demanding that the Sheri laws supercede the constitution, by bands of executioners, vile, conscienceless agitators and partisans of absolutism, who deluded the soldiers and populace so that the parliament was stained with blood, the nation plunged in mourning and a blot made on the Ottoman army, whose honor had remained intact for the last 600 years.

Game Birds for Alberta

Calgary.—After a long trip by land and water over a hundred brace of partridges are to-day fluttering to freedom in the bright Alberta sunshine. They are the second consignment which have been brought out by the Fish and Game Protective association By the same shipment there was also received 50 head of pheasants. These birds are being liberated in various portions of the province. Fifteen brace are being sent north to Alix, 20 brace go down to the High River district, 25 brace go to Pekisko and 50 brace are getting their freedom west of Calgary. The pheasants—50 hens and ten cocks—are also being turned loose west of Calgary.

Refuse B. C. Government Request

Ottawa.—The board of railway commissioners has issued a judgment which constitutes a refusal to meet the request of the British Columbia government to reduce freight and passenger rates on the C. P. R. in that province to the level of the rates in other parts of the Dominion. Chairman Maybee takes the stand that the only party that could make any complaint as to the rates would be the Dominion government, with whom the contract with the C. P. R. was made, and not the government of British Columbia, which is the complainant.

Canada's Coast Defence

Montreal.—At a banquet here to the Hon. Mr. Graham, the minister repudiated the idea of either building a Dreadnought for Britain or giving a cash subsidy, condemning this as building the superstructure before the foundation. He foreshadowed the Canadian undertaking as the construction of coast defence vessels and the continuation of home defence works started when the Dominion undertook to garrison Halifax and Esquimalt.

Strike Does Not Affect Smelting

Nelson, B. C.—The strike in the Crow's Nest Pass and Alberta coal mines will not affect the operations of the mines or smelters of the Consolidated Mining and Smelting company at Rossland, Phoenix, Moyie, Sandon and Trail, as all these properties have several months' supply of fuel on hand and can get more if it should be required.

Dominion Coming Up

Paris.—The annual report of the British Chamber of Commerce calls attention to the extent to which trade with Canada was hampered during the past year prior to the ratification of the Franco-Canadian treaty, to which great importance is attached as showing that the Dominion is coming into the forefront of the battle for the world's trade.

Civil Service Examinations

Ottawa.—A general competitive examination for eighty-five clerkships in the civil service will be held throughout Canada, beginning on Tuesday, May 25. The examinations will take place at the following points in the west:—Port Arthur, Winnipeg, Regina, Saskatoon, Calgary, Edmonton, Nelson, Vancouver and Victoria.

Earl Grey Competition

Ottawa.—John Co bin, of New York the well-known dramatic critic and author, will be judge of the Earl Grey dramatic competition

WHEAT PRICES WILL KEEP HIGH

Population Increasing at the Rate of 65 Per Cent., While Yield of Wheat Increases But 25

New York.—A special to the Tribune from Washington says:—James J. Hill, discussing the wheat situation with a prominent representative, declares that the price of wheat will never be substantially lowered, and in the near future the United States will be forced to import large quantities of grain to supply its own needs.

He pointed out that the population increases at the rate of 65 per cent while the yeild of wheat and other staple products increases only 25 per cent.

From these figures he made the deduction that sooner or later the demand for wheat would far exceed the supply and the price of its products would constantly rise. He gave as an example the large import of barley every year from the Argentine Republic, although a few years ago the United States raised all the barley it consumed.

This same condition would, he said apply to wheat in the not far distant future.

He said that Patton and his associates had merely taken advantage of a normal situation which was made apparent to them by their business foresight. He declared that Patton knew there was a decrease in the production of wheat and a corresponding increase in the demand for it and in his bull movement he was merely taking advantage of the situation.

Joe Martin Speaks to English Electors

London.—Joe Martin has issued an address to the electors of Stratford-on-Avon in which he says he considers the question of the House of Commons the most important with which the Liberal party has to deal. The adoption of the policy of tariff reform which is being advocated by the Tory party would, he says, be the greatest calamity that could happen a country, with the exception of war, pestilence, or famine. The policy of protection would at once dethrone the United Kingdom from its proud position as the commercial mistress of the seas, and would also bring with it the long list of evils, including extreme electoral corruption, such as now prevails in Canada and the United States.

Would Embitter the Relations

London.—The London Chronicle, referring to the tariff reformers' plea that preference would encourage the extension of the wheat area of Canada and tend to prevent the recurrence of wheat shortage in Britain, says that if the wheat were taxed for this purpose, at the first time of scarcity the outcry would be raised for a removal of the tax, but it could not be done because of preferential treaties. Could the most malign ingenuity devise a surer way of embittering the relations between the mother country and the colonies.

Zucht to Face Serious Charge

Calgary.—Gus Zucht, the young German who was arrested by the city police on a wire from the authorities at Edmonton, has been taken back to that city by the mounted police. The charge which he will have to face will probably be manslaughter, and as there are extenuating circumstances connected with the case, it is not thought that his sentence will be a heavy one. Zucht is the young man who killed another man named Ingles at Stoney Plains, when the latter was attacking the father of the prisoner.

Canada Could Relieve Wheat Shortage

London.—An experienced member of Mark Lane discusses the wheat shortage in an article in the Morning Post. He says Canada has four million quarters of old wheat which if put into Mark Lane would supply half of the deficit. Canada holds a strong position, and any movement she makes would have the important effect on operations which the American ring may be contemplating.

A Baby From Ireland All Alone

Calgary.—Annie Brown, a little girl only five years old, has completed a trip of nearly 5,000 miles, from Belfast to Calgary, in which she was unaccompanied by relatives or friends other than those she made on the journey. Her father, J. Brown, settled on a ranch near Calgary a year and a half ago. He has succeeded well, and decided that he wanted his little daughter with him. He was unable to go after her, and so sent her passage money, having her placed under the care of the boat officials Annie came the long distance quite safely, and enjoyed her long trip.

G. T. P. Will Build to Vancouver

Vancouver, B. C.—E. J. Chamberlin, general manager of the Grand Trunk Pacific, has announced that preliminary survey parties would be put in the field immediately to explore a route for a line from Vancouver to join the main line of the Grand Trunk Pacific in the north. He says the main line to Prince Rupert will be completed in three years and the line to Vancouver in five years.

The All Red Route

Wellington, N. Z.—A deputation from the conference of the chambers of commerce submitted to Premier Ward resolutions of that body, including a motion for the establishment of an all red route, and another dealing with the desirability of compulsory service.

Is China Contemplating War?

St. Petersburg.—Official despatches from the far east convey a warning that Chinese apparently trained soldiers, have been passing through Harbin every week. It is intimated that they have a common rendezvous and contemplate a campaign.

STORE GRAIN AT COAST

TERMINAL ELEVATORS TO BE BUILT AT VANCOUVER

If the Railway Company Will Not Provide Facilities for Handling the Wheat of Alberta the Grain Men Will Take the Matter in Hand and Erect the Necessary Elevators for the Export Wheat.

Vancouver.—"If the Canadian Pacific railway does not decide to start the erection of a grain elevator in Vancouver the Alberta grain men will willingly undertake the task. It has been suggested that temporary facilities for this season be provided with the idea of building an elevator here next year. In my opinion this provision will prove entirely inadequate, as the movement of the export wheat from Alberta via Vancouver is no longer a matter of conjecture. It is a certainty."

This was the important statement made by Mr. L. P. Strong, of Calgary, general manager of the Alberta Pacific Elevator company, at the Hotel Vancouver. Mr. Strong arrived from Victoria, where he had been in consultation with Mr. William Whyte, second vice president of the Canadian Pacific railway, in regard to the question of providing grain handling facilities in this city.

"A grain elevator with a capacity of at least one million bushels should be completed before October of this year, when the first westward movement of the wheat begins. Two or three years hence an additional plant of possibly larger capacity will be needed here. The Alberta grain crop last year at a low estimate was 30,000,000 bushels, with 1,000,000 acres under cultivation. This year, if normal conditions prevail, the grain crop should total 45,000,000 bushels of which 15,000,000 bushels will be wheat. Reports indicate that 50 per cent. will represent the increased acreage this season. In four years, or five years at the latest, the Alberta grain crop should approximate 100,000,000 bushels. If it were all shipped out of the country its transportation would require 100,000 freight cars."

Would Have Canada Aid in Defence

Victoria, B. C.—The Victoria board of trade will memorialize the Dominion government to construct a dry dock at Esquimalt sufficient to accommodate the largest battleship, as a contribution to imperial naval defence, and also adopt a policy that will promote the building of steel ships in this country with a view to the ultimate construction of ships of war.

Transcontinental Finished by 1911

Ottawa, Ont.—"We fully expect that the whole work of the National Transcontinental railway will be finished by 1911.' So stated William Wainwright, vice president of the Grand Trunk Pacific.

"Rails are now laid between Winnipeg and Battle river, a distance of 675 miles. The balance is graded nearly to Wolf Creek at the foot of the Rockies. The line will be into Edmonton next month, and by June will be in operation between Winnipeg and Edmonton By next October we expect to be running trains from Edmonton through to Fort William and carrying our share of the grain trade. This is providing that the piece being done by the government is finished, as I understand it will be. With regard to the eastern section and also our line to the coast, my advices lead to the conclusion that, as originally intended, the whole thing will be finished by 1911."

Purity of Fertilizers

Ottawa.—Hon. William Templeman's bill respecting agricultural fertilizers was discussed. The object of the measure is to secure purity of fertilizers. Every brand is to be registered and sold under a registered number.

Canada and Australia

Melbourne.—Mr. Thomas, the commonwealth postmaster-general, has expressed himself as in favor of negotiating for a preferential tariff arrangement with Canada in order to make the All Red service a success.

No Further Trouble at Falls

Niagara Falls.—According to expert opinion, all danger of further damage to property by the ice jam is practically over. The ice is going over the falls, and is passing through the gorge without causing any apprehension.

British Capital to Develop the West

London.—The Hudson's Bay and Pacific Government company has been formed with an authorized capital of £150,000 sterling, the objects being to construct and operate railways, tramways, telegraph and telephone systems in Canada.

Lady Carling Died of Excitement

London.—Lady Carling, wife of Sir John Carling, minister of agriculture in Sir John A. MacDonald's government, died suddenly of heart disease, following the excitement of the wedding of her granddaughter.

Advance in Flour and Bread

Edmonton.—The price of flour has advanced from 10 to 20 cents per 98 lb. sack; bread in consequence is to go up.

The Edmonton board of trade has endorsed the daylight saving bill now before parliament.

Advance in Flour in Vancouver

Vancouver, B. C.—Another advance of 20 cents a barrel in flour has been announced here, making the price $7 flat.

WESTERN NEWS IN BRIEF

Items Gleaned of General Interest From Various Points in Canada West

Rossland is planning for a new recreation park.

Dr. Blow is erecting a $30,000 warehouse in Calgary.

Lethbridge has opened the new $90,000 school there.

A $20,000 opera house is being erected at Raymond, Alta.

Mission City wants the provincial university located there.

Prince Albert streets will be paved this year with macadam.

Nelson fruit fair dates for this year are September 22 and 24.

Horse thieves are active in the Wood Mountain and Elm Springs districts.

Greenwood hotels have been instructed that bars must be kept tight closed on Sundays.

F. Miller, a cook at Victoria, has been advised that he is heir to an estate of $30,000.

Chilliwack board of trade will commence a campaign of advertising the resources of the valley.

For deserting a farmer by whom he was employed, a half-breed at Brandon was given one month.

The board of trade in Revelstoke hopes to expend $5,000 in advertising the resources of that city.

Vancouver is the only city on the continent with a fire hall exclusively equipped with auto fire fighting machines.

There is great dearth of workers for missions of the Western Presbyterian church, forty-seven vacant fields being reported last year.

The corner stone of the Moose Jaw Y. M. C. A. will be laid on the afternoon of Thursday, May 6, by Lieutenant Governor Forget.

The taxidermist at Banff is engaged in mounting the head of Sir Donald, which is all that could be saved of the carcass after the herd had finished with him.

According to the annual statement of Howard Douglas, superintendent of the Rocky Mountain park, the tourists visiting Banff left there last year nearly $2,500,000.

Building permits at Fort William this year are expected to show a total of $5,000,000; the G. T. P. elevator is one of $900,000, and the C. P. R. station and improvements will go to $1,000,000.

Between 25 and 30 scows are now in course of erection on the river bank at Athabasca Landing, and they present quite an imposing spectacle, especially to a stranger who is ignorant of the use of these 40 foot boats and the means of transportation in this north country. It does seem a pity that these strong, well built boats should go down the river never to be brought up again, says the local paper.

Prince's Congo Tour

Southampton, Eng.—Prince Albert of Belgium has sailed hence for Cape Town on the first stage of his journey to the Congo. The prince intends to visit Rhodesia, then he will walk over 1,500 miles through the Congo forest to the source of the Congo river, which he will follow to Boma, where he is to arrive in August.

King Leopold at first refused to allow Prince Albert to go to the Congo, but the prince was inclined to disobey. The king then traced a programme for the trip which would be comfortable and superficial, but Prince Albert wrote to his uncle: "I owe my people an example. If I do not go through the dangerous zones it is no use going at all. I want to see everything." Since then the relations between uncle and nephew have been somewhat strained. The prince did not go to the Riviera to say good-bye to King Leopold. The prince is accompanied only by two officers and a valet. At Broken Hill an escort of 300 men will await and escort him through the Congo forest.

Warship as a Garden

London.—From time to time amazing revelations have been made regarding the condition of the Turkish navy, and these must have prepared Admiral Gamble, the British officer entrusted with the task of the reorganization of the fleet, for some surprises when he came to investigate matters. If there is any truth in the latest report from Constantinople, he must surely have been nonplussed by the condition in which he found a certain vessel.

It appears that the Turkish sailors had turned the whole of the quarter deck into a kitchen garden, in which an excellent crop of cabbages and artichokes was flourishing. The crew had become so absorbed in their gardening operations that they had entirely overlooked their naval duties. The state of the vessel can be imagined.

Killed by a Convict

Edmonton, Alta.—Deputy Warden Stedman, of the Alberta penitentiary, was murdered by a convict, who hit him at the base of the skull with an axe. The deputy warden, with six convicts, was in the carpenter shop at the time. The reason for the assault is unknown.

Richard Stedman, the dead man, came from Penetanguishene in 1906, where he was a warden in the reformatory for twenty-five years. He leaves a widow and two sons.

Will Continue Boring for Gas

Calgary.—The well boring of the Calgary Gas company is now down 2,600 feet, and the company will keep on boring until gas is reached. Recently the drill passed through a five foot seam of coal of very fine quality, either bituminous or semi-anthracite. A sample of this has been sent to Ottawa to the geological survey for analysis to determine its character. The C. P. R. has taken a financial interest in the work of the company.

PROTECT COUNTRY'S RESOURCES

Dominion Railway Commissioner Will Make Move to Secure Protection Against Forest Fires

Ottawa.—At a meeting of the special committee on the preservation of Canada's natural resources, Hon. Mr. Sifton said the railways were responsible for denuding the country of valuable timber. It was decided that the former minister of the interior should see the transcontinental railway commission with a view to clearing the right-of-way of all combustible material. The Dominion railway commission will also apply for a similar order in regard to the C. P. R., and the provincial governments controlling forests and railways will be asked to secure more adequate measures for protection against fire.

Safety of Arctic Explorers

New York.—Friends of Dr. R. M. Anderson and V. Stefansson, the Arctic explorers sent out by the American Museum of Natural History, rejoice over news which has reached Dr. H. C. Bumpus, director of the museum, by telegraph that on Feb. 14 the leaders of the expedition were safe, with no immediate prospect of starvation. The telegram from Dr. Anderson, dated Smith Bay, an arm of the Arctic ocean on the north coast of Alaska, about 72 degrees north latitude, was evidently sent by messenger to Nome, thence by wireless to St. Michael, and from that point to Fort Liscum on the Gulf of Alaska, south coast, by the military telegraph line.

Money for Travellers

New York.—The first of the "new international money" or travellers' cheques of the American Bank association were carried abroad by travellers this week. The cheques are handsomely engraved, and printed on scientifically protected paper which cannot be counterfeited, and are of $10, $20, $50 and $100 denominations. Every cheque bears on its face the acceptance of the New York banking institution on which it is drawn. European bankers are co-operating with the American bankers to make the new cheques in every sense international

House May Adjourn May 21

Ottawa.—There is a fixed determination on the part of the leaders on both sides of the house to bring the session to a close by the end of the third week in May. When the debate on the report of the New Brunswick Central railway commission, the budget debate and the Grand Trunk Pacific loan bill have been disposed of, little will remain on the parliamentary programme of a controversial nature, and business will be rushed till the end of the session is reached. The formal adjournment will probably take place on Saturday, May 21.

Bankers Favored Slot Machines

San Francisco.—Despite the petition of the principal bankers here asking that slot machines be allowed to continue to operate, the "nickel-eaters" are doomed. After July 1, no slot machine will be allowed to operate in San Francisco, as a result of an ordinance passed by the supervisors.

The cigar dealers made a hard fight to save the machines, which are said to take in $12,000,000 annually. They were backed by the bankers, who for some unknown reason entered a plea to save the gambling devices.

Leffingwell Getting Ready

Seattle.—Ernest de Koven Leffingwell, geologist and Arctic explorer, who will spend the next three years in mapping and surveying Northern Alaska, is in Seattle. He will remain in the city, for the next three weeks superintending the construction of his yawl, the Arg, which will carry him and his little party into northern waters. The party, consisting of Leffingwell and a crew of three men, will leave Seattle about May 2 for Flaxman island, where winter quarters will be established.

Miners Submit Proposal

Hosmer, B. C.—The miners have asked for an agreement similar to that which expired March 31 last, with the addition of the closed shop clause. They have stated their position to the operators, and the latter have not yet replied. Mr. Sherman says:

"If the operators do not accept this we will call out all working miners and it will be a fight to the finish. The international will stand back of us."

Defence Meeting

Ottawa.—Sir Wilfrid Laurier, in reply to Mr. Foster, said that shortly after the house adjourns Sir Frederick Borden and Hon. Mr. Brodeur will proceed to London to confer with the imperial authorities as to the best means to be adopted to give effect to the terms of the resolution on naval defence.

Ask for Lemieux Act

Winnipeg.—Prolonged negotiations to reach an agreement having failed, the employees of the Winnipeg Street Railway company decided to apply to Ottawa for a board of arbitration under the Lemieux act. The principal point of contention is the demand of the men for a nine hour day without a wage reduction.

Reciprocity in Surveyors

London.—Important steps have been taken by the council of the Surveyors' Institution with a view to establishing reciprocity between governments and examining bodies of the empire. The recommendations received approval of the colonial secretary, who has addressed a despatch on the subject to the various governments.

This Should Help Some

London.—It is stated that the commonwealth government has cabled the admiralty that in the event of an emergency the whole naval forces of Australia will be placed under its direction.

LUMBER WILL ADVANCE

ASSOCIATION MEETING SAYS PRICES MUST INCREASE

Increasing Demand for Lumber from the Northwest Will Have a Tendency to Strengthen the Market, and Present Prices are Considered Too Low to Permit of a Profit to Sawmill Owners

Vancouver.—Lumber prices, which have been stiffening naturally for some weeks owing to the increasing demand from the northwest, will probably be given an assisting shove in the upward direction very shortly as a consequence of the conference of sawmill owners in Vancouver a day or two ago.

The members of the British Columbia Lumber and Shingle Manufacturers' Association, Ltd., at a meeting in the rooms of the association discussed the question of an advance in the list prices. No action was taken at this meeting, but signs of an increase were much in evidence, and it was stated by a member of the association that it would be only a short time before a move in that direction would be made.

Owing to lack of cohesion there cannot be said to be any rigid base price at present, but it is generally accepted that $10 for rough lumber is the rule. This is declared to be altogether too low to permit of a profit, and the advance must come. Sawmill men claim that if they received $17 per thousand feet for their product for the balance of the season they would not make up their losses for last year. Any advance on the coast will be followed by an increase in the prices of the mountain mills. The coast mills are now receiving plenty of orders at the low prices prevailing.

Swinburne Highly Praised

London.—Swinburne's body was interred at Bonchurch, Isle of Wight, where other members of the Swinburne family have been laid at rest. The English newspapers pay the highest tribute to Swinburne as, with the exception of Meredith, the last of the great names of the Victorian period and a force in English poetry, second only to Shakespeare and the other great poets. The authorities of Westminster Abbey have not yet taken steps to offer a place in the "poets' corner," but there is no doubt if they do their action will meet with the universal wish of the press and public.

Anxious to Reach the Jungle

Mombassa, British East Africa.—A despatch has been received from Theodore Roosevelt, on board the steamship Admiral, asking that he be met here by his special train and that it take him and his party direct from the steamer to Sir Alfred Pease's ranch on the Athi river. This request again proves that Mr. Roosevelt is anxious to get into the jungle. He will be Sir Alfred Pease's guest for a fortnight. The Admiral is expected here shortly.

Bloody Conflict Expected

Rome, Italy.—Official advices from Constantinople state that the triumph of the reactionaries is complete and that the committee of union and progress has been routed. The sultan is delighted. He professes adhesion to the parliament and constitution, but it is thought he speaks ironically because he demands obedience to the Sheri laws as expounded by the Ulema and dispensed by the Cadis. Italians believe that the Conservatives will return to power or force a bloody conflict. Meanwhile the attitude of Europe is awaited with anxiety.

Canada and the Navy

London.—The Standard says that the Dominion fleet, cruising off the coasts of Newfoundland and British Columbia and putting into the St. Lawrence, Halifax, or Vancouver, would foster Canadian pride and minister legitimately to Canadian patriotism. It would also furnish the stimulus to the whole maritime mechanical progress of the Dominion, and this is a long stage in the process of political integration and social development.

McKay to be Brought Back

Calgary.—George McKay, who is now being held by the London, Eng., police, is wanted here on a charge of converting to his own use $1,800 paid to him by John H. Brown, of Crossfield, Alberta. A Northwest Mounted police officer will be sent to England to bring McKay back to face the charge of embezzlement.

Warships are Ready for Turkey

London.—It is reported that two British warships at Malta have been ordered to hold themselves in readiness to proceed to Turkish waters. The report is denied by the admiralty, but there is good authority for it. France has two cruisers in readiness at Toulon to sail for Turkey should events warrant.

Editors Will Inspect Warships

London.—The first, second and third divisions of the home fleet and the Atlantic fleet, comprising 68 battleships and cruisers and 75 torpedo boats, will assemble at Spithead on June 10 for the inspection of the colonial journalists attending the imperial press conference.

To Capture Bear Cubs

Vancouver, B. C.—W. Dodd, representing the London Zoological Gardens, has left here on an expedition to capture white bear cubs in the north.

Veterans' Scrip Was Lost

St. Catherine's.—Two war veteran scrips worth $1,800 have been lost in the mails between here and Calgary.

Mary's Home-coming.

By DOROTHY CARLTON.

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"Ma, we ain't got much to be thankful for, I reckon, but the Lord knows—he knows," remarked Josiah Wayne to his wife the morning set apart for gratitude for the year's blessings.

"We've got each other, Siah, and that's a heap," she replied softly.

"That's right, Martha. We're spared by God's grace, but will Banker Hall spare us when the mortgage comes due next month?" And he shook his head dubiously.

"Deacon Hall is mighty close fisted, pa, and he likes to get good farms cheap. If he don't get ours, it will be divine answer to prayers. It'll be a miracle," declared his wife.

"The book says the Lord takes care of his children, Martha. We'll put our trust in him." And the careworn, toil tired farmer rose and left the house.

"If Mary was only here," sighed Mrs. Wayne, "and, seeing as she ain't, it would be powerful comforting to talk about her, but Siah is set in his ways. Seemed as if I knew she was happy I'd be thankful in spite of the mortgage," she said to herself as she hastily wiped away the starting tears.

Ten months before Mary Wayne had eloped with a man who passed three weeks' vacation at the farm the summer previous.

John Mott had been delighted with the weather beaten old farmhouse and its surroundings when he first glimpsed them, not that they stirred an artistic soul, but because they recalled gone boyhood days and the home he had left, an orphaned youth, to make a fortune in the metropolis of the west.

"Almost like a dream come true," he thought, and he lived again the years when he was blood brother to the woods and its people. His financial success and business standing in the city were nothing to him in the country.

He was just an eager boy, who was restless to go fishing and swimming and club tree limbs for chestnuts, though it was August, all at once, and his only discontent was because all his desires could not have simultaneous gratification.

Then came Mary. She was away when he first arrived, and he had begun to hunger for companionship of young people when she returned. In candor the girl could not be called beautiful, but there was that in her face to make her good to look upon. Her features were not regular, but the ensemble showed strength of purpose.

Painters would not have raved over her eyes, but discerning poets could have found in their depths that tender sympathy which makes some women akin to angels.

She had taught school the term before to aid in lifting the blanket of obligation that haunted the old people in the evening of their lives.

She was the only child, and her one aim was to make their last days comfortable, but the hope seemed far from fulfillment, for her savings were small, the mortgage loomed large, and the banker was a grasping, inexorable Shylock.

Still, the year and more that intervened before the blow would fall might bring many things, so Mary worked and prayed.

To Mott the girl was a revelation. He had known girls in the city, but they lived in a world apart from Mary Wayne. Here he found sincerity and frankness that came from the heart, not the mind.

The difference in types appealed to him, charmed first and then held his affections. When he said goodby at the end of his stay he knew he had found the one woman he needed, and he hoped to win her.

In the autumn she resumed her school duties in a town several miles distant from home, and it became a fixed engagement that Mott should spend Sundays with her. She rarely went to the farm at week ends, as the trip involved expenditures she did not feel justified in making.

Mott's visits were comforting from the beginning. Gradually she realized that they were dear to her in anticipation and memory, and one December night she found herself and knew they were necessary to her happiness.

Mott's next call was eventful. He was sure of his love for her. Because of his uncertainty as to her reciprocation he experienced unrest and sought to learn his fate. Mary loved him and when he proposed told him so. Then he journeyed to the farmhouse home of his sweetheart's parents.

"You may write to any one in the city you know as to my character and ability to care for Mary," he told him.

"Young man, cities are wicked places," said Farmer Wayne. "Do you believe in God?" he asked abruptly.

"Why—er—of course, Mr. Wayne," he replied, abashed at the text of the query.

"Do you belong to a church?" the stern inquisitor continued.

"Well, Mr. Wayne, you see I am pretty busy, and I—I"— stammered Mott.

"You are not a Christian. You are a money changer in the temple!" thundered the old man. "I know your city ways. You forsake all paths except those that lead to fortune. You are hypocrites and deceivers!" he shouted in concluding the denunciation.

"Then I"— began the young man.

"Never see my daughter again, sir. Goodby."

"I love her dearly, Mr. Wayne and she loves me. I'll not promise never to see her again." And he left with a heavy heart.

It took many, many days to decide whether to go where her heart led or obey her Puritan parent. In the end love won, and in January they were married in Chicago.

Farmer Wayne received one letter from his daughter that he read. It announced her marriage. Subsequent missives were returned unopened, and he forbade his wife to mention her child's name to him.

Thanksgiving day held little cheer for the occupants of the old farmhouse. There would be just two lonely old people at the table who expected soon to be called to an eternal reward.

"I hope Mary is happy," Mrs. Wayne spoke aloud without thinking.

"Don't, ma, don't!" cried her husband.

"Why, Siah, you're crying," and she ran to soothe him.

"Martha, I was wrong. I know it now. Things have changed since we were young, and because that young man did not see his duty as I see mine I drove Mary from home. I wish she was here, wife; I wish she was here," and his voice was broken with the grief that was in it.

An hour later Mrs. Wayne, glancing out of a window, saw two young people descending from a carriage. One was Mary, the other her husband. The old farmer was sleeping on the lounge in the living room and did not hear the cry of joyous reunion she made as Mrs. Wayne ran down the path to droop, weeping, in the young arms of her daughter.

"John would come, mother, and I've wanted to, oh, so much," she said.

"I'm so glad, Mary. Pa has forgiven you, I think, from something he said today. He's sorry the way he spoke to Mr. Mott.

"Call him John, mother," said Mary gently.

"Mother," said Mott, "let me be a son to you," and he kissed her wrinkled cheek.

"Father's asleep in the sitting room. I'll"— began Mrs. Wayne as they entered the house.

"No, mother. Come up to my old room. John will see father, and I've something to tell you," and Mrs. Mott led the elder woman upstairs.

The farmer was awake when Mott entered.

"Mr. Wayne, Mary and I have come to ask you"— he started.

"There, there, boy. Let's forget what I said. Times have changed. If Mary could love you I know you are a good man. Make her happy—you'll do that?" and his hand went out to his son-in-law.

"I will, sir, I will," fervently Mott replied.

A moment later Mary and her mother came into the room. Mrs. Wayne was crying quietly as though her grief was not great.

"Siah," she said, "here's our Thanksgiving."

"What, Martha?" he asked.

"Mary and John have paid the mortgage," and she took the paper from her bosom.

Farmer Wayne slipped to his knees, resting his wrinkled forehead on a hand calloused by honest toil.

"Dear Lord, we thank thee," he began, and while he spoke with God the others stood bowed in reverence. At its conclusion Mary slipped her arms about her husband's neck and, half turning, said:

"Father, you forgot one thing."

"Yes, Mary."

"To thank him for sending me the dearest lover husband in the world."

"Aye, Mary, girl, and to us a son," her father replied.

How Our Ancestors Dress Us.

Once gentlemen wore sword belts and gauntlets. These have disappeared, but their ghosts still guide all tailors, and two useless buttons are invariably sewed upon each cuff and two others at the back of the frock coats of all afternoon males.

Somewhere about 1753 a hatter named John Hetherington of London made and wore the first tall hat, now known as the silk, full dress, plug or stovepipe hat. A horse saw him and ran away. The owner of the horse sued Hetherington, but lost his case, the judge doubtless holding that an Englishman has an inalienable right to dress as ugly as he can. One time there was a king who had a deformed knee. He abandoned the knickerbockers which revealed the weakness of the royal leg and took to long trousers. Hetherington and the king have long since gone to their reward, but their ghosts still ride civilized man, one at one end and one at the other, from Paris to Tokyo, and, Lord 'a' mercy, we daren't even laugh at the spectacle. —Frank Crane in Atlantic.

Savage Crabs.

The most savage specimen of the crab species is found in Japan, seeming to dream of nothing but fighting, to delight in nothing half so much. The minute he spies another of his kind he scrapes his claws together in rage, challenging him to the combat. Not a moment is wasted in preliminaries, but at it they go hammer tnd tongs. It sounds like two rocks grinding against one another as their claws rattle against the hard shells. The sand flies as the warriors push each other hither and thither until at last one of them stretches himself out in the sun tired to death. But he does not beg for mercy or attempt to run away, only feebly rubbing his claws together in defiance of the foe. That foe comes closer, and with his claws trembling with joy at his victory the conquerer catches hold of one claw of the vanquished crab, twists it until it comes off and bears away the palpitating limb as a trophy of his prowess. Such is a battle between warrior crabs.

PEERESS WRITES PLAY.

Lady Townshend Combines Many Roles In Lenten Production.

"The Novice," a one-act play written by the Marchioness Townshend, was successfully produced recently in aid of a local institution at the Maidenhead (Eng.) Town Hall. It is founded on a picture called "The Foundling," which the marchioness saw one year at the Academy.

"The two most striking points about 'The Novice,'" Lady Townshend says, "are that there are no male characters in it, and that there is no love scene.

"The play may be described as a Lenten play, for the character of Sister Catherine is a deeply religious one. Its object is to show how very lovely and devout some of the sisters in the convents are."

The scenery, also the work of Lady Townshend, represents the garden of the Convent of Our Lady of the Lilies, and the play was stage managed by her also.

The story is a simple one. It tells of the conflict of Marie Josephine between a saintly and a worldly life. She has been jilted by her lover and is about to take the veil, full of hesitation and doubts. Then in the midst of her vague fears and tremblings comes a message from the outer world which shows her the way she is to go.

It is none other than a cradle with a little baby in it— the child of her one-time lover, whose wife is dead, and who is dying himself. He leaves the baby to her whom he once loved, and she renounces her novitiate and resolves to devote her life to the child.

It was received with enthusiasm for its austere, beautiful sentiment, and Lady Townshend, smiling and beautiful, bowed her thanks.

The play was inspired by the Academy picture, "The Foundling," Lady Townshend said after the performance. It is meant to show the power and efficacy of prayer.

"I should love to see it produced in London," she said.

A Venturesome Lord.

Lord Brooke, heir to the earldom of Warwick, who is reported to be engaged to Miss Eden, daughter of Sir William and Lady Eden, and one of the most beautiful girls in society to-day, is in his twenty-eighth year, and first distinguished himself as a lad of seventeen by running away from Eton to serve in the war in South Africa. The story ran that he pawned his fur coat and bought a second-class ticket for the Cape. Touched by this display of spirit, his friends obtained for him a reasonably safe employment—as A.D.C. to Lord Milner! He was the youngest officer bearing a commission in South Africa, and at the close of the war was given a command in the 1st Life Guards. He has since served as a war correspondent with the Russian army in Manchuria, and there he spent his twenty-first birthday. He has also made an adventurous trip to Uganda.

A Foe to Tipsters.

Lord Durham, the new Knight of the Garter, enjoys, among other distinctions, that of being one of the few twins in the peerage, and of being so much like his brother, the Hon. F. W. Lambton, that they could on occasion take each other's places. His lordship is one of the richest of our peers and a keen sportsman. He is an old member of the Jockey Club, and lately has been singularly successful on the turf. Last year he won no fewer than forty-one races, on one occasion scoring a "treble," the stakes totalling nearly $10,000 for the day. His great desire, however, is not so much to win races as to make the "sport of kings" more pure. He would abolish racing "tipsters," and his famous speech at the Gimerack Club some years ago, in which he denounced turf frauds in unmeasured terms, led to considerable improvement in the tone of the racing world.

The Tallest Bishop.

Dr. Talbot, the Bishop of Southwark, who recently celebrated his sixty-fifth birthday, is still in full vigor, despite an Alpine accident by which he was long crippled. Dr. Talbot is said to be the tallest occupant of the English Episcopal Bench, being well over six feet in height. He is also perhaps the most democratic of High Churchmen. He is always accessible to humblest of his flock, and patronizes the penny bus far more frequently than he does the more expensive cab. Many good stories are told of Dr. Talbot. Once he played in a Worcestershire cricket match, and a local curate bowled him a wide. "That's outside my parish," shouted the bishop. The next ball caught him full in the episcopal apron. The reverend bowler apologized, but added, slyly, "That, at any rate, was well in the diocese, my lord!"

Aborigines of Australia.

There are now 75,000 of the aborginal population in Australia. Of this number there are about 20,000 in the colony of Queensland. Queensland has an elaborate system for looking after the welfare of the blacks by means of 'protectors" stationed all over the colony to see that the natives are fed and clothed and shielded from interference of white people. Many of the natives are over six feet in height. Like most savages, they are polygamists, but they are not cannibals. The natives under civilization have developed habits of economy and saving. They have made good progress in both reading and writing, but missionary reports state that teaching them arithmetic is hopeless.

An Historic Custom.

The forthcoming marriage of Lord Douro, son and heir of the Duke of Wellington, to Miss Coats, reminds one of the fact that at Apsley House, where the bride-elect will one day reign as Duchess of Wellington, the old custom is still kept up of presenting a flag to the sovereign on each anniversary of the battle of Waterloo. These flags are subsequently given to the regiment of Guards quartered at Windsor.

ARTISTIC CASSEROLES.

Made at the Pottery Works of Clement Massier.

This is the time of the year when all eyes are turned toward the Riviera. But how many among those birds of passage who throng the hotels of Nice and Cannes ever take the trouble to make an excursion to Vallauris, the head center for the manufacture of these baked clay casseroles, known wherever the best traditions of the French cuisine are recognized?

The art pottery establishments of Clement Massier and his fellows at Golfe Jouan and on the orange and olive tree covered hillsides roundabout are as far as the seekers of souvenirs of the "Cote d'Azure" ever go in their quest. Massier is a great artist no doubt, though he might still have been

WHERE THE CASSEROLES COME FROM.

a simple journeyman potter had he not years ago attracted the attention of Gerome, Cabanal, Puvis de Chavannes and the world of art at Paris, who prevailed upon him to devote his undeniable talents to the making of these exquisite forms and colorings which have made his jugs and vases and plates famous the world over.

Massier's work is to be found in the museums, but where one example is to be seen closely guarded in a glass case in a museum hundreds of the casseroles of Vallauris are to be found among the chefs' pots and pans of neighboring hotels and restaurants.

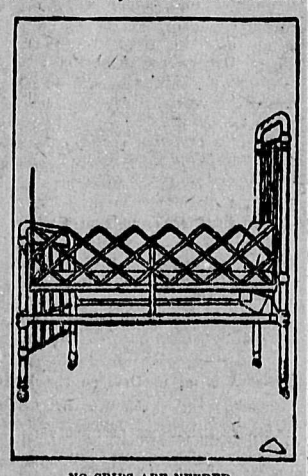
Almost within sight of Massier's establishment on the shores of the Mediterranean rises the tall stack of an industrial community of some 6,000 souls who here in the Vallis Aurea, the golden valley of the Romans, turn out each year countless thousands, perhaps millions, of these rough, shallow pots in terre cuite, which are exported to the ends of the earth. At least half the population of Vallauris gains its daily bread in the potteries, whose chief productions are marmites, poelons and casseroles, those faithful handmaidens of the masters of cookery, the French chefs. To Barcelona, to Marseilles, to Genoa, to Naples, to Alexandria and to Trieste are shipped daily from the little seaport a few miles distant on the shore of the Golfe Jouan shiploads of these rough made pottery cooking utensils and from thence are reshipped in great liners to all the ports of the seven seas.

Fifty establishments at least at Vallauris continue the old traditions, unaffected by the rise of prosperity and the art potters of the neighborhood, who produce more aesthetic forms out of the same plastic material.

A GATE FOR BEDS.

Crossbars Can Be Closed Up When Not In Use.

No cribs are required in households which are equipped with one of the bed gates recently invented, nor need adults worry about tumbling out on the floor during nightmares. The gate is of metal and is composed of crossbars pivoted at their points of intersection so that the whole can be stretched out to the length of a bed or folded up in a small compass at the head or foot.



NO CRIBS ARE NEEDED.

In the center is a vertical bar to hold the gate against outward movement. Parents who have small children sleeping with them will find the contrivance a great convenience. This device means a considerable saving in money to families who do not have enough little members to make a crib a paying and more or less permanent investment. A crib is of no use after a child is old enough to sleep without accident, and the gate here described solves the problem of how to get along without them—without cribs, that is.

When Japanese Wash.

The Japanese rip their garments apart for every washing, and they iron their clothes by spreading them on a flat board and leaning this up against the house to dry. The sun takes the wrinkles out of the clothes, and some of them have quite a luster. The Japanese woman does her washing out of doors. Her washtub is not more than six inches high.

Sidewheel Dawson's Pardon.

By D. H. TALMADGE.

Mr. Dawson's "fin" was weary from vigorous shaking, his back was sore from repeated slaps, his neck was chafed by the collar to which it had long been a stranger, but his state of mind was one of most excellent satisfaction.

A man who had been sentenced to twenty years of hard labor in the penitentiary and who comes forth free and in the full possession of his health at the end of five is certainly entitled to some felicitation. That was precisely what had happened to Mr. Dawson. He had killed his man under what appeared cold blooded circumstances to an intelligent jury. He had pleaded self defense conventionally, but the testimony was such that there seemed no doubt of his guilt. True, there had been no eyewitnesses to the slaughter. Those who testified merely told of threats he had made, of his bad reputation, of the peaceable character of his victim. The defense had called no witnesses.

"'Tain't worth while," Mr. Dawson had said to his attorney. "'Twould do more harm than good for any of me friends to testify to the gentleness of me disposition. Snapper Griffin 'd have had me dead in another wink if I hadn't jerked the trigger when I did, and that's straight. He begun the trouble and kept pushin' it on, while I tried me levelest to reason with him. He'd been dopin' with somethin', I think, but he didn't wiggle a wiggle when he pointed his gun. He was himself all right, and there's some comfort in knowin' it, for I'd hate like blazes to feel that the only man I ever killed wasn't responsible for himself. I've got a mighty tender conscience, whether you know it or not, and it's perfectly comfortable now. I'll take whatever the court gives me, and I won't whimper a whimper."

The first night he slept in the penitentiary his attorney was delivering in the levee district a message to his friends. "Hump yourselves to get Van Altren elected governor," was the burden of it. The levee gang did not know exactly what to think, but they were sufficiently well acquainted with Mr. Dawson to accept the instructions in good faith.

Mr. Dawson's message was entirely responsible for their action. To the contrary, it was only an important drop in a tolerably large tub of political suds. Their own candidate had "done them dirt"—quite by chance, certainly not by intention. He had allied himself in a moment of mistaken wisdom with the Prohibitionists. They were engaged in hesitating and grumbling and scowling when Mr. Dawson's message came, throwing the balance over to the Van Altren side. Sidewheel Dawson never did anything without a good reason, but what his reason was in this particular instance they could not conjecture. They were still in the dark on the day when Mr. Dawson unexpectedly and triumphantly returned.

"Say," said he after the first wave of welcome had passed and he was sitting comfortably in the rear room at Muggsy Kelly's place with a number of old and tried associates about him, "I'm owin' you boys a lot for the way you helped old Van to the puddin'. I was a bit leary you wouldn't get next to what I was up to, but it didn't cost nothin' to try."

"We didn't get next. We ain't next yet," candidly observed Mr. Kelly. "Is Van a partic'ler friend of yours?"

Mr. Dawson smiled. "No," he replied, "but he's got reason for believin' me when I tell him I shot Snapper Griffin 'cause Snapper Griffin was dead set on givin' me the long trip and for no other reason."

"We believe that," said Mr. Kelly. "We knowed your story was true, but we couldn't do nothin'."

"Course you couldn't. If any of you had stuck your mugs into the game I'd have been queered to the limit. Likely I'd have got the drop and gargle, and then Van couldn't have reached me even if his gratitude was twice as long."

"Then Van was owin' you somethin'!" Mr. Kelly and the others looked at Mr. Dawson with a common expression of curiosity and admiration mingled. "You've got us in the air, Sidewheel. Take us down or we'll bust."

Mr. Dawson laughed this time and rubbed his hands together. "Sure, I'll take you down," he said. "'Twon't take me long to do it either, Muggsy, do you remember a little job we had on six years ago this summer down at Bayside, when"—

"When you was out all night and got nothin' but a pair of red eyes and a fit of sickness and a stink of gas?" Mr. Kelly put in. "Yes, I remember. I almost lost me faith in you that time."

"Yes?" Mr. Dawson chuckled immoderately. "I was to divvy what I got from the place—that dead easy place with the open cellar windows you spotted one Sunday afternoon when you was strollin' home from church. I was to divvy, and I got nothin' but"— He suddenly assumed a reflective attitude, his hand upon his smoothly shaven chin, his gaze upon the ceiling.

"But what?" Mr. Kelly spoke with the sharpness of a long starved and desperate inquisitiveness.

"But—gratitude. It was the rummiest go of me life. I followed the lay just as you'd give it to me. I went through the first floor first, gatherin' up stuff worth maybe a tenner of hundreds. If I'd quit right there I'd—well, I'd be lookin' forward to fifteen more years of it 'stead of bein' here with me future before me bright as paste. But everything was so nice and quiet I just says to meself, 'I'll tour the next floor.' So I piles me stuff by the grand exit, where I can pick it up when I strolls out, and climbs the stairs.

"And the first thing I know I'm takin' part in a high life tragedy drama. 'Twasn't no supe part either; 'twas the role of the hero that drops in when he's least expected and saves the whole cheese. I opens the first door I comes to, and I nearly faints, owin' to gas. The room was full of it, and I closed the door, standin' for a minute with me hand on the knob, thinkin'. 'Twas no picnic of mine, of course, but I couldn't help feelin' that somethin' was wrong—that somebody was tryin' to croak and that it was up to me to save 'em if they was to be saved. That settles it. I draws in two bagfuls of wind and opens the door again, slidin' across the floor to a window and raisin' the curtain, and then I tumbles. There's a girl on the bed and a letter on the table—the same old layout. I tries to raise the window, but it won't budge. It didn't take me all summer to find the leak. The stench was comin' from a hole in the wall where a pipe—one of these things that sticks out about a foot—had been busted off. She must have hung her whole weight on that thing and jumped up and down! But she'd got an elegant flow of gas—way ahead of what she'd have got by turnin' on the burner, and the beauty of it was that nobody could turn it off. I couldn't see nothin' else to do but put me thumb over the hole, and that's what I done, takin' short breaths till enough of the vapor had got out at the door to let me pump somewhere near normal, and then"—

"And then?" Mr. Kelly had planted his elbows upon the table, contemplating Mr. Dawson fixedly.

"And then—I waited. What else was there to do? I couldn't sneak, leavin' things that way, could I? I'd have been ashamed to look an honest man in the face forevermore if I'd done that. And after awhile I hears a pattipat in the hall and a dopy voice say, 'Seems to me I smell gas.' 'You're dead right, me friend,' I calls. 'Hustle in here and don't strike a glim for your life!'

"And then I has the pleasure of makin' the acquaintance of the Hon. James Van Altren. He's in his pajamas, and his hair is tousled, and his feet have no coverin', and his eyes are blinky. 'Tis two minutes maybe before he can shake himself together. The first question he asks is a double header. 'Who are you, and what is the meanin' of this?' he says. 'I'm a thief,' says I, 'and the young lady on the bed there is one, too—at least she's been tryin' to rob the world of her presence.' 'Oh, horror!' says he, seein' what's up. 'And what are you doin'?' 'I'm holdin' me thumb over this gas well,' says I, 'and I'm gettin' weary.'

"'Oh,' says he and skins over to the bedside. He shakes the girl, and she sits up, starin' like a wild thing. Then he turns to me again. 'How long have you been here?' he says. 'I don't know,' says I, 'but plenty long enough to save the young lady's life. This room was a fright when I got here. Will you stick your thumb over this hole till I can rest my arm a bit? And he sticks his thumb over the hole, and I bids him a courteous adieu and slides, leavin' him there. I didn't stop for nothin', not even me lantern. I was sick. I was afraid I wouldn't be strong enough to get to a safe place before I'd have to stretch meself. Maybe you remember, Muggsy, how groggy I was for a time after I got here?"

"Yes," responded Mr. Kelly, with a succession of nods, "I remember."

"Well, that was the string I had on Van, and after I'd served what I thought was a fair time for what I'd done to Snapper Griffin I writes to the governor, recallin' to him the circumstance. And he comes down handsome, as I was sure he would. He gives me the honor of a personal interview, and he falls on me neck in a sort of mild way and tells me that he believes me story regardless of the court, and he sends me a pardon, and that's all."

"Gee!" said Mr. Kelly after a thoughtful interval. "Supposin' Van hadn't been elected!"

"Don't!" said Mr. Dawson. "It gives me a horrible pain to think of it!"

"And the girl—what was the matter with her?" persisted Mr. Kelly.

"I didn't ask," responded Mr. Dawson. "'Twas none of me business."

The Girl From the Country.

Said a visitor to a teacher in a west side business college:

"That girl from the country seems to be the brightest student in the room."

At the request of the teacher she designated more particularly the girl she had in mind.

"Oh, yes," said the teacher, "she is very bright. But how did you know she is from the country? She doesn't look countrified."

"Her habit of washing her hands so often gave her away," said the visitor. "I have been sitting here about two hours. In that time she has washed her hands three times. No city girl would have done that. She would have sharpened pencils or turned over dusty books and simply have polished her hands on her pocket handkerchief and gone on working. The country girl would find it impossible to work under such conditions. She must have clean hands. All country people have a mania for washing their hands. After each task down go their hands into a basin of water. City life cures most country habits. Frequent bathing of the hands is the last to go."—New York Times.

Cotillion Favors.

A novelty in rose decoration is the illuminated jacqueminot rose. The wands with roses on top secrete an electric battery, which when pressed upon will illuminate the rose. They are sold by the dozen and used as cotillion favors.

WHALING IN FAR NORTH

CANADA HAS REMARKABLE COLONY ON HERSCHEL ISLAND.

Little Group of Whale-Hunters Away Up on Our Arctic Seaboard Have Taken Fourteen Millions' Worth of Bone and Furs Since 1891—Inspector Jarvis, R.N.W.M.P., Tells of Their Habits and Customs.

On our Arctic coast, not far from the mouth of the Mackenzie river, there is a bit of territory about forty square miles in extent, consisting largely of rocks, but with some soil, which, during the brief summer of the Far North, is covered with a luxuriant growth of grass sprinkled with beautiful wild flowers. It is known as Herschel Island, and here our Royal Northwest Mounted Police maintain a post principally for the purpose of assuring that all goes well with the whalers, who often make the island their winter headquarters.

The whale these fishermen seek is known as the bowhead. The first was taken in Canadian waters in 1891. Since that time the catch in those waters has been 1,345 whales. On an average each whale yields 2,000 pounds of whalebone, for which the average price during the past five years has been $5 a pound. This whalebone, therefore, had a value of $13,450,000. If to this be added the value of the fur trade carried on with the natives of the district the total reaches the sum of $14,850,000 — a trade certainly worth looking after. The trade in the bone of the bowhead whale is practically controlled by one firm of New Bedford, Mass., and buyers go to there from England, France, Germany, and practically from all parts of the world. The bone is used in the manufacture of corsets, parasols, and other like articles.

Fifteen years ago these whales were taken in large numbers around Herschel Island, but the whales are each year being driven farther and farther to the eastward. At various times whales have been taken bearing the heads of harpoons with which they had been wounded many years before. For instance, in 1886 a whale was caught, having stuck into it the head of a harpoon marked "Ansel Gibbs," a ship wrecked fifteen years before on Marble Island, in Hudson Bay. Another case is that of the whale taken in 1893 by the ship "Norwhal," the whale carrying a flint harpoon-head. Such heads had not been used for twenty-five years, so that the whale must have carried it at least that length of time.

In the vicinity of Herschel Island lives two tribes of natives. Those living on the island and along the coast are known as Kogmollicks, and naturally they subsist chiefly on fish, seal, and white whale. For some unknown reason they are looked down on by the Nuntalmutes, or the inshore natives, who subsist chiefly on what they kill in the mountains, such, as mountain sheep and deer.

No people could be given a higher character than Inspector Jarvis, of the Herschel Island R.N.W.M. Police post, gives of these residents of the Arctic coast, the despised Kogmollicks. "They are quite religious," he says, "holding services on Sunday, and doing no work on that day. Their religion they carry into their everyday lives. They neither beg nor steal, and slander is unknown among them. They are as near 'God's chosen people' as any I have ever seen. After my experience of this world I could almost wish I had been born an Esquimo Kogmollick. They are very fond of their children, and take the greatest care of them. The children never require to be chastised, and are very obedient. One never sees any quarrling or bickering among them. They show the true sport in their games of football and baseball, playing these games on the hard snow when the thermometer registers 25 degrees below zero.

"There has been no crime reported in the district to date."

Four marriages took place on the island during the year, one of which was quite noteworthy, writes Inspector Jarvis. The bride was a young widow, not more than 17 years of age, and she had lost both her feet three winters before, when they had been amputated after being severely frozen. The bride was given away by a brother-in-law named Supidido, which in English meant "Sour Potatoes," certainly a remarkable name, and not a very cheerful one for the master of ceremonies at a wedding. "The wedding breakfast," writes the inspector, "consisted of seal meat, whale meat and frozen rotten fish. The ceremony took place at the Igaloo or house of the brother-in-law, there being about fifty persons present. The size of the Igaloo was ten by twelve feet. I was invited, and got as far as the door. The odor arising from the preparation of the breakfast was more than I could stand, and I had to retire.

It is quite possible, thinks Inspector Jarvis, that minerals may be obtained in this far northern quarter of the Dominion. "It has been generally known here for many years," he writes, "that the natives to the eastward have been using copper for cooking utensils, harpoons, needles, etc. Capt. Klengenberg, who wintered at Prince Albert's Landing, brought down a good many specimens of copper from there. I am informed by the natives that there is a great deal of graphite and other minerals in the vicinity of Richard's Island. I am of the opinion that within the next few years we shall be called upon to act as mining recorders in this district. Along the coast are what are called the Smoking Cliffs. They consist of cliffs 200 feet high, and the smoke is said to arise from burning sulphur."

Hotel Dieu Alterations.

Extensive alterations are being made to the Hotel Dieu. Part of the building, which will be 250 years old in July, is to be remodelled, and an additional storey will be put on, which will be utilized for new wards. The Hotel Dieu was founded in 1658, and the old building, which is being altered, was constructed.

UGLY SKIN SORES.

Zam-Buk Removes Them

It is just at this season that pimples blotches, sores, scrofulous ailments and eruptions generally make themselves most felt. Zam-Buk will be found of wonderful use wherever there is skin eruption or deep-seated ulceration. Pimples, blotches, and irritating rashes on the face and other parts of the body indicate a disturbance of the functions of the skin Impure matter which the blood should discharge by means of the skin, is allowed to remain in the pores, the process of "exhalation" is interrupted and just where the bad matter collects, there pimples, ulcers, and sores quickly appear, and the skin tissue suffers. To be complete, the treatment must be of two kinds. The sufferer may help to diminish the supply of impurities by taking no rich greasy and indigestible foods; but, to remove the impurities themselves, the pores must be opened and the skin made healthier by the vigorous application of Zam-Buk morning and night and washing frequently with some pure soap. There is none better than the antiseptic Zam-Buk Medicinal and Toilet Soap. Zam-Buk balm stimulates the functions of the skin by the penetration of its refined herbal essences, and thus reaches the root of the disease.

Mr. Arthur B. Griffin, of 191 Picton Street, E. Hamilton, says:—"I was greatly troubled with pimples and blotches breaking out on my face. I tried a number of remedies, and also specially dieted, yet the pimples and blotches remained. Acting on the suggestion of a friend, I began using Zam-Buk, and was much pleased to find an improvement after several applications. The itching was alleviated and the inflammation seemed less. As I continued the Zam-Buk treatment the pimples and blotches became less sore, the itching was cured altogether, and inflammation banished. In the course of a short time every blotch and pimple was removed."

Zam-Buk is also a sure cure for cuts, lacerations, burns, eczema, ringworm, poisoned wounds, festering sores, bad leg, and all skin injuries and diseases. It is also a cure for piles. Druggists and Stores everywhere sell at 50c. a box, or post-free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, on receipt of price.

Origin of Attar of Roses.

The preparation of the famous attar of roses, according to the Circle, seems to have been discovered by accident. From India we get the tradition. The favorite Sultana of Sehanghir caused a bath of rosewater to be prepared for her use. The burning sun of India brought its might upon the bath prepared in the royal garden and soon globules of oil were found floating upon the fragrant water. Deeming the bath impure and attempting to skim off the film, the attendants broke the globules, and at once the garden was filled with fragrance. The finest essence is not gathered from the rarest and most costly flowers, for the fragrant oil glands are most abundant in the petals of the free blooming, old common kinds.

A WINDSOR LADY'S APPEAL

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

A Song of a Statesman

Life would be free from bitter thrills
If all we had to learn
Was to put through our favorite bills
And placidly adjourn.

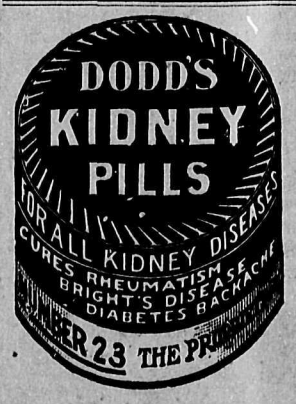
Repeat it:—"Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."

Three Lady Maxwells.

A short time ago there were no fewer than three Lady Maxwells in Cairo, namely, the wife of Gen. Sir John Maxwell, Lady Maxwell of Calderwood, and the wife of Sir William Francis Maxwell.

Titled Lady Novelists.

Lady Trowbridge is one of the titled authors of England whose novels have attained great popularity. Another society woman who has written novels of note is Lady Helen Forbes, a sister of the Duchess of Sutherland, who has also produced some very creditable volumes. The Duchess of Leeds, Lady Henry Somerset, Lady Cromartie and Lady Napier of Magdala have all helped to swell the total number of titled lady novelists.—Argonaut.



DOGS IN SILKS.

Fido's Season of 1909 to Have Extravagant Fashions.

The cult of the toy dog has been increasing every year in England, and no smart woman is seen without a diminutive ball of brown or black or gray fluff under her arm. It is said, however, that 1909 is going to rival all its predecessors in extravagant fashions for the scented canine pets.

A toy dog will soon be a more expensive luxury to keep than a motor-car. One well-known society woman has a maid for a couple of miniature Pomeranians, and the little animals' outfits cost as much as many women spend on their own wardrobes.

"The modern dog, who only weighs as much as a fair-sized doll, is one of the most important members of the household," the manager of a West End firm said recently. "It is as necessary for us to cater for him as for his owner or her children.

"The old kitchen plate for the miniature 'toy' is out of the question nowadays. Every pet has a little plate stamped with his name and a drinking bowl. These are made in anything from fine china to pewter or even real silver.

"The high-bred toy dog suffers intensely in the cold weatner, and for this reason sweaters and miniature cardigan jackets are being made. The sweaters are crocheted or knitted, and cost about $2.50. The cardigan jacket is made of brilliant scarlet flannel fastened with gilt buttons.

"Another novelty is a raincoat made of silk waterproof, lined with a contrasting color. It is very useful in these days, when a woman always takes her dog out motoring. They are made with a hood over the head.

"Dogs' boots have been seen before, but this year they are being knitted or crocheted in thick wool to put on at night when Fido is tucked up in his basket.

"Miniature dog blankets are made of gray tweed, bound with ab right-colored braid, with the spoilt creature's monogram embroidered in one corner."

A most ingenious traveling bag for toy dogs will be seen this season. It is made of canvas lined with cloth. The bag contains a comb and brush, a toothbrush and nail clip, and a handbrush to draw on like a glove, made of fibre tendrils, with which the dog is scrubbed in his bath every morning.

The rest of the outfit comprises a cake of scented soap, some cold cream, a soft bath towel, and a bottle of perfume.

The toy dog's playthings are made of india-rubber, and consist of balls, solid dolls, mice, or tiny replicas of himself.

The latest bed for Fido is not a basket. This resting place he selects in the daytime, but at night he is provided with a miniature armchair. It is fitted with a down pillow, and there is a white fur rug to put over him.

Solid gold or silver bracelet collars are fashionable for the tiniest dogs. These are engraved with the name and address of the owner, and are often set with gems.

Land Clubs Increase.

A land movement of silent but extraordinary development was revealed recently when a convention of land clubs was held at Westminster Hall, London. Many districts have started these clubs for the reconstruction of English country life. At this meeting they were federated into a union. The movement is an effort to restore great tracts of unused land to the people and arises from the difficulty throughout England of buying land.

The small holdings act having proved worthless, agricultural laborer formed these clubs. Many members of the Government are interested in the scheme and strong representation will be made in Parliament that the Government should buy land and set up model colonies of small holders, appointing a commissioner for every county land club. Norfolk is well organized, having 5,000 members in its club with a balance of $5,000 in the bank. Recently three notices were given in this county of three compulsory sales.

3,000 Consecutive Daily Baths.

An astonishing record has lately been created by Mr. Thomas Moorby, a well-known resident of Hull, England. Mr. Moorby makes it a practice to take a morning bath in the open air daily throughout the year, whatever the climatic conditions, and recently completed a record of 3,000 consecutive daily baths. A two miles run or ride before breakfast, thinly clad, and during the last two years without hat or cap, on an empty stomach, is (he says) surely evidence enough, especially when the very severe weather encountered lately is taken into consideration, of the beneficial results following such a course of exercise. A teetotaller and a non-smoker, nearing the age of sixty-five, Mr. Moorby says that so far as physical fitness is concerned he is equal to a man of thirty-five, and, indeed, feels younger than he did twenty-five years ago.

The Late Secrstary For War.

Death as usual has been very persistent in its calls lately upon the cultured and leading classes of the old land, and all ranks of society have felt the sting of the fatal arrow, but perhaps nowhere has it so heavily fallen than in the ranks of the late Balfour administration by the removal of the Right Hon. Hugh Oakeley Arnold-Forster, M.P., the late Secretary for War, who only a brief week ago followed with an impassioned speech the Right Hon. R. B. Haldane's presentation of the war estimates; now he is gone, never again to help the party of Balfour, Chamberlain and Lylleton, whenever they may resume office.

Seven Brothers Named William.

William Harris Number One, a son of the "Sausage King," explained in the Kingston (Eng.) County Court recently that this was actually his real name. He said all his six brothers were also named William Harris, and that they were named "William Harris Number Two," "William Harris Number Three," etc., in order to distinguish them.

BANISH PIMPLES AND ERUPTIONS

Everyone Needs a Tonic in the Spring to Build up the Blood

If you want new health and strength in the spring you must build up your blood with a tonic medicine. After the long indoor winter months are past most people feel depressed and easily tired. This means that the blood is impure and watery. That is what causes pimples and unsightly eruptions. To this same condition is due attacks of rheumatism, the sharp stabbing pains of neuralgia, poor appetite, frequent headaches and a desire to avoid exertion. These troubles can all be banished by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Every dose of this medicine makes new, rich blood, which drives out impurities, stimulates every organ, strengthens every nerve and brings a feeling of new health and energy to weak, tired out, ailing men and women. Mrs Frank Murphy, Clark's Harbor, N. S., says:—"A year ago I was completely run down and my work became a burden to me. I felt tired all the time and could drag myself about. I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and after taking three or four boxes was again in the best of health I think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will prove a friend in need to all who are weak and ailing."

Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $ 2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Cheerful Giver

"Mamma, didn't the missionary say that the heathen didn't wear any clothes?"

"Yes, dear."

"Well, mamma, then why did papa put a button in the contribution box?"

Failure

Sig. R. Wrett—"Greasy Grinds' college life was a perfect failure."

Hellth E. Chue—"For instance?"

Sig. R. Wrett—"Well, he never learned his class yell!"—Coyote.

CATARRH CANNOT BE CURED with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

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

Sold by Druggists, price 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

A woman may be as old as she looks, but it is seldom possible to get her to admit it.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

Nearly all children are subject to worms, and many are born with them. Spare them suffering by using Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator, the best remedy of the kind that can be had.

It might be that men would take more interest in their fashions if it were necessary to have some one to help them get into their clothes.

"The physician attending me prescribed, on my rallying from an attack of rheumatism, your *Scott's Emulsion*, which I have been taking every winter since. I find it most valuable in strengthening and building up one after a severe illness. I have not had rheumatism since the time mentioned above and I owe it to your most valuable *Emulsion*. It is my life now, and, makes me strong and healthy."—R. PICARD, Grand Ligne, Quebec.

For two hundred years before SCOTT'S EMULSION came Cod Liver Oil was used for rheumatism.

Scott's Emulsion

is modernized Cod Liver Oil; the purest and best oil partly predigested, made palatable and suitable for the most delicate child or invalid. It enriches the blood, tones up the entire system, and drives out rheumatism.

ALL DRUGGISTS

Let us send you a copy of Mr. Picard's letter and other literature on the subject. A Post Card, mentioning this paper, is sufficient.

SCOTT & BOWNE
126 Wellington St., W. Toronto

PASSING OF LONDON.

Rosebery Says It Keeps Changing Like a Huge Camp.

Lord Rosebery, in delivering the presidential address to the members of the London Topographical Society at Burlington gardens, was in a pessimistic mood regarding the transitoriness of London.

"We survive our London," he said. "We realize in modern life that all around us is change. The house that we knew in childhood seems to be in the minority, and when in a long walk one comes to some untouched nook, it is with the same surprise that one finds a patch of snow under a hedgerow after a thaw.

"If some power the gift could give us to see once more the London of our childhood, the contrast would, I believe, be greater than we imagine. We live in a city almost as fleeting as an encampment. We do not strike out tents, but rather lose our ruins just as our judiciously constructed house is coming to pieces.

"Let our society watch this process viligantly, as, I believe, the London County Council also watches it with more authority and ampler means, and garner up carefully what is worth preserving of a great city built not for time or posterity, but for the business exigences of a leasehold tenure."

Lord Rosebery's address referred principally to Whitehall Palace, the site and remains of which he said he had recently explored in the company of Lord Welby.

"I thought Lord Welby and myself were somewhat attentively watched," he added, "until it was judged from our appearance that we were not political women in disguise.

"Though glorious under Henry VIII., Whitehall remains chiefly connected with the name of Stuart. We call that name unlucky, not with scientific accuracy, for it has plenty of luck, though it did not know how to use it, or threw it wantonly away up to the very end.

"Its princes persistently misgoverned Great Britain when it was not difficult to govern, and ended by throwing away an empire for a mass. We should admire that tenacity of conscience as compared with the more jaunty example set by their relative and ancestor, Henry IV., did we not know that when it was too late Charles Edward abandoned the mass with easy alacrity. Be that as it may, we know that not merely the glory, but the actual habitation of Whitehall ceased with these luckless Stuarts."

A Bashful Princess.

Princess Alexandra, the elder of the Duke of Fife's two daughters, and granddaughter of King Edward, was to have been presented at one of the courts which are to be held during May. Just before she left for Egypt with her father and mother, however, she begged hard to be let off until the season of 1910, when her younger sister, Princess Maud, will be able to brave the ordeal with her. Princess Alexandra's timidity is even worse than that of her mother the Princess Royal, who is known in intimate family circles as "Her Royal Shyness." Being a royal personage, she would not be presented like an ordinary debutante, but would have to take her place on the royal dais to be criticized by everyone in the ballroom. Her mother probably fully sympathizing with her daughter, has let her off until next year, when the two sisters will be able to hold hands on the dais. Princesses Alexandra and Maud, who were born in 1891 and 1893, respectively, have lived a very retired life, formerly at Brighton, which residence the Duke of Fife has now given up, and latterly in the Highlands.

Queen to Wear Great Gem.

The Queen will wear the great Cullinan diamond in future on state occasions when the crown is not in use.

It will be set in the imperial crown in such a manner that it can be detached for separate use.

The crown and diamond were taken to Buckingham Palace a few days ago, and the matter was discussed between the King, the Lord Chamberlain, Col. Sir Douglas Dawson, the master of ceremonies, and representatives of Messrs. Garrard, the court jewelers.

The feasibility of the plan having been demonstrated, the court jewelers have been commanded to carry out the work. Thus the Cullinan, while retaining the status of a crown jewel, will be available for wear by the Queen on some occasions upon which the crown itself is not in actual use.

It is understood that the King's main object is to show to the fullest possible extent his appreciation of the Transvaal's gift, feeling sure that the donors would be more gratified by this use of the gem than if it were to be fixed permanently in the crown and kept as a rule from the public eye.

"All Mad."

After leaving Eton Lord Meath had some glorious times in the little principality of Schaumberg-Lippe, where he went to learn German. In company with some other gay young English spirits, he organized a paper-chase. So little was this game understood by the natives that when the "field" asked some peasants whether they had seen the hare, they replied, "Ah, yes, the thief has the booty in a bag; you will catch him over the hill." Next day a policeman came from the Prince of Schaumberg-Lippe, his highness having heard that the boys had been robbed of 500 thalers. Prolonged explanation only drew from the policeman the remark, "Good heavens! The English are all mad."

Tortoiseshell Atrocities.

An appeal has been sent by native gentlemen in Bombay to the Queen asking Her Majesty to discourage the use of tortoiseshell ornaments on the ground of the cruel methods in vogue for procuring the shell.

It is obtained from turtles which are caught alive and shelled by baking them before a slow fire. If the reptile survives it is let loose in the sea again to grow a fresh shell, and is afterwards caught and "shelled."

"MY KIDNEYS HURT ME ALL THE TIME"

Gin Pills Cured Them. Free Sample Box Leads to Cure.

Only those who have been tortured with Kidney Trouble can appreciate how Mr. Trumper suffered. Being a railroad man, he was called upon to do all kinds of heavy work. The constant strain of lifting, weakened the kidneys.

I received the sample box of Gin Pills and was greatly benefitted by them. My kidneys were in such bad condition I could not lift or stoop without pain. In fact, they pained me nearly all the time. I have taken three boxes of Gin Pills, working all the time at heavy work on the railroad and did not lose a day.

FRANK TRUMPER, Napanee, Ont.

Do sharp twinges catch you as you stoop? Are you subject to Rheumatism, Sciatica or Lumbago? Does your Bladder give trouble? Take Gin Pills on our positive guarantee that they will cure you or money refunded, 50c a box —6 for $2.50. At dealers, or direct if you cannot obtain from druggist.

Dept. N.U., National Drug & Chemical Co., Limited, Toronto. 117

Different Terms

Wilkins—"Does your wife play the piano?"

Bilkins—"Well, she says she does, but——."

Wilkins—"But what?"

Bilkins—"It sounds to me as if she worked it."

Sir James Dewar, who was presented by the Prince of Wales with the Albert medal of the Royal society, is known pre-eminently in connection with the liquefaction of gases.

Origin of the Sex

A poet who has been known to tell the truth recounts this story of his little daughter. Her mother overheard her expounding the origin of the sex to her family of dolls. "You see, children," she said, "Adam was a man all alone, and was very lonely, so God put him to sleep, took his brains out, and made a nice lady out of them."

Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup needs no recommendation. To all who are familiar with it, it speaks for itself. Years of use in the treatment of colds and coughs and all affections of the throat has unquestionably established its place among the very best medicines for such diseases. If you give it a trial you will not regret it. You will find it 25 cents well invested.

Examination of the records of 8,000 cancer cases of which the Middlesex hospital, London, has notes have shown that there is no evidence that the disease is inherited.

Repeat it:—"Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."

The keel plate of the cruiser Indefatigable to be launched in October, was laid at Devonport recently. She will be the largest cruiser afloat, her length being 570 feet.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff

Mighty Uncertain

A Georgia moonshiner whipped his wife. She betrayed him for revenge, and then refused to give evidence. The judge summed up the collective experience of the universe in the comment that "if there is one thing the Lord doesn't know it is what a woman will do."—Montreal Herald.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

DON'T BE AFRAID that Sunlight Soap will spoil your clothes. There are no injurious chemicals in Sunlight Soap to bite holes in even the most delicate fabric. $5,000 are offered to anyone finding adulteration in Sunlight Soap.

McKENZIE'S SEEDS

SELECTED FOR THE WEST.

Sold by every wide-awake merchant. Insist on

McKENZIE'S PURE SEEDS.

and if your dealer cannot supply, send your order to us direct. Address

BRANDON MAN. or CALGARY ALTA.

WRITE FOR CATALOG.

A. E. McKENZIE CO., LTD.

THE MICHEL REPORTER
NEW MICHEL, B. C.

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

SUBSCRIPTION TWO DOLLARS
A YEAR IN ADVANCE

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION

GEORGE G. MEIKLE, -- MANAGING-EDITOR

In and Around Town

A young man who's first name is Dick
Who'd had lots of fun and no kick,
Took the flyer for Fernie,
But continued his journey.
In fact went to sleep pretty quick.

He woke up, but minus his grips,
And the language—it came out in rips,
For when Kingsgate was reached
He found himself beached,
And nothing to show but his clips.

The wires were hot for awhile.
Meantime he got rid of his bile.
Said he "What's the use,
It's that —— 'lectric juice,
But didn't I travel in style?"

New Michel is all right, all right.

The Oddfellows will parade tomorrow.

A. J. McCool was in Fernie on Thursday.

J. B. Turney of Fernie, was here on Wednesday.

W. Richards has succeeded R. B. C. Hammond as Coal Co., electrician.

The New Michel Waterworks Company is applying for incorporation.

Arthur E. Ferguson of Hixon & Ferguson, Hosmer, was here yesterday.

St. Paul's church is considerably improving both in appearance and financially.

Anson Potter of Vancouver will arrive on Saturday to take a position with Somerton Bros.

Several G. N. engineers are in Calgary to-day, and it is said the Elk Valley extension will start at once.

R. B. C. Hammond has returned to Fernie, where he has taken charge of the city electric light plant.

Somerton Bros'. have bought most of the stock of Gordon at Hosmer and will remove same to New Michel.

Much credit is due to the property holders for their ready compliance with the orders of the fire wardens to clean up.

The fire-wardens are to be commended on the thorough and efficient manner in which they are performing their duties.

Additional miners to the extent of 10 to 15 a day, are being employed here, which means increased tonnage as well as a larger pay-roll.

J. R. Roaf, who has been acting as superintendent of the Coal Coy since Jas Derbyshire left, has returned to Fernie, his place being temporarily filled by Chas Simister.

W. R. Ross M. P. P. was here on Wednesday, looking into the requirements of New Michel and went back to Fernie leaving the people here feeling good over the prospects.

The Government roads, streets and lots are in a disgraceful condition. Private owners can be compelled to clean up, but it appears that there is no way to force the Government—only to wait till they get good and ready.

A lawn tennis club has been organized, with H. Somerton, president; P. M. McLanders, vice-president and A. Kennedy, secretary-treasurer. The committee consists of G. B. Stedman and L. W. Kribs. Grounds have been secured in the rear of the hardware store near Pacific Ave.

The recreation grounds are about to become something more than a pipe dream. H. H. Depew, land commissioner for the Coal Co., was here on Thursday, and went into the question with the delegates from the Athletic Association, and the result is, a lease of the desired property will probably be here by Monday.

The dance at Martin's hall on Monday night was well patronized every one seemed to enjoy themselves. The only kick we have heard was that some people thought the lunch was to be thrown in free. As a lunch counter was provided, and mention was made of this fact in the announcement, we hardly see where the kick comes in.

J. D. Hurd, manager of the Coal Coy was in town on Thursday.

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

TO RENT. LARGE FOUR ROOMED HOUSE. Apply to J. T. Armstrong.

WANTED TO RENT IN NEW MICHEL, A comfortable 4 or 5 room cottage. Apply at Reporter Office.

FOR SALE. HOUSE AND LOT IN NEW MICHel. Lot 2, Block 9, on which a comfortable dwelling is erected. Apply at the Reporter Office.

WANTED TO RENT IN NEW MICHEL, A building suitable for a printing office. Would lease same for a term of years if a satisfactory building was erected. Apply at the Reporter office.

SEVENTY MILLION, TIMBER — SAW MILL — Great Northern Railway passes through — 5 limits—running 18 years— annual dues $375 or $115 annually each. Cedar, tamarac, fir, spruce, and some white pine. Price is $30,000, half cash, balance on terms. Address the Editor of this paper for further particulars.

FIFTY MILLION FEET OF FIRST-CLASS TIMber on drivable stream. Easily logged to Columbia River. This can be bought for $16,000, ½ cash, balance one and two years. These licenses run for 18 years more. Cost of continuing licenses in force, $115 each. The above are snaps, and if you are a lumber or timber man communicate at once, as the owner must sell. For any further details, address the Editor of this paper.

SUNDAY SERVICES

METHODIST CHURCH

MICHEL AND NEW MICHEL
SERVICES EVERY SUNDAY

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

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

Rev. S. Cook, Pastor.

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

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH

MICHEL, B. C.

Services—1st. Sunday in the month, Holy Communion, 11 a. m.
Every Sunday, Evensong, 7.30 p. m.
Sunday School, every Sunday, 2.30 p. m.

A. Briant N. Crowther, M. A., Vicar.

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

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

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

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

Billiard Handicap
Beginning
Saturday Night,
April 24th.

First Prize, Gold Mounted Pipe
Second Prize, Genuine Briar Pipe

Cosmopolitan Billiard Rooms
NEW MICHEL

Application for Transfer of Liquor Licence.

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

JOHN S. LAURENSON.

Michel, B. C., April 24th, 1909.

Are You
House Cleaning ?

We have everything in

Paints
Oils
Varnishes
Alabastine
in all Colors

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

British ColumbiA

EAST KOOTENAY
— IRRIGABLE —
FRUIT LANDS

We have for sale five acre blocks of lands specially adapted for Fruit Growing, within twenty minutes walk of the business centre of the city of Cranbrook, which can be purchased on easy terms. Also farms of all sizes, and lands suitable for farming.

Write us for particulars

BEALE & ELWELL,
CRANBROOK, B. C.

PHOTOGRAPHS
SOMERTON BROS.
Studio Now Open Over The Store

Adver-
tise

And

Get
Busy

The billiard tournament now on at the Cosmopolitan Billiard Rooms is drawing out some fine shots.

: BIG :
Make Room
SALE

Ten Days Only
April 24th, to May 4th

YOU are well aware that my place is small and my stock is large. I have large shipments of goods now on the road and simply "got to make room." For Ten days only, I am offering my entire stock —— nothing reserved —— at prices never before known in Michel. . . . . .

Potter's English Prints
8 yards for.....$1.00

Plain and striped Flannelettes
8 and 10 yards for.....$1.00

Table Oilcloth, while it lasts
Per yard.....25

The largest stock of Shoes in Michel, at your service.

Trunks, Valises, Suit Cases.

Hats, Caps, Gloves. Men's Wear.

Weber's, New Michel

200 pairs of Shoes
Per pair.....$1.90
Men's, Womens, Boy's and Girls.
You can see them in the window.

20 per cent discount off Men's and Boys Clothing

If we can't fit or satisfy you, we will take your order and get you the finest, tailor-made suit you ever wore, at 20 per cent less than regular prices.

WEBER'S

20 per cent off
all Ladies' and Childrens Ready-to-Wear Stuff we have got in the house, including Fine Net Blouses, Taffeta and Jap Silks, White and Colored Cotton Waists from .75c up. Nightgowns, Gloves, Hose, Shawls Aprons and Skirts, Corset Covers, Lawn and Woolen Underwear.

Fine Dress Goods,
French Henrietta, the latest patterns in Panama, Lustres, Silks, Velvets etc.

20 Discount 20

Weber's, New Michel

Business Bringers

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

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

FOUND. That it pays to spend a dollar advertising what you lose. How easily your eye caught this notice.

WANTED. For you to notice how quick your eye caught this item and how easily you could get someone else to notice your want and answer it.

FOR SALE. Space in this column of the Reporter in which you can advertise what you have to sell. Someone wants it, no matter what it is, and will see your ad as quickly as you saw this.

STOCK QUOTATIONS

As Furnished by Beale & Elwell, Cranbrook, B. C., April 19, 1909

	BID	ASKED
Aurora Consolidated		.25
B. C. Amalgamated	.04½	.06
B. C. Copper	6.75	7.25
Canadian Goldfields	.04	.05
Canadian Marconi	1.50	1.75
Canadian North West Oil	.30	.35
Consolidated Smelters	77.00	85.00
Cranbrook Fire Brick		1.10
Diamond Coal	.56	.65
Diamond Vale Coal	.12½	.15½
International Coal	.65	.67
McGillivray Creek Coal	.22	.25
Nicola Coal Mines Ltd	.04	.01½
Nipissing	10.75	11.25
North Star	.08½	.12
Nugget Gold Mines	.70	1.00
Rambler-Cariboo	.14½	.16½
Royal Collieries	.36	.38
Society Girl		.25
Sullivan (ord)		.00½
Western Oil	1.70	1.85
Western Oil (pref)	2.25	4.00
Veteran War Scrip	650.00	690.00

GASTON E. BERTON

Carpenter, Finisher, Painomaker, Pipe Organ Tuner, Saloon Organ Repairing.

HOSMER, B. C.

The inference that appears in an article in The King's Business, dated April 21st, that the Oddfellow's of Michel would hold their church parade under the Chapman-Alexander Evangelical movement, is misleading. The Oddfellow's will hold their annual church parade, to the Methodist church, tomorrow at 2.30, but entirely independent of any denomination.

"Elk Valley Beer"

Pure and Pleasing.

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

Elk Valley Brewing Co., Limited

E. V. Holding Co.,
Builders and Contractors
Repairs and alterations promptly attended to.
Estimates cheerfully given.
New Michel

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

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

Printing
THE BUSINESS KIND
THAT'S WHAT
Keeps us busy