

Reg. Assn. Librery  
Victoria

## Xmas Gifts FOR MEN

See our stock of Ties, Mufflers, Handkerchiefs, Gloves and Braces. Our Combination Set containing Braces, Arm Bands and Garters, put up in fancy box, makes a very acceptable gift.

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

### Old Michel

Go to the rink and watch the amateurs. Art. Williams has returned from Montreal. Ed. Cogan went back to Coal Creek last Saturday. The I.O.O.F. had their election of officers last Friday. Billy Hamer and Ben Ball are taking a holiday in the Old Country. S. H. Tuck, timber superintendent, went to Cranbrook last week. A bunch of fine looking horses arrived on Monday last for the mines. Mrs. Briscoe went to England on Saturday 4th for a few months holidays. Geo. Luck, Imperial Coal Co's packer is in town. Geordy must have got cold feet. Mr. and Mrs. F. Eddy entertained quite a number at a whist party last week. Tim Truran and Tim Lawes made a flying trip to Fernie on Friday night last, returning next day. All hockey players should put themselves in communication with Dr. Weldon, the manager. A. Young has purchased a valuable Newfoundland dog from "Dr." John. It has proved a good bird dog already. Mrs. Mark Gaskell and Mrs. Ellis Ludbrook with her brother Alf, went to the old country for the winter last Friday. One of Eddy's teams ran away on Friday last. The horses were scared by a blast of powder in the new lumber camp. The teamster got a severe shaking and the team had a narrow escape.

### Brass Band Concert

On Monday evening a most enjoyable time was spent, the occasion being the concert and dance given by the Brass Band, in Crahan's Hall. In the absence of the band-

master (who is seriously ill) the band was led by the secretary, G. Beddington, who creditably conducted the boys. His trombone solo was very effective, while the euphonium solos by E. Lewis were treats to listen to. Great credit must be given to the whole band and if they keep on improving as they have begun we'll soon have a band second to none in the Pass.

The committee gratefully acknowledge the services of the ladies and gentlemen who so ably assisted them in the concert.

The following is the program:

- Grand March.....The Band
- Selection.....The Band
- Song.....Miss E. Evans
- Vocal Duet, (Welsh).....Lewis and Thomas
- Trombone Solo.....G. Beddington
- Comic Song.....A. Allen
- Euphonium Solo.....E. Lewis
- Welsh Song.....G. Thomas
- Song.....Mr. Reid
- Selection, American beauties.....The Band
- Comic Song.....A. Allen
- Welsh Duet.....Lewis and Thomas
- Grand March.....The Band
- Comic Song.....A. Allen
- Song.....Mr. Reid
- Euphonium Solo.....E. Lewis
- Comic Song.....A. Allen

At the conclusion of the concert the chairman gave a brief resume of the standing of the band and announced a ball to follow, which was largely attended and greatly enjoyed.

**Dissolution of Partnership**  
TAKE NOTICE that the partnership heretofore existing between Alexander J. McCool and Robert H. Moore, carrying on business as hotel-keepers at New Michel, B. C., has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. Notice is hereby given that all outstanding accounts against the said firm will be paid by Alex. J. McCool, and all accounts due the said firm must be paid to Alex. J. McCool. Dated at New Michel, B. C., this first day of December, 1909.  
ALEXANDER J. MCCOOL  
ROBERT H. MOORE.

## Suitable Gifts FOR Everyone

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

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

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

The Most Complete Line of Toys in the Pass

## The Trites-Wood Co. Ltd. Michel

### Michel Xmas Tree

The Xmas presents for the children of Old and New Michel will be given out on Xmas Day, December 25th, from 1.30 p. m. till 8 p. m. All children are requested to bring their tickets along before they receive a present. Any child residing in New or Old Michel who has not received a ticket kindly see the secretary of Michel Local Union. Any person desiring to donate towards same kindly send their donation to Chas. Garner, secretary Michel Local Union, a list of which will be published in the Michel Reporter by request. MICHEL XMAS TREE COMMITTEE, Chas. Garner, secretary, Michel, B. C.

### With One Exception

It is my heart-warm and world-embracing Christmas hope and aspiration that all of us—the high, the low, the rich, the poor, the admired, the despised, the loved, the hated, the civilized, the savage—may eventually be gathered together in a heaven of everlasting rest, and peace, and bliss, except the inventor of the telephone.—Mark Twain.

### The Rev. Irl R. Hicks' Almanac for 1910

Ready November 15th, 1909, a splendid year book on astronomy and meteorology, the only one containing the original "Hicks Weather Forecasts." By mail, postpaid 35c, on newstands, 30c. One copy free with a year's subscription to Word and Works, the Rev. Irl R. Hicks' Monthly Magazine, the best \$1 monthly in America. Discounts on Almanacs in quantities. Agent's Wanted. Remember, the genuine "Hicks' Forecasts" are not published anywhere else—you get them only in his own publications, WORD AND WORKS PUBLISHING CO., 2201 Locust St. St. Louis, Mo.

### The Companion for Canadians

The Youth's Companion has long been distinguished for its famous British contributors. Tennyson and Gladstone are noteworthy among those of former years, and the roll includes such names as Rudyard Kipling, Sir Edwin Arnold, Sir Reginald Palgrave and the Duchess of Sutherland. During 1910 the Companion will be enriched by the contributions of many British writers. Among these are the Duke of Argyll (who will write on the Scottish and Irish clans), Lady Henry Somerset, Rt. Hon. James Bryce, British ambassador to the United States, Jane Barlow, F. T. Bullen, Sir H. H. Johnston, Sir James Crichton-Browne, E. W. Thomson and Rev. W. J. Dawson (who will write on fruit growing in B.C.). Every new Canadian subscriber will find it of special advantage to send at once the \$2 for the new 1910 Volume. Not only does he get the beautiful "Venetian" Calendar for 1910, lithographed in thirteen colors and gold, but all the issues of The Companion for the remaining weeks of 1909 from the time the subscription is received.

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

### Bengough Coming to Michel

On Monday night, December 20, at Crahan's Hall, the English church will present one of the best entertainments that ever visited Michel. This will be Bengough, the Canadian cartoonist, one of the most versatile artists on the concert platform. As he develops his wonderful pictures he relates humorous stories, recites catchy little poems of his own composition, and never allows the time to drag. The Otago (N.Z.) Daily Times says: "Judging by the reception accorded him by his audience it may be safely said that Bengough, before his season here is ended, will have become a very popular entertainer. He is cartoonist, comedian, poet, reciter, singer and philosopher all in one, and one feels from the moment he appears on the stage that he possesses in an unusual degree the power to get into sympathy with and please a gathering of people. He has a powerful head, a strong, mobile face, a ready smile and a delightful accent. Obviously he is a man who has closely studied man, and knows intimately his little whims and peculiarities and weaknesses, and it is as obvious that he loathes cant and humbug. He has an inexhaustible fund of anecdotes and he is as pleased with his jokes as is his audience. He is above and beyond all in the art of the cartoonist."

### From the Corner Desk

There is a fortune awaiting the man who discovers a method of extracting the moisture from compressed air. All the week long there has been trouble at the mines with frozen pipes. On Wednesday the forenoon shift at No's. 3 and 4 came out at ten o'clock owing to their being insufficient air going through the pipes. By working hard all the morning the air line was thawed out sufficiently to enable the hoists to work for the afternoon shift, however.

This is just a sample of what will occur day by day all through the winter, so if we have an inventive genius round about he had better set to work immediately. I am sure the C. N. P. C. C. will help him all they can, for these stoppages must be expensive matters.

Jack Frost worries the tippie, too. Frozen coal won't drop out of those iron cars and it is slow patience trying work emptying them by hand. On a tippie of the Coal Creek pattern a refractory car can easily be switched, but on our type it is an impossibility.

It all goes to show that King Winter can go one better than the finest engineers in the land—at any rate in these mountains. It also goes to show that it is always the unexpected trifles that frustrate inventors.

## Christmas Gifts

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

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

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

**KENNEDY'S DRUG AND BOOK STORE**  
NEW MICHEL

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

## HOTEL KOOTENAY

New Michel, B. C.  
Douglas & Stedman Proprietors

RATES \$2.00 A DAY  
Everything First-Class and Comfortable  
Nothing but white labor employed  
BUS MEETS ALL TRAINS

## Imperial Bank of Canada

Head Office: TORONTO  
Capital Authorized \$10,000,000  
Capital Paid Up \$5,000,000. Reserve Fund \$5,000,000  
**SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT**  
Interest allowed on Deposits from Date of Deposit  
Drafts, Money Orders and Letters of Credit Issued, available in Any part of the World  
Branches at Michel and New Michel. T. B. BAKER, Manager

## - XMAS GIFTS -

Our entire Xmas stock to be sold before December 25th, consisting of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, Fancy Goods, Leather Goods, China and Cut Glass, Musical Instruments, Victor Gramophones, Xmas Cards and Toys.

All Toys will be Sold at Cost

## NOTICE

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

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

Get Busy and Buy

**SOMERTON BRO'S**  
Jewelers, Opticians, Photographers

New Michel Blairmore Frank

### A Prosperous and Progressive Town

The streets are now thronged with busy buyers and the merchants are raising their heads in ecstasy. The activity on the thoroughfares beams with metropolitan life. Our town has stood well the test of monetary stringency, our people are living well and the place is progressing. Ours is a good, solid, prosperous town. Let the world know it!

# PHOTOS

Special Prices from Now Until Christmas

- Cabinets, \$3.50 per Doz.
- Half Cabinets 2.00 " "
- Post Cards 1.50 " "
- Stamp Photos .50 " "

We have an up-to-date studio and use only the best materials, therefore can give you high grade work.



Inquire about photographs on silk and linen. It is a new art. Enlarging in Bromide, Crayon, and Water Colors.

Developing, printing and retouching done for Amateurs  
OPEN ALL THE TIME

**Somerton Bros.**  
NEW MICHEL

## A DEAL IN DIAMONDS

The True Story of an Ingenious Swindle in London.

### A CLEVERLY WORKED GAME.

It Netted an Impecunious Russian Nobleman a Thousand Pounds Sterling. The Easy Manner in Which Count Sacha Got Something For Nothing.

Count Sacha Roubtsevsky was on his beam ends in London. To the world he was still a dashing young nobleman, son of an immensely wealthy Russian prince, but in point of fact he was financially at his last gasp.

He wanted a thousand or so for nothing. That was the problem he debated as he sat in his lodging smoking cigarette after cigarette. At last he rose with a satisfied smile. Next morning Count Sacha called on Messrs. Sparkle & Shine, the well known Bond Street Jewellers. He explained to him and that he had come to select some jewelry for his sweetheart.

From the glittering tray he selected a beautiful stone, price £500. He then explained that his remittances being delayed, he was not in a position to complete the purchase at the moment, and, in any case, he wished first to submit the stone to his sweetheart's approval.

He added suavely that as he was unknown to Messrs. Sparkle & Shine he could not expect them to part with the gem without making inquiries, but they were at liberty to apply to the Russian embassy for any information they desired concerning him. He would return the following day and, everything being satisfactory, take the diamond.

To this the jewelers agreed and, inquiring at the Russian embassy, were informed that Count Sacha was unquestionably the son of a wealthy prince and that they would probably be safe in giving him credit for even more than the amount mentioned.

They did not know at the embassy that Sacha had been disowned by his father, and they were agreeable to the count's own suggestion that a member of the embassy should attend at the jeweler's next day to identify him. This was done, and Count Sacha received the diamond. The same day he called at a big pawnbroker's and, mentioning briefly that he was in temporary difficulties, pledged the diamond for the small sum of £50.

The next day found Count Sacha again at Messrs. Sparkle & Shine's. His sweetheart, he said, was enchanted with the diamond, but nothing would satisfy her now but that she should have another diamond absolutely matching the first.

The jewelers explained that to match such a stone would be a matter of great difficulty and the price of the second gem would be enormously increased—in short, for such a pair of twin diamonds they would have to charge £3,000. Count Sacha shrugged his shoulders. The price was stiff, but he could deny his sweetheart nothing. Would Messrs. Sparkle & Shine please at once set about procuring the second diamond?

The jewelers, being unable to match the diamond themselves, wrote to the leading dealers and pawnbrokers describing the stone they wanted and intimating that they were prepared to go as far as £2,000 for a perfect specimen. Among those they wrote to was the pawnbroker with whom Count Sacha had pledged the original diamond, which was just what that ingenious rascal expected.

A few days later Count Sacha called at the pawnbroker's to redeem his diamond. The pawnbroker had had Messrs. Sparkle & Shine's letter, and, remembering the beautiful diamond pledged with him a day or two before, he had examined it and found that it met all of Sparkle & Shine's requirements.

The count redeemed the stone, and then the pawnbroker inquired whether by any chance he would care to sell it. Oh, no! It was a family heirloom. His customer would not dream of parting with it.

That was a pity, said the pawnbroker. He had chanced to show the diamond to his wife, and she had taken a violent fancy to it—so much so that he was prepared to give a fancy price. He offered £800.

Count Sacha laughed and shook his head. One thousand pounds? Oh, no! He really did not want to sell it. An offer of £1,300, however, made him bestirred. At last, after prolonged chaffering, Count Sacha passed back the diamond to the pawnbroker and received £1,500 in exchange. Once outside he jumped into a cab and drove as fast as he could to Messrs. Sparkle & Shine's.

Arrived there, he explained, with many regrets, that his sweetheart had changed her mind. She no longer wanted the second diamond. Had the jewelers yet found it? No? Ah, that was well! Still, he feared he had put them to much trouble. However, he was glad to say his remittances had arrived and he had now much pleasure in handing over £500 in payment for the original diamond, which his sweetheart had decided to keep.

One thousand pounds to the good, Count Sacha left the shop, having "brought off" a most ingenious swindle. Yet can any one say where he came within reach of the law?—Pearson's Weekly.

It is a question which causes a mother the more worry—a boy so sick that he is good or so thoroughly well that he is bad.

## MAGNETISM.

Some of the Peculiar Properties of This Strange Force.

The true nature of magnetism as such, of course, is not known. All that we can be sure of is that magnetic attraction does not radiate outward in all directions as does light, but simply acts along lines consisting of closed curves and called lines of force, these lines connecting the two poles and not extending very far outward between them. These curves may be found very nicely by placing a horseshoe magnet under a thin sheet of paper and sprinkling iron filings on top. The filings will collect along the lines.

Now, as to the different kinds of magnets, there are natural, artificial and electro magnets. The natural ones are found as magnetic ore in the earth, the artificial ones are made by stroking a piece of iron or steel with a magnet, and the electro magnets are caused by the action of an electric current. Some peculiar things have been noticed in regard to magnetism, among which are the following facts:

It has been observed that iron filings that have rested in one position during the summer months are often highly magnetized, no doubt having been caused by the magnetism of the earth itself by the process known as induction. Other iron articles that stay in one position and do not come in contact with fire or other heat are often found in the same condition, such as iron bars to jail windows and iron railings in front of houses.

The most peculiar observation made, however, was that the upper part of the steel tire of a carriage wheel attracts the north pole of a magnet, while the bottom part, or part in contact with the earth, attracts the south pole. This is in the northern hemisphere only and is fully in accord with the theory of induced magnetism. Of course in the southern hemisphere, where the earth is under the influence of the south magnetic pole, the conditions are reversed.

A magnet dipped into boiling water loses a great part of its magnetism, which is miraculously restored to it on becoming cool again.

A sharp blow given to a magnet will cause it to lose its magnetism. Also the application of heat will have a like effect.

If a magnetic needle be placed over a rapidly revolving plate of copper, although it be separated from it by a thick plate of glass, the needle will revolve in the same direction as the plate.—Exchange.

## THE ELEPHANT IN BATTLE.

Most Docile Yet Courageous and Faithful of Animals.

Of the docility of the elephant there is no need to multiply examples. It is said that in India native women sometimes when called away intrust their babies to the care of "the banded one," confident that they will be safe and tenderly handled.

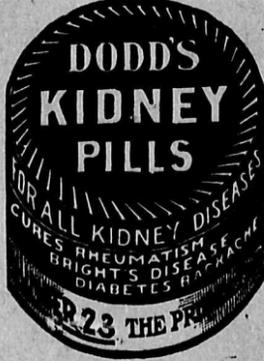
But of all elephant stories surely the finest is that which tells how the standard bearing elephant of the Peshwa won a great victory for his Maharaja lord. At the moment when the elephant had been told to halt its mahout was killed. The shock of battle closed around it, and the Maharaja forces were borne back, but still the elephant stood, and the standard which it carried still flew, so that the Peshwa's soldiers could not believe that they were indeed being overcome and rallying. In their turn drove the enemy backward till the tide swept past the rooted elephant and left it towering colossal among the slain. The fight was over and won, and then they would have had the elephant move from the battlefield, but it waited still for the dead man's voice.

For three days and nights it remained where it had been told to remain, and neither bribe nor threat would move it till they sent to the village on the Nerbudda, a hundred miles away, and fetched the mahout's little son, a round eyed, hisping child, and then at last the hero of that victorious day, remembering how his master had often in brief absence delegated authority to the child, confessed its allegiance and with the shattered battle harness clanging at each stately stride swung slowly along the road behind the boy.—London Times.

### A Little Crowded.

A backwoodsman went to New York city for the first time, says the Saturday Evening Post. He stopped at a Broadway hotel which was pretty well downtown. Next morning his nephew, who lives in New York, came to take him out and show him the sights. They walked down Broadway until they got to Canal street. The backwoodsman stopped and contemplated the great congestion of traffic there, hundreds of trucks going every way.

"Son," he said to his nephew, "you have a nice city here, but it seems to me that your folks is a bull passel behind in their haunin'."



## MAGISTRATE SPEAKS FOR ZAM-BUK

Magistrate Perry, of Goldfields, B.C., believes in making a good thing known. Writing of Zam-Buk, the great household balm, he says:—"After a very fair trial I have proved Zam-Buk eminently satisfactory. In my case it cured a skin rash of five years' standing which no doctor had been able to do any good for. I would certainly encourage any person to keep Zam-Buk in his home." The magistrate is quite right. Every home needs Zam-Buk! Unequaled for cuts, burns, bruises, eczema, blood poisoning and all skin diseases. All stores and druggists sell it at 50 cents a box. Sure cure for piles.

## DON'T NEGLECT THAT SORE!

A Chicago man has just died from blood poisoning arising from neglect of a small sore. Don't neglect a cut, a patch of eczema, or an open sore of any kind. The air is full of poison germs, waiting to start up their evil results in neglected sores, wounds, etc. In Zam-Buk is safety. Zam-Buk is so highly antiseptic that applied to any skindisease or injury it makes blood poisoning impossible. In using Zam-Buk you have three processes going on at once for Zam-Buk is healing, soothing and antiseptic. Try it without delay.

## A GENUINE OFFER.

TEST ZAM-BUK AT OUR EXPENSE!

We appreciate the position taken by the man or woman who says:—"If your preparation is what you claim, you should have no objection to letting us try it before spending our money on it." To every person taking this view we say, send one cent stamp (to pay return postage) and name and date of this paper to Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, and we will mail you a free trial box of Zam-Buk. Zam-Buk is purely herbal, suitable for the delicate skin of little children, yet powerful enough to heal chronic sores of long years' standing. All druggists and stores, 50c. per box, 3 for \$1.25.



### He Had To

Little Fred had been kept after school for talking out loud. "But why did you do it, Fred?" queried his mother. "Why, I had to, mamma," he explained. "Teacher said I mustn't whisper, and I didn't."

Mrs. Klubbs (severely)—"I've been lying awake these long hours waiting for you to come home." Mr. Klubbs (refully)—"And I've been staying away these three hours, waiting for you to go to sleep."

Twenty thousand pairs of arms that beat the frantic air, Twenty thousand pair of eyes that gleam or glaze or glare, Twenty thousand voices wild that scream and yell and swear— Football—that's all! —Judge.

The minister in a rural church gave out the hymn, "I Love to Steal Awhile Away," etc. The regular old preacher being absent, his function developed upon a good old deacon, who commenced, "I Love to Steal," and then broke down. Raising his voice a little higher, he then sang, "I Love to Steal." At length, after a desperate cough, he made a nasal demonstration and roared out, "I Love to Steal." The effort was too much. Every one but the parson was laughing. He rose, and with the utmost coolness said: "Seeing our brother's propensities, let us pray."

The kind-hearted woman was very solicitous about a certain mule belonging to Erastus Pinkley. The mule had a sad and heavy appearance, and never looked more dejected than when its proprietor brought it up with a flourish at the front gate. "Do you ever abuse that mule of yours?" she inquired one day. "Law sakes, miss," answered Mr. Erastus. "I should say not! Dat mule has had me on de defensive foh de las' six years."

## BABY'S OWN TABLETS A LITTLE LIFE SAVER

There is no other medicine for little ones as safe as Baby's Own Tablets, or so sure in its beneficial effects. These tablets speedily cure stomach and bowel troubles, destroy worms, break up colds, thus preventing deadly croup, allay simple fevers, and bring the little teeth through painlessly. Mrs. C. A. Weaver, Saskatchewan Landing, Sask., says:—"I have used Baby's Own Tablets for my little one in cases of colds, stomach and bowel troubles, and other minor ailments, and have never known them to fail in speedily restoring the child's health. I think there is no medicine for babies like the Tablets." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

### An Important Bet

Maude—What's the matter, Mabel? Mabel (sobbing)—I had a bet with Fred on the election. If I lost I was to marry him.

Maude—There, there, dear. Fred will not take advantage of the bet to force you to marry him. Mabel (sobbing harder)—That's not it. I—I won.—Baltimore American.

"Papa, what is a safety match?" Mr. Henpecked (looking carefully round to see if his wife is within hearing)—"A safety match, son, is when a bald-headed man marries an armless woman."

She looked at the little man archly. "Hubby," she said, "do you know you are beginning to grow rather handsome?"

"It's the way I have," he answered, "as Christmas draws near."

### At Arm's Length

"I want, said she recently married man in the linen draper's shop, "a lady's belt." "Yes, sir," said the polite assistant. "What size?"

A bluish mantled the customer's bro and he swallowed twice in rapid succession. Then he said: "I don't know exactly. Let me have a tape measure, please."

And as he placed it along the inside of his arm from shoulder to wrist, the shop assistant remarks beneath her breath to her chum: "He's not the idiot he looks, is he Jenny?"

Some time ago there was a flood in British Columbia. An old fellow who had lost nearly everything he possessed was sitting on the roof of his house as it floated along when a boat approached.

"Hello, John!" "Hello, Dave!" "Are your fowls all washed away, John?" "Yes, but the ducks can swim," replied the old man. "Apple trees gone?" "Well, they said the crop would be a failure anyhow." "I see the flood's away above you window." "That's all right, Dave. Them windows needed washin' anyhow."

### Placing It Right

After waiting for several weeks without hearing from her story the amateur author wrote the magazine editor, requesting an early decision, saying that she had "other irons in the fire."

Promptly came the response. Dear Madam; I have read your story and after giving it careful consideration, I should advise you to put it with the other irons."

## HOW MRS. CLARK FOUND RELIEF

AFTER YEARS OF SUFFERING DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED HER.

Pleasant Point Matron Tells Her Suffering Sisters How to be Free From the Terrible Pains that Make Life a Burden.

Pleasant Point, Ont., (Special).—"That most of the ills that the suffering women of Canada have to bear are due to disordered Kidneys, and that the natural cure for them is Dodd's Kidney Pills, is once more shown in the case of Mrs. Merril C. Clarke, a well known resident of this place and a prominent member of the Salvation Army. Mrs. Clarke is always ready to give her experience for the benefit of her suffering sisters.

"My sickness commenced twenty years ago with the change of life," says Mrs. Clarke. "My health was in a bad state. Water would run from my head which would make me faint. When I came out of the fainting spells I took fits. I was bloated till I was clumsy. The pain I suffered was awful. It would go to my feet and then to my head. Many doctors attended me, and I tried many medicines, but nothing gave me relief till I used Dodd's Kidney Pills. The first box stopped the fits and seven boxes cured me completely.

Every suffering woman should use Dodd's Kidney Pills. They make strong, healthy kidneys, and the woman who has good kidneys is safe guarded against those terrible pains that make miserable the lives of so many women.

Ten to one it's your own fault if luck is against you.

## NO LONGER TORTURED

A Sergt.-Wheeler in R.C.A. finds Cure From Agonizing Skin Disease.

Sergt. Wheeler Thos. P. Bennett, R.C.A., who lives at 705 Albert St., Ottawa, describes the relief which he got from D.D.D. Prescriptions:

"It gives me pleasure to commend D.D.D. to sufferers from skin diseases. For three years I suffered intensely from a skin disease which I developed on the back of my neck. It grew continually and sometimes cast off scales. Neighbor's advice, prescriptions, salves and expensive blood medicines were lavishly used.

"At last I found relief in D.D.D., used according to directions. It required just one bottle to effect a cure. I am no longer tortured so I have no hesitancy in acknowledging to the world the worth and great virtue of D. D. D."

Blood medicines cannot kill the germs in the skin which cause eczema and other skin diseases. Salves fail because they cannot penetrate. D.D.D. goes right into the pores, kills the germs and cures.

For free sample bottle of D.D.D. Prescription write to the D.D.D. Laboratory, Department T.F., 23 Jordan St., Toronto.

For sale by all druggists.

Much so-called originality is merely undetected imitation.

## BILIOUSNESS

is certainly one of the most disagreeable ailments which flesh is heir to. Coated tongue—bitter taste in the mouth—nausea—dizziness—these combine to make life a burden. The cause is a disordered liver—the cure Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills. They go straight to the root of the trouble, put the liver right, cleanse the stomach and bowels, clear the tongue and take away the bitter taste from the mouth. At the first sign of biliousness take

## Dr. Morse's INDIAN ROOT PILLS.

## KELPION

A PERFECT SORE REMEDY. Endorsed by the English journal—"Lancet," "Science Bulletin," "Health." Supplied to British Soldiers in South Africa. For all Throat and Gland Troubles, Pleurisy, Lumps, Abscesses, Old Sores, Ulcers, Felses, Skin Diseases, Eczema, Pimples, Stiff Joints, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sprains, Bruises, Piles, Cuts, Sore Feet and Frost Bites. Sold by Druggists, 25c. Try it once.

W. N. U., No. 768.

### Scotch as She is Spoken

Tourist (to Scotch boy)—Where does that road lead to my lad? Boy—A'm no shair. Tourist—And that one? Boy—I dinna ken. Tourist—And that one? Boy—I canna tell ye. Tourist (to himself)—Great Scot! What names they give to places in this benighted country!

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

It doesn't flatter an artist to ask him to paint something to fill up a certain sized space.

### Makes a Difference

"Come up and see us tonight, old man." "All right; I'll be glad to." "Our daughter is studying music—" "By jingo! I have just remembered an engagement. I am sorry, but I cannot possibly come." "Pshaw! I was about to say, our daughter is studying music in Germany, and we get a little lonesome." "I'll just cut out the engagement and come anyhow."—Tit-Bits.

**GILLETT'S PERFUMED LYE**

Is the Standard Article  
READY FOR USE IN ANY QUANTITY

For making soap, softening water, removing old paint, disinfecting sinks, closets, drains and for many other purposes. A can weighs 20 pounds SAL. 80DA.

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4th Year	19,150 " "
5th Year	40,284 " "
6th Year	72,380 " "
7th Year	104,476 " "
8th Year	124,500 " "
9th Year	172,485 " "
10th Year	221,760 " "
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# The Amateur Nurse



"I used to lie and stare at the row of bottles."

**T**HE trained nurse is a nineteenth century product; at least, in the United States. And, despite the beneficent change she has wrought in the sickroom, we cannot disguise from ourselves the truth that there still lingers in the minds of some sane and broad-minded people a certain prejudice against her and her methods. So strong is the disfavor with some that the nurse is occasionally obliged to lay aside her uniform and feign to be a neighbor who has "just stepped in to lend a hand with the nursing." It is maintained, and not without reason, that the very sight of the cap and apron is a danger signal to a nervous patient. She must be very ill, or a trained nurse would not be engaged.

She is an expensive luxury, urge other protestants, to say nothing of the tyrannical some of the guild exercise over the whole household that is so unfortunate as to need her services. I could fill this and twenty more pages with authentic anecdotes in support of this objection to the sisterhood and not exhaust the stock at command of memory. These and what may be cataloged as "sentimental reasons" incline many families to dispense with the salaried ministrations of the trained nurse and to depend in illness upon relative, friend or neighbor, who nurses for the love of the calling or for the patient and those to whom the sufferer is dear.

### A CRITICAL PATIENT

Since I began this paper, what I reckon as a happy coincidence brought to my study a young kinsman recently recovered from a somewhat serious attack of illness. Knowing that he had been nursed by a favorite maid of his mother, who had begged for the privilege by virtue of her long residence in the family and natural aptitude for nursing, combined with experience, I criticised him upon the subject in hand.

"I have had trained nurses in several previous illnesses," he testifies. "Two were methodical and perfunctorily attentive. I recognised myself as a part of the machinery of which they were the motive power. They were quietly despot, taking absolute obedience on my part as a matter of course. If I were cross, it mattered nothing to them personally. After representing professionally that excitement would raise my temperature and retard recovery, they disregarded ebullitions of temper and lowness of mind. It was like being in a refrigerator. No. 3 of the becaped and beaproned sisterhood was tart to acidity if I ventured to demur to any of her measures. She dragged my poor mother and scolded the servants and raised a tempest in a teapot generally in the well-ordered household. I got well as fast as possible to get rid of her."

### METHODS OF HER OWN

"Recollections of her reign were my chief reason for seconding Mary's petition to be allowed to take care of me in this last attack. She is a watchful and tender nurse, and it sounds horribly ungrateful to criticise her methods—bless her old soul! But you want the truth, you say."

"In the first place, she set the room in order for a siege by arranging the medicine bottles and boxes, etc., upon a table not far from the bed, and in full sight. The table was spread with a clean napkin, renewed daily, and the bottles and boxes were in straight lines, the biggest in the middle and graded down to each end. I used to lie and stare at them and wonder—wonder which was which and wish they had not a sort of fascination that forced me to look at them. My professional nurses kept all the paraphernalia of medicines, plasters and the like out of my sight and, I think, out of the room. Mary poured out each dose at my bedside, counting the drops audibly. I never knew how much I had to take or anything else about the stuff until the trained nurse had spoon or glass at my elbow. It was administered silently, the glass of water that was to take out the taste was held to my lips and the thing was over. Mary wondered if 'twasn't about time to take that next dose,' or that 'bothering alcohol bath,' or 'wasn't I hungry and couldn't I think

of something I should like to eat?' or 'was the room too light?' or 'didn't I think that I could sleep if she read the evening paper to me?' There was a story of a murder that might interest me. Or, 'Wouldn't I like to have her read the report of the big football game?'"

"I couldn't hurt her feelings by saying that she reads badly and that I should certainly jump out of the window if she tried to 'render' the sporting page. So I pretended to be sleepy, and she darkened the room until I could just make out the outlines of the awful array of bottles and boxes on the stand (she never threw one away), and I could hear her 'sh-sh-ab-ing' the family out in the hall for the next hour, and croaking under her breath that 'poor dear Mr. Philip has dropped off to sleep and mustn't be disturbed upon no account whatsoever.'"

"She asked the doctor in my hearing one day 'if he didn't think that sleeping so much was a bad symptom?' and I burst out laughing in her face. That was another difference between her and the trained nurse. She either retailed the account of symptoms, temperature and other features of the case audibly to him in my presence, or, what was worse, she took him to the far side of



"She set the room in order for a siege."

the room and imparted them in a sepulchral whisper that made my blood run cold. The trained nurse passed over her chart silently and out of my sight, and, while the doctor read it, busied herself quietly and naturally about my bed that I might not notice what he was doing.

"I used to wish I could beg Mary not to lean upon the footrail of my bed while she talked to me or watched me eat and drink. She always took her stand there and crossed her arms upon the rail, her eyes fixed solicitously upon



"Mary poured out each dose at my bedside."

me, and chattered in an undertone, as in a bed chamber, after she had made my bed or given my medicine or brought in my meals.

"Don't forget to speak of these meals. She cooked every mouthful I ate with her own hands. She is a capital cook, and her entreaties that the doctor would allow 'the poor young gentleman nourishing and tasty food' were heartrending. I detest that word 'tasty' as violently as you do, and she was positively addicted to it. When she had wrung from the worried practitioner permission to broil an oyster or roast a squab or toss up an omelet or stew a sweetbread or some other 'tasty' treat for me, she

made hot haste to get it ready, and would let nobody else bring it to me. For luncheon the first day I was permitted to touch meat after the fever went off she brought a big tray and placed it right beside me, cooing over me as a robin who brings a particularly fat slug to her nest.

"The sweetbread was the piece de resistance, but in case 'the poor dear young gentleman might not relish it,' she flanked it by a poached egg—'poached in cream, dear, to make it real tasty'—a plate of creamed toast, one of thin graham bread and butter and one of dry toast, for my choice. Then there was a cup of tea and a crisp stalk of celery, 'just to chew and put a taste into your mouth.'"

"I had had the grip, you know, and maybe you know, too, that it is accompanied by dumb nausea, indescribably distressing. I did my best to eat a bit of the sweetbread, and tried not to see that loathly poached egg! It almost broke her heart, I am sure, but she thanked me for saying it was 'nice' and hoped my appetite 'would come up soon.'"

### KITH AND KIN

"She asked me forty-eight times in one day, 'How are you feeling by now?' and twenty-seven times, 'What would you like to have me do for you, Mr. Philip, dear?' I counted them all. Somehow, I couldn't help doing it. The nervous fret brought up my temperature and she assured the doctor that I had been kept perfectly quiet all day and had not been allowed to speak a word.

"I feel like a cad in telling you all this, auntie, although you say it may be pro bono publico. My own blessed mother could not have nursed me more tenderly. I suppose it is not to be expected of human nature that a professional nurse could engraft tenderness upon skill and tact. The kindest-hearted woman alive has not tenderness enough to go around a circle of 'cases.' It is inevitable that the skilled services they render at so much 'per' must be more or less perfunctory. I wonder if it is an impossibility for the mothers and the Maries who love us too much to resign the care of us in sickness to hirelings, to study the methods by which they supplement the physician's efforts in our behalf?"

I give the tale as it is told to me. If I might add anything to the true narrative of the stalwart six-footer, whose present condition may be in part owing to the faithful nursing of the devoted amateur, and is undoubtedly due in a large measure to subsequent toil in garden and field, in what one of my boys once pined for when ill in the city, as "a whole skylark of fresh air"—if I might, I say, supplement his graphic report, it would be to substantiate the claims of the trained nurse upon our confidence by asking if her very freedom from the



"She brought a big tray and placed it right beside me."

anxiety mother and Mary must feel on behalf of the sufferer be not one element of her success? Her perspective of the case in hand is not blurred by loving dreads and her judgment is not weakened by personal partiality for this particular Philip above a dozen other boys who have grip or measles or typhoid.

The cool common sense that withholds the surgeon from operating upon wife or child or mother indispenses the amateur from taking the sole responsibility of nursing one of her own kith and kin, or one in whom her professional interest may be colored by affection.

All the same, mothers and Maries may learn much from watching the ways and means of the professional nurse.

*Marion Harlan*

## The Housemothers' Exchange

PERHAPS these recipes may be of interest to our Exchange readers:

### Mashed Potato Doughnuts.

One cup of granulated sugar, half a cup of sweet milk, one of mashed potato (if you have any left from dinner it will do), two cups of flour (enough to make a rollable dough), one egg, beaten light; one tablespoonful of butter, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a pinch of salt and two of cinnamon to flavor the whole. The dough should be soft. Roll into a sheet half an inch thick, cut into rounds or rings and fry in a hot mixture of half lard, half beef suet. Dust while hot with powdered sugar.

### Dandelion Wine.

Pour four quarts of boiling water upon six quarts of dandelions. Let stand about three days, straining frequently. Then strain the juice, add to it four pounds of granulated sugar and bring to a boil. When cold, add one sliced lemon, one sliced orange and a tablespoonful of yeast.

Cover and leave for three weeks before bottling and bottling.

### Spanish Chocolate Cake.

Cook in a double boiler, until thick, the beaten yolk of an egg, half a cup of sweet milk and one tablespoonful of cocoa or one-quarter of a cake of chocolate (grated), as you may prefer. All must be well mixed before the ingredients go over the fire. When the mixture is perfectly cold stir into it: A cupful of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter (warmed), one and a half cupfuls of sifted flour, a quarter teaspoonful of salt, a quarter teaspoonful of baking powder and one of vanilla. Make as a layer cake and bake in two layers. Use the white of the egg for frosting. These are tested recipes which have been found "good."

### A READER (Bedford, Pa.).

I could wish you had appended your name to a letter the chronography of which is a pleasure to the eyes, while the diction is to be commended as an example to those correspondents who grieve me daily by writing letters too long for publication. One lies at my elbow now which would fill the whole of this page, if I dared print it. Yet it is a brilliant, forceful and replete with wretched wisdom.

### To Fill a Rose Jar

We have been trying to make a rose jar according to the recipe published in the Exchange, but we cannot get oil of camphor, oil of myrtle and oil of eucalyptus. Our druggist "never heard of them." How can we get at the white of May they are procured in the larger cities? (1.) Kindly inform us also upon these points. Do you keep the jar covered while filling it? (2.) I notice there is water at the bottom

of the jar after the petals have lain in the salt for some days. Will this injure the compound? And should we use the wet leaves?

(3) Is there danger that the stuff may spoil after one has rose to the labor and expense of preparing it?

G. E. M. (Red Lion, Pa.)

This letter was answered by mail some time ago. Several other correspondents having written to the like effect with "G. E. M." I take this as the readiest method of satisfying all. To begin with: the oils you name may be obtained in any large city. I have purchased them repeatedly. May I suggest that you substitute other fragrant essential oils more readily procurable? The main thing is to have an agreeably perfumed mixture of which the rose petals are the base and vehicle.

(1) Keep the jar closely covered during the daily addition of fresh petals and salt to the contents.

(2) Leave the water at the bottom of the jar alone until you are ready to add the spices and essential oils. Drain, then, in a colander and spread the petals upon a paper, tossing and turning them to loosen and to dry them from superfluous moisture. That the petals are damp does not injure the whole potpourri.

(3) I have potpourri, put up after this recipe, which has remained fragrant and un-moulded for ten years. I keep it in a china jar with a top of the same material—what is known as a "rose jar."

Essential oils make nice gifts at holidays and birthdays. Once I had a jar hand-painted with dropping rose leaves falling upon the inscription, "Sweetest to the sweet."

Will correspondents who have written lately on this subject accept this as a reply to their queries?

### Tried and True

Will you accept a few tried and never-failing recipes which may do somebody some good? (1) A cloth wet with kerosene will clean the window.

(2) Chloride of lime will clean a white enameled sink. Wet the lime with cold water and let it stand for few minutes before pouring into the sink. You may use the same cleanser and disinfectant in the bathroom.

(3) Try this way of pickling cucumbers: Dissolve half a pint of rock salt in one gallon of strong, pure cider vinegar. Put in the cucumbers and cover with horseradish or with rapeseed leaves. Keep the cucumbers and leaves under the vinegar. Do not scald the vinegar. The

pickles will keep for a year in a common stone jar. (4) Sapes in chickens: Roll a tiny pinch of fine-cut tobacco into a bit about the size of a grain of wheat and push it down the chicken's throat. It will give instant relief.

(5) For heat in cattle, horses, etc.: Dissolve three tablespoonfuls of baking soda in a quart of warm sweet milk. A sure cure.

The Exchange is most interesting, and although I am more than threescore and ten years old, I am not too old to learn many things. E. W. (Battle Creek, Mich.).

No human being to whom God continues the gift of unclouded reason is ever too old to learn. The reason so many are of a contrary opinion is that with the advance of age we are disposed to give over the habit of learning and the mental muscles grow stiff with disuse. If one never walked, one would be lame within a week.

### An Englishwoman's Recipe

There appeared in the Exchange some time ago a recipe for making cheese. The paper containing the article has been lost. Dare I ask for another copy? I am one of your scholars in cookery, and very proud am I of my "Marion Harlan Cook Book," compiled from your interesting columns. B. B. (Stuttard, Ark.).

I have scruples as to the propriety of taking the space from other matters that will be consumed by the cheese recipe. (Which, by the way, I do not recollect as having had a previous appearance in the Exchange.) But I condense from "Common Sense in the Household" rules for making cheese in small quantities, which were given to me by an Englishwoman forty years ago. I know the recipe to be good, inasmuch as it has been tried once and again by competent housewives and pronounced upon favorably. And I am honestly anxious to oblige you.

### Homemade Cheese.

Stir two tablespoonfuls of rennet into a gallon of milk warm from the cow. Cover, and set in a warm place to form. In forty-five minutes it should be a solid curd. Drain off the whey; put the dry curd into a linen bag and hang up to drip. Press now and then to get out the moisture. When no more whey comes, chop the dry curd fine and turn into a clean bag of finer texture than the first. Have ready a small round box with holes bored close together in the bottom. Put bag and contents into this and press down hard. The curd will be forced into the holes and fit down upon the cheese. Lay heavy weights upon the top and leave it for an hour or so. Then dip the curd in cold water before the curd goes in.

When the curd is up, turn out the cheese and chop again very fine, salt to taste,

Have ready a clean, fresh cloth; wet it and pack in the curd. Beat a round piece of cloth upon the top of the bag, fitting it smoothly, and scald the box and cover before fitting this bag and contents into it. Put the cheese under a still heavier weight and leave it for twelve hours. Then take it out, strip off the cloth and rub the cake over with salt. Fit on a clean wet cover and put it again under press in a clean cloth. Do not remove the weight now for sixteen hours. You have now a cake that looks like the real thing. Trim off rough edges and put back under press in a clean cloth. But into a wire safe in a cool place. Rub daily with butter for a week, wiping clean each time before applying the butter and turning every morning. When the week is up, omit the buttering and wipe daily with a coarse cloth for a month.

Your cheese will then be eatable, and very good; it will be far better in six months if kept in a box and turned once a week, wiping it off each time.

If this process seem intolerably tedious, please note that very little time is consumed in the actual work. A few minutes each morning will be enough. The richer the milk the better the cheese. "Skim milk cheese" is proverbially tough and insipid.

### Housekeeping Helps

A GOOD furniture polish may be made of paraffine, oil and turpentine. Kerosene, too, is very good, while crude oil may be used to darken wood that has not been varnished.

If you overboil potatoes, you can drain off the water and dry them out over the fire. Afterward they can be mashed and beaten in the usual way.

Brasses take a most beautiful polish if washed in a mixture made of one ounce of alum and a pint of lye, boiled together and used while still warm.

Worn brooms or whisks may be dipped into hot water and uneven edges trimmed with shears. This makes the straw harder, and the trimming makes the broom almost as good as new.

## Possibilities of the Breadbox

THE breadbox is one of the ever-present problems with the housekeeper. While the average woman knows that waste accompanies the purchase of too much bread, she realizes the necessity for a constant fresh supply if those dependent upon her are to be kept cheerful at mealtime. Most women do not, however, understand the "possibilities" of the breadbox as an "emergency shelf." There may be made from half-hardened bread many substantial dishes and an equal number of delicacies.

"Given some stale bread, a rolling pin and an oven," said one expert housekeeper and cook, "and I can spread you a table full of dainties."

The rapid cook who is always ready for the fray will keep her stale pieces of bread in a clean bag made of heavy linen. The breadbox is not their proper place, because they interfere with the pleasant taste of the fresher loaves and because the same bread kept in a closed receptacle will invariably mould. This habit of rolling the stale bread into crumbs ready to use at least once a week is only a decent precaution against the hurried meal and the unexpected guest. These crumbs should be kept in a closed fruit jar, and should be turned out into an open pan at least every two weeks and dried in the oven, or they will collect a dampness.

The cakebox comes under the same head, and is just as insistent in its demand for frequent recognition. Cake crumbs, too, are a valuable addition to the emergency store. They may be made into many delicious boiled and steamed puddings.

### Bread Croutons.

Cut stale bread into circles, squares, ovals and triangles. Remove carefully the centers and fry the cups a delicate

brown. Fill them with creamed sweetbreads, oysters, veal or peas.

### Chocolate Pudding.

Soak one cup of stale bread and one of stale cake crumbs in four cups of scalded milk for thirty minutes. Melt two squares of chocolate in a saucepan over boiling water, add one-quarter of a cup of sugar, and squeeze into this a little of the milk from the crumbs and milk, so that this chocolate mixture will pour. Add it to the bread mixture, with an additional quarter cup of sugar. Then add one-quarter teaspoonful of salt, one-half cup salted, blanched and shredded almonds, one teaspoonful of vanilla and lastly two beaten eggs. Pour into a buttered dish and bake in a moderate oven one hour. To be served with cream or hard sauce.

### A Refrigerator Box

A DELIGHTFUL delusion is the rustic window box when used as a fall and winter refrigerator for the invalid's room. There is no difficulty when the room boasts a back window overlooking some courtyard, for it offers ample opportunity for a "game box," if one has not already been hung from the outside window sill; but the front window, overlooking the street, presents a problem to the nurse, who would, if she dared, stand a continual milk bottle in view of the opposite neighbors. Unfortunately, she too often dares, and it might be well if she were converted to the use of the rustic box. It is placed below the window sill or on it, and, to all appearances, it is but an unused window-box. A lid may even be hinged to the box, and it will be found serviceable except during the hottest days of summer.



## A DEAL IN DIAMONDS

The True Story of an Ingenious Swindle in London.

### A CLEVERLY WORKED GAME.

It Netted an Impecunious Russian Nobleman a Thousand Pounds Sterling. The Easy Manner in Which Count Sacha Got Something For Nothing.

Count Sacha Roubietzky was on his beam ends in London. To the world he was still a dashing young nobleman, son of an immensely wealthy Russian prince, but in point of fact he was financially at his last gasp.

He wanted a thousand or so for nothing. That was the problem he debated as he sat in his lodging smoking cigarette after cigarette. At last he rose with a satisfied smile. Next morning Count Sacha called on Messrs. Sparkle & Shine, the well known Bond street jewelers. He explained who he was and that he had come to select some jewelry for his sweetheart.

From the glittering tray he selected a beautiful stone, price £500. He then explained that, his remittances being delayed, he was not in a position to complete the purchase at the moment, and, in any case, he wished first to submit the stone to his sweetheart's approval.

He added suavely that as he was unknown to Messrs. Sparkle & Shine he could not expect them to part with the gem without making inquiries, but they were at liberty to apply to the Russian embassy for any information they desired concerning him. He would return the following day and, everything being satisfactory, take the diamond.

To this the jewelers agreed and, inquiring at the Russian embassy, were informed that Count Sacha was unquestionably the son of a wealthy prince and that they would probably be safe in giving him credit for even more than the amount mentioned.

They did not know at the embassy that Sacha had been disowned by his father, and they were agreeable to the count's own suggestion that a member of the embassy should attend at the jeweler's next day to identify him. This was done, and Count Sacha received the diamond. The same day he called at a big pawnbroker's and, mentioning briefly that he was in temporary difficulties, pledged the diamond for the small sum of £50.

The next day found Count Sacha again at Messrs. Sparkle & Shine's. His sweetheart, he said, was enchanted with the diamond, but nothing would satisfy her now but that she should have another diamond absolutely matching the first.

The jewelers explained that to match such a stone would be a matter of great difficulty and the price of the second gem would be enormously increased—in short, for such a pair of twin diamonds they would have to charge £3,000. Count Sacha shrugged his shoulders. The price was stiff, but he could deny his sweetheart nothing. Would Messrs. Sparkle & Shine please at once set about procuring the second diamond?

The jewelers, being unable to match the diamond themselves, wrote to the leading dealers and pawnbrokers describing the stone they wanted and intimating that they were prepared to go as far as £2,000 for a perfect specimen. Among those they wrote to was the pawnbroker with whom Count Sacha had pledged the original diamond, which was just what that ingenious rascal expected.

A few days later Count Sacha called at the pawnbroker's to redeem his diamond. The pawnbroker had had Messrs. Sparkle & Shine's letter, and, remembering the beautiful diamond pledged with him a day or two before, he had examined it and found that it met all of Sparkle & Shine's requirements.

The count redeemed the stone, and then the pawnbroker inquired whether by any chance he would care to sell it. Oh, no! It was a family heirloom. His customer would not dream of parting with it.

That was a pity, said the pawnbroker. He had chanced to show the diamond to his wife, and she had taken a violent fancy to it—so much so that he was prepared to give a fancy price. He offered £800.

Count Sacha laughed and shook his head. One thousand pounds? Oh, no! He really did not want to sell it. An offer of £1,300, however, made him hesitate. At last, after prolonged chaffering, Count Sacha passed back the diamond to the pawnbroker and received £1,500 in exchange. Once outside he jumped into a cab and drove as fast as he could to Messrs. Sparkle & Shine's.

Arrived there, he explained, with many regrets, that his sweetheart had changed her mind. She no longer wanted the second diamond. Had the jewelers yet found it? No? Ah, that was well! Still, he feared he had put them to much trouble. However, he was glad to say his remittances had arrived and he had now much pleasure in handing over £500 in payment for the original diamond, which his sweetheart had decided to keep.

One thousand pounds to the good, Count Sacha left the shop, having "brought off" a most ingenious swindle. Yet can any one say where he came within reach of the law?—Pearson's Weekly.

It is a question which causes a mother the more worry—a boy so sick that he is good or so thoroughly well that he is bad.

## MAGNETISM.

Some of the Peculiar Properties of This Strange Force.

The true nature of magnetism as such, of course, is not known. All that we can be sure of is that magnetic attraction does not radiate outward in all directions as does light, but simply acts along lines consisting of closed curves and called lines of force, these lines connecting the two poles and not extending very far outward between them. These curves may be found very nicely by placing a horseshoe magnet under a thin sheet of paper and sprinkling iron filings on top. The filings will collect along the lines.

Now, as to the different kinds of magnets, there are natural, artificial and electro magnets. The natural ones are found as magnetic ore in the earth, the artificial ones are made by stroking a piece of iron or steel with a magnet, and the electro magnets are caused by the action of an electric current. Some peculiar things have been noticed in regard to magnetism, among which are the following facts:

It has been observed that fire irons that have rested in one position during the summer months are often highly magnetized, no doubt having been caused by the magnetism of the earth itself by the process known as induction. Other iron articles that stay in one position and do not come in contact with fire or other heat are often found in the same condition, such as iron bars to jail windows and iron railings in front of houses.

The most peculiar observation made, however, was that the upper part of the steel tire of a carriage wheel attracts the north pole of a magnet, while the bottom part, or part in contact with the earth, attracts the south pole. This is in the northern hemisphere only and is fully in accord with the theory of induced magnetism. Of course in the southern hemisphere, where the earth is under the influence of the south magnetic pole, the conditions are reversed.

A magnet dipped into boiling water loses a great part of its magnetism, which is miraculously restored to it on becoming cool again.

A sharp blow given to a magnet will cause it to lose its magnetism. Also the application of heat will have a like effect.

If a magnetic needle be placed over a rapidly revolving plate of copper, although it be separated from it by a thick plate of glass, the needle will revolve in the same direction as the plate.—Exchange.

### THE ELEPHANT IN BATTLE.

Most Docile Yet Courageous and Faithful of Animals.

Of the docility of the elephant there is no need to multiply examples. It is said that in India native women sometimes when called away intrust their babies to the care of "the handed one," confident that they will be safe and tenderly handled.

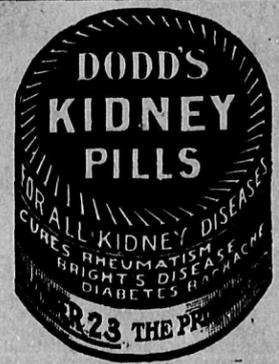
But of all elephant stories surely the finest is that which tells how the standard bearing elephant of the Peshwa won a great victory for his Maharaja lord. At the moment when the elephant had been told to halt its march was killed. The shock of battle closed around it, and the Maharaja forces were borne back, but still the elephant stood, and the standard which it carried still flew, so that the Peshwa's soldiers could not believe that they were indeed being overcome and, rallying, in their turn drove the enemy backward till the tide swept past the rooted elephant and left it towering colossal among the slain. The fight was over and won, and then they would have had the elephant move from the battlefield, but it waited still for the dead man's voice.

For three days and nights it remained where it had been told to remain, and neither bribe nor threat would move it till they sent to the village on the Nerbudda, a hundred miles away, and fetched the mahout's little son, a round eyed, limping child, and then at last the hero of that victorious day, remembering how its master had often in brief absence delegated authority to the child, confessed its allegiance and with the shattered battle harness clanging at each stately stride swung slowly along the road behind the boy.—London Times.

### A Little Crowded.

A backwoodsman went to New York city for the first time, says the Saturday Evening Post. He stopped at a Broadway hotel which was pretty well downtown. Next morning his nephew, who lives in New York, came to take him out and show him the sights. They walked down Broadway until they got to Canal street. The backwoodsman stopped and contemplated the great congestion of traffic there, hundreds of trucks going every way.

"Son," he said to his nephew, "you have a nice city here, but it 'pears to me that your folks is a bull passed behind in their haulin'."



## MAGISTRATE SPEAKS FOR ZAM-BUK

Magistrate Perry, of Goldfields, B.C., believes in making a good thing known. Writing of Zam-Buk, the great household balm, he says:—"After a very fair trial I have proved Zam-Buk eminently satisfactory. In my case it cured a skin rash of five years' standing which no doctor had been able to do any good for. I would certainly encourage any person to keep Zam-Buk in his home." The magistrate is quite right. Every home needs Zam-Buk! Unequaled for cuts, burns, bruises, eczema, blood poisoning and all skin diseases. All stores and druggists sell it at 50 cents a box. Sure cure for piles.

## DON'T NEGLECT THAT SORE!

A Chicago man has just died from blood poisoning arising from neglect of a small sore. Don't neglect a cut, a patch of eczema, or an open sore of any kind. The air is full of poison germs, waiting to start up their evil results in neglected sores, wounds, etc. In Zam-Buk is safety. Zam-Buk is so highly antiseptic that applied to any skindisease or injury it makes blood poisoning impossible. In using Zam-Buk you have three processes going on at once for Zam-Buk is healing, soothing and antiseptic. Try it without delay.

## A GENUINE OFFER.

TEST ZAM-BUK AT OUR EXPENSE!

We appreciate the position taken by the man or woman who says:—"If your preparation is what you claim, you should have no objection to letting us try it before spending our money on it." To every person taking this view we say, send one cent stamp (to pay return postage) and name and date of this paper to Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, and we will mail you a free trial box of Zam-Buk. Zam-Buk is purely herbal, suitable for the delicate skin of little children, yet powerful enough to heal chronic sores of long years' standing. All druggists and stores, 50c. per box, 3 for \$1.25.



**He Had To**  
Little Fred had been kept after school for talking out loud. "But why did you do it, Fred?" queried his mother. "Why, I had to, mamma," he explained. "Teacher said I mustn't whisper, and I didn't."

**Mrs. Klubbs (severely)**—"I've been lying awake these long hours waiting for you to come home." Mr. Klubbs (ruefully)—"And I've been staying away these three hours, waiting for you to go to sleep."

Twenty thousand pairs of arms that beat the frantic air,  
Twenty thousand pair of eyes that gleam or gloat or glare,  
Twenty thousand voices wild that scream and yell and swear—  
Football—that's all!  
—Judge.

The minister in a rural church gave out the hymn, "I Love to Steal Awhile Away," etc. The regular old preacher being absent, his function developed upon a good old deacon, who commenced, "I Love to Steal," and then broke down. Raising his voice a little higher, he then sang, "I Love to Steal." At length, after a desperate cough, he made a nasal demonstration and roared out, "I Love to Steal!" The effort was too much. Every one but the parson was laughing. He rose, and with the utmost coolness said:—"Seeing our brother's propensities, let us pray."

The kind-hearted woman was very solicitous about a certain mule belonging to Erastus Pinkley. The mule had a sad and heavy appearance, and never looked more dejected than when its proprietor brought it up with a flourish at the front gate. "Do you ever abuse that mule of yours?" she inquired one day. "Law sakes, miss," answered Mr. Erastus. "I should say not! Dat mule has had me on de defensive foh de las' six years."

**BABY'S OWN TABLETS**  
**A LITTLE LIFE SAVER**

There is no other medicine for little ones so safe as Baby's Own Tablets, or so sure in its beneficial effects. These tablets speedily cure stomach and bowel troubles, destroy worms, break up colds, thus preventing deadly croup, allay simple fevers, and bring the little teeth through painlessly. Mrs. C. A. Weaver, Saskatchewan Landing, Sask., says:—"I have used Baby's Own Tablets for my little one in cases of colds, stomach and bowel troubles, and other minor ailments, and have never known them to fail in speedily restoring the child's health. I think there is no medicine for babies like the Tablets." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

**An Important Bet**  
Maude—What's the matter, Mabel? Mabel (sobbing)—I had a bet with Fred on the election. If I lost I was to marry him.  
Maude—There, there, dear. Fred will not take advantage of the bet to force you to marry him.  
Mabel (sobbing harder)—That's not it. I—I won.—Baltimore American.

"Papa, what is a safety match?" Mr. Henpecked (looking carefully round to see if his wife is within hearing)—"A safety match, son, is when a bald-headed man marries an armless woman."

She looked at the little man archly. "Hubby," she said, "do you know you are beginning to grow rather handsome?"  
"It's the way I have," he answered, "as Christmas draws near."

**At Arm's Length**  
"I want, said the recently married man in the linen draper's shop, "a lady's belt."  
"Yes, sir," said the polite assistant. "What size?"  
A blush mantled the customer's brow, and he swallowed twice in rapid succession. Then he said:—"I don't know exactly. Let me have a tape measure, please."  
And as he placed it along the inside of his arm from shoulder to wrist, the shop assistant remarks beneath her breath to her chum:—"He's not the idiot he looks, is he Jenny?"

Some time ago there was a flood in British Columbia. An old fellow who had lost nearly everything he possessed was sitting on the roof of his house as it floated along when a boat approached.

"Hello, John!"  
"Hello, Dave!"  
"Are your fowls all washed away, John?"  
"Yes, but the ducks can swim," replied the old man.  
"Apple trees gone?"  
"Well, they said the crop would be a failure anyhow."  
"I see the flood's away above you window."  
"That's all right, Dave. Them windows needed washin' anyhow."

**Placing It Right**  
After waiting for several weeks without hearing from her story the amateur author wrote the magazine editor, requesting an early decision, saying that she had "other irons in the fire."  
Promptly came the response.  
Dear Madam; I have read your story and after giving it careful consideration, I should advise you to put it with the other irons."

### HOW MRS. CLARK FOUND RELIEF

AFTER YEARS OF SUFFERING DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED HER.

Pleasant Point Matron Tells Her Suffering Sisters How to be Free From the Terrible Pains that Make Life a Burden.

Pleasant Point, Ont., (Special).—That most of the ills that the suffering women of Canada have to bear are due to disordered kidneys, and that the natural cure for them is Dodd's Kidney Pills, is once more shown in the case of Mrs. Merril C. Clarke, a well known resident of this place and a prominent member of the Salvation Army. Mrs. Clarke is always ready to give her experience for the benefit of her suffering sisters.

"My sickness commenced twenty years ago with the change of life," says Mrs. Clarke. "My health was in a bad state. Water would run from my head which would make me faint. When I came out of the fainting spells I took fits. I was bloated till I was clumsy. The pain I suffered was awful. It would go to my feet and then to my head. Many doctors attended me, and I tried many medicines, but nothing gave me relief till I used Dodd's Kidney Pills. The first box stopped the fits and seven boxes cured me completely.

Every suffering woman should use Dodd's Kidney Pills. They make strong, healthy kidneys, and the woman who has good kidneys is safe guarded against those terrible pains that make miserable the lives of so many women.

Ten to one it's your own fault if luck is against you.

### NO LONGER TORTURED

A Sergt.-Wheeler in R.C.A. finds Cure From Ageing Skin Disease.

Sergt. Wheeler Thos. P. Bennett, R.C.A., who lives at 705 Albert St., Ottawa, describes the relief which he got from D.D.D. Prescriptions:

"It gives me pleasure to commend D.D.D. to sufferers from skin diseases. For three years I suffered intensely from a skin disease which I developed on the back of my neck. It grew continually and sometimes cast off scales. Neighbor's advice, prescriptions, salves and expensive blood medicines were lavishly used.  
"At last I found relief in D.D.D., used according to directions. It required just one bottle to effect a cure. I am no longer tortured so I have no hesitancy in acknowledging to the world the worth and great virtue of D. D. D."

Blood medicines cannot kill the germs in the skin which cause eczema and other skin diseases. Salves fail because they cannot penetrate. D.D.D. goes right into the pores, kills the germs and cures.

For free sample bottle of D.D.D. Prescription write to the D.D.D. Laboratory, Department T.F., 23 Jordan St., Toronto.

For sale by all druggists.  
Much so-called originality is merely undetected imitation.

### BILIOUSNESS

is certainly one of the most disagreeable ailments which flesh is heir to. Coated tongue—bitter taste in the mouth—nausea—dizziness—these combine to make life a burden. The cause is a disordered liver—the cure Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills. They go straight to the root of the trouble, put the liver right, cleanse the stomach and bowels, clear the tongue and take away the bitter taste from the mouth. At the first sign of biliousness take

**Dr. Morse's INDIAN ROOT PILLS.**

### KELPION

A PERFECT SORE REMEDY.  
Endorsed by the English journals—"Lancet," "Science," "Herald," "Health."  
Supplied to British Soldiers in South Africa. For all Throat and Gland Troubles, Fleury, Leucorrhoea, Old Sores, Ulcers, Piles, Skin Diseases, Eczema, Fimples, Stiff Joints, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sprains, Bruises, Piles, Cuts, Sore Feet and Frost Bites.  
Sold by Druggists, 25c. Try it once.

W. N. U., No. 768.

**Scotch as She is Spoken**  
Tourist (to Scotch boy)—Where does that road lead to my lad?  
Boy—A'm no shair.  
Tourist—And that one?  
Boy—I dinna ken.  
Tourist—And that one?  
Boy—I canna tell ye.  
Tourist (to himself)—Great Scott! What names they give to places in this benighted country!

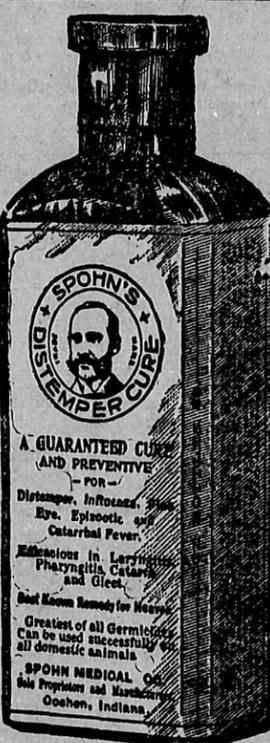
Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

It doesn't flatter an artist to ask him to paint something to fill up a certain sized space.



## GILLETT'S PERFUMED LYE

Is the Standard Article  
READY FOR USE IN ANY QUANTITY  
For making soap, softening water, removing old paint, disinfecting sinks, closets, drains and all other houses; also Disinfectant among Dogs and Sheep. This compound is made of the purest ingredients and not an atom of poisonous or injurious nature enters into its composition. Many persons are now taking Gillett's for La Grippe, Colds, Coughs, Kidney Trouble, etc., and it is always safe. It expels the Disease Germs from the body; acts directly on the Blood and Glands. SPOHN'S is now sold by nearly every druggist and harness dealer in the land, and any can get it for you. Fifty cents and \$1.00 a bottle, and \$6.00 and \$11.00 the dozen.



## "SPOHN'S"

As this very remarkable preparation is now called, is the greatest Constitutional Remedy ever known for Brood Mares, Colts, Stallions and all other horses; also Disinfectant among Dogs and Sheep. This compound is made of the purest ingredients and not an atom of poisonous or injurious nature enters into its composition. Many persons are now taking SPOHN'S for La Grippe, Colds, Coughs, Kidney Trouble, etc., and it is always safe. It expels the Disease Germs from the body; acts directly on the Blood and Glands. SPOHN'S is now sold by nearly every druggist and harness dealer in the land, and any can get it for you. Fifty cents and \$1.00 a bottle, and \$6.00 and \$11.00 the dozen.

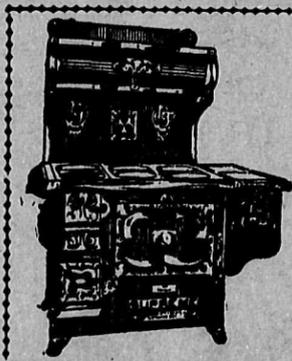
**Record of Annual Sales.**

1st Year	1,053	Bottles Sold
2nd Year	4,364	" "
3rd Year	9,256	" "
4th Year	19,150	" "
5th Year	40,284	" "
6th Year	72,580	" "
7th Year	106,532	" "
8th Year	124,500	" "
9th Year	172,485	" "
10th Year	221,780	" "
11th Year	287,420	" "
12th Year	378,882	" "
13th Year	508,720	" "
14th Year	648,280	" "
15th Year	697,354	" "

Send for our Booklet of twelve good recipes for family and stock medicines, FREE.

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All Wholesale Druggists  
**Spohn Medical Co.**  
CHEMISTS AND BACTERIOLOGISTS  
GOSHEN, INDIANA, U. S. A.

**Eddy's** offer you more of  
**Toilet Papers** Better Toilet Tissue for the Same Money than any  
Other Make on the Market.  
Made in Every Known Form and Variety, and Every Sheet Guaranteed Chemically Pure.  
Always Everywhere in Canada Ask For EDDY'S MATCHES



**CUT YOUR FUEL BILL IN HALF**  
by using a  
**SUPREME STEEL RANGE**  
made only by  
**THE SUPREME HEATING CO.,**  
Welland, Ont.  
Is the only Second Combustion Range made in Canada. Is very handsome in appearance and guaranteed to save 50 per cent in fuel.  
Ask your hardware man for it, or write our western agents,  
**WALDON COMPANY,**  
52 Princess St., Winnipeg.

# The Amateur Nurse



"I used to lie and stare at the row of bottles."

of something I should like to eat" or "was the room too light?" or "didn't I think that I could sleep if she read the evening paper to me?" There was a story of a murder that might interest me. Or, "Wouldn't I like to have her read the report of the big football game?"

"I couldn't hurt her feelings by saying that she reads badly and that I should certainly jump out of the window if she tried to 'render' the sporting page. So I pretended to be sleepy, and she darkened the room until I could just make out the outlines of the awful array of bottles and boxes on the stand (she never threw one away), and I could hear her 'sh-sh-sh-ing' the family out in the hall for the next hour, and croaking under her breath that 'poor dear Mr. Philip has dropped off to sleep and mustn't be disturbed upon no account whatsoever.'"

"She asked the doctor in my hearing one day 'if he didn't think that sleeping so much was a bad symptom?' and I burst out laughing in her face. That was another difference between her and the trained nurse. She either retailed the account of symptoms, temperature and other features of the case audibly to him in my presence, or, what was worse, she took him to the far side of

**T**HE trained nurse is a nineteenth century product; at least, in the United States. And, despite the beneficent change she has wrought in the sickroom, we cannot disguise from ourselves the truth that there still lingers in the minds of some sane and broad-minded people a certain prejudice against her and her methods. So strong is the disfavor with some that the nurse is occasionally obliged to lay aside her uniform and feign to be a neighbor who has "just stepped in to lend a hand with the nursing." It is maintained, and not without reason, that the very sight of the cap and apron is a danger signal to a nervous patient. She must be very ill, or a trained nurse would not be engaged.

She is an expensive luxury, urge other protestants, to say nothing of the tyranny some of the guild exercise over the whole household that is so unfortunate as to need her services. I could fill this and twenty more pages with authentic anecdotes in support of this objection to the sisterhood and not exhaust the stock at command of memory.

These and what may be cataloged as "sentimental reasons" incline many families to dispense with the salaried ministrations of the trained nurse and to depend in illness upon relative, friend or neighbor, who nurses for the love of the calling or for the patient and those to whom the sufferer is dear.

### A CRITICAL PATIENT

Since I began this paper, what I reckon as a happy coincidence brought to my study a young kinsman recently recovered from a somewhat serious attack of illness. Knowing that he had been nursed by a favorite maid of his mother, who had begged for the privilege by virtue of her long residence in the family and natural aptitude for nursing, combined with experience, I established him upon the subject in hand.

"I have had trained nurses in several previous illnesses," he testifies. "Two were methodical and perfunctorily attentive. I recognized myself as a part of the machinery of which they were the motive power. They were quietly despotic, taking absolute obedience on my part as a matter of course. If I were cross, it mattered nothing to them personally. After representing professionally that excitement would raise my temperature and retard recovery, they disregarded ebullitions of temper and lowness of mind. It was like being in a refrigerator. No. 3 of the becaped and beaproned sisterhood was tart to acidity if I ventured to demur to any of her measures. She dragged my poor mother and scolded the servants and raised a tempest in a teapot generally in the well-ordered household. I got well as fast as possible to get rid of her."

### METHODS OF HER OWN

"Recollections of her reign were my chief reason for seconding Mary's petition to be allowed to take care of me in this last attack. She is a watchful and tender nurse, and it sounds horribly ungrateful to criticize her methods—bless her old soul! But you want the truth, you say."

"In the first place, she set the room in order for a siege by arranging the medicine bottles and boxes, etc., upon a table not far from the bed, and in full light. The table was spread with a clean napkin, renewed daily, and the bottles and boxes were in straight lines, the biggest in the middle and graded down to each end. I used to lie and stare at them and wonder which was which and wish they had not a sort of fascination that forced me to look at them. My professional nurses kept all the paraphernalia of medicines, plasters and the like out of my sight and, I think, out of the room. Mary poured out each dose at my bedside, counting the drops audibly. I never knew how much I had to take or anything else about the stuff until the trained nurse had spoon or glass at my elbow. It was administered silently, the glass of water that was to take out the taste was held to my lips and the thing was over. Mary 'wondered if 'twasn't about time to take that next dose,' or that 'bothering alcohol bath,' or 'wasn't I hungry and couldn't I think



"She set the room in order for a siege."

the room and imparted them in a sepulchral whisper that made my blood run cold. The trained nurse passed over her chart silently and out of my sight, and while the doctor read it, busied herself quietly and naturally about my bed that I might not notice what he was doing.

"I used to wish I could beg Mary not to lean upon the footrail of my bed while she talked to me or watched me eat and drink. She always took her stand there and crossed her arms upon the rail, her eyes fixed solicitously upon



"Mary poured out each dose at my bedside."

me, and chattered in an undertone, as in a death chamber, after she had made my bed or given my medicine or brought in my meals.

"Don't forget to speak of these meals. She cooked every mouthful I ate with her own hands. She is a capital cook, and her entreaties that the doctor would allow 'the poor young gentleman nourishing and tasty food' were heartrending. I detest that word 'tasty' as violently as you do, and she was positively addicted to it. When she had wrung from the worried practitioner permission to broil an oyster or roast a squab or toss up an omelet or stew a sweetbread or some other 'tasty' treat for me, she

made hot haste to get it ready, and would let nobody else bring it to me. For luncheon the first day I was permitted to touch meat after the fever went off she brought a big tray and placed it right beside me, cooing over me as a robin who brings a particularly fat slug to her nest.

"The sweetbread was the piece de resistance, but in case 'the poor dear young gentleman might not relish it,' she flanked it by a poached egg—'poached in cream, dear, to make it real tasty'—a plate of creamed toast, one of thin graham bread and butter and one of dry toast, for my choice. Then there was a cup of tea and a crisp stalk of celery, 'just to chew and put a taste into your mouth.'"

"I had had the grip, you know, and maybe you know, too, that it is accompanied by dumb nausea, indescribably distressing. I did my best to eat a bit of the sweetbread, and tried not to see that loathly poached egg! It almost broke her heart, I am sure, but she thanked me for saying it was 'nice' and hoped my appetite 'would come up soon.'"

### KITH AND KIN

"She asked me forty-eight times in one day, 'How are you feeling now?' and twenty-seven times, 'What would you like to have me do for you, Mr. Philip, dear?' I counted them all. Somehow, I couldn't help doing it. The nervous fret brought up my temperature and she assured the doctor that I had been kept perfectly quiet all day and had not been allowed to speak a word.

"I feel like a cad in telling you all this, auntie, although you say it may be pro bono publico. My own blessed mother could not have nursed me more tenderly. I suppose it is not to be expected of human nature that a professional nurse could engraft tenderness upon skill and tact. The kindest-hearted woman alive has not tenderness enough to go around a circle of 'cases.' It is inevitable that the skilled services they render at so much 'per' must be more or less perfunctory. I wonder if it is an impossibility for the mothers and the Maries who love us too much to resign the care of us in sickness to hirelings, to study the methods by which they supplement the physician's efforts in our behalf?"

I give the tale as it is told to me. If I might add anything to the true narrative of the stalwart six-footer, whose present condition may be in part owing to the faithful nursing of the devoted amateur, and is undoubtedly due in a large measure to subsequent toll in garden and field, in what one of my boys once pined for when ill in the city, as "a whole skyful of fresh air"—if I might, I say, supplement his graphic report, it would be to substantiate the claims of the trained nurse upon our confidence by asking if her very freedom from the



"She brought a big tray and placed it right beside me."

anxiety mother and Mary must feel on behalf of the sufferer be not one element of her success? Her perspective of the case in hand is not blurred by loving dreads and her judgment is not weakened by personal partiality for this particular Philip above a dozen other boys who have grip or measles or typhoid.

The cool common sense that withholds the surgeon from operating upon wife or child or mother indisposes the amateur from taking the sole responsibility of nursing one of her own kith and kin, or one in whom her professional interest may be colored by affection.

All the same, mothers and Maries may learn much from watching the ways and means of the professional nurse.

Marion Harland

## The Housemothers' Exchange

PERHAPS these recipes may be of interest to our Exchange readers:

### Mashed Potato Doughnuts.

One cup of granulated sugar, half a cup of sweet milk, one of mashed potato (if you have any left from dinner it will do), two cups of flour (enough to make a rollable dough), one egg, beaten light; one tablespoonful of butter, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a pinch of salt and two of cinnamon to flavor the whole.

The dough should be soft. Roll into a sheet half an inch thick, cut into rounds or rings and fry in a hot mixture of half lard, half beef suet. Dust while hot with powdered sugar.

### Dandelion Wine.

Pour four quarts of boiling water upon six quarts of blossoms. Let all stand about three days, stirring frequently. Then strain the juice, add to it four pounds of granulated sugar and bring to a boil. When cold, add one sliced lemon, one teaspoonful of orange and a tablespoonful of yeast. Cover and leave for three weeks before bottling.

### Spanish Chocolate Cake.

Cook in a double boiler, until thick, the beaten yolk of an egg, half a cup of sweet milk and one tablespoonful of cocoa or one-quarter of a cake of chocolate (grated), as you may prefer. All must be well mixed before the ingredients go over the fire.

When the mixture is perfectly cold stir into it: one cupful of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter (warmed), one and a half cupfuls of sifted flour, half a cupful of sweet milk, a quarter teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of baking powder and one of vanilla. Make as a layer cake and bake in two layers. Use the white of the egg for frosting.

These are tested recipes which have been found "good."

A READER (Bedford, Pa.)

I could wish you had appended your name to a letter the orthography of which is a pleasure to the eyes, while the diction is to be commended as an example to those correspondents who grive me daily by writing letters too long for publication. One line at my elbow now which would fill the whole of this page, if I dared print it. Yet it is a brilliant, forceful and replete with practical wisdom.

### To Fill a Rose Jar

We have been trying to make a rose jar according to the recipe published in the Exchange, but we cannot get all the ingredients. Our druggist "never heard of them." Nor can we get star of roses. May they be procured in the larger cities?

of the jar after the petals have lain in the salt for some days. Will this injure the compound? And should we use the wet leaves?"

(3) Is there danger that the stuff may spoil after one has gone to the labor and expense of preparing it?

G. E. M. (Red Lion, Pa.)

This letter was answered by mail some time ago. Several other correspondents having written to the like effect with "G. E. M." I take this as the readiest method of satisfying all.

To begin with: the oils you name may be obtained in any large city. I have purchased them repeatedly. May I suggest that you substitute other fragrant essential oils more readily procurable? The main thing is to have an agreeably perfumed mixture of which the rose petals are the base and vehicle.

(1) Keep the jar closely covered during the daily addition of fresh petals and salt to the contents.

(2) Leave the water at the bottom of the jar alone until you are ready to add the spices and essential oils. Drain, then, in a colander and spread the petals upon a paper, tossing and turning them to loosen and to dry them from superfluous moisture. That the petals are damp does not injure the whole potpourri.

(3) I have potpourri, put up after this recipe, which has remained fragrant and unaltered for ten years. I keep it in a china jar with a top of the same material—what is known as a "rose jar."

Thus ripened and sweet, the compound makes nice gifts at holidays and birthdays. Once I had a jar hand-painted with drooping rose leaves falling upon the inscription, "Sweet to the sweet."

Will correspondents who have written lately on this subject accept this as a reply to their queries?

### Tried and True

Will you accept a few tried and never-failing recipes which may do somebody some good?

pickles will keep for a year in a common stone jar.

(4) For capons in chickens: Roll a tiny pinch of sliced tobacco into a bit about the size of a grain of wheat and push it down the chicken's throat. It will give instant relief.

(4) For heat in cattle, horses, etc.: Dissolve three tablespoonfuls of baking soda in a quart of warm sweet milk. A sure cure.

The Exchange is most interesting, and although I am more than three score and ten years old, I am not too old to learn many things.

S. E. W. (Battle Creek, Mich.)

No human being to whom God continues the gift of unclouded reason is ever too old to learn. The reason so many are of a contrary opinion is that with the advance of age we are disposed to give over the habit of learning, and the mental muscles grow stiff with disuse. If one never walked, one would be lame within a week.

### An Englishwoman's Recipe

There appeared in the Exchange some time ago directions for making cheese. The paper containing the article has been lost. Dare I ask for another copy?

I am one of your scholars in cookery, and I find your "Marion Harland Cook Book," compiled from your interesting columns.

I have scruples as to the propriety of taking the space from other matters that will be consumed by the cheese recipe. (Which, by the way, I do not recollect as having had a previous appearance in the Exchange.) But I condense from "Common Sense in the Household" rules for making cheese in small quantities, which were given to me by an Englishwoman forty years ago. I know the recipe to be good, inasmuch as it has been tried once and again by competent housewives and pronounced upon favorably. And I am honestly anxious to oblige you.

### Homemade Cheese.

Stir two tablespoonfuls of rennet into a gallon of milk warm from the cow. Cover, and set in a warm place to form. In forty-five minutes it should be a solid curd. Drain off the whey; put the dry curd into a linen bag and hang up to drip. Press now and then to get out the moisture. When no more will come, chop the dry curd fine and turn into a clean bag of finer texture than the first. Have ready a small round box with holes bored close together in the bottom. Put bag and contents into this and press down hard. The top of the box should slip down the inside and fit down upon the cheese. Lay heavy weights upon the top and leave it for an hour. The bag should be of the same shape and size as the box, and be dipped in cold water before the curd goes in. When the hour is up, turn out the cheese and chop again very fine, salting to taste.

### Used to wish I could beg Mary not to lean upon the footrail of my bed.

Have ready a clean, fresh cloth; wet it and pack in the curd, exists a round piece of cloth upon the top of the bag. Tie it smoothly, and seal the box and cover before fitting this bag and contents into it. Put the cheese under a still heavier weight and leave it for twelve hours. Then take it out, strip off the cloth and rub the cake over with salt. Fit on a clean wet cover and put it again under press, now for sixteen hours. You have now a cake that looks like the real thing. Trim off rough edges and put back under press in a clean cloth. Do not remove the weight now for twenty-four hours. Strip off the last cloth then, and rub the cake well with butter. Put into a wire safe in a cool place. Rub daily with butter for a week, wiping clean each time before applying the butter and turning every morning. When the week is up, omit the buttering and wipe daily with a coarse cloth for a month.

Your cheese will then be eatable, and very good. It will be far better in six months if kept in a box and turned once a week, wiping it off each time.

If this process seem intolerably tedious, please note that very little time is consumed in the actual work. A few minutes each morning will be enough.

The richer the milk the better the cheese. "Skim milk cheese" is proverbially tough and insipid.

### Housekeeping Helps

A GOOD furniture polish may be made of paraffine, oil and turpentine. Kerosene, too, is very good, while crude oil may be used to darken wood that has not been varnished.

If you overboil potatoes, you can drain off the water and dry them out over the fire. Afterward they can be mashed and beaten in the usual way.

Brasses take a most beautiful polish if washed in a mixture made of one ounce of alum and a pint of lye, boiled together and used while still warm.

Worn brooms or whisks may be dipped into hot water and uneven edges trimmed with shears. This makes the straws harder, and the trimming makes the broom almost as good as new.

## Possibilities of the Breadbox

THE breadbox is one of the ever-present problems with the housekeeper. While the average woman knows that waste accompanies the purchase of too much bread, she realizes the necessity for a constant fresh supply if those dependent upon her are to be kept cheerful at mealtime. Most women do not, however, understand the "possibilities" of the breadbox as an "emergency shelf." There may be made from half-hardened bread many substantial dishes and an equal number of delicacies.

Given some stale bread, a rolling pin and an oven, are said one expert housekeeper and cook, "and I can spread you a table full of dainties."

The rapid cook who is always ready for the fray will keep her stale pieces of bread in a clean bag made of heavy linen. The breadbox is not their proper place, because they interfere with the pleasant taste of the fresher loaves and because the same bread kept in a closed receptacle will invariably mould. This habit of rolling the stale bread into crumbs ready to use at least once a week is only a decent precaution against the hurried meal and the unexpected guest. These crumbs should be kept in a closed fruit jar, and should be turned out into an open pan at least every two weeks and dried in the oven, or they will collect a dampness.

The cakebox comes under the same head, and is just as insistent in its demand for frequent recognition. Cake crumbs, too, are a valuable addition to the emergency store. They may be made into many delicious boiled and steamed puddings.

### Bread Croutades.

Cut stale bread into circles, squares, crumbs and triangles. Remove carefully the centers and fry the cups a delicate

brown. Fill them with creamed sweetbreads, oysters, veal or peas.

### Chocolate Pudding.

Soak one cup of stale bread and one of stale cake crumbs in four cups of scalded milk for thirty minutes. Melt two squares of chocolate in a saucepan over boiling water, add one-quarter of a cup of sugar, and squeeze into this a little of the milk from the crumbs and milk, so that this chocolate mixture will pour. Add it to the bread mixture, with an additional quarter cup of sugar. Then add one-quarter teaspoonful of salt, one-half cup salted, blanched and shredded almonds, one teaspoonful of vanilla and lastly two beaten eggs. Pour into a buttered dish and bake in a moderate oven one hour. To be served with cream or hard sauce.

### A Refrigerator Box

A DELIGHTFUL delusion is the rustic window box when used as a fall and winter refrigerator for the invalid's room. There is no difficulty when the winter boasts a back window overlooking some courtyard, for it offers ample opportunity for a "game box." If one has not already been hung from the outside window sill, but the front window, overlooking the street, presents a problem to the nurse, who would, if she dared, stand a continual milk bottle in view of the opposite neighbors. Unfortunately, she too often dares, and it might be well if she were converted to the use of the rustic box. It is placed below the window sill or on it, and, to all appearances, it is but an unused window-box. A lid may even be hinged to the box, and it will be found serviceable except during the hottest weather.



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GEORGE G. MEIKLE, Managing-Editor

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**Christmas**

This is the month, and this the happy morn,  
Wherein the Son of Heaven's eternal King,  
Of wedded maid, and virgin mother born,  
Our great redemption from above did bring,  
For so the holy sages once did sing,  
That He our deadly forfeit should release,  
And with His Father work us a perpetual peace.—MILTON.

**A Cheerful Giver**

"The Lord loveth a cheerful giver," and "It is more blessed to give than to receive," are faithful sayings, and worthy of all acceptance. Give where your gift is needed, where it brings joy and gladness, and your own heart will swell with real pleasure. To lavish gifts upon the rich, the strong, the powerful, in the hope that you may receive in turn, is mean, grovelling and pitiful. Don't belittle yourself that way. Give freely only where love prompts, or better yet, go out among God's poor, hunt out those less favored or less fortunate and do acts that will brighten human lives and the brightness will come back into your own heart by reflection.

The great and noble characters of the world, the men in all ages who have been admired and loved have been the generous men. The shunned and hated and despised creatures of the human race have always been the misers, the stingy, grasping, hoarding, pinching wretches who valued money above human souls, and hugged their wealth in the face of misery. The world shouts and laughs when such men die, but it follows the generous man to his grave with tears and real sorrow.

In this world the most beautiful thing is charity which gives without hope of reward or return, simply for the love of other human beings.

Christmas giving has long been and will probably continue a chief characteristic of the day's observance. By such means do love and friendship find happy expression. But with it all let us not forget the first great Christmas gift, which came from the Father of Light with whom there is neither variability nor shadow of turning—a gift which is ours not only for all time but for all eternity as well.

The Christmas spirit is in the air and it is doubtful if there is a city in the province that has made more elaborate preparations for the holidays than our own. The merchants have responded to the feeling of buoyancy that the season creates and they have loaded the shelves and tables and even the floor space of their stores with everything that the season demands. They have bought heavily of holiday goods, and everyone of the establishments is a veritable exposition of things that are beautiful and sensible.

Yes, Christmas is drawing very near. Then let us with one hand tenderly cling to the old year while we stretch forth the other to greet the new. To some it has been a year of prosperity, to others, one of adversity and sorrow. As we look back over past events we cannot fail to note the absence of many that were with us a year ago. But now they are gone, been called home to return no more. This time last year they were planning a surprise for someone near and dear to them in the way of a Christmas present that would cause them to be remembered as the years roll on bringing the joyous Christmas time.

**Among the Esquimaux**

For the benefit of some of our readers as have never spent a winter in Lapland, Alaska or other countries of the far north, we will relate some interesting facts illustrative of their manner of keeping Christmas.

The winter residences of the Esquimaux are made of blocks of solid snow with thin sheets of ice for windows. Thus the glazier in that country carries his material for patching up windows in an ice wagon.

Esquimaux children hang up their sealskin socks on Christmas eve. They, like our own little folks, appreciate a pair of skates or a sled, but in place of candy they long for blubber. When a young Esquimaux wakes up in the morning and finds his stocking full of blubber he is happy. If he doesn't—well, he blubbers all the same.

Their Christmas dinner is a rare feast for them. It consists of a chunk of raw whale with a sauce of rose colored hair-oil, washed down with a flagon of seal's blood. Tallow candles with a dip are served as a dessert.

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**41 Meat market Ltd 41**

High-class Butchers

New Michel  
All meat fresh killed—Prime Beef, Pork, Mutton and Veal  
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Services 3 p.m., in the schoolhouse.  
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Rev. S. T. Chenoweth, M. A., Pastor.  
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**BADGE OF HONOR**



**Satan Sanderson**  
By HALLIE ERMINIE RIVES.  
Author of "Heart's Compassion," Etc.  
Copyright, 1908, the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

(Continued.)

**Chapter 25**

WHILE the man whom the town knew as Hugh Stires listened to the tale of the street preacher, another, unlike yet curiously like him in feature, had slowly climbed the hilly slope from the north by the sanitarium road. He walked with a jaunty swagger bred of too frequent applications to a flask in his pocket.

As he walked unsteadily along Hugh drank more than once from the flask to deaden the superstitious dread of the place which was stealing over him. On the crest of the ridge he skirted the sanitarium grounds and at length gained the road that twisted down toward the lights of the town. In the dubious moonlight he mistook the narrow trail to the knob for the lower path to the cabin. As he turned into it the report of a rifle came faintly from the gulch below.

He quickened his steps and stumbled all at once into the little clearing that held the new made grave and Jessica's statue. The sight terrified his intoxicated imagination. His hair rose. The name on the headstone was Stires, and there was himself—no, a ghost of himself—sitting near! He turned and broke into a run down the steep slope. In his fear—for he imagined the white figure was pursuing him—he tripped and fell, regained his feet, rushed across the level space, threw his weight against the cabin door and burst into the room.

A dog sprang up with a growl, and in the light of the fire that burned on the hearth a man sitting at the rough lawn table lifted a haggard face from his arms, and each recognized the other.

"The ghost was gone now before flight and human presence, and Hugh, with a loud laugh of tinsy incredulity, stood staring at the man before him.

"Harry Sanderson!" he cried. His shifty eyes surveyed the other's figure—the corduroys, the high laced boots, the soft blue flannel shirt. "Not exactly in purple and fine linen," he said. "The impudent swagger of intoxication had slipped over him again, and his boisterous laugh broke with a hic-cough. "I thought the gospel game was about played out that night in



"You were something of a howling swell as a parson."

the chapel. And now you are willing to take a hint from the prodigal! How did you find my nest? And perhaps you can tell me who has been making himself so at home here lately?"

"I have," said Harry evenly.

Hugh's glance, that had been wavering about the neat interior, returned to Harry, and knowledge and anger leaped into it. "So it was you, was it? You are the one who has been trying his hand as a claim jumper!" He lurched toward the table and leaned upon it. "I've always heard that the devil took care of his own. The runaway rector stumbles on my manor, and, with his usual luck—Satan's luck we called it at college—steps in just in time to strike it rich."

He stretched his hand suddenly and caught a tiny object that glittered against Harry's coat—the little gold cross which the other had tied to his watch guard. The thong snapped, and Hugh sent the pendant rattling across the doorway.

"You were something of a howling swell as a parson," he said insolently, "but you don't need the jewelry now!"

Harry Sanderson's eyes had not left Hugh's face. He was thinking swiftly. The bolt from the blue had been so recent that this sudden apparition seemed a natural concomitant of the situation. Only the problem was no longer imminent. It was upon him. Jessica was not for him—he had accepted that. Though the clock might not turn backward, this man must stand between them. Yet his presence now in the predicament was intolerable.

"Well," said Hugh, with a sneer, "what have you got to say?"

"How much will you take for the property?"

"That's your game, is it? But I'm not such a numskull! Whatever you could offer, it's worth more to me. I know you, Satan Sanderson," he sneered. "You were always the same precious hypocrite in the old days, pretending to be so almighty virtuous, while you looked out for No. 1. I saw through you then, too, when you

were posing as my friend and trying your best all along to queer me with the old man! I knew it well enough. I knew what the reason was too! You wanted Jessica, you!"

Self control left Harry suddenly, as a ship's sail is whipped from its gaskets in a white squall. Before the words could be uttered his fingers were at Hugh's throat.

At that instant there was the sound of running feet outside, a hurried knock at the door and an agitated voice that chilled Harry's blood to ice.

His hands relaxed their hold. He dragged Hugh to the door of the inner room, thrust him inside, shut and bolted it upon him.

Then he went and opened the outer door.

.....

The accusation of Prendergast had stunned Jessica's faculties. As in an evil dream she had seen the sheriff rise to his feet and methodically put the fragment of paper into his pocketbook. A moment later she was running up the dark path, her thoughts a confusion in which only one coherent purpose stood distinct—to warn him. They would know no need to hasten. If the man she loved had reached the cabin, she would be before them.

She stood before the door, her hands clasped tightly, her eyes on Harry's face.

"What has happened?" he asked.

"Men will be here soon—men from the town. I overheard them. I wanted to let you know!" she hesitated. It had grown all at once difficult to put into words.

"Coming here? Why?"

"To arrest a man who is accused of murder."

If her eyes could have pierced the bolted door a few feet away! If she could have seen that listening face behind it, as her clear tones fell, grow instinct with recognition, amazement and evil suspicion—a look that her last word swept into a sickly gray terror! If she could have heard the groan from the wretched man beyond!

"Whose murder?"

"Dr. Moreau's."

Jessica waited with caught breath, searching his countenance. It was told now, but he must know that she had not credited it, that "for better, for worse," she must believe in him now.

"I knew, oh, I knew!" she cried. "You need not tell me!"

"No," he said gravely. "I am not the man they want. It has all come back to me—the past that I had lost. Such a crime has no part in it. Jessica," he said, "you have tried to save me from danger tonight. I need a greater service of you now. It is to ask no question, but to go at once. I cannot explain why, but you must not stay here a moment."

"Oh," she cried bitterly, "you don't intend to leave! You choose to face it, and you want to spare me. If you really want to spare me, you will go! Why, you would have no chance where they have hated you so. Prendergast was killed robbing the strike tonight, and he led—led—led! He swore you did it, and they will believe it!"

He put back her beseeching hands. How could he explain? Only to get her away—to gain time—to think!

"Listen!" she went on wildly. "They will wait to carry him to the town. I can go and bring my horse here for you. There is time! You have only to send me word and I will follow you to the end of the world! Only say you will go!"

He caught at the straw. The expedient might serve.

"Very well," he said; "bring him to the upper trail and wait there for me." She gave a sob of relief at his acquiescence. "I will hurry, hurry!" she cried and was gone, swift as a swallow flight, into the darkness.

As he re-entered the cabin the calmness fell from Harry Sanderson as a mask drops, and the latent passion sprang in its place. He crossed the room and drew the bolt for the wretched man who, after one swift glance at his face, groveled on his knees before him, sobbing and shivering.

"For God's sake, Harry, you won't give me up?" Hugh cried. "You can't mean to do that! Why, we were in college together! I'd been drinking tonight or I wouldn't have talked to you as I did."

Harry drew his feet from the frantic hands that clasped them. "Did you kill Moreau?" he asked shortly.

"It was an accident," moaned Hugh. "I never intended to! I swear to heaven I didn't! He bounded me, and he tried to bleed me. I only meant to frighten him off! Then—then—I was afraid, and I ran for it. That was when I came to you at Aniston—and we played." Hugh's breath came in gasps, and drops of sweat stood on his forehead.

"When we played?" he echoed. "How have you settled your debt, the debt of honor you once counted so highly? How have you lived since then? Have you paid me those days of decent living you staked, and lost?"

"But I will!" he exclaimed desperately. "If you'll only help me out of this I'll live straight to my dying day! You don't know how I've suffered, Harry, or you'd have some mercy on me now! Let me go, Harry, for my father's sake!"

"Your father is dead," said Harry.

"Then for old time's sake!" He tried to clasp Harry's knees. "They may be here at any minute! I must have been seen as I crossed the mountain! I thought it would never come or I wouldn't have come! I'll go far enough away. I'll go to South America, and you will never see me alive again, neither you nor Jessica! For God's sake, Harry, listen! Jessica wouldn't want to see me hung! For her sake!"

It was the Harry Sanderson of St. James' parish, of the scrupulous conscience—whose college career as Satan Sanderson had come to be a fiery sore in his breast—who now spoke.

"Get up!" he said. "Have you any

money?"

Hugh rose, trembling and ashen. "Hardly \$10," he answered.

Harry considered hastily. He was almost penniless. Nearly all his share of the strike had gone to repay the forged draft. "I have no ready cash," he said, "but the night we played in the chapel I left a thousand dollars in my study safe. I have not been there since." He took pencil and paper from his pocket and wrote down some figures hastily. "Here is the combination. You must try to get that money."

"Wait," he added as Hugh's hand was on the latch. He must risk nothing. He could make assurance doubly sure. "A half mile from the foot of the mountain, where the road comes in from Funeral Hollow, wait for me. I will bring a horse there for you."

Hugh crushed the paper into his pocket and opened the door. "I'll wait," he said. He darted out, slipped around the corner of the cabin and stealthily disappeared.

Harry sat down upon the doorstep. The strain had been great. In the reaction he was faint, and a mist was before his eyes. The die was cast. Hugh could easily escape. Until he himself spoke he would not even be hunted. He, Harry Sanderson, was the scapegoat, left to play his part.

How long he sat there he did not know. He sprang up at a muffled sound. He had still a work to do before they came—for Hugh! He saw in an instant, however, that it was Jessica, leading her horse by the bridle.

"I could not wait," she breathed.

"You did not come, and I was afraid!"

Mounting, he leaned from the saddle and took both her hands in his. Still he did not kiss her.

"Jessica, you believe I am innocent?" he asked anxiously.

"Yes—yes!"

"Will you believe what I am doing is for the best?"

"Always, always!" she whispered, her voice vibrating. "Only go!"

He released her hands and rode quickly up the grassy path.

As she stood looking after him a dog's whine came from the cabin. She ran and released the spaniel and took him up in her arms.

As she did so a sparkle caught her eye. It came from the tiny gold cross lying where Hugh had hung it near the lighted doorway. She picked it up, looked at it a moment abstractedly and thrust it into her pocket scarce consciously, for her heart was keeping time to the silenced hoof beat that was bearing the man she loved from danger.

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Where the way opened into the gloomy cut of Funeral Hollow, Harry dismounted and went forward slowly aloft, leading the horse, till a figure stepped from a clump of bushes to meet him with an exclamation of relief.

Hugh had waited at the rendezvous in shivering apprehension and dismal suspicion of Harry's intentions and had not approached till he had convinced himself that the other came alone.

He wrung Harry's hand as he said:

"If I get out of this, I'll do better the rest of my life, I will, upon my soul, Harry!"

"You may not be able to get into the chapel," said Harry; "my rooms"—he felt his cheek burn as he spoke—"may be occupied. On the chance that you fall, take this." He took off the ruby ring, whose interlaced initials had once fortified him in his error of identity. "The stone is worth a good deal. It should be enough to take you anywhere."

Hugh nodded, slipped the ring on his finger and rode quickly off. Then Harry turned and walked rapidly back toward the town.



(To be Continued.)

**SWINGING THE ARMS.**

The Habit a Relic of the Time When Man Went on All Fours.

Sir Victor Horsley, lecturing before the Medical Society of London, explained our habit of swinging the arms when walking, which he stated was quite unnecessary, as a relic of the days when we walked on all fours. Then we had to use arms as well as legs. Although their use serves no purpose when walking upright, we still keep on moving all four limbs alternately or in progression. Sir Victor set forth some new facts concerning the functions of the cerebellum, the mysterious and little understood hind part of the brain.

"Primarily the cerebellum must be regarded," said the lecturer, "as a sensory organ which has an important part in the correct performance of many of our automatic actions. Walking, standing and running are good examples of such actions, which cannot be accurately carried out without a normal, well balanced cerebellum. Newborn animals cannot stand. They sprawl, and before they can stand, walk or run they must acquire this power. For conveniences in life this ability to stand must be secured without the animal having consciously to think what he is doing. The fully developed cerebellum supplies this power unconsciously."

In proof of this Sir Victor pointed out that the cerebellum of a full grown cat showed fully developed cells and fibers, whereas in newborn kittens the brain in the cerebellar portion is not yet organized into active nerve tissues.

**Missed Into Slumber.**

A curious remedy for sleeplessness is used by the inhabitants of the Samoan Islands. They confine a snake in a hollow bamboo, and the hissing sound emitted by the reptile is said to quickly induce slumber.

**WHERE LAND IS DEAR**

GRIMSBY FRUIT PROPERTY IS BRINGING \$1,000 AN ACRE.

Down in the Fruit Belt They Are Taking as Much as Twenty-Seven Dollars From a Single Pear Tree in a Year—Three Hundred Grape Vines Yield \$672 in Third Year—What Co-operation Is Doing.

"Where do you expect to find a market for all the grapes you will have in that vineyard?"

This was the question put to Murray Pettit when that gentleman set out a very modest vineyard on his farm adjoining Grimsby in the spring of '71. That was the year in which grape growing, in a commercial way, first began in Ontario. Few people then believed that a profitable outlet could be obtained for the crop grown even on a few acres of grapes. To-day Mr. Pettit alone is shipping from fifteen to twenty thousand small baskets of grapes annually, and there are within less than twenty miles of his door 14,500 acres in vineyard.

In 1882 Mr. Pettit planted the first of his Niagara grapes. The vines cost him \$1.50 each, and in the fall of '85 from 300 of these vines he sold \$852 worth of fruit, Niagaras at that time commanding 10 to 12 cents a pound.

To-day, of course, the price is very much lower, but even with the reduction in price reasonable profits are, by means of co-operation, being obtained. Eight men, of whom Mr. Pettit is one, have organized what is known as the Winona Fruit Growers' and Shippers' Association. They have 500 acres of choice fruit and they announce themselves as "direct shippers from orchard to dealer." Once a week they send out typewritten circulars to retail dealers from one end of Canada to the other, stating what the price for fruit on board cars at Winona will be in the following week, and these retail dealers telegraph their orders for such quantities they require at the price quoted them. In this case, it will be noted, that the sellers, not the buyers, fix the price at which sale is to be made; and these sellers are enabled to do this by means of an organization which regulates marketing and controls quality.

The fruit of all eight growers is pooled together by varieties and each man receives the same return for the same quantity of fruit shipped as is received by his fellow co-operators. At the same time precautions are taken to make sure that each shipment is of equal quality. This is done by having it so arranged that each man stamps his initials on the baskets put up by him and then, if any complaint is made, the cause of complaint can be traced back to the individual grower who is at fault, and he, not the association, has to make good any rebate in the price which can be justly claimed on behalf of the buyer.

By means of this organization, which at once provides for systematic marketing, and the creation of a reputation giving confidence to buyers, these growers were able to obtain last week 40 to 50 cents per basket for plums, while fruit of similar quality was being sold in Toronto at around 30 cents.

While Mr. Pettit's chief output is in grapes he has considerable plantations in pears, plums, etc. From one Anjou pear tree last year he picked 56 baskets of fruit, which netted \$27. This, however, was an exceptional year. This year the tree has no fruit at all and all over the Niagara district pear growers are threatened with a complete loss of their orchards owing to the ravages of twig blight.

It is a mistake to suppose, as many do suppose, that a good quality of apples cannot be produced in the Niagara district. Buyers are paying \$1.60 for winter fruit on the trees in that section this year. Still, even in the face of these returns, Mr. Pettit has, in the last few years, rooted out 14 acres of apple orchard which were in full bearing in order to make room for grapes and other fruits that give even better returns.

Lands suited to the growing of peaches and grapes in this Grimsby section bring exceedingly high prices. A year ago 30 acres, six of which run up on the face of the mountain, and are therefore useless for fruit growing, sold for \$27,500. During the last two or three years a large number of properties have changed hands. Most of the changes are in the form of cutting up what were large farms into smaller holdings, and fully one-half of the new buyers are, according to E. D. Smith, recent arrivals from England.

It is needless to say that all the fruit growers have house phones, and most of them have season phones placed in their packing houses as well, the charge for the season being \$5.

A further indication of the extent of the fruit-growing industry in Grimsby may be seen in the establishment of E. D. Smith. Mr. Smith has two large establishments on the Hamilton-Grimsby electric line, one of which is in the form of a warehouse for handling of fresh fruits, and the other a factory for the manufacture of jam. The Hamilton-Grimsby electric line hauls fruit cars to the switch directly adjoining Mr. Smith's establishments and these are loaded for all points between Halifax and Vancouver. In one year Mr. Smith has shipped out 500 cars of fresh fruit, and 100 cars of jam.

One of the principal items in his business is the putting up of pulped strawberries and raspberries in tins for the western trade. Mr. Smith says a mistake is being made in neglecting the crab. There is, he declares, an excellent market in the west for all the crabs Ontario is producing.

**French-Canadians Multiply.**

The Montreal Board of Health's report issued recently places that city at the top of the list in the birth rate. The French-Canadian birth rate was 44.4 per 1,000 inhabitants during 1908.

**Irish Can Wait.**

Fewer persons are married in Ireland under age than in England and Scotland.

**CHOOSING A LORD MAYOR.**

Quaint Ceremony of Naming London's Chief Executive Officer.

Candidates for the office of Lord Mayor must be aldermen of the City of London who have already served as sheriffs. On Michaelmas Day the Lord Mayor, sheriffs, aldermen, city officials, and livermen assemble at the Guildhall, where a nosegay is handed to each one of them. They then proceed to the Church of St. Lawrence Jewry, where a sermon is preached by the Lord Mayor's chaplain. In days of yore the sacrament also was administered.

Divine service over, the civic dignitaries return to the Guildhall and proceed to the "dais" in the great hall. The electors having assembled, the Common Crier commands all persons present to uncover, and those who are not livermen to leave the hall. This gentleman then makes an old-time proclamation, beginning with the thrice-repeated "Oyez!" stating for what purpose the meeting has been called. The proclamation having been concluded, the Recorder informs the electors that in order that their choice of a Lord Mayor might be unfettered the Lord Mayor and aldermen should retire from the hall during the election.

These high officials having retired, the Common Serjeant submits a number of names to the "livery," who choose two, the names being afterwards conveyed to the Court of Aldermen, who secretly vote for one or other of the two names submitted.

Last year the names selected by the livermen were those of Sir George Wyatt Truscott, alderman and stationer, and Sir John Knill, alderman and goldsmith. Sir George Truscott was elected by the Court of Aldermen, and the Recorder announced the fact on the return of the aldermen to the great hall.

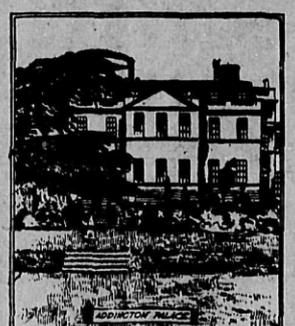
The Town Clerk then calls on the Lord Mayor-elect to "come forth and declare his assent to take office." Sir George Truscott thereupon accepted office, and addressed the livermen, assuring them of his intention to uphold during his year of office the dignity of his high position and to devote the best of his powers to the discharge of his duties.

After hearty thanks were accorded to Sir John Bell, the outgoing Lord Mayor, for his work during his year of office, the Common Hall dissolved.

**ADDINGTON PALACE.**

Archbishop of Canterbury Built It For His Own Use.

The historic associations of Addington, in Surrey, go back to the time of the Conquest. In Domesday Book it is spoken of as Edintone; and one of the two manors which it then possessed, known by the name of Bardolphs, was given by the Conqueror to his cook on condition that the latter presented a choice dish of "hastias" at William's coronation. This ceremony was re-enacted when, at the coronation of George IV., the lord of the manor presented a dish of postage. Other sovereigns have had connection with the place, notably Henry VII., who frequently visited, if not tenanted, a hunting-lodge here. But it is the link with the See



of Canterbury that makes Addington and its palace so interesting.

When in the reign of George III. the archiepiscopal residence at Croydon had fallen into decay through long neglect, the primate determined to move his quarters further out and away from the rapidly-increasing borough. Addington was selected, and a new palace built there in the Palladian style. Here dwelt from this time a succession of archbishops, including Dr. Manners-Sutton, whom George III. called upon in person, and there and then appointed to the vacant primacy. Dr. Tait, the first Scotchman to be preferred to the See of Canterbury, also lived here, and is buried in the parish churchyard, along with Archbishop Sumner. Archbishop Benson was the last of his line to live at Addington Palace, and now the residence is in private hands.

In the days of its glory the old place contained many treasures in the way of historic paintings. The little private chapel has some interesting examples of fresco work, and much may be said for the architectural beauties of the structure. The terraces and gardens are very delightfully laid out, and command a view of the surrounding country, with the little village church lying snugly in the hollow.

**A Regimental Kitchen.**

The Royal Irish Fusiliers have a complete traveling kitchen, constructed on simple yet very ingenious lines, which cooks as it moves with the troops on the march. Petroleum under pressure is the fuel used. It gives such an intense heat that hot dinners for 1,000 men can be cooked in an hour, rendering the battalion indifferent of the regulation supply of wet wood for field kitchens and enabling the men to be supplied with a much-appreciated bowl of piping hot soup immediately on reaching camp.

**Dog Fosters Rabbits.**

A family of young rabbits are sharing the kennel of a collie puppy at Eucharoon, New South Wales. They were unearthed from their burrow by a kangaroo dog, but a collie intervened, and driving the other dog off, carried them to her kennel. There she is tending them as carefully as she does her own offspring.

**BUDDHA'S BONES FOUND**

CASKET IS DUG UP NEAR PESHAWAR IN INDIA.

Archaeologist Department, Under Dr. D. B. Spooner, Follow Investigation of M. Foucher and Locate the Famous Pagoda of Kanishka—Small Casket Is Found in Stone-Built Chamber Under the Ruins.

A recent archaeological discovery will set the religious feelings of one hundred million people astir. Near the city of Peshawar in the Northwest Frontier Province of India, there has been unearthed a casket believed to contain the bones of Gautama Buddha. Lengthy accounts of this remarkable discovery are found in the English papers. The story of the Buddha remains is to the effect that between the fourth and seventh centuries several Buddhist pilgrims came to India from China to visit the holy places of Buddhism. Three of these pilgrims—Fa Hien, Sung-Yun, and Hsien Thsang—came to Peshawar, then known as Purushapura; and they describe in glowing colors the size and magnificence of its religious edifices. "Chief among these was a monastery built by the famous Em-



BUDDHA'S BURIAL URN.

peror Kanishka, about the time of Christ, and by its side a towering pagoda, in which the Emperor had enshrined some of the relics of the Lord Buddha himself. The pagoda was, they tell us, of solemn beauty and majestic grandeur, adorned with friezes and layers of precious substances. Its circumference, at the base, was nearly a quarter of a mile; while its height is variously given as 400 feet and 700 feet, and it is said to have had no less than thirteen stories. The base was of stone, but the superstructure was of carved wood, with a staircase leading to the top; and the whole was adorned with a pinnacle of gilded disks attached to an iron pillar.

With the decay of Buddhism in the Northwest Frontier, both pagoda and monastery seem to have fallen to ruin; or perhaps they may have been thrown down by invading hosts from the north. They disappear completely from all records after the mediæval ages. However, some inkling of their position was given by the Chinese pilgrims, and the well-known French savant, M. Foucher, was able by a brilliant chain of reasoning to locate their site in some mounds to the east of Peshawar city. About eighteen months ago the Archaeological Department set to work to discover what remains of the famous structures might still be hidden beneath the ground. The operations were in charge of Dr. D. B. Spooner, the archaeological superintendent on the Frontier. For some months it seemed as though nothing was left but interminable debris of brick and stone. Little by little, however, there emerged the basement of what is certainly the largest pagoda that exists in India. From side to side it measures nearly 300 feet.

That this was the pagoda erected by Kanishka there could be no shadow of doubt, and the exciting task remained of searching for the relics of the Buddha, which the Emperor had enshrined within it. Twenty feet below the surface, the expectations of the diggers were realized by finding a stone-built chamber, and in a corner of it the relic-casket, standing where it had been placed nearly two thousand years ago. It is about seven inches high and is shaped like the familiar Greek "pyxis," or toilet-box. On its lid is a seated Buddha, with his hand raised in the act of blessing.

**Mr. Reginald McKenna, M.P.**

The First Lord of the Admiralty is a Londoner by birth, and was educated at King's College, afterwards going to Cambridge. He gained a reputation as a debater at the Union, and took a good place in the Mathematical Tripos; but this did not prevent him from helping Cambridge to win the boat race in 1887, and taking a hand in carrying off the Grand and the Stewards' Cup at Henley the same year.

He still takes an occasional spell on the river; and he is also fond of swimming.

Mr. McKenna was called to the Bar in 1887, and was first elected to represent North Monmouthshire in 1886. In Parliament he rose rapidly, and replaced Mr. Birrell as Minister for Education.

Mr. McKenna is forty six years of age, and was married on Derby Day of last year.

**Lost and Found.**

And yet here is this strange thing—that not a single poem of fine quality printed in English has, so far as is known, ever been lost to English literature.—London Saturday Review.

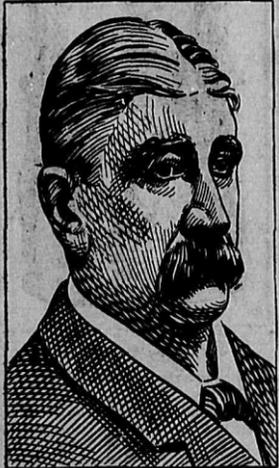
No doubt the above paragraph was written by that fine old English gentleman who said: "I really have a most extraordinary memory. I have never forgotten anything that I remember."—Puck.

## NEWFOUNDLAND'S HEAD

### NEW GOVERNOR IS A MAN WITH A FINE RECORD.

Sir Ralph Champneys Williams is One of the Men Who Make For Britain's Imperial Greatness—He is an Explorer of Note and an Author as Well as an Administrator of Great Ability.

An interesting personality, and one illustrative of the class of men that England chooses to rule her overseas dependencies, is Sir Ralph Champneys Williams, the new Governor of Newfoundland. A mighty hunter, a noted explorer, an author of repute, and a proved administrator, he has risen by successive degrees, until he now enjoys one of the best places in the gift of the Colonial Office at London, the governorship of the oldest colony in the Empire. A man of herculean frame, substantial physique, and evidencing great bodily strength, he is equally dowered with mental attributes, and the courage which sustained him in penetrating the wilds of Patagonia and Central Africa, and in slaying the savage creatures of these untrodden fastnesses, proved equally valuable in maintaining British rule among the untutored tribes of the Rhodesian territories. His sixty-one years rest lightly upon him. He stands six feet two in his stockings, weighs two hundred and seventy pounds, and is still as straight as an arrow and vigorous withal, being apparently a candidate for the class of big men, phy-



SIR RALPH WILLIAMS

sically and otherwise, of which President Taft, perhaps, is the most conspicuous example to-day.

Born in 1848 and educated at Rossall College, a typical English Public School, he as a young man voyaged to Australia, and spent two years there traveling, hunting, and overlooking the country. Then he went to South America and explored Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego, hunting and voyaging along great rivers, and sealing high mountains, living with the Indians, and acquiring valuable data of a region that was a veritable terra incognita thirty-five years ago. Canada saw him next in 1876, when with his bride of a year he located in Quebec, and made it a centre for traveling, embracing much of the Dominion and the Eastern States, gaining the friendship of public men and others, and studying the problems of government in these countries. In 1882 he went to South Africa and trekked with wagon and teams through its interior. He was accompanied by his wife and his six-year-old son, and the route was from Grahamstown, Natal, to the Victoria Falls on the Zambesi River, a journey that occupied six months and fifteen days, they being first gladdened by the sight of the cascade on August 16, 1883. The dreaded tsetse fly worked havoc with their oxen, and they were compelled to walk the last portion of the journey to the Falls, their equipment being conveyed by carriers, while Mr. Williams himself was taken so seriously ill that he nearly died, and they were obliged to camp in a grass hut on a site near the falls for some weeks until he recovered. The expedition, which was for sport entirely, occupied sixteen months, during ten of which they had no communication with the outside world, and Lady Williams enjoys the distinction of being the first Englishwoman that ever looked upon these mighty falls, greater by far than Niagara.

This expedition earned Mr. Williams his inclusion into the British Colonial Service. The experience he had gained caused him to be chosen as the head of the Civil Department of Sir Charles Warren's expedition to Bechuanaland in 1884. This expedition was organized by England to maintain and keep open the trade route to the interior of South Africa, from Cape Colony northward to the Congo, which was being threatened by the independent boundary of Germany's African Colony, then being established on the west; and the ephemeral Boer Republics of Goshenland and Stellaland on the east. The expedition settled the boundaries, preserved Bechuanaland unbroken, and provided the avenue by which England ultimately acquired dominion over the vast regions we now know as Rhodesia, on the Congo.

In 1890 he was promoted to the Colonial Treasurership of Gibraltar, in which post he spent seven years, filling several subsidiary offices as well, and then was advanced to Colonial Secretary of Barbados, where one of his early tasks in 1898 was to reconstruct the economic conditions of the island when it was swept by a great hurricane, the worst for sixty years.

During the absence of the Governor on two occasions here, he acted in his place and early in 1901 was transferred once more to South Africa as Governor of Bechuanaland, which he had explored nearly twenty years before.

## FAKING COURT DRESS.

Lawyers in a Hurry Resort to Queer Dodges.

Every lawyer that appears either to argue a case or to make a motion before any of the High Court judges in the non-jury court is supposed to wear his black gown when so doing. Occasionally a lawyer will arrive in court from out of town, or from another court minus his gown, or a case will come on so suddenly that he won't have time to get into his legal togs. So with many apologies and asking the sanction of the court, one occasionally takes part in a case clad in his business suit. Wallace Nesbitt did so before Justice Latchford recently. Justice Riddell has "called" lawyers for trying it.

With the black gown necessarily go the white shirt front and the white tie. There is a tale of a daring barrister being called into court suddenly before a stickler of a judge, who folded the black cloth lying on a typewriter, over his coat and appeared to speak to a motion without the court's noticing the deception. But while it is hard to appear to wear a gown when a lawyer actually hasn't one for the occasion, it is a different matter with the shirts and ties. Although to gaze at them in court one would say that each lawyer under his black gown wore a white shirt and tie, an examination for discovery would disclose the fact that at least a third of them don't. A lawyer hustled into the rear room of this court recently, pulled off a red tie, unbuttoned his collar, took a handkerchief already crumpled in his pocket, slipped one end of the handkerchief over his collar button, buttoned the collar over this substance, put on his waistcoat and gown, and behold, there he was clad for the fray. He looked as if he had a ruffled white shirt on. In reality he had on a checked colored shirt, hidden by the handkerchief.

A brother lawyer did precisely the same thing, only it was found that he also lacked the white bow tie that goes with the shirt and collar. He tried vainly to get a tie. Finally another lawyer took a paper pad and drew on it the outline of a white bow tie, cutting it out afterwards with his knife and passing it to the man minus the tie.

"Just the thing," exclaimed the other lawyer. He put a dab of muck-lage on the back of this paper tie, stuck it on the bogus shirt front and sailed serenely into court to represent his client. Three feet away from him anyone would imagine he wore a white tie.

Besides pressing handkerchiefs into service as temporary shirts lawyers use diceys, and occasionally large sheets of white paper for a flying appearance. Others would scorn to show up unless immaculately clad. There is one lawyer who always appears in a "white" shirt, but while it may conform to correct tradition, it is generally in such a dilapidated shape that one wonders at the custom that allows such a thing in court. The shirt always appears to have been worn from three days to a week, and every High Court judge on the bench has privately remarked on it.

## Canada's Far North.

The reports of Cook and Peary, both of whom claim to have reached the North Pole, agree in this—that there is no land at the Pole and none within many miles of the long-sought spot. It is a region perpetually ice-bound and beneath the ice are the waters of the Polar sea. Such being the conditions there it is impossible to set up the claim of national ownership to the region, for that ownership can only attach to land and to the surrounding waters three miles distant. In no manner do the exploits of these Arctic explorers affect Canada's ownership to the numerous, and in many cases, large islands which lie north of the mainland and extend far toward the polar region. These islands are adjacent to Canada's continental possessions and of which they have always been considered as appendages. They were always considered to be part of British North America and British North America is now the Dominion of Canada. And, further, these islands have formally been taken possession of by Canada and her sovereign right to the same firmly established. Captain Bernier has been in the Far North extending this work and making explorations which will further add to our knowledge of the geography of the region.

## Lucky Journalists.

A number of Canadian journalists and former journalists have fallen heir to a piece of good luck in the northern Ontario silver field, says The Editor and Publisher, New York. It is claimed that in August of last year they unearthed three lumps of native silver weighing 22 pounds, and they have just received word from the engineer in charge that a second discovery has been made in the shape of a 22-inch vein very rich in silver. The syndicate owning the property is comprised of the following gentlemen: Col. E. W. B. Morrison, editor of The Ottawa Daily Citizen; Brenton A. Macnab, managing editor of The Montreal Star; Wm. H. Moore, proprietor of The Canadian Courier; John T. P. Knight, editor of The Journal of the Canadian Bankers' Association; Frank T. Ahearn, of Ottawa, formerly of The Ottawa Citizen; Wm. J. Carrique, of Montreal, formerly of The Hamilton Herald and Ottawa Citizen, and Major W. O. H. Dodds, of Montreal.

## Finer Man of Two.

Capt. Bernier was as eager to discover the Pole as Peary was, and tried hard for twenty years to raise enough money to fit out a polar expedition. It was the dream of his life. But not only has he borne his disappointments like a man, but when he learned that Cook was on his way to the Pole he helped the doctor with provisions, and when he learned of the doctor's success he sent him hearty congratulations. We think that, although Peary reached the Pole and Bernier didn't, our bigger Canadian sailorman is the bigger and finer man of the two. We're all proud of the Cap.—Hamilton Herald.

## THE DEW CHIEF.

Why "Joe" Rogers Was Chosen to Command Police.

The appointment of Inspector "Joe" Rogers to the post of Superintendent of Criminal Investigation of the Province of Ontario, has led to a great deal of criticism which reads rather strangely to the reporters who have been accustomed to work with him in the investigation of cases in the province for a good many years past. What he has done to merit the wholesale condemnation visited on him by one or two newspapers, who in this case were certainly not actuated by party motives, is difficult to explain. The explanation probably lies in the fact that a detective, by virtue of his calling, makes a good many enemies. Moreover, there is no calling in which professional jealousy is so rampant, and more of the pleasant things things which fall to the lot of the detective in the way of trips abroad on extradition cases have fallen to Rogers' lot than to most other Canadian officials. He was always more noted for his executive system in handling a case than for the showy methods associated with the great detective. That is to say, he pursued more of the method in use at Scotland Yard and by the Pinkerton agency of making a complete record of all details of a case in writing. In this way he had his witnesses tied down to their original assertions. For this reason criminal lawyers in charge of the defence in cases which he had charge of were rather "leery" of tampering with witnesses in cases which he had charge of.

The qualities which the public appreciates in a detective are brilliant initiative, but this quality alone does not always secure convictions. For instance, everyone is familiar with the discoveries of Mr. Sherlock Holmes, but in most of the mysteries solved by him a clever crown prosecutor would find a very weak case to go to a jury with. The difference between Rogers and men of more considerable reputation is that between a good methodical desk-man in a well organized newspaper office, and a brilliant descriptive writer. And under the reorganization of the department of criminal investigation it will be desk work that he will have to do. His special fitness for the position lies in his knowledge of every nook and corner of the vast province of Ontario and of the capabilities of the local officials who have for years back been a stumbling block in the way of justice. There are many arguments against the bureaucratic system in ordinary affairs of Government, but unquestionably the time had arrived when it was the only solution in this province. Not only in criminal matters was this so, but in the administration of the health regulations and of the license law there has been much difficulty owing to wrangling between the local officials and those of the Government. It will be the task of Mr. Rogers to see that the men under him attend to their duties and to "keep tab" on them, and no one who is familiar with his executive capabilities doubts that if he sets himself to the task that he will prove capable in this respect.

It may be said that the work of cleaning up the circus business in Ontario was practically his work, although the Hardy administration got the credit of it. Before the present laws were put in force, the advent of a circus, especially of the smaller variety, meant the arrival of a troupe of burglars, confidence men and pick-pockets, in addition to more violent types of criminals. It was Rogers who suggested the statute which took the regulation of circuses in a measure from the municipalities and substituted a provincial license and provincial inspection. He was also the man who put it into execution so effectively that the business has been cleaned up in Canada, and most of the northern States have adopted similar legislation.

## An Unfortunate Earl.

There have been one or two unlucky episodes in the career of Earl Grey, who got lost in a Canadian forest recently. A short time ago, when he was about to retire one night, an incandescent globe, near which he was standing, exploded, and fragments of glass penetrated his right eye. Fortunately, a successful operation saved the sight. A Parliamentary experience of 1878, too, when he put up for Parliament as a Liberal, was a rather unfortunate affair. His opponent was Mr. Ridley, and they both polled the same number of votes. The returning officer declined to give a casting vote, with the strange result that both presented themselves at the table of the House of Commons to take the oath. Subsequently, however, a scrutiny was made, and some of the ballot-papers being found to be unmarked, Mr. Ridley was declared to be the legal holder of the seat.

## War's Terrible Side.

"If people could only see the inside of a field hospital as I have," says Goldwin Smith, "they would be more careful." Just so. But in the literature extolling the pomp and glory of war, but little is heard of the field hospital. And yet the field hospital is one of the terrible realities to be nourished by war literature, let us have the whole of it. It is said that the bones of the Russian soldiers who fell pitifully, but bravely, in the recent war with Japan are now used in great quantities to make animal charcoal for the powder mills at 50 cents for 140 pounds, and are used to form the basis of a new explosive, capable of supplying other bones, when the present supply runs out or before. There's glory for you.—Woodstock Sentinel-Review.

## Loss to Militia.

Brigadier-General Buchan's death is a great loss to the Canadian militia. Of the Canadian officers who won distinction in South Africa, none did more than he to compel admiration for Canadian manhood and military skill and efficiency. And it is perhaps not too much to say that of all the officers in the Canadian contingents he was the most popular with the rank and file.—Hamilton Herald.

## ROSEBERY'S WEALTH.

He is One of England's Twelve Richest Peers.

Although the most romantic and enigmatical figure of contemporary politics, the status of Lord Rosebery as a landowner and millionaire has hitherto been lost sight of. It will surprise most people to know that, in addition to owning over 32,500 acres of land, he is one of the twelve richest men in the House of Lords.

There is little romance in the records of the Primrose family, the chief characteristics of the members being the possession of that Scottish grit and wit which have enabled the people of the land o' cakes to win their way in all parts of the world. A couple of later Primroses married rich heiresses, who brought such wealth into the family as enabled the first earl, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, to buy the Dalmeny and Midlothian estates.

Dalmeny and its adjacent lands practically comprise the 7,000 acres the earl owns in Linlithgowshire. There are several mines on this property, from which a good deal of coal is annually raised, and as a royalty of 1s. obtains the earl draws a very handsome income, apart from the royalty on ironstone, freestone, etc., obtained from his land. He also draws many thousands in royalties on coal, iron, and other minerals worked in the 18,500 acres he owns in Midlothian. As the latter estate practically runs into Edinburgh and embraces some of the suburbs on the northern part of the city, as well as several villages, it is obviously of fabulous value. But these do not exhaust the earl's ancestral estate, for he owns 2,050 acres of valuable land in Norfolk, the rental for which runs from \$7.50 to \$10 per acre.

It was, however, the earl's happy marriage with Hannah, the only child of Baron Meyer de Rothschild, which brought Lord Rosebery into the front rank of titled wealthy men, for his estates were increased by nearly 5,000 acres—4,050 are in Bucks, 495 in Kent, and three in Surrey, the latter surrounding The Durdans, his lordship's Epsom mansion. Compared with his other palatial houses, this building looks unpretentious, but it is nevertheless an object of interest to all passing along the neighboring high road. During recent years Lord Rosebery has shown a penchant for buying land, and he has acquired a good deal at Epsom.

When Meyer de Rothschild died, in 1874, his will was proved at \$10,500,000, practically all of which, along with Mentmore and other residences, as well as his share in certain colossal undertakings, was unconditionally bequeathed to his wife, and after her to his child Hannah. Three years later the baroness—who was also rich in her own right, for she belonged to the wealthy Cohen family—also died, and the whole of the joint vast fortune passed to the daughter, who became Countess of Rosebery in 1878. The marriage was an exceedingly happy one, her ladyship taking the greatest pride in strengthening the Primrose estate.

## AN ENGLISH AVIATOR.

Capt. F. S. Cody Has Had Excellent Results in Air.

England has not been entirely idle in the matter of aviation while the new science has been advancing in America, France and Germany.



CAPT. F. S. CODY.

Capt. F. S. Cody, who has put in many years experimenting with balloons and kites, has made some remarkable flights in an aeroplane of his own invention. His machine is much larger than those used by the Wright brothers, but is easily controlled and is capable of high speed. He recently made a cross-country flight of forty-seven miles in sixty-three minutes.

## New Ontario Minerals.

The most valuable specimens of fluorite, or fluor-spar, discovered in North America, have been taken from Madoc Township, in Hastings County, by one of the officers of the geological survey. The commoner samples of fluorite are of a whitish color, but the present specimens are a beautiful sea-green. There are also valuable samples of celestite got from Lansdowne Township in Leeds County, showing that the mineral wealth of this part of Ontario still awaits the prospector. Fluorite is valuable in the manufacture of vases, brooches, etc. Celestite, or native strontium sulphate, in color, is white or a delicate blue.

## Not a "Smoker."

Apparently Sir Beerbohm Tree likes his little joke, judging from the following story. On one occasion he was alone in a railway carriage when a young man entered and, sitting down opposite to him, puffed at a cheap cigarette. "Are you aware, sir," inquired Sir Beerbohm in his most majestic manner, "that this is not a smoking carriage?" With an apologetic remark the youth flung his "rag" out of the window. A minute later he observed, incredulously, "But—but you are smoking yourself!" "Quite so," replied Sir Beerbohm, blandly, "but I thought you might have conscientious scruples. Have a cigar?"

## Earliest Bible Pictures.

The earliest Bible pictures were painted on the church walls instead of being bound between the book covers.

## BUILDING A HOME.

How to Secure the Best Effects at a Small Cost.

Persons of limited means who are building houses in the country will find that better effects may be secured with soft wood stained with a thin varnish than with inexpensive and badly finished hard woods. For example, a cheap quality of oak treated in the highly glazed fashion one often sees has nothing to recommend it, while soft woods hold most exquisite shades; also the work of applying the surface finish may be done by an inexperienced woman after a few trials on odd pieces that give one an idea about putting on the liquid evenly. Soft woods, well seasoned, will not warp, and white ones take color best. If a water stain is applied with a wide brush it permits the grain to show through. This may be differently treated when dry if one likes variety. If this finish is carefully rubbed with a dry cloth while wet the wood shows a different color effect than if left to dry without rubbing.

Another tone is secured by rubbing the polish after it is dry and then applying a small quantity of thin furniture oil. A shellac or sizing that may be fixed by the local painter will also bring another tone into the effect. Green and brown lend themselves to this treatment better than any other shade, and really astonishingly pretty tints may be developed from either when the wood is treated in this manner. The surfaces should be smooth so that no fancy corners will appear in doors or windows. This is no loss to a person who possesses good taste, for the so called ornaments that are turned out by thousands every day do not add to the room's attractiveness.

In a small and inexpensive house, where the ceilings are low, wooden door handles are prettier than glass or metals. They are more in keeping with a cottage or bungalow plan and are also inexpensive.

Very good rafted ceilings may be made at comparatively small expense if thin beams or rough whitewood are used. These are laid on edge and stained to match the rest of the woodwork. The ceiling that rests on them is narrow boards dovetailed together.

Diamond panes add tremendously to the artistic appearance of a small house in the country and do not greatly increase the cost of building. The lower sash should contain one big pane, not to detract from the effect of the many small ones above.

## Tragic End of a Flirt.

Details of the lynching of a young and beautiful woman by a crowd of jealous members of her own sex are to hand from St. Petersburg. The affair took place recently in the village of Volekhi, in the Russian Government of Volhynia. The victim had incurred the hatred of the other women in the village by her flirtations with the men of the neighborhood, both married and single, and feelings reached a climax when it became known that on her account one of the young men of the village had broken his promise to marry another girl. On coming out of the church the other day the women, both old and young, threw themselves upon the flirt, and in spite of her cries for mercy tore all her clothes off. They then dragged her through the village by the hair of her head, beating and stoning her mercilessly. At first the men laughed, but when they saw how savagely the girl was being maltreated they attempted to rescue her. The infuriated women, however, drove them off and then dragged their unhappy victim, who was by now a mass of wounds, to a large tree just outside the village, where they hanged her to one of the branches and then lighted a fire of brushwood under her. When the police arrived on the scene they found the victim of the women's fury lying dead under the tree, blackened to a cinder.

## How to Avoid Taking Cold.

If a woman is prone to catch cold easily (and the same holds good for babies, children and any one else), it is necessary to sleep in a cool room. Never get overheated by wearing clothing that is too warm, because therein lies much of the trouble. By getting overheated, perspiring freely, then getting in a draft, the result is more than apt to be a cold, whereas that same draft might not have hurt you if you had not been in a perspiration. Then, too, the judicious use of cold water may help prevent catching cold. After a warm bath in the daytime sponge off with cold water, especially the throat, the chest, back, ankles and feet. This will certainly help to prevent catching cold. This would not be necessary at night if taking the warm bath immediately before getting in bed.

## A Question of Usage.

The choir began the hymn. When they came to the line, "Neither are they afraid," the composer of the music had so written it that it had to be repeated first by the soprano, then by the alto and finally by the bass. The soprano seemed to be of conservative taste and sang the line, "Nee-ther are they afraid." Apparently the alto had departed from the usage of her forefathers, for when she brought out the words they became "Ni-ther are they afraid," and it became a serious question which side the bass would take. The bass was an Irishman. Out rolled his rich voice, "Nay-ther are they afraid." So the question of usage still remained unsettled.

## Grecian Jokes on Physicians.

Among the jests of the ancient Greek humorists are many on the physician. Some of them are characterized by an almost modern extravagance. The following are from a popular Greek anthology. "Diophrantus dreamed that he saw Hermogenes, the physician, and he never awoke again, even though he wore an amulet."

"Marcus, the doctor, called yesterday on the marble Jupiter; but, though he was Jupiter and though he was marble, his funeral takes place to-day."

## THE ENVOY OF FRANCE

THOMAS COTE GOES TO PARIS AS CANADA'S AGENT.

Prominent Montreal Journalist Who Has For Many Years Been Closely Identified With the Government, is Forty Years of Age, and Has Had a Brilliant Career in Newspaperdom in Montreal.

Thomas Cote, managing and political editor of La Presse, who has resigned, and it is announced will be Canadian commissioner in succession to Hector Fabre in Paris, is unquestionably one of the foremost French-Canadian newspaper men in Canada and his position on La Presse was said to be worth \$10,000 per year. Mr. Cote has also for some time been secretary of the Canadian section of the International Waterways Commission and is credited with being the chief organizer of the Liberal party in Quebec and virtually the man behind the throne since the fall of the late John Israel Tarte. Consider-



THOMAS COTE.

ing the tremendous energy of Mr. Cote, and his knowledge of party politics, his virtual retirement from the political arena is a big surprise to his many friends as he was looked upon as a prospective Minister in the Laurier Cabinet. It was predicted in several quarters that the next political shuffle would likely place him in the Cabinet, as he is reputed to be a great favorite with the Premier. Mr. Cote has filled a number of important positions since the advent of the Liberal party to power and the present appointment is one of the most desirable in the gift of the Government.

Mr. Cote is a native of Ste. Francois de Trois Pistoles, in the County of Temiscouata, Quebec, and was born Sept. 22, 1869. He attended the parish schools, Quebec Seminary and Laval University in Quebec and in Montreal, from which he graduated in 1889. In the same year he entered the profession of journalism, accepting employment with J. Israel Tarte on Le Canadien, then published in Quebec. When the paper was transferred to Montreal, Mr. Cote remained in the Ancient Capital as correspondent for Le Canadien and La Patrie. In 1893 he went to Windsor, Ont., as editor of La Progress. In July of the same year he returned to Montreal and went later to Worcester, Mass., as editor of L'Opinion Publique. January of 1894 saw him back in Montreal as city editor of La Presse. In 1896, when La Patrie was sold by Mr. Beaugrand to Mr. Tarte, the subject of this sketch once more accepted employment with his former chief, remaining with La Patrie until January, 1901, when he was appointed to the responsible position of assistant commissioner of census for the taking of the fourth census.

## Parks of Australian Cities.

Australians, with a fine climate, believe in enjoying themselves, and there are plenty of facilities. Thus in Sydney there are parks and squares and public gardens with a total area of 4,335 acres. Sixteen miles from the city—a shilling excursion train fare—is the picturesque National Park, containing 36,810 acres, preserved in their natural state. A similar reserve called Kurin-gal Chase, comprising 36,300 acres of land, chiefly of densely wooded hills skirting for many miles around numerous tidal arms of Broken Bay, is also held for the enjoyment of the public forever. Melbourne has no fewer than 5,400 acres of recreation grounds in or near the city. Adelaide is surrounded by a belt of park lands, and has about 2,300 acres set apart for the public benefit; nor are Perth and Hobart and Brisbane and some of the fine inland towns less well provided for.

## Equals.

One day a distinguished notary while breakfasting with a friend at a cafe in Paris indulged in some stinging comments on the public acts of Marshal Marmont. Suddenly another gentleman, dining at another table, arose and approached them, his mustache bristling with anger. "Sir," cried he tragically, "you shall give me satisfaction!" "Are you Marshal Marmont?" quietly asked the notary. "I have not that honor," was the indignant reply, "but I am his chief side-de-camp." "Give me your card, then, sir," said the notary. "I will send you my head clerk."

## Too Much Piety.

W. S. Gilbert was lurching once at a country hotel, when he found himself in company with three cycling clergymen, by whom he was drawn into conversation. When they discovered who he was, one of the party asked Mr. Gilbert how he felt "in such a grave and reverend company." "I feel," said Mr. Gilbert, "like a lion in a den of Danieles."

A Remarkable Preacher

A young preacher who was staying at a clergy house was in the habit of returning to his room for an hour or more each day to practice pulpit oratory. At such times he filled the house with sounds of fervor and pathos, and emptied it of most everything else. Phillip Procks chanced to be visiting a friend in this house one day when the budding orator was holding forth.

Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia.

"Did you ever know a girl to die for love?" "Yes." "Did she just fade away and die because some man deserted her?" "No. She just took in washing and worked herself to death because the man she loved married her."

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

Level

"Tryin' to rise too fns' in life is tiresome uphill work," said Uncle Eben. "Loafin' will send you speedin' down de toboggan whah you'll finish wif a bump. De bes' way is jes' to go ahead and be on de level."

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

Little Willie—Say, pa, did you ever see a mummy? Pa—"Yes, my son." Willie—"What did it look like?" Pa—"Like a dried apple on a large scale, my son."

Away with Depression and Melancholy.—These two evils are the accompaniment of a disordered stomach and torpid liver and mean wretchedness to all whom they visit. The surest and speediest way to combat them is with Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, which will restore the healthful action of the stomach and bring relief. They have proved their usefulness in thousands of cases and will continue to give relief to the suffering who are wise enough to use them.

The most austere woman in willing to explain how she happened to marry her dub of a husband.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

"On your trip abroad, did you see any wonderful old ruins?" he asked. "Yes," she replied archly, "and guess what?" "Well?" "One of them wanted to marry me."

Minard's Liniment Co., Ltd. Gentlemen,—I have used MINARD'S LINIMENT on my vessel and in my family for years, and for the every day ills and accidents of life I consider it has no equal. I would not start on a voyage without it, if it cost a dollar a bottle. CAPT. P. R. DESJARDIN, Sch. "Stroker," St. Andre, Kamouraska.

On a day when a rise in the price of bread took effect in London, a little girl entered a baker's shop, and placing twopence-halfpenny on the counter, asked for a loaf. "Another halfpenny, my dear, please," said the baker. "Has it rose, then?" asked the little girl. "Yes, my dear; bread went up this morning," said the baker. "Well, then, give me one of yesterday's," was the reply.

Scott's Emulsion is a wonderful food-medicine for all ages of mankind. It will make the delicate, sickly baby strong and well—will give the pale, anemic girl rosy cheeks and rich, red blood. It will put flesh on the bones of the tired, overworked, thin man, and will keep the aged man or woman in condition to resist colds or pneumonia in the winter.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS Send the name of paper and this ad. for our beautiful Savings Bank and Child's Sketch-Book. Each book contains a Good Luck Penny. SCOTT & BOWNE 126 Wellington Street, West Toronto, Ont.

PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS. Ask anyone who wears them what he thinks and he will say there's no other kind half so comfortable. All dealers 50 cents. Light, medium and heavy weights. GET THE GENUINE. "PRESIDENT" ON EVERY BUCKLE.

Sour Grapes

"Tomorrow will be my birthday," remarked the fair typewriter maid, "and I'm going to take a day off!" "Huh!" sneered the bookkeeper, who had loved and lost, "why don't you take five years off as you did the last time you had a birthday?"

A cough is often the forerunner of serious pulmonary afflictions, yet there is a simple cure within the reach of all in Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, and old-time and widely recognized remedy which, if resorted to at the inception of a cold, will invariably give relief, and by overcoming the trouble, guard the system from any serious consequences. Price 25 cents, at all dealers.

After Emerson

"That wealthy young broker has given his motor to a well known actress." "Yes. He says his father taught him to hitch his wagon to a star."—Life.

A WINDSOR LADY'S APPEAL

To All Women: I will send free, with full instructions, my home treatment which positively cures Leucorrhoea, Ulceration, Displacements, Falling of the Womb, Painful or Irregular Periods, Uterine and Ovarian Tumors or Growths, also Hot Flushes, Nervousness, Melancholy, Pains in the Head, Back or Bowels, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, where caused by weakness peculiar to our sex. You can continue treatment at home at a cost of only about 12 cents a week. My book, "Woman's Own Medical Adviser," also sent free on request. Write to-day. Address, Mrs. M. Summers, Box H. 77, Windsor, Ont.

The Fun Of It

"Why won't you go on the picnic?" "Ah, I'm too tired. Let's soak a few sandwiches in lemonade and eat em on the kitchen floor."

Holloway's Corn Cure takes the corn out by the roots. Try it and prove it.

Scot—"A Bohemian is a chap who borrows a dollar from you and then invites you to lunch with him."

Mott—"Wrong. A Bohemian is a fellow who invites himself to lunch with you and borrows a dollar."—Boston Transcript.

To an ignorant man a learned woman is a literary nightmare.

A Simple and Cheap Medicine.—A simple, cheap and effective medicine is something to be desired. There is no medicine so effective a regulator of the digestive system as Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. They are simple, they are cheap, they can be got anywhere, and their beneficial action will prove their recommendation. They are the medicine of the poor man and those who wish to escape doctor's bills will do well in giving them a trial.

Shopkeeper (to commercial traveller)—"Can't give you an order. Quite overstocked." Traveller—"Let me at least show you my samples." Shopkeeper—"Spare yourself the trouble. I can't look at them." Traveller—"Then will you allow me to look at them myself? It is three weeks since I have seen them."—Penny Pictorial.

An Irishman travelling in France was challenged by a Frenchman to fight a duel, to which he readily consented, and suggested shillalahs as weapons. "That won't do," said the Frenchman's second. "As challenged party you have the right to choose the arms, but chivalry demands that you should decide upon a weapon with which Frenchmen are familiar." "Is that so," replied the Irishman, coolly. "Very well; we'll fight with guillotines."

"I wish"—he sighed, gazing ardently into his beloved one's eyes—"I wish I were a star." "I would rather," she replied dreamily, "that you were a comet." His heart beat tumultuously against his ribs, his eyes glowed. "And why?" he asked tenderly, taking her unresisting little hand within his own. "Why?" he repeated imperiously. "Because," she answered, with a brooding earnestness that fell freezing upon his soul, "then you would come around only once in every fifteen years."

A well-known lawyer, told a good story the other day, apropos of a certain legal decision. "It was a cruel blow—as cruel as that which the cook served on the tramp. "This filthy tramp, knocking at the kitchen door, and whined: "I'm terrible hungry, lady. Could ye gimme a small wedge o' fresh pie?" "We're just out of pie," said the cook, "but here's a cake for you." "And she handed the tramp a cake of soap."

"Why do so many otherwise clever women write silly letters to men?" "They're probably making collections of the answers they get."—Cleveland Leader.

A Real Specialist

There is a story told of a Welsh doctor who went to settle in a Kentish village and the first night of his arrival he was sent for to attend a child. He looked at the little sufferer very attentively, and then delivered this opinion: "This baby's got the measles; but I ain't posted up on infectious diseases. We must approach this case by circular treatment. You give the little child this draft. That'll send him into fits. Then send for me; I'm a stunner on fits."—Tit-Bits.

Disfiguring Torturing Skin Trouble

Cannot be Cured by Salves and Ointments—The Blood Must be Purified.

A blemished skin, irritating sores, pimples, eczema, salt rheum and other skin disorders are all signals of distress, telling that your blood is impure or weak. You cannot cure eczema and other skin troubles with ointments and outward applications. These things may give temporary relief, but cannot cure, because the trouble is rooted in the blood and can only be removed by purifying and enriching the blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills speedily cure skin troubles because they enrich, purify and build up the impoverished blood that caused the trouble. As they feed and cleanse the blood the skin grows fair, the bloom of health returns and new strength is found. No other medicine has ever had such wonderful results in curing all diseases due to bad blood. Miss Elizabeth Gillis, Kensington, P.E.I., says:—"Words can hardly express how grateful I feel for what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for me. For seven years before I began their use I was troubled with salt rheum. My hands and arms were nearly always a mass of torturing cracks and sores. I tried several doctors and spent a great deal of money without getting any benefit. Indeed my hands seemed to be getting worse all the time. Finally my brother persuaded me to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial and I am happy to say they have completely cured me. I used in all seven boxes, and I would not be without them in a case of this kind if they cost five dollars a box instead of fifty cents. I hope my experience will be of benefit to some other sufferer from skin trouble." These pills are sold by all medicine dealers or will be sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The graft never stays good long; there's always a rift in the loot.

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

An Odd Test

One clever housekeeper has learned to outwit a milkman, whom she suspected of diluting his stock of milk. She kept in her kitchen a fine steel knitting needle, which was always in a high degree of polish. As soon as the milk came into the house she stuck the needle lightly into the can and drew it out in an upright position. If no drop adhered to the needle that milkman heard a line of talk on watered milk that caused him to be careful how he dallied with the pump on his next visit. It is said if there be even a little water in milk not a drop will adhere to a needle so used.

Like a Man

She—I don't see why you should hesitate to marry on \$3,000 a year. Papa says my gowns never cost more than that. He—But, my dear, we must have something to eat. She (petulantly)—Isn't that just like a man. Always thinking of his stomach.—Boston Transcript.

James, thoughtfully—"I don't think Aunt Selina that you can ever go to heaven." Aunt Selina—"And why not?" James—"Well, the angels have such a lot to do, I'm sure they would never have time enough to make an angel out of you."

O, for that autumn long gone by Because there nestled in it A luscious, tempting pumpkin pie That had real pumpkin in it!

Any one can make predictions, but few can make them stay predicted.

GIN PILLS FOR THE KIDNEYS. Send for free sample to Dept. N.U., National Drug & Chemical Co., Toronto.

Always on the Go

Mayme—"I understand the man Elvira is engaged to is a great traveler." Edyth—"Yes, indeed! He's a street car conductor."

"Terrible cold you have." "Yes," answered the cheery citizen. "Isn't it lucky! I can't smell the moth balls."

Women are always saying: "No man knows what it is to be a woman."

Some people register their kicks, but never vote them.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, Etc.

Many a large man indulges in small talk.

To have the children sound and healthy is the first care of a mother. They cannot be healthy if troubled with worms. Use Mother Grave's Worm Exterminator.

Jumping at conclusions has resulted in the downfall of many a good man.

Sores Heal Quickly.—Have you a persistent sore that refuses to heal? Then, try Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil in the dressing. It will stop sloughing, carry away the proud flesh, draw out the pus and prepare the clean way for the new skin. It is the recognized healer among oils and myriads of people can certify that it healed where other oils failed utterly.

After the Storm Wife—In a battle of tongues a woman can hold her own. Husband—M'yes, p'h'aps she can; but she never does.

INVIGORATING TONIC FOR RUN-DOWN PEOPLE. Your blood has become thin and weak. The drain upon your system the past few months has been very great. You are consequently feeling "all out of sorts" and "run down." Your appetite is bad and you hardly have enough energy left to do your daily duties. You should take PSYCHINE, the greatest of Tonics, without delay. This will put you on your feet at once. Gentlemen:—I have used PSYCHINE and I do think it is the greatest tonic and system builder known. I would advise all who are run-down or physically weak to use PSYCHINE. Yours truly, Mrs. Jas. Bertrand, West Toronto. If you are weak PSYCHINE will make you strong. For Sale by all Druggists & Dealers, 50c. & \$1 per bottle. Dr. T. A. SLOCUM LIMITED, TORONTO. PSYCHINE PRONOUNCED SI-KEEN

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

Original "Rogers Bros." When you buy knives, forks, spoons, etc., marked "1847 ROGERS BROS." you get the original "Rogers Bros." silver plate—a brand famous the world over since 1847. Best tea sets, dishes, wafers, etc., are stamped MERIDEN BRITA CO. SOLD BY LEADING DEALERS "Silver Plate that Wears"

The time to make money is at the beginning of things. HERE IS THE CHANCE OF YOUR LIFE. To "Buy at the beginning of things" in a new report. Newport on Howe Sound, B.C., is the last Pacific Seaport to be developed. It has deep land-locked harbor; is the terminus of new railroad now under construction. Timber, Copper, Gold, and rich agricultural lands will all contribute to the building of Newport. Lots will double in value within a year. Remember new seaports only open once in a great while. Write at once for map and price list and free subscription to "Newport News." The British American Trust Company, Ltd. Crowe Block, Vancouver, B.C.

Run-Down? Tone the nerves, strengthen the stomach, purify the blood and get a fresh grip on health by taking Beecham's Pills. Sold Everywhere. In Boxes 25 cents.

SEWING NEEDLES.

How They Are Fashioned From Coils of Fine Steel Wire.

We are so accustomed to seeing the little steel sewing needle in everyday use that we accept its presence as a matter of course, quite as if it grew on a tree like an apple.

It is true that needles have always been used, but not always in their present form. In times when skins of animals were worn for clothing the needle was made of fishbone, bone or ivory, without an eye and of goodly size and strength, in order to pierce the skins easily.

Since the latter part of the fourteenth century steel needles have been made. Various are the kinds and sizes which are now required for everyday use by a world of people for sewing by hand, by machine, for packing, upholstery and leather work, wonderful needles for surgical purposes and many others.

The material used in the manufacture of the needle consists of fine steel wire, which is supplied in coils. These coils are cut with powerful shears into lengths, each sufficient for two needles.

Several thousand of these lengths are placed together in a bundle, heated to red heat and then quickly straightened by pressure and rolling.

These straightened lengths are then pointed at both ends on a revolving grindstone. A grinder will point as many as 100,000 needles in a day, while machinery invented for the same purpose will point three times as many as a skilled workman.

Next comes the eyeing of the needles. You will remember that each length of wire referred to is sufficient for two needles. At the centre of each length, therefore, is stamped the grooved and rounded impression of two needle heads, end to end, and then perforated by steel punches.

Through the double eyeholes thus formed (of say 100 needles at a time) is threaded fine wire, giving an appearance of a two edged comb. The needles are held rigid and then broken apart with comparative ease between the eyeholes.

The needles are next hardened and tempered by being subjected to red heat, plunged into an oil bath, reheated again and gradually cooled.

After this they must be scoured and polished by friction combined with soft soap, oil and emery powder. Washing, drying and more polishing follow. In fact, there seems to be no end to the polishing and finishing processes. But when the work is finally completed the needles are as near perfection as modern machinery and human skill can make them.

The Disappearing Wife.

A woman in Silesia has been hauled into court by her husband because she persisted in growing thin in opposition to his wishes. In his petition for a divorce the Silesian gentleman declared that the lady obtained her husband under false pretences, for when he married her she was full sized and of ample and generous proportions and he had every reason to believe that she would remain so. When slimmness became the fashion, however, she began fading away in order to wear the latest empire gown. She rode horseback three hours each morning, played tennis two hours, and then took long fat-reducing walks, while she ate like a bird.

How successful was this strenuous pursuit of slenderness may be judged, for in three months' time she had lost 31 pounds and a portly husband. For the hard-hearted Silesian judge granted the captious husband's plea for a divorce and delivered a fiery attack upon the prevailing styles in feminine architecture. He laid down the principle that no lady has a right to fade away without her husband's consent, and he completely disallowed defendant's plea that half a wife is better than none. The wife is left free to continue her disappearing process. It is hoped that her frugal habits of living will prove useful to her, now that she is deprived of a husband.

Long Canals.

The Grand Canal of China is the longest entirely artificial waterway in the world, extending as it does from Hangchau to Pekin, a distance of almost 700 miles. The part between the Yellow River and the Yangtze is said to have been constructed 500 years before Christ. The remaining portions were built separately at later dates, and Kublai-Khan, whose rule began in 1280, united them and made the continuous canal, which is still used. Much longer continuous waterways, partially natural and for the remainder of their extent artificial, exist elsewhere. Of these the longest reaches from the Chinese frontier to St. Petersburg. It measures 4,472 miles. Another, running from Astrakhan to St. Petersburg, is 1,434 miles. Both these were projected and commenced by Peter the Great.

His Nose For News.

A cub reporter on a big daily paper was sent out by the city editor to get a story on the marriage of a young society girl and a man well known in the city.

The "cub" was gone about an hour and then returned and went aimlessly over to his desk, by which he sat down. Shortly afterward the city editor noticed his presence and his evident idleness.

"Here, kid!" shouted the superior. "Why aren't you at work on that wedding?"

"Nothin' doing," replied the boy. "Nothing doing! What do you mean? Didn't the wedding take place?"

"Nope. The bridegroom never showed up, so there ain't nothin' to write."

The Nebulae.

The discovery of the gaseous nature of the nebulae came about largely through the use of the spectroscope and spectrum analysis. Fraunhofer proved that the spectrum of an ignited gaseous body is "noncontinuous, with interrupting lines," and J. W. Draper demonstrated that the spectrum of an ignited solid is always continuous, with no interrupting lines. In this way it was proved that many of the nebulae are gaseous, illustrating the process of development actually going on.

SUNLIGHT SOAP. meets you half-way—does all your work in half the time and at half the cost of other soaps. Sunlight Soap—absolutely pure—saves clothes from injury—hands from roughness—life from drudgery.

Sure "Pa, what is a sure thing?" "One sure thing, my boy, it that supper will be late on the afternoon your mother's card club meets." Uncle Ezra Says: "The only way a blacksmith kin ever git a raise is to strike while the iron's hot."—Boston Herald.

SATISFACTION Means "THAT WHICH SATISFIES" USE "SALADA" TEA And you will Appreciate this Definition. All Grocers Sell It.



Health and comfort in old age depend largely on keeping the liver and kidneys in action. Pains and aches, stiffness of joints, lumbago and rheumatism tell of poisons left in the blood by sluggishness of the liver and kidneys.

Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney & Liver Pills

Stand in high favor with men and women of advanced age because they quickly awaken the liver and ensure regular healthful action of the kidneys and bowels.

By reason of their direct and combined action on the liver and kidneys Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney and Liver Pills positively cure liver complaint, biliousness, constipation, backache and kidney disease.



One pill a dose, 55 cts. a box, at all dealers or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Toronto. Substitutes will only disappoint you.

Agents Wanted to push and sell a full line of The Willmott Binders, Mowers, Rakes, Shocks, Shock Loaders, Etc. Apply HENRY W. KING, Western Representative, Regina.

LEATHER COLLAR BAG \$1.00



THIS Collar Bag is truly remarkable value at this price. It is made in beautiful tan leather, lined with silk, and holds 15 collars. Delivered post-paid, for \$1.00, to any address in Canada—except the Yukon—Order by the number—657. SEND FOR CATALOGUE FR

Our handsomely illustrated 144 page catalogue of Diamond, Jewelry, Silverware, Leather, Arts Goods and Novelties, free upon request. RYRIE BROS., Limited 154-156 Yonge Street TORONTO

**In and Around Town**

R. Clark has returned from Passburg.

A sub-customs port has been opened at Michel.

An addition to the wash-house is being built at Michel.

H. F. Weber was in Calgary on a business trip this week.

E. V. Holding was up from Passburg on Thursday, on business.

R. W. Wood, of Fernie, was a guest at the Great Northern last night.

S. C. Mathews, of Montreal, was registered at the Great Northern on Monday.

Buster Beattie returned from Calgary this week, where he had been on a visit.

R. H. Moore and family, late of the Great Northern hotel, have gone to the coast.

Miss Emma Almond is now behind Kennedy's counter, helping during the holiday rush.

The skating carnival has been postponed until January 19th. Watch for further particulars.

C. H. Powell, of Calgary, F. H. McGregor, C. P. R., R. Forbes, Calgary, were here on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Richards, of Corbin, were in town Tuesday evening, and left for the west on the local.

The annual meeting of the Elk Valley Brewery will be held in the Michel Hotel, at 8 p.m. on December 14th.

A C. P. R. commercial telegraph office has been opened in Somerton Bros. store here, with H. Somerton as operator.

Thos. W. Patterson, of Victoria, has been appointed lieutenant governor of British Columbia in place of Dunsmuir, resigned.

Alex. J. McCool has assumed the entire proprietorship of the Great Northern hotel. Alex. is very popular with all classes and we wish him the success he deserves.

Chris. Maurer won the horse at the raffle the other night, his number being 95. He afterwards sold the horse for \$55.00, not a bad investment for a fifty-cent ticket.

A lunch counter will be started in the Great Northern Hotel on Monday night. This will be a great boon and a "long felt want" especially for railway men and travellers.

Joe Thompson, won the clock given by Somerton Bros., for the nearest guess to a basket of watch repair tickets. His guess was 623 and the actual number was 618.

A fine new portable oven has arrived, from Toronto, for G. Black, proprietor of the Model Bakery. He has leased the new building in the rear of King's Kandy Kitchen, and expects to move in about the 19th.

The railway commissioners have sent an inquiry to the Board of Trade relative to the railway conveniences here. In view of Mr. Whyte's letter it was thought that with the promise of the new station in the spring and the assured improved handling of the freight and passenger traffic it would be only reasonable to await developments.

At the Board of Trade meeting on Tuesday night, a communication from W. Whyte, C. P. R., was read in which he stated that the present depot was only temporary, and that in the spring a standard depot, similar to the one at Fernie, will be erected. He expressed the hope, that under the circumstances, the people here would be satisfied to wait.

**Mining Convention**

Invitations are out to all those interested to attend a mining convention in Nelson on the 15th. Some of the points to be discussed are: (1) The establishment of a Zinc Smelter in this country; (2) The establishment of home manufactures of Zinc products; (3) The asking for government aid for assistance in experiments; (4) The asking for a bounty on zinc similar to that at present in force for lead; (5) The asking for the increase of the duty on Zinc Ore products, such as Spelter, Oxide, etc., which now come into this country, principally from the United States, either free of duty or at a low tariff.

T. K. McClelland, of the Winnipeg Commercial, is in town on business today.

**One Cent a Word**

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

**HELP WANTED—MALE**

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

**WANTED—MISCELLANEOUS**

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

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

**FOR SALE**

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

A SECTION OF LAND (554 acres) Lots 4182 and 4183, situated about four miles up Elk River from Michel Prairie. Good soil and abuts on western bank of river. For further particulars apply "L" REPORTER OFFICE.

**Business Bringers**

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

DON'T MISS CLARK'S SHOW TUESDAY.

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

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

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

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

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**TUESDAY Crahan's Hall**

Clark's Moving Picture and Vaudeville

The talk around town

Entire change of program

New faces in Vaudeville

6,000 feet of the best Life Moving Pictures procurable

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

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

ADMISSION Children .15 and .25c Adults .35c  
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**HOTEL WALDORF FERNIE**

HOME OF COMFORT

MRS. S. JENNINGS Proprietor

LESLIE MILLS, MANAGER

**"Elk Valley Beer"**

Pure and Pleasing!

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

Elk Valley Brewing Co., Limited

**"PARKLAND"**

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

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

For further particulars apply to

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We are instructed to sell them at Wholesale Prices

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