MICHEL REPORTER

VOL. 2. NEW MICHEL, BRITISH COLUMBIA, SATURDAY, OCT. 16, 1909. NO. 4

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Smoker's Sundries

Just Received some special values in Pipes, including Meerschaums, Calabash, Peterson, B. B. B., etc., etc.

Pouches, Smoking Sets, Cigar and Cigarette Holders.

Smoke our Imported, Clear Havana Cigars

KENNEDY'S
DRUG AND BOOK STORE
NEW MICHEL

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

Imperial Bank of Canada

Head Office: TORONTO

Capital Authorized $10,000,000
Capital Paid Up $5,000,000. Reserve Fund $5,000,000

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

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

HOTEL KOOTENAY

New Michel, B. C.

Douglas & Stedman - - - Proprietors

RATES $2.00 A DAY

Everything First-Class and Comfortable

Nothing but white labor employed

'BUS MEETS ALL TRAINS

Go to **KING'S KANDY KITCHEN**

For all kinds of
Fruit, Candy, Cigars, Nuts and Ice-Cream

NEW MICHEL

Reward Offered

We Offer you a Saving of

10 per cent.

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

P. BURNS & CO. LTD.

NEW MICHEL, B. C.

Livery, Dray and Transfer

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

GEO. FISHER, Proprietor

LUMBER YARD WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

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

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

The man who wears 20th Century Clothes

is correctly, smartly and comfortably dressed. The styles for Fall are smart and snappy and prices are reasonable. Come in and look over our new

SUITS and OVERCOATS for Fall and Winter 1909-10.

Smartest Hats . . . in town | Latest blocks and colorings in all shades. Natty shapes

Seasonable Underwear | All weights in pure wool and fleece goods. Best makes at lowest prices
STANFIELD'S. WATSON'S PENMAN'S

Sweaters and Sweater Coats

We are showing a wide range of these seasonable garments in all colors and combinations

Latest Novelties in neckwear, belts, shirts, gloves and Everything in Mens' Wearables

The Trites-Wood Co. Ltd.
Michel

THE DEAD LEADER

There is one point in the history of a man, where friend and foe alike can take common ground, and that is at the graveside. Here for the first time, the mists of party feeling vanish and the man stands in the mind's eye just as he was. We judge him then entirely from the standpoint of his ability, honesty and sincerity. Sherman was undoubtedly a born leader of men, and the men recognizing this, gave him his birthright. During that leadership, he steadfastly promoted the men's cause with no mean ability, and although many may criticise a number of his actions, all must agree that those actions were inspired by a single-hearted desire to make the best possible bargain on behalf of the worker he represented. He died poor, and, in this age of graft—considering the opportunities that he had—that fact is something for the crowd to be thankful for. If anything is to be done to prevent those left behind from suffering from the results of the dead man's honesty, it should be done quickly, for the memory, even of that rarity—an honest man—is soon forgotten in the quick rush of the work-a-day world. J. R. S.

Frank H. Sherman Dead

Former President of District 18, U. M. W. of A.

Frank H. Sherman, late president of District 18, U. M. W. of A., died in the Fernie hospital on Monday morning, at 5.30. The end was not unexpected, and his wife and family were at his bedside at the last moment. He left a large family, including a blind boy, in straitened circumstances, and his death is deeply regretted by a large circle of friends, which reaches far beyond the confines of the organization of which he was so long the leader.

The funeral took place from the Miners' Hall, Fernie, on Wednesday and was attended by over 4,000 people.

President Powell, Vice-President Stubbs and Secretary Carter of the district board, and representatives of nearly all the local unions in the district were present, coming from Lethbridge, Bellevue, Lille, Frank, Coleman, Corbin, Michel, Hosmer and other points. The procession to the grave was headed by the Salvation Army band, followed by the mayor and council of the city of Fernie and the fire and police departments, then came Gladstone Union, the Fernie city band and a large concourse of people. All the stores were closed from 2 to 4.30 p. m., and the mines were closed for the day.

The Illustrated Special Edition

Owing to the large number of engravings being prepared for the Special Edition of the Reporter, we are unable to complete the work in time to issue to-day. Everything is in shape now, and the public may confidently look for it's appearance on Tuesday.

Get in Your Orders in Time

Some people are going to be disappointed unless they get their orders for the Special Edition in at once. Leave your order at Kennedy's Drug Store or at this office. 10c a copy

Hold YOUR MONEY

until you inspect our values. Clothing, hats, fur band caps, sweaters, working shirts, Stanfield's underwear, gloves, mitts, "Peabody's" and "Iron Horse" overalls, "Traveller" and "Artisan" boots & shoes.

It will pay you to examine our goods and get prices.

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

Suits Cleaned and Pressed.

GREAT NORTHERN HOTEL

NEW MICHEL

EVERYTHING FIRST-CLASS

Cuisine Unsurpassed

Bar Stocked With the Finest

Attendance Unexcelled

McCOOL & MOORE, Proprietors

"Elk Valley Beer"

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

Elk Valley Brewing Co., Limited

SLICK UP

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

P. M. MacLanders, Prop

The Model Bakery

NOW OPEN!

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

The Model Bakery New Michel

Patronize Home Industry

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

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

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

E. V. Holding Co.,

Builders and Contractors

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

New Michel

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

ONE OF CUPID'S WAYS

The Jilted Girl and the Man Who Couldn't Make Love.

By SARAH LINDSAY COLEMAN.

The car that went to Overlook park was crowded. It usually was when there was a promise of a fine sunset.

Brooks gazed steadily from the window on the unpicturesque side of the car. Even when the passengers crowded to the other side to look into the valley far below them and at the mountains—mountains piled on top of mountains—he sat motionless.

As the Country club was passed he showed some interest.

It was Miss Hilderbrand's afternoon to pour tea there. Six months before, when Miss Hilderbrand had poured tea, Brooks sat on the clubhouse steps. The laughter of gay voices had drifted through the open windows to him. The club members seemed very gay. Brooks was a club member, but he was not gay.

An illness had sent him to the resort town to recuperate. Most of the hotel people belonged to the club, and he had joined. It seemed to him a good way to get rid of the time that hung so heavily on his hands.

But he didn't care for golf; he couldn't dance; he knew so little of the new books and the old pictures, the thousand and one things they talked about. He was an alien. Looking up, he saw Miss Hilderbrand on the step above him.

Miss Hilderbrand was the leader of the fashionables that ran the Country club. Her clothes were imitated, her speeches repeated.

Brooks had wondered that so reserved a woman could be as popular. He had noticed that the charm of distinction was in her high bred face and then thought no more about her. Women were not much in his line either.

Miss Hilderbrand had smiled down on him and said that she wanted him to come in and drink tea with her. And when she smiled the question of her popularity was settled.

After that day Brooks became a real member of the club. The women left younger men to talk to him. The men slapped him on the back, invited him to drinks and voted him a fine old chap.

He began to enjoy the life and the new spirit of friendliness that pervaded the atmosphere. There was no more talk of leaving this circle of bright, pretty women and jolly fellows.

Brooks realized that he owed the change to Miss Hilderbrand. Once he asked her why she had taken him up, and she replied that she was sorry for lonely things.

Six months had made a new man of Brooks, and still he lingered.

People had come and gone, as they do at resort hotels, but Miss Hilderbrand had not gone.

The afternoon had again come for her to pour tea for the club members, but she had sent her excuses.

Johnston, a friend and fellow citizen of hers, said that she had gone on the mountain to be alone and get a grip on herself; that a telegram had brought her bad news.

The car climbed slowly.

Brooks hadn't the slightest idea what the trouble was nor what assistance he could render. There was but one desire in his honest heart, and that was to help her. How he would do it hadn't been revealed; but, with his usual directness, he had followed her to find out.

On the mountain top the band played, and gay groups of people moved in every direction.

Brooks came upon Miss Hilderbrand, solitary in the midst of the crowd. The glow of the sunset was on her, and as he came up she smiled unsteadily.

"I'm sorry you've heard it. I leave tomorrow. I hoped it would not be found out, but of course everybody will know."

"I'm not everybody," said Brooks stoutly. "I came because I want to comfort lonely things. What can I do?"

Miss Hilderbrand's glance went over Brooks' stout figure and came back to his clear eyes. The two faces were in sharp contrast—in his the rugged strength of a more simple civilization, in the girl's the suggestion of extreme culture.

"I'm glad you came," she said quite simply. "I'll like to remember it when I've become a dressmaker. That's what I've been up here deciding—what to do with myself now that the money's swept away. Dressmaking is my only real talent, and," with another attempt at a smile, "I'm thought to be such an accomplished young woman."

"But there's McAdoo." Brooks spoke that name with difficulty. Among the men there was one he detested, and it was Miss Hilderbrand's fiance. "Haven't you taken him into your arrangements?"

"He hasn't taken me into his arrangements," she said.

Brooks stared at her as though he had lost his senses.

"I've been jilted." She looked across the valleys filling with mist and not at Brooks.

"Habits are hard to break." She spoke to herself as much as to him. "It had gone on so long it was a habit. If we had cared for each other we would have been married long ago."

She turned to Brooks. "But it hurts one's pride to be thrown overboard on the day one loses the money," she said. "I'm depressed at the dressmaking, too," she apologized.

"How'd a companion do?" asked Brooks cautiously.

"Not at all," said the girl. "I've a mean temper."

"The old person has the disposition of a cherub."

"I can't read, and I sing abominably."

"'Twouldn't be required."

"What would?"

"Whatever pleased you."

"But," half petulantly, "I don't like old ladies."

"This is an old gentleman."

"'Twouldn't do; highly improper."

"Oh, yes, it would! It's eminently respectable." Brooks got to his feet and began speaking rapidly.

"Look here," he said, "I know you don't care for me, but you are the finest girl I ever saw. I'm too old to learn all love's little tricks, but you won't expect much foolishness. I never had time for it when I was a youngster, and I can't promise much as a lover, but I can make your life easier and leave you a respectable pile of money at my death."

"And what would you gain?" Miss Hilderbrand asked the question when the silence had become audible. She had paled perceptibly.

"The right to make you happy," said Brooks.

The girl was silent. Her critical eyes saw Brooks, who was neither young nor handsome at his best.

"Don't you think I wouldn't gain anything?" said the man. The silence was making him anxious.

"But you couldn't love me," plaintively. "You think love nonsense, and women need it."

Brooks got possession of a hand not far away. "I could learn," he protested ardently.

"And everybody would say I married you for your money."

"Let 'em!" stoutly. "A lot of old gossips!"

Miss Hilderbrand drew her hand away.

"I couldn't consider it," she said. A certain mischief that was new to her was in her averted face. "I've just been jilted, and I would be so lonely while you were learning."

Brooks slipped his arm about her. They were away from the people, and, anyway, it didn't matter. He turned her face to meet his eager one.

"I don't have to learn. It's come to me. You shan't say 'No!' Why, I love you like—like fury!" His voice thrilled with his earnestness.

The girl laughed contentedly.

"You are a nice old gentleman," she said, "even if you are forty. I haven't been asked about it, and I guess I shouldn't say so, but I'm awfully fond of you."

A Pageant of the Parish Pump.

Speaking of pageants reminds me of a story they are telling of a popular playwright who was asked to come down to a small but pushful town to arrange a "commemoration" spectacle.

"Now," said the mayor pompously, "historical pageants are all the rage, and, of course, we must have a pageant."

"Is your town old?"

"It isn't exactly old, and it isn't exactly new."

"Is there any historical episode connected with it?"

"None that I ever heard of."

"That's awkward," returned the expert. "Must you really have a pageant?"

"That's why I sent for you," said the mayor.

"Well, then, the only thing I can thing of would be a series of four floats."

"Capital—capital!"

"The first containing the parish pump in 1607, surrounded by eight beadles; the second float containing the parish pump in 1707, the handle worked by eight yokels; the third, the parish pump"—

"Sir," roared the mayor, "go to Birmingham with your pumps! If you think I've sent for you and paid your expenses and a fee to 'pump' me, you're mistaken. As for your precious parish pump, sir, it won't hold water, and so let me tell you. We want a historical pageant, not a waterworks celebration. Good morning!"—English Magazine.

Tit For Tat.

An old farmer whose wife was ill went for some physic to the nearest town. Calling at a roadside inn, he spent all he had, including the money for his wife's medicine.

Not wishing to go back without it and to save bother, he borrowed a bottle, filled it with colored water and took it home. There he sweetened it and gave it to his wife.

Some time after she had recovered he told her of his deceit. She said nothing, but a month later, when her husband came in to his tea, she was busy churning, so she asked him if he would churn, as she was tired.

Of course he started churning. In about an hour he said:

"This cream is a long while i' turnin' to butter, lass."

"Aye," his wife replied. "I've been at it nearly all t' afternoon. Tha had better get thi tea an' rest a bit."

"Nay," he said, "I won't get my tea till this job is done."

So he turned at the old churn for another hour, and then, tired out, he said:

"I think this is never goin' to turn to butter."

"I don't think it will, for I took fifteen pounds of butter out just before tha came in, and, if ever tha wants me to tak' water for physic, just remember about churnin' two hours at nowt but buttermilk."

The old fellow's reply is not recorded.—London Fun.

The First Impression.

"What was your first impression on arriving in Europe?"

"Great joy," answered the traveler, "over the fact that I was through being seasick."—Washington Star.

"DIZZY'S" STORY.

Lord Rosebery Tells of a Tale by the Great Beaconsfield.

Lord Rosebery, in his life of William Pitt, the younger, relates an excellent story that he himself heard from the lips of Lord Beaconsfield. The anecdote cannot be better related than in the author's own words:

"Mr. Disraeli," he writes, "in the more genial and less majestic days before 1874, used to tell a sardonic story of this time. When he first entered Parliament he used often to dine at the House of Commons, where he was generaly served by a grim old waiter of prehistoric reputation, who was supposed to possess a secret treasure of political tradition. The young member sought by every gracious art to win his confidence and partake of these stories. One day the venerable domestic relented. 'You hear many lies told as history, sir,' he said, 'do you know what Mr. Pitt's last words were?'

"'Of course,' said Disraeli, 'they are well known. "Oh, my country! How I love my country!"' for that was then the authorized version.

"'Nonsense,' said the old man. "I'll tell you how it was. Late one night I was called out of bed by a messenger in a post-chaise shouting to me outside the window. "What is it?" I said. "You're to get up and dress and bring some of your pork pies down to Mr. Pitt at Putney." So I went; and as he drove along he told me that Mr. Pitt had not been able to take any food, but had suddenly said, "I think I could eat one of Bellamy's pork pies." And so I was sent for post-haste. When we arrived Mr. Pitt was dead. Them was his last words: "I think I could eat one of Bellamy's pork pies".'"

Exasperating the Officer.

A recruiting officer, who is of a rather choleric disposition, questioned two recruits just brought in by the sergeant.

Officer (to first recruit)—"What's your name?"

Recruit—"Watt, sir."

Officer—"What is your name?"

Recruit—"Watt, sir."

Officer (impatiently)—"What's your name?"

Recruit—'My name is Watt, sir—W-a-t-t."

Officer—"Humph! Where do you come from?"

Recruit—"Ware, sir."

Officer—"Yes, where do you come from?"

Recruit—"I come from the town of Ware, sir."

Officer—"Oh, that'll do." Turning to second recruit. "What's your name?"

Recruit: "Mee, sir."

Officer—"Yes, you. What's your name?"

Recruit: "Mee, sir."

Officer (by this time fairly out of temper and evidently thinking the man was working a joke, shouted)—"Will you give me your name?"

Recruit—"My name, sir, is John Mee."

Officer—"Humph! And where do you come from?"

Recruit—"Hoo, sir."

Officer—"Confound it, you, sir; where do you come from?"

Recruit—"Hoo, sir."

Officer—"Well, if ever——"

Sergeant (interposing)—"The man comes from the village of Hoo, near Chatham, sir."

A Simple Water Test.

All drinking water should be tested in town or country frequently, as there are other impurities besides sewage which are quite as deadly, and every cistern of water is liable to be a source of blood poisoning. Mice, rats and other pests must have water, and many a case of typhoid is set up by such as these falling into the cistern and remaining there for months in a decomposed state. To detect this impure condition is very simple and unfailing. Draw a tumbler of water at night, put a piece of white lump sugar into it and place it on the kitchen mantel shelf or anywhere that the temperature will not be under 60 degrees F. In the morning the water, if pure, will be perfectly clear. If contaminated by sewage or other impurities the water will be milky. This is a simple and safe test, well known in chemistry.

Blotting Pads and Secrets.

The ability to read backward what has been impressed on a blotting pad and the secrets which the latter will yield when reflected in a mirror are dangers against which the foreign office has its precautions. It was the last place where pepper casters of sand were used to dry the written word, and for a time black blotting paper was specially manufactured and used, but it was found not to be absolutely mark proof, so that absorbent rollers were introduced for blotting diplomatic documents. When such a roller has been run over letters sideways and up and down a few times, to decipher its impression would defy even Sherlock Holmes.

The Proud Man.

He was a proud man—proud of his family, so he would not disgrace it; proud of his reputation, so he kept it clean; proud of his ability, so he developed it; proud of his broadmindedness, so he was not a snob; proud of his courage, so he met failure bravely; proud of his achievements, so he never gave up and eventually succeeded.

Moral.—Pride goeth before a rise.

Brevity Takes Time.

A Scottish minister was once asked how long he would require to prepare a speech. "That depends," said he, "upon how much time I am to occupy in its delivery. If I am to speak for a quarter of an hour, I should like a week to prepare; if I am to speak for half an hour, three days will do; if I am to go on as long as I like, I am ready now."

Lord Tredegar In a Pageant.

Lord Tredegar, of Balaclava fame, has consented to play the part of Owen Glyndwr in the Welsh national pageant. The Marchioness of Bute and Lady Ninian Stuart have also agreed to fill leading roles.

They Knew

"The old poets knew about the automobile."

"How now?"

"Macaulay speaks of Lars Porsena and his ivory car."

"Well?"

"And Poe cites on instance of the air growing denser. Evidently an auto had just passed."

Useful in Camp.—Explorers, surveyors, prospectors and hunters will find Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil very useful in camp. When the feet and legs are wet and cold it is well to rub them freely with the Oil and the result will be the prevention of pains in the muscles, and should a cut, or contusion, or sprain be sustained, nothing could be better as a dressing or lotion.

Wife—"I'm going home to mother, so there."

Husband—"That's right, dear, of two evils always choose the lesser. Please don't bring mother here."

The microscope in the hands of experts employed by the United States Government has revealed the fact that a house fly sometimes carries thousands of disease germs attached to its hairy body. The continuous use of Wilson's Fly Pads will prevent all danger of infection from that source by killing both the germs and the flies.

"We were all ready to make our dash for the pole." "Yes, yes," "When suddenly my fountain pen sprung a leak. Of course, that ended the expedition for another year."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

The other day in the Brighton gardens, a botanical old gentleman, pointing to a certain plant, ask one of the assistants—Can you tell me, my good man if this plant belongs to the arbutus family? whereupon the man replied curtly; "No, sir, it don't; it belongs to the corporation."

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

The diminutive office boy had worked on a "salary" of $3 a week. He was a subdued little chap, faithful and quiet. Finally, however, he plucked up courage enough to ask for an increase.

"How much more would you like?" inquired his employer.

"Well," answered the lad, "I don't think that one dollar more a week would be too much."

"You are rather a small boy to be earning four dollars a week."

"I suppose I am," he replied. "I know I'm small for my age, but to tell the truth, since I've worked here I've been so busy I haven't had time to grow."

He got the rise.

The mother of the twins found them fighting furiously. Willie, the larger twin, was on top. He was beating Tommy about the face and head.

"Why, Willie, how dare you strike your brother like that!" cried the mother taking the boy by the ear and pulling him off.

"I had good cause to strike him," answered Willie.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"Why," said Willie with a righteous air, "didn't I let him use my sled all last Saturday on condition that he'd say my prayers for me all this week? And here I've just found out that he's skipped three days."

Shortly after a Dover lawyer was admitted to the bar he had a case which which was tried before a North Adams justice of the peace and was opposed by a lawyer whose eloquence attracted a large crowd. The justice was perspiring in the crowded room and evidently fast losing his temper. Finally he drew off his coat and, in the midst of the eloquent address, burst out: "Mr. Attorney, supposing that you take your seat and let Mr. Dawes speak. I want to thin out this crowd."

"What caused the panic down at your church last night?" asks the friend.

"It was one of the pranks of that unregenerate young Simpkins!" explains the deacon. "We were having a revival meeting, and nearly everybody had given his experience and testified to his conversion, and our souls were filled with joy, when that young rascal sailed over the church in his aeroplane, set off some red fire and skyrockets and bellowed through a megaphone, 'Judgment day is here!'"

Tourist (after an unusually long stoppage at small border station)—I say, guard, why aren't we going on? Anything wrong.

Guard (complacently, engaged upon an alfresco lunch)—There's naething wrang, sir; but I canna whistle the no; ma mooth's fu'.

"What's the matter, John?" "Why, ma'am, a note from the master, in which he tells me that he's off on a little holiday and he wants me to send his drawing materials along?" "Well, and isn't that plain enough?" "Hardly, ma'am. I don't know whether to send his paint and brushes or a corkscrew."

Little Freddy is fully endowed with the inquiring mind of youth. Recently he said: "Mamma, who puts the bottle of milk in our front porch every night when we are asleep?"

"Isn't that a rather foolish question?" his mother answered. "Who do you suppose brings it to us?"

"Well," said the small investigator thoughtfully, "I suppose God does, but I'd like to know for certain!"—Windsor Magazine.

W. N. U., No. 759.

A Household Tragedy

With dignified gait and head erect the woman descended the front steps and proceeded slowly down the street. In one hand she held a hatbox, in the other a large paper bundle, and in her eyes was the light of battle.

The man ran distractedly after her.

"Come back?" he cried. "For heaven's sake do not leave me thus."

But the woman turned upon him with a withering glance of scorn, and the corners of her mouth dropped contemptuously.

"You don't know what this means to me," the man cried, in a frenzy of despair.

But in vain. Her retreating figure had turned the corner, and the woman, deaf to his entreaties, was now out of hearing distance. The man reentered the house and threw himself upon a divan.

"What is to become of us?" he groaned. "Our cook has gone!"

Those Dear, Delightful Swedes

"Ay tank Av go across the street and get a tailor to mend my vest," drawled a Swedish foreman, showing his employer a very ragged vest.

"All right, John."

In a few minutes the Swede returned with his vest untouched.

"Aren't you going to have it mended?" asked the boss.

"Ay tank not in that shop," replied the Swede. "Ay ask him what he charge an' he say 'Two dollar.' Then Ay ask him, 'Will you take the vaist in part payment?' an' he wouldn't do it."—Everybody's Magazine.

Complete in itself, Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator does not require the assistance of any other medicine to make it effective. It does not fail to do its work.

An elderly farmer up in Maine lost his wife, and his nephew was taking the old man back to the empty farmhouse.

"Well," said the old man, after a long silence, "forty-six years. I suppose she was a good wife to me. She was a good cook and good housekeeper, and she kept me well read up, but, do you know," he added, "I never liked her."—Success.

The Minister—Mackintosh, why don't you come to church now?

Mackintosh—For three reasons, sir. Firstly, I dinna like yer theology; secondly, I dinna like yer singin'; and thirdly, it was in your kirk I first met my wife.

Don't experiment with unsatisfactory substitutes. Wilson's Fly Pads kill many times more house flies than any other known article.

Huggins—What has become of Fanning?

Muggins—Oh, he's laid up—a victim of football.

Huggins—I didn't know he ever played the game.

Muggins—He doesn't. He sprained has larynx telling the referee how things ought to be done.

Not Always Lucky

"Is it lucky to pick up a horseshoe?"

"That's what they say."

"They're wrong. I picked up one with a $50 tire today."

SUNLIGHT SOAP

HOUSE CLEANING

instead of being a monotonous drudgery becomes a labour of love when Sunlight helps you. Remember—Sunlight does all the work, at half the cost and in half the time of other Soaps.

A Courteous Youngster

"Would you rather for your mother or me to whip you?"

"I dislike to show favoritism, father," said little Clarence. "You and mother had better settle the matter by flipping a coin."

The Real Spender

"You don't seem anxious to meet this millionaire?"

"I met a millionaire here last season," explained the summer girl, "and he wouldn't even buy an ice cream cone. Could you introduce me to some young chap who has come to the beach with $200 saved up."

How's This?

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

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

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

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

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

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Gladys—"My cheeks are all on fire."

Kate—I thought I smelt burning paint."—Tit-Bits.

"Can I have this dance?" asked the callow youth.

"Why, certainly," replied the haughty beauty; "I don't want it."

Restaurant Proprietor—" We make our own ice cream, consequently we know just what it contains."

Patron—"You do, but I don't."

"I want to ask you a question, pa," said Tommy.

"Ask your mother," answered the tired father.

"Well, but it isn't a silly question I want to ask you."

"Al right," wearily. "What is it?"

"Well, if the end of the world was to come and the earth was destroyed while a man was up in a balloon, where would he land when he came down?"

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

The Kind that Pleases the People

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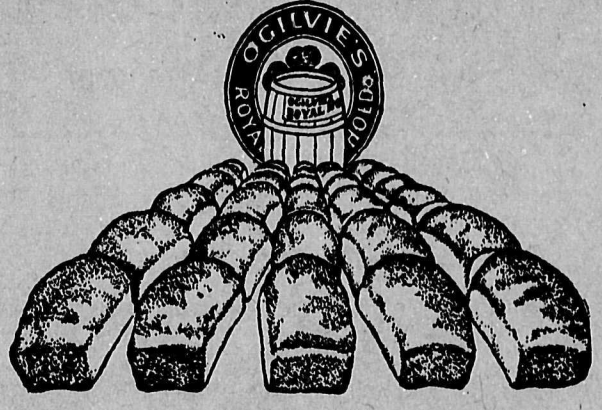

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Royal Household Flour

is made from selected spring wheat—a wheat that is rich in nutriment. It is the whitest and finest flour made; it makes fully one-third more bread to the pound than any soft wheat flour and is more dependable in every respect. 18

Ogilvie Flour Mills Co., Limited.

CIRCLES AND CIRCUMSTANCES.

Events That Led Up to the End of the Estrangement.

By BELLE MANIATES.

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As the wake of a ship looks to be but a zigzag line of many tacks which, united, make a straight line, so the retribution of Syra Greenbury was wrought by self evolving circles. The first infinitesimal ring was the acquisition of a suitor by Molly Greenbury and all the unwritten laws of courtship yielded to the lovers the exclusive use of the front porch.

The only member of the Greenbury household actually discommoded by this arrangement was Syra himself. His worthy spouse clung to the inside of the house day and night.

"Just as lieve set back as front," philosophically remarked Syra as he betook himself to the back porch.

He grumbled, however, over his limited space. The back porch was a re-

MARY STOOD WITHIN THE HARBOR OF GEORGE WINTERS' ENCIRCLING ARM.

ceptacle for the icebox, washing machine, plant stand, lawn mower and sprinkling pot. His wife renewed her hopes of his building the long desired, long deferred summer kitchen, a structure Syra considered superfluous.

Toward midsummer his place of pipe was again invaded. Kitty Greenbury, the third daughter, became the proud possessor of a "steady" who plainly meant business. So did Kitty. Willing to be relieved from the support of at least one of his many daughters, Syra stood ready to remove all obstacles from the path of true love.

"You can have the side porch, Kitty," he offered.

"There ain't room for two chairs," objected Kitty.

"I guess one chair will do," was the laconic reply.

"We ain't going to be cooped up by all that stuff," declared tart tempered Kitty. "I am going to swing a hammock."

"Guess you will have to build, Sy," suggested his wife.

The next day the delivery of a load of lumber brought joy to the heart of Mrs. Greenbury, and when Syra came home that night he began the erection of his building down on the river bank.

"For land sakes, what are you going to build a summer kitchen down there for?" demanded Mrs. Greenbury.

"This ain't no summer kitchen. It's going to be a place for me—just me—and I ain't going to be rooted out by any feller."

Work was begun in earnest. Kitty's steady took off his coat and fell to work. The building when completed consisted of one apartment and was adorned by a spacious "stoop," which faced the river. Molly and her lover resumed possession of the front porch, and Kitty adorned her precincts with hammock and porch pillows.

Mary, the eldest daughter, shunned the moonlight, which invoked memories too sweetly sad. But on the day the new building was completed she became active for the first time in months. When Syra came home at night and went out to inspect the pride of his heart he uttered an exclamation of delight. Blue and white rugs were on the floor, filmy curtains festooned the windows, Syra's two favorite pictures, a portrait of Lincoln and one of Queen Elizabeth signing a death warrant, adorned the walls. A long table covered with a gay scarf was strewn with the weekly and biweekly papers. A couch, easy chair, a receptacle for pipe, tobacco and matches constituted the furnishings.

"Say, Mary, even if I did build it just for me, it's always open to you," declared Syra.

She took him at his word and fell into the habit of sitting out there in the evening with her father. She was Syra's favorite daughter, and they spent many an evening there in silence, he puffing at his pipe and she gazing through the low hanging boughs at the moon path on the waters. He was guiltily conscious of her thoughts for he had put the bitter into her sweet.

He had engaged in a fierce dispute over politics with George Winters and had ordered him from the house George had then urged Mary to consider herself banished also and come to a home of their own. Mary, sad, but dutiful, would not consent. Winters' temper was tempestuous, and the angry young lover left town, sending Mary word that she or the "old man" must make the next move. The three remained firm in their silence. One faint glimmer of hope remained with Mary.

The long, icebound winter that followed brought no encouragement to this hope.

In the early spring everything loosened save Syra. The river which found its serene and sluggish way past the Greenbury domicile received the accumulation of snow and ice. Heavy rains added new impetus, and the shallow stream became at once rapid and noisy. One morning it leaped up the bank and beat at the walls of Syra's little retreat. The Greenburys began the work of transferring the furnishings from the little summer house.

"I am glad the house is so far from the river," observed Mrs. Greenbury as the river rose to the level of the yard.

Mary's watchful eyes filled with tears as she slipped out for a last farewell to the doomed little place. The young Greenburys reluctantly departed for school, and Syra, who had deemed it wise to remain at home and guard his fortress, was doing some carpentry work when he heard a warning shout from a neighbor. He rushed into the yard in time to see the waters circle about the little structure and sweep it downstream.

"Mary is in there!" cried his wife, wringing her hands.

In corroboration of this prediction Mary came out on the porch of the little house as it went around the bend in the river. Syra rushed along the bank until he came to a boat. He leaped into the boat and shoved off. His little craft was whirled through the waters and around the bend of the river. Then he saw the smokehouse some distance ahead. Syra's progress was impeded by a congestion of driftwood through which he desperately pushed his boat. When he rushed downstream again the house was far in the lead.

His boat moved so swiftly that the scenes on the shore were like moving pictures. The little town of Mendon, ten miles from home, soon appeared. The knowledge that a dam was only six miles farther brought to him a shuddering faintness. Then his thin lips made a straighter line than ever. His craft should follow the house, now a mile ahead, wherever fate should lead it. Another bend in the river shut the object of his pursuit from his strained eyes. Again his course was temporarily stayed by collision with a mass of wreckage, and it was some time before he rounded the curve.

His heart leaped. The little house was safely lodged on shore, and a big flat bottomed boat was being rowed toward him.

"The girl is safe," the oarsman assured him.

His little boat was brought alongside the smokehouse, and he followed his rescuers up the embankment to where Mary stood within the harbor of George Winters' encircling arm.

"Oh, father!" she cried with a breathless laugh as she ran to him.

George followed doubtfully.

"Well, George," said Syra grimly, extending the hand of reconciliation, "you said 'either Mary or the old man' must come to you. And we've both come, you see."

He Set the Example.

A gentleman was once entertaining his friends at a grand dinner. He was a sad boaster and was often guilty of describing deeds that he had done when an officer in the army which those who knew him well felt sure were greatly exaggerated. He was in the midst of some such anecdote when the butler brought him word that a man wished to see him.

"Tell him I am engaged with my friends and can see no one," said the gentleman pompously.

The butler retired, but soon came back to say the man was most urgent in wishing to speak to the gentleman and said he had been in his regiment at a famous battle where he owed his life to the officer.

"Show him in, show him in," said the host, much gratified. "This good fellow says I saved his life at X.," he added, turning to his guests as the old soldier came in. "How was it?" he went on. "For I am sure I forget. In the heat of battle, one does brave things almost unconsciously."

"It was like this, your honor," said the soldier. "I owed my life to you, for I certainly should never have thought of running away if you had not set me the example."

Why He Married Her.

"Out of the strong came forth sweetness" might be said of many famous soldiers. That Lord Lawrence of Indian fame enjoyed an earthly paradise in his home may be seen by the following anecdote: His lordship was sitting in his drawing room at Southgate, with his sister and others of the family, all engaged in reading. Looking up from his book, in which he had been engrossed, he discovered that his wife had left the room. "Where's mother?" said he to one of his daughters. "She's upstairs," replied the girl. He returned to his book and, looking up again a few minutes later, put the same question to his daughter and received the same answer. Once more he returned to his reading; once more he looked up with the same question on his lips. His sister broke in. "Why, really, John, it would seem as if you could not get on five minutes without your wife." "That's why I married her," he replied. To this admirable woman Lawrence whispered with his dying breath, "To the last gasp, my darling!"—London Chronicle.

MODERN FLORICULTURE.

Orchid Buttonholes in England at $50,000 Each.

"It is beyond price. If I said $50,000, I should not be far wrong." Thus a member of a well-known firm of florists, when asked the price of the baby orchid they were exhibiting at the London Horticultural Society's Flower Show a few days ago. This baby orchid was the gem of the show and represented weeks of unwearying attention on the part of the growers, who hope they will be repaid for their trouble by founding through it a new family of priceless blossoms.

Altogether the value of the orchids exhibited at the aforementioned show amounted to $250,000, there being several flowers worth between $1,250 and $5,000.

And, talking of costly orchids, one might mention that at the White City last year a flower, barely an inch in circumference, was exhibited which was worth $2,500. It formed part of the collection of Sir Jeremiah Colman, of Gatton Park. The flower was like a tiny bunch of black grapes which had been split open, and showed under the microscope a delicate tongue.

Apart from orchids, however, there have been some big prices paid for tulips carnations, and daffodils. Last year, for instance, $60 a bulb was being paid for Peter Barr, the king of white trumpet daffodils. In 1906 it was worth $150. For Corallina, a beautiful new daffodil with a rose-colored crown, one must pay $75, while a George Philip Haydon is cheap at $60. Four years ago the prices were considerably more. Twelve or 15 guineas may seem an enormous price to pay for one root, but then it must be remembered that it takes about ten years to evolve and fix a new variety.

Early in the 18th century $3,250 was paid for a single bulb of the then new tulip, Citadel of Antwerp. Prices are not quite so high nowadays, but one requires a long purse to buy some of the best varieties.

TURKEY'S NAVY.

English Admiral Will Endeavor to Reconstruct It.

For many years the navy of Turkey has been the laughing stock of Europe. Under Abdul Hamid it degenerated into a collection of old hulks anchored off Constantinople and of use principally as a means of furnishing sinecures to his favorites.

REAR ADMIRAL SIR DOUGLAS GAMBLE.

Now, under the rule of the Young Turks, a determined effort is to be made to rehabilitate it and make it something worthy the name. In the fake navy of Turkey there are 11 battleships, but their condition may be judged from the statement that at a recent inspection the sailors of one of them were found to be conducting on deck a nice truck garden for the benefit of the officers.

To build up the navy to a condition befitting the modern pretensions of Turkey the services of Rear Admiral Sir Douglas Gamble, of Great Britain, have been secured. Sir Douglas is a man of ability. For several years he was a member of the Naval Intelligence Department of Great Britain and formerly he was an attache to the British Embassy at Paris. Recently he has been at the head of the torpedo school at Portsmouth.

Audience of One Person.

One of the most successful men of to-day is Mr. Somerset Maughan, who is turning out a popular comedy every month or two. Curiously enough, it was by writing German tragedies that Mr. Maughan first sought fortune and literary fame, and a friend lately asked him how he came to make so violent a change in the nature of his writings. "My German tragedies," he plied the author, "had few hearers, and these hearers were unsympathetic. I, in those days, was like the science professor who found, one night, that his audience consisted of but a single person. The amphitheatre was very large. The audience, a little man, sat high up and far back on the last bench. 'My friend,' said the professor genially, 'why don't you come nearer? You would hear much better on the front row.' 'Ah, rats!' said the audience. 'I didn't come in to listen to you. I came to get warm.'" Mr. Somerset Maughan cannot complain either of the size or enthusiasm of the audiences drawn by his present productions. He holds something of a playwright's record, for, a short time ago, he had three comedies running simultaneously in London, a happy state of affairs on which no other author has previously been able to congratulate himself.

Another Mystery Gone.

Sir Oliver Lodge suggests how house bells may be set ringing without any obvious cause. "The bell wires collect atmospheric electricity, by induction or otherwise, which the walls are insufficiently conducting to carry off freely; consequently the bells get charged, are attracted to a neighboring wall or pipe, and released suddenly by a spark. This little lateral jerk rings the bell." This, he says, may explain a phenomenon often attributed to less familiar causes.

THE LILY-POND.

On this little pool where the sunbeams lie,
This tawny gold ring where the shadows die,
God doth enamel the blue of His sky.

Through the scented dark when the night wind sighs,
He mirrors His stars where the ripples rise,
Till they glitter like prisoned fireflies.

'Tis here that the beryl-green leaves uncurl,
And here the lilies uplift and unfurl
Their golden-lined goblets of carven pearl.

When the grey of the eastern sky turns pink,
Through the silver sedge at the pond's low brink
The little lone field-mouse creeps down to drink!

And creatures to whom only God is kind,
The loveless small things, the slow, and the blind,
Soft steal through the rushes, and comfort find.

Oh, restless the river, restless the sea!
Where the great ships go, and the dead men be.
The lily-pond giveth but peace to me.
—Virna Sheard, in The Canadian Magazine.

A GREAT PROBLEM.

Sir William Van Horne Talks on Moving Wheat Crop.

"No railway company in the world, no two railway companies, could provide, at a moment's notice, for the instant transportation of the crop in the Northwest," said a high Canadian Pacific Railway official, in referring to the demand for laborers and cars in the Northwest, in connection with the harvesting of the crop.

"We make from ten to fifteen freight cars every day of the year, and we have many thousands of cars more this year than we had in past years. We will be able to handle the crop without unnecessary delay. Our facilities were never equal to what we shall have this fall. At the same time, to provide sufficient freight cars to bring out the entire crop at a moment's notice, as it were, would mean thousands upon thousands of idle cars almost the year round, and an immense outlay, from which there would be no return.

"It would be better to have less speculation as to the size of the crop, for speculation disturbs almost every interest. Everything points to a large crop—possibly larger than that of last year, and to a wonderfully large demand for labor. The taking to mixed farming, in certain districts, is a distinct advantage. This practice was urged, many years ago, by Sir William Van Horne.

"Moreover, we can see that while the West must depend on the East from the industrial point of view, in the new towns local industries are springing up on every hand, which makes for a certain self-containment.

It is not merely natural products which the West have to send out, by and by. It will have its own manufactured products.

"The American farmer is accustomed to the idea of industrial activity close to his fields—a factory, a mill, the product of which will supply the needs of a district, and the American farmer, coming to our Northwest, will, either himself or through his sons, begin to set up local industries, according to local needs.

"Everything is doing well. Business is good, money is easy, and all we need is prudent action."

A Chef's Repentance.

Mr. Arthur Hawkes, of the Canadian Northern Railway, had an experience a few weeks ago which, while exasperating, had an amusing aspect. He was escorting a party of Michigan editors on a trip to Edmonton, and had secured for them a special dining car. The chef usually attached to the car was off duty, and Mr. Pratt, superintendent at Winnipeg of the dining car service, had assigned an Englishman to the task. To Mr. Hawkes' disgust, the man was incapably intoxicated for part of the trip, but braced up and showed himself for part of the trip an efficient servant at the end. Just before reaching Winnipeg on the return trip, the Englishman deferentially slipped a note into Mr. Hawkes' hand. It read:

"Dear Mr. Hawkes: I am guilty. I have no excuses to offer. But please do not tell Mr. Pratt, as I do not want to hurt his feelings."

C.N.R. Development.

Regina has been fixed upon by the Canadian Northern Railway Co. as one of the most important centres on the company's system. Occupying the position, as the Queen City does, almost midway between the Great Lakes and the Pacific Coast, added to its other advantages as the capital and most important commercial centre of the largest grain-raising province in the West, has so strongly impressed the management that they have definitely decided to make this city the city divisional point on their system between Winnipeg on the East and Edmonton on the West.

Grain Elevators.

In the Province of Saskatchewan no fewer than 56 elevators have already been built this season. It is estimated by those qualified to express an opinion that by the time the grain begins to move in the fall 200 new elevators will have been erected, with a capacity of 6,000,000 bushels. If this be so, the elevator capacity of Saskatchewan will be increased to 24,139,500 bushels.

Tobacco Growing In Alberta.

Tobacco growing has been successfully carried on in Alberta for the past three years by Louis Roy of Parkland, and those competent to judge state that the leaf, which averages 18 inches in length, makes a first quality smoking tobacco. The variety is known as kenel, and failure of crop has yet to recorded. Plants are set out in July and harvested in September.

A HOT WEATHER SHUDDER.

I MISS him this year, for he used to advise me
Each summer exactly on how to keep cool.
No day would go by that he would not surprise me
With some new direction, suggestion or rule.
As sure as the sun with intenseness was beaming
He told me the garb and the food to avoid.
Whenever my face very redly was gleaming
He plied me with lectures I never enjoyed.

I secretly loathed him, he took things so coolly.
He never stopped, gasping, and mopped at his brow.
He never chased cars, never hastened unduly,
His collars were always unwilted somehow.
Whenever I sat drinking things from a tumbler
He'd prove by statistics they gave me more heat.
He showed me that being a growler and grumbler
Increased my discomfort and bade me keep sweet.

He argued each day that I had the wrong diet.
He'd come where I sat in a chair in the shade
And ply me with rules and incite me to riot
Because of the sweltering points that he made.
"Don't fluster, don't bluster, don't hurry, don't worry,"
He urged upon me till I nearly went mad.
He argued of coolness each day in that purry,
Contented, pellucid, calf tone that he had.

I miss him this year, for he's crossed the dark river,
And when I think of him a dread fills my heart.
I ponder about him with many a quiver,
And shivery fears through my fancies will start.
Oh, what if some time when to regions eternal
I, too, take that journey, I meet with that fool
At home in a booth in the section infernal
To add to its terrors with "how to keep cool!"

—*Wilbur D. Nesbit in Chicago Post.*

Wanted a Weeping Whale.

Captain H. P. Nuse of the Celtic was regaling a little group of ladies with sea stories.

"One trip," he said, "there was a woman who bothered the officers and me to death about whales. Her one desire was to see a whale. A dozen times a day she besought us to have her called if a whale hove in sight.

"I said rather impatiently to her one afternoon:

"'But, madam, why are you so anxious about this whale question?'

"'Captain,' she answered, 'I want to see a whale blubber. It must be very impressive to see such an enormous creature cry.'"—Rochester Herald.

Hard to Convince.

As the celebrated soprano began to sing little Johnnie became greatly exercised over the gesticulations of the orchestra conductor.

"What's that man shaking his stick at her for?" he demanded indignantly.

"Sh-h! He's not shaking his stick at her."

But Johnnie was not convinced.

"Then what in thunder's she hollering for?"—Everybody's Magazine.

In the Airship Days.

Designing Spinster—They told me there was a man up here, but I don't seem to see one!

Puzzled.

"Engaged to that beautiful girl and yet not happy?"

"Well, she's gone in by turns for rowing and tennis and horses and golf and dogs."

"Say on."

"Sometimes I wonder if I am a sweetheart or merely a fad."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Last Hope.

Mistress—What is that old paint pot doing on the corner shelf, cook?

Cook—It belongs to a man who worked here four years ago.

Mistress—You can throw it out of the window.

Cook—Please not, mistress. It is all I have to remember him by.—Meggendorfer Blatter.

Cruel Woman.

"My wife is one of the most inconsiderate women in the world."

"Why do you think so?"

"She put a net over the baby's bed last night, and consequently the mosquitoes hardly gave me a chance to get a wink of sleep."—Browning's Magazine.

Unkind.

Author—Don't you think my latest article exhaustive?

Editor—I certainly hope it has exhausted you sufficiently to prevent your writing anything more for some time.—Houston Post.

Reason For It.

"Why is Maude so angry with the photographer?"

"She found a label on the back of her picture saying, 'The original of this photograph is carefully preserved.'"—Boston Transcript.

A QUEENSLAND STATION

LADY ARBUTHNOT DESCRIBES LIFE IN AUSTRALIA.

The "Dip" Is an Indispensable Feature of Every Cattle Farm in the Antipodes, Where Animals Are Tortured by Ticks—Bush Has a Remarkable Stillness at Night—The Cry of the Dingoes.

In a recent article in The Standard of Empire, Lady Arbuthnot gives some sketches of life in the Queensland bush, in Australia. While describing the road one has to traverse, she says:

We traversed a "lane" or narrow strip of grass between fences, with movable rails, where cattle are enclosed. In some places Government has reserved and fenced in a strip of land between two properties as a public "lane," where any man driving a

LADY ARBUTHNOT.

mob of cattle may graze them undisturbed for a night. We also saw the "dip," which is a necessary accompaniment to all cattle raising. "Ticks" and "tick fever" are the curses of pastoral Queensland, and great loss of stock occurred till inoculation and dipping were invented. Nowadays all the young stock are inoculated, and old and young alike are driven through a narrow pen of hurdles and into a "dip" of evil-smelling liquid disinfectant, into which they plunge right over their heads, and emerge bellowing and snorting. This takes place every three or four weeks, and I was told that the beasts which had experienced the relief given from ticks or other pests seemed quite ready each time to undergo the ducking again.

At length we bumped down the last stony hillside leading to the last creek, and turned in at a gate which led up through a paddock to the house. It was the usual wooden bungalow of up-country Australia, but of quite unusual age, as it had been built some forty or fifty years back. Originally, the roof was composed of wooden shingles, but recently its owner had covered the shingles with iron, as they so constantly wanted renewing. A scarlet hibiscus filled the end of one verandah, a well-grown Isabella vine grown on a light trellis formed the side of another. There was a grass lawn in front of the house with some flower beds roughly fenced in with posts and wire. A vegetable garden, containing familiar beans and peas, carrots and onions, and unfamiliar orange and lemon, guava and loquat trees, was laid out on the bank above the river. The soil was rich, dark loam in places, but near the house the subsoil consisted chiefly of white pipeclay, and the ground had to be trenched deeply for roses.

I was struck by the intense stillness of the bush. Just as the sun disappeared behind a hill the Cicadas struck up, and crickets and frogs chirped and croaked in a marsh near the house, but as night settled down the silence became deeper and deeper. I was wakened from a sound sleep by a wailing sound, which seemed taken up and repeated over and over again. It was the cry of the dingoes in the scrub, the eeriest and most melancholy howl I have ever heard. Later on I was again roused, this time by a patter of velvet-shod feet on the iron roof above me: faster and faster they scampered, till suddenly came the sounds of conflict and a scuffle on the verandah. Opossums and the mother of three kittens had come to blows just outside my glass door.

Even before daylight came the long whistle of the curlew. The first bird to greet the dawn was a butcher-bird, with his delicious flute-and-harp notes. Then came crows, whose harsh voices sounded like the quack of a duck with a bad cold; laughing jackasses chuckled, parrots flew noisily over the tops of the gum-trees, magpie-larks joined in the bird orchestra, with their clear notes; dingoes slunk home, leaving tracks in the sandy creek, 'possums dropped oranges from which they had neatly scooped out all the juicy contents, and another Bush day had begun."

Pianist Who Dislikes Applause.

M. Leopold Godowsky, who has lately been delighting Londoners by his pianoforte playing, is generally considered to be the greatest living master of technique. This view is held by his eccentric colleague, M. Pachmann, who also says: "Godowsky is the most modest of great musicians. I, myself am the most immodest." M. Godowsky objects to hand-clapping at concerts, which he thinks spoils the effect of a fine piece, and would prefer that good music be received in silence. He has a charming little daughter, of whom the following amusing story has been told: Once she was asked by her mother why she was packing up her toys so carefully. "I am going to save them for my children," answered the child. "But suppose you should never have any children?" said M. Godowsky. "Oh, then I shall give them to my grandchildren," was the reply.

Satan Sanderson

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

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(Continued.)

Chapter 16

FROM the moment her kiss fell upon the forehead of the delirious man in the cabin Jessica began to be a prey to new emotions, the significance of which she did not comprehend. That kiss, she told herself that night, had been given to her dead ideal that had lain there in its purifying grave clothes of forgetfulness. Yet it burned on her lips, as that other kiss in a darkened room had burned afterward, but with a sense of pleasure, not of hurt. It took her back into crimson meadows with her lost girlhood and its opaled outlook—and Hugh.

But largest of all in her mind next day was anxiety. She must know how he fared. In the open daylight she could not approach the cabin, but she reflected that the doctor had been there and no doubt had carried some report of him to the town. So as the morning grew she rode down the mountain ostensibly to get the cherry cordial she had left behind her the day before, really to satisfy her hunger for news.

As it happened Mrs. Halloran's first greeting set her anxiety at rest. Prendergast had bought some tobacco at the general store an hour before while she had been making her daily order, and the storekeeper had questioned him. To an interested audience he had told of the finding of Hugh on the mountain road in a sort of crazy fever and enlarged upon the part the girl on horseback had played. Hugh was all right now, he said, except that he didn't remember him or the cabin or Smoky Mountain.

What Prendergast had said Mrs. Halloran told Jessica in a breath. Before she finished she found that Jessica had not heard of the incident in the saloon which had precipitated the fight with Devlin, and with sympathetic rhetoric Mrs. Halloran told this too.

"Why does Smoky Mountain hate him so? What has he done?" asked Jessica.

Mrs. Halloran shook her head. "I never knew anything myself," she said judiciously. "I reckon the town allus counted him just a general low down. The rest is only suspicion an' give the dog a bad name."

There had been comfort for Jessica in this interview. Mrs. Halloran's story had materially increased the poignant force of her pity. What had seemed to her a vulgar brawl had been in reality a courageous and unselfish championship of a defenseless outcast. Thinking of this, the self blame and contrition which she had felt when she listened to the violin assailed her anew, till she seemed a very part of the guilt, an equal sinner by omission.

Yet she rode homeward that day with almost a light heart.

* * * * * * *

As Harry stood in the cabin doorway looking after Prendergast toward the town, glistening far below in the morning sunlight, he thought bitterly of his reception there.

"They all knew me," he thought. "Every one knew me—on the street, in the hotel. They know me for what I have been to them. Yet to me it is all a blank. What shameful deeds have I done?" He shrank from memory now. "What was I doing so far away, where was I going, on the night when I was picked up beside the railroad track? I may be a drunkard," he said to himself. "No, in the past month I have drunk hard, but not for the taste of the liquor. I may be a gambler, I may be a cheat, a thief. Yet how is it possible for bad deeds to be blotted out and leave no trace? Actions breed habit if they do not spring from it, and habit automatically repeated becomes character. I feel no inherent propensity to rob or defraud. Shall I? Will these things come back to me if my memory does?"

In the battle that he fought now he turned, even in his weakness, to manual labor, striving to dull his thought with mechanical movement. He cleaned and put to rights both rooms and sorted their litter of odds and ends But at times the inclination to escape became well nigh insupportable. When the conflict was fiercest, he would think of a girl's face once seen, and the thought would restrain him. Who was she? Why had her look pierced through him? In that hateful career that seemed so curiously alien could she have had a part?

He did not know that she of whom he wondered in the bitterest of those hours had been very near him; that on her way up the mountain she had stolen down to the Knob to look through the parted bushes to the cabin with the blue spiral rising from its chimney

Though the homely task to which he turned failed to allay his struggle by suggestion, Harry had put the warring elements under When Prendergast returned at supper time, the candle was lighted in its wall box, the dinted tea kettle was singing over a crackling fire and Harry was perspiring over the scouring of the last utensil

Prendergast looked the orderly interior over on the threshold with a contemptuous amusement. "Almost thought I was in church," he said. He took off his coat and lazily watched the other cook the frugal evening meal "Excuse my not volunteering," he observed. "You do it so nicely I'm almost afraid you'll have another attack of that forgettery of yours and go back to the old line."

Presently he looked at the bunk, clean and springy with fresh out spruce shoots. He went into it, knelt down and thrust an arm into the empty space beneath it. He got up hastily.

"What have you done with that?" he demanded, with an angry snarl.

"With what?" Harry turned his head as he set two tin plates on the bare table.

"With what was under here."

"There was nothing there but an old horse skin," said Harry. "It is hanging on the side of the cabin."

With an oath Prendergast flung open the door and went outside. He re-entered quickly with the white hide in his arms, wrapped it in a blanket and thrust it back under the bunk

"Has any one been here today since you put it out there?" he asked quickly.

"The rest is only suspicion."

"No," said Harry, surprised. "Why?"

Prendergast chuckled. The chuckle grew to a guffaw, and he sat down, slapping his thigh. Presently he went to the wall, took the chamois skin bag from its hiding place and poured some of its yellow contents into his palm. "That's why. Do you remember that, eh?"

Harry looked at it. "Gold dust," he said. "I seem to recall that. I am going to begin work in the trench tomorrow. There should be more where that came from."

Prendergast poured the gold back into the bag with a cunning look. The other had asked for no share of it. At that moment he decided to say nothing of the evening before, of the girl or the horseback journey, lest Hugh, cudgeling his brains, might remember he had been offered a half.

"There's plenty more where that came from, all right," he said, "and I'll teach you again how to get it one of these days."

Prendergast said little during the meal. When the table was cleared he lit his pipe and took from a shelf a board covered with penciled figures and scrutinized it.

"Hope you remember how to play old sledge?" he said.

Harry did not move. As they ate he had been wondering how long he could abide that sinister presence. As he was about to speak a knock came at the cabin door, and Prendergast opened it.

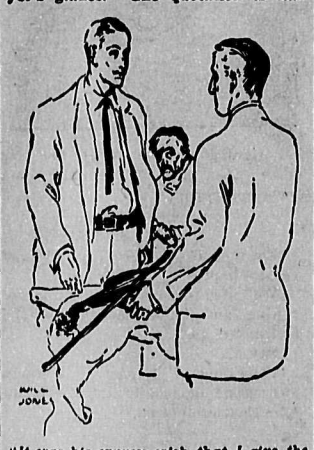
The visitor Harry recognized instantly. It was the man who had called for fair play at the fight before the saloon, who had drawn him into the hotel.

Felder carried a bundle under his arm. He nodded curtly to Prendergast and addressed himself to Harry.

"I am the bearer of a gift from some one in the town," he said. "I have been asked to deliver this to you." He put the bundle into the other's hands.

Harry drew up one of the chairs hastily. "Please sit down," he said courteously. He looked at the bundle curiously. "Et eos dona ferentes," he said slowly. "A gift from some one in the town!"

A keen surprise flashed into the lawyer's glance. "The quotation is classic," he said, "but it need not apply here." He took the bundle, unwrapped it and disclosed a battered violin. "Let me explain," he continued. "For the owner of this you fought a battle yesterday. You tested its tone a little later. It seems that you are a master of the most difficult of instruments. There was a time, I believe, when the old man was its master also. He was once, they say, the conductor of an orchestra in San Francisco. Drink and the devil finally brought him down For three years past he has lived in Smoky Mountain. Nobody knows his name. The town has always called him 'Old Despair.' You did him what is perhaps the first real kindness he has ever known at its hands. He has done the only thing he could to requite it."



"It was his express wish that I give the violin to you."

Harry had colored painfully as Felder began to speak. His voice was unsteady as he answered:

"I appreciate it, I am deeply grateful, but it is quite impossible that I accept it from him."

"You need not hesitate," said the lawyer "Old Despair needs it no longer He died last night in Devlin's dance hall, where he played when he was sober enough for his lodging I happened to be near by, and I assure you it was his express wish that I give the violin to you."

Rising, he held out his hand. "Good night," he said. "I hope your memory will soon return. The town is much interested in your case."

The flush grew deeper in Harry's cheek, though he saw there was nothing ironical in the remark. "I scarcely hope so much," he replied. "I am learning that forgetfulness has its advantages."

(To be Continued.)

The Modern Way.

One friend who has spent a long and useful life and looks good for another half century expects his reward in heaven and meantime is a philosopher. He can talk on any subject under the sun, from "the flower of poesy" to "the precession of the equinoxes." He apparently knows the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" by heart, so I knew that when he handed me a bit of verse it must be good.

"Here is a hymn on the solar system or some other lofty theme," thought I, placing the sheet in my letter case. When I arrived home I read:

The lizard climbed a wall. He climbed it once.
He climbed it twice—then crawled away.

The bee sipped a flower. He sipped it once.
He sipped it twice—then flew away.

The man kissed a maid. He kissed her once.
He kissed her twice—then walked away.

The wall wasn't sunny; the flower had no honey;
The maid had no money. Funny!

The problem now is whether the contribution is a joke or a gem.—National Magazine.

Pilkerton Won the Race.

At one of the regattas of the National Association of American Oarsmen during the early nineties James Pilkerton, for many years the champion sculler of America, was matched to row double against another team. He and his mate were the champions, and the general belief was that they would win without effort. But the night before the regatta public opinion suddenly and mysteriously changed. Mr. Pilkerton knew that this was not caused by any new development of strength in his opponent or any loss of skill on his own part. After making some quiet inquiries he discovered that there was talk of his rowing mate having been bought up by the other side and of an arrangement to throw the race.

He didn't say anything about his suspicions, but when the two men were seated in the shell and were well out into the deep water he leaned over to his mate and said:

"Look here, you blooming cutthroat! You've got to swim, drown or win this race! You know me!" He won.

How He Got Out of It.

"I finds you," said Brother Dickey as he entered the house of the lay member at the dinner hour—"I say, I finds you settin' down befo' one er de biggest dinners I ever seen, an' I wants ter ax you, plain an' simple, did you or did you not come by it honest?"

"Br'er Dickey," replied the lay member, "dis is one time in my life dat I is too full fer utterance!"

The Vain Mosquito.

Said the July mad mosquito
As he hummed the way along:
"I wonder why the mocking birds
Don't imitate my song.
I sing all night, and so do they,
And I can beat them night or day!

"But the man there 'neath the coverlet
My music understands.
He's giving me an encore.
Just hear him clap his hands!
It's music I was born to teach,
But keep me from my pupils' reach!"
—Atlanta Constitution.

As Amended.

His Wife—Charity covers a multitude of sins, they say.

Her Husband—Yes; it certainly does, especially when it begins at home.

A Warning.

The Slugger—An' see here; you don't wanter be goin' around braggin' dat it was me wot soaked you, see!

Elevator Etiquette.

"Do you think a man ought to take off his hat in an elevator when there are ladies present?"

"Not if he is prematurely bald and the ladies are young."—Houston Post.

Entirely Different.

"What! Spend $100 on a bathing suit?"

"Now, hubby, this isn't a bathing suit. This is a beach costume."—Kansas City Journal.

A CULINARY MASTERPIECE.

When You Go to Paris Don't Turn Up Your Nose at Mussels.

You will find in Paris a small restaurant just inside the street entrance presided over by a waiter who has apparently been forty years of age for the last twenty years. He has a friendly, alert air, and anything in the world that you want he will promptly provide.

You will naturally order some sort of potage or something that your fancy suggests; but, whatever else you do be sure to call for mussels. I can see you turning up your nose at this. In America who eats mussels except at rare times—perhaps some pickled mussels? They are with us in the same category as tripe.

But behold the genius of the French! When the waiter brings in an enormous silver bowl with a domelike silver cover and when he removes the cover, then you forget everything in the world except the delicious savory smell of the steam which rises from the myriad shells that open lovingly for you to extract from them the dainty sea flavored mussel that lurks within.

Mussel, did I say? No; these are not the ordinary mussels that Americans know. French gastronomic genius has transformed them into moules marniere. In some deftly magical way the French chef has imparted a delicious suggestion to the moules, just that indefinable, evanescent memory of garlic—garlic which in the hands of the ordinary cook is an offensive and deadly weapon, but which in the hands of a cook of high degree—an artist in fact—is a means for achieving some of the supreme triumphs of his art.

After the moules you will have anything you care for—dainty slices of galantine or sliced capon nestling amid watercresses and then perhaps some peaches in a little basket where the fruit is infolded in leaves from its own tree and ripened to precisely the right turn on some ancient wall in the sunshine of an old French garden. then perhaps some pulled bread and a bit of Camembert and a Cafe Mazagran in a long glass. No one remembers now the battle that gave its name to this particular preparation of coffee, which shows that men may come and empires may fall and armies may be dashes into fragments upon the battlefield, but the genius of cookery remains triumphant and its achievements are never lost.—Bookman.

ENGLISH MONARCHS.

Death Often Unkind in the Manner of Their Taking Off.

Of the monarchs who have reigned over England since the days of the Norman conquest nearly one-quarter of the number have met violent deaths. William I. was killed by a fall from his horse, William II. was shot while hunting, whether by accident or design is still one of the unsolved problems of history; Richard I. was killed by a shaft from a crossbrow while besieging the city of Chaluz, in France; Richard II. was murdered in Pontefract castle, Edward II. was murdered in Berkeley castle and Edward V. in the Tower of London. Richard III. was killed on the battlefield of Bosworth, and Charles I. had his head cut off in London.

Elizabeth's death was hastened by remorse that she had ordered the execution of Essex, and her sister Mary sickened and died soon after the loss of Calais, declaring that the name of that city would be found after death written on her heart. The death of Edward III.'s son, the Black Prince, caused the aged monarch to die of grief. So, after the loss of his son in the White Ship, Henry I. was never seen to smile again and lived only a short time. Henry VI. and George III. were insane during the latter years of their reigns and finally died from what in these days would be called paresis. Charles II., Henry VIII., Edward IV. and George IV. hastened their deaths by the lives they lived. Only two monarchs died of that great national scourge, consumption. They were Edward VI. and Henry VII. Queen Anne's death was due as much as anything else to overfeeding. Only two monarchs, Henry VI. and George III., died after long illnesses.

What Would He Do With It?

A farmer owned a dog—a very good, high bred and thoroughly trained dog—that every morning for three years chased a railway train that ran past the farm. The farmer and his wife were watching the persistent but vain pursuit one warm morning.

"I wonder," the wife said, "what makes that foolish dog chase the train so persistently."

"Never thought about that," replied the farmer, "but I've often wondered what he would do if he caught it."

What He Wanted.

Professional Guide (to palace car porter)—I have an English lord in charge, and I want him to get a good impression of the comforts of travel in this country. Here's $5. Porter—Yes, sah. Do you want me to gib him extra attention, sah? Guide—Great Scott, no! I want you to keep away from him!—New York Weekly.

Tommy Atkins on the Range.

Subaltern—What on earth are you fellows doing? There hasn't been a bit signaled for the last half hour. Private—I think we must 'ave shot the marker, sir!—London Punch.

Broadening.

Bond—Don't you realize that marriage broadens a man? Benedict—Oh, yes; I suppose it can be put that way, but "flattens" is the word I've always used.—London Express.

PERFORMERS BY HEREDITY.

Circus Families That Have Been So for Many Generations.

Circus folk—unlike their theatrical cousins in general—save their money. Their vigorous training forbids dissipation and late hours, and their busy life keeps their minds intent on their work; the circus managament, too, encourages thrift, from the high-salaried performers down to the stake-driving squads. Board, lodging, and traveling expenses are paid by the show, and salary cheques are held in trust at the commissary. There is no reason why one should not leave at the season's end with nearly a whole season's earnings.

Nearly all the best performers have come into their occupation by heredity. Ninety per cent. of them, it is said, can be included within thirty families, some of which go back to the circus days of the seventeenth century.

The Chirinis of Italy, an equestrian family, go back to 1658, when their women rode before the Royal Court. The Bonairs claim a circus lineage, unbroken, of two hundred and twenty-five years. The Clarkonians have owned a circus in Ireland for over a hundred years, and the sixth generation of the family is now doing aerial work in this country.

The clean, hearty camaraderie existing between the men and women of the circus is good to see, the more so because it is so unconsciously genuine. It would be quite impossible for one or more intruders to disturb it; it is too well grounded.

And the circus family is domestic, too, in its states. The little compartments on the "Pullmans" are quite homelike in appearance, with the evidences here and there, in the embroidered counterpanes, the small silk window-curtains, the brackets for toilet articles, of a home-loving woman's left hand; so, too, are the dressing-rooms, even if they are taken up and put down every day. And in every one after rehearsal hours you will find a group of women industriously sewing and embroidering—or, perhaps, schooling their children.

There's a family group of tumblers, for instance—four women, two men, and three boys. They are called the "La Polomas," but that is a stage name. Their real name is something like Hauptenheimer, but, being true circus folk, they mention it always with a blush and quick apology; and strive to keep it darkly hidden till they get back each winter to their farm in Kansas. The women are blond, German, and practical, and they do all their sewing while "out on the road."

Spurgeon and Major Pond.

Major Pond, who was responsible for introducing to the public some of the greater and lesser lights of the lecture platform, had many an experience full of eccentric humor. Sometimes his charges met him with the greatest good humor. Often those whom he approached felt compelled to beat back his persuasions almost at the point of the bayonet, for nobody was so persuasive as Major Pond.

The great preacher, Charles Spurgeon, repulsed him in an ascending scale of denial. The first reply ran:

"It will only be a waste of time for you to see me, as I am not at all in your line."

The second said:

"Your good natured pertinacity is so admirable that I trust you will not waste it upon an impossible object. The whole of America in bullion would not tempt me to deliver one such lecture."

The third reply was conclusive:

"I have in as plain a manner as possible declined to make your acquaintance, and I beg, with all courtesy and decision, to do the same again. I know your business, and I have no wish to enter upon it further."

A Queen Made a Color Famous.

Marie Antoinette early in the summer of 1775 appeared before the king, her husband, in a lustrous dress of chestnut brown, and he remarked, laughing, "That puce color is delightfully becoming to you." Very soon all the court ladies had puce colored gowns, but the color not being universally becoming and less extravagant than light brilliant tints the fashion of puce colored toilets was adopted by the upper middle class more than by the nobility, and dyers could hardly fill their orders. The varying shades were given the most peculiar names, none of them attractive, "flea's back," "Paris mud' and "indiscreet tears" being the most euphonious.

The Stone Tree.

There is a tree which grows in Mexico called the "chijol," or stone tree. It is of enormous proportions, both in circumference and height. It has a number of branches spreading out widely and carrying leaves of a yellowish green color. The wood is extremely fine and easily worked in a green state. It is not given to either warping or splitting. The wonderful part about it is that after being cut the wood gets gradually harder and in the course of a few years it is absolutely petrified, whether left in the open air or buried in the ground. From this timber houses can be built that would in a few years become completely fireproof and would last as though built of stone.

How the Cure Worked.

A man suffering from a stubborn attack of insomnia was advised by a well-meaning friend to try a number of leg and toe exercises after retiring.

A few days afterward he was approached by his friend with inquiries as to the result of his suggestion.

"Well," said the insomniac laconically, "I reckon those exercises are all right, Jim, but when I had tried them all it was time to get up."

Easily Changed.

Said the magistrate to the officer: "But this man doesn't correspond to the description. He has no deep scar on his forehead."

"Well," replied the officer, "that can be easily supplied, and, besides, I think I am entitled to at least a portion of the $500 reward for bringing him here. It was no easy job."

COST OF HUMAN HAIR

FREAK GARMENTS ORDERED FROM LONDON TAILORS.

Stockbroker Who Wears Coats With Movable Sleeves—Actor Wears Dinner Jackets With Bright Colored Ribbon Bindings—Coat Made of Hair of Man's Wife and Daughters.

Some of my customers have extraordinary notions regarding clothing, and now and again I am called upon to make a suit from material which is never found within a tailor's shop, said a fashionable tailor in the West End to the writer the other day. Only last week an elderly gentleman required me to make a suit out of a blanket which he had had dyed a purple-brown.

A prominent K.C. always wears a brown suit, and during the last three years he has to my knowledge never ordered a suit of any other color. He dons trousers and coat of a brown hue because that is the color of his wife's hair. Whenever he requires a new suit he invariably sends me a small tuft of hair from his wife's head, with a request for a pattern as near to the shade as possible.

A stockbroker wears great and under coats with movable sleeves. The sleeves are fastened to the shoulder by an ingenious arrangement of his own invention, and the fit of the garments is not interfered with in any way. This gentleman's trousers are somewhat unique, owing to the fact that no buttons appear on them. The fronts are fastened with a particular kind of clasp, resembling that found on gloves, while safety pins attach the tops to the inside lining of the waistcoats, making suspenders unnecessary.

One of our best-known actors always wears coats that are braided. His dinner jackets are bound with gay-colored ribbon, and the waistcoats he wears with them are hand-painted with forget-me-nots. The painting is done by a first-rate artist, who charges me seven guineas for each waistcoat I place in his hands to decorate on behalf of my customer. The waistcoats, I might say, are made of a fine white leather.

A judge who always comes to me when he is in need of new wearing apparel designs his own suits. This gentleman is very eccentric with regard to his pocket-flaps, and he is constantly changing their size and shape. Not long ago he commissioned me to make for him a riding suit. The seat and inner leg parts of the knickers were to be of leather, and painted to imitate the cloth—a check—of which the suit was otherwise composed. When I had completed the suit, the leather portions were so well painted that the judge himself at first thought I had disobeyed his order, and had made the knickers entirely of cloth.

A well-known sportsman wears in the hunting field a waistcoat manufactured from the hair of his wife and five daughters. I had to call in the services of a wig-maker in constructing this garment.

This reminds me that an artist living in Paris has a coat woven of human hair. The collar and cuffs of this novel garment are of black hair, while the body and sleeves are of brown.

The late Mr. Samuel Pope, K.C., a man of particularly heavy build, was always measured for his clothes sitting down. He found that when he was measured in the customary way he looked ridiculous in his clothes when seated. On account of his enormous proportions, Mr. Pope was permitted to address the court seated, and, so that he would look all right in his clothes when in that position, he was always measured for them in the way described.

One of my customers wears a suit of clothes which in color resembles the coat of his dog—a tawny poodle. Moreover, his overcoat is of the same color, and on the inside breast pocket of this garment there is woven in silk an admirable portrait of the dog. It apears that this animal saved its master's life by awakening him in the dead of night when his house caught fire some years ago. In memory of the deed my customer carries the dog's portrait about with him, and wears clothes that match the color of the dog's coat.

Classic Noises.

Of all the men whose fate it has been to live in hourly dread of noise, Piatti, the cellist, was chief. "I have lived," said he, "in Spain, where the serenos awaken you at every hour of night to inform you of the state of the weather. I have sojourned in Holland, where men are paid expressly to arouse you by shaking a rattle to tell you the hour and wish you good night. I have even 'slept' in Antwerp notwithstanding the chimes which play every half hour variations of the 'Carnival of Venice' and every half hour the bass drum air of the caid. Thus, you see, I am well organized for peace, yet I thirst for more than one man's blood."—London Chronicle.

Availability.

A nobleman was once showing a friend a rare collection of precious stones which he had gathered at a great expense and enormous amount of labor. "And yet," he said, "they yield me no income."

His friend replied, "Come with me, and I will show you two stones which cost me but $25 each, yet they yield me a considerable income." He took the owner of the gems to his gristmill and pointed to two gray millstones which were always busy grinding out grist.

Wild Apples.

In the Sandwich Islands the apple has become wild, and whole forests of trees, many acres in extent, are found in various parts of the country. They extend from the level of the sea far up into the mountain sides. It is said that miles of these apple forests can occasionally be seen, and very beautiful they are, both when in flower and in fruit.

CUPID VERSUS HER ART.

After the Explanation the Studio Plans Were Abandoned.

By HELEN J. WOOD.

"See here, Connie, I can't go a step farther. If you want to carry out the rest of your program for today you will have to do it by yourself. I am tired out. And here are these home papers I have been carrying around all morning without even a chance to glance in them."

Mrs. Curwin emphasized her remarks by sinking down on one of the benches in front of the Pavilion des Arts Industrieux. Soon she was buried in her papers, quite forgetful of foreign surroundings.

One glance at the daughter showed that she was the general of the little exploring party. Filled with a determination to see everything at the exposition, she had been "personally inducting" her meek minded mother for a week. Mrs. Curwin was hankering for the allurements of the French shops, but Connie had been resolute. The exposition first and Paris afterward was her motto.

But today she was wise enough to overlook this sudden insubordination. Besides, she was tired herself. So there she sat, idly watching the stream of passing people. What contrasts in figure and costume met her eye—English, Turks, Hindoos, Japanese and, more numerous than all, Americans. Connie saw her compatriots with a thrill of pride—the girls so much more beautiful than their foreign sisters, the men so tall and broad shouldered. Oh, the American men! She would choose them every time. A tender smile parted her lips. Her mother's voice broke her reverie:

"Why, I can't believe my eyes! Well, well!" And she paused as if overcome.

Connie leaned over and read the exciting paragraph:

"Mr. and Mrs. Van Ingen announce the engagement of their daughter Maud to James Wortman Pennington of this city."

Connie started in spite of herself.

"Jim! And he never told me!"

"That's just what I'd like to know. How did he ever work it up in such a

THERE WAS NO MISTAKING HIM NOW. IT WAS JIM.

hurry? Why, we have been gone only two months, and before that he was always hanging round after you."

She fairly sputtered in her excitement, but a glance at her daughter's face calmed her. It wore the look of one stunned by the shock of a sudden blow.

"Of course," she went on more quietly, "it may have been going on for a long time. Maud is not pretty," with an admiring gaze at her own daughter, "but she is kind and pleasant. He might have done worse."

Connie had started to her feet.

"Yes, he might have done worse," she echoed. "But I shall write him a note tonight and scold him for not having told me before—me, whom he called his best friend. Now, mother, if you are determined not to see anything more today you can easily find your way home. I will follow out the program alone." And, picking up her guidebooks, she hurried off.

Mrs. Curwin gazed after her with a growing anxiety. Did Connie really care?

Meanwhile the trim little figure was hurrying down a long aisle. Her eyes passed over a kaleidoscopic succession of objects that somehow failed to make any impression on her brain. The exposition roared and flashed around her, and in her mind one train of thoughts kept repeating with a horrible persistency.

Jim engaged—her Jim! Yes, he had been her Jim, she said almost savagely; had been her best friend for ever so long. She had been coquettish and flirted with the other boys, but he had known all along, she felt sure. Had he only been flirting with her? No, no! But here he was, engaged to another girl! And then the whole miserable circuit began once more.

She came home to the pension so white and weary that her mother was alarmed, but she pleaded fatigue and went off to bed like a tired child.

Poor Mrs. Curwin was much perplexed in the days that followed. Connie seemed the usual Connie, but what had inspired the girl with this insane notion of staying in Paris to study art? She argued and scolded, but all in vain. Connie was a young person of a determined mind, and on this subject she was more than usually determined. Her mother finally resigned herself to the prospect of being an exile from her beloved native land, for, of course, where Connie stayed she had to stay, too, until Connie wearied of this latest whim. Mrs. Curwin devoutly hoped that it would be soon.

However, there was one alleviation for her misery. Connie seemed to have lost her enthusiasm over doing the exposition. She spent her time investigating art schools and studios, leaving her mother to plunge into all the delights of shopping, of which the good woman did not soon tire. To be sure, Connie might have shown a little more interest in her purchases. It was all very well to say that as an art student she would need few clothes. Mrs. Curwin knew better. Connie had always been fond of clothes, and some day she would wake up from her art dreams and find that her wardrobe was bare.

But her daughter's indifference "to her real interests" did not prevent Mrs. Curwin from entering eagerly into all her plans for the studio. If only they had brought some of their home furniture with them! Connie tried to explain patiently how out of place the heavy, elegantly upholstered pieces would be in a studio and how much more delightful it would be to pick up the necessary things one at a time in the various curio shops. This last idea was balm to her mother's ruffled feelings. It offered such infinite possibilities for shopping.

With this laudable object in view she soon became a familiar figure to all the curio dealers. Connie was usually the interpreter, but if, as often happened, she did not care to go Mrs. Curwin never lacked the courage to go alone. Each day she came home with some new treasure, and the girl had not the heart to spoil her delight by reminding her that they already had enough traps to fill two ordinary studios.

These were weary days for Connie, and yet she was too proud to confide her sufferings to her mother. What good would it do anyway to disturb that serenity? And she had had no word from Jim in answer to her note. Small wonder, for what could he say? And yet—and yet—he might have—

She had been sitting on a bench in the Jardin des Tuileries, and now she rose with a start and tried to enjoy the fountains splashing and glittering under the July sun and the pretty French children with their bonnes in peasant caps.

As she glanced down the path she saw a well dressed American looking from side to side as if in search of some one. Her heart gave a leap. He looked like— Nonsense! She was always imagining that she saw him.

The gentleman came directly toward her. There was no mistaking him now. It was Jim.

She gazed at him. Then the glad light died from her face.

"You! Here!" she said slowly.

"Just got in from New York," was the cheerful reply. "Found your mother on the Rue de Rivoli, so here I am." And he took her unresisting hand.

"You don't say you're glad to see me. That's rough when a chap comes so many miles to see you, dear."

The "dear" acted like an electric shock. Wrenching free her hand, she faced him with blazing eyes.

"You know you ought not to be here. You ought to be at Newport with Maud."

Jim seized both hands now. He had forgotten the people, forgotten everything but the white, tense face of the little American girl.

"Connie, dear, it's all a dreadful mistake, and I came over just as soon as I could arrange it to tell you the truth. It's Cousin James, from Colorado, who is engaged to Maud, and the stupid newspaper made the error. But I never guessed you'd care so much, dearest."

* * * * * * *

Mrs. Curwin found them at the pension sitting in the dusk. As usual, her arms were filled with bundles.

"Connie," she cried triumphantly, "I have found the greatest bargains for your studio—a pair of bellows and a leather cushion and"—

"Studio!" Jim interrupted. Somehow Connie had forgotten to tell him about her winter plans.

He listened to Mrs. Curwin's explanations with a smile.

"I guess we'll be making use of all these things in New York, won't we, Connie?"

And Connie smiled back a "Yes."

A Written Opinion.

A portly and pompous man once held a commission as brigadier general of militia and a license to practice law, neither of which he had much occasion to use. He finally had a case before the supreme court and proudly hoped to see his name in the reports as counsel for the plaintiff above a long and elaborate opinion of the court.

When his case was called on opinion day he was enraged to hear the simple announcement from the bench, "Affirmed."

After the court adjourned he went to Judge McKinney, whom he knew well, and said, "Judge, I thought that the supreme court at least would obey the law."

"Wherein has the court failed?" asked the judge.

"The law requires that a written opinion be delivered in every case this court tries, and none was delivered in this case."

The judge had the rolled record brought to him and glanced at the bottom of the page. Placing his finger on the abbreviation "Aff'd," he said to the ambitious general: "See there 'Aff'd.' Isn't that a written opinion?

A JU-JU DANCE.

A West African Native Religious Ceremony.

The glaring tropical sun beats down fiercely on the half-baked earth, from which rises a thick, choking dust, caused by the shuffling of many naked feet. To the accompaniment of the monotonous throb of the tom-tom a crowd of half-naked natives beat time automatically with hands and sway in unison with their bodies, chanting the while a refrain which has no apparent tune or any end.

Into the open space in the centre bursts the ju-ju witch dancer. A huge two-faced painted wooden mask encloses his head, and he is robed in a gaudy costume of embroidered velvet plush, while in his hands are two fluttering fans. The mask, with staring goggle eyes, fixed mechanical repulsive smile, and painted rows of huge cannibalistic teeth, advances and retires, bowing to the assembled chiefs who are seated in conclave apart from the crowd.

Then, to the quickened beat of tom-toms, he pirouettes, twists, and finally whirls round in a mad orgie of motion. Faster and faster go the drums, and still faster gyrates the spinning, whirling, human teetotum in the centre, with its grinning gorgon head and gaudy robes. The people yell, wild with unrestrained excitement, and the dust rises, choking and stifling in the burning sun. At last, exhausted, the dancer stops, and sinks into a seat, while spectators surround him and reverently lifting his robe (they must not expose his hidden face) vigorously fan the hot, breathless man. After a brief interval, during which the crowd indulge in draughts of palm wine or petoe (native sour beer made from maize), the dancer again rises, and again performs the same dance with apparently undiminished vigor, and again falls exhausted, to be fanned back to life by his "seconds."

In reply to all questions as to what are his thoughts when he dances, the dancer replies that he has none, and that he is not himself, but is possessed of a devil, which enables him to perform his weird revolutionary antics.

SHOWS GREAT PROMISE.

Ottawa Girl Is Going to Be a Great Artist, Say Critics.

Lovers of art who have seen some of her productions prophesy a brilliant future for Miss Gladys Vickers, of Ottawa. Her father, Harold H. Vickers, has won fame in Canada and the United States and finds it impos-

MISS GLADYS VICKERS.

sible to meet the demand upon him. He is an Englishman, who came to Canada 25 years ago, and was forced to struggle for years before the merit of his work won recognition. His daughter inherits his genius, and is fast becoming his rival in the world of art. Her productions find a ready market and meet with much praise from critics.

Preferred the Meal.

There is a story told that during a recent all-night sitting in the British Commons a Liberal and Conservative were eating breakfast at 7 a.m. from the same limited dish of bacon and eggs, when the division bells rang. "I'm hanged if I stir for that division," said the Conservative. "Then I'll pair with you," said the Liberal, with a friendly desire to relieve any qualms of dereliction of duty on the part of his political opponent. "Oh, that won't do," said the Conservative; "the obligation to vote sits lighter on a member of the Opposition than on a supporter of the Government." But the Liberal insisted on neutralizing the absence of his opponent from the division by remaining away himself. "Well, I suppose I must agree," at last said the Conservative ruefully; "but I hoped you would go, so that I should have all the bacon and eggs to myself."

The "Silent Soldier."

Few living British soldiers have seen more service than Sir Ian Hamilton. The Afghan war of '78 gave him his "baptism of fire," and three years later he was present at Majuba Hill, where he suffered a serious wound. The chief successes of his career, however, fell to him in the last Boer campaign, where he earned his lasting reputation. Then he accompanied the Japanese army through Manchuria at the time of the great war with Russia, and it is interesting to recall that—always excepting "Tommy Atkins"—he has declared the Japanese soldier the best in the world.

Strong, dauntless, energetic to a degree almost superhuman, Sir Ian Hamilton is generally known in the service as the "Silent Soldier." He is now fifty-six years of age.

Fatal Result of a Wager.

While two Glasgow men were making a wager regarding their marksmanship, Joseph Wilson offered to hold a pipe in his mouth for them to fire at. Instead of hitting the pipe one of the marksmen shot Wilson, who died from his injuries.

NAVY PIGEONS GO.

British Authorities Will Disperse Feathered Auxiliary.

After being established about ten years, the British naval authorities decided to disperse the birds in the naval lofts at Portsmouth, Sheerness and Plymouth. Some remarkable and interesting records were made by these birds, when bringing messages from ships of the navy to their lofts, but it is assumed that the Marconi system of telegraphy has now been brought to such a state of perfection that aerial messengers for purposes of warfare will no longer be required.

During the Franco-German War, when Paris was invested by the enemy, it was only by means of pigeons that for a long period the citizens of Paris obtained any information from the outside world, says Tit-Bits. Balloons were despatched from Paris carrying bundles of letters and homing pigeons belonging to a few individuals, residents of Paris. After a time a successful post was organized from Tours, outside the German lines. This pigeon post was recognized by the English authorities, and letters at a cost of half a franc a word were sent from Tours into Paris with as great a degree of rapidity as the pigeons could be sent out by balloon and conveyed from the places where they descended into Tours.

The only other instance in which pigeons have been of value in connection with war purposes was in the Anglo-Boer War of 1899. During the period that General White was surrounded in Ladysmith all means of communication were cut, but a few pigeons, belonging to English fanciers, that had been taken into Ladysmith before the siege proved of inestimable value in conveying messages to Durban, where their lofts were situated. Not only were messages conveyed, but plans of the fortifications that had been built up as well; and even though the Marconi system of telegraphy may be of service for purposes of communication, there will always be a possibility of utilizing pigeons for the purpose of sending plans and sketches over the heads of an enemy besieging a town. It is surprising with what completeness fanciers in South Africa have built up a pigeon service by establishing lofts in practically every one of the mining districts since the war. At Johannesburg there is a flourishing society, likewise at Kimberley and most other towns.

Sala and French Cookery.

Some years ago Mr. George Augustus Sala went to Paris on behalf of the London Telegraph to write on the subject of French cooking and French restaurants. Such praise of Parisian kickshaws was never lavished before, and the extolling, to the complete discomfiture of English cooks, lasted for fully six weeks. Everything in the cooking line in Paris was grand; everything in England in the same line was horrible. At the end of the six weeks Mr. Sala returned to London, went immediately to the Cheshire Cheese, in Fleet Street, and said to the head waiter: "William, bring me a beefsteak, some potatoes in their jackets and a pint of ale. I've had nothing to eat for six weeks."—Liverpool Courier.

Silent Lies.

There are silent lies in addition to those spoken aloud. And these are equally despicable. Living a lie, turning life into a deceptive machine, is not only demoralizing, but it is always a confession of weakness. The strong, balanced mind does not resort to subterfuge. It can afford to be transparent, open, because it is conscious of strength and does not need to hide anything. Great minds are open to the light, with no dark corners. With them nothing is hidden or veiled. Everybody is afraid of the opaque mind—the mind that acts in the dark, undergound. Nobody trusts the man who is always covering his tracks. We all love a transparent mind.—Exchange.

Ants Have Combs.

No creature is more tidy than an ant, which cannot tolerate the presence of dirt on its body. These little creatures actually use a number of real toilet articles in keeping themselves clean. No less an authority than Dr. McCook says their toilet articles consist of coarse and fine-toothed combs, hairbrushes, sponges, and even washes and soap. Their saliva is their liquid soap, and their soft tongues are their sponges. Their combs, however, are the genuine article and differ from ours mainly in that they are fastened to their legs. The ants have no set time for their toilet operations, but stop and clean up whenever they get soiled.—St. Nicholas.

Poet and Princess.

Alain Chartier, the French poet, is the hero of a romantic legend. One day he sat down in a public place and, being weary and exhausted by the heat of the day, fell into a slumber. As he slept Margaret of Scotland, the wife of the dauphin, afterward known in history as Louis XI., chanced to pass with her attendants. She glanced at the unconscious man and recognized in him the poet whose verses she so loved. Then, motioning to her maids to be still, she gently stepped forward, and, stooping, imprinted a kiss on the sleeping poet's lips.

The Man of All Others.

Three girls are exchanging confidences and telling each other what sort of men they like best.

First Girl—I like a man with a past. A man with a past is always interesting.

Second Girl—That's true, but I don't think he is nearly so interesting as a man with a future.

Third Girl—The man who interests me is the man with a present.

Classic, But Complicated.

He has just heard one of those classic and complicated pieces of parlor music which, for reasons best known to the composer, are dubbed waltzes.

"What do you think of it?" he was asked.

"Well," he answered reflectively, "if that thing's a waltz none but a centiped could keep time to it."

BATH-ROOM MOTTOES.

Epigrams Designed to Cheer Up the Ablution Department.

It is very odd that while mottoes have been made, invented and borrowed for every other room in the house, the bathroom should be mottoless. Verses appropriate to the bedroom come prettily framed, the dining-room walls sometimes show a mural decoration of good cheer, an appropriate verse is carved into the library mantel, while smoking-room, den and living-room each boasts a special incentive to smoke, loaf, or indulge in cheery chatter in painted, pyrographed, or stencilled verse or prose. Only the bathroom remains mottoless.

No invitation to turn on as hot a bath as one wishes adorns its walls. No cheerful assurance that "in this house water is a luxury, not a necessity, so use it at will." Not even the commonplace that cleanliness is next to godliness serves as an inducement for the children to become amphibious oftener than they are driven.

Surely, with so vast a field for invention or imitation, there should be no dearth of mottoes for the bathroom. For example, take Bacon's "Cleanness of body was ever esteemed to proceed from a due reverence to God."

And here's one from sixteenth century's John Heywood:—

The loss of wealth is loss of dirt,
As sages at all times assert,
The happy man's without a shirt.

Or Pope's scornful prod, "A little dust alone remains of three." "Ay! there's the rub" might be carved into the towel rack, while let into, or over the tub, Byron's "Once more on the waters, yet once more." Or Milton's—

Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glossy, cool, translucent wave

would be most appropriate.

These are only a few crude suggestions with which to enliven the walls of the most important room in the house. Anyone with time and ingenuity, with a quotation book or a ready pen, may make the bathroom walls so interesting to the sometime bather that even the boy of the family may hear, without sullen acknowledgment, the old, familiar "Be sure and take a bath, Bobbie, before you go to bed."

WORLD'S RICHEST MEN.

Fortunes Typical of Countries in Which They Were Made.

The greatest fortunes in the largest cities of the world are curiously typical of the countries in which their owners live, as the death of the noted shopkeeper of Paris, M. A. Chéramy, reminds those who observe the characteristics of nations and races.

This great retailer of merchandise founded his business on women's clothing and women's finery. His success began in that field, which is exactly where the richest man in Paris might be expected to find his wealth. The French metropolis certainly lived up to its reputation in building a fortune for a retail merchant which overtopped all other big estates in that gay centre of the world's fashions and the world's merrymaking.

The richest man in New York built his vast wealth on manufactures. So did the owner of the second of the great fortunes of that city's residents. The richest Londoner is supposed to be the Duke of Westminster, whose wealth represents landed possessions acquired from ancestors who obtained their real estate by royal favor generations ago. In Germany the greatest fortune belongs to the heirs of a maker of cannon and other products of iron and steel. Since Krupp is dead, the richest man in active business in the German Empire is probably a Berlin banker.

If the gossip of financial circles is to be relied upon, the greatest fortunes in Austria-Hungary and Russia are landed estates, the accretion of generations of special privileges and grants from sovereigns. Like conditions exist in Spain and Italy, though in the last country some of the manufacturers are fast rising to the level of the richest nobles, in pecuniary resources.

But Paris rated its most famous shopkeeper as its wealthiest citizen, which is in perfect accord with the fitness of things.

The Mean Thing!

Mrs. Poyndexter was dropping off to sleep, but her husband was wakeful. "I heard a story to-day," he began, "about——"

"Oh, don't bother me, Jason!" she murmured. "I'm sleepy."

"I was only going to say——"

"I don't want to hear it!"

"It's about——"

"Can't you let me go to sleep?"

"About Mrs.——"

"Mrs. Who?" demanded his wife, sitting straight up, wide eyed and interested.

"I've always noticed," said Mr. Poyndexter, yawning, "that the way to get a woman's attention is to tell her a story about some other woman."

Rattling a Witness.

"I will ask you, Mr. Giles," said the lawyer, proceeding to cross-examine him, "if on the night of May 16, 1904, you were not threatened with bodily violence by your neighbors for beating your old father on the head with a club?"

"Sir!" spluttered the indignant witness "What do you mean?"

"Oh, well," rejoined the lawyer, "it isn't fair, perhaps, to ask you that question. It has nothing to do with this case. You needn't answer it. That's all Mr. Giles. You may step aside."

A Scare.

A woman rushed excitedly down an alley in Manchester and stopped at a house. She knocked once very nervously—no reply. A second knock produced no answer. Presently the window above was thrown open, and a woman's face apeared. The woman below looked up and exclaimed hurriedly, "Mrs. Skinner, yer 'usband's got a month's imprisonment!" "Oh, dear me, Mrs. Thingumy," replied the other, " 'ow yer did frighten me! I thought it was the man after the rent ag'in!"—Manchester Guardian.

THE KING'S PRIZEMAN

LONDONER'S VICTORY IS POPULAR IN ENGLAND.

Corporal Burr Is a Well-Known Figure at Bisley Matches, and Has Been in Final Stage of Competition For Coveted Prize Six Times Before—Lewisham Proud of Him.

There could scarcely have been a more popular victor in the King's Prize Match, so far as England was concerned, than Corporal H. G. Burr, of the London Rifle Brigade, a Portsmouth man. Falling one point behind Gray's score last year, Burr captured the prize in a runaway match.

He had a magnificent reception when the result was known, and

KING'S PRIZEMAN BURR.

then, in accordance with the usual custom, was hoisted on to a chair and carried round the camp amidst a scene of the greatest enthusiasm. At the distribution of prizes later in the day, he had the proud honor of being decorated by the Princess of Wales—who, amid great cheering, pinned the gold medallist badge on his breast. Burr is no stranger to Bisley. On six previous occasions, namely, in 1900, 1901, 1902, 1905, 1906, and 1907, he succeeded in getting into the final stage of the competition, and he has won the Prince of Wales' prize. In 1901 he tied with Sergeant Ommundsen, of the Queen's Edinburgh, for the gold medal, but was beaten on the shoot-off. Burr is 35, and is clerk of works to a London building firm. He was formerly in the Royal Engineers (Volunteers), but was transferred two years ago to the London Rifle Brigade. The victory of Corporal Burr was the cause of much rejoicing at Lewisham, the winner of the King's Prize being a member of the Lewisham Rifle Club. When the news of his success was received, the mayor of the borough (Alderman H. Percival Stebbing) wired the following message to him:—

"Am delighted at the splendid news, and send heartiest congratulations on behalf of the borough. Lewisham is proud of you.—Stebbing, Mayor."

A copy of the telegram was posted outside the town hall, and was an object of much interest.

Disraeli Drunk.

The Rt. Hon. Henry Labouchere, in *London Truth*:

I was a good many years in Parliament. During that time I heard many members speak perceptibly under the influence of liquor, but very few who could be said to be drunk. One of these, curiously enough, was Mr. Disraeli, who was a very temperate man. It occurred thus: He was then the leader of the House, and had to speak late. Feeling greatly fagged, he begged the whip to bring him a glass of brandy and water. The whip brought him a glass with more brandy than water in it, which he drank, and in a few minutes he was perfectly drunk. He smiled vacantly. He let his handkerchief fall and made wild attempts to pick it up, like the comic drunkard on the stage. Then he collapsed and sat down. The House pretended to take no notice of the scene. But a few days later Mr. Gladstone, in answering Mr. Disraeli, said that a Minister do, or not do, this or that, and wound up by observing that he ought to treat every subject with sobriety, accentuating the word and pointing at Mr. Disraeli. The House was so offended—for it was well aware how the previous accident had occurred—that Mr. Gladstone was actually hissed.

A Costly Client.

Miss Bayley told me that Mr. Phipps, the oculist, told a gentleman, who told her, the following anecdote of the late Duchess of Devonshire. Mr. Phipps was sent for to Chatsworth to operate upon the Duchess' eye. He stayed there some time, and at parting received from the Duke a fee of £1,000.

Just before he stepped into his carriage a message from the Duchess brought him to her chamber. She hoped the Duke had done what was handsome by Mr. Phipps. The gentleman protested:

"Yes, and more than handsome."

"It is an awkward thing," continued her Grace, "to ask, but really I am at this moment in immediate want of such a sum, and if you could, Mr. Phipps."

What could the oculist do? He produced his £1,000, took his leave, and has never heard of his money from that day to this.—From "Recollections of a Long Life," by Lord Broughton (John Cam Hobhouse).

An Eye For an Eye.

The law of Afghanistan is in theory the same as that of Mohammedan countries in general—that of the Koran. This is an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, and enables the party wronged to avenge himself on a relative if circumstances prevent him from reaching the aggressor in person, hence revenge becomes among the Afghans a point of honor, which no man may waive except with disgrace.

TAKEN BY STORM.

The Man Who Was Always on Hand When Trouble Came.

By ALICE WHITE.

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In her younger days Bertha had made fun of him.

When she was only sixteen—Ralph little more—she had caught her foot in a railroad bridge, and he had run bravely to her rescue and released her. Then when he had her safely in the siding, with the great yawning trestle below them and the engine, rocking, passed them, he had forgotten to release his hold of her. She had become angry at the smiling of the engineer and had jerked herself away impatiently without so much as a word of thanks.

Then there was the runaway horse and the mixing of reins and dashboards. Ralph was the first to come and pull her from the debris. When she told of a pain in her arm he hurried away for the doctor. Afterward he sat by her while her arm was healing and read from the book that interested her.

Even then Bertha smiled when Ralph's name was mentioned.

Always he was at her side when she encountered trouble of any kind, but she seemed not to notice him. A casual nod of thanks and an indifferent smile were all she ever gave him.

Years after that last incident the cyclone came. Bertha had shaken her head to two young men before that event. She had been away to school and had visited summer resorts and had been at the seaside and the winter hotels in the south.

These men were eligible, too, as men go. But somehow there seemed to be something lacking. It made little difference where the incompatibility was. Bertha gave her answer, and her mother was surprised when the ultimatum to the second one was given.

"I do not wish to influence you," Mrs. Ogden said, "but I fear you may make a mistake. There is something to recommend the latter. He is wealthy as well as good looking."

"But I do not feel toward him as I should. Some way there is something

RALPH WAS AT HER SIDE AND CAUGHT HER ARM.

wrong with me, and I cannot tell what. I know he is wealthy, and all that, drives good horses and has servants to answer every beck and call. It would have been an easy life, with lots of society and all that sort of thing. Only the giving up of my ideals—it would be too much. I could not."

The mother sighed as she gazed on the closed door. "What can she want," she asked of the silence, "or whom?"

Time answered the mother, but it was two years later.

Bertha breathed the air of the western prairie in the early spring and saw the fields grow green and then pink and white, while the wind came over the hills with the freshness of a new summer on their wings. Alone she rode into the country and knew the roads that led to the town, where her brother was in business.

One day in May, when the fields were blue with blossoms, she rode slowly toward the hotel. On the hill beyond were the spires and roofs of the city, and across her path was a railroad with its glittering ribbon of steel winding into the distance.

But there was a peculiar cloud in the southwest, twisting and winding into the sky. Bertha met a farmer. When he had passed there was a sound of horses' hoofs in the dusty road. The air, however, was still. Even the birds and bees were silent. The cloud grew darker and pushed nearer the ground. Faster and faster and blacker and blacker came the impending storm.

Bertha measured the distance to the town with her eye and glanced over her shoulder at the threatening cloud. Try her best, she could not reach the houses before the rain came. She urged her pony into a canter. She rode past hedges and fields that were open to the whole world. Birds flew close to the ground and darted into the hollow beyond. Bits of dust danced in the road and whipped away into nothingness. Stems of grass that had withstood the snows of winter loosened themselves from the fence and rolled past. Once a stray paper blundered along. Yet the girl could feel little if any wind.

Suddenly the sky grew dark, and the sun, which had been shining regardless of the things going on below, was shut out. The snakelike cloud shot into the sky above, and all was dark. In the distance was the roaring of a cataract. And nearer and nearer it came, filling the universe with fear. The dust of the road swept back, and there was a contrary current in the air. Even the pony stopped and turned about. Neither did he mind the whip which fell on his flank, but backed and turned about until he faced the cloud in the distance and then stubbornly stood there. Bertha dismounted and tossed the useless rein over a post of the wire fence and whipped her own skirts as she gazed with fright at the cloud—the cloud twisting and roaring and the lightning flashing from the middle of its dark folds.

Bertha was alone.

The course of the cloud changed, and it seemed to hurry across the valley that stretched away between the girl and the houses and spires. A cloud of dust followed and the roaring, almost unbearable, of the thunder. In front was a farmhouse in the path of the cloud. Bertha clasped her hands as she saw the inmates hurry like wild quails into the orchard, saw the barns and the stacks melt, as it were, in the blast, and where they had stood there was naught of them when the cloud passed on. But the house was there, and in the mist of dust the family came from the trees of the orchard.

Then the wind reached Bertha, and the grass bent to the ground and seemed to hide under the sod below. The pony bent his neck and closed his eyes. The cloud hastened toward the girl, and she stepped back to await the crash of the elements—stepped into the path and was caught by a friendly hand.

Ralph Moore was there.

Why, Bertha could not inquire, for the roar of the cyclone was too loud and the play of the lightning and thunder too sharp. She understood when he motioned to a hollow beyond a hill, and like a deer she ran to safety. Ralph was at her side and caught her arm, pulling her down as the storm passed over their heads and left its cloud of dust and splinters and paper and straw and grass. Gradually the roaring died away, and even the cloud unwound its hold upon the sky and disappeared as a puff of smoke disappears.

Bertha then thought of the rescuer by her side. "Why are you here?" she asked, turning to her companion.

"Business," Ralph replied. "You see, my horse refused to go farther, and I tried to come here. Then I saw a woman in the road and brought her along. It was you. But I deserve no credit."

"Whenever I have been in trouble you have come to me. Do you remember?"

"Remember!" And Ralph told her of the things he had meant to say, and Bertha listened.

When she had found her horse and had returned to the village she wrote to her mother in the east, and the letter lay for many days unanswered. Then Mrs. Ogden said Ralph would be welcome. When the long days came there was a wedding, and Ralph took his place forever at Bertha's side.

Not Worth Shingling.

The late Thomas Bone, "the sailor's missionary," was the soul of kindliness, but he was seldom worsted in repartee. One of the many instances of this given in his published life is the following:

"His work was not without its humorous side. Among the new men there were always some who sought a little amusement at his expense, but they reckoned without their host. His kindly manner never changed. The smile never left his face. There was no venom in the retort, but it seldom failed to silence the interrupter. The laugh raised at his expense made it quite certain that no second attempt would be made.

"Seeing him approaching one day, one of a group of sailors announced his intention of having some fun. He stepped forward and removed his hat, revealing a perfectly smooth crown, and asked:

"'Can you tell me why my head is so bald, while all my companions have plenty of hair?'

"'I don't know,' was the smiling reply, 'unless the reason given me the other day by a farmer would apply—that an empty barn is not worth shingling.'"—Judge.

Etiquette.

The late George W. Harvey, Washington's noted caterer, was an admirable after dinner speaker. A Washington correspondent recalled the other day a press banquet that Mr. Harvey once attended.

"He gave," said the correspondent, "some funny advice to the woman's page editors present. He suggested that they brighten up their 'etiquette departments' by the introduction of really interesting rules of etiquette.

"Then he rattled off a lot of rules like this:

"Never wear automobile goggles when riding on an electric car. Our best people consider it pretentious.

"If some one accidentally treads on your heel and says, 'I beg your pardon,' make no reply. If you would be thought a true gentleman simply scowl and pass on.

"A gentleman should never allow a lady to pay for anything. This, of course, does not refer to the titled husbands of American heiresses.

"Never try to alight from a lady's train when in motion.

"If you are a golfer and have had bad luck say, 'Deary, deary me!'"

HIS CLEVER MOVE.

How a Quaker City Tenant Outwitted the Landlord.

WHEN recently leasing a house in a fashionable suburb of Philadelphia the lessee failed to examine closely the terms of the lease. After a time his landlord called and reminded him that he was bound to do all the outside painting at certain intervals. The tenant protested in vain, so he engaged painters and ordered them to paint the whole front of the house red, white and blue—in stripes.

When it was finished the neighborhood rose up in arms, and the landlord was frantic. The tenant politely explained that there was nothing in the lease about the color, so he intended to finish the job by painting the back of the house green with large yellow spots. The landlord saw that he had met his match, and within a few days the tenant had a new lease in which the landlord undertook to do all the outside painting.—Lippincott's Magazine.

A Truce.

Braun (finding his neighbors in the midst of a domestic quarrel)—But what are you doing under the bed, Tips?

Tips—Looking for a mark that we lost, aren't I, my dear?

Mrs. Tips—Yes, but you can come out now. You can look for it again after Herr Braun has gone.—Fliegende Blatter.

The Wane of the Honeymoon.

"Haven't you forgotten something?" the sweet young wife called to him from the open doorway.

He stopped and fumbled in his pockets.

"What is it?"

"You—you used to kiss me when you started downtown," she said, with a little flush on her rounded cheeks.

"Oh, is that it?" he cried as he retraced his steps. "There you are. And, say, I'll take enough for four mornings ahead. Hang it all, there goes my car!"

And he made the gravel fly as he raced for the street crossing.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

In the Future.

Pausing at the entrance to the church wherein the wedding ceremony is being performed, we note an airship tugging at its moorings and at one side concealed in the shrubbery a huge mortar or siege gun. About this latter are grouped a merry party of young folk, who are laughing gayly and are loading the weapon to the muzzle with old shoes and rice.

"What are you doing?" we inquire casually.

"They're going away in their airship on their honeymoon trip," explains one of the joyous party. "Just when they clear the steeple of the church we are going to let them have the contents of this gun."—Chicago Post.

Did Not Like the Jury.

A tailor who was defendant in a case at the assizes seemed much cast down when brought up for trial.

"What's the trouble?" whispered his counsel, observing his client's distress as he surveyed the jurymen.

"It looks pretty bad for me," said the defendant, "unless some steps are taken to dismiss that jury and get in a new lot. There ain't a man among 'em but what owes me money for clothes."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Singular and Plural.

"Whenever she gets to thinking how much they're in debt it affects her nerves."

"Huh! The way it affects her husband is singular."

"How singular?"

"Just singular. It affects his 'nerve.' He tried to borrow a hundred from me today."—Catholic Standard and Times.

New Scheme.

Jimmy—What yer looking so gay about, kiddo? Yer'll get a licking when yer get home for going in swimming.

Petey—Oh, no. I told dad I had been in swimming and got the licking before I left home. Now I can swim without anything on my mind.—Denver News.

Contradicted.

The play was dull from start to end, and the author thus addressed a friend: "If 'twas not a hit, 'twas a miss, for I didn't hear a single hiss."

"True," said his friend, "but in such weather no man can hiss and gape together."—Detroit Free Press.

A Pointer.

"Boy, have you seen a valuable hatpin? I can't find it anywhere."

"Which way was the pin headed, ma'am?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

She Dusted Him.

Mrs. Benham—Man is made of dust.

Benham—I wish you wouldn't use a rolling pin for a dust brush.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Wise Wife.

"Yes," said the newspaper artist, "my wife helps me in my work. She usually draws my salary."—Kansas City Times.

A PAIR OF SURPRISES

They Came With a Talk About the Girl's Engagement.

By JEANNETTE WALDEN.

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The girl made a droll effort to match her steps to the strides of the tall, grave man with whom she was walking.

Their caddies followed somewhat hopelessly in the rear, bristling with the implements of golf.

"Hal, I never saw you in such a horrid hurry," laughed the girl, "and I never saw you look so—so cross." She raised to his a fair face glowing from exercise and blue eyes dancing with teasing imps.

"Oh, how thoughtless of me, my dear." The man slackened his pace abruptly and looked down at his companion with an indulgent smile—a smile which lighted up his face with a flash of pleasure, though it faded quickly, leaving the shadow of painful contemplation.

"Out with it, friend," encouraged the girl, glancing up at him through a maze of blond ringlets. "Are you in love?" Her voice died out on the last word, as if frightened at its own audacity, and her color spread to her temples. But she walked on gayly beside her meditative escort.

"Vivian"—the girl's name as he uttered it was charged at once with a tender sympathy and a portentous seriousness—"I have something on my mind which concerns you as much—perhaps more than it does myself. In fact, I've brought you out here today to talk with you about it. I can think better in the open."

"I wondered why you had condescended to come," laughed the girl, still apparently unimpressed by his mood. "Do you know it has been ages since you have ventured so far from home with me?"

"Press of business," apologized the man weakly.

"And that interesting woman," supplemented the girl, "whoever she is."

The man ignored her challenge. He seemed too deeply troubled to respond

SHE SPRANG UP AND TURNED HER BACK, MOVING SLOWLY AWAY.

to trivialities. "Well, Vivian, shall we go to the club veranda for our talk or seek some hammock on the links, with a bush to shelter us from this overfamiliar breeze?"

"Right here in this little depression, with the white rock shelf to sit on," and the girl was comfortably ensconced before the words were out of her mouth, the bright scarlet of her jacket adding a touch of brilliancy to the landscape.

"But, Hal, what's the use of telling me if it's hard for you to talk about it?" There was sympathy as well as absolute confidence in the deep blue eyes. "You have always decided for me and taken care of my business. I can't do half as well for myself as you have always done for me."

"Thank you, dear." As he gravely bowed he bared his head, exposing his closely cropped wavy brown hair lightly streaked with gray. "But this is a personal matter," he continued as he seated himself beside her. "A guardian, however useful, does not in this enlightened age make or break an engagement."

"But I am engaged already—at least I think I am. But that reminds me—I haven't heard from Tom for a long time."

She spoke with an air of unconcern, while her companion observed her closely.

"What if I should tell you that it seems best to postpone your marriage, Vivian?"

"I should say that would be perfectly jolly!" exclaimed the girl, with a sincerity that was wholly unaffected.

"I know, Vivian, you have never been in a hurry to set the day, but what if—what if"—he watched her narrowly—"I should say that it might be best for you to annul the engagement to Tom Rowland—for a time at least?"

The girl leaned over and rested both hands upon his knee, looking steadily up into his solicitous gray eyes. "It would make me happier than anything else in the world."

"Vivian! You don't love him, then?"

"I do not, Hal."

"Well, then, I'm relieved," he said earnestly.

"Why do you say that? Why are you glad?" It was the girl's turn to be intense.

"Because, dear, he has proved himself unworthy of you. Do you wish—do you care to know"—

She shook her head. "Don't tell me anything unpleasant, please. But is it only on my account that you are glad—is that all?"

She sprang up and turned her back, moving slowly away, while he watched her with puzzled surprise.

"Vivie, child, come back!" he called.

She turned and came swiftly to her seat upon the rock.

"You won't hide anything from your best friend, little girl?"

"Hal, do you doubt me? I have not cared for Rowland—not as I should—since the first month I came to your mother's home, and that is over a year now."

He took her hand in his own.

"You have cared for some one else, then?" His tone was casual, but a sudden light came into his eyes.

She flashed him one look from fluttering eyelids.

"You, Vivian—you, darling—love an old fellow like me! I can't believe it. Tell me, dear." He took both her hands in his.

She looked up then unflinchingly. The color fled from her face, leaving it pure ivory. "It is so," she said simply.

For a second they gazed into each other's eyes.

"But what about the woman?" teased Vivian.

"What woman?" he asked blankly.

"Why, the one who has been taking you away so much of late, keeping you downtown to dinners, inviting you out every other evening to the club, causing you auto trips to the country and making you work whole Sundays at the office?"

"Oh," he laughed, "you—you are the woman who has kept me away. I knew that I couldn't see so much of you and be loyal to Tom Rowland. So, you see, little girl, you were not the only one in love."

"But come," he added as he raised her to her feet; "let's carry the good news to mother. She will be overjoyed to learn that she is not to lose you."

Unsimplified English.

These samples of homophony show our language as it may be and often is writ. At home our funny spelling is as odd as abroad.

A rite suite little buoy, the sun of a grate kernel, with a rough about his neck, flue up the rode as swift as eh dear. After a thyme he stopped at a gnu house and wrung the belle. His tow hurt hymn and he kneaded wrest.

He was two tired to raze his fare, pall face. A feint mown of pane rows from his lips. The made who herd the belle was about to pair a pare, but she through it aside and ran with awl her mite for fear her guessed would knot weight. But won she saw the little won, tiers stood in her blew eyes at the site.

"Ewe poor deer! Why due yew lye hear? Ewer dyeing, aye fear."

"Know," he said, "isle soon bee awl rite, but now I'm feint to the corps. Eye naught too bee shone a quite plays."

"Aisle dew my best four you, neigh moor!" she cried, fore her hart was full of whoa.

Sew she boar hymn to a rheum wear he mite be a-loan, gave him bred and mete, held cent under his knows, tide his choler and beau, rapped him warmly, gave him sum suite drachm from a viol, till at last he went fourth hail and well as a young hoarse. His ayes shown, his cheeks were read as a flour, and he gambled a hole our Hens thee end of hour tail.—New York Tribune.

Murder Will Out.

In a county seat in one of the middle western states dwelt a lawyer who, after a practice of thirty years, had accumulated a competence and retired. Being a man of much more than ordinary ability, an excellent speaker, entertaining decided political views and enjoying the confidence of the community, he was urged by his friends to run for congress. He refused. In vain they pointed out the fact that a nomination would be equivalent to an election and pledged themselves to secure his nomination. He would not listen to them. A man high in the political councils of the state came to see him and added his persuasion.

"You ought to take that office," he said. "It might lead to something higher. You would make a national reputation."

"That's what I am afraid of."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Well," answered the lawyer hesitatingly, "I will tell you, but it is in strict confidence. It must not go any further. Many years ago, when I was young and inexperienced, I published a small volume of original poetry. So far as I know there is not a copy of that book in existence now, but one would turn up in some corner of the world if I were to run for office, and the papers would print extracts from it. I wouldn't have that happen for a million dollars. No, sir, nothing doing!"—Youth's Companion.

An Incomplete Assertion.

"I am a self made man," remarked the aggressive citizen.

"Well," answered Grandpa Whetstone, "go ahead."

"What more is there to say?"

"That remark about being self made always requires explanation as to whether it is a brag or an apology."—Washington Star.

CHARGED WITH THEFT

A Queer Trial In Which Was Used a Queer Defense.

SHIPPING A CASE OF GOLD.

The Solution of the Difference in Weight of the Box at Cape Nome and at San Francisco—The Clever Move of an Astute Young Lawyer.

One of the most interesting trials that ever took place in any country was that of James Stevens in the California courts for theft. The circumstances were as follows:

There were four prospectors in the Klondike region when the gold fever there was at its height, among whom Stevens was one. They "struck it rich," divided up and started out for the United States. Just before leaving Stevens got into a faro game and lost everything he had. Winter was coming on and he bade fair to starve unless something was done for him. So the other three decided to pay him so much to guard their dust on the ship and pay his way home to San Francisco. They each had their share of dust and nuggets accurately weighed and then put them into a common pile, pending, of course, their reapportionment on reaching port.

This they placed in a strong box which they nailed up and sealed carefully. It was Stevens' duty to watch this by day and sleep by it by night until the destination was reached. There was exactly 200 pounds avoirdupois of the gold, sworn to by a regular weigher. It was worth a great deal of money.

Well, everything went along smoothly until San Francisco was reached, Stevens seeming to appreciate what his former partners were doing for him and guarding his trust jealously. When the ship came into port the box was immediately removed, under the supervision of Stevens, to a place of reweighing, so that each could take his share again and deduct so much for Stevens' pay.

It was found that instead of having 600 pounds of gold as before there was now only a fraction over 598 pounds. The partners were loath to distrust Stevens and had it reweighed twice, but with the same result each time.

Reassured as they were of his guilt and having contempt for such ingratitude, they immediately swore out a warrant for his arrest. He all the time protested his innocence, but was not able to account for the loss.

The poor fellow was thrown into prison and held for trial. Not having any money or friends, he gave up all hope of being acquitted, as the circumstantial evidence seemed absolutely against him. A young lawyer was appointed by the court to defend him. This young man, Thaddeus Wayne by name, set to work on the seemingly hopeless job with great enthusiasm, as he had few clients anyhow and plenty of time.

The case was soon called and all the circumstantial evidence set forth. Wayne did not even question a witness.

When all the testimony was in Wayne requested the judge to allow him to qualify Samuel L. Johnson, teacher of physics in a high school, as an expert witness. The judge, not seeing any relation of physics to the theft, was about to refuse the young man when a peculiar glimmer in the latter's eye persuaded him to humor the boy. Johnson was placed on the stand, and the following colloquy ensued:

"With what does physics deal?"

"With natural phenomena, or the changes in the state or condition of matter."

"Does the weight of a person change as he changes his location on the earth?"

"Yes."

"Just how does that happen, and how much does the weight change?"

"The weight of any body is greatest at the poles of the earth, as they are the nearest points to the center. It gets less and less the farther we travel toward the equator, for we go away from the center. This effect is enhanced by the rotation of the earth, bodies tending to fly off more at the equator than near the poles. The combination of these two makes a body weigh one two-hundred-and-eighty-ninth less at the equator than at the poles and a proportionate amount for distances between."

"About what fraction of its weight would a body lose in going from Cape Nome, Alaska, to San Francisco?"

"I should say about one in 300."

"Then gold weighing 600 pounds in Nome could not possibly weigh over 598 pounds here, could it?"

"It could not."

It is needless to say that Stevens was acquitted on this evidence. His former partners were so sorry of their recent suspicion and so eager to make amends that they not only paid him the salary they had promised him, but set him up in business from their ample funds.

This fact is peculiar, but perfectly in accord with reason. It is recognized by the United States government. Every time bullion is sent from Washington to the New Orleans mint a certain amount of weight is lost in the mere act of transit. So in order to get the same amount of metal in each coin compensating weights or those specially calibrated have to be used or else special scales. If the weights are made at Washington and sent to New Orleans of course they will lose in weight and will weigh true on a pair of balances. But spring balances cannot be used.—Lawrence Hodges in Denver Times.

THE ONLY WAY TO GOOD HEALTH

Is to Keep the Blood Rich, Red and Pure by Using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

The only way for every girl and woman to be well and at her best is to keep her blood rich and red and pure. Impure, weak blood is the cause of the wretched feeling of languor and faintness, pains in the back and sides, headaches and all those other indescribable sufferings which makes the lives of so many growing girls and women a daily torture. There is one sure way to be well, and that is through the tonic treatment supplied by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. These Pills actually make the new, rich blood which growing girls and women need to make them well and keep them well. Thousands of mothers and their daughters have found an effectual cure for anaemia, general weakness, indigestion, palpitation, nervous disorders, skin troubles and other ailments in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mrs. J. C. Moses, Brenton, N.S., says: "Last spring and summer my daughter's health gave out. She had no energy, was very pale and nervous, and had no appetite. As the usual remedies given in such cases did not help her, we became much alarmed, and on the advice of a neighbor began giving her Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. We could soon see an improvement, and as she continued to take the Pills she gained in weight and vigor; her color returned and her whole system seemed to be built up again. She is now the picture of health and joins in recommending Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

These Pills are sold by all medicine dealers or will be sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by addressing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont

He scowled across the table at her.

"I can't for the life of me see," he said "what you can find interesting in the same old names in that society column."

She looked up brightly.

"And I can't for the life of me see," she retorted, "what you find interesting in the same old names in that baseball column."

He saw that she had him there, and said no more.

Emily (playing "house") — "Now, I'll be mamma and you'll be papa, and Ben and Bessie will be our babies."

Willie (after a moment, anxiously) —"Ain't it about time to whip the children?"

Warts will render the prettiest hands unsightly. Clear the excrescences away by using Halloway's Corn Cure, which acts thoroughly and painlessly.

"May I ask you a question?"

"Sure, stranger."

"Why is everybody in the section mixed up in a feud?"

"Well, nobody keers to take chances on being an innocent bystander."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia.

"Oh, cook, I must really speak to you!" exclaimed a young wife. "Your master is always complaining. One day it is the soup, the second day it is the fish, the third day it is the joint—in fact, it is always something or other!"

"Well, mum," responded the cook, "I'm sorry for you. It must be quite awful to live with a gentleman of that sort!"

A Remedy for Bilious Headache.—To those subject to bilious headache, Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are recommended as the way to speedy relief. Taken according to directions they will subdue irregularities of the stomach and so act upon the nerves and blood vessels that the pains in the head will cease. There are few who are not at sometime subject to biliousness and familiar with its attendant evils. Yet none need suffer with these pills at hand.

A—"When I was in the east I met with many begging dervishes."

B—"I thought they called them howling dervishes."

A—"That's what they become when you don't give them anything."

Minards Liniment Cures Dandruff.

"Owen Flannagan! Are you Owen Flannagan?" said the clerk of the court.

"Yes, begorra," replied the prisoner, with a merry twinkle in his eye. "I'm owin' everybody!"

In the causes of infant mortality cholera morbus figures frequently, and it may be said that complaints of the bowels are great destroyers of child life. If all mothers would avail themselves of so effective a remedy as Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial many a little one could be saved. This Cordial can be given with safety to the smallest child, as there is no injurious substance in it.

The Archbishop of Canterbury was going in with a number of other clergyman to luncheon after some great ecclesiastical function, when an unctuous dignitary observed, "Now to put a bridle on our appetites!"

Quick as lightning the Archbishop retorted: "Say rather, now to put a bit between your teeth."

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, Etc.

An eminent lawyer was once cross-examining a very clever woman, mother of the plaintiff in a breach of promise action, and was completely worsted in the encounter of wits. At the close, however, he turned to the jury and exclaimed, "You saw, gentlemen, that even I was but a child in her hands. What must my client have been." By this adroit stroke of advocacy he turned his failure into a success.

ALL NIGHT SESSIONS.

These Are Weary Times in the British Commons.

In normal times all opposed business in the House of Commons stops at eleven o'clock; and a few minutes later the light on the Clock Tower, which tells London that the representatives of the people are at work, is extinguished. But there are occasions every session when members are unable to get away from Westminster till the small and wan hours of the morning. The House has to sit up all night to get on with a Bill which the Government declare is urgently needed in the people's interest, but which the Opposition protest would bring still closer the downfall of the nation.

Once a late sitting of the House begins it is rarely possible to tell how long it will last. All depends upon whether a spirit of good-will or hostility is developed between the two sides by the progress of events. The outcome is always uncertain. Often a word dropped by the Minister in charge of the Bill or the Leader of the Opposition, according as it is bitter or conciliatory, brings about an abrupt ending of the proceedings or arouses on each side a grim determination to fight to the bitter end.

Discussion goes on unceasingly through the night. It is carried on almost entirely by a few members of the Opposition who possess the capacity of talkativeness. The Minister in charge of the Bill sits on the Treasury Bench and intervenes as little as possible. When he rises it is to say a few words in rejection of a new amendment proposed by the Opposition or to move the closure. A few of his colleagues lend him the light of their countenances through the night, but not the help of their tongues. As a rule, each Minister has to fight his own battles unaided, save by the law officers when points of law are in dispute.

A few years ago, during an unexpected all-night sitting, the food supplies laid in in advance were soon exhausted, and waiters had to be sent out to forage for more.

As the shops were not yet opened, the proprietors of a coffee van and a hot-potato stove, discovered on the south side of Westminster Bridge, were induced, by the offer of liberal terms, to part with their stocks for the use of Members of Parliament. The following night each of them displayed a large card with the inscription—"Caterers to the House of Commons."

Dean Hole's Story.

A young curate, a good fellow, but very shy and bashful, came into a parish which was occupied by Yorkshire yeomen, who bred horses and rode them — and sometimes had steeplechases. He did not get on, and was very much depressed. One day the clerk said to him, "If you please, sir, the prayers of the Church are desired for Lucy Gray."

"Very well," said the curate. And at every service in which the prayer for all sorts and conditions of men was offered the Church was asked to pray for Lucy Gray, till one morning the clerk rushed into the vestry, and said, "You needn't pray for Lucy Gray any more—she's won the steeplechase."

"Have I been praying for a horse?" asked the curate. "I shall leave the place."

But the clerk said, "You'll do nowt o' sort, sir; I thought little of ye when ye came, but now ye've got the hearts of them all, and ye can do what ye like in this parish since we took to praying for that horse."—From "The Letters of Samuel Hole, Dean of Rochester."

Doctor's A.O.T. Magic Cure.

For thirty years, Sir Samuel Wilks, who will shortly celebrate his 85th birthday, has been the family doctor to the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. In his younger da, s the distinguished physician visited the East End, where a friend had lately started a practice. Sir Samuel stayed with his friend while the latter received his patients. One day, while sitting in the surgery, he noticed on a shelf a number of bottles of physic, all but one of which he recognized by the technical names as harmless concoctions. He was rather anxious to know what the bottle labelled "A. O. T." contained, so he took it from the shelf and smelt the colorless fluid. "What in the name of goodness is this?" he asked. "That?" said his friend, carelessly—"Oh, that's Any Old Thing, warranted to cure imaginary complaints!" For many years Sir Samuel was physician and lecturer on medicine at Guy's Hospital, and also editor of the hospital reports.

London Children and Alcohol.

A great hubbub, participated in chiefly by medical men, temperance workers and teachers, is stirring England as the result of the statement of F. G. Mackereth, in the current number of The Lancet, that 40 per cent. of the London school children under the age of eight drink alcohol more or less regularly. Mackereth says he got his figures from several of the London County Council infant schools.

"There appears no doubt," he says, "that a similar state of things exist in every part of Christian Europe, excepting in the countries of the farthest north. It would be interesting to learn whether the figures I obtained from schools chosen haphazard are true of the rest of the country.

"In one school of some three hundred infants, I found that 11.8 per cent. drank alcohol daily; 34.1 per cent. drank occasionally, and 5.4 per cent. were members of the Band of Hope."

The Cape Premier.

A land surveyor by profession and an Englishman by birth, Mr. Merriman, the Premier of Cape Colony, who is at present paying a visit to this country, has made politics the principal business of his life, which has been largely spent in South Africa. His father was the Bishop of Grahamstown, and the son was educated at Dive College, Rondebosch, and at Oxford. It is forty years this year since Mr. Merriman was first elected to the Cape Parliament, in which he sat continuously until his first defeat at the polls in 1904.

NOVEL MADE TOWNS.

Places in Britain That Authors Have Made Famous.

The novelist and the poet can throw a glamor over scenes and places which are in themselves by no means remarkable, and can even add a fresh charm to those which have already many claims of notice. Scott is probably unrivalled as a novelist of locality. How many Americans and Colonials, for instance, would make pilgrimage to Kenilworth but for Scott's novel of that name? Doubtless a few would, for it has beauty and distinction which are independent of fiction, but it may be safely said that where a hundred people visit it to-day one visited it before Scott lived and wrote.

There is no doubt also that Scott discovered the Trossachs and the Highlands of Scotland. When Dr. Samuel Johnson and James Boswell made their celebrated tour through the Highlands, that magnificent region of mountain and lake was much less known than is the Soudan today, and Johnson's celebrated diary of his trip was not calculated to persuade many people to follow in his footsteps. It remained for the poems and romances of Sir Walter Scott to reveal to the world a region of almost unrivalled beauty and wild grandeur, and since his day visitors to the Highlands have increased ten-thousandfold.

Kirriemuir is an excellent example of what a novelist can accomplish in the way of glamor. Not even a Scotsman will claim much beauty for the villages and small hamlets of his native country. They have little or nothing of the idyllic charm of English villages, and Kirriemuir is neither better nor worse than a hundred of its village compeers.

Yet as Barrie's "Thrums" it is famous in every English-speaking community the world over; and Americans especially make a point of visiting it, and perhaps trying to see through some "window" there the idyllic scenes which Barrie saw. Alas! they cannot. They may be there to see, but it would take another Barrie to see them. In the same way Crockett's books have made the Galloway country, hitherto almost as little known as Connemara, quite a tourist resort, and many people nowadays go lovingly over the ground which is the setting for such fine novels as "The Raiders" and "The Men of the Moss Hags."

There is a room at the Royal Hotel, Bideford, which is kept to-day just as Charles Kingsley used it when he was writing his famous novel, 'Westward Ho!" Thousands of people have stayed at this hotel, simply on Charles Kingsley's account and in order to make it the centre from which they can cover the scenes mentioned in the famous romance. It cannot be said that Kingsley made Bideford, because it was a famous old port in Elizabeth's day; but it can be truly said that he resuscitated the old town and made it a modern place of resort and pilgrimage, though it would probably take more than a novel to restore its old seafaring glory.

Thousands of people go every summer to see the battlefield of Towton, and the selling of old axe-heads and "relics" has afforded good business for years, whilst Lytton has woven so much romance around Battle Abbey and the field of Senlac that thousands of brakes and chars-a-bancs go out of Hastings during the season laden with curious sight-seers, although it must be confessed there is not a great deal to see when they get there.

Lieutenant Alias Rhinoceros.

At Londonderry House, a dinner party given by Viscount Castlereagh, M.P., was largely attended, and among the guests was Captain J. Craig, M.P. This gentleman is a popular raconteur, and during his military career has collected a good number of stories. We have selected this one, which deals with a rather hopeless lot of recruits, whose stupidity as they bungled through their drill aroused the ire of the captain in charge. For the hundredth time they turned to the left when the order was given "Right turn," and ran about like lost sheep at the order, "Form fours." That was the last straw. "You knock-kneed, flat-footed idiots!" he yelled. "You're not worthy of being drilled by a captain. What you need is a rhinoceros to teach you." Then, sheathing his sword in a towering passion, he turned upon his companion, a young lieutenant, who was standing near, quietly enjoying the joke, and scarcely able to refrain from laughter. "Now, lieutenant," he roared at the top of his voice, "you take charge of them."

"Tommy" and the Turkey.

During the Boer War a despatch rider galloped into the British camp with a fat turkey tied to his saddle. Meeting a simple-looking horseman, he said: "Hallo, mate, where shall I find Polly Carey?" "That's his camp over there," was the reply; "but if I were you, I wouldn't take that turkey with you. It might get you into trouble." "All right," said the trooper; "you take it till I return, and we'll go shares." Before the stranger could protest the bird was in his keeping and the despatch rider had ridden off. Later on the trooper discovered that the simple-looking horseman was none other than Sir Reginald Pole-Carew, whom we incidentally wish many happy returns of his birthday, which he has just celebrated. The General only laughed at what he considered a good joke, and hinted to the abashed "Tommy" that he would find his turkey safely hidden not far away.

Napoleon and the Steamboat.

Fulton's first steamboat before its trial was looked upon by many of the wiseacres of the time as the freakiest of all freaks. Napoleon Bonaparte scoffed at Fulton's apparent vagaries. Later, however, when, looking from the height of the barren rock of St. Helena, he saw a funnel emerge from the sea, with a trail of black smoke curling along the horizon, he turned to Count Montholon and said: "It was I, and not Fulton, who was crazy. Had I listened to him, I should not now be here."

Fall Skin Diseases

An Article for Mothers.

When the children "break out" with eruptions and skin diseases, so common in the fall, don't run to useless and nauseating medicines. Zam-Buk is what is needed. It is a skin food as well as a healing balm.

Mrs. Chas. Levere, of Prescott, North Channel, Ont., tells how Zam-Buk cured her baby. She says:—"My baby's head and face was one complete mass of sores. The itching and irritation were fearful, and the little one's plight was so fearful that at one time we feared her ears would be eaten off.

"We had to keep her hands tied for days to prevent her rubbing and scratching the sores. Doctor after doctor treated her in vain, until we had five doctors. They all agreed it was a frightful case of eczema, but none of them did any permanent good.

"As a last resource we were advised to try Zam-Buk. The first box did so much good that we felt sure we were at last working in the right direction. We persevered with the treatment until we had used thirteen boxes, and at the end of that time I am glad to say Zam-Buk effected a cure."

Mrs. Holmes, of 30 Guise Street, Hamilton, is quite as eloquent in her praises. She says:—"Zam-Buk cured my boy of boils and eruptions when he was so bad that he had been unable to mix with other children. Prior to the boils breaking out he had had a bad eruption, but Zam-Buk cleared this away too, and made his skin clear and smooth. It is a wonderful preparation, and mothers throughout the land should always keep it handy."

For eczema, eruptions, rashes, tetter, itch, ringworm, and similar skin diseases, Zam-Buk is without equal. It also cures cuts, burns, scalds, piles, abcesses, chronic sores, blood-poisoning, etc. All druggists and stores at 50 cents a box, or post free for price from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto.

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.

To Men Who Live Inactive Lives.—Exercises in the open air is the best tonic for the stomach and system generally; but there are those who are compelled to follow sedentary occupations and the inactivity tends to restrict the healthy action of the digestive organs and sickness follows. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills regulate the stomach and liver and restore healthy action. It is wise to have a packet of the pills always on hand.

"I'm going to have a crayon of my father hung over the mantlepiece," remarked the proud owner of a new and beautiful mansion, as he expressed his perfect satisfaction with the decorations of the library.

"Oh, pardon me, it is impossible!" exclaimed the architect. "The room is Turkish."

"All right," said the master of the house, gravely. "Of course, we must not spoil the decorations. But if I have the artist touch him up a little, and put a fez on the old gentleman's head, you'll let him in, won't you?"

St. Joseph, Levis, July 14, 1906.
Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Gentlemen,—I was badly kicked by my horse last May and after using several preparations on my leg nothing would do. My leg was black as jet. I was laid up in bed for a fortnight and could not walk. After using three bottles of your MINARD'S LINIMENT I was perfectly cured, so that I could start on the road.

JOS. DUBES,
Commercial Traveller.

The Vicar (to sexton)—Why don't you see that the seats in the church are dusted now and then, Tombs?

Tombs (the sexton)—I do, sir; the congregation does it every Sunday morning, sir.

Wilson's Fly Pads, the best of all fly killers, kill both the flies and the disease germs.

Wife—"John, there must be a lot of iron in your system."

Husband—"Why do you think so?"

Wife—"Because you invariably loose your temper when you get hot."

Wife—"Here's another invitation to dine at the Flatleys'. What a bore those occasions are."

Hub—"Yes; even their dinner knives are dull."—Boston Transcript.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
CURES RHEUMATISM
BRIGHT'S DISEASE BACKACHE
DIABETES
NO. 23 THE PR

A WESLEY RELIC.

Manuscript of Rare Value Is Found in Toronto.

A copy of a letter written by John Wesley, has been discovered quite recently in Toronto in an old book.

The Wesley manuscript is the ordination papers of the Rev. Thomas Coke, D.C.L., the first superintendent of the Methodist church in North America, and was written by John Wesley, who appointed Dr. Coke to the position on September 2, 1784.

The following is a short sketch of the events which led up to Dr. Coke's appointment:

After the American Revolution many of Wesley's early helpers were driven out of the United States on the charge of being British sympathizers, and from 1773-1783 the minutes of the English Methodist Conference contain no records of the work done in America Also from 1773-1784 there were no published minutes of the American Methodist Conference.

Wesley had intended the Methodist organizations in America to be dependent on the Church of England clergymen for the administration of the Sacraments of Baptism and the Lord's Supper, but the Civil War destroyed all possibility of it. Twice he wrote to Lowth, Bishop of London, asking him to ordain some of the Methodist helpers, and thus give them authority to administer these sacraments, but Lowth refused, stating that there were three Church of England clergymen in America already.

After waiting in vain for four years, Wesley, assisted by Rev. Creighton, ordained Thomas Coke.

The ordination paper in Wesley's handwriting is as follows:

To all to whom these Presents shall come, John Wesley, late Fellow of Lincoln College in Oxford, Presbyter of the Church of England, sendeth greeting.

Whereas many of the People in the Southern Provinces of North America, who desire to continue under my care, and still adhere to the Doctrines and Discipline of the Church of England are greatly distrest for want of ministers to administer the Sacraments of Baptism and the Lord's Supper, according to the usage of the said Church; And whereas there does not appear to be any other way of supplying them with ministers:

Know all men, that I, John Wesley, think myself to be providentially called at this time to set apart some persons for the work of the ministry in America. And therefore under the Protection of Almighty God, and with a single eye to his Glory, I have this day set apart as a Superintendent, by the imposition of my hands and prayer (being assisted by other ordained ministers), Thomas Coke, Doctor of Civil Law, a Presbyter of the Church of England, and a man whom I judge to be well qualified for that great work. And I do hereby recommend him to all whom it may concern as a fit person to preside over the Flock of Christ. In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal this second day of September in the year of our Lord, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-four.

JOHN WESLEY.

Looked Like a Canadian.

In a Police Court in Old London the other day a detective gave evidence against a band of confidence men, and told the magistrate that their leader first approached a man at Waterloo station who "had the appearance of a Canadian." He did not enlighten the court as to what a Canadian appearance was; but the incident recalls one which took place in London last year, when a bevy of girls was sent over as part of an advertising scheme for a Montreal newspaper. One of the girls got lost in the British Museum or some place of that kind, and was compelled to ask the good offices of a "bobby." She told him of her plight and asked to be directed to the private hotel at which the party was staying, adding the chance remark that she was a visitor from Canada and did not know her way about. The "copper" surprised her very much by retorting:

"Ho, Miss, yer needn't 'ave told me. I knew you was a Canadian the moment I clapped my h'eyes h'on yer!" And the girl from Glengarry has always wanted to know how the constable knew. Can it be that there is really a "Canadian appearance" and that the London police have got us classified? It is an interesting point. Perhaps Doctor Colquhoun, who is just back from a trip to the "Big Smoke," could solve the riddle: "What is the Canadian appearance?"

Canadian Gig Infantry.

After an eleven day journey across country from St. Catharines, a detachment of four officers of the gig infantry arrived in Petawawa camp a few days ago. They include Captain Wilson, 9th Mississagwa Horse, Toronto, in charge and Captain Snyder, 9th Horse, Toronto, Lieut. Cozzens, 19th Regiment, St. Catharines, and Lieut. Suydam, Queens' Own Rifles, Toronto.

The party left St. Catharines, on July 31, traveling overland to Toronto, where a day's halt was made. Leaving Toronto, the journey was made via Richmond Hill, Beaverton, Kinmount, Combermere, Golden Lake and Pembroke to the camp.

The gig infantry is the idea of Capt. Leonard of the Corps of Guides, St. Catharines. The gig has not yet been adopted by the Government. An outfit of tent, blankets, shovels, etc., and provisions for horses and men for fourteen days is carried.

The distance traveled by the detachment of the gig was 425 miles, an average of 40 miles per day being made. One horse is used on each gig.

Franco-Canadian Treaty.

It is sad to learn that the Franco-Canadian treaty does not please Uncle Sam. Under its terms, Canadian manufactuers of agricultural implements, electrical machinery, etc., enjoy considerable tariff advantages which, added to the cheaper Canadian prices of steel, wood, etc., will, it is feared by United States manufacturers, turn a large part of this trade to Canada. It is highly probable that the great manufacturing industries of Hamilton will profit largely by the terms of the treaty.—Hamilton Times.

A Genius

"How did Tom manage to get so much of his uncle's estate?"

"He married his lawyer's only daughter."

A little girl was in the habit of telling awful "stretchers." Her auntie told her she could not believe her; and to warn her, related the tale of the boy who called "Wolf, wolf," and how the wolf really did come one day and at up all the sheep.

"Ate the sheep?" asked the child.

"Yes."

"All of them?"

"Yes, all of them," said the auntie.

"Well," said the little one, "I don't believe you, and you don't believe me, So there!"

BETTER THAN SPANKING.

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

The Lady—"Here's some wood to cut, and when your work's done, I'll give you a good dinner."

The Hobo—"Madam, ye're too kind —me conscience won't let me take de job."

The Lady—"What's your conscience got to do with it?"

The Hobo—"Yer see, I'm a bachelor. If I selfishly do dis work, I may be takin' de bread outer de mouths o' some poor married bum's wife an' kids. No, ma'am, I can't do it!"—Cleveland Leader.

Customer (with a sigh)—"Good peaches come so high."

Grocer Boy—Yes'm; when they pack 'em they always put the best 'uns at the top."—Chicago Tribune.

SALADA CEYLON TEA

"SALADA"

TEA

Unsurpassed for quality and flavor

Lead packets only. At all Grocers.

WINNIPEG BUSINESS COLLEGE.
28th Year.
Individual Instruction.
Good Positions Await our Graduates.
Write for Illustrated Catalogue.
Address, The Secretary, Winnipeg Business College, Corner Portage Ave. and Fort St., Winnipeg, Man.

CROSS-EYES
and all eye diseases, Cataracts and scums over the sight can be cured without the Knife, by Dr. Carter's Absorption method. Write for book
Franklin O. Carter, M.D.
182 State St., Chicago, Ill.

VERMIN DEATH

Will exterminate Bed Bugs.

VERMIN DEATH

can be rubbed on bed springs as it will not rust iron.

VERMIN DEATH

is antiseptic and will not discolor varnished work if used as a cleanser.

VERMIN DEATH

is a beautiful brown stain that can be used on floors or other unpainted woodwork.

Ask your store keeper or write Sales Manager.

Carbon Oil Works,
Limited,
WINNIPEG, CANADA.
Manufacturers of "COWL BRAND" Oil Specialties.

You Can't Cut Out
A BOG SPAVIN, FUFT or THOROUGHPIN, but
ABSORBINE
will clean them off permanently and you work the horse same time. Does not blister or remove the hair. Will tell you more if you write. $2.00 per bottle at d'lers or deliv'd. Book 1D free.
ABSORBINE, JR., for mankind. $1 bottle. Reduces Varicose Veins, Varicocele, Hydrocele, Ruptured Muscles or Ligaments, Enlarged Glands. Allays pain quickly.
W. F. YOUNG, P.D.F., 157 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.
LYMANS Ltd., Montreal, Canadian Agents.
Also furnished by Martin Bole & Wynne Co., Winnipeg; The National Drug & Chemical Co., Winnipeg and Calgary; and Henderson Bros. Co. Ltd., Vancouver.

Select Silver
If one thing more than another proves the quality of silverware, it is the mark
"1847 ROGERS BROS."
On knives, forks, spoons, etc., it is an unmistakable stamp of quality.
Best tea sets, dishes, waiters, etc., are stamped
MERIDEN BRITA CO.
SOLD BY LEADING DEALERS
"Silver Plate that Wears"

THE MICHEL REPORTER
NEW MICHEL, B. C.

GEORGE G. MEIKLE, -- MANAGING-EDITOR

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

SUBSCRIPTION ONE DOLLAR
A YEAR IN ADVANCE

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION

In and Around Town

J. R. McMillan of Corbin was a visitor here yesterday.

The Great Northern railway now has an agent at Hosmer.

Business over the Great Northern is increasing so rapidly that another car inspector will be put on.

The second National Apple Show will be on at Spokane from Nov. 15 to 20. The rate over the Great Northern will be $12.80 return.

If that $5.000 bet is cancelled, it is said in San Francisco that Johnson may refuse to enter the ring, and the big fight may be called off.

Don't forget Brown's moving picture show in Crahan's hall on Sunday night. Turn out and help the Brass Band boys who will pull off a percentage of the proceeds.

The Western Union takes over the Great Northern telegraph system on Nov. 1. This will be a saving of 25 cents on each message in future, no matter where sent.

The C. P. R. have had a gang of men at work this week putting in a larger culvert at the first bridge, the old one not being sufficient to allow all the water to pass under the tracks.

Learned men tell us that in Latin the word "editor" means something to "eat." In Canada its meaning is altogether different. It means to scratch around like blazes to get something to eat.

The kickers and croakers have no place in a city with the push and progressiveness of our town. The man who opposes needed public improvements and stands in the way of progress is not a good citizen.

A car loaded with vegetables for the Trites-Wood Co., ran off the track at the siding here, owing to defective brakes. The roof of the car was badly smashed and the contents were unloaded from the top.

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

It is very easy to fill a country newspaper every week if the reading matter be re-printed from the city dailies or from the large weeklies, but it is not so easy when an effort is made to provide the news of the district and articles that are quite original. Today almost everyone reads a city paper, and if a reader is not interested in his local paper it is because he has discovered by frequent observation that seldom anything new can be found there.

Get in
Your Orders
in early
for the
Special edition
of the
Reporter.

HEWSON
PURE WOOL
UNDERWEAR

PURE WOOL HEWSON AMHERST. UNDERWEAR

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

Weber, New Michel

Spend Sunday at Baynes

People of Michel and Hosmer should take in the excursion to Baynes Lake to-morrow. The Great Northern special train from Fernie to Baynes will not leave Fernie until after the arrival of the C. P. R. express. The developments which have been taking place at Baynes Lake recently, in connection with the irrigation system just completed there by the Kootenay River Land Co., are well worth visiting.

All who join the excursion are promised a delightful trip. Round trip from Fernie $1.75.

Marathon Race

Probably the greatest Marathon race that ever took place in the Pass will be run on Thanksgiving Day in Coleman. Amateurs all over the provinces of Alberta and British Columbia are training for the 12 mile race. Shorter races also will be run. Tickets can be bought at the Reporter office.

Cramped for Room

There is considerable building going on in the residential portion of the town, but the great difficulty seems to lie in securing residential lots, as there was only a limited number put on the market, and these with the exception of less than half-a-dozen have been built on. It is a wonder the Coal Co., would not survey a few blocks west of the present townsite and give the employees the benefit of owning a home of their own.

There are a great number of married men who would like to locate in New Michel, and if the Coal Company would put on some lots and run a work train as is done from Fernie to Coal Creek, it would be the means of the Company being able to keep a more steady class of workmen.

The Majestic Realty Co.

A new company, under the name of "The Majestic Realty Co." is now carrying on the business of real estate and insurance in the city of Calgary. This company is under the management of G, H. McKay, late of this town. This is a good opportunity to procure city property, farm lands or any commission business that can be guaranteed worth its value.

We are advised that only reliable property will be handled, and any investment offered can be wholly depended upon. They will be pleased to have a call from you when in the city, also, correspondence solicited. Office, Room 5, McDougall Block.

The Empress of Ireland of the C. P. R., inward bound from Liverpool to Quebec with 1225 passengers on board, struck a submerged wreck between Cape Chattee and Matane 40 miles east of Rimouski, yesterday morniug. Her bottom was pierced and she is taking in water.

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

FOR SALE

ONE LOT IN NEW MICHEL, SITUATED, LOT 6, Block 5. Price $150.00. Easy terms. Apply Bastian, Michel.

FOR SALE OR TO RENT

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

FARM FOR SALE

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

SUNDAY SERVCIES

METHODIST CHURCH
MICHEL AND NEW MICHEL
SERVICES EVERY SUNDAY
NEW MICHEL, Sunday school 2 p.m. Service 3 p.m., in the schoolhouse.
MICHEL, Sunday. School, 2.30 p. m. Evening service, at 7.30. Band of Hope every Monday at 7.30 p. m.
Rev. S. T. Chenoweth, M. A., Pastor.
The pastor and officials extend a cordial invitation to you to attend these services.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH
MICHEL, B. C.
Services—3rd Sunday in the month,
Holy Communion, 11 a. m.
Evensong, 3.30 p. m.
Sunday School, 2.00 p. m.
A. Briant N. Crowther, M. A., Vicar.

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH
MICHEL, B. C.
Sunday: Low Mass, 8 a. m.; High Mass, 10.30 a. m.; Sunday School, 3 p. m.; Vespers, 4 p. m.
Monday: Mass, 8 a. m.
Rev. Fr. Meissner, Pastor

L. P. ECKSTEIN D. E. MCTAGGART
ECKSTEIN & McTAGGART
Barristers, Solicitors Etc.
ECKSTEIN BUILDING, FERNIE, B.C

UNION
SECRETARIES

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

BADGE OF HONOR
— THE —
TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION LABEL

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
PATENTS
TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &C.
Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents.
Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the
Scientific American.
A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms for Canada, $3.75 a year, postage prepaid. Sold by all newsdealers.
MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

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

Notice of Application for Renewal of Liquor License

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

ALEXANDER J. McCOOL.

Dated at New Michel, B. C., Oct. 9, 1909.

Notice of Application for Renewal of Liquor License

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

GEORGE B. STEDMAN.

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

WALK-OVER
~SHOES~

Conspicuous Shoes

A pair of shoes may be conspicuous for either one of two reasons, because they look particularly bad or because they look particularly good. WALK-OVER Shoes are in the latter class from the first day they are worn till the last day That's but one reason why you should buy them: there many other reasons equally as good. Find out at our store some of them any other reasons why the WALK-OVER is the shoe for U

At the Usual Prices

WEBER, NEW MICHEL

Business Bringers

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Cheap Rates
Fast Time
First Class Cars
To England
Hungary
and Italy
Great Northern
Railway

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

Souvenir China
Consisting of
Plates, Cups and Saucers, Five o'-clock Tea Sets, Vases Etc., Containing Views of Michel.
These goods are direct from the manufacturers and the middlemans profit is cut out.
SOMERTON BRO'S
Jewelers, Opticians, Photographers
NEW MICHEL

SEND IN
YOUR
Subscriptions
AND ORDERS FOR
Fine Art Printing
To the Reporter Office

MICHEL REPORTER

VOL. 2. NEW MICHEL, BRITISH COLUMBIA, SATURDAY, OCT. 16, 1909 NO. 4

A PRODUCING DISTRICT

MARKET GARDENS AND DAIRY FARMS PREVAIL

One would think upon first sight that Old and New Michel were but two cities hemmed in on every side by towering mountains and forest slopes. But the casual observer is agreeably surprised when he finds out that this district is spotted everywhere with profitable market gardens and dairy farms.

These outlying adjuncts serve well the needs of the twin cities. Perhaps no other industry in the Pass yields as great returns as this. With an admirable climate and a fertile soil, the returns are flattering and bountiful.

The produce when marketed brings in ample remuneration for the toil and time expended in its production. Time was when almost all of our farm and dairy produce was shipped from districts hundreds of miles away. Now all this is past. Our farms are fast increasing in number and the price per acreage is double that of five years ago.

Climate

The climate of Michel is equalled by few and not surpassed by any other section of British Columbia or Alberta. The warm westerly winds, which constantly blow up the Pass, assist no little in making the climate so refreshing and salubrious.

A gradual change marks all the variations of the seasons. The rain fall is not excessive or the winter intensely cold. The weather in autumn is ideal. The cool air of the evening is softened in the morning by a mellow sunshine and a dryish brisk air.

THE TWIN CITIES

Michel and New Michel

BUSTLING INDUSTRIAL CENTRES

Home of 3,500 Progessive and Enterprising People

Splendid Resources for Industrial Development

Climate Unequalled

Picturesque Scenery

Our Industries

The natural and raw mineral ores of Michel District, quiescent for so so many [illegible] with the aid of man's ingenuity, being rapidly developed. [illegible] of their developement is but a history of the rise of solid commercial and substantial enterprises. With this advent the horizon of our future commercial and industrial spheres is brilliantly and bountifully illuminated. The possibilities in store for Michel district are such that residents and business men in general feel absolute certainty in the results of years of exploitation.

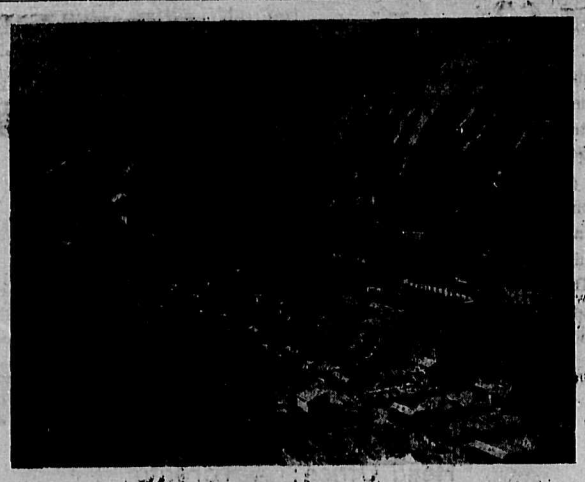
Our coal mines, which are being further treated upon in other articles are long past the development stage and are now ready and are shipping large quantities to the outside markets.

Coal lands at the base of the manufacturing of raw materials and it is to coal that our manufacturing nations owe their great and phenomenal success.

Iron, the twin sister of coal, lies in close proximity. Who could foretell or who would prophesy but that in ten year's time, the twin cities may be the largest manufacturing and industrial centre for the West.

The progressive men who have, by their energy and foresight, been able to secure for themselves such magnificent fields for industrial development should reap and will harvest returns worthy of themselves.

Back of it all lies the fact that each step attained, the twin cities advances. With an excellent situation, healthy industrial enterprises, progressive citizens, the future of the twin cities is prignant with a hopefulness that is warranted by unmitigated resourcefulness.



MICHEL, B.C.

History of Michel

Michel, located on the Crow's Nest Pass railway line is a typical mining town. Here are located some of the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Company's best lands, including five good seams ranging in width from seven to fourteen feet. Two of these are now being operated and the others will be as occasion demands. At present the company is installing an immense steel tipple running all the way across the valley. This when completed it is said, will be the most modern plant of the kind in Canada, if not on the continent. The daily output from Michel mines is about 1,800 tons of coal and between 700 and 800 tons of coke.

The history of Michel begins with the opening of the cool mining operations there on June 10, 1899, the year after the construction of the Crow's Nest Pass railway. Two years later the first coke ovens were fired, since when, with brief intervals due to labor troubles and other unavoidable causes, both mines and ovens have been in constant operation. The company owned the original townsite and on it erected a store, hotel and residences for the officials and workmen, in addition to the works about the mines, every thing about the town was therefore, owned or controlled by the company. As a result of the developement of the mines and the consequent employment of many more men, it was found this year that there was not accomodation enought for the residents in the old town and a new townsite was opened up immediately west of the old one. The government had an interest in this and the lots were sold to one and all who wished to buy. The result has been the springing up of a fine new town, in which there have already been erected in addition to several scores of residences, two hotels and stores of all kinds on which their owners have just opened up for business. One of the results of the opening of the new town is that many who were before tenants of the company are now building their own homes and are thus settling down as permanent residents of the place. The building of this new town put Michel in the front from the stand point of progress and development during the year just closed.

MINING SECTION OF MICHEL

Scenery

It would seem that nature when in the process of its long upbuilding and rearing into comely shapes, the landscapes, plains and valleys, of British Columbia, that she had lifted up her hands and retouched with a skilled artistic brush the land in which the residents of Michel district reside. The winding valley clothed with verdure and sparkling with reflected light from a constant and icy stream of mountain waters is by day a galaxy of colors, by night a silver chain. Not far distant one sees menacing and frowning mountains tops covered with the almost perpetual snow that in its evolutionary course from the soft flakes to the hard glacier, maintains its place as nourisher of the plain and toner of the atmosphere.

To the lover of nature, this is indeed an ideal spot, where one can sit in the midst of plenty, and view in the distance nature's handiwork in a panorama of scenic splendor.

PUBLIC SCHOOL, NEW MICHEL

THE TIPPLE AND COKE OVENS

Where is New Michel?

New Michel is on the Crow's Nest Railroad, 25 miles West of Coleman, Alberta, and 21 miles East of Fernie B. C., and 220 miles East of Nelson, B. C.

New Michel is the terminus of the Great Northern Railway and Fernie Morrissey & Michel Railroad.

Michel Water, Light and Power Co. Ltd.

President, A. J. McCool; Secretary Treasurer, G. B. Stedman; Directors, A. Kennedy, T. B. Baker and H. Somerton.

BOX CAR LOADERS, MICHEL MINES

New Michel is the eastern terminess of the Great Northern railway in British Columbia. From there to Elko, 42 miles west, the Great Northern parrallels the C. P. R., turning south to the international boundary at the latter place. Whatever benefit there is to a coal producing town in railway competition, Michel enjoys it. In addition to the freight trafic there is a daily train service over the Great Northern to and from New Michel.

The population of the old and new towns of Michel is about 3500. Of this number over 1,100 are employed in and about the coal mines, the balances being practically members and other people more or less dependent upon the coal company or its employees. The pay-roll of the mines runs about $97,000 per month, although it naturally varies a little according to conditions in the industry.

IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA, NEW MICHEL

P. BURNS & CO., NEW MICHEL

P. McLANDERS, NEW MICHEL

JAMES DOUGLAS

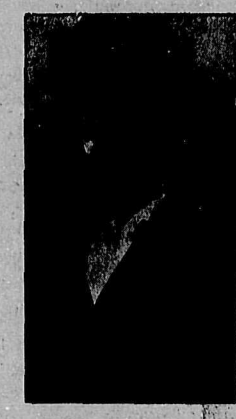
MAKING NEW MICHEL

A. McCOOL
Pres. Water and Light Co.

A. KENNEDY, Postmaster.

NEW MICHEL

J. F. ARMSTRONG,
Secretary Canadian Club.



T. B. BAKER
President Board of Trade.

TWO NEW MICHEL HUNTERS

Last month two of our local nimrods took to the tall timber, ostensibly for a rest and quiet retreat, but when they returned they had the following momentous words to give forth to a wondering world,

"Until the wonder grew
That such small heads could
carry all they knew."

For purpose of reproduction we have altered their names.

"Several weeks ago, while I was prospecting on the Elk River I sometimes had occasion to do some hunting. Food was often scarce and my partner Dan Sullivan and I were almost starved many a time.

It was on a bright sunny day when Dan says to me, "Say Jepson I'm blessed if my sides are not a cavin in for the wee bit of some black bear. Let's go hunting." "Alright Dan I'll go you."

We carefully packed up a small pack of bacon and flour, took our guns and slid down the river in a dug out canoe. On both sides of the river the towering mountains cast huge shadows into the river that made us think that our canoe was slipping on a field of glass. As we proceeded an occasional canyon presented itself, when we had to portage it. The view across such a gorge was well worth our effort to encompass it. The sunlight caught by the dashing spray was converted into myraids of colors, which formed themselves into waving beams across the canyon. The green slopes further added to the mountain tableau that caused us to halt and gaze with unmitigated joy at the pleasing panorama.

Further down when we took the river, the river widened. Dan kept his eye ahead for possible game. The forest growth along the banks was dense. Suddenly Dan called out to me. "See that cinnamon up that fir?" Yes I replied, "take a shot Dan."

Up Dan got on one knee, soldier like and blazed away. Into the clump in the tree the bullet whizzed and stopped. A scramble upon the branches, a lurch, a sudden drop struck us amid ship. You see while all this was taking place, we were carried down stream. Just as we reached the tree the wounded bear fell backwards into our dugout. And out we went.

"Where are you Dan?" I called swimming to shore, "Never mind me yer honor, mind that bear doesn't sail to the starboard and swing you one." After tugging and swimming for the space of twenty minutes we reached the shore in a most deplorable condition. Before I could turn around, Dan started the greatest laughing I ever heard him do. "Be jabers yer honor, that bear is a mighty good sailor, he's got his claws out for sails and he's aheading for camp,"

For three days we wandered around the wild and inhospitable mountains with only a pocket knife for a weapon. At the end of which time, we came to a welcome Indian ranchere, where they gave us plenty of dried potatoes and salmon. After a refreshing sleep we asked for another canoe to go back up the river. The chief came to us before we commenced and in a frightened voice, asked us to examine a cultus bird in his reserve.

Dan and I walked over, all at once that Irishman got into convulsions. He says, "Oh Lord, its a black bird alright yer honer, its that confounded bear with our dugout on his back, and he's climbed that fir."

James Jepson

Some of our pretty little girls seem quite fond of our cunning little boys, on whose lips the first appearance of what will in the course of time be a mustache, and they are really imperilling the lives of these youths in keeping them out so late evenings. Girls remember that little boys should always go to bed early.

METHODIST CHURCH

P. McLanders

For an
up-to-date
Shave,
Shampoo
or Hair cut

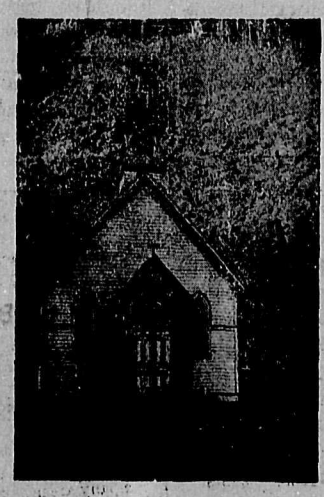
Lumber Yard

Wholesale and Retail Lumber

All kinds of the best Lumber, Mouldings, etc. Fancy windows, Doors and Verandah Posts in Stock and to order

Fernie Lumber Co. Ltd.

New Michel, B. C.



ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH

ANGLICAN CHURCH

- Imperial Bank of Canada -

Head Office: Toronto

Capital Authorized $10,000,000

Capital Paid Up $5,000,000. -:- -:- Reserve Fund $5,000,000

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

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT

Interest allowed on deposits from Date of Deposit

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

Souvenir China

-:-:- Consisting of -:-:-

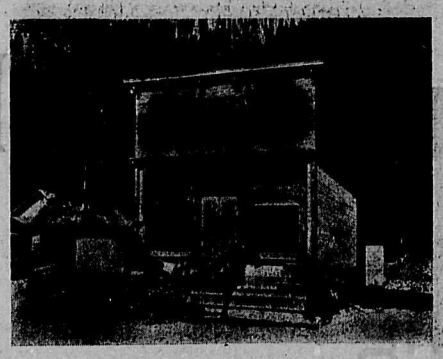
Plates, Cups and Saucers, Five o'clock Tea Sets, Vases Etc., Containing Views of Michel.

These goods are direct from the manufacturers and the middlemans profits is cut out

Somerton Brothers

Jewelers, Opticians, Photographers

New Michel - - B. C.



41 MEAT MARKET, LIMITED

H. Sommerton

Photographer.

Nothing comes nearer to our hearts and homes than does photography. By its means the poorest and richest are enabled to preserve the pictured semblances of loved ones and to adorn their walls with pleasing re-productions of the best works of the masters. And naught indeed, will recall dear ones to memory like an excellent photo. There are other galleries in B. C. that turn out fine work, but none better than Mr. H. Sommerton. His operating and reception rooms are fitted up in a very handsome manner and style, finish and correct technique characterise all his pictures. He uses only first class apparatus and materials, and he is painstaking and tact itself in dealing with patrons. Artistic in everything he does, Mr. H Sommerton is an artist who is highly regarded by the community, being a gentleman of professional competence an a man of word always.

F. POMOHAC
Undertaker and Contractor

H. F. Weber

There is no more reliable or more representative business firm in the town than that of H. F. Weber dealer in boots and shoes, dry goods and men's furnishings. Business in all departments is sought on strictly the merits of the goods offered for sale and as he has been a resident for years, new-comers to the district may feel sure they will receive not only conscientious considerate treatment when dealing here, but every legitimate accommodation as this firm has a gilt edge reputation to maintain and sustain. Recently he has placed orders with many ef the most noted and reliable firms in the east for a large consignment of stock representing evorything in the dry goods line and especially the ladies wear, of which they ere making a specialty. Mr. H. F. Weber is a prominent member of the Board of Trade.

The store, which has lately been erected by Mr. Weber, is admired by all. It is well lighted and every department conveniently arranged.

J. J. Scott

J. J. Scott, who has been here for some years, has opened up a large and spacious blacksmith shop which is quite an addition to the town. He is an expert horse shoer and blacksmith and gives entire satisfaction to all who seek his services. As a repairer of farm machinery, he is certainly capable of putting out the finest of work, and the farmers of this district are congratulating themseves upon Mr Scott's efficient work in New Michel, The shop is on an excellent location and convenient to all.

W. B. King

Ice Cream and Confectionery.

Mr. W. B. King manages a well-kept confectionery and a choice fruit store, which is rapidly becoming popular owing to the first class quality of goods that he offers for sale. The ice-cream, which is Hazelwood's, of Spokane, is admittedly the finest on the Pacific slope.

Wright Bros.

The Western Grocery & Supply Store, was the first business house established in New Michel, built by Mr. A. Bonamice in the mouth of October 1907. Wright Bros, the present owners took the business over on January 1st 1909 and are thoroughly satisfied with the result and say, the miners are the best people on earth to do business with, always wanting good goods which in the end build up a reliable reputation for the firm, quality last after prices are forgotten. They have for this reasons trade a very large stock of men's goods in all lines, which has been brought direct from the manufacturers at cash prices. Their grocery and provission business shows a steady increase which is the proof of fresh goods always giving satisfaction.

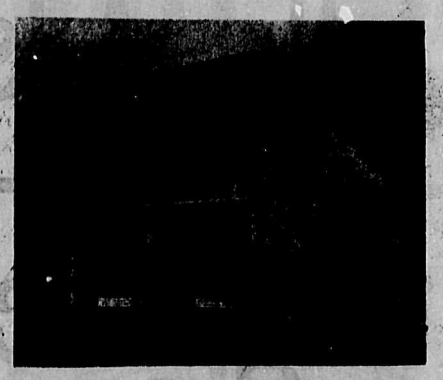
A brief inspection of this store will prove to any one the progressiveness of this firm.

George Fisher

The writer visited the fine livery and feed stable of Mr. George Fisher and found there not only a well equipped livery barn bnt splendid horses and vehicles. The livery is conveniently situated and is well patronized not only by the towns people but by travellers and tourists.

Mr. George Fisher has spent the last four years in the West, and in all of this time has had great experience with horses. In his management of livery barns and dray line he is certainly in the first rank as he has made a great success of all the different businesses he has handled.

ADVERTISING PAYS WHEN IT IS INSERTED IN THE REPORTER.



KOOTENAY HOTEL, NEW MICHEL

F. Pomohac

UNDERTAKER and CONTRACTOR

Mr. F. Pomohac who has been here for some years is now engaged in contracting and building on a large scale. He is erecting on Great Northern Avenue two fine residences, which will be a decided acquisition to New Michel. Mr. Pomohac takes a great interest in all public affairs. He is a skilled musician and his services are in constant demand.

Mr. Pomohac is also the owner of an undertaking establishment which is up-to-date in every respect.

Our Reason

In presenting this illustrated edition of the Michel Reporter to the public, we have only one object in view, and that is the advancement of the district and the welfare of our patrons. The growth of this locality has been phenomenal and it is only right that the facts should be plainly stated and placed before the world. The out come of such a write up as this is of untold benefit to the community, and although those who contributed to the production have ample reward at once, the benefits keep on rolling in for an indefinite period. Thanking all the advertisers and patrons for their support.

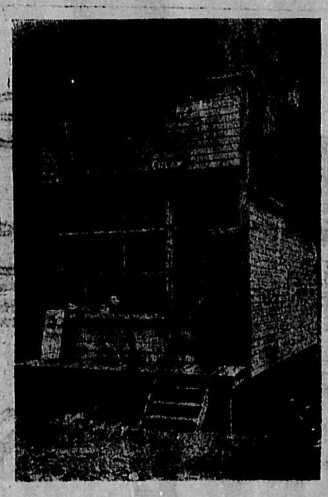
G. G. Meikle,
Editor.

Great Northern Hotel

McCOOL & MOORE, Proprietors

A visit to the Great Northern would convince the most skeptical that it is one of the busiest and most flourishing public houses in the town. Occupying as it does, the best location in New Michel, it has, since its doors were opened to the public, enjoyed a run of trade so large and satisftying in every way that there are few, if any, hotels in the west than equal it. Messrs. McCool & Moore have always done their utmost to maintain for their hotel a reputation which has never been called into question, and it is a well known fact that there is no more homelike or thoroughly respectable house catering to the public any where than is the Great Northern. The rooms are all large, well heated and lighted, handsomely furnished and kept spotlessly clean. There are but few business men in the town to whom we could refer, that are more vitally interested in future success than these gentleman. They have at all times contributed very generously to pushing the town to the front, and the phenomenal success they have made of the present undertaking is in every way well deserved.

There is no way of improving a place so much as by encourageing good merchants, good schools, and good people to settle among us, and this can not be done unless we spend our money at home.



W. B. KING'S CONFECTIONERY STORE, NEW MICHEL.

Kootenay Hotel

DOUGLAS & STEDMAN, Proprietors

The Kootenay Hotel, being one of the best known, and thoroughly respected and strictly up-to-date houses in the town and district, must not be overlooked in this description of the business interests of the town. Occupying an excellent location, the Kootenay Hotel has, on the splendid reputation of its worthy proprietors, secured and successfully catered to a class of trade so desirable that it is safe to say that the most particular guest seeking seclusion from worldly excitement could not be in safer quarters. The rooms are each and all cozy, neatly furnished, well heated and ventilated from cellar to garret, the house throughout is kept clean. The meals served here could not be better and the dining room is indeed a commennable feature of the up-to-dateness of the house. Messrs Douglas & Stedman are perhaps the best managers in the west and they enjoy a wide reputation as conscientious and enterprising business men. Although they have over twenty rooms, the house is always full, which speaks particularly well, not alone of the comforts of the house, but also of their excellent management. Mr. G. B. Stedman holds a large number of responsible positions in the town. He is Secretary-Treasurer of the Michel Water, Light and Power Company. Sec-Treasurer of the Board of Trade, and member of the School Board.

JOB PRINTING NEATLY AND PROMPTLY EXECUTED AT THE REPORTER OFFICE. (Union Shop)

Michel Timber Wealth

It would take thirty years to entirely denude the district of Michel of timber. The only timber that is being cut at present is used in the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Companies mine and the forest growth is practically untouched. The timber in this district represents an enormous wealth and is one of the greatest assets to the twin cities and district.

MODEL BAKERY

The Model Bakery which was established three months ago, has already secured a firm foothold in New Michel and Michel.

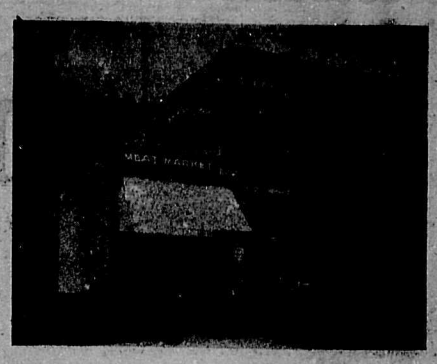
One of the direct causes of this, is the high quality of bread and pastry, out out by these gentlemen. They have an excellent location, and every modern convenience for the establishing of a large business.

The Reporter wishes them every success in their new undertaking.

J. Seigle

FURNITURE, DRY GOODS AND MEN'S FURNISHINGS

During the past eighteen months there are but few concerns transacting business in the town of New Michel, that has on its merit, won a higher place or distinction in the hearts of the people that can be said of the firm of Mr. J. Seigle. He has from small beginnings kept pace with the progress and development of the town, until to-day he is regarded, and justly so, as among the foremost in business. The furniture in stock is of the highest quality. Everything from carpets and linoleums to wall-papers are ready to meet the large demand for these goods.



TRITES-WOOD CO., NEW MICHEL

A. Kennedy

ONE OF OUR POPULAR BUSINESS MEN

He was born in Almonte, Ontario, and was educated in the Almonte, Ottawa and Toronto universities. He graduated in Toronto at the early age of twenty, being first honor man and winner of the Dr. Anigon gold medal for dispensing. He also took up the study of optics in Toronto, and received two diplomas. Not being satisfied with holding diplomas in Ontario in drugs, he also holds diplomas for Alberta, Saskatchewan and B. C. He seeing a future in western Canada, left Ottawa in 1907 to come west to become one of our stanch westerners, that so many good easterners make. In addition to his interests in drugs, Mr. Kennedy takes an active part in municipal matters, being an active member of the Michel Board of Trade and a director of the Michel Water, Light & Power Co.

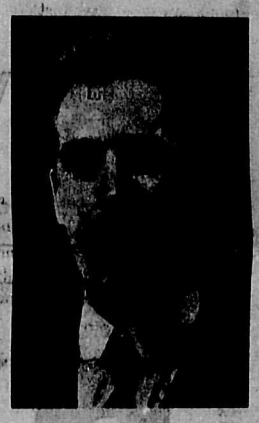
The pharmacy of A. Kennedy has enjoyed a long and successful career in this town, and because of its very high repute, it demands strong praise from us. There is no branch of business so important or more representative in character than the drug line, and we wish to draw particular attention to this store, as it is a model establishment, and it is not too much to say there is hardly a better equipped store in town. The best and finest of drugs, proprietary medicines, toilet articles, perfumery, musical instruments, etc., are always found here, and the prices are always found reasonable. This pharmacy keeps pace with the progress and development of the town, and it enjoys a very extensive patronage.

Mr. Kennedy devotes his undivided time and attention in looking carefully after every detail of the business, Being a skilled optician, Mr. Kennedy is perfectly qualified to test eyes, and write prescriptions for whatever quality of lenses may be required to restore the normal vision of an optic no matter how defective. In this connection he has been very successful and as a conscientious optical practitioner he is spoken of by all who have sought his professional services. Mr. Kennedy who is postmaster of New Michel, is one of our most representative business men of the town.

This store might be classed as one of the few to be found in towns much larger than New Michel, for complete, well assorted and modern lines. Upon entering the store a scene of systematically arranged stock is presented. The visitors notices the new and up-to-date soda fountain, crushed fruits, etc., plate glass show cases on both sides of the store and glass front wall fixtures, displaying stationery and drugs on either side. The eye is here attracted by the fine display of high grade imported sundries, composed of Dupont's famous ebony goods of all kinds, the most popular grade of imported and domestic perfumes together with a grand stock of high grade chocolates, books, fancy goods etc. Mr. Kennedy realizes that there is something more essential than high-class goods and fixtures, namely, the professional work in the laboratory and dispensary. As we have already stated he holds the gold medal for dispensing, awarded to him the year he graduated, as well as four diplomas and two more entitling him to test eyes scientifically. As a result of these, a well merited popularity for his remedies has been gained in this locality.

Another great convenience which the people of New Michel enjoy is the post office, which has been opened up in his store, equipped with modern fixtures, such as general delivery and boxes of the latest type.

We can only wish Mr. Kennedy many more successful years in town as his store is marked by the progress of the town.



WILLIAM NEWING
Mgr. P. Burns & Co,

Our Banking Institutions

The financial needs of the towns are amply provided for by two banks which offer every banking convenience and are in a position to give the same service and facilities extended in the large cities. The Imperial Bank of Canada has established two branches in the twin cities. Of late years the expansion of bank branches has been so great that inspectors are required for the different provinces to assist the head offices in management. The two banks in the twin cities with Mr. T. B. Baker at their head, offer every facility for the collection of notes and transfer of money drafts. Money orders are issued payable in any part of the world, and for speed, telegraphic transfers can be made. Savings bank departments are also conducted at each bank, and here, deposits may be made, to which interest is added at regular intervals, and withdrawals made without notice or delay.

WESTERN GROCERY, WRIGHT BROS., NEW MICHEL

The Western Grocery and Supply Store

The Hub around which the business of New Michel centres.

A New Town for New Goods by New People at New Prices

A Complete Stock

of Clothing

Boots and Caps

Underwear

Shirts, Socks

and

Blankets

Ogilvie's Flour the Best in the World

PROGRESSIVE QUALITY PRINTING is a study in itself.

We know how to MAKE GOOD PRINT

ADEQUATE AND ATTRACTIVE ADVERTISING is another study.

We Know How to Handle Ads.

The Michel Reporter Printing Office

CHOICE BUILDING LOTS IN MICHEL B.C.

Special inducements for workingmen to own their own homes

Low Prices - - Easy Terms

For particulars and prices apply to the

CROW'S NEST PASS ELECTRIC LIGHT & POWER CO. LIMITED

MICHEL, B.C., or FERNIE, B.C

Our Motto

Better Goods at the Same Price and the Same Goods at Less Price than elsewhere

The Big Traders of the Crow

The Trites Wood Coy, Limited
Head Office - Fernie, B. C.

Branches : Old & New Michel
Coal Creek and Carbonado

Mail Orders

Promptly attended to. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money refunded.

New Goods - Great Value - Low Prices

Few stores in the West have the same Facilities and tremendous advantages in buying as this store. Buying for cash, and in the largest quantities, we are enabled to hammer down prices to the lowest point and to sell closer than our competitors.

The showings for the season constitute probably the finest display and greatest variety ever before attempted in the Pass. The best products of the best makers are here in largest variety, and the stores with their extensive connections are all at your service.

AUTUMN DISPLAY FOR MEN, YOUNG MEN & BOYS

20th Century Suits and Overcoats

Fit-Reform Clothing

Fashion-Craft Suits and Overcoats

Our Hats Always Get A Head

STETSON & BATTERSBY—The best makers of two hemispheres—America and Europe—are the names we conjure with and our display in Soft and Hard Felt Hats and Caps includes the latest styles, nobbiest blacks and newest shades.

Time For a Change

Get into some of our warm all-wool Underwear. Best makes represented here :

Stanfield's,
Peuniau's
Watson's

W.G.&R. Shirts and Collars.

Fall Neckwear For Men

Some very pretty effects in Four-in-Hands have made their appearance for fall and will materially assist in completing that smart appearance you desire.

Men's Sweaters, Sweater Coats and Way's Mufflers of Pure Wool. All colors and combinations and a wide range of styles.

GLOVES for Workingmen. All styles, lined and unlined, made in every leather used in the manufacture of Gloves : Horsehide, Muleskin, Buck, etc.

See our special Workingman's Glove.

Smoker's Supplies. Briar and Meerschaum Pipes to suit any smoker. Special agencies for H.B.B. and G.B.D. Pipes

"Better Smoke here than hereafter."

FALL OPENING! SPLENDID DISPLAY!

TRIMMED MILLINERY

Pattern Hats from London, New York and Paris. Ready-to-wears in a wide range of newest shades. In Children's Headwear we are showing a most comprehensive line of Bearskin Bonnets, Tams, Bubbies, Tuques, etc Misses' Felt Hats in all new shades and shapes.

G. A. SLATER'S "INVICTUS" SHOES FOR FOOT COMFORT

They fit, they wear, they look well. They are the very newest, up-to-date shapes and are made of finest selected leather.

AMHERST SCHOOL SHOES & BOOTS FOR WORKINGMEN

All leather and made to wear, give best satisfaction and save you money.

EMPRESS SHOES FOR WOMEN

The latest ideas in footwear are combined with comfort, style and wearing qualities in these shoes.

WOMEN'S, MISSES' & CHILDREN'S WINTER WEARABLES

CHILDREN'S & MISSES' CLOTH COATS

in all new and popular shades and fabrics. These garments are made by a specialist in cloak-making and are right up to the minute in style, fit and satisfaction.

The Popular Knitted Coats and Golf Jackets for Women, Misses and Children in all sizes and styles.

Knitted Tuques and Hockey Caps. "Bradley" mufflers, Mittens and Vests.

Knitted Slippers for ladies, misses and children.

Fine Irish Grass-bleached Linens in Tray Cloths, Scarves, D'oylies, Dress Covers, Runners, etc., in fine drawn work, Battenburg, solid and embroidered pieces, priced most reasonably.

Ladies' Fall and Winterweight Coats and suits in a wide range of styles and fabrics.

Shirt Waists and Blouses in a large variety of Silk-Net, Cashmere, Outing Flannels, etc., some very dainty effects among these.

FASHIONABLE FUR PIECES

Better values than ever before—not high-priced, but high quality. Stoles, Throws, Collars, Scarves and Muffs in a charming array of Fox, Sable, Mink, Marmot, Electric Seal, Persian Lamb, Astrachan and all the popular furs. Let us know your wants and quote prices.

OUR FANCY GOODS & NOTION DEPARTMENT,

Is always replete in every detail. A complete range of Beldings, Embroidery, Silks, stamped Linens and Cushion materials always in stock.

Perfumes, Mirrors, Brushes, etc., etc.

Our Grocery Department

Is most complete at this season of the year, and our stocks are added to daily, with every incoming train. All our groceries and provisions are delivered in car lots, and buying as we do in large quantities enables us to sell closer than our competitors.

Some of our specials :

Gold Standard Products, Teas, Coffees, Spices, Extracts, "Five Roses" Flour, Huntley & Palmer's Biscuits, "Tetley's" Teas and all popular blends, Red Cross, Wagstaff's C.&B., Heinz, Martin's and other Pickles, and all staple lines.

McClary's Famous Kootenay Ranges.

are economical in their fuel consumption and maintain a steady, constant heat. In construction they are unsurpassed, will wear for years and make a handsome piece of kitchen furniture. All sizes and styles of Ranges always in stock.

FURNITURE, SPRINGS, MATTRESSES, House Furnishings and Bedding, Blankets, Comforters, etc. Special values and lowest prices in all these lines.

MEAT DEPARTMENT

Our Meats are all fresh killed and are government inspected. Look for brand on our

Hams, Bacons, and Lard :—Griffin's—Armour's

HARDWARE, TINWARE, GRANITEWARE, TOYS, ETC.

Every department fully stocked to look after your needs.

The Trites Wood Co'y, Ltd.

Old and New Michel, B.C.

WEBER

THE LEADING STORE

Dry Goods Department

We carry the most complete lines in this department. Satin and Serges in Fancy and Plain Colors, Henriettes, Cashmeres, Velvets, Silks and Wrapperettes

Potter's English Print, Every yard guaranteed not to fade

Just in

A large line of Children's Bearskin and Tweed Coats: Cashmere, Cotton and Serge Dresses.

H. F. WEBER'S NEW STORE, NEW MICHEL

"MISS CANADA" SHOE
FOR WOMEN.
THE BEST MADE

Clothing

We are showing a splendid line of Suits in plain and fancy styles from $8.00 to $22.00.

See our Overcoats and compare them with other lines.

MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Shoes

We carry the largest and best selected lines of Men's, Women's and Children's Shoes in New Michel.

REMEMBER!

If you buy a pair of Shoes from us and they are not satisfactory, bring them back and

GET YOUR MONEY BACK

WEBER, New Michel, B.C.

The Big New Store where Goods and Prices are Right to suit the purse of the Workingman

GREAT NORTHERN HOTEL BLOCK

Businesses in the Twin Cities

One Coal Company.
Four general store
One dry goods store
Five men's furnishing stores
One drug and bookstore.
Two Post Offices
Three hotels
Two bakeries
One Jewelery and music store
One photo studio
One billiard and pool room
One livery and one dray line
One lumber yard
Four retail butcher shops
One Blacksmith shop
One real estate and insurance Co.
One undertaker
Three railway companies:
Canadian Pacific
Great Northern
Fernie, Morrissey & Michel

H. SOMERTON

Two barber shops
One implement emporium
One furniture store
One confectionery store
Three contractors and builders
Central telephone office
Michel has three lodges.
Oddfellows
Knights of Pthysia's
Eagles
Three churches
Roman Catholic, Father Meissner, Pastor
Methodist, Rev. S. T. Chenoweth, pastor
Anglican, Rev. A. Briant M. Crowther, M. A., Vicar
Two schools with three teachers.

Board of Trade

President, T. B. Baker; Vice-President, A. J. McCool; Secretary-Treas. G. B. Stedman.

Canadian Club

President, T. B. Baker; Vice-President, A J. McCool; Secretary-Treas., J. T. Armstrong.

Two Promising Towns

New Michel and Michel, with their splendid location and situation is in the heart of one of the most picturesque valleys of British Columbia, are destined in the near future to become huge emporiums for trade and, undoubtedly, the most livable towns in British Columbia. An excellent water system will soon be established, which will insure health to the residents and provide splendid protection against loss by fire. An electric light plant will also soon be be installed and the residences and stores as well as the streets will be illuminated and lighted, adding much to the comforts of the residents of the towns. With excellent schools and banking accomodations. good hotels and progressive business houses, we have every reason to believe that the next few years will see a rapid development in the Michel district and rich, indeed, will be the reward of those who are in any way interested in the towns and district. The advantages that the twin cities enjoy and the fact that the business men and citizens are thoroughly alive to opportunities that other towns lack, can result in only one thing, prosperity. The fact that the advantages are here would mean nothing unless they grasped and made the most of. And it is just this one thing that the Michel district excels and make possible a future that no other town in the province can expect.

Since March 1908, fifteen hundred people have settled in New Michel.

Michel has a population of two thousand thriving and enterprising people.

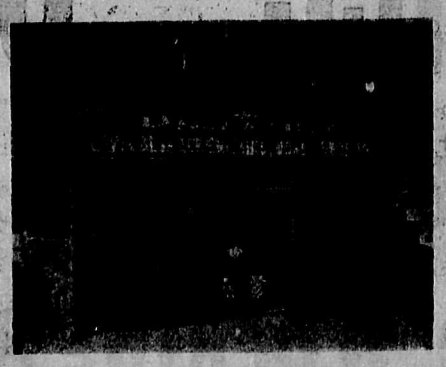
ELK PRAIRIE

Elk Prairie is a splendid fertile valley, extending north and east up the valley of the Elk. Covering over 120 square miles, it has an acreage sufficiently great to feed and sustain the wants of the twin cities. The land in this valley has been ranked by government experts as "First Rank" and its producing qualities amply justify this classification.

Elk Prairie is being rapidly filled with enterprising settlers, who have not had to encounter the difficulties of breaking and tilling the soil found elsewhere in this province. All grains and vegetables reach a perfection while the cultivation of fruit so long delayed is now receiving its just and due consideration.

Recently a post office has been opened and the wagon road improved so that commerce with New Michel is fast and steadily becoming an important factor in the development of the district.

THIS NUMBER IS 10c. PER COPY



JAMES J. SCOTT'S BLACKSMITH SHOP

Sports

Athletic games in the twin cities are a regular and constant source of enjoyment. The Michel baseball team won the championship of the Pass this season and comprises some of the finest amateur players in the west. The football team which is in the Pass league, came out with flying colors at the close of the season. A large number of the players are from the old land and are scientific and skillful. Sport has always occupied prominent place in this district and this winter Michel will have a strong hockey team in the Pass league.

Michel Baseball Club

Hon. President, Otto Meier
" Vice President, T. Crahan
President, E. K. Stewart
Vice President, G. B. Stedman
Secretary, H. Somerton
Manager, A. J. McCool
Captain, Miles Estabrook.

PLAYERS

Pitcher, Miles Estabrook
Catcher, Charles Spence
First Base, James Carney
Second Base, P. McLanders
Third Base, Clarence Estabrook
Short stop, D. Lansille
Centre Field, G. A. Passmore
Left field, Alex McLeod
Right field, Bert Estabrook

Elk River Brewing Co

President, R. Moore; Vice-President, E. B. Stedman; Treasurer, T. Crane; Manager, Otto Miers.

Officers of Knights of Phythias

W. J. Mart, C. C.
J. A. Murray, N. C.
T. B. Baker, K. of R. and S.
G. B. Stedmar, M. E.
42 members

Miner's Union

President, John Marsh
Secretary, Charles Garner
There are 800 members in the Union in Michel

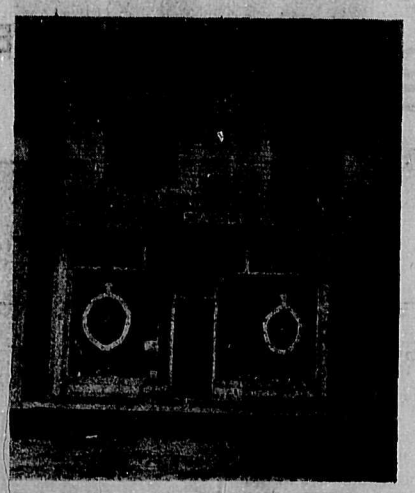
Officers of the I. O. O. F.

Noble Grand, William Davies
Vice Grand William Sewel
Recorder Secretary William Moody
Financial Secretary, J. A. Murray
Treasurer, G. A. Passmore
80 members

Member of the Football Club

M. Joyce, G. K.
S. Moore, J. Mason — Backs
J. Murray, W. Whitehouse, S. Weaver — Half Backs
Thornton, W. Jenkins, G. Millet, A. Allan, G. Watson — Forwards

The Editor is indebted very much to H. Somerton for the handsome photos taken for this special. Over ninety per cent. were taken by Mr. Somerton.



SOMERTON BROTHERS' JEWELERY STORE.

THE TWIN CITIES HAVE SPLENDID POLICE PROTECTION

At New Michel the provincial Police have a thorough tried representative in the person of A. Morris, who is successful in maintaining an orderly town. In Michel we have C. J. Bulger who also like his brother constable, has a splendid reputation for keeping splendid order.

Hunting and Fishing

Hunters and sportsmen make New Michel their rendezvous for a hunting or fishing trip. Not far from the outskirts of the twin cities are found, deer, black bear, rocky mountain goat and sheep. The trophies brought in by hunters is an evidence not only of the prowess of the hunter but of the magnificient field for game.

The Elk river, now renowned for its mountain trout, is thronged with eager fishermen. The game fish in this river are noted for their solidity of body and proverbial gameness.

FRATERNAL ORDER OF EAGLES

President, G. B. Stedman
Past President, W. Davis
Secretary, William Toner

Provincial Worthy Conductor, R. Moore. Mr. Moore is one of the oldest Eagles in B. C. and is now in running for the highest honers which this splendid order can bestow upon him.

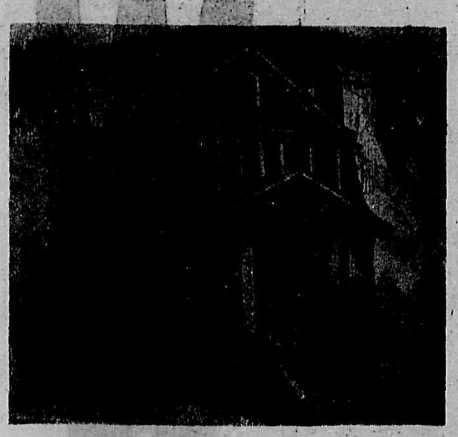
Thanks.

T. B. Brandon, of the firm of Barrett, Brandon and Company, assisted the editor of the Reporter edit and publish this illustrated Review. This firm is incorporated under the name of the Foothills Job Print & News Co., Ltd., and is doing the finest job work in the Pass at the lowest prices. The manger of the Foothills Co. is a keen business man, while the Editor T. B. Brandon is well known as a writer of repute throughout western Canada.

41 Meat Market

H. DAY, Manager

One of the largest wholesale and retail businesses in the west is that of the 41 Meat Market & Company. Not only does the company extend over a wide area, but it transacts an enormous trade which is increasing steadily from year to year. The store at New Michel is a model of neatness and cleanliness and strickly up-to-date in every sense of the word. Their stock is always fresh and consequently is in great demand. Besides fresh meats they keep in stock smoked hams and bacons, sausages, fish and produce of all descriptions. Mr. Day who is manager, is well and favorably known throughout the twin cities. Mr. A. Hopwood is the canvasser and deliverer for the company and there is perhaps no more painstaking and trustworthy employee in the company.



IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA, MICHEL

Fernie Lumber Company

MR. M. McFARLANE, Manager

The lumbering industry of the west, is perhaps as important or more so than the coal industry. With the fast diminishing forests of the east our lumber mills find ever an increasing market. The Fernie Lumber Co., which has had a yard here for one and a half years are, not withstanding their great loss, able to supply the local demand with lumber of the first quality. The immense trade carried on by this company in New Michel is no doubt due to the popularity and business methods of Mr. M. McFarlane. He has been engaged in lumbering for many years and his vast experience enables him to deal intelligently and wisely with every customer. The yard is well and conveniently situated.

P. Burns & Company

MR. NEWING, Manager

The establishment of P. Burns & Company, is well equipped and is up-to-date to the smallest detail. The manager receiving a large share of the trade of the town and district as he possesses the entire confidence of the house keepers of New Michel. Their establishment is kept perfectly clean and cool. As regards the meats sold they are "second to none," and are noted for the high quality and fseshness. They keep in stock fresh meats, fish, lard and splendid smoked meats of which they are making a specialty. Mr. Newing, who is manager for P. Burns in Michel is an energetic business man.

The establishment of P. Burns & Company, here has a splendid Ammonia Refrigator plant installed. It is driven by steam and is one of the most up-to-date plants in the west.

A. C. Murray, J.P.

Coroner.

Mr. A C. Murray is one of the oldest inhabitants in the Michel district and can be rightly styled "one of our pioneers." At present he is engaged in farming and has built up a large and successful dairy business. His produce bears the unwritten stamp of high quality.

Mr. Murray occupies two very responsible and prominent positions, that of Coroner and Justice of the Peace. The manner in which he fills these is commended on by all.

The Men's Clothing Store

BOYD & MUIR, Proprietor

It would hardly be fair on our part to allow this issue to be printed without expressing commendations on the above proprietors. Their store is neatness itself combined with an artistically dressed window and walls. Although Messrs Boyd & Muir have only been in business three months they are building up a large trade, especially with the young men, with whom they are very popular. They keep in stock the famous "Fit-Reform and Fit-Rite Clothes" and the "Traveller and Artisan Shoes." These are ever in demand together the stylish Hats, Shirts, Ties and Collars. The Reporter can assure its readers that this establishment is well worth patronising.

G. B. STEDMAN

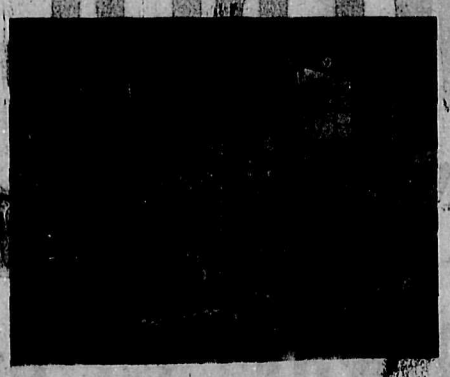
Secretary Board of Trade.

E. V. Holden

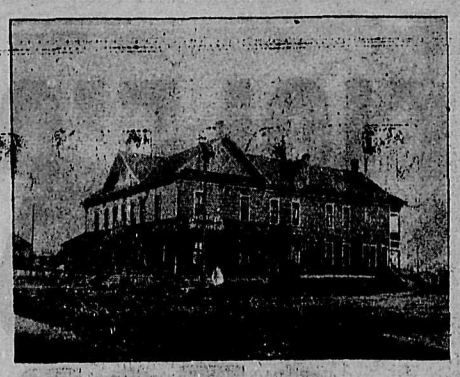
CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER

The personal worth and capabilities of our pioneer builders of the town, is no where more fully demonstrated, than in western Canada. Mr. Holden has for some time been engaged in building and contracting and it is safe to say, that no one in the twin cities takes a greater interest in them or has the entire confidence of the public reposed in him, as has Mr. Holden.

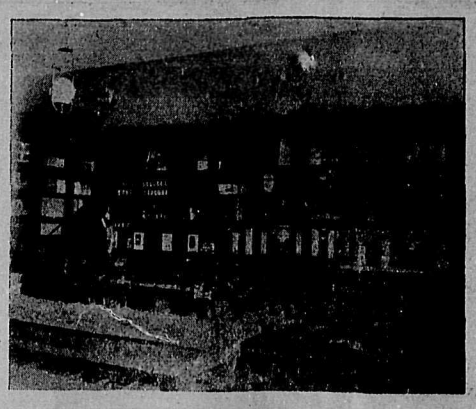
He has just completed the large store of Mr. Weber and has contracts for many other buildings and residences. His workmanship has always been found to be of the highest quality.



INTERIOR OF SOMERTON BROS. JEWELERY STORE



MICHEL HOTEL, T. CHAHAN, MANAGER.



A. KENNEDY'S DRUG STORE.

WILLIAM WEAVER

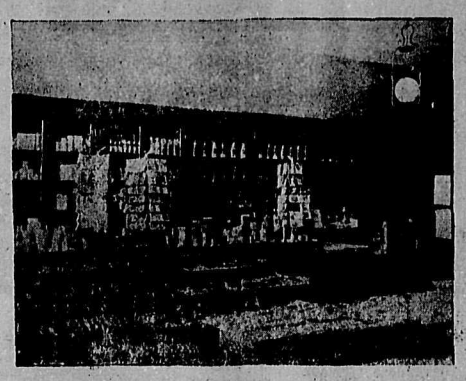
:-: Proprietor of :-:

"Tyldesley Dairy"

EGGS, BUTTER AND VEGETABLES FOR SALE

Elk River, B. C.

ELK RIVER BREWERY



A. KENNEDY'S DRUG STORE.

H. V. Holding Co.

Builders and Contractors

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

New Michel : : B. C.

BOYD & MUIR'S GENTS' STORE

H. F. WEBER'S NEW STORE, NEW MICHEL.

For the Finest

Vegetables **Cheese**

Ice Cream **Butter**

-:- Poultry -:-

Go to

A. C. Murray

New Michel B. C.

"Hold your largest sales when trade is dull and advertise them extensively. That is the secret of my success."

—JOHN WANNAMAKER, OF PHILADELPHIA

SCHOOL HOUSE, MICHEL

H. Somerton

JEWELER AND OPTICIAN

The large and spacious jewelry store of Mr. Somerton's is well-equipped in every department. The store is neatness itself combined with an artistic display of sterling goods. The stock in this store is so well assorted that few if any ever have to place an order in a larger city. Mr. Somerton is also an expert optician and in this capacity has proved himself a valuable asset to New Michel. The Reporter can safely recommend to all this store for the sale of reliable goods.

J. F. Armstrong

Insurance, Real Estate & Loans

$500 For a House and Lot : : :

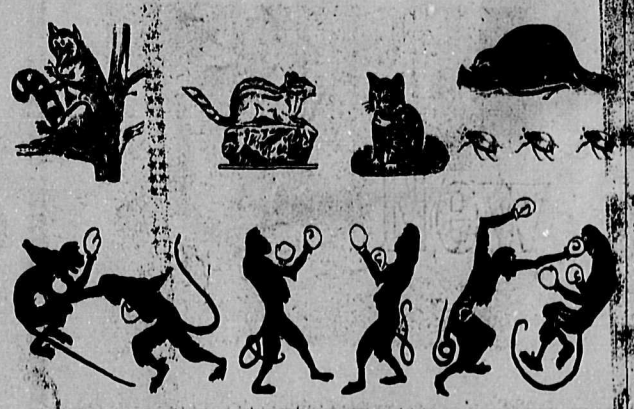
Here is your opportunity to buy a home for yourself on the same terms as paying rent

$25.00 Cash and **$15.00** Per month

Buy one of those beautiful homes opposite the Kootenay Hotel situated on a business Lot which should double in value within the next two years. It is needless to say this is the greatest opportunity ever presented to the people of this locality to buy a home in a rapidly growing town on such easy terms of payment.

A SCENE NEAR MICHEL

H. F. WEBER.



A CORNER IN ANDY GOOD'S MENAGERIE, CROW'S NEST

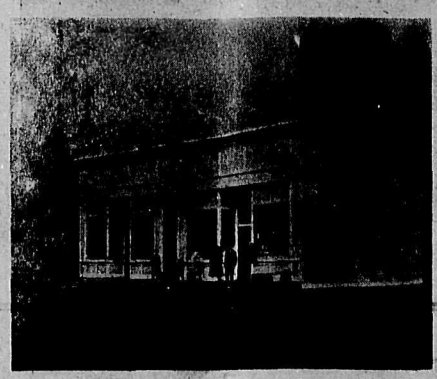
Board of Education

E. K. Stewart, William Eccleston and G. B. Stedman.

PROGRESSIVE PRINTING

DONE AT THE REPORTER SHOP

THIS IS SEIGLE'S STORE



Seigle carries a complete line of

Men's Clothing, Hats, Furnishings
Mens, Womens and Childrens Shoes, Etc

Mr. Seigle has added a new and up-to-date line of Furniture and House Furnishings to his already complete stock

The Right Goods at The Right Prices ✵ ✵ ✵ A Square Deal to Everyone

Satisfaction Combined with **Low Prices** is the **Seigle Motto**

The Great Crow's Nest Mountain