

# MICHEL REPORTER

VOL. 1.

NEW MICHEL, BRITISH COLUMBIA, SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1909.

NO. 43

## Hotel Michel

T. Crahan, - : - Proprietor

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

Michel, - British Columbia

## Violila Talcum

An Ideal Dusting Powder for after  
the Bath, Shaving, Etc.

### FOR HOT WEATHER

Many other popular makes of Talcums  
carried in stock

KENNEDY'S  
DRUG AND BOOK STORE  
NEW MICHEL

## Imperial Bank of Canada

Head Office: TORONTO

Capital Authorized \$10,000,000.

Capital Paid up \$5,000,000.

Reserve \$5,000,000

### Savings Bank Department:

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

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

MICHEL BRANCH,

T. B. BAKER, MANAGER.

## 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

### King's Kandy Kitchen

Ice Cream: High Class Fruit, Nuts, Tobacco, Cigars.  
Chocolates and Confectionery.

NEW MICHEL

Call at the Crow's Nest Hardware  
Co., and see their extensive display.  
What you don't see, ask for.

Bamboo Fishing Rods, Your Choice for 15 cents

Right Prices, Right Goods and  
Right Treatment.

## 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

## Fine Art Printing

At the Reporter Office

### About Newspapers

Now just a few words as to the  
functions and spheres of a local pa-  
per, lest any misunderstanding  
exist.

The first use of a local paper is  
to give the news; local news first,  
then what general news it can afford  
time to gather and set. Its second  
use is to comment upon current  
topics.

Any piece of news is the property  
of the paper; the persons concerned  
in it have no vested rights therein.  
If you don't want a thing published  
don't do it; but if you have done it  
go and ask the editor as a favor not  
to use that item, and if your reasons  
appeal to him he may respond.

To ask "who authorized you to  
print so and so," or "where did  
you get that item" is as impertinent  
as for the editor to ask you how  
much Jones owes you or whether  
your rent is paid or not. If you  
show that an item is incorrect, any  
editor will correct it; that is all that  
is needed.

To withdraw patronage because  
certain items appear is not only  
foolish but insulting, for it presup-  
poses that your patronage involved  
a purchase of the paper to suppress  
or publish items to suit you. Edi-  
tors naturally favor their friends  
just as other people do, but it is a  
friendliness not intended to inter-  
fere with business anyway.

The conscientious editor tries to  
keep his news items neutral and  
his comments always fair and favor-  
ing what he believes to be in the  
interest of the community; if his  
news is colored by his preferences  
or his comment is partisan, it is  
merely outcropping of human na-  
ture. Many editors fail here, after  
more or less trouble, but no more  
editors than men in other walks of  
life.

Differences of opinion always  
exists as to the value of publicity.  
Some items are plainly news of va-  
lue and their publication a help to  
the district. Plenty of items are  
not worth telling to the hundreds  
of people who read a paper. Other  
items are hurtful to the interests of  
the community, if published.  
Where to draw the line is always a  
question. To give publicity to  
items not favorable to the commu-  
nity is only justified by the hope that  
such publicity will bring about a  
remedy. To conceal such items is  
sometimes wise; "wash your dirty  
linen at home" is a good old rule.  
But to conceal items that a com-  
munity should know as a matter of  
safety or to avoid discredit attach-  
ing to the innocent as well as the  
guilty is as shameful as to publish  
harmful items needlessly, or to slan-  
der the district.

Sometimes an editor must choose  
between his own private interests  
as urged by his patrons, and the in-  
terests of a much wider respon-  
sibility; must decide whether he will  
swear to his own hurt or not. In  
such a case some remember that  
there are larger spheres than that  
in which their interests revolve.  
To remain true to the greater re-  
sponsibilities, is better than to sell  
one's soul, no matter what the price  
may be.

The price has been paid by some;  
others have taken the thirty pieces  
of silver. For editors are human.  
—Grand Forks Gazette.

### Presentation

A presentation has been made to  
John Bastian, who for the past  
three years has been employed at  
the Michel Collieries, B. C., as a  
fireboss for eighteen months and  
the latter part as pit boss. Mr.  
Bastian was made the recipient of a  
fine gold ring, combined with the  
masonic badge set with diamonds,  
and with a set of cut glasses (water  
set) for Mrs. Bastian. Owing to  
Mr. Bastian leaving unexpectedly  
the presents had to be forwarded on  
to him, for which he returns his  
best wishes and thanks to all who  
so willingly subscribed towards the  
presentation. He has been ap-  
pointed mine manager at the Can-  
ada West Coal Company, Taber,  
Alberta.

### TO OUR CUSTOMERS

Printed matter is chiefly labor, not  
merchandise. It is paid for in wages in  
advance of its completion by the printer.  
The element of risk in its production lies  
in the fact that it is useless for any other  
person than those for whom it is primar-  
ily intended. For these reasons a  
prompt settlement of all bills, as soon as  
job is delivered, is a consistent request  
which your spirit of fairness will concede  
as a demand worthy of our insistence.

### Why, Mary!

"Now, remember, Mary," the teacher  
said just before the school exercises,  
"if you forget some of the words when  
you are singing your song, don't stop.  
Keep right on. Say 'Tum-tum-tummy  
tum' or something like that, and the  
words will come back to you, and no-  
body will know the difference. Now  
don't forget."

On exhibition day, little Mary (what's  
in a name?) edified her audience with  
something like this:  
"And she wears a wreath of roses  
Around her tummy-tum-tum."

### Mr. Casey's Inspiration

The women of the church in a suburb  
in Chicago were soliciting money to pay  
for redecorating their house of worship.  
They were told, diplomatically, that if  
they would call on Casey, who kept the  
leading saloon in the village, they might  
get a good donation. They called. Casey  
met them genially, listened to what they  
had to say, and promptly subscribed five  
hundred dollars. This was so much  
more than the solicitors had hoped for  
that they were much flustered and could  
do nothing but stammer their thanks.  
Finally one of them rounded to and said:  
"Why, Mr. Casey, this is most generous  
of you. It will allow us to get what  
we want very much—a fine, stained-  
glass window."

Casey thought that would be the right  
thing to do.

"And Mr. Casey," said the spokes-  
woman, "in view of this magnificent  
donation, isn't there something you  
would like to put on the window, some  
sentiment or some remembrance, or  
something of the kind?"

"Well," said Casey, "I think it would  
look fine to have on the glass, be-  
hune th' two parts avit, in nath' lèthers, some-  
thin' loike this: 'Althèr Mass Visit  
Casey's.'"

Nowadays the one good reason for the  
effectual character of newspaper adver-  
tising is the fact that when people want  
to see an advertisement they go to a news-  
paper to find it. If they want to buy an  
article they don't wait for someone to  
send them a circular about it. They  
don't go among the vacant lots and gaze  
at the billboards. They look through  
the columns of the newspapers in the  
hope of finding some information about  
what they want and with the hope of  
determining the best place to go to buy.  
—Canadian Reporter.

We will send this paper to any  
address in the world for two dollars  
Let us send a paper home for you  
every week. It will save you writ-  
ing a letter, and will tell them lots  
of things you'll forget to mention  
when you do write.

A fishing party from Fernie came  
in on Saturday night, consisting of  
C. Shepherd, J. F. Spalding, R. G.  
Lockhart, H. Olesen and W. For-  
sythe. They went up the Elk on  
Sunday, but the wind was too strong  
and their luck was only the average.

In the sack race on Monday be-  
tween C. Fuchs and Geo. Pushee,  
from the Great Northern to the  
Kootenay Hotel, Fuchs won out  
and Pushee fell.

We notice a large number of com-  
mercial men, in town this week.  
The sample rooms are kept crowded  
and evidently the wholesale houses  
have discovered where the trade is  
being done.

There is a heavy penalty for al-  
lowing bulls at large, and someone  
will get into trouble if the gentle-  
men cows promenading the streets  
here are not tied up.

The doctors throughout Canada are  
forming a union, and there won't be any  
open shop about it either.

New Michel is assuming more and  
more every day the aspect of a city. The  
telephone wires were strung from Esta-  
brook's livery and transfer office, to con-  
nect with the Great Northern Hotel, and  
Elk Valley Brewery.

The farmers' baseball team has not  
materialized under the management of  
Bob Moore.

Elias Rogers, president of the C. N. P.  
Coal Co., was here this week.

The Coal Company have had a gang of  
men at work this week removing the  
scales from the C. P. R. tracks over to  
their own property. This makes consid-  
erable changes in the C. P. R. tracks.

The Michel baseball team played Elko  
on Sunday. Ten innings were  
played and Michel lost on an error. The  
score was 10-9.

## Great Northern HOTEL

NEW MICHEL, B. C.

EVERYTHING FIRST-CLASS

Cuisine Unsurpassed

Bar Stocked with the Finest

Attendance Unexcelled

McCool & Moore, :: Proprietors

## HOTEL KOOTENAY

New Michel, B. C.

Douglas & Stedman :: Proprietors

RATES \$2.00 A DAY

Everything First-Class and Comfortable

Nothing but white labor employed

BUS MEETS ALL TRAINS

## "Elk Valley Beer"

Pure and  
Pleasing:

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

Elk Valley Brewing Co., Limited

### Livery, Feed and Transfer

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

GEO. FISHER, Proprietor

### SLICK UP

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

P. M. MacLanders, Prop

### E. V. Holding Co.,

Builders and Contractors

Repairs and alterations promptly attended to.  
Estimates cheerfully given.

New Michel

## COLD STORAGE

One of the Sights of the Town

Meat direct from car to cold storage  
No handling. No dirty railway platforms.

New plant in running order. It is worth your while to  
come in and see it. Everyone welcome.

P. BURNS & Co.  
LIMITED

### 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

**LIFE IN THE WEST INDIES**

**VISIT TO A SUGAR FACTORY IN JAMAICA.**

**Mills Work Night and Day For Two Months to Keep Up With the Harvests—Negroes Do the Work and Can Survive Terrific Heat—Two Years' Work and Six Months' Holiday With Handsome Income.**

I was lying in a hammock swinging from two posts on the veranda of an old-fashioned Jamaican bungalow. Fronting me was a sugar mill, a rambling, sweet-smelling clump of whitewashed stone buildings, peopled by a great cloud of busy, coal-black workers. The steady hum of the steam-driven machinery was smothered on account of the distance by the echoes of the shrill voices of the negroes. Ox wagons, heavily-laden with new-cut canes, lumbered awkwardly up the little hill leading to the factory, and unloaded their green freights to the accompaniment of a chorus of African music and the heavy noise of a dozen cracking whips. Only the dull-eyed oxen, massive and patient, were silent—everything else—the creaking wagons, the shouting drivers, the snapping whips, and the shrill-voiced workers—contributed their quota to the great avalanche of noise.

It was scarcely five o'clock, and the Jamaican morning was keen, the air crisp and pleasant; the sun had not yet given us a taste of its tropical strength.

Dew-mists smoked up to heaven; birds came to life suddenly, and there was light and life, and the laughter of a glorious dawn. Earth, sky, and man thrilled with life. And I smoked tobacco and sipped coffee, realizing to its fullest extent the infinite glory of a sun-kissed land.

To my left, gently ascending the ridge of low-lying hills, acres and acres of cane—cane colored in the purest tints of green—spread unbrokenly almost to the sky line. To the right there were vast groves of banana trees half-hiding a hundred odd-shaped white and brown negro huts. The roads, winding here and there like yellow rivers, flashed dazzlingly as the sun grew stronger, and soon one could make out the crowds of black people hoeing newly-cleared fields.

And I remembered the night before. At midnight I had gone into the factory to see the crowd of workers crushing the juice from the cane, and laboring at fever heat to keep time with the demands of harvest time. For it is customary during two months of every year in Jamaica for the sugar mills to work night and day in order that all the crops may be gathered and treated in due season. It is the period of plenty for the laborers; the time of anxiety for the planter. I had seen the great furnaces fed with the fibre left by the rollers after all the juice had been crushed from the cane. I had seen a negro, sweating but cheerful, fling open the iron door of a furnace thirty feet long, and stand in the scorching centre of the white-hot breath of this terrestrial inferno, cheerfully adding more fuel to the all-devouring flame. The closing of the door of this iron-cased fire had brought a shudder of chilliness even in the soft warm tropical night. I had heard the roar of the machinery; the chatter of the workers, the dull, agonized groanings of an endless carrying chain. It had seemed to me that the simple sugar cane went through a process of almost supernatural cleansing before it became sugar, and—that perverted essence of sugar—rum.

My host, the planter and owner of all these fair lands, the sugar-maker and distiller of rum, appeared at my elbow. He sat beside me and talked, and his great mastiff, the pride of the island, curled at his feet and blinked knowingly at the sugar bowl.

"Good morning, eh? Look at that wretched lizard stalking a fly already. Did good work last night—crushed forty tons. Let's have a gallop and then a swim in the old reservoir. A planter's punch—then we'll have a look in at the old factory, and see that those scoundrels are working—and breakfast. A Mountain mullet and a grilled chicken. How'll that do, eh? Sam, bring the horses."

We rode down the hill, and the cool air of the morning filled us with the joy of living. We galloped down a moist, swampy field, and then along a hard, white road. The day insects began their matin song, and we jumped from our horses at the edge of a crystal pool. The plunge suggested to one the joy of conscious rejuvenation; the planter's punch, taken after a good rub down, resembled ambrosia. At a gentle amble we reached the factory and found all the "scoundrels" well and truly engaged in their strenuous efforts towards industry, and we climbed the little incline and breakfasted in the veranda. Mountain mullet and chicken and other things—ye gods, what food! The sun had risen high above our heads, the noise of the factory was swallowed by the music of the day, the world was filled with voluptuous indolence of perfect contentment.

"You live well here?" I said. "Yes," replied mine host. "It is a good life for a happy-go-lucky sort of chap. Two years here, and then six months in the old country; and on an average \$15,000 or \$20,000 a year to spend. We have our times of hard work, though. This is my busy season. I must go over the factory again soon. Smoke your tobacco and tell me about London. Seen T—lately. Poor beggar. Doing well, though. . . . Younger than I am, but bald; bald as a badger, and thin as a heathen, opium-eating Chinese. Ah, this is the life."

And they say that Jamaica is worn out!—J.H., in Standard of Empire.

**Scotland Yard.**  
Scotland Yard is so-called because it is said to be built on a site occupied in former times by Scottish Ambassadors to England. The headquarters of the Criminal Investigation Department are now at New Scotland Yard, by the way.

**GLASS HALL UNDER LAKE.**

**Whitaker Wright's Fine Estate Bought by Lord Pirrie.**

Lea Park, the magnificent estate of 2,800 acres, on which the late Mr. Whitaker Wright lived at Witley, Surrey, has been bought by Lord Pirrie, the well-known shipbuilder. The sale includes 1,500 acres of land adjoining the property of the Earl of Derby.

The price paid by Lord Pirrie is not known, but when the estate came under the hammer in the summer of 1904 the bidding had reached \$725,000. The auctioneer had suggested an opening bid of \$1,000,000.

The purchase recalls the tragic death of Mr. Wright, the financier, who committed suicide at the Old Bailey in January, 1904, immediately on being sentenced to penal servitude for seven years for issuing false balance sheets in connection with the London and Globe Finance Corporation.

In the planning of Witley Court, by which name it will now be known, Mr. Wright set out to construct a home for himself unsurpassable in magnificence. At the time of his death he had spent no less than \$3,500,000 upon it.

The estate extends from the village of Witley to the famous Hindhead Punch Bowl and Gibbet Hill. It formed a portion of Queen Elizabeth's Hindhead deer forest, and commands magnificent views over a glorious expanse of open country, including Blackdown and Hindhead and the beautifully-wooded downs of Surrey and Sussex.

The mansion was built of stone in early English style, with half-timbered work, and in the laying-out of the grounds the great financier had hills removed or lakes formed, according to his caprice. The finest stonework and other ornamentations that money could buy were brought from the continent.

Around the park is a wall of dressed stone, four miles long, which cost the financier \$185,000, and there are five stone lodges, which cost \$10,000 each. Among other remarkable features is a large hall constructed of glass under one of the lakes.

It is understood that Lord Pirrie proposes to develop the estate on the original lines, and that he intends to reside there. Work has already been begun there.

**Afghan Risings.**

There has lately been a recrudescence of activity on the part of the armed gangs who infest the Afghan border, and more than one sanguinary encounter is reported. Mail news with regard to a fight in Kohat district between a band of Khostwals and a small party of Border police, under a native officer, indicates that the latter behaved with great bravery, attacking a greatly superior force, and routing them with a loss of eleven killed. The raiders fought to their last cartridge. Less satisfactory was the result of an encounter between a detachment of troops and the party of deserters from the Zhoib Levy, of whom Jamadar Gul Beram is the head. These men, seventeen in number, went off with twenty ponies, as many Martini carbines, and 8,000 rounds of ammunition, and at once fell to raiding. They displayed great ferocity, in one case putting to death three men, against whom the leader is believed to have had a grudge. Gul Beram seems to have secured credence for the useful fiction that he bears a charmed life. There is a legend that on his once being taken out, by order of the Amir of Afghanistan, to be shot, the bullets as they struck him turned off harmlessly, and were converted into silver rupees. The party sent in pursuit of the band consisted of some of the 15th Lancers and Zhoib Levy cavalry, under Captains Loring and Pickford and Lieutenant Gwatkin. They were ambushed in a narrow defile, and the lieutenant was shot dead. One of the raiders was killed, and another captured, but in a heavy snow storm which came on the rest escaped into Afghan territory.

**Electrifying an Elephant.**

A very curious accident occurred in Mysore, India, recently. A palace elephant mahout, seated on a huge tusker, happened to pass under the main-line wires conveying current from the power-station. Thinking he would test the truth of anyone being killed if the wire were touched, he was foolish enough to place his hand on the wire. The effect was disastrous. Both mahout and elephant were knocked down instantly, and lay insensible. The elephant, after a short while, got up, and rushed about in a dazed manner, wrecking carriages, posts, etc., in its mad career. After a most exciting chase, the semi-electrocuted elephant was captured by means of two other elephants.—Madras Mail.

**Nests That Weigh Tons.**

The Australian bush turkeys live in colonies, and construct pyramidal nests so huge that to move them requires the services of six or seven strong men. The material of a single nest has been found to weigh upwards of five tons. The jungle fowl of the same continent have nests reaching on an average 15 feet high, with a circumference, sometimes, of 150 feet. The nests are erected in secluded sheltered spots and, as in the case of the small nests of birds, they are skillfully interwoven with leaves, grass, and twigs, and such other suitable material as the fowl may be able to procure.

**"Like Father, Like Son."**

Lord Lyveden is an ardent peacemaker reformer, and tells in this connection a good story, of the authenticity of which he pledges himself. A famous statesman of the nineteenth century was called upon to visit his son in prison. He bitterly reproached him, remarking: "Here am I, having worked my way up from a middle-class home to a great position, and when I die you will be the greatest blackguard in the peerage."

The son listened quietly, and then replied with terrible irony, "Yes—when you die."

**SUNLIGHT SOAP**



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

**Obaying Orders**

Mr. Peck (making conversation)—It's raining hard, my dear.  
Mrs. Peck (discouraging it)—Well, let it rain.

Mr. Peck—Certainly, Henrietta—that's really just what I intended to do.—Cleveland Leader.

**Hot Weather Months**

**Kill Little Children**  
If you want to keep your children rosy, healthy and full of life during the hot weather months give them an occasional dose of Baby's Own Tablets. This medicine prevents deadly summer complaints by cleansing the stomach and bowels; or it cures the trouble promptly if it comes on unexpectedly.

The mother who keeps this medicine on hand may feel as safe as if she had a doctor in the home. Mrs. C. C. Roe, Georgetown, Ont., says:—"I can heartily recommend Baby's Own Tablets as a great help to baby during the hot summer months. I have used them for summer troubles and am much pleased with the result." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Doctor—You must let the baby have one cow's milk to drink every day.  
Young Mother—Very well, if you say so, doctor, but I really don't see how he is going to hold it all.

He—Let's go to the ball game today. I have engaged a box.  
She—Oh, how lovely! The pitcher's box?

Dentist—Will you have gas?  
Farmer Oats—Gas? We don't know much about gas down our way. I think you'd better give me coal oil.

Waiter, I find I have just enough money to pay for dinner, but nothing left with which to tip you."  
"Let me add up the check again, sir."

I was cured of Bronchitis and Asthma by MINARD'S LINIMENT.  
MRS. A. LIVINGSTONE.  
Lot 5, P. E. I.

I was cured of a severe attack of Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT.  
MAHONEY BAY. JOHN MADER.

I was cured of a severely sprained leg by MINARD'S LINIMENT.  
JOSHUA A. WYNACHT.  
Bridgewater.

The reason a woman knows the children could catch the measles when there isn't any around is that they caught the chickenpox when it was next door.

Worms cause fretfulness and rob the infant of sleep, the great nourisher. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator will clear the stomach and intestines and restore healthfulness.

A girl's idea of loyalty to her friend is how hard she can deny she ever talked about her.

Minard's Liniment, Lumberman's Friend.

People who can do useful things are always considered by those who can't to have very little intellect.

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

An easy thing for a widow to guess is she couldn't have much worse luck the second time.

No surgical operation is necessary in removing corns if Holloway's Corn Cure be used.

**'Tis Sweet to Quarrel**  
"The uses of adversity  
Are sweet," which makes it handy  
For a girl, when things go wrong to get  
Consoled by a box of candy.

"If there is anything a Trust hates to do," said Mr. Dustin Stax. "It is to break a law." "I understand," answered Senator Sorghum, "that is why you have so often tried to have the law made to suit you in the first place."—Washington Star.

The Boss—Well, Bridget, do you want to leave or stay? The Cook—Don't try to boss me. Faith, I dunno. If yez want me to shtay, I'll leave, an' if yez want me to leave, I'll shtay!—Cleveland Leader.

No man can be happy unless he can forget.

**THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.**

**How the Animal is Captured Alive in the Sudan.**

There is a vast difference between the hunter who kills for pleasure and the hunter whose business it is to capture his quarry alive. How live hippopotamuses are secured is particularly interesting. Two methods are resorted to.

The so called bawati, or water hunters, of the Sudan, all of whom are excellent and daring swimmers, harpoon their victims at the noon hour, when they are sunk in deep slumber. Then they pull them to the bank by means of a cord attached to the harpoon and there make them fast. The hunters use for this a special kind of harpoon, made in such a way that it does not make a deep wound. Fully three-quarters of the hippopotamuses exhibited in Europe have been captured in this way.

Hippopotamus hunts are also conducted on land. There advantage is taken of the fact that the female hippopotamus makes her young walk in front of her. The reason for this is that the beast, being well protected in the rear by its abnormally thick skin, prefers to have its offspring in front, where it can guard them better against danger. But in spite of its affection for its children the mother hippo has no particular desire to meet danger when it comes. So the hunters dig large pits in the forest, cover them over until they are fully concealed and then lie in wait near by. Presently a female hippopotamus comes along with her child trotting before her. Suddenly, without warning, the young one disappears before its mother's eyes. This is too much for the old animal. She dashes away, leaving the little one at the mercy of its enemies.—Wide World Magazine.

**CIRCUS PERFORMERS.**

**The Real Dangers With Which They Are Concerned.**

The individual point of view of the circus performer toward his work is full of surprises. Rarely if ever is he worried over the things that the audience imagines make him uneasy and never about his own equipment of nerve, muscle and judgment.

The bareback rider worries about his horse, for the slightest deviation from the animal's customary course and gait ruins a harmony between horse and rider, upon which depends the success and even the life of the performer. The man on the trapeze is not at all disturbed at being so high up in the air. The higher up he is the more security he feels that in case of accident he will have time enough instinctively to twist his body into the right position for falling into the net. What worries him most is the fear of some unsuspected weakness in his apparatus.

The animal trainer is more afraid of an accidental scratch from a good natured but blood poisoning claw than of any actual conflict with an angry animal. More than that, he has a real affection for his animals and dislikes the stern necessity of punishing them. The very clown is not so much pleased by the laughter of his audience as disturbed by the thought that it quite fails to appreciate the time and care he has expended in working out the details of his humorous contribution.—Ralph Bergengren in Atlantic.

**Likewise Mistaken.**

A small boy was fishing on Sunday morning. He had a basket of fish alongside of him. A clergyman happened to see him and, going over to where he was busily watching the bob, said:

"You naughty, cruel boy! Don't you know that it is a sin to fish on the Sabbath? Besides the sin, think of the cruelty of it—taking the poor little worm out of the ground and sticking that nasty sharp hook through its body."

"That ain't no worm. That's an artificial fly" answered the boy.

"Ah, I was mistaken," said the preacher.

"So were these fish," said the boy, picking up the basket and showing them to the clergyman.—New York Sun.

**After Hours.**

Some years ago on a day set apart for humiliation and prayer a manufacturer offered to pay his workmen their wages on condition that they attended church. To this they readily agreed.

Shortly before evening service one of the employees called at his employer's residence and told the servant he wished "to see the maister."

"Now, Jack, what do you want?"

"Well, sor, me and ma myets hev been taaking the thing over, and we'd like to knae if we can to church the next do we get overtime for?"—London Spare Moments.

**Her Mind Easy.**

"I hear you are going to Australia with your husband, Kitty," said the mistress. "Aren't you nervous about the long voyage?"

"Well, ma'am," said Kitty calmly, "that's his look-out. I belong to him now, and if anything happens to me it'll be his loss, not mine."—London Mail.

**Quick Wit.**

Mrs. Sharpe—So you told Mr. Jones you wished you were single once more, did you? Sharp (with quick wit)—Only that I might have the happiness of marrying you over again, darling.—Boston Transcript.

Step by step one goes very far.—French Proverb.

**One of Edison's Jokes.**

Edison was always a great joke player. Those ones he seemed to enjoy most were like the one he worked on one of the laziest operators in the office where he was once employed. One night, when this fellow thought his day's work was over and was getting ready to go home, Edison slipped around to the office switchboard, made a connection with the lazy fellow's telegraph key, called him down to the table and, supplied with an old newspaper, proceeded to send Mr. Lazy a long lot of presumably Associated Press stuff from New York. Edison was a lightning sender (as well as receiver) from almost the beginning of his career, and the way he made that fellow work for two solid hours was a joy. After wearing him completely out, making him receive and copy the equivalent of about three or four newspaper columns, Edison suddenly came from behind the switchboard, exposed the joke to the poor fellow and wound up by pelting him on the nose with the newspaper he had been sending from.—Pearson's.

**Not Even the First Step.**

Mr. Morse, having bought a new bicycle of the most improved pattern, presented his old one to Dennis Halloran, who did errands and odd jobs for the neighborhood. "You'll find the wheel useful when you're in a hurry, Dennis," he said.

The young Irishman was loud in his thanks, but regarded the wheel doubtfully.

"I mistrust 'twill be a long while before I can ride it," he said.

"Why, have you ever tried?" asked Mr. Morse.

"I have," said Dennis gloomily. "A friend lent me the loan o' his wheel when he was having the moomps. 'Twas three weeks I had it, an' what wild practicing night an' morning I niver got so I could balance meself standing still, let alone riding on it."—Youth's Companion.

**Backward.**

The Doctor—Well, what's the trouble?

The Poet—Rheumatics.

The Doctor—What's the cause?

The Poet—Attic rooms.—Browning's Magazine.

**Couldn't Resist.**

"What broke up the suffragette parade?"

"A department store hung out a sign announcing \$2 silks at \$1.99."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

**Too Touchy.**

The vegetables he'd ordered up for dinner. His wife had used to decorate her hat. Now, wasn't he a gruff and grouchy sinner

To growl about a little thing like that?

**Full.**

"How much fuel do you compute we shall need on our motor trip?"

"Well, suppose we say two gallons of gasoline and three gallons of Scotch."—Outing

**Zam-Buk**  
is the best remedy known for sunburn, heat rashes, eczema, sore feet, stings and blisters. A skin food!  
All Drugstores and Stores.—50c.

**Chance for Fame**

A dentist might do something grand And win a name sublime, If some day he'd get busy and Extract the tooth of time.

He—Funny how you women will go to the matinee and cry over sorrows that don't concern you.

She—Strange how you men will go to the ball game and get furious over decisions that don't hurt you in the least.

**Sense of Art**

Homeboy—I've read somewhere that the Chinese will not allow their women to be photographed.

Globetrot—Shows their sense of art, my boy. I've been there, and seen some of 'em!

What is said to be the first plate-glass switchboard ever built has been installed in a new high school in San Jose, Ca. It accommodates forty-five switches and two meters.

He—Words fail me when I try to tell you how much I love you.

She—I've got a book on "How to Propose," if that will help.

Owing to the steadily increasing cost of fine Ceylon teas such as are sold to the public under the brand  
**"SALADA"**  
It has been found necessary to advance the prices of these teas to the grocer. Consequently the consumers will have to pay a correspondingly increased price, but undoubtedly they will be willing to do this in order to get the finest tea the world produces.

**ABSORBINE**  
will reduce inflamed, swollen joints, Bruises, Soft Bunions, Cure Bells, Fistula or any unwholesome sore quickly; pleasant to use; does not blister under bandage or remove the hair, and you can work the horse, 92 per bottle as delivered or delivered. Horse Book 7 D free.  
ABSORBINE, JR. for mankind, 50c per bottle. Reduces Varicose Veins, Yaws, Strains, Sprains, Strops Pain and Inflammation.  
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Send Full Description of your Farm, Whether Improved or Wild Land  
I have customers from all over the East and from the United States wishing to buy from 160 up to 10,000 Acres of Ranch, Mixed Farming and Wheat Lands.  
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See the Miniature Farm in my Office during Provincial Fair

**THE BLACK HAND** has many victims, but teamsters and horse owners especially suffer from its annoyance. Look at the above cut and notice how black the front of the hand is, and how the finger nails and joints on the back are ingrained with blackness "that won't come off."  
**HARNES LIFE** is guaranteed not to blacken the hands either when using or afterwards. It will go through the hardest leather and make it soft and pliable; it leaves a perfectly black surface which is not sticky or greasy; harness need not be washed as "HARNES LIFE" cuts all the dirt off. \$2.00 per Gallon. If your storekeeper does not keep it write Sales Manager,  
**THE CARBON OIL WORKS, LIMITED WINNIPEG, CANADA**

**21 IN 1**  
**SHOE POLISH**  
Stays Shined. Dust won't dull it. Rain won't spot it. Dampproof and waterproof. Keeps out moisture. Softens and preserves the leather. Just put it on, rub two or three times with a brushor cloth and a brilliant and lasting shine results. No substitutes even half as good.  
10c. and 25c Tins  
Step by step one goes very far.—French Proverb.

# AT MOVING TIME



Letters That Ought to Have Been Torn.

**Y**OU have a disagreeable duty to do at 12 o'clock. Do not blacken 9 and 10 and 11, and all in between, with the color of 12. Do the work of each and reap your reward in peace. . . . The best preparation is the present well seen to the last duty done."

Thus says George Macdonald, the apostle of the present, whom commonplace people heard gladly. I borrow the bit of practical, "commonsensible" wisdom as the starting point of our chat upon the crucial period of springtime to the housemother who must migrate to other quarters just when the birds have come back for the summer and are chirping—it may be merrily, perchance peevishly—over nest-building. Blessed among women is she to whom the vernal breezes bring no sinking of heart in the anticipation of the ordeal the old adage declares to be equal in distress and destructiveness to three fires. Those who own the homes in which they live, or who are settled for a term of years in leased lodgings made so pleasant by long residence that one forgets they are not one's very own possession, may enjoy the opening of the bud and blossom season. Their less fortunate neighbor, who has known ever since Christmas that April or May will be written "exodus" in her calendar, is the parishioner in George Macdonald's world-wide parish to whom I address another counsel.

### EVERY CORNER AND CREVICE

You may be about to exchange a rented flat for what my wee grand-daughter describes as "a real, whole house of your own." Or improved financial status may justify you in transferring family and furniture to more commodious quarters than those you now occupy. Nevertheless, the idea of the process is an abiding shadow. You think of it at your first awakening in the spring morning that comes so much sooner daily as to curtail the few hours of sleep that is haunted by foreboding and forecasting of ways and means of work that must be done and worries that may not be avoided. Turn back to sainted George's simple counsel and write it upon the tablet of your heart. Then begin in good time to "tackle" singly the inevitable disagreeables. Get ahead of the task instead of letting it drive you. Begin operations at the top of the house. If you have an attic. If not, commence with the closets and corners and cuddles that stand for the garret of better-lodged folk. Get together all the unmistakable rubbish.

### NO TIME FOR SENTIMENT

Despite your best efforts and yearly clearances of whatever may be catalogued as "trash," you will be surprised and ashamed at the result of explorations into the aforesaid corners. Letters that you ought to have torn across and consigned to the waste basket as soon as they were read; Christmas, visiting and postcards there was even less excuse for keeping; backless books and back numbers of magazines you should have passed on to me, or to some other circulating medium, months ago; tattered music, and the miscellaneous mass of trifles that once seemed too good to throw away and which you confess loathingly were always too worthless to keep over night, prominent among them being broken china you meant to have mended, and children's toys you "just couldn't bear to" toss into the scavenger's cart, the while you recognized the absurdity of putting them away—I need not prolong the list. We "have all of us been there!" Leave the obvious lesson they teach for another day's consideration and make short work in righteousness of the uncemetered debris. While you are about it, think of nothing else.

Of course, there may be worse to come, but do not blacken the present tribulation with the color of tomorrow.

And don't sentimentalize over the rubbish. The "loan exhibitions" of today might be less crowded with hoards nobody cares to look at except the lenders thereof, if our foremothers had been less romantic in their attachments to fractured china and dried flowers, samplers and rice-paper pictures worn in the back of the watches of Strophon and Corydon. Let us have an eye to possible embarrassments on the part of our great-granddaughters and sternly resist similar temptations. Cremation is (or ought to be) "the destined end and way" of perishables that have no intrinsic value.

### DECENTLY AND IN ORDER

Having cleared decks for the real business of moving, fall to work upon china and glass, reserving just enough to enable you to carry on the daily living that must go forward in the few days intervening before the actual fitting. For many years it was my wont to put this delicate bit of work into the hands of the "profession" in our transits from town to country and vice versa. After watching the methods of the men who were sent from china shops for the purpose, and keeping a close account of breakages, I came to the conclusion that I could handle my fragile properties as well as they do, and if glass and porcelain were to be wrecked, preferred to do it myself. For the past decade nobody, save a careful hand-maiden working under and with me and I myself, has packed crockery, china and cut glass. And I record,



Linens and Blankets Are Next in Order.

more thankfully than boastfully, that thus far not one piece has come to grief during this period. First, we have six, eight or ten barrels, bought for a small sum from the grocer. Next, we lay in a large quantity of newspapers, having begun to save them for weeks beforehand. For very fine and thin ware we have tissue paper for the inner wrapper, inclosing it with the newspaper, rubbed soft between the hands. Plenty of paper is used upon each article. All that belongs to each set of china or glass is put into one barrel, which is then carefully marked. If more than one barrel is required for the set, the second barrel is marked in like manner. This saves time and confusion in unpacking and resetting the contents. A thick layer of excelsior is put into the bottom of the barrel and lines the sides. The same goes between the layers of paper-enveloped pieces. If one bit of "fragile" touches another, breakage is inevitable. Cushion all thickly and pack closely. Fit a cover on the barrel, that the contents may not work loose in the transit. We pack our linens, blankets, etc., next in order. Old packing trunks are used here when we can spare them. If not, we buy drygoods boxes for linens and for books. These last are laid close together in the cases. Several thicknesses of papers line the cases, and



Barrels Are Carefully Marked.



Each Book Is Wrapped.

each bound book is wrapped with paper to avoid abrasion. Books are uncanny things to pack. One might fancy that they disdain intimate association with others of their kind. The sharp edges of the bindings have a trick of punching the backs of one's handsomest volumes, and the sides rub crossly into those of their neighbors, bruising and scratching them unless the strata are separated by a double fold of paper. Here, again, put each family of books together, and mark the box with a list of contents. Sheets and pillow cases, napkins and tablecloths, blankets and coverlets hunt in

that you are moving out. Moving in is one of the discolored "to-comes" against which our preacher warns you. Let each hour and day take care of itself, and the weeks of readjustment and toil will look as if they were in the order appointed.

One frequent cause of discomfort and subsequent illness attendant upon moving-time is the too common practice of living from hand-to-mouth for days together. No regular meals are cooked or served. The delicatessen shops and bakeries supply food that mother and maids are too busy to get ready. Set your face like a benignant flint against this violence of health laws. Now, if ever, you and your helpers need nourishing, quiet meals, eaten at stated times and as leisurely as if the abhorrent business of removal were not—literally as figuratively—on the carpet. Talk of other matters while at table. If, at the bitter end of the ordeal, you cannot contrive a table, use a packing case in lieu thereof. See that a real tablecloth is reserved to give a semblance of decency and order to the ceremony of a family meal. Picnics are well enough in their way, but at this crisis, body and mind should have support and the domestic routine be maintained.

"In the subs," is an expression handed down from a day when the housemother bent her own back and plunged her arms up to her elbows in Monday's washtubs. It has come to mean much more to us, namely, a state of slatternly disorganization and discomfort incompatible with self-respect and orderliness of mind and action.

Keep out of the "subs" in moving time.

Marion Howland

### Good Table Manners

**D**O YOU remember that hero of Charles Dudley Warner who fell in love with his wife because she ate so daintily? If most of our love affairs depended on our good table manners, it is to be feared that this would be a rather loveless old earth.

It is surprising how few of us eat absolutely nicely. This does not refer by any means exclusively to those who have not had the advantage of early training. Men, and even women, who, by their birth and breeding, should have good table manners are not above reproach in this respect.

Of course, we may not indulge in such glaring faults as jugglery with one's knife, talking with a full mouth, drinking with a spoon in the cup or eating with painful audibleness. But how many of us, for instance, eat our bread only after breaking into small bits? Do we all remember to dip our soupspoons away from, rather than toward us. Do we duck our heads to get that soup, instead of lifting the spoon to our mouths?

This latter breach of table niceties is something of a temptation, it must be confessed, if one is large of body, shaky of hand and with a fine regard for clean shirt fronts or blouses, which the rigid rules prescribed forbid covering with an expanse of tucked-in napkin.

Perhaps some one may say, "Finkink nonsense, all this talk on table etiquette. It is what a man is that counts, not externalities." Unfortunately, except to one's nearest and dearest, what one is may be so obscured by what one does as to go practically unrevealed. A big heart or a profound brain may be admired, but somehow with most of us it is the grating little unpleasantnesses of conversation or manner of those kind, brainy men and women that "take the deepest impression."

Two great stress can not be laid upon a thorough training in table niceties. If we do not want some one to have occasion to wince at the offensive ways of eating of our children, as we have often wined at others, we should begin almost from the cradle to instill the principles of dainty table manners.

## THE HOUSEMOTHERS' EXCHANGE

**NOTABLE** among the many good things we have compiled into a Marion Howland scrapbook are "John's Wife's" doughnuts—"the best that grow"—and your own French taploca custard.

"A. S." of Chicago, writes of hard soap. It is identical with the soap "we" make, and which "Emma's" mother made before her. It signifies to the bottom, and requires no other stirring after it has been faithfully beaten up when the ingredients are mixed. It is excellent for dishes and for scrubbing, but not for clothes, as the lye makes it quite strong. "A. S." says that age improves it. Our rule is that it may be used when the lye rises to the surface in feathery flakes.

"Mrs. J. G. M." asks why eggs packed in water glass (sodium silicate) rise to the top. The specific gravity of the liquid is greater than that of the egg, and soda silicate is quite dense. Add more water and the eggs will sink. The proportions generally used are one to ten; that is, one of soda silicate to ten parts of water.

Now for one of "our" recipes that is extremely good, if the requests for copies from those who have once eaten cake made by it are a criterion:

**Bread Cake.**  
Two cups of bread "sponge," two eggs, two cups of sugar, one cup of lard, one pound of raisins, one pound of currants, one teaspoonful of cloves, one teaspoonful of allspice, one teaspoonful of soda, flour for a stiff dough.  
Mix the ingredients with the bread sponge in the order named, adding the soda last, after sifting it twice with the flour.  
In our estimation it is the equal of fruit cake, and more digestible. The longer it is kept the better it is. It should be baked in a slow oven.  
Try it and report.  
Accept our apologies for this long letter. We simply could not hold our peace in the face of such a union of helpfulness as the Exchange has become; and we shall not be offended if no notice is taken of us.

"We"—although it is he who writes—are a young couple. "He" is city born; "she" is from the country, and well trained in domestic science, as most country girls are. T. and E. M., your well-wishers and helpers (Philadelphia).

Inclosed in this delicious letter is this receipt:  
A Constant Reader asks for a cure for itchy feet containing hydrochloric acid. I see in our M. H. scrapbook that it was sent in by "H. S. V." (Philadelphia).  
—Hydrochloric acid, half ounce; soft water, three and a half ounces. Wash or

bathe the parts affected with a soft cloth or sponge. T. and E. M.

I have called this letter "delicious" because it affects the mental and moral palate as dainty food the physical. The picture of perfect unity in the domestic life of "John" and "Emma" is in itself charming and worthy of imitation. Their eagerness to lend a hand in a work the usefulness of which they appreciate intelligently, and last, the business methods that include, among other habits, that of transferring to an indexed and dated scrapbook items from the Exchange that they foresee will be of value to them and to others in future, merits our hearty and grateful praise.

It thrills me to the heart and spinal column to think what a blessed calm would possess the editorial soul and what relief would come to hand and head were thousands of other constituents to copy the glorious example of this wedded pair.

### Asks for Address

I see that "R. M.," Dayton, Ohio, is raising canary birds. I should like to have her full address that I might write to her.  
Mrs. M. S. A. (Athens, Ga.).

Will our Dayton correspondent kindly inform me if I may comply with the request herein set down?

### "Heavenly Hash" at Its Best

I want to say a few words regarding "heavenly hash," or "ambrosia," as it is sometimes called, as it has been my standby in dinner-giving. I have found it a most delightful final course to a dinner, as most people are not able to enjoy a heavy dessert after a four or five course dinner. "Heavenly hash" is a combination of any or all fruits, cut up together and allowed to stand several hours in sugar. I have tried all combinations and have found the favorite to be the following: Pineapple and bananas in equal proportion, and candied cherries. Buy the canned sliced pineapple, cut in small pieces and boil in its own juice, adding sugar and water to make more syrup; but before serving add the sliced bananas and candied cherries. The banana is apt to become discolored if allowed to stand too long. Every one relishes this greatly after a

heavy dinner, as I can assure you from several years' experience in dinner-giving. Of course, if this is the dessert, care must be taken in planning the other courses not to have a repetition, such as a salad course of fruit or grapefruit and candied cherries for the first course.

Rocky Ford melons stuffed with "heavenly hash" form a delightful dairy during the melon season. Also "heavenly hash" served with sweet wafers or cake makes a splendid dish for the afternoon or evening, when a hostess wants "just a little something," as it is both "meat and drink."

The possibilities of this dish are very great with an ingenious hostess; it is sometimes served in the banana skins, or grated coconut or nuts may be added, etc.

I hope you will pardon my lengthy discussion of this subject, but this dish has been such a success with me I could not refrain from letting others know about it. I usually serve it in champagne glasses, with four or five candied cherries in each glass.

I have received many helpful suggestions from your department, and it has only been lately that I have been able to contribute my quota.  
B. B. T. (Kewanna, Ill.).

### Desires Information

My question may not be appropriate for your Exchange, yet I put it. I am a stranger in Los Angeles and a reader of your paper. I know of no more likely way of obtaining the information I need than by applying to you. Is there a two-year hospital in Los Angeles or in the vicinity? If there is, will you kindly direct me to it? I inclose stamps and self-addressed envelope for your reply.  
A. N. (Los Angeles, Cal.).  
And I in turn know of no better way

of getting the address than by publishing the query just as you send it in. I shall not lose an hour in sending the address to you by mail after I get it. As I shall I know my California constituents well enough to be able to promise that confidently. I regret the unavoidable delay.

### "The Vexed Question" Again

"The Vexed Question" is again upon the floor. (When is it ever off?) The present writer has her subject well in hand and handles it with good sense and temper.

There is a saying that if a man doesn't grumble, you may be sure that he is satisfied. The same rule may be applied to "help," or "girls," or "maids." There are girls who growl and many who don't. There are bad maids and good mistresses, and vice versa. So, I opine that you are not likely to get much satisfaction from asking girls to write of "good mistresses." I have got along nicely with women whom other girls find "impossible."

I wish you would ask the girls to write how they manage to get along with their mistresses. I find that—  
"This world is how we take it."  
And life is just what we make it."  
All depends upon how much maid and mistress expect from each other.

I would suggest to the "ex-schoolmarm" that she hang a notice in the kitchen to the effect that "Gentlemen will please, out of respect to the cook, remove their hats." It might save her much mortification.

And won't you please ask her if she is as polite and obliging to the kitchen boy as she would be, let us say, to the Governor of the state? And if not, why not?  
Do you see the point?  
Oh! but I should like to get hold of a lot of these uppish maids, and talk to them in their own language, just as Billy Sunday is talking to the men of Los Angeles.  
If you do invite the girls to relate how they manage impossible mistresses, I hope you will let me tell my experience.  
"THE MAID."  
I invite you to do it now, without waiting to hear from others. You have brains and stout common sense, and you have the faculty of saying what you mean without flying into a rage. Furthermore, you have that rare quality in a woman—a sense of proportion that enables you to see both sides of even the vexed question

It ought not to be necessary for me to remind readers that every letter that appears here is a bona-fide communication, and that not one is dictated by editor or secretaries. Yet I reiterate the assertion here to reassure the minds of certain doubters who flatter us by crediting the working staff of the Exchange with many of the bright and helpful things that appear in the Corner. I am too proud, and justly, of my constituency to let one of them be robbed of the honor that rightly belongs to the corps.

### "Hour by Hour"

The poem, "Hour by Hour," was asked for by Mrs. "J. G. J." (Rapid City, S. D.). We have received no less than thirty copies of the lines. It has gone to the querist by mail.

One of the donors asks if I will not make place for one verse which I agree with her in pronouncing the gem of the poem.

"It is very brief," she urges. It is, and I averve from our rule of non-publication of verses and other selections in full, that all our readers may share the lesson with us:

God broke our years to hours and days  
That hour by hour and day by day,  
Just going on a little way,  
We might be able all alone  
To keep ourselves heartwhole and strong.  
Should all the weight of life  
Be laid across our shoulders, and the future,  
With we and struggle meet us face to face  
At just one place,  
We could not onward go;  
Our feet would stop, and so  
God lays a little on us every day,  
And never I believe, on all the way  
Will burdens bear so deep  
Or pathways hear so steep  
But we can forward go, if, by God's power,  
We only bear the burden of the hour.

May I add that the lines thus quoted have been for years pasted upon the flyleaf of the well-worn "red-letter" Testament that is my daily companion and counselor? I have read them more times than I can number. It is like putting a cup of cheer and strength to other lips to print them in our Exchange.



# The Opal Serpent

By FERGUS HUME,  
 Author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab,"  
 "The Mandarin's Fan," Etc.  
 Copyright, 1915, by G. W. Dillingham Company.

(Continued.)

"Will he be hanged?"  
 "No, I think not. His youth will be in his favor, though I'd hang him myself if I had the chance and so put him beyond the reach of hurting any one. But I expect he'll get a long sentence."

"And Mrs. Krill?"  
 "Mrs. Jessop you mean. Hum! I don't know. She apparently is ignorant that Maud killed Krill, though she might have guessed it, after the way in which Lady Rachel was murdered. I dare say she'll get off. I'm going to see her shortly and tell her of the terrible death of her daughter."

Paul did not pursue the conversation. He was sick with the horror of the business, and, moreover, was too anxious about Sylvia's health to take much interest in the winding up of the case. That he left in the hands of Hurd and assured him that the £1,000 reward, which Mrs. Krill had offered, would be paid to him by Miss Norman.

Of course, Pash had known for some time that Maud was too old to have been born of Mrs. Jessop's second marriage with Krill; but he never knew that the widow had committed bigamy. He counted on keeping her under his thumb by threatening to prove that Maud was not legally entitled to the money. But when the discovery was made at Beechill and Stowley churches by Miss Qlan, the monkey faced lawyer could do nothing. Beecot could have exposed him and for his malpractices have got him struck off the rolls; but he simply punished him by taking away Sylvia's business and giving it to Ford. That enterprising young solicitor speedily placed the monetary affairs on a proper basis and saw that Sylvia was properly reinstated in her rights. Seeing that she was the only child and legal heiress of Krill, this was not difficult. The two women who had illegally secured possession of the money had spent a great deal in a very wasteful manner, but the dead man's investments were so excellent and judicious that Sylvia lost comparatively little and became possessed of nearly five thousand a year, with a prospect of her income increasing. But she was too ill to appreciate this good fortune.

The case got into the papers, and every one was astonished at the strange sequel to the Gwynne street mystery. Beecot senior, reading the papers, learned that Sylvia was once more an heiress and forthwith held out an olive branch to Paul. Moreover, the frantic old gentleman, as Deborah called him, really began to feel his years and to feel also that he had treated his only son rather harshly. So he magnanimously offered to forgive Paul on no conditions whatsoever. For the sake of his mother the young man buried the past and went down to be received in a stately manner by his father and with joyful tears by his mother.

Paul and his respected father sat up till late discussing the matter.  
 "And now, sir," said Beecot senior, grasping the stem of his wineglass as though he intended to hurl it at his son, "let us gather up the threads of this infamous case. This atrocious woman who tried to strangle your future wife?"

"She has been buried quietly. Her mother was at the funeral, and so was the father."

"A pretty pair," gobbled the turkey-cock, growing red. "I suppose the government will hang the pair."

"No; Captain Jessop can't be touched, as he had nothing to do with the murder, and Sylvia and myself are not going to prosecute him for his attempt to get the jewels from Pash. Mrs. Jessop, much broken in health because of her daughter's terrible end, has gone back with her husband to live at his house in Stowley."

"What!" shouted Beecot senior. "Is that she devil to go free too?"

"I don't think she was so bad as we thought," said Paul. "I fancied she was a thoroughly bad woman, but she really was not. She certainly committed bigamy, but then she thought Jessop was drowned. When he came to life she preferred to live with Krill, as he had more money than Jessop."

"And therefore Jessop, as you say, had free quarters at the Red Pig. A most immoral woman, sir—most immoral. She ought to be ducked."

"Poor wretch," said Paul, "her mind has nearly given way under the shock of her daughter's death. She loved that child and shielded her from the consequences of killing Lady Rachel. The Sandal family don't want the case revived, especially as Maud is dead, so Mrs. Jessop—as she is now—can end her days in peace. The government decided to let her go. She knew that her daughter had killed Lady Rachel and shielded her. But she was never sure if Maud had strangled Krill, as she feared to ask her. But as the girl was out all night at the time of the murder, Mrs. Jessop, I think, knows more than she chooses to admit. However, the treasury won't prosecute her, and her mind is now weak. Let the poor creature end her days with Jessop, father. Is there anything else you wish to know?"

"That boy Tray?"

"He was tried for being an accessory before the crime, but his counsel put forward the plea of his age and that he had been under the influence of Maud. He has been sent to a reformatory for a good number of years. He may improve."

"Huh!" grunted the old gentleman. "Now that—that blackguard, Hay?"

"He has gone abroad and is likely to remain abroad. Sandal and Tempest kept their word, but I think Hurd put it about that Hay was a cheat and a scoundrel. Poor Hay," sighed Paul, "he has ruined his career."

"Bah! he never had one. If you pity scoundrels, Paul, what are you to think of good people?"

"Such as Deborah, who is nursing my darling? I think she's the best woman in the world."

"I suppose that Matilda Junk creature had nothing to do with the murder?" asked Beecot senior.

"No. She knew absolutely nothing and only attacked Deborah because she fancied Deborah was attacking Maud. However, the two sisters have made it up, and Matilda has gone back to the Red Pig. She's as decent a creature as Deborah, in another way, and was absolutely ignorant of Maud's wickedness. Hurd guessed that when she spoke to him so freely at Christ-church."

"And the thug?"  
 "Hokar? Oh, he is not really a thug, but the descendant of one. However, they can't prove that he strangled anything beyond a few cats and dogs when he showed Maud how to use the roomal—that's the handkerchief with which the thugs strangled their victims."

"I'm not absolutely ignorant," growled his father. "I know that. So this Hokar goes free?"

"Yes. He would not strangle Aaron Norman because he had but one eye, and Bhowanee won't accept maimed persons. Failing him, Maud had to attend to the job herself, with the assistance of Tray."

"And this detective?"  
 "Oh, Ford, with Sylvia's sanction, has paid him the £1,000, which he shares with his sister, Aurora Qlan. But for her searching at Stowley and Beechill we should never have known about the marriage, you know."

"No, I don't know. They're far too highly paid. The marriage would have come to light in another way. However, waste your own money if you like. It isn't mine."

"Nor mine either, father," said Paul sharply. "Sylvia will keep her own fortune. I am not a man to live on my wife. I intend to take a house in town when we are married, and then I'll still continue to write."  
 "Without the spur of poverty you'll never make a hit," grinned the old gentleman. "However, you can live where you please. It's no business of mine, but I demand as your indulgent father that you'll bring Sylvia down here at least three times a year. Whenever she is well I want to see her."



"When?" he asked, taking her in his arms.

"I'll bring her next week," said Paul, thinking of his mother. "But Deborah must come too. She won't leave Sylvia."

"The house is big enough. Bring Mrs. Tawsey also. I'm rather anxious to see her. And Sylvia will be a good companion for your mother."

So matters were arranged in this way, and when Paul returned to town he went at once to tell Sylvia of the reconciliation. He found her, propped up with pillows, seated by the fire, looking much better, although she was still thin and rather baggard.

"I am so glad, darling," she said, holding Paul's hand in her thin ones. "I should not have liked our marriage to have kept you from your father."

Mrs. Tawsey snorted. "His frantic par," she said, "ah, well, when I meet 'im if he dares to say a word again my pretty—"

"My father is quite ready to welcome her as a daughter," said Paul quickly.

"An' no poor one either!" cried Deborah triumphantly. "Five thousand a year, as that nice young man Mr. Ford have told us is right. Lor', my lovely queen, you'll drive in your chariot and forget Debby."

"You foolish old thing," said the girl fondly. "You held to me in my troubles, and you shall share in my joy."

"Allays purvidin' I don't ave to leave the laundry in charge of Bart an' Mrs. Purr, both bein' infants of silliness, one with gin and t'other with weakness of brain. It's well I made Bart promise to love, honor and obey me

Mr. Beecot, the same as you must do to my own lily flower there."

"No, I am to love, honor and obey Paul," cried Sylvia.

"When?" he asked, taking her in his arms.

"As soon as I can stand at the altar," she replied, blushing, whereat Deborah clapped her hands.

"Weddin's an' weddin's an' weddin's kg'in," cried Mrs. Tawsey, "which my sister Matilder being weary of 'er spinning 'ome 'ave made up 'er mind to marry the fust as offers. An' won't she lead 'im a dance neither—oh, no, not at all."

"Well, Deborah," said Beecot, "we have much to be thankful for, all of us. Let us try and show our gratitude in our lives."

THE END.

## THE KISS.

Phyllis kissed her beau last night,  
 Kissed him in the hall,  
 And I, alas, beheld the deed  
 In the mirror on the wall.

She kissed him, and he gave return,  
 The rogue! How could he dare  
 To take such liberty as that  
 With eyes and lips and hair?

And, though the glass revealed the maid  
 I love with such a passion  
 Boldly greet this favored youth  
 In such a loving fashion.

I cannot call her bold nor bad,  
 This quite bewitching miss,  
 Nor can I love her less, because  
 'Twas I received the kiss.  
 —Corinne Jarrell in Lippincott's Magazine.

**Ethics of the Case.**  
 "Look here, doctor," said the impatient, coming into the physician's office with a determined expression, "I've just had the X rays turned on me, and I find that when you operated on me you left a pair of surgical scissors in me."

"Bless me!" said the specialist. "I had missed them. Thank you so much, my good man. I will add their cost to your bill."—New York Life.

## In Doubt.



Dolly—What's the new baby's name, auntie?

Aunt—Oh, baby hasn't got any name yet.

Dolly—Then how do they know it belongs to us?

**The Corner Critics.**  
 Ellwood—"Those 'mushroom' hats the girls are wearing this year bide a lot of defects in false hair, don't they?"  
 Green—I should say so! Had my way I'd name them "charity hats" instead of "mushroom."  
 Ellwood—Why so, old man?  
 Green—Because they cover a multitude of faults.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

**The Difference.**  
 "No," said the tiresome man. "I never knew a woman who could tell a story well. Most women appreciate the fact that they can't and don't try."

"Yes," interrupted the weary listener, "and some men don't appreciate the fact that they can't and are very trying."—Catholic Standard and Times.

**Dad's Idea.**  
 "Pa," said Mrs. Hardapple enthusiastically, "Mandy is getting to be one of these here sure enough artist folks. Would you like to see her wash drawings?"  
 "No," growled the old man in crabbed tones. "Blamed lot of foolishness. I'd rather see her wash dishes."—Chicago News.

**Doesn't Harmonize.**  
 "It must increase your expenses quite a little to have your factory so far away from your downtown office?"  
 "Yes, it does. But then it's much better to keep 'em apart as long as our factory doesn't harmonize in appearance with the picture on our letter heads."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**The Early Worm.**  
 Father—I wish you would please tell that young man of yours to pay his visits at a decent hour. If he must start courting so early in the day ask him to at least come after breakfast!  
 Daughter (ingenuously)—But, father, that is what he comes after.—Lippincott's Magazine.

**A Comparison.**  
 "In the case of the donkey anyhow," averred Uncle Allen Sparks, "the voice, certainly affords a pretty fair index as to the character of the animal."—Chicago Tribune.

**Don't Forget It.**  
 One chore trends on another's heels.  
 A new one looms in sight.  
 The pan beneath the teacox soon  
 Will be our care each night.  
 —Detroit Free Press.

**The Beginner's Troubles.**  
 "The caddie," said the beginner at golf, telling his troubles, "was so sarcastic and impudent I felt like cracking him over the head."  
 "Why didn't you?" asked his friend.  
 "Well—er—you see, I wasn't sure which would be the proper club to use for that purpose."—Catholic Standard and Times.

## KING OF THE CANNIBALS.

Governor of Fiji Islands Lectures Before Royal Society.

Sir Everard F. Thurm, governor of Fiji and High Commissioner of the Western Pacific, gave an address before the Royal Geographical Society on "The West Pacific: Its History and Present Condition," in London recently.

He recalled having been congratulated by a present legal luminary on having "become King of the Cannibal Islands" but asked "Where will your kingdom be?" The success of Spanish adventurers in the South Seas during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries attracted a crowd of envious privateers of many European nations, and vague discoveries were made, our knowledge of the Pacific taking definite form during the two-and-a-half centuries after the great Magellan voyage. The adventures of those days were spurred on by the spirit of scientific discovery, in which the English and French vied with each other in true sportsman-like fashion. It was almost entirely in the nineteenth century the first settlement by vagrant Europeans took place, and not till the second half of the century were the islands surveyed and annexed by the great powers.

Little more than 100 years ago all that was known of the Pacific Ocean with anything like certainty was certain parts of its Australasian and other countless islands scattered over the vast extent of its water area were for the most part mere names in the half-remembered tales of the adventurous voyages of the preceding centuries. It would be worth a great deal, if it were only possible, to have a clear view of the state and condition of the natives of those half fabulous islands as they were 100 years ago, before European influences had had any permanent effect on them.

At present the only things that could be said were that the natives were evidently in a state of savagery certainly distinct from the state of savagery which has been found to prevail elsewhere in the world, and tempered, especially towards the eastern parts of the Pacific by a condition of almost idyllic happiness which raised the natives concerned to a state far above that ordinarily connoted by the term "savagery."

They were at first friendly towards their earliest white-skinned visitors, and it was only when the last-named were, intentionally or unintentionally, in some way offensive to the dark-skinned islanders that the latter attacked the white man. Missionaries, under the auspices of the London Missionary Society, entered the Pacific as early as the close of the eighteenth century, and had established themselves fairly well in Tonga by 1830. A few years later they passed from Tonga to the savage islands of Fiji, where cannibalism then prevailed to an extent never at any time elsewhere equalled. It seemed probable that in some cases even a few of the white renegades who had settled among the Fijians joined in this terrible practice. The motive of the missionaries in going to Fiji was to introduce into those dark places Christianity and its attendant civilization, and their success, though naturally slow, was extraordinarily complete, so that within forty years there was hardly an unconverted heathen left, except in the remote mountainous parts of Fiji.

## FROM THE ANTIPODES.

Mrs. Henry Dobson is a Famous Tasmanian Clubwoman.

Mrs. Henry Dobson, who is president of the Australian Councils of Women, is one of the distinguished delegates at the Quinquennial Convention of the International Council of Women held in Toronto this month. Mrs. Dobson's prominence and her diversity of interests may be best estimated from the fact that in Hobart, Tasmania, she is president of



the Convalescent Home, the Ministering Children's League, the Greene and the Alliance Francaise; honorary president of the Deutsche Verein; vice-president of the Women's Health Association, the Peace Society, the Art Society, the Society for Blind, Deaf and Dumb, Women's Political Association, Psychic Research and Psychological Society, and Amateur Writers' Club; organizing secretary for the Society for Protection of Children, and Brabazon Employment Society; and on the committee of the Girls' Industrial School, the Consumptive Sanatorium, the Queen's Fund and Alexandra Hospital. Mrs. Dobson has also founded a village settlement and a soup kitchen, and, with other charitable workers, was instrumental in the organization of seven of the above mentioned institutions. She has represented the Council of Tasmania at all international meetings since 1900.

**Success for Canadian.**  
 A London despatch says: Mr. Edmond Burke, the Canadian baritone, whose singing at the Royal Opera, The Hague, has created much interest in musical circles during the last year, received an ovation recently, when he appeared at Alys Bateman's recital, in Aeolian Hall.

## SENSATIONAL DERBIES.

Facts About the Great English Race Won by the King.

Surprise has been the keynote at Epsom on Derby Day for the last two seasons.

In 1907 Mr. Croker's Orby came romping home first, amidst hardly any cheering. The betting against his horse had been 100 to 9.

But Orby was not such a rank outsider as was Signor Ginistrelli's Signorinetta, who carried off the Blue Riband of the turf last year. Before the race practically nothing was known of the filly, and the betting against her was 100 to 1, recalling the sensational unexpected win of Jeddah in 1898.

As a rule, an outsider's win is not a popular one, although a British crowd is too fair to show any open resentment. But thousands of people who never attend any other race meeting go to the Derby every year, and they like to put a shilling or so on the favorite. Also, he it said, they like that favorite to win; and if some unknown mount at long odds comes sweeping along, taking all before it—well, his reception is rather cold.

Absolute silence greeted the astonishing win of Hermit in 1867, and on that occasion perhaps no one was more surprised than Mr. Chaplin, the owner. Daley, the jockey, had been instructed to get him in amongst the first eight, and in the paddock, before the race, he was jeered at by some of his fellow-competitors for riding such a horse. The despised outsider won by a neck.

Judging by the time taken to cover the course, if all the 129 horses which have won the Derby since its inauguration in 1780 had run in one race, the winner would have been Spearmint, and the last to arrive Ellington. In 1906 the former broke all previous record by winning in 2 min. 36.45 sec.; while the latter, which carried off the Blue Riband in 1886 took 3 mins. 4 sec. It is only fair to mention, however, that previous to 1846 no time records were kept.

What might be called the "hat trick" of English racing, but is better known as the "triple crown," is the winning of the three famous races—the Two Thousand Guineas at Newmarket, the Derby at Epsom, and the St. Leger at Doncaster. The triple crown was first won by West Australian in 1853, and since then has only been won by nine others—Gladiator, Lord Lyon, Ormonde, Common, Isinglass, Galtee More, Flying Fox, Diamond Jubilee, and Rock Sand.

Gladiator, the second horse to perform this great feat, was the first French horse to win the Derby. His owner—Count de Lagrange—spent \$250,000 a year on training and the incidental expenses of racing. Over his Derby success he was said to have won \$200,000 in bets; while the stake amounted to about \$35,000.

## LITTLE KNOWN RUIN.

St. John the Baptist Church Goes Back Almost to Romans.

Racegoers are, as a rule, too absorbed in their sporting engagements to find time for visits to architectural beauty spots in the towns to which their ruling passion leads them. But there are exceptions, and many who are seen on the course at Chester while racing is on are found during early morning on the famous walls of the city and investigating other of interesting ruins in the neighborhood. It is unfortunate that so many who again and again visit certain of the



RUINS OF SAINT JOHN THE BAPTIST, CHESTER.

famous sights miss one of the finest features of all—that of St. John the Baptist church ruins, which are still in excellent preservation, and of clear outline. Their antiquity alone lends extraordinary interest to the remains, for it was one of the earliest buildings of stone erected after the country had seen the departure of its Roman victors. Some authorities place the date of its commencement in the latter half of the seventh century. It suffered, with so many others, at the hands of the Commissioners of Edward VI, who, having exploited its revenues, destroyed the fabric of the building. The only exception made was in the case of the nave, which was permitted to remain for use as a parish church, and is at the present time much in its old condition and form. The ancient church has been unfortunately, for upon three separate occasions one or other of its towers has fallen, doing great damage to the remainder of the structure. Among the ruins at the easternmost portion of the remains there stood a 100 years or so ago the residence of De Quincy, while one of the monuments of interest has been erected to the memory of the poet William Falconer.

## "Skipper of Skippers."

So Mr. A. C. MacLaren, who has been invited to captain the England eleven in all five Test Matches against the Australians, has been termed. Admirers of the Hon. F. S. Jackson may cavil at the description; but there can be no doubt that Mr. MacLaren is a splendid captain as well as player. In all he has totalled nearly 20,000 runs in first-class cricket, since he made his debut in 1890 against Sussex. He has appeared in thirty Test Matches, and in five of them has scored a century. He still holds the record for the highest individual score in English county cricket—424 for Lancashire v. Somerset, in 1885.

## PRaise FOR EARL GREY

SOMETHING ABOUT CAREER OF CANADA'S VICEROY.

Thorpe Lee in London Daily Mail Lauds the Governor-General For His Enthusiasm and the Good Canadian Spirit of His Stay Here —Ruled in Rhodesia in Negligee—Has Worked Hard.

His Excellency Earl Grey has been successful to a noteworthy degree as Governor-General of Canada, and Canadians of all classes have heard with complete satisfaction the news that for another year he will remain with us as the official link connecting us with the Motherland. He understands his position well. He knows the points at which it demands no initiative, but he displays initiative of a high order whenever the march of events suggests an opportunity. The manner in which he carried through the Quebec Tercentenary celebrations is an instance of this. Mr. Hamar Greenwood recently said: "The greatest compliment I can pay Earl Grey is to say that he came to Canada an Englishman and he returns to it a keen Canadian."

In the course of an article in The London Daily Mail, Thorpe Lee praises Earl Grey's enthusiasm and then says:

"In England, before he went to Canada five years ago, there were some who estimated Lord Grey at his true worth. They saw what he had done for such causes as co-operation, garden cities, and public house reform. They had heard of his unconventional rule in Rhodesia, where, as Administrator, he was ready either to listen or to talk to all comers, and received them usually in an airy costume consisting of flannel shirt and trousers with a slouch hat. They knew he was a strong Imperialist and at the same time a convinced Social Reformer, a combination equally desirable and rare. But it was left to Canada to bring out the greatness of the man who went in 1904 to be the Dominion's Governor-General; and it is Canada which has taught us over here in England to appreciate one of the finest Englishmen of our time."

"Never has the Sovereign's representative in the Dominion been more universally popular. He is liked because he 'puts on no side.' He is respected because he is a man of business with actual experience of affairs, and can meet Canadian business men upon their own ground. He is trusted and admired by reason of his sympathy (not mere lip sympathy) with every good work."

"I regard the British Empire," he said at Winnipeg recently, "as the most potent instrument that has ever been fashioned or conceived by man for spreading the blessings of equal rights and impartial justice, of Christian service and true chivalry all over the earth." We, in our sneering, cynical way, may smile at such enthusiasm. They recognize in Lord Grey the faith that can move mountains, as well as the simple honor and straightness which made the Archbishop of Quebec say of him that "no one could have set a finer example in the performance of Christian duty both in public and in private life."

"It is curious to look back now and recall Albert Grey's first appearance in politics as a Liberal. It was in 1878 that he entered the House of Commons, but only to remain in it for a few minutes! He and his Conservative opponent polled the same number of votes. As the returning officer refused to give a casting vote, they both presented themselves at the table in the House and demanded to be sworn as M.P. However, a scrutiny was ordered, and the seat went to the Conservative. Two years later Mr. Grey was elected without any doubt. Then he was twenty-nine, a young man who had done well at Oxford; who had married the great heiress, Miss Holford, who was heir to his uncle's peerage; who had the world most comfortably warmed for him without any effort of his own."

"But warmth and comfort were not what he wanted. His energy demanded work, adventure, experience. At first he plunged into social questions at home. Now he would be presiding at a co-operative congress; now pushing a plan to beautify railway embankments; now lending his support to one of General Booth's schemes. One day he was granted a license for a public house on his estate. Next day he found he could sell the property, if he chose, for \$50,000. The monstrous absurdity of it struck him. He became the untiring advocate of public house trusts. For a time this occupied him; then he began to pine for a wider field. He found it through the agency of Cecil Rhodes. Rhodes wanted someone to help him in obtaining a charter for Rhodesia. Lord Grey (he had succeeded to the title in 1894) was just the man. Afterwards he became Administrator, and a trustee under Rhodes' will."

"When the Governor-Generalship of Canada was offered to him he was not particularly anxious to go. But it was a great opportunity; and as soon as he had accepted it he began to see what work for the Empire he could do. The speech he made at a dinner given to celebrate his appointment simply sparkled with ideas. There was in it none of the solemn portentousness which is usual in proconsular utterances. The Canadians very soon took to this modern Don Quixote, this unusual Englishman with the Irish eyes and none of the English stiffness. In five years he has made himself a great name."

## With Lady Aberdeen.

Lady Aberdeen is accompanied on her tour to Canada by Dr. Ogilvie Gordon, who won her diploma at Aberdeen University, and who is honorary secretary of the International Council of Women, and by her family physician, Sir William Thompson.

## Holland's Industries.

The principal industries in Holland are cattle-breeding and agriculture.

# The Suitors Of Serena

By Amelia S. Chapman.

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Nothing could exceed the enmity Mr. Ferris felt for Mr. Davis unless it was the hatred Mr. Davis harbored toward Mr. Ferris.

Until the occupancy of the long untenanted house across the street by Serena Fairlie and her mother these two men had been close and constant friends. Each night Mr. Ferris went to the house of Mr. Davis or Mr. Davis went to the house of Mr. Ferris to smoke and conversationally regulate the affairs of the nation.

Not even the fact that each of these boasted a particularly well kept lawn in front of his residence was sufficient to cause jealousy between them. So the late bellicose condition was the more deplorable by reason of their former friendship.

Mr. Ferris was a straight, stately and ascetic looking bachelor of forty-eight. His dark brown hair was streaked with gray. His nose was aquiline. His eyes were like blue steel. A sparse mustache drooped over thin and melancholy lips. He was known to have a competence, although he occupied himself with the conduct of a real estate office. He lived alone save for the presence of a deaf old aunt and a still more deaf old servant.

The house was furnished with reference to what was then considered the artistic standard. Mr. Ferris himself was accredited with a pretty taste in poetry and was given to quoting extracts on occasion.

Mr. Davis was a jolly widower of fifty winters that had been, however, like those of Adam, "frosty, but kindly." He was short of stature, round, rosy, amiable, fair haired and bland. His children were married and gone. He bowed to the sway of a housekeeper who had seen better days and who was not averse to frequently proclaiming the fact. His tastes, while less aesthetic than those of his neighbor, were decidedly more conducive to personal comfort.

In fact, he and Ferris were in every way sufficiently unlike to have got on



"THE DEAR YOUNG FOOLS!" HE SAID, admiringly together were it not that with the advent of the Fairlies both began to cast covetous eyes upon one bright particular star.

And their mutual dread each that the other might win the favor of Miss Serena was the real root of the animosity which inspired Mr. Ferris and animated Mr. Davis.

Not that up to the time that the black curtain of silent wrath descended between them either had made confidential mention of his hopes, but certain it was that, the morning after Miss Fairlie had attended the concert with Mr. Ferris, Mr. Davis resented the presence of the dog of Mr. Ferris on his front lawn and sent word to that gentleman to keep his curs at home.

Equally certain it is that, subsequent to the occasion when Miss Fairlie danced twice with Mr. Davis, Mr. Ferris sent due warning that if his neighbor's hens again intruded upon his property they would be promptly decapitated.

Then the deaf aunt and the deaf servant of Mr. Ferris and the housekeeper of Mr. Davis who had seen better days took up the feud, and so from the little acorn of rivalry sprang a lofty and far branching tree.

Perhaps there was no one who stood so absolutely within the shadow cast by this tree as Frank Heatherly, who was the nephew of Mr. Davis and was clerk in the real estate office of Mr. Ferris.

He was a well set up young fellow of about thirty, who had a wonderful knack of knowing what not to say and when not to say it, for both men confided in him, and after it became known that Miss Fairlie had fallen heir to a snug legacy each announced to Frank his decision to bring his matrimonial campaign to a climax.

"The money has nothing to do with my resolution," Mr. Ferris declared. "Apart from this business I possess stocks and other property. What are you smiling at?"

"Did I smile, sir?"

"I don't care a dash for her money!" Mr. Davis informed his nephew. "My rents bring me in quite a sum yearly. What are you grinning about?"

"I shall ask her the night of the spring dance," Mr. Ferris decided. "No girl in her senses would consider that fat old widower when she might have me!"

ghost of a show!" Mr. Davis assured Frank. "I'll ask her the night of the spring dance!"

The eventful night came—a resplendent night. The elite of the town streamed into the clubhouse. Lights shone from every window. Merry waltz music set young feet tapping. The sound of joyous voices was everywhere.

And Serena Fairlie, graceful, gracious, good to look upon, her brown gold hair shining in the light, her eyes gleaming like topazes, her shimmering gown of black just flecked with glowing orange, was in herself an entrancing apparition.

Mr. Ferris secured the first dance. Mr. Davis, puffing up belated, eagerly appropriated the second. The rest were already blurred out by cabalistic initials.

"I call this unkind discrimination!" panted Mr. Davis. But Serena Fairlie only laughed. Mr. Ferris whisked her away, and there was a sardonic gleam in his eyes as they rested on the lugubrious countenance of Mr. Davis.

The dance done, Mr. Ferris promptly led his partner to the conservatory.

"Dear Miss Serena," began Mr. Ferris fervently. "I have long admired that noble sentiment, 'Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide'—"

"Isn't it warm?" asked Miss Serena, moving toward the window.

"And," continued Ferris, following, "I've always admired that exquisite sentiment, 'Two souls with but a single thought'—"

Serena gave him a smile of exquisite leniency and looked out at the spangled sky. Ah, sweet was comprehension and sympathy! His lyric instinct soared once more.

"I'm leading up to an avowal, dear Miss Serena. I prefer to let the g-r-eat poets speak for me. It is Owen Meredith who sings:

"But I will marry my own first love,  
With her blush rose face, for old things  
are best."

"If you only knew," murmured Serena, with sweetest reproach, "how much I object to being referred to as—an old thing!"

There was a fusillade of panic stricken apologies.

"Miss Serena, our dance, I believe," and Mr. Davis triumphantly led Miss Fairlie out upon the polished floor. As the dance ended he spoke with a directness that almost startled Serena:

"Maybe Frank told you I was going to ask you to marry me. Well, I was—I do—I am. I can't sling poetry like Ferris, but if you'll say the word—"

Miss Fairlie smiled sweetly. "I'm flattered," she said, "but I can't, you see, for I'm going to marry Frank."

That young man came hurrying up. His eager eyes were bent on Serena. His audacious arm encircled her waist. He spoke with ardor.

"Our waltz, dearest," he said. As Davis started blankly after them a hand gently touched his arm.

"Come home," counseled Ferris. "Frank has told me just now that he was engaged to the girl before the Fairlies came here to live. I've some fine maderia in my cellar—can't be beat."

Davis met the extended hand—and gripped it hard.

"Good boy! You smoke the same mixture, I dare say. Got a lot from town this morning. O Lord, what a pair of old fools we've been!"

They glanced back as they descended the steps. The illuminated hall was a kaleidoscope of whirling figures. Ferris spoke, his voice not a little wistful.

"The dear young fools!" he said. "God bless them!" said Davis.

**Cure For Old Age.**  
The cure for hurry is the cure for old age—to take time every day, maybe several times a day, to become again as a little child; interested in one thing at a time as if that were the only thing. Instead of whirling all the time dizzily on the rim of life, we must take frequent times to get back to the center again for our bearings—back to the silent center whence we came. At that silent center we find all our child faculties waiting to be recognized and appropriated.

Many cases of falling memory are mistaken ones, due to unreasonable expectations.

How many grownups forget as many times a day as any child does!

The trouble is we expect or try to compel ourselves to remember a great burden of inconsequent and irrelevant things that the brightest child on earth could not remember, and we are so preoccupied trying to carry these things in mind that our minds are half absent, at least from the new things that are happening now and that ought to have our full attention, as they would have a child's full attention.—Nautilus.

**Why They Swapped Sines.**  
Travelers in Europe are limited by the railroads to a small amount of baggage carried free. In a train in Belgium two fellow travelers got into conversation, when one asked leave to measure the other's trunk. The result was that the measurer said:

"Your trunk is seven and a half centimeters too long and has no right to be in the compartment of free luggage. I am a railway inspector and must fine you 5 francs. Please give me your name and address."

The proposed victim of misplaced confidence was, however, equal to the occasion.

"Kindly lend me your measure that I may satisfy myself on the subject."

Then, with a polite smile: "I am a director in the royal weights and measures office. To my great regret I notice that your measure is not stamped, as is required by law, so that, firstly, your measuring is not legally valid, and, secondly, it is my painful duty to subject you to a fine of 50 francs. Please give me your name and address."

"That skinny old bachelor hasn't the

## The Quippy Ink Thief.

"Women prisoners is quippy," said the jailer. "One had a quip toward writin', and she was always swipin' ink out of the schoolroom."

"She swiped ink in her thimble. She'd fill the thimble up to the brim and then stand it carefully in her hair. Mighty good balancin' was required on the way back to her cell. Still, what if she did spill a drop or two on her scalp? A female convict ain't on view like a society woman, is she?"

"Of course as soon as we got on to the thimble game we put a stop to it. That didn't put a stop to the ink stealin', though. I says to her one day on the way back from the schoolroom:

"Well, Russel, no more poetry writin' with ink what don't belong to ye, hey?"

"She just smiled and mumbled something."

"Speak up, says I. 'Do ye miss yer ink—yes or no?'"

"'Bub-up-uh,' says she, tryin' to brush past me. But I grabbed her arm. I noticed a thin black thread of sump'n' tricklin' from her lips. Yes, sir! Would ye believe it? She was stealin' the people's ink now in her mouth!"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## Poor Billiards.

"One summer in the country," said a well known amateur billiardist, "another man and I were overtaken by a storm and had to go into a tavern for shelter. The rain fell steadily. We had three or four long hours before us. Time began to hang heavily on our hands.

"Landlord," said I, 'do you happen to have a billiard table?'"

"Sure," said the landlord. 'Sure. Just step this way, gent.'"

"He proudly threw open the door of a dark, stuffy room. We saw an antiquated table with a patched cloth, and in the corner was a rack of crooked cues.

"Any balls?" said I.

"Sure," said the landlord, and he unlocked a closet and laid on the table three white balls, all alike—there was no spot, you know.

"But, see here," I remonstrated, 'how do you tell these balls apart?'"

"Oh, that's all right," said he. 'You soon get to know 'em by their shape.'"

## To Be Sharp.

The Aryan root "ak" meant "to be sharp," and the idea of sharpness has followed it at least through 10,000 years into all of the family of languages of that tongue. It is quite likely that the property of sharpness was conceived of by these ancestors from handling shells, the first knives that man knew. That cutting edge was referred to by "ak" long before the most primitive people had learned to put an edge on flint. When these Aryans wanted to express the idea of sharpness of mind they used the same word. This root went into the Greek, where it became "akros," meaning pointed. In Sanskrit it is "akre," meaning the same thing. In the Latin we find "acrimonia," signifying sharpness, from which our "acrid" comes. The Latin also has "acer," meaning sharp, and "acus," a needle. In the Anglo-Saxon it became "eag," an edge. So the idea of sharpness runs all the way through, and we have it in our "acid," "acute," "edge" and "ax" as well as in "acrid" and "acumen."—Argonaut.

## The Alexandrian Library.

Omar, a fanatical caliph who overran Egypt about the middle of the seventh century, proclaimed that, since the Koran contained everything that human beings ought to read, no other books had any right to exist, so he condemned to destruction the immense library at Alexandria founded by the Ptolemies and constantly enlarged by their successors until the advent of the Saracens. How enormous it was can be imagined from the fact that for six months the manuscripts supplied the fuel of 4,000 public baths. It was the most terrible blow ever inflicted upon literature.

## Genius Rewarded.

A schoolmaster not famous for his personal beauty swooped down on the inattentive boy and found him drawing caricatures. He picked up one and asked the boy in a voice of thunder, "Is this meant for me?"

"Please, sir," said the victim, in a state of terror—"please, sir, I did not mean to make it so like."

The master destroyed the picture and let the matter drop.—London Globe.

## Thought It Was a Proposal.

Scene—Cab stand near London. Lady distributing tracts, hands one to cabbie, who glances at it, hands it back and says politely, "Thank you, lady, but I'm a married man." Lady nervously looks at the title and, reading "Abide with me," hurriedly departs, to the great amusement of cabbie.—London Spare Moments.

## But He Did.

"What do you mean by kissing my daughter, sir?"

"I'm sorry, but I couldn't help myself."

"Couldn't help yourself! That's just what you did do!"

## Heard in the Barber Shop.

"Our charges are the lowest in town," observed the barber.

"Cut rates, eh?" said the customer as he looked at his lacerated chin in the glass.—Judge.

## Undecided.

"If he has proposed, why don't you give him an answer?"

"I can't make up my mind whether I would like him when I got him home."—Brooklyn Life.

## MODERN TROGLODYTES.

The Matmata, the Cave Dwellers of Tunisia, Africa.

One of the strangest of capital cities is that of the troglodytes, or Matmata, the cave dwellers of Tunisia, Africa. It contains about 3,000 inhabitants, and the principle of its architecture is to dig into the earth rather than to build upon it. These troglodytes are to be found between the town of Gabes, on the Tunisian coast, and the sand hills of the Sahara. The country is a high, rocky plateau. The sun baked and swept by the sirocco. When a Matmata wants a new dwelling he chooses his spot, traces a circle and then digs until he has reached the desired depth, which varies according to the number of stories he requires.

The rooms consist of caves hollowed out in the sides of the circular pit, the bottom of which forms a patio, or courtyard, which is the usual feature of a Moorish house. Besides the rooms, a passage is also dug, communicating with the outside world, and a door is made at the outer end.

The soil, which is a kind of malleable clay, is easily cut and lends itself well to excavation, the roof of each room requiring no support as long as it is arched. These underground dwellings are not damp.—Chicago News.

## POSITION FOR SLEEP.

A Variety of Opinions Among Eminent French Medical Men.

A number of eminent French medical men have given their opinion to the *Matin de Paris* on what they consider the healthiest position for sleep.

Dr. Delorme, army medical inspector, declares that the natural position is to lie flat on one's back. Professor Debone and Dr. Daveniere of the School of Hygiene are of the same opinion and point out that lying on either side causes pressure of the arm, which may eventually bring about paralysis.

Dr. Landouzy of the medical faculty says that the best position is the most comfortable position, and this is acquired by habit. It would be well, however, to accustom oneself to sleep on the right side. Dr. Letulle of the Medical academy maintains emphatically that the sleeper should always lie on the right side and thus avoid indigestion and heart troubles.

In startling contradiction comes a statement from a heart specialist, Dr. Huchard: "I always sleep on my left side, and I think it is quite immaterial whether you lie on your left or right side. The idea, however, that those who cannot lie on the left side suffer from heart affection is quite erroneous."

## What Brown Did.

Mrs. and Mr. Brown—that isn't the usual way of putting it, but it was the way they ranked—had been invited to a party where Mrs. Brown understood, there was to be a host of literary lions. Mrs. Brown is an extremely handsome woman and just enough of a coquette to attract men about her wherever she goes.

Not long after they had arrived Mrs. Brown had four men around her, while Brown was pretending to be interested in some books scattered around on a corner table. Mrs. Brown inquired of the men in turn as to just what sort of literature they produced. One confessed he was a coffee broker, another was a doctor, the third was a machinery salesman. The fourth man admitted cheerfully that his only service to literature was reading books and newspapers. At this point Brown joined the group, and the coffee broker suggested to the lady that she might ask the newcomer what he did.

"Oh," remarked Mrs. Brown, placing B. at once in the discard, "he's my husband."—Exchange.

## Extinct.

"Bessie," said the teacher of the class which taught all about birds—in the school prospectus it was called the "ornithological division"—"give me the name of one bird which is now extinct."

Bessie wrinkled her brows. "What's extinct, please?" she asked.

"No longer existent," explained the teacher. "Can you name one?"

"Yes," piped Bessie readily. "Dick." "Dick—Dick?" repeated the teacher. "And what kind of bird is a 'Dick,' please?"

"Our canary," answered Bessie. "The cat extinted him."

## Marquis.

The designation marquis is the second in the five orders of English nobility. The term originally indicated persons who had the care of the marches of a country. The word marches is the plural of mark, which in its political sense signifies boundaries. Such were the lands on the borders of England and Scotland and of England and Wales.

## Early Football Players.

Football was for many years the national game of Florence. The season was from January to March, and the ladies and gentlemen of Florence and the populace as well were wont to assemble on the Piazza Santa Gioce to witness the game, which was called "calcio," from the word meaning "to kick." The last game was played in 1730.

## Corrected.

Employer (angrily)—Young man, what do you mean by sitting there doing nothing for the last half hour? Don't you know better than to waste your time in that way? Office Boy—I ain't wastin' my time. It was some of yours.—Chicago News.

Be not arrogant when fortune smiles nor dejected when she frowns.—Antonia.

## A Question of Color.

The enormous difficulties of color terminology are illustrated by a customer's "exact statement of her requirements" in a large Deansgate establishment one day. "Something in blue raffeta silk, please. I don't want anything as dark as navy blue nor anything as light as Cambridge blue, but something darker than Eton blue and yet a little off from an electric blue and hardly a sky blue—more like a robin's egg blue and yet not quite so light, but not an indigo blue, but something like this tint; I think they call it morning glory blue, which is something like a turquoise blue and yet not quite so light as that and yet not so dark quite as this aquamarine blue nor so light as baby blue. Now, if you have anything in the shade I have described, please show it to me." The intelligent assistant unrolled a length, a cross between the blue devils and the deep sea, with the remark: "This is the shade of blue you require, madam. It is called 'London milk!'"—Dyer and Calico Printer.

## The Oriental Mind.

Frederic S. Isham, the author, told the following to illustrate the double dyed duplicity of the oriental mind. Mr. Isham was in Pekin. Passing the arch to the Baron von Kettler, supposed to be an arch of contrition for the foul assassination of that brave official, the novelist asked a Chinaman who spoke a little English:

"You know why this monument was erected, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes," was the ready reply in dialect, "to commemorate a triumphant deed, the death of a very powerful foreigner!"

"Commemorate! And is that"—in amazement—"what the people generally think was the purpose of this monument?"

"Why not?" The Celestial's face was immovable, but a suggestion of sardonic humor seemed to flash from his slant eyes. "Chinese people much like monument."

## Venetian Coffee Houses.

The first cup of coffee was drunk in Europe at Venice toward the end of the sixteenth century. The Venetian chronicler Morosini in his records of the events in the year 1585 mentions the beverage called "cavee" drunk by the Turks and noted for its anti-soporific qualities. In the year 1591 a Venetian doctor introduced the berries from Egypt, taught his countrymen how to crush them and brew the beverage, and the use of coffee soon became general—so much so, in fact, that Venice was full of coffee houses where the people idled away their days drinking the aromatic beverage. A peculiarity of the Venetian coffee houses was that their patrons did not pay for each cup of coffee they drank, but settled their bills for all the coffee consumed at the end of each year. The regular price of a cup of coffee was 5 soldi, about 2½ cents, and in some of the old cafes of Venice today the same price is still charged.—New York Sun.

## Awkward Compliment.

There is such a thing as being too persistently complimentary. A candid and well meaning professor who had witnessed the performance of a little play in a private house in which his hostess had taken the leading part met the lady as she came from behind the curtain.

"Madam," he said, rushing up to her, "you played excellently. That part fits you to perfection."

"Oh, no, professor," said the lady modestly. "A young and pretty woman is needed for that part."

"But, madam," persisted the professor, "you have positively proved the contrary!"—Pearson's Weekly.

## Blamed the Planets.

In the middle of the fourteenth century in Paris a new ordinance enjoining the cleansing of the streets and the shutting up of swine was carefully neglected, as usual, and a terrible plague was the consequence. The faculty of medicine, called upon for a remedy by the king, sent to inform him after long discussion that the plague was the result of a hostile conjunction of the planets Mars and Jupiter.

## The Cause of Drafts.

Why is it that windows and doors are frequently ill fitting? There is nothing wrong with the wood itself, nor with the workmanship, as a rule, nor with the fit, at the outset at least, but the whole trouble is due to the wood being seasoned, or, rather, only partially seasoned, at the time it is made up.—Timber.

## Optimistic.

"Is Jones an optimist?"

"Is he? He found a ticket entitling him to a chance in an automobile drawing the other day, and he is building a garage."—Boston Transcript.

## Answered.

Bobby—What's the simple life, pa? Father—Doing your own work, my son. Bobby—And what's the strenuous life? Father—Doing some other fellow's work. Now run along and play.

## Reminders.

Mrs.—He said I reminded him of a Greek goddess. Mr.—Huh! Mrs.—What do I remind you of? Mr.—Of every darned thing I overlook that you ask me to do.—Cleveland Leader.

The temple of fame stands upon the grave. The flame that burns upon its altars is kindled from the ashes of dead men.

## DIGGING THE KAURI GUM

IT IS ONE OF NEW ZEALAND'S BIG INDUSTRIES.

Thousands of Men Make a Livelihood In the North Island Spearing In the Ground for Hardened Resin of Kauri Pine Trees — Price Ranges From \$240 to \$250 Per Ton—How Diggers Live.

Take a map of the North Island of New Zealand, draw a line from volcanic White Island, in the Bay of Plenty, through the southern end of Tauranga Harbor, and across to Whaingaroa Harbor, and you have the southern boundary of the Kauri-gum district of New Zealand. From here to the North Cape lie the gum-fields.

The Kauri pine, several known specimens of which measure from 25 to 30 feet in diameter, exudes a gum which, on exposure to the air, hardens, and in the course of time, by the tree shedding its bark, falls to the ground and is buried in the humus.

Thousands of men make a living by digging this gum, which is a very valuable article of commerce. The tools used for finding it are ordinary spades and spears of various lengths according to the depth of ground which the digger is working in. He first uses the spear to locate the gum, by prodding the ground with it. The spear has a rather blunt point, so that it will not go through the gum, and the experienced digger can tell by the sound whether he has struck gum, wood, stone, or charcoal.

It has recently been discovered that a small piece of iron or wire, twisted round the spear two or three inches from the point, makes it easier work for the digger when spearing in stiff or hard ground—which sounds improbable until it is explained that the small piece of iron is making the hole for the spear, while on the other hand, without this small piece of iron, the digger has to force in the whole length of the spear, which, being tapered, requires increasing effort for the deeper it goes.

The majority of the diggers live in tents or shanties made of sacks, split open, and nailed on to rough wooden frames after being sewn together into sheets of convenient sizes to cover roof and walls. The house is then finished off with a clay chimney. The gum lies at all depths, from a few inches on the hills and level country to fourteen feet or more in the swamps and landslips.

The shallow grounds are the winter fields, and the gum obtained is generally of the best quality. The price, at the time of writing, for this class of gum ranges from \$22.50 to \$27.50 per cwt., according to color and transparency, the lightest colored and most transparent being the more valuable. The smallest pieces are generally washed, and not scraped, and realize from \$10 to \$12.50 per cwt.

Scattered about over the ground are mounds, with a saucer-like depression close by. This depression is where the tree stood, and the mound is the earth pulled up by the roots of the tree when it fell. These mounds sometimes contain as much as two cwt. of gum, and the hollow also, sometimes, contains as much.

In some places a black or dark brown gum is procured. This is generally found in depressions or basins. First, there is a layer of white gum near the surface; about a foot or eighteen inches deeper, another layer of white, of not very good quality, and down on the bed-rock lies the black gum. There are various theories as to why this gum is black. Some say it was produced by a black-hearted species of Kauri pine, which is so heavy with gum that it will hardly float. The writer's opinion is that the gum has absorbed the tannin from the humus amongst which it has lain for hundreds of years. This decayed vegetation is not found in such quantity where white gum only is found, and when digging for black gum the diggers hands get stained a dark brown by the humus.

In some places landslips have covered the gum to a depth of 10 or 12 feet or more. This "slip-digging" is rather uncertain, as a man might, after spearing a piece of gum, dig a deep hole and get only the piece which he speared, or he might have struck a patch and get, perhaps, a ton out of it. A patch which yielded nearly 23 cwt. was discovered at low-water mark on a mud flat on the Kaipara Harbor, and, apparently, was all deposited by one tree. It was lying in a thick deposit of decayed vegetation, with a foot or eighteen inches of river mud on top. This gum realized \$240

# The Lack Of a Nickel

By John Hazen Haskell.

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Halloway lauded breathless on the top step of the elevated station just as the northbound express pulled out. He was already five minutes late to a dinner engagement, and he could have made it in ten if he could have caught that express.

He had visions of a pretty little woman in a violet colored evening gown tapping an impatient foot on the oriental rug in the corner of the library.

An empty express whizzed by on the other track on its way downtown; then a southbound local pulled in on the opposite side, unloaded a passenger and went on its way.

The passenger was a tall girl in gray, with a fluffy gray fur about her face and a big black hat—the dim light and the distance across tracks revealed no more to Halloway.

She did not leave the platform, but sat down on the edge of a bench in the uneasy way of some one who does not expect to stay long.

"Waiting for some one," said Halloway. He thought she must be pretty and wondered what color the hair under that big hat was.

Three or four minutes passed. The pair, divided by the glistening lines of rails, eyed each other covertly and tried to look unconscious. The girl's foot was tapping the floor, and she turned at every sound to peer down the stairs. At last she leaned forward and called across the chasm:

"Pardon me, sir! Can you tell me what time it is?"

Halloway stopped suddenly in his walk. That voice had a familiar sound. He consulted his watch.

"Certainly. It is now ten minutes past 7," he called back.

He heard the girl gasp, whether in surprise at the hour or in recognition of his voice he could not tell.

"Thank you," she said after a second, then silence, and another empty express whizzed by.

After awhile she spoke again. "Have you been here long?" she asked.

"Seven minutes or so."

"Did you happen—that is, you might



"DICK HALLOWAY!" HE HEARD HER CRY. —did you see—a—gentleman waiting here?"

Halloway was sure of the voice now and also that she did not recognize him. "No; I am sorry to say I have not. You are waiting for some one?"

"Yes, but I am a little late, I fear. Are you quite sure your watch is quite right?"

"Quite so, I'm afraid. It was with official time at 6."

"Thank you just the same," she said and sighed.

Halloway's express pulled in, and, banishing the vision of an irate hostess, he let it go without him. When the train had gone and the girl saw him still there she sat up very straight.

"Wasn't that your train?" she asked, with suspicion.

"Why, yes—that is, I am waiting for some one also," he lied cheerfully.

A long silence followed. Trains came and went; passengers alighted and disappeared down the stairs; theater goers began to arrive and in due time were carried on to the city. Still no man came to meet the girl, and still Halloway paced the platform. He had let two express trains go by now, and he meant to stay till he saw the girl safe aboard a downtown train; also he burned with an Othello-like desire to see who the "gentleman" might be.

When once more they had the platform all to themselves the girl spoke again.

"I am going to ask you a question," she said. "If a man had an engagement with a girl for 6:20 and she did not come till after 7, do you think he might not wait for her?"

"He might think she was not coming," Halloway replied.

"Do you think he might be this late himself?"

Halloway looked at his watch. "Half past 7. Well, hardly."

"Then I surely ought not to wait longer," said the girl and, rising, started toward the stairs. But suddenly she stopped with a little cry.

"What is it?" asked Halloway, forgetting everything but that this girl who was everything to him was in trouble.

"Oh, I just thought of something," said the girl. She walked slowly back to the bench and sat down, with her eyes bent on the bench in deep thought.

Halloway went to the edge of the

platform and leaned as far out as he could without falling.

"You are in trouble. Won't you let me help you?" he pleaded earnestly.

"Why, thank you," she faltered. "I don't know—I think, maybe— Suddenly she threw up her head and laughed. How that laugh went to Halloway's heart! "Well, the fact is," she continued, "that I was so sure of meeting my cousin here that I only slipped a nickel in my glove—and—and—well, you see, I have no car fare."

Then they laughed together.

That one word "cousin" was as balm to a wounded heart. Halloway knew this cousin well. He had boarded at the place where Halloway himself lived, and he had left him in jacket and slippers, pipe in hand, lounging in his favorite Morris chair. It was a pure case of "forgot."

"Oh, if that's all," said Halloway. "I can just come over and escort you myself to where you wish to go."

The girl drew herself up with dignity. "I would not bother you," she said, "but if you would be so kind you might fold your card about a nickel and toss it across, and I could return it in the morning."

"Oh, certainly, if you prefer," said Halloway.

A happy thought struck him. In pretense of hunting a card he stepped directly under an electric light, raising his head so it might shine in his face.

"Dick Halloway!" he heard her cry. He turned, grinning. She stamped her foot on the edge of the platform.

"How dare you speak to me," she cried, "after I told you never to again?"

"My dear girl, I beg to remind you that you spoke first."

"Well, I'm sure I didn't know it was you."

"I expect I have changed a great deal in the last two weeks," said Halloway, with pathetic emphasis. The girl tapped her foot and said nothing.

"In the meantime," he resumed, "may I ask, do you still want that nickel, or may I come over to your side and take you downtown to dinner?"

"No, indeed, you may not. But I suppose I'll have to take the nickel, and as I have to go over there to get a train home you may meet me downstairs and have the pleasure of paying my fare for the last time."

"Very well. But you can't prevent my going out on the same train."

"I thought you were waiting for some one?"

"I was waiting to see the chap you were waiting for."

"Jealous?"

"I own it. Also that is what ailed me two weeks ago."

"You admit that," asked the girl, "and all the rest—that you were wrong about the whole thing?" she asked again.

"That I was wrong about the whole thing," said Halloway. "I would have told you that a week ago if you had given me a chance. Edith, I was a chump, and I'm no end sorry, and you are—"

"Dick—oh, Dick," she interrupted, "come on over to my side, and I'll go downtown to dinner with you!"

### Teaching a Dog to Swim.

A good story is told of a well known instructor in swimming. One day recently a richly dressed middle aged woman drove up to his school. She carried a poodle dog in her arms.

"Oh, Mr. Jones," she said, "I want to have my little doggie taught to swim. He might fall into the water some day and be drowned. Can you teach him?"

"I think so," said Mr. Jones.

"How much will it cost?"

"Madam, I don't see how I can do it for less than \$5."

"Oh, thank you," she said. "And when could you give the poodle his first lesson?"

"At once, madam."

Suiting the action to the word, he took the "little doggie" from the arms of his mistress and pitched him some twenty or twenty-five feet out into the water.

"Oh-h-h, the darling!" half shrieked the fond mistress.

"Doggie" turned right side up in an instant and paddled back to the side. Mr. Jones lifted him out of the water, partially dried him with a towel and gravely remarked:

"Fine dog, madam. Most intelligent animal I ever saw. No trouble at all to teach him. Needs about two more lessons, two days apart—any time in the morning between 10 and 12."

"Oh, you dear, brave little doggie! Learning to swim, are you? Mr. Jones, I cannot thank you enough." All this from the happy mistress.

Two more lessons made the dog an expert swimmer.—London Telegraph.

### Two Characters of Great Art.

Remember always you have two characters in which all greatness of art consists—first the earnest and intense seizing of natural facts, then the ordering of those facts by strength of human intellect so as to make them for all who look upon them to the utmost serviceable, remarkable and beautiful. And thus great art is nothing else than the type of strong and noble life, for, as the ignoble person in his dealings with all that occurs in the world about him first sees nothing clearly, looks nothing fairly in the face and then allows himself to be swept away by the trampling torrent and unescapable force of the things that he would not foresee and could not understand, so that noble person, looking the facts of the world full in the face and fathoming them with deep faculty, then deals with them in unalarmed intelligence and unhurried strength and becomes, with his human intellect and will, no unconscious or insignificant agent in consummating their good and restraining their evil.—Ruskin.

## MILNER, THE PROPHET.

Great Imperialist Has Had a Great Career of Hard Work.

A prophet in a frock-coat. The lean, ascetic figure; the face worn with toil and thought; the high, intellectual forehead—these things lead one to think of the prophet. And a prophet of Empire Lord Milner is. He has the clear, penetrative vision—the single eye, and the single mind which clears away sophistry and reduces things to their elements, which, far more than any gift of supernatural foresight, is the true quality of the prophet. His philosophical training under Jowett at Balliol, his early experience in journalism, his years of toil at the details of finance in Egypt; these were but the wanderings in the wilderness. But then came the period of service as governor of the Cape and High Commissioner of South Africa, when he bore upon his shoulders a burden heavier, perhaps, than that carried by any living man. Lonely, hated by the majority of those around him, vilified by party politicians at home, he bore steadily on to his end, spending and spent for the good of his country.

The marvel of Lord Milner's administration in South Africa, has, perhaps, not been fully appreciated. The clear sight which looked beyond the affairs of the moment and realize the end to be sought; the firmness which shrank not even from war to obtain that end; these are things which are not easy to grasp. Most of his predecessors wrecked their reputation in that unfortunate land. He made his, and it was sealed when a sentimental majority of the House of Commons passed a vote of censure upon him.

The personality of Lord Milner is known but little to his fellow-countrymen. On the surface nothing is so apparent as the calm self-control. According to Sir Frederick Carruthers-Gould in South Africa he was "deemed to be orgulous." He returned broken in health—as well he might be, after the aires and vexations of those eight years. Day after day, on his return, found him sitting by the bedside of a friend, smitten unto death, reading to him and giving him strength for the passage. Beneath the almost pedantic exertion there beats a great heart, and from it he draws his insight into men and affairs, which, to the amazement of many, is becoming so apparent in his all-too-few excursions into public life.

## GREAT HISTORIC ABILITY.

Winner of Margaret Anglin Bracelet in Earl Grey Competition.

Miss Marguerite Jancy, the winner of the Margaret Anglin bracelet in the Earl Grey musical and dramatic competition at Montreal, is a Montreal young lady. She made a decided hit as Lionnette, the wife in the Princess de Bagdad, the play that was presented by Le Cercle Litteraire of St. Henri, Montreal. Her work was of a finished character and might well be judged by professional standards, and, although previously unknown to the general public, the young woman at once sprang into



MISS MARGUERITE JANCY.

fame with the frequenters of His Majesty's theatre, Montreal. John Corbin, the celebrated New York critic, spoke very highly of the nature of Miss Jancy's acting.

Miss Jancy was born in Montreal in 1890 and was educated at the convent of the Sisters of the Congregation De Notre Dame in that city and at the Montreal High School, of which she is a graduate. She made her debut as an amateur actress with Le Cercle Litteraire St. Henri, of Montreal, and a year ago was one of the winners with that club of the trophy offered by La Patrie and of a gold medal presented for last year's competition, in which some 18 dramatic companies took part. She played the leading part with the St. Henri Cercle in La Catalane, Monbars, Rome sous Nero, and Les Deux Grosses. It is said that Miss Jancy will likely enter upon a professional career at an early date and her friends predict a brilliant future for her.

### An Intellectual Gentleman.

Sir Robert Ball, who has been prominent in his advocacy of the Daylight Saving Bill in England, is rather fond of telling a story of how, arriving in a remote town in Ireland to give a lecture, he could not find the promised conveyance. Presently, all the other passengers having cleared off, he was approached by an Irish servant, who rather timidly inquired whether he was Sir Robert Ball. Receiving the affirmative answer, he burst forth, "Sure I am sorry to have kept you waiting, but I was told to look for an intellectual gentleman."

### Dr. Marcus Dods, of Edinburgh.

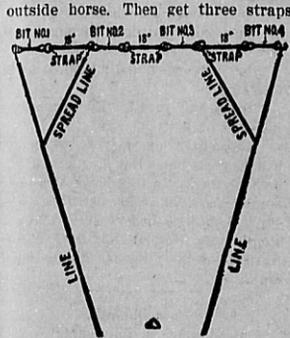
Dr. Marcus Dods, principal of New College, Edinburgh, who died recently, was one of the greatest theological forces in Scotland and one of the most widely-read scholars in Europe. He had a profound knowledge of German theology. Dr. Whyte referred to this in the funeral sermon which he preached the other Sunday before a vast congregation in St. George's Church, Edinburgh.

## MULTIPLE HITCHES.

Good Arrangement for Driving Four or Five Horses Abreast.

Writing of multiple hitches in the Breeder's Gazette, Chicago, A. Missouri says: My method of hitching four horses works equally well with three, four and five horses. I have quite often driven five horses abreast, but not more. However, I believe that six and seven or even eight can be worked in this way as well as four.

Take the lines of the two outside horses and hitch the same as you would hitch two horses—that is, snap the spread line in the bit next to the outside horse. Then get three straps



A MULTIPLE HITCH.

about eighteen inches long, make them so you can adjust them to any length with a buckle and have a snap in each end. Snap one end in the right side of the outside near horse and in the left side of the horse next to it. Snap the inside two horses together in a like manner and also the two off horses. Your horses when hitched will appear as in the illustration.

This arrangement works finely on a plow, drill drag or anything where four horses are hitched abreast except on a binder. I then take down the line of the horse next to the one on the near side and drive as I would two horses on a wagon, except that I have them hitched together with the strap. The line on the off horse I hang to some lever on the binder, as I use it only when turning to the right or holding back in case he is too free.

If I have one horse that is too free I hitch him in the middle and a slower horse on each side, then take a hitch strap, slip two snaps on it and tie it to the hame ring of one of the horses next to him, then snap one snap in each side of his bit, and the other end of the hitch strap I snap to the third horse's hame ring. This will give him all the freedom to move sideways that he needs, but he cannot go faster than the other horses, for the hitch strap will hold him back.

### A Sensible Feeding Floor.

A feeding floor will save its cost in one season. It is impossible to estimate the number of tons of corn that are wasted every year by being trampled into the mud and snow by hogs. The floor should be from four to six inches from the ground, built solidly of good timbers, and around the edge should be nailed tightly a 2 by 4 scantling to prevent the corn from being scraped off into the mud.

### Freezing Does Not Hurt Silage.

The freezing of silage does not necessarily mean a loss, as it may be thawed out and made fit for feeding and when properly attended to need not rot or mold. The frozen silage may be often thawed by mixing with the warm silage at the center of the silo. It is generally considered dangerous to feed frozen silage.—Iowa Bulletin.

## THE HORSEMAN.

A soft cloth is better to rub the dirt from a horse's legs than a comb. Some horses are very sensitive about the use of a comb on their legs. A cloth they will never object to.

### Contraction of Back Tendons.

In the early stages of severe cases of contraction of back tendons, or "kneestrings," give a complete rest, shorten the toe and apply a high heeled shoe and hot fomentations continuously or cold astringent lotions. When heat and tenderness subsides the high heeled shoe may be dispensed with, the foot shod level and active blisters applied. Iodide of mercury is the best.

### Buy a Well Broken Animal.

Before buying a horse see that he is well broken. A horse may be perfect in form and build, sound in wind and limb and yet be rendered worse than valueless by vicious habits or bad training.

### When Colts Gnaw Reins.

To prevent colts from gnawing reins wash the reins in alcohol in which aloes and asafetida have been dissolved. Generally one trial will effect a cure. The same result has been produced when a few seeds of red pepper have been thrust into small incisions in leather, left purposely within the colt's reach.

### Teaching the Colt to Eat.

An old horseman says that the best way to teach a colt to eat is to begin while the mare is nursing it. He feeds the mare once a day on hay cut in inch lengths, mixed with bran, middlings or other ground feed and moistened with water, just enough to make it adhere to the hay and not be sloppy. He arranges the feed box so the colt can learn to eat with the mare. In this way by weaning time the little animal will be able to keep his colt flesh, and weaning will not hurt him. A little of this feed will digest easily, is economical, will distend his stomach, and if followed until he is four or five years old, when his digestive organs are in perfect working order, he will be practically immune from colic or stomach trouble.

# The Problem

By R. B. Shelton.

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Caverly looked up from the litter of papers on the library table and regarded thoughtfully the pretty, anxious face of the girl who sat close to the fire.

"I'd no idea your father was so heavily involved in this matter," said he. "There is precious little left for you. If he had lived no doubt he would have made an immense fortune out of this thing. As it is—well, about twenty-five hundred is all I can make out of the estate, figure it up as best I can."

The girl said nothing. The past few days that Caverly had been figuring, figuring, always figuring, had prepared her for the worst.

"You can't live on what's left, Catherine," he said slowly, the while he looked frowningly at the ceiling. "You simply can't. I really think the only way out of this—the only feasible way—"

He paused, while his frown deepened.

"What is the way you suggest, Jim?" the girl asked very quietly.

"Well, you see," said he, "I have money enough. Fact is, Catherine, I've



HE CAUGHT HER IN HIS ARMS.

got more than I know what to do with. You must let me take care of you. We better be married, you and I. That will give me the right."

The girl flushed. She looked at the homely, honest face now bent again above the papers on the table.

"Oh, Jim," she said breathlessly, "how can you? I know how you mean it," she hurried on as a look of pained surprise crossed his face. "You are good, as you've always been—too good and too thoughtful. But married?"

She laughed a bit hysterically. "Oh, dear, no!"

"I wish you would," said he rather heavily. "As I say, I have money in plenty, and this estate of your father's—"

"Jim, hush!" said the girl. "It is impossible. Please—please don't say anything more about it. I'll take care of myself somehow. There's a little money, you say. Well and good. I shall have to support myself. I shall simply have to learn to. There's my music. I certainly should be able to do something with that. I'm sure I can make a good bit giving lessons."

Caverly looked doubtful. "Of course if it's quite impossible—"

"It is," she declared.

"Well, then," said he, still dubiously, "you might try the music lessons. But if they fall the offer I just made still holds good."

He arose and picked up his hat and gloves. As the door closed behind him the girl stood at the window, watching rather wistfully the broad shoulders and the erect head as their owner made his way toward the avenue.

Something like a rueful smile curved the corners of her mouth. If Jim's offer had only come under different circumstances and in a different way, she was thinking, it would have simplified matters amazingly.

But Jim was such a whole souled, honest, slow minded chap he never could do a thing tactfully nor hide the real import of his meaning.

Caverly, on his part, stalked down the little street, wondering how on earth he had ever the courage to make his offer and feeling decidedly like a man who had taken an unfair advantage.

"Me?" he said scornfully to himself and half aloud. "Catherine marry me? I don't blame her. I swear I don't! My face would stop a clock two blocks away, and I'm just about as much suited to her as an elephant is to a humming bird. Lord knows, though, I can't bear the thought of her working for her living."

Nevertheless the music lessons began. But somehow they were not a great success. Catherine struggled on bravely, but pupils were few and far between, and at the end of the first year there had been an amazing shrinkage of the slender legacy that had come to her at her father's sudden death.

Another six months, and so little was left that Catherine was genuinely alarmed. It was then that Caverly heard the news one day that Catherine was to marry Frederick Brewster, her father's partner. The rumor stirred

him to action, and with no waste of time he hurried to her house. He found the girl in the little library where he had seen her last.

It was a rather tired Catherine who greeted him, a thin and pitiful Catherine, with big eyes and an air of weariness that roused his inmost being to anger.

"Look here," he said with his usual candor; "you look just about played out."

"Well, I am," she said, almost faintly.

"And what's all this I hear about your marrying Brewster?" he demanded.

"The truth," she said wearily.

Caverly began pulling at the fingers of his gloves. His brows were drawn together, and his eyes refused to meet her own. Plainly there was something he wanted to say. Catherine knew the symptoms of old. She waited patiently.

"What are you marrying him for?" he blurted out at length.

"Money!" said Catherine through tight lips.

There was another period of silence.

"He hasn't got as much money as I have," said he.

The girl was silent.

"Why didn't you marry me?" he said sharply. "I'd have given you more money than he can. I'd have been better to you, too, I'll warrant you. I know Brewster. I can't bear the thought of your marrying him. You know me. You know I'll at least be decent to you. I'll not trouble you. I'll keep out of your way as much as you ask. Why don't you marry me?"

"I can't," she said.

"Why not?" he demanded.

"Because—because—oh, it's different. I can't marry you just for money. Jim, I can't—I can't!"

"Why not?" he repeated inexorably.

"Don't you know?" the girl asked, her face turned away.

"No," said he.

"Well, I can marry Mr. Brewster for his money because I don't care for him, and you—"

Caverly sat up. The blood rushed to his face, then receded, leaving it very white.

"Catherine! Catherine!" he cried. "You don't mean—you can't mean—good Lord!"

"I mean that I do care about you, Jim, and so—"

"Did you think I offered to marry you just because you were left alone in the world and practically penniless?" said he. "Did you think I didn't care about you—didn't love you? Good heavens, Catherine, where are your eyes? I've loved you since you were a child. I've—I've—what's the sense of my trying to tell you how much I loved you? I can't. I didn't suppose you ever cared two cents for me—no—with my face and my general stupidity."

"I should never have told you," said she, "but now things are all settled with Mr. Brewster somehow—somehow—"

"They're not settled until after I've seen him," Caverly declared. "And what's settled will be quickly unsettled. You thought I wanted to marry you just to take care of you—because I thought it was my duty, eh? Well, just watch me."

He caught her in his arms. Even stupid men have moments of something approaching brilliancy.

### The Way to Catch Fleas.

That the flea is elusive is proverbial, but that the bureau of entomology of the department of agriculture in Washington hit upon a plan to circumvent the irritating little insect is not generally known. According to Van Norden's Magazine, the government has discovered a method by which any housekeeper may rid herself of a visitation within a very short time.

Fill a glass three-fourths with water, on top of which pour about an inch of olive oil; then place a night float (a little wick inserted in a cardboard disk or in a cork disk) in the center of the oil. Place the tumbler in the center of a soap plate filled with strong soap-suds. The wick should be lighted at night on retiring or may be used in any dark room. As the soap plate soap-suds trap is placed on the floor of the room it does not interfere with the sleeper, and the fleas which are on the floor are attracted to the light. For outbuildings

## Why Not Fill Your Body With New Energy

And avoid the weakness and tired feelings of spring—You can do this by using DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD

You need not be a victim of circumstances and suffer all the weakening and depressing effects of spring. Tired feelings, headaches, indigestion and nervous troubles all fly away when the system is flooded with rich, red blood.

Energy and vigor only come after all the ordinary wants of the system are supplied. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is so wonderfully successful as a blood builder that you soon begin to feel strong and healthy by its use.

By means of this great restorative treatment you can rebuild the body when it has been wasted by worry, overwork, lingering colds, or the depressing and debilitating effects of spring.

There is no reaction after the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food because it is not a stimulant. On the contrary, it is a blood-forming, system-building medicine which by working hand in hand with Nature proves of lasting benefit to the system and thoroughly drives out weakness and disease by filling the system with new energy and vigor.

Mrs. H. A. Loyne, nurse, Philadelphia, Que., writes: "I was all run down and could not do my own work. Everything I ate made me sick. In nursing others I had seen the good results of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and resolved to try it. As a result of this treatment I have gained ten pounds, do my own work alone and feel like an entirely different person."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cts. a box, at all dealers, or Edmansson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

### Impossible

"But why don't you believe that I have a friend who is much more beautiful than I am?"

"Because it is impossible that she should be your friend if she is really more beautiful than you."

### \$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists.

### Where He Would Be

"Give woman the credit she deserves," the suffragette cried, "and where would man be?" "If she got all the credit she wanted, he'd be in the poorhouse," sneered a coarse person in the rear of the hall.

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.

### Prayers in Order

Boyce-Smith says that he is as good as his word.

Joyce—Then it won't be amiss to offer a few prayers in his behalf.

A woman's imagination is strong enough to make an unreal thing seem more real to her than the real thing to a man.

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

Many a fellow who claims to be wedded to his art considers himself the better half.—Philadelphia Record.

Minard's Liniment used by Physicians.

Mrs. Boardman—"I ordered lamb and you sent me mutton." Butcher—"It was lamb when it left here, mum."—Judge.

Red, Weak, Watery Eyes Relieved by Murine Eye Remedy. Compounded by Experienced Physicians. Murine Doesn't Smart; Soothes Eye Pain. Write Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, for illustrated Eye Book. At Druggists.

The pounding noise of a steam pipe can be obviated by attaching to the pipes a small check valve set to admit air, but not to release any pressure.

Even the man who is laying up treasures in heaven shouldn't allow his fire insurance to lapse.

### LONG AGO.

In the beautiful meadow of Long Ago, My memory turns, with a longing fond, To the place in the meadows of Long Ago Where nestled the dimpled and lilled pond; Where willows flickered their shadows down On our blistered backs and our faces brown; Where all day long in the sunny weather, When you and I were boys together, We plunged and splashed in the friendly pond— In the lilled pond of the Long Ago.

Around its banks were deep, green masses, That lifted and flourished their banners high; Its face, wherever unshaded by grasses, Photographed glimpses of cloud and sky; And there, when the evenings were long and sweet, We hurried and raced with eager feet, And laughed and shouted, or yelled and pouted, When our shirts were knotted, or mine was flouted, As we dipped and splashed in the waters sweet, In the lilled pond of the Long Ago.

My breast is full with a heavy sigh When I think of its waters so calm and cool, And I think of the days when you and I Stole out as truants away from school, To leap and to run in the summer sun, And muddy each other up, just for fun; To hark for the bull frog's sudden hush, As we caught the water with bound and rush, And splashed till our bodies were all aglow In the lilled pond of the Long Ago.

But the lilled pond of the Long Ago Is lost and gone, and its bed is dry; No more, as once in the long ago, Will it catch the lights of a summer sky. I looked with grief at its empty bed, And felt that a dear old friend was dead; No waters there but the tears that fell From eyes that always had loved it well; I looked my last, for I prized it so— The lilled pond of the Long Ago.

The hopes we cherished when we were young; Our youthful love so fresh and fond; The songs we relished are now unsung; Our hearts are dry as the dear old pond. Our hopes are as dead as its old cat-tails, Our lives as bruised as our dinner pails; But we, as into the future we grope, Can live for the better, and always hope, And flower our hearts with the hopeful glow That flowered the pond of the Long Ago.

—The Khan.

### The Indian and His Wives.

An Anglican clergyman, who for some years worked in the wilds of New Ontario, has this story to tell of an old Indian whom he converted. It is not widely known but it is true that polygamy is practiced by some of the pagan tribes of Canada. The Indian in question was a fine old buck, straightforward and honorable in his dealings, but after he had accepted salvation the missionary in question learned that he had three wives. He endeavored to induce the old man to content himself with one like a decent Christian citizen, but the redman remained obdurate. "My first wife old," he said; "Me turn her out, she starve." "Of course," said the missionary, "keep her by your side, but what about the other two?" "My second wife, she strong," said the Indian. "She do all the work, couldn't do without her." "And the third?" queried the missionary. "Ah, she nice girl," said the old man. "She only seventeen; me no part with her on any account."

### Alberta Wheat via Mexico.

Mr. F. W. Peters, assistant to the second vice-president of the C.P.R. who has returned to Winnipeg from a trip to Mexico to investigate conditions in connection with the proposal to ship grain to Britain by this route, says the outlook for Alberta wheat is distinctly encouraging. The route will be a very convenient one, better than round the Horn, or even than through the canal. It will be open the entire year. Wheat from Alberta can be put on the British market at the same rate as wheat from further east is carried by the Atlantic route. Second Vice-President William Whyte, of the C.P.R., who was in Vancouver recently to settle details regarding the facilities for handling Alberta wheat and to discuss western affairs with the officials; intimated that some definite arrangement may be made for the completing of the Kootenay Central Railway from Golden down to Crow's Nest. Mr. Whyte believes that Alberta export wheat is all destined to go through Vancouver, probably in sacks by the Tehuantepec route.

### Pheasants in West.

It is reported, says Bailey's Magazine, that the whole of Vancouver Island is now well stocked with pheasants which have long been thoroughly acclimatized and breed freely. The history of pheasant acclimatization in Vancouver, B. C., is simplicity itself. In 1883 C. W. R. Thompson of Victoria imported twenty-five birds from China, kept them in captivity till young had been hatched out and set all at liberty as soon as the chicks were strong enough. In 1886 Mr. Musgrave imported eleven more birds and turned them out, and from these thirty-six pheasants the whole of Vancouver and many of the adjacent islands have been stocked.

## LACK OF BLOOD

Is What Causes Headaches, Dizziness and Heart Palpitation.

On the blood depends the welfare of the whole body. Where good blood exists disease is unknown, but where the blood is poor and watery disease quickly seizes hold of the body—it is then headaches, backaches, dizziness, heart palpitation and other serious ailments make themselves felt. Good blood can always be obtained through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. They actually make good, rich blood and thus restore lost strength and banish disease. Mr. Herbert Hanson, Brewers Mills, N.B., says:—"I cannot praise Dr. Williams' Pink Pills too highly. I was troubled with headaches, dizziness and loss of strength and had a hacking cough which I feared would lead to consumption. I tried a number of medicines without benefit, but was finally persuaded to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I did so and used these Pills for several months with remarkable results. They helped me so much that I now strongly recommend them to all other sufferers."

The experience of Mr. Hanson is that of thousands of others who have found health and strength through Dr. Williams' Pink Pills after other medicines had failed. It is through their power in making good blood that these Pills cure such troubles as anemia, indigestion, rheumatism, heart palpitation, neuralgia, nervous troubles and the distressing ills of girlhood and womanhood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold by all dealers in medicine or direct by mail from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

### Possibly

Teacher—What do you conceive to be the motive that leads people to wish to open communication with Mars?

Young Man with the Bad Eye—Well, I think they want to talk to Mars because every fruitful source of gossip on this planet has been exhausted.

### BETTER THAN SPANKING.

Spanking does not cure children of bed-wetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Summers, Box 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.

### Accidents Will Happen

"You didn't accomplish your long distance auto ride as quickly as you expected. Did you break anything?" "Yes, I broke a speed ordinance and it cost me some delay and \$20."

### Scolded and Comforted.

At a lunch given in his honor Sven Hedlin read an amusing letter written to him by Alfred Nobel at a time when Hedlin was still a student, but already filled with a longing to explore unknown Asia. He applied to the government for funds, but the answer was so slow in coming that he wrote to Nobel, who promptly replied: "I take no interest in these geographical exploration trips. In fact, I regard them as an anachronism. Men communicate with each other today from one end of the earth to the other by means of telegraph and post. There are in Asia, too, explorers and savants who are surely better qualified than you, sir, to study and describe their native country. I therefore believe that you could make better use of your ambitious impulses than by undertaking trips to Asia. But in order that you may see that I do not always act as I think I send you a sum which may serve as the best confutation of my own convictions."

### Squandering Ability.

Doing the lower when the higher is possible constitutes one of the greatest tragedies of human life. The squandering of money seems a wicked thing when we think of the good that might be done with it. But what about the wicked waste of ability, the deliberate throwing away of 50, 75, perhaps 90 per cent of one's success possibly just because he never trained himself to use it to grasp it with such vigor and power that he can fling his life into his career with its maximum effectiveness? Most people take hold of life with the tips of their fingers. They never get hold of the life proposition with that grip and tenacity of purpose and vigor of determination which do things worth while. They just hang on the outskirts of things, playing upon the surface of their possibilities without ever getting down into the marrow of their being, where efficiency and power dwell.—Orison Swett Marden in Success Magazine.

### Exclusive Perfumes.

The late Dr. Andrew Wynter in a charming article on perfumes suggested the desirability of every lady having her own special and self prepared perfume. The custom, however, would have its disadvantages. More than one sensational story might be mentioned wherein the heroine or villain was saved or unmasked, as the case might be, by the recognition of a distinctive scent. In "Diplomacy" the denouement is effected by the telltale perfume of the adventuress being detected in the dispatch box she had rifled. As a matter of history, the assassins of the oriental sovereign Yezidjird were discovered by one of them smelling of the perfume with which the robes of the murdered king had been redolent.—London Globe.

### QUAIL FROM EGYPT.

How Birds Are Trapped, Cared For and Transported by Thousands.

A record consignment of 100,000 live Egyptian quail, requiring special conveyance, from Alexandria to London, by way of the Manchester ship canal, left Alexandria on March 25, and reached Manchester about a week ago, when they were transferred to a special express for London. Twenty drays were required to convey them from King's Cross to their destination.

It is most extraordinary that although on many occasions search has been made, the breeding ground of the quail is absolutely unknown. They are trapped by Arabs, who deliver them in half dozens in boxes and baskets to the Egyptian Quail Syndicate's collecting deposits situated at all stations on the Egyptian State Railways between Alexandria and Assiout and Khartoum, and sent to the warehouse in Alexandria to await shipment. This warehouse is used exclusively for the purpose of keeping the quail until a sufficient number has been received.

The quail are placed in crates six feet long with six tiers and capable of holding 600 birds for shipment. As the syndicate only receives payment for birds which are alive when delivered, very great care and attention has to be paid to them during transit.

Six Arabs are told off, whose special duty is to feed and water the birds twice every day, and during the present journey 100 bags, each weighing two hundredweight of millet seed, were consumed. On fine days the crates are brought up to a sheltered position on deck for airing.—London Express.

### SCARED BY AIRSHIPS.

Mysterious Craft With Searchlight Reported in England.

Residents of some parts of East Anglia, England, are keenly excited just now about a mysterious airship which has been seen hovering over the district in the early hours of the morning with a searchlight.

Nobody appears to be able to throw any light on the ownership of the vessel, or the purpose of these after-midnight ascents, and, of course, in the absence of definite information, people are saying it must be a party of Germans spying out the land.

The object was first seen a few weeks ago by a Peterborough policeman on duty late at night, and also by several railway men who were on night duty at March. A few days later it was seen at Ely.

All are agreed that the object is oblong in shape, and it is alleged to carry a searchlight. Several of those who saw it declare that it made a noise like a motor car, and traveled at a great pace.

During the movement of troops in Gypsey Park, Ipswich, the other night it was seen frequently.

Only one person, a farmer, has seen this mysterious object in the sky during the daytime.

The first reports were received with incredulity, but the fact that the object has been seen in several parts of North Cambs and the surrounding district at different times has encouraged the belief that some mysterious airship is patrolling East Anglia during the hours between sunset and sunrise. Considerable excitement prevails, and a keen watch is being kept.

### Busiest Spot on Earth.

Extraordinary facts and figures on the traffic of the city of London have been brought before Section 13 of the local legislation committee of the House of Commons, which had the city of London street traffic bill under consideration.

"Probably the most congested place in the world," was Forbes Lancaster's description of the area outside the Mansion House. Capt. Nott Bower added that between 8 a.m. and 8 p.m. on one day 26,620 vehicles passed, an average of thirty-seven a minute.

The committee agreed to give the powers sought with reference to costermongers, loading and unloading goods, and cattle driving. On the question of obstruction caused by shop window displays, however, they deferred their decision.

### Prized Royal Possessions.

Amongst King Edward's most prized possessions are the casket of seventeenth century work, with sides of engraved rock crystal, set on an ebony pedestal, which contains the Bible of Gen. Gordon, presented to Queen Victoria by the general's sister after his death.

Also, greatly treasured by both the King and Queen, is a cushion made of scraps of khaki clothes worn by the Ladysmith heroes, with portraits of Lord Roberts, Gen. Baden-Powell, Sir Redvers Buller, Gen. French, and others, skillfully worked in.

Queen Alexandra once received by post a little dog in a perforated box. When the box was opened the little dog looked up so beseechingly that she at once accepted him.

### A Countess' Benevolent Hobbies.

The Countess of Warwick's school for needlework on her estate in Essex, and the Hostel at Reading for the study of horticulture, dairy, bee and poultry keeping, are all making good progress. Besides giving much attention to these two very practical "hobbies," the countess takes the greatest interest in her Warwick Home for seventeen crippled children, and in her organization for nursing the sick at both Warwick Castle and Easton Lodge, Dunmow.

### Registered Virtue.

I found the following curious entry in the register of Betley parish (Crewe): "1657. Roben Hud and Tobby dean born in Nuting Time, and Sara dean his born in Cowcumber time, Joseph Dean his a very Sober Young man and mind the Farming Bisanis. So that His father dotes Him more than Allhis Riches And says that he wil by him Altel horse he shall Ride And up on doben tooe."—Notes and Queries.

### THE DOGS' CEMETERY.

Little-Known London Burial Ground For Canine Pets.

In an obscure corner of Hyde Park, in the Baywater road and near the site of old Tyburn, there is a tiny spot of ground known as "The Dogs' Cemetery." Sheltered from observation by tall trees its presence is never suspected by the public, and yet it is one of the strangest and most pathetic sights in London. Here may be seen hundreds of handsome miniature monuments, inscribed with epitaphs. The cemetery is now fully occupied, and has been closed against more burials.

For the most part the owners of the "late lamented" seem to have been ladies, and the inscriptions placed upon the tombstones testify to their devotion to their departed pets. Two of the epitaphs suggest that the owners of the dead dogs believe that there is a hereafter for animals. The first is:

In loving memory of

Jessie.

Born at Lintlaw, in Berwickshire, November, 1835;

Died at Ovinot Gardens, London, on 13th July, 1897.

"Not one of them is forgotten before God."—Luke xii, 6.

The other is in these terms:

There are men both good and wise, Who hold that in some future state Dumb creatures we have cherished here below Shall give us joyous greeting when we pass the golden gate.

June 11, 1907.

There is a double inscription on this tombstone, the second being:

Also my love Ruby, went asleep Jan. 29th, 1908.

In her 13th year. So much missed.

Another inscription records a canine tragedy. It is in these terms:

To darling Monty, who was drowned in Old Windsor Lock, Sunday, June 24th, 1900.

Poor little fellow. Gone but not forgotten.

Some of the inscriptions are in a sentimental vein that seems absurdly exaggerated, as for instance:

My sweet Lady Nell, Dim, dumb, speak of humanity. I laid down my heart beside her. March 24, 1906.

Another, which shows a deep, mutual affection between owner and dog, reads:

Thy memory lasts, And thou shalt live as long as we, And after that thou dost not care, In us was all the world to thee.

It may be doubted if any dog ever received such a glowing testimonial of character as this:

Darling Victor. Died May 20th, 1900.

Gracious to all, but where his love was due

So just, so faithful, loyal and true. Ever missed and deeply mourned, Sleep on, darling, sleep on.

Of the following it might be said that no loved relative could have expected greater devotion after death than the dog to which it is dedicated:

Never can thy memory fade, Sweetest thoughts will ever linger Round the spot where thou art laid.

Severely practical persons may object to the sentimental strain of some of these "doggy" epitaphs, but, at any rate, they testify to a great bond of affection between the dead animals and their owners.

### Still Believe In Witchcraft.

A belief in witchcraft still prevails in parts of Lancashire, England; also in the Isle of Man and still more strongly in the Hebrides. A writer in Chambers' Journal gives some interesting anecdotes of the superstitions which persist among the Hebrideans. Belief in witchcraft is said to have a "strong and living hold" on some of the people of those outer isles. An instance is given of a case heard before the Stornoway sheriff's court not many years ago, in which witnesses deposed to there being several witches in the township, one of whom was charged with so bewitching cows that the substance of their milk passed into the milk of the witch's cow. The husband of the alleged witch stated in court that when he heard the rumors about his wife he got three of the constables of the township to come and examine his cow's milk to see if it were any richer than usual, as would be the case if the substance of Mrs. A.'s cow's milk were present in it. Other evidence of this remarkable transubstantiation was given. The sheriff ridiculed the notion of witchcraft, but the Stornowegians stuck to it with absolute faith.

### "Sausages Grown Here."

One of the natural curiosities of South Mashonaland is a "German-sausage-tree." It bears deep-crimson flowers, 3 inches long, in blazing bunches of twelve; but when the tree fruits into fat, substantial, sausage-like pods, there remain no leaves, and it looks like a sausage larder indeed. These beans are 20 inches long, and 12 inches in girth, and are beloved of the native tribe of Shangaans and baboons. But the tribe of the Karenga are a very superior people, and would never deign to eat them. There can be no reason for this, as, at least, no one can accuse these "sausages" of being connected in any way with dogs or cats!

### Fought Under Nelson.

The name of James Hexton, who for seventy-six years has resided in Queensland, was among the list of old-age pensioners recently approved by the Home Secretary. Hexton is said to be the first white man born in Queensland, first seeing the light at the home of Dr. Ballow, whose residence stood on the site of the present Royal Navy, and fought under Nelson, and also had the honor of being the first pilot in Moreton Bay. He met his death by being taken by a shark.

## ONCE MORE THE PROOF IS GIVEN

THAT DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURE EVEN INHERITED ILL-HEALTH.

Charles Dayon suffered from early youth, but the Old Reliable Kidney Remedy banished his ills and made him strong.

St. George, Man. (Special).—Yet another case in which ill-health inherited from parents has been vanquished by Dodd's Kidney Pills is that of Mr. Charles Dayon, a farmer well known in this neighborhood.

"I suffered from a number of ills from an early age, says Mr. Dayon, who is now thirty-two years old. 'I inherited my trouble from my parents. I was weak, nervous and run down. I suffered from Backache and my muscles would cramp. I had a heavy dragging sensation across the loins. I was always thirsty; I had great difficulty in collecting my thoughts, and my memory was failing me."

"I was altogether in a bad way when I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills, but they helped me almost from the first box. They gave me strength and helped me so much in every way that I am satisfied a little longer treatment will make me a well man."

Mr. Dayon's symptoms were the symptoms of Kidney Disease, and Dodd's Kidney Pills cure every form of Kidney Disease no matter what stage it is in or how it is contracted.

### Ethics of the Case

"Look here, doctor," says the impatient, coming into the physician's office with a determined expression. "I've just had the x-rays turned on me, and I find that when you operated on me you left a pair of surgical scissors in me."

"Bless me," says he specialist. "I had missed them. Thank you so much, my good man. I will add their cost to your bill."

An Always Ready Pill.—To those of regular habit medicine is of little concern, but the great majority of men are not of regular habit. The worry and cares of business prevent it, and out of the irregularity of life comes dyspepsia, indigestion, liver and kidney troubles as a protest. The run-down system demands a corrective, and there is none better than Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. They are simple in their composition and can be taken by the most delicately constituted.

No Congenial Companion

Hicks—What did your wife's first husband die of?

Wicks—Lonesomeness, I guess. He was perfect.

A small boy's idea of liberty is to eat the cake and then ask his mother if he may have it.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

Hope Springs Eternal

He was addressing a crowd one Sunday morning on the quay at Newcastle.

"I can safely say that no man ever attempted to bribe me, gentlemen," said the speaker.

"Don't be down-hearted, old chap; your luck may change," shouted a man in the crowd.—Tit-Bits.

Externally or Internally, it is Good.

—When applied externally by rubbing, Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil opens the pores and penetrates the tissue as few liniments do, touching the seat of the trouble and immediately affording relief. Administered internally, it will still the irritation in the throat which induces coughing and will cure affections of the bronchial tubes and respiratory organs. Try it and be convinced.

Most musicians dispense music by the measure, but the bass drummer gets rid of his by the pound.

Don't waste any time looking back at your mistakes; there is more fun in looking up the mistakes of other people.

A Boon for the Biliious.—The liver is a very sensitive organ and easily deranged. When this occurs there is undue secretion of bile, and the acrid liquid flows into the stomach and sours it. It is a most distressing ailment, and many are prone to it. In this condition a man finds the best remedy in Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, which are warranted to speedily correct the disorder. There is no better medicine in the entire list of pill preparations.

No Room

"Before you were married you said you'd lay down your life for me," she sobbed.

"I know it," he returned solemnly; "but this confounded flat is so tiny that there's no place to lay anything down."

The more money a man could save by not having his bad habits, the more enjoyment he can get by having them.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

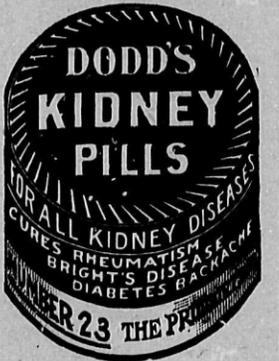
A Blinding Flash

Teacher—Now, James, tell me under what great affliction Milton labored.

James—Sure. He was a poet.

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.

The addition of a teaspoonful of salt-peter to a pot of glue will not only act as a deodorizer, but will aid the glue to dry more rapidly and to become harder.



W. N. U., No. 747

**THE MICHEL REPORTER**  
NEW MICHEL, B. C.

GEORGE O. MEIKLE, - MANAGING EDITOR

Issued every Saturday, from office of Publication, Northern Ave., New Michel  
SUBSCRIPTION TWO DOLLARS  
A YEAR IN ADVANCE

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION

**In and Around Town**

Fred. Armstrong, of Fernie, was here this week.

Hosmer and Michel play football here today.

Estabrook Bros. start today to move Weber's store.

Mrs. Andrews, of Fernie, visited her daughter here this week.

Michel beat Fernie at football last Saturday—score 5 to 0.

P. C. Stevenson took John Clark to Nelson jail this week.

A. J. McCool and R. H. Moore were in Fernie yesterday.

H. Somerton is off for Vancouver and Seattle, this week, on a holiday trip.

Mrs. E. G. Harding is spending the week with friends at Fernie.

J. S. T. Alexander, government agent, paid an official visit to this district on Saturday.

E. V. Holding, M. McFarlane, and G. G. Meikle were in Fernie on Thursday.

C. R. Dixon, of C. R. Dixon & Co., of Calgary, was selling goods through here last week.

Mention the Reporter when dealing with advertisers. Tell them you saw it in The Reporter.

Mrs. Cavanagh, wife of W. C. Cavanagh, G. N. engineer, was here this week looking for a house.

Andy Hackett, who located some of the best properties in the Flathead, was a visitor here last week.

Hosmer baseball team played Elko at Elko on Sunday—a ten-inning game. Hosmer won with a score of 6 to 5.

The Eagles hold a smoking concert in Martin's Hall tonight at 8.30 and a good time generally is anticipated.

Mr. Cross, president and managing director of the Calgary Brewing Co., was here this week looking over the Elk Valley Brewery.

H. Wilmer, acting manager of the P. Burns Co., is here taking the place of G. Doyle, who is away at Calgary on important business.

Messrs. Turney and Tuck, officials of the Coal Co., came in over the Great Northern track in their automobile, with R. B. Hammond as chauffeur.

Jas. Gilker, of Nelson, was here this week, looking over the prospects of establishing a clothing and gents furnishing store. Should he come it would mean another large business block.

E. V. Holding Co. have the contract for the erection of Weber's new store, to be erected at the corner of King St. and Northern Ave. The building will be 20x50 and it is to be ready by Sept. 10. The building now used by Weber will be removed temporary to King St., and when the new store is completed will be moved to the rear and occupied as a residence by him.

"Fernie, British Columbia, the Pittsburg of Western Canada," is the slogan appearing immediately under the headline of the Fernie Free Press. Say boys, isn't that a trifle strong, considering that not a pound of coal is mined at Fernie, and the nearest pit is miles from the city? Please don't steal our thunder.

The firewardens are to be commended on their prompt attention to their duty.

Hopwood, of the "41" is visiting in Calgary.

**Italian Society Celebrate**

Last Monday the Italian Society at Michel held their Sixth Annual Celebration on the Recreation Grounds. The Fernie City Band, under the leadership of Prof. Pasta, furnished the music, and were greeted with much applause. It is seldom we get such a musical treat, and the efforts of the band were much appreciated by everyone. In the evening a Grand Ball was given in Crahan's Hall, and was thoroughly enjoyed by the large and representative gathering in attendance. During the day the following program of sports was carried out, under the auspices of the society, represented by P. Mancuso, president; J. Sharp, judge; Thos. Harris, starter and J. Rayner, secretary.

Boys' race, under 12, 50 yards; E. Davis 1st, Archie Meikle 2nd.

Boys' race, under 16, 75 yards; A. Passey 1st, T. Jenkinson 2nd.

Married Women's race, Mrs. Percy Johns 1st, Mrs. Hamilton 2nd.

Girls' race, under 15, 50 yards; Bertie Beddington 1st, Rosie Freeo 2nd.

Girls' Race, under 16, 75 yards; R. Fuchs 1st, H. Davies 2nd.

Old Men's race; Jabex Weaver 1st, Geo. Pushee 2nd.

Potato Race, 15 potatoes; Jas. Bennie 1st, Joe Crawl 2nd.

Sack Race, 75 yards; S. Brewer 1st, E. Good 2nd.

Pole Vaulting, Jas. Bennie 1st, M. Joyce 2nd.

Boys' Bicycle Race, 1/2 mile; P. Almond 1st, G. Monzelli 2nd.

Bicycle Race, 1/4 mile, slow; G. Monzelli.

Half-mile Foot Race; Jas. Bennie 1st, Joe Crawl 2nd.

100-yards Dash, Handicap; E. Strudwick.

Running Long Jump, M. Joyce 1st, 14 ft. 10 ins.; J. Howells 2nd, 14 ft. 8 ins.

They had a fine day for the sports, and everything passed off in a pleasant and very enjoyable manner.

**St. Paul's Sunday School Excursion**

The Michel and Hosmer Church Sunday Schools joined together in taking their Annual Summer Excursion on Thursday, July 22. The destination was Crow's Nest, always a delightful place to visit in the summer. The Trainmen's Excursion from Lethbridge was also fixed for that day. The party from Michel and Hosmer, numbering about 50 arrived on the local at 11 o'clock. Soon after the Lethbridge special came in, bringing 300. The managerie, the locomotive, round house and the lakes were visited. Meals were taken al fresco, there being plenty of shady places and a nice cool breeze. The Trainmen's Excursion provided athletic sports and a band. The services of the latter however were required chiefly in a large tent amongst the trees, where dancing was the order of the day. It seems that it is never too hot to dance. The children were hoping the train would be late, but punctually at 7 o'clock they left for home. All returned in safety. The weather had been perfect, and all had thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Kind friends in Michel subscribed to give the little ones this great treat, and gave so liberally that all the money is not yet spent. A cricketing outfit will be purchased.

**A Warning to Others**

John Clark, late of Spokane (?) but known all through the Pass, was sent up by Magistrate Weber on Wednesday. He got two months for vagrancy and disorderly conduct, and four more for contempt of court, having made uncomplimentary remarks relative to King Edward's representatives. He has been in jail at Cranbrook and Fernie. The Pass has recently been overrun with gentry of his class, the fruits of leniency on the part of police magistrates in other centres, who, in order to get shut of these undesirable, turn them loose if they will only leave town. This place seems to have obtained the reputation of a haven of rest and numerous of the fraternity have hiked hither. The course adopted by the magistrates here should have the effect of keeping them away from this favored resort, for if a man won't work in this western country he has to take the consequences of his laziness and go to the rock pile.

**One Cent a Word**

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

- LOST AND FOUND
- HELP WANTED—FEMALE
- HELP WANTED—MALE
- WANTED—MISCELLANEOUS
- FOR SALE
- TO LET
- NOTICE
- NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS

**SUNDAY SERVICES**

**METHODIST CHURCH**  
MICHEL AND NEW MICHEL  
SERVICES EVERY SUNDAY

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

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

Rev. S. T. Chénoweth, Pastor.

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

**ST. PAUL'S CHURCH**

MICHEL, B. C.  
Services—1st. Sunday in the month, Holy Communion, 11 a. m.

Every Sunday, Evensong, 7.30 p. m. Sunday School, every Sunday, 2.30 p. m. A. Briant N. Crowther, M. A., Vicar.

**ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH**

MICHEL, B. C.  
Sunday: Low Mass, 8 a. m.; High Mass, 10.30 a. m.; Sunday School, 3 p. m.; Vespers, 7 p. m.  
Monday: Mass, 8 a. m.  
Rev. Fr. Meisner, Pastor

**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 shades of the finest ink in the world. For fine color work send your order to the Reporter.

**Coffins**

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

**AT ONCE!**

A Reliable Local Salesman Wanted to Represent  
Canada's Oldest and Greatest Nurseries  
In Michel and adjoining Country

We have been shipping stock for thirty years to British Columbia, and as our trees are grown on limestone soil, they are acknowledged by experienced fruit growers to be longer lived, and harder than Coast stock

A permanent situation for right man with territory reserved  
Pay weekly. Free Outfit. Write for particulars.

**STONE & WELLINGTON**

FONTHILL NURSERIES,  
(Licensed by B. C. Government)

TORONTO ONT.

McLachlan-Bannerman  
At Michel, B. C., on July 17, by the Rev. A. B. N. Crowther, M. A., Robert McLachlan, of Livingstone, Cowley, Alberto, to Minnie Isabella Bannerman, of Edinburgh, Scotland.

**Celebrate Anniversary of Big Fire**

Fernie celebrates the anniversary of the destruction of that city by fire. What would you think of a Frenchman celebrating the battle of Waterloo, or the siege of Paris? It is noted that those who are taking a prominent part were not amongst the poor devils who had their all hiked up in flames.

**Watch US Move**

Our Big Moving Sale has been a tremendous success, but it still continues.

Do you need a suit? Yes! Well, come and see our values. 20 per cent off regular price, and remember you get your money back if you don't like Weber's Goods.

You can save money on Shoes if you buy now.

In another week we will be moved from our present location to the street east of our new building. Our sale goes merrily on, just the same.

**Weber, New Michel**

**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 Summit**

An Ideal Summer Resort  
At Crow's Nest  
This hotel, situated at Crow's Nest, about eight miles from Michel, is just the place to spend a week end and enjoy yourself. Good boating, bathing, fishing and big menagerie and museum. Fine place to go to, to get away from the daily grind. Leave on Saturday evening's express and back Monday morning in time for business.  
Reasonable charges.  
Andy Good, Proprietor

**80 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.** 311 Broadway, New York  
Branch Office, 66 7 St. Washington, D. C.

**WATER NOTICE**

Form No. 1.  
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that an application will be made under Part V of the "Water Act, 1909" to obtain a license in the Cranbrook Water District:  
(a) The name, address and occupation of the applicant: The Michel Water Light and Power Company, Limited, of New Michel, B. C. Capital \$20,000, divided into 5000 shares of \$10.00 each. Amount paid up.  
(b) The name of the lake, stream or source (if unnamed, the description is): Aqueduct Creek on north side of G. N. Ry. track, in the vicinity of Michel Quarry, about one mile west of New Michel Township.  
(c) The point of diversion: A point approximately 500 feet above Michel Quarry.  
(d) The quantity of water applied for (in cubic feet per second): Four cubic feet.  
(e) The character of the proposed works: A crib and stone-work dam to impound approximately one-tenth of an acre feet, to be constructed at the point of diversion. It is proposed to acquire two acres of land for reservoir purposes, from the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Company, Ltd., by purchase.  
(f) The premises on which the water is to be used (describe same): The townsite of New Michel and proposed additions thereto.  
(g) The purposes for which the water is to be used: Domestic and fire purposes.  
(h) The Memorandum of Association authorizes the Company (a) To construct and operate a water-works system to supply water to the unincorporated locality of Michel, together with the lands in the vicinity thereof in the district of East Kootenay in the Province of British Columbia. (b) To sink wells and shafts, and to make built and construct lay down and maintain reservoirs, pump houses and pumping works, ditches, culverts and filter beds, main and other pipes and appliances, and to execute and do all other works and things necessary or convenient for obtaining, storing, selling, delivering, measuring and distributing water or otherwise for the purposes of the Company. (c) To exercise all or any of the rights, powers, privileges and priorities in and by the "Water Act, 1909" or any amendments thereto, created, granted and conferred upon any companies incorporated for the construction or operation of waterworks, or the supply and utilization of water.  
Waste water to be turned into Michel Creek.  
(i) Acres of Crown land intended to be occupied by the proposed works: The streets of New Michel, and the Government road for about one mile north west of New Michel townsite to the southern end of said townsite.  
(j) This notice was posted on the 7th day of July, 1909, and application will be made to the Commissioner on Monday, the 8th day of August, 1909, at two o'clock in the afternoon.  
(k) Give the names and addresses of any riparian proprietors or licensees who or whose lands are likely to be affected by the proposed works, either above or below the outlet: The Crow's Nest Pass Coal Company, Limited.  
(l) Give the names and addresses of any riparian proprietors or licensees who or whose lands are likely to be affected by the proposed works, either above or below the outlet: The Crow's Nest Pass Coal Company, Limited.  
(Signature) MICHEL WATER, LIGHT & POWER CO. Per G. B. Steinhilber  
(P. O. Address) New MICHEL, B. C.  
Form of Notice approved by the Water Commissioner, 2nd July, 1909.  
Notices to be posted in two conspicuous places in the townsite of New Michel.  
J. F. Armstrong,  
Water Commissioner

**CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY Excursion Rates**

**MICHEL TO SEATTLE \$26.40**

Corresponding rates from other points.  
Tickets on sale daily May 29th to Oct. 14th  
Final return limit 15 days, but not later than Oct. 31.  
For complete information apply to Agents, or write  
J. E. PROCTOR, D. P. A., Calgary

**For First Class INVESTMENTS**

— IN —  
Prince Rupert, Saskatoon, and Lethbridge City Property, Creston Fruit Lands, and Farm Lands,  
See, or write  
**McKAY & MORGAN**  
BOX 58 MICHEL, B. C.

**Union Bakery**

G. SOVRANO, Proprietor  
OLD TOWN, MICHEL  
Fresh Bread Delivered Daily  
J. J. SCOTT,  
GENERAL BLACKSMITH,  
Horseshoeing a Specialty  
NEW MICHEL

**GO To SEIGLE & CO. for Furniture, Clothing, Gents Furnishings, Shoes Etc.**  
Right Prices. Right Goods. Right Treatment.