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MICHEL REPORTER

VOL. 1. NEW MICHEL, BRITISH COLUMBIA, SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1909. NO. 40

Hotel Michel

T. Crahan, - : - Proprietor

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

Michel, - British Columbia

Soaps

Our Assortment is Complete, and includes all Medicated Soaps, as well as such well-known Makes as ROGER & GALLET'S, PINAUD'S, COLGATE'S, TAYLOR'S, ARMOUR'S, GOSNELL'S, Etc., Etc.

For Hard Water

We Recommend Gosnell's Eau de Cologne

For Removing Grease Stains

Etc.; Nothing can be Compared with

"Snap"

KENNEDY'S
DRUG AND BOOK STORE
NEW MICHEL

Imperial Bank of Canada

Head Office: TORONTO

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

Savings Bank Department.

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

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

MICHEL BRANCH, T. B. BAKER, MANAGER.

JUST ARRIVED

A New Scale Williams Piano Player

Drop in and hear it

THESE PIANOS RANGE IN PRICE FROM $450 TO $1500 EACH

TERMS CAN BE ARRANGED

We Sell Musical Instruments of All Kinds

Victor Gramaphones; and the Latest Records

Up-to-Date Sheet Music—Classical and Popular

Somerton Bros. JEWELERS OPTICIANS PHOTOGRAPHERS New Michel

41 Meat market Ltd 41

High-class Butchers

New Michel

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

The Store Where They Send What You Order

2 Deliveries Daily 2

King's Kandy Kitchen

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

NEW MICHEL

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

Bamboo Fishing Rods, Your Choice for 15 cents

Right Prices, Right Goods and Right Treatment.

Dominion Day

A Big Crowd at Michel Prairie

The clerk delivered the weather ordered for Dominion Day, all right, all right, and the brand was certainly the finest. At 10.00 a.m. the first train pulled out, and it was a constant rush all day to and from the grounds. Something like a thousand were visible on the grounds, and there must have been several hundreds in the woods surrounding.

The baseball game between Blairmore and Michel was won by the former, the score standing 14 to 12, and Blairmore also won from Hosmer, score 5 to 4.

The following were the prize winners in the other events:

⅜ mile Horse race, 1st, F. Eddy; 2nd, R. Weir
Pony race, 1st, J. Narboe; 2nd, G. Huddlestone.
100 yards dash, 1st, J. Bennie; 2nd, E. Barnes
120 yard Hurdle, 1st, E. Barnes; 2nd, J. Barnes
220 yd. race, 1st J. Bennie, 2nd, E. Barnes
440 yd. race, 1st, J. Barnes; 2nd, E. Barnes
Boys' Race, 1st, Wilfred Goddard; 2nd, T. Jenkinson
Girls' Race, 1st, Marie Fuchs; 2nd, Jennie Stein
Married Women's Race, 1st, Mrs. Hamilton; 2nd, Mrs. C. Smith
Running Hop, Step and Jump, 1st, C. Spence; 2nd, E. Barnes
Running Long Jump, 1st, C. Spence; 2nd, J. Hutton
Standing Jump, 1st, C. Spence; 2nd, G. H. McKay
Bicycle Race, 1st, J. Hutton, 2nd, Andy Gall

There was an extra Horse Race on, the result of the tie on Sunday between Weaver and Weir, in which Weaver won, and another race between Weaver and Patterson was also won by Weaver.

Our Boys Play Baseball

Michel played baseball at Coleman last Saturday, winning easily, the score being 21 to 8. Sunday morning the boys went to Hosmer to play the Hosmer team. The game was called for 2 p.m. prompt. Owing to a disagreement the game was called off in the end of the fourth innings, Michel having scored 11 runs and Hosmer 9. No Game.

The game for the $75.00 prize given by the Michel Canadian Club, was contested by three teams on Michel prairie, Dominion Day, Hosmer, Blairmore and Michel. Michel and Blairmore played the 1st game of 9 innings before noon, and the score was 14-12 in favor of the latter. In the afternoon game of 7 innings between Blairmore and Hosmer, the former won the prize by a score of 5 to 4.

Manager A. McCool of the Michel team is trying to arrange a game between Fernie and Michel here to-morrow.

We All Have Our Troubles

Complaints are being made by residents of both Blairmore and Frank of the practise of one Grafton turning horses into the burying ground at Blairmore to tramp up the graves. It is stated the police were appealed to and the offender was warned, but he responded by straightway turning in a horse with hobbles to make worse havoc than before. It seems that cemetery scandal will never down. It is said no one in Blairmore will make formal complaint because they think the transfer of the land has never been made. The matter is being investigated, and if it is found that the transfer has not been made, the party or parties responsible are going to get—well to put it plainly they will catch hell.—Frank Paper.

RAILWAY WRECK

On Tuesday morning, while a C. P. R. freight was merrily whirling its way west through the Pass, and when about four miles of New Michel, a broken flange caused a car to leave the track and immediately there was something doing. Eleven cars, four of them heavily laden with coal, were in the impact, and one of the worst smash-ups ever occurring in the Pass took place. Piled up within some eighty yards the cars and their contents were a hopeless mass of tangle and junk. Here pianos and kitchen tinware were in close conjunction with beer, mustard and salad dressing. Nuts and a general assortment of household effects strewed the ground, while coal was mingled with ale. No one was injured and a track was built around the wreck and the delayed trains from both sides were passing in the evening.

Keep Them At Home

A most deplorable and unfortunately not uncommon sight is the crowd of young people on the streets at night. It is bad enough to have young men with cigarette adorned faces ogling and tramping up and down as if they were in a tread mill, but it blurs the eyes to see the boys and girls taking a post graduate course in the school of pavement. One might as well put them in a pest house. The bloom of purity disappears. Reserve and dignity perishes in contact with the familiarity of the streets. Slang, and worse, creep into the vocabulary. Curfew bell ordinance is invoked to put an end to the nuisance. But the source of this is in the home. If the parents were not criminally careless there would be fewer scandals, fewer smirched reputations, less sport and talk and giggling foolishness. If they took as much care of their children as they do of the furniture in their homes, or of their animals, there would be less cause to be pessimistic.—Catholic Record.

Special Excursion to Calgary

A special excursion train will leave Macleod for the Alberta Provincial Exhibition at 5.30 a. m. on July 5, 7 and 8. The train will arrive at Calgary at 10.10 a. m., leave for the south at 11.15 p. m., reaching Macleod at 3.45 a. m.

The special excursion on the 5th. will give everyone an excellent opportunity to be in Calgary in time to see the great historical pageant an Monday morning. No one should miss this wonderful feature of Alberta's big fair.

There is more joy in a printing office over one sinner who pays in advance and abuses the editor on every possible occasion than there is over ninety and nine who borrow the paper and sing its praises without contributing a cent to keep it out of the poor house.

Great Northern HOTEL

NEW MICHEL, B. C.

EVERYTHING FIRST-CLASS

Cuisine Unsurpassed

Bar Stocked with the Finest

Attendance Unexcelled

McCool & Moore, : : Proprietors

HOTEL KOOTENAY

New Michel, B. C.

Laurenson & Douglas - - - Proprietors

RATES $2.00 A DAY

Everything First-Class and Comfortable

Nothing but white labor employed

FREE BUS MEETS ALL TRAINS

"Elk Valley Beer"

Pure and Pleasing.

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

Elk Valley Brewing Co., Limited

Livery, Feed and Transfer

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

GEO. FISHER, Proprietor

SLICK UP

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

P. M. MacLanders, Prop

E. V. Holding Co.,

Builders and Contractors

Repairs and alterations promptly attended to. Estimates cheerfully given.

New Michel

COLD STORAGE

One of the Sights of the Town

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

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

P. BURNS & Co.
LIMITED

LUMBER YARD WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

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

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

GOT TO THE ROOT OF HIS TROUBLE

AND DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED W. WRIGHT'S BACKACHE.

He Had Suffered for Several Years but the Old Reliable Kidney Remedy Gave Him Quick Relief.

Kelvington, Sask. (Special).—"Yes Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me of Backache, and I have recommended them to others who have also been cured." These are the words of William Wright, a farmer well known here. "I believe I inherited my trouble," Mr. Wright continues. "At times for several years it was very severe. I also suffered from Lumbago and in the morning I had a bitter taste in my mouth and was troubled with dizziness and my skin was dry and harsh and there was a sediment in my urine.

"No treatment I could find gave me any permanent relief till finally believing that my kidneys were the root of my trouble I determined to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. Four boxes cured me."

Mr. Wright went at his trouble sensibly. He examined his symptoms and they showed him that Kidney Disease was his trouble. Do as much for yourself, and if your symptoms point to disordered or diseased kidneys the cure is easy. Dodd's Kidney Pills will do it. They never fail

Incongruities

"Isn't a lawsuit over a patent right about the dullest thing you ever saw?"

"Not always. I attended a trial of that kind once that was too funny for anything. A tall lawyer named Short was reading a 6,000-word document he called a brief."

A Cure for Rheumatism.—A painful and persistent form of rheumatism is caused by impurities in the blood, the result of defective action of the liver and kidneys. The blood becomes tainted by the introduction of uric acid, which causes much pain in the tissues and in the joints. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are known to have effected many remarkable cures, and their use is strongly recommended. A trial of them will convince anyone of their value

Any man may be justified in blowing his own horn, but not in going on a toot.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Gents,—I have used your MINARD'S LINIMENT in my family and also in my stables for years and consider it the best medicine obtainable.

Yours truly,

ALFRED ROCHAV,

Proprietor Roxton Pond Hotel and Livery Stables.

If a man tells a woman she's all the world to him she can forgive him for wanting the earth.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

Many a man has been caught at his own game by people who let him think he was fooling them.

No one need endure the agony of corns with Holloway's Corn Cure at hand to remove them.

What It Teaches

"The wife of the average great man is an object lesson," remarked the home-grown philosopher.

"What's the answer?" queried the parv of the dense part.

"It teaches the rest of us that there's no excuse for our not being great," explained the philosophy dispenser.

"SALADA"

TEA

Is Delicious

Always of High and Uniform Quality.

Lead Packets Only. At all Grocers

30c, 40c, 50c and 60c per lb.

For Headaches

Caused by sick stomach, ill-regulated bile, sluggish bowels, nervous strain or overwork, the safest and surest remedy is

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Sold Everywhere. In Boxes 25 cents.

SUNLIGHT at NIGHT!

produced by ALADDIN the WONDERFUL LAMP from common COAL OIL—(KEROSENE)—Makes and burns its own gas under mantle. The cheapest artificial light in existence. No better light obtainable at any cost. Odorless, noiseless, clean, simple and safe. Lamp pays for itself in few months in saving oil. An ideal light for store, office or house. Write for our FREE LAMP introductory offer.

The Mantle Lamp Company, of America,

Dept. L, Agents wanted Everywhere. 141 Bannatyne Ave., Winnipeg.

JUST TIME.

The Wonderful Part It Plays In the Earth's History.

Truly it is hard for us to realize what a part time has played in the earth's history—just time, duration—so *slowly, oh, so slowly,* have the great changes been brought about! The turning of mud and silt into rock in the bottom of the old seas seems to have been merely a question of time. Mud does not become rock in man's time nor vegetable matter become coal. These processes are too slow for us. The flexing and folding of the rocky strata, miles deep, under an even pressure is only a question of time. Allow time enough and force enough and a layer of granite may be bent like a bow. The crystals of the rock seem to adjust themselves to the strain and to take up new positions, just as they do much more rapidly in a cake of ice under pressure. Probably no human agency could flex a stratum of rock, because there is not time enough even if there were power enough. "A low temperature acting gradually," says my geology, "during an indefinite age would produce results that could not be otherwise brought about even through greater heat." "Give us time," say the great mechanical forces, "and we will show you the immobile rocks and your rigid mountain chains as flexible as a piece of leather." "Give us time," say the dews and the rains and the snowflakes, "and we will make you a garden out of those same *stubborn rocks and frowning ledges.*" "Give us time," says Life, starting with its protozoans in the old Cambrian seas, "and I will not stop till I have peopled the earth with myriad forms and crowned them all with man."—John Burroughs in Atlantic.

GOING ABOUT IN CHINA.

Useful Sedan Chair In the Crowded, Noisy Streets of Canton.

There are but two ways to go about Canton—on foot or in a sedan chair. The streets are from four to eight feet wide, the average being probably about six feet, and wheeled vehicles are out of the question. Even the jinrikisha cannot be used here. If you try to make your way on foot, the density of the moving masses renders progress almost impossible, and rowdies and pickpockets are numerous, so that the best plan is to take a responsible native guide and chair.

The chairs are carried by two, three and sometimes four men, according to the weight of the passenger. The two bamboo poles by which the chair is supported are about eighteen feet long and are joined at the front and rear ends by a crosspiece. After you have taken your seat the coolies raise the ends of the poles to their shoulders and are off at a dogtrot, only interrupted by a "congestion of traffic," which occurs very frequently.

It is surprising to see how rapidly they can go through the crowded streets. The whole line of chair carriers are yelling all the time, as are other people who are carrying burdens, for as there are no carts in use the entire merchandise of the city is transported in the same manner, not by chairs, of course, but slung on poles carried across the shoulders.

The noise resulting from the simultaneous shouting of every one in sight, both in front and in the rear, for the stream is flowing in both directions, is enough to make one wonder if the long expected riot has begun.—Denver Post.

To Transfer Printing.

Anything printed on paper with ordinary printer's ink can be transferred to a clean sheet of paper in the following manner: Take three drams of common yellow soap and dissolve it in one quart of hot water. When cool add one and a half fluid ounces of spirits of turpentine. Put all in a bottle, cork it and shake well together. Take a sponge or soft brush and apply some of the solution to the printed surface. Let it soak for a few minutes. Lay it face down upon the paper on which the transfer is required and press both together evenly between the leaves of a thick book placed under weights. In a time varying from half a minute to several hours, according to the newness of the printed original, it will be transferred in reverse.

One Thing Certain.

Canvasser (to lady of the house)—Can you tell me, my dear madam, whether your husband is Liberal or Conservative?

"Oh, well," said the lady, "when he's with Liberals he's a Liberal, and when he's with Conservatives he's a Conservative."

"Yes, but between ourselves what is he at home?"

"Oh, at home! He's a perfect nuisance."—London Answers.

Compulsion.

Little five-year-old Bessie was telling about some medicine she had taken while ill. "Yes," she said, "I took some compulsion of cod liver oil, and"—

"You mean 'emulsion,' don't you, dear, not compulsion?" said the visitor.

"Well," rejoined Bessie, "there was a good deal of compulsion about it."—Chicago News.

Silver Linings to Black Clouds.

"Of course I notice things," said the girl in the stocking department, "and one of the things I have noticed is that the stockings with the brightest red, blue and green spots are bought by people dressed in the deepest mourning. Yes, that's right. Funny, ain't it?"—New York Press.

Mixed.

Patience—Did you ever ride in a submarine boat? Patrice—No, but I rode in an ultramarine boat once. I just love that color!—Yonkers Statesman.

SUNBURN, BLISTERS, SORE FEET.

Everybody now admits Zam-Buk best for these. Let it give YOU ease and comfort.

Druggists and Stores everywhere

Zam-Buk

Merry Widow

They were arranging their plans for the summer. "What I should like," said Gwendolin, "is a large shady place where I could stay as long as I wish, regardless of expense." "Well, responded her father, "why don't you put on your hat?"

Taking Chances

Harker—That fellow Buggins is always making bad breaks.

Parker—Yes; he's one of those chaps who believe that it's never too late to mend.

HEALTHY LITTLE CHILDREN.

A mother should not expect that her children will escape all the ills to which babyhood and childhood are subject, but she can do much to lessen their severity and make baby's battle for health easily won. Baby's Own Tablets should be kept in every home where there are little ones. They are mothers' ever-ready help and Baby's best friend. The action of the Tablets is gentle but thorough. They cure colic, indigestion, constipation, diarrhoea, allay the irritation at teething time, destroy worms and promote healthy, natural sleep. And the mother has the guarantee of a government analyst that this medicine contains no opiate or narcotic. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont

Money may make the mare go, but it falls down when it attempts to start a stubborn mule down the pike.

As a vermifuge there is nothing so potent as Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator, and it can be given to the most delicate child without fear of injury to the constitution.

The girl who is wise never gives a young man a lock of her hair. She may decide to change the color of it later.

When going away from home, or at any change of habitat, he is a wise man who numbers among his belongings a bottle of Dr J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial. Change of food and water in some strange places where there are no doctors may bring on an attack of dysentery. He then has a standard remedy at hand with which to cope with the disorder, and forearmed he can successfully fight the ailment and subdue it.

Wigwag—Bjones says that when he is at your house he acts just like one of the family.

Henpeckke—Yes, he seems to be just as much afraid of my mother-in-law as I am.—Philadelphia Record.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

By the use of internal combustion engines a new British battleship will do without funnels, her decks carrying only masts, gun turrets and bridges.

A WINDSOR LADY'S APPEAL

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

Player (to lady opponent)—What made you put your king on my ace? You couldn't beat it.

Lady—No, but I could try.—Punch.

Rub it in for Lame Back.—A brisk rubbing with Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil will cure lame back. The skin will immediately absorb the oil and it will penetrate the tissues and bring speedy relief. Try it and be convinced. As the liniment sinks in the pain comes out, and there are ample grounds for saying that its touch is magical, as it is.

Another Way of Putting It

"Although he goes to the club every night, he's always happy when it's time to go home."

"In other words, he doesn't go home till he's happy; is that it?"

Try Murine Eye Remedy

For Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes, Granulation, Pink Eye and Eye Strain Murine Doesn't Smart; Soothes Eye Pain. Is compounded by Experienced Physicians; Contains no Injurious or Prohibited Drugs. Try Murine for Your Eye Troubles. You Will Like Murine. Try It in Baby's Eyes for Scaly Eyelids. Druggists Sell Murine at 50c. Murine Eye Remedy Co. Chicago, will send You Interesting Eye Books Free.

Had Talent

Judge—How many languages can your husband speak?

Mrs. Trouble—Two, your honor—English and profane.

WHEN WOMEN REGISTER.

A Hotel Clerk Explains Why a Blotter Is Necessary.

"Hotel clerks get to be great observers of human nature," said an old hotel "lobbyist." "During the many hours out of each day that I spend warming this chair I have learned many tricks of their trade which go to prove my statement.

"In fact, this clerk here has a peculiar trick of his own which shows how keen an observer he is. If you watch him at work you will find whenever a woman is registering he holds a blotter so as to hide the other names on the page. At first when I noticed it I thought that he was merely holding the blotter in readiness to use it on the newly written name, but when I found that he did it only when a woman was registering my curiosity got the better of me, and I asked the reason.

"'Why,' said he, 'women are the most nervous creatures in the world. I hold that blotter up to show that I am not watching them write their names and at the same time to keep them from trying to excel the other handwriting on the page. If they noticed that I was watching them closely it is a safe bet that they would get nervous and make an awful botch of their signatures trying to be fancy. On the other hand, if they saw a particularly pretty signature on the next line the chances are that they would try to improve theirs with a flourish or two, which generally means a choice blot to be scratched out by yours truly.'

"I decided to test his theory by looking over a woman's shoulder while she registered. The result was just what he said it would be."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

LEPROSY.

After One Ravage the Disease May Lie Dormant For Years.

The leper in the settlement at Molokai is far better off than the leper who lies in hiding outside. Such a leper is a lonely outcast, living in constant fear of discovery and slowly and surely rotting away. The action of leprosy is not steady. It lays hold of its victim, commits a ravage and then lies dormant for an indeterminate period. It may not commit another ravage for five years or ten years or forty years, and the patient may enjoy uninterrupted good health. Rarely, however, do these first ravages cease of themselves. The skilled surgeon is required, and the skilled surgeon cannot be called in for the leper who is in hiding. For instance, the first ravage may take the form of a perforating ulcer in the sole of the foot. When the bone is reached necrosis sets in. If the leper is in hiding he cannot be operated upon, the necrosis will continue to eat its way up the bone of the leg, and in a brief and horrible time that leper will die of gangrene or some other terrible complication. On the other hand, if that same leper is in Molokai the surgeon will operate upon the foot, remove the ulcer, cleanse the bone and put a complete stop to that particular ravage of the disease. A month after the operation the leper will be out riding on horseback, running foot races, swimming in the breakers or climbing the giddy sides of the valleys for mountain apples. And, as has been stated before, the disease, lying dormant, may not again attack him for five, ten or forty years.—Jack London in Contemporary Review.

A Compositor's Blunder.

Some years ago the following apologetic explanation for a compositor's blunder appeared in a leading weekly literary journal published in London:

"In our last number, as we discovered unfortunately too late for correction, we announced that Mr. John Stuart Mill's inaugural address lately delivered before the University of St. Andrews had since been republished by him 'in the form of a five shilling elephant.' Even the most ardent believers in Mr. Mill's powers among our readers will probably have received this announcement with some incredulity. The fact is that by an error of the press the word 'elephant' was substituted for 'pamphlet,' and the mistake, although the proof was read and reread, unluckily escaped the corrector's eye."

Gretna Green.

Gretna Green is a parish in Scotland, just "over the border," where marriages used to be performed according to the law of Scotland. The ceremony was binding performed by a layman in the simplest form, when, being registered, the parties, in the presence of witnesses, were declared man and wife. The first person who officiated at these strange unions was George Scott, who began "his unlicensed ministry" about the year 1756.

Our Neighbors.

"We simply must move," said his wife positively. "I can't stand this place any longer."

"All right," replied her husband. "I know a flat we can get that is $5 cheaper than this one."

"Well, I should say not. If we move into that the neighbors would think we couldn't afford to stay where we are."—Detroit Free Press.

Extenuating Circumstances.

Attendant (in botanical gardens sternly)—Don't you know it's against the rules to pluck flowers in here? Little Girl—B-b-b-but, sir, I thought all that folks in glass houses shouldn't do was to throw stones.—Success Magazine.

Courage, like cowardice, is undoubtedly contagious, but some persons are not liable to catch it.—G. D. Prentice.

HELPED THE CABMAN.

But Not Because He Had Driven Him Years Before.

A very old man once called to see Lord Strathcona at his offices and explained as the reason of his visit that he was the cabman who drove him to his ship when he set sail for Canada long years before.

Lord Strathcona was interested in this reminiscence of his youth and listened to the ancient jehu when he went on in a tearful voice to complain that death had just deprived him of one of two grandsons and that he himself had fallen on evil times.

Lord Strathcona soothed the old fellow's sorrows with a little money.

Again, after a time, the old man called on Lord Strathcona and this time told him that both his grandsons were down with typhoid fever and, as Lord Strathcona had helped him before, perhaps he would again. After some gossiping chat about Scotland Lord Strathcona again comforted the old man with a little money.

When he had gone an official who had overheard the conversation said:

"I hope you did not give that man any money, Lord Strathcona. When he saw you before one of his two grandsons was dead. Now he says both are ill with typhoid fever."

"Thank you very much, Mr. Jones," said the high commissioner, with a twinkle in his eye, "but do you know when I left Scotland for Canada I had no cab to take me to the ship, but just wheeled down my things myself to the dock in a barrow."—London Tit-Bits.

A SECRET SIGNAL.

The Tailor's Comment While Measuring a Customer.

"Did you ever notice how the tailors while measuring a man for a suit of clothes mix in a few letters occasionally among the numbers?" asked a downtown lawyer recently of a friend. "Whenever I have been measured for a suit of clothes the tailor always said S. B. L. in a subdued voice as he took the measure for the length of my trousers. I often wondered what this secret signal meant and on one occasion made so bold as to ask, but was put aside in some casual way, which plainly showed me that the tailor did not wish me to know the meaning of the mysterious S. B. L.

"Well, I never knew what these letters meant until one day not long ago, when I stumbled across the solution quite by accident. I was waiting to have my measure taken while a strapping big fellow was on the rack. As he measured the length of the trousers leg the tailor said, '33, S. B. L.'

"'Yes,' came back the reply from the big fellow, 'and — bowlegged too.'

"All these years tailors have been accusing me of being slightly bowlegged,' and I had never caught on until I was practically told the answer in the accidental way."—Philadelphia Record.

A Hairbreadth Escape

Charles E. Bigelow, the comedian, is bald, except for a rim of hair a few inches above his collar line.

"I'm in an awful hurry," he said one day to the Lambs club barber; "can you cut my hair with my collar on?"

"Sure," replied the barber; "I can cut it with your hat 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.

PUTTING HIM WISE.

The Secondhand Auto Dealer and His Irate Victim.

THE irate victim blustered into the office of the secondhand automobile dealer.

"Look here, sir!" he thundered. "The automobile you sold me yesterday won't run. One of the cylinders is cracked, the spark plug is badly connected, the steering gear is loose, one wheel is wabbly, and—and"—

"Hold on a minute," the dealer interposed. "Did I sell you a machine yesterday?"

"You certainly did."

"And you paid me for it?"

"Of course I did!" was the emphatic response.

"Then the machine belongs to you, doesn't it?"

"Why, to be sure it does!"

"Well, that being the case, I'd advise you not to amble through the city shouting about its defects. If you do I'd like to know how you expect to sell it."—Lippincott's Magazine.

MAKE HOME BEAUTIFUL

by using "COWL BRAND"

SHINGLE STAINS, Permanent Colors.

EXTERIOR OIL FINISH, one coat only.

COLORED PASTE FILLERS, for wax finish.

WAX FINISH, for use with our fillers.

WAXOIL FLOOR POLISH, for hardwood floors.

WAXOIL FURNITURE POLISH.

WAXOIL LINOLEUM POLISH.

WAXOIL BORDER STAIN will put a wax finish colored border around a room with only one application.

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The Taking of Lorena

By ANNE HEILMAN.

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Although it was the third week in April, there were sudden and chill whiffs of wind from the north, accompanied by flying particles of ice and snow, grim warning that winter had not yet renounced its sway in the northland.

Floyd Jordan, striding down the steep mountain trail, halted irresolutely near the abrupt turning at Farrell's bluff. He appeared to be meditating deeply. Suddenly he threw up his head, squared his shoulders and hurried on, not in the direction of the boarding house in the gulch, but toward Farrell's cabin.

Farrell's cabin was two log houses joined together and chinked with mud. There were other cabins of the same simple architecture scattered over the mountain side and nestled in the gulches, but white curtains hung at the Farrell windows, and the windward side of the living room was hung with gay Navajo blankets; the brown fur of a mountain bear was on the floor, and its mate was spread luxuriously beneath the red pillows of a couch. And, set like a torch in the south window, a geranium, potted in a brilliant Indian basket, lifted its scarlet blooms.

But Jordan felt without seeing this harmony. He was looking into the face of the girl who had opened the door. It was a face of light and shade that spoke the swift thought before the voice found words, a face to hold a man's glance in a crowd. She resumed her seat by the fire without replying to Jordan's genial greeting.

He seemed to fill the room. Six feet two and broad shouldered, he looked even larger in the clumsy canvas coat, corduroys and high laced boots of the

LORENA SCREAMED AND CLOSED HER EYES. TWO SHOTS ROARED OUT.

prospector. He whipped his hat against his knee, evidently disconcerted by the girl's hostile attitude.

"That you, Floyd Jordan?" inquired a voice from the inner room.

"Yes, Mrs. Farrell. "How're you feeling?"

"Somewhat better, I'm glad to say. Sit down and warm yourself, Floyd. It isn't to be wondered at that people have rheumatics in a land where there's ten months winter."

Lorena closed the door. "Floyd Jordan, what are you coming here again for?" she burst out suddenly.

"Wouldn't be very neighborly not to drop in with your mother sick and your dad away, would it?"

"Didn't I tell you that I never would speak to you again and that I never wanted to see you?" she said fiercely, taking a few steps toward him. Even in that moment, with her eyes blazing with unjust and unreasonable anger, the miner's heart throbbed acknowledgment of the tall, pliant, reedlike grace before him.

"Yes, Lorena, but I have just a little hope that you don't always mean what you say."

"Don't you think I mean it when I tell you I've heard how you bragged to the boys at the store that you could take me whenever you got good and ready?"

"I never said anything of the kind. Some one has garbled my words to suit his own purpose. I've been about you—I've loved you from the first time I ever set eyes on you, and I've never said a disrespectful word about you. I've been thinking of building a cabin on my claim, if you'll have me, Lorena. If you won't I'll sell out and go back to the States."

"You can't go any too quick to suit me," answered the girl, her voice tense with scorn. "And you can tell those loafers at the store that I'm not to be had so easily. I'd rather die than marry you, Floyd Jordan."

"I reckon that settles it," said Jordan, rising and buttoning his coat. "Please tell your mother goodby for me." And he was gone.

"Lorena Farrell, what have you done?" demanded her mother, limping into the room. "You ought to know that Floyd couldn't have said anything like that about you. Depend on it, those Blake girls made it all up. You've driven him away for good this time. He'll keep his word. He always does. He will go back to the States, mark my word!"

Lorena stealthily opened the door and looked after her lover's retreating figure. He had almost reached the bluff. Something stirred in her throat.

The long stretch of trail that ran away through the dreary landscape seemed like her life, and Floyd was going out of it. Her heart yearned for him. What would her life be without him?

"Lorena, where are you?" called Mrs. Farrell, emerging again from the bedroom. The girl was not in the room. The mother opened the door and looked out. A wall of whirling white met her vision.

"She has gone after him and is caught in the storm!" gasped the mother.

A knock sounded on the door. Floyd entered, noisily stamping the snow from his feet. "Thought I'd come back and have another talk with Lorena"— he began.

"Oh, Floyd, she's gone after you!" cried the distracted woman, wringing her hands. "She got sorry right after you left"—

"I'll find her," said Floyd quickly; "don't worry." And he dashed back into the storm.

When Lorena softly closed the kitchen door she could just see Floyd rounding the bluff. "Floyd, oh, Floyd, come back!" she called, all her reserve gone, her fierce pride thrown to the stormy winds that blew the fringe of her shawl into her eyes.

Realizing that he could not hear her, she started after him, but by the time she had covered half the distance a sea of white swept in between and blotted him from her view.

She hurried on, calling his name repeatedly, but the furious wind tore at her breath and walled her about with fleecy clouds. Suddenly she felt that she was off the trail.

She turned to the right and then to the left, but could not find it. Desperately she struggled on, until her tired limbs compelled a pause in the shelter of a bluff. She leaned panting against a rock, all unconscious of a pair of eyes which glared from a willow thicket near by.

The green lights in the eyes flared brighter, a long red tongue licked long, snarling jaws hungrily, and forth from the covert stole a lank gray wolf.

Lorena uttered a startled cry. This was no coyote to be chased with a stick. It was a wolf of timber stock, a great beast, strong as a mastiff! He emitted low snarls as he slunk in half circles across in front. He was undecided.

While he circled, drawing a little nearer at every turn, Lorena fell back—back toward the bluff, keeping her white face always toward the creeping beast.

She took off her heavy shawl and suddenly threw it blanketwise over the wolf's head. Then she fled desperately.

Once clear of the scrub, she ran on, plunging through drifts, stumbling, falling to rise again and push her flight. Of direction she could take no heed. All she could do was to place distance between herself and the famished brute. But when, weary and breathless, she paused for rest out of the drab drift stole the lank gray shadow.

With a terrified shriek Lorena ran on until she had to stop, spent, unable to take another step. She saw the wolf, licking his hungry jaws, leaping toward her with no indecision left.

Lorena screamed and closed her eyes. Two shots roared out. Looking up, she saw Floyd Jordan, with smoking revolver in his hand, standing over the prostrate beast.

"Floyd, oh, Floyd!" she sobbed as he came to her with eyes tender and anxious. He picked her up from the snow, wrapped her in his coat and held her against his breast.

The storm was lifting. Farrell's cabin could be discerned not a quarter of a mile distant.

"I'm dead sure now I'll build that cabin on my claim," Floyd said as they started homeward.

An Illusion Shattered.

The son and heir is seven years old—old enough to spell out, with helps over the hard words, "Alice In Wonderland" and to enjoy it hugely, especially the memorable duet between the mock turtle and the griffin. Recently as a great treat he was permitted to accompany his pretty young aunt to luncheon at one of New York's famous restaurants and as a crowning joy invited to select his own delicacies. Long and earnestly he pondered over the bill of fare; then his eyes grew big and his face illumined as he laboriously read the list of soups.

"Yes, thank you; I've precided what I want," he said, with nervous gayety. Then, with an impressive knitting of his brows, he addressed the attentive waiter, "I'll have one very, very small mock turtle, but don't make it into soup; just bring it along alive and kicking."—Woman's Home Companion.

Won the Bet.

"Well, old man," said Smith to Brown as they sat at breakfast in the hotel, "you've lost your bet."

"How do you make that out?"

"Didn't you bet me a guinea last night that we'd see a gale from the north this morning?"

"Yes."

"It's turned out a beautiful day, with a soft, warm wind from the south, and yet you say you haven't lost your bet."

"That is so."

"Why not?"

"Do you see that man coming up the steps of the hotel? That's my friend McCluskie, from Inverness."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"Well, I've won the bet, for he's a Gael from the north."—London Answers.

FASHION JOTTINGS.

Parasols Are Now Made of Raffia. Apricot a Favorite Spring Color.

The newest parasol is made of raffia in natural color, with raffia fringe. The handle is long, in the directoire style.

Hats of coral chip as well as the once more popular crinoline are seen with wide spreading brims curled up on one side.

Apricot is a color that is being worn extensively this spring not only in materials, but in accessories. There are

THREE PIECE SUIT.

lovely silk stockings in this shade beautifully embroidered with a design in bowknots in a darker tone.

It is daring enough for some women who are not at all good to look at to attempt bangs, but the climax is reached when a bunch of loose curls protrude from the back of the hat. These are tacked loosely to the hair at the back of the head in an effort to be natural, but the effect is that of a bunch of curls in the wrong place.

For street or dress wear the new shoes of cloth in dark tones to match the gown worn with them are very smart.

The costume seen in the illustration is most attractive in that it provides for a dress that can be worn separately or in combination with the coat to form a suit. The dress is semiempire; and the waist is joined to the seven gored skirt. The coat is simple and easy to make. JUDIC CHOLLET.

A pattern of this costume may be had in six sizes—from 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Send 10 cents to this office, giving number (4513), and it will be promptly forwarded to you by mail.

THE MIRROR OF STYLE.

The Costume Idea For Summer Gowns. Beware of Eccentric Hats.

If a woman wants to be in the swim next summer she will make every effort to have her clothes carry out the costume idea—that is, having decided upon a period for her frock, she must have hat, shoes and all accessories to correspond.

For the girl who can put on any old hat and look bewitching the new hats have no terror, but for her sister who

SMART BRAIDED BOLERO.

has to go easy—well, the least said the better about her prospects.

Among the attractive pongee weaves coming directly from the orient are the robe patterns in the natural color, which, despite the dressmaker's decree, is always rich and elegant.

Black and white shepherd plaid suits are on hand again this season, and they are more attractive than ever. Even these suits have not escaped the jet fad, for some of the smartest models are in medium sized checks, with pipings of black satin and decorated with large flat buttons.

The stunning little bolero is a dainty wrap for spring and summer. It can be made either from the dress material or from material in a matching color. As seen in the illustration, the bolero is of dark blue broadcloth heavily braided in black soutache and is to be worn over a blue foulard silk having a white polka dot design.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

A pattern of this coat may be had in six sizes—from 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Send 10 cents to this office, giving number (4535), and it will be promptly forwarded to you by mail.

BABIES.

I DON'T know where it started,
But I think it's time for me
To rise up and kill a rumor
That is gaining currency,
A rumor that is spreading—
Everywhere you'll hear it told—
The babe's not interesting
Until it's five months old.

Some bachelor, I'll warrant,
Was the author of that tale,
Some crusty, gay old rounder
Who should serve a term in jail
For a slander so malicious
Or be judged a common scold.
What! A babe uninteresting
Until it's five months old?

Why, its first "a-lah" is thrilling
To the daddy's waiting ear,
And its feeble cry is music
That is mighty sweet and clear.
There is sunshine fairly dancing
In those little eyes of blue,
And a charm that is entrancing
Seems to grip right hold of you.

Then you note a smile and wonder
If she's waiting for a frolic,
But the nurse corrects your blunder
And explains that is the colic.
Then you feed her catnip, maybe,
While a lilting song you croon.
Then you marvel that your baby
Drinks so nicely from a spoon.

As the days go by you're noting
Something different, something new,
Something quaint, to set you doting
That you thought she couldn't do.
Perhaps when you are nearing
She will turn her head to see,
And you'll say in manner cheering,
"Ah, she recognizes me!"

Where babe is, every minute
There is always something doing,
And I want to be right in it
If it's just to hear her cooing.
So I raise my voice in protest;
I deny what oft we're told—
That a babe's uninteresting
Until it's five months old.

Getting Next.

"What's the matter? Has your husband ceased to love you?"

"N-no, but he's ceased to be scared when I have hysterics."—Cleveland Leader.

CURLING TONG CASE.

When Hung Near Dressing Table Saves Much Annoyance.

A pair of curling tongs is found on nearly every dressing table. Sometimes they are on a tray, but more often they are laid carelessly on the cover, frequently leaving little brown, partly scorched patches.

A case hanging beside the dressing table in which to slip the tongs will be found a great convenience. Besides being useful, it is a pretty and attractive little accessory of the dressing table.

To make the curling tongs case cut two pieces of thin pasteboard, two of

CASE FOR CURLING TONGS.

linen and two of some material for lining, the size of the outside line of the pattern given in the cut.

By means of carbon paper transfer the selected design to one piece of the linen.

The embroidery is done in a plain satin stitch with the linen stretched over a hoop. The dots are worked in the satin stitch, with a few stitches underneath for padding. The stems from the dots are done in Kensington outline stitch.

Each cover is made of the cardboard, with the linen and lining of it bound with ribbon. Sew the two covers firmly together at the lower edge and up the sides about one and a half inches. This makes a hold for the point of the tongs. The sides are held together by a loop ribbon which is left long enough to allow room for the tongs to slip in between the covers. Sew on a ribbon and tie it in a bow. The case is hung up by this ribbon.

If one cannot embroider, the case may be made of bits of flowered silk or muslin instead of the linen cover. The one illustrated is of ecru silk with fine lines of dark brown and green flowers. The ribbons match the stripe in the silk.

For a summer cottage or for a room done in pretty light colors any of the flowered cretonnes with pink or blue ribbons would be effective.

Remarkable Traffic Increase.

The policy of the C.P.R. has been to sell the land cheap on this irrigation block, so as to get settlers into the district, and thus make it traffic-producing. That this policy is proving successful is proved by the remarkable increase in freight receipts from this district. Thus outgoing shipments show an increase of 77 1-3 per cent. in cattle, and 264 1-2 per cent. in grain over last year. The total outgoing freight increased 66 per cent. for 1908 over 1906, while incoming freight increased 119 per cent.

FASHIONS ON THE FLY.

Summer Frocks Will Have Coats to Match—Expensive, but Smart.

The new skirts have as many as seven and nine gores with panels set in the seams. Next summer there will be no such thing as a separate coat for any dress. Most every frock will be made in three piece style.

The newest and smartest gowns are not using as many tucked net yokes as formerly, but the tucks may have a revival in the summer.

The charming little bridge coat slipped on over any simple evening dress is an exceedingly smart accessory.

The gown illustrated is wonderfully smart and stylish. The fashionable panel front is emphasized by the trim-

DIRECTOIRE PRINCESS GOWN.

ming. Such a gown is pretty made from rajah, pongee or foulard silk. The pattern provides for a Greek overdress, which, if used, will make it quite dressy enough for formal occasions. JUDIC CHOLLET.

A pattern of this gown is cut in five sizes—from 32 to 40 inches bust measure. Send 10 cents to this office, giving number (4525), and it will be promptly forwarded to you by mail.

FRIBBLES OF FASHION.

Modish Trimmings For the New Millinery—An Empire Nightgown.

Big bows are the modish trimmings for the shirt waist hats. The return of this style of a year ago will gladden the heart of the tailor made girl. For making these bows materials by the yard are better than ribbons, as they make more graceful loops. A thin, light make of taffeta or messaline is the favorite material for simple hats.

A butterfly in lifelike guise is poised airily on the edge of hat brims. Very inexpensive ones are of Mexican silver. One little beauty was of filigree metal, with coral on the wings.

An exceeding pretty new model in an empire nightgown is of nainsook. There is a short body supporting a full skirt. The body is formed by alternate rows of lace and lawn and is cut low in the neck. A wide tucker of lace

A DRESSY COAT.

draws up with ribbons. The sleeves are puffs of lace and lawn following the lines of the yoke and end in dainty lace ruffles. The price is $2.50.

The coat illustrated is attractive made of pongee, rajah or chiffon broadcloth. The fronts are gored to the shoulders, and it is slightly fitted at the back. The garment may be easily turned out at home for the reason that it hangs from the shoulders and requires little fitting.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

A pattern of this coat may be had in six sizes—from 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Send 10 cents to this office, giving number (4505), and it will be promptly forwarded to you by mail.

THE BEAVER AT HOME.

Park Ranger Robinson Tells of Its Habits In the Wilds.

Old trappers tell us there are two kinds of beaver—the house beaver and the bank or lazy beaver, an outcast from respectable beaver society because he refuses to work, simply piling up a few sticks against an old root or stump for a house, says Park Ranger Mark Robinson of Algonquin Park in a recent article in Saturday Night. However, my companion and I discovered that there are two classes of the bank beaver, one being very industrious. They can be found in large numbers on North Muskoka river, where they dig subterranean passages from beneath the low water mark up into the high banks. In many instances small piles of sticks and brush, well covered with mud and moss, concealed the passage way as a protection from enemies and frost. On all the small streams entering North river the beaver have built houses, which causes many to ask how is it the river beaver do not do the same. The only reason I can give is that for a number of years timber drives have been taken down North river, and the logs would destroy all houses in the rush down stream. A couple of lessons have taught the beaver to dig into the bank and adapt himself to circumstances, as they do on the lakes along the Pettawawa river where for many years timbering has been going on, the water being constantly raised and lowered by means of timber dams. On the lakes between Burnt lake and Catfish lake can be seen beaver houses fully 40 feet in length extending from below low water mark to several feet above high water mark. Some of those houses are estimated to contain from ten to fifteen cords of peeled sticks, the bark being taken off for food, then the timber used in construction of the house.

I asked an old experienced trapper how it was that beaver families are said to number from two to six young, yet the most I had seen was three young around any dams I had watched. He replied that he had trapped hundreds of beaver both autumn and spring in the Park before it was a Park. He had studied all the native animals but had given the beaver extra study. He had found that at birth beaver families sometimes number as many as six, but only on one occasion had he seen four young survive. Almost always the number is two.

During the months of June and July the old beaver are selecting new places for dams, houses, etc. They usually leave the old house with the two-year-olds who have remained at the old home until that age, and, taking the younger flock, commence to build a new house and dam. This is usually completed by the end of August or early in September. Then commences the storing of wood for winter use. Small trees of various kinds are cut and brought to a quiet pool, the ends being forced into the mud if there is a soft bottom. If there is a solid rock bottom the brush is put in a pile and anchored in some way. The brush is not placed on top of the pile as many suppose, but the beaver is careful to always build his brush pile from the underneath side.

Eskimo Customs.

Although living among so many apparent disadvantages, and in so unkind a land the Eskimo has a good conceit of himself, and holds his race to be the salt of the earth. This doctrine they uphold by a queer legend, according to which the Almighty first made different tribes of Indians and different nations of white men, but He was not pleased with them at all. At last He made the Eskimos, and then rested from His labors, perfectly satisfied. So they are the people of the earth. And surely, none but the hardiest, most courageous of the children of men could inhabit those bleak abandoned regions of the Far North, and survive its appalling tempests and freezing cold. Their history, so far as it can be pieced together, is extraordinarily brief, yet their language and legends are full of romantic interest.

The language of the Eskimo has only one remarkable peculiarity—there seems to be no limit to the length of a word. All manner of parts of speech may be joined to the verbal root, and this compound may be conjugated in all moods and tenses like a simple verb. When Rev. Mr. Peck, the Canadian missionary, first went among them, he devoted himself to the study of the uncouth tongue, and, after seven years of six hard, studious hours every day, he mastered the language and produced a grammar of 200 pages. Next, he transcribed portions of the Moravian Eskimo Testament into what is known as the syllabic character, a wonderful invention for simplifying the art of reading and writing for the Eskimos. As soon as the alphabet is conquered, the scholar—man or woman—can begin the first chapter of Genesis, and read on—slowly, of course, at first, but in a few days with surprising ease and accuracy.

Farm Hands Wanted.

Experienced farm laborers (single men) are needed in Ontario and in Western Canada; the wages range between $175 and $225 a year. The demand for married men as farm laborers is limited.

Steer More and Blow Less.

If the same amount of effort expended on the automobile horn to get people to move out of your way were used to move the steering wheel slightly so as not to seem to bear directly upon the person in front, and if you should steer around wagons in the road, as nine times out of ten you must do in the end, rather than blow and blow the horn in vain effort to get them to move, much less friction would be caused and the speed increased. We think it is much better to pass carefully and as quietly as possible. Often you are noticed hardly at all, and you can generally tell if warning is necessary.—Outing.

Fortune and Burden.

By MARIE SYLVESTRE.

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By the time she was ready to dress to go out to dinner Mary Bowen was so tired that she felt she would have preferred to stay at home and go to bed early. And yet she had looked forward eagerly for two days to this dinner at the Valentines' new house.

That she should feel out of sorts when the time actually had arrived added to the sense of grievance against things in general that had been growing very strong within her of late.

Mary Bowen had been married four years, and she was beginning to think of herself as a disappointed woman. Her husband was always good and kind, devoted to her and the two babies, but he had failed to surround her with the comforts she felt she deserved.

She felt annoyed at times at his very goodness. It was positively irritating to have any one always so sweet tempered. It was almost a weakness. If he were more of a fighter he would probably get on faster in his business and she would not have to take all the care of the babies with only a "general girl" to help in the house.

When she spoke sharply to Will he would look vaguely distressed, or, patting her shoulder, would remark gently, "Poor Mary, you're tired out."

Well, she felt tonight she was tired out. She and her husband were going to dine with her oldest friend, who had married a year before. The Valentines had gone abroad for a honeymoon that had lasted a whole year. Now they had come back into a house that had been built and furnished during their absence and stood completely ready to receive them.

As Mary laid out the blue crepe de chine that had been one of her trousseau gowns she felt bitterly that things were not very evenly divided in this world. Her husband came in, and

"I SHALL FEEL MORE AT HOME WHEN I'VE BEEN HERE LONGER.

she treated him coldly, feeling resentfully that he was responsible for her hard lot in life.

When they were ready they left the little house and boarded a street car. Mary felt this was an added grievance. If she could have driven to the Valentines life would have looked less gloomy.

Mrs. Valentine received her guests in a beautiful drawing room, herself attired in a Paris creation that made Mary's old gown seem to her own consciousness terribly shabby.

"Dear Mary!" murmured Caroline Valentine, kissing her friend. "How do you do, Will? It seems to me you look tired. You mustn't let him work too hard, Mary. You know he'd never think of himself till he dropped."

"Mary's the tired one," laughed Will Bowen.

"Is she? She looks as sweet and fresh as ever," responded Mrs. Valentine. Then, a little nervously, she added: "Dick got home late tonight, and we will have to wait for him a few minutes. He was very sorry."

A slight constraint fell upon the three, who continued to converse, nevertheless, until at last Dick Valentine appeared.

Neither Mary nor Will had known him before he married Caroline. He was very rich and had charming manners, and to Mary a sort of halo had seemed to hover over him in her thought of him as her friend's husband.

He greeted his guests with enthusiastic apologies, and his words had the sound of a torrent, they were poured out so rapidly. His face was flushed, and his eyes refused to remain fixed on anything. An unpleasant suspicion formed itself in Mary's mind, and she glanced at her friend.

Caroline's eyes were fixed on her in a look of abject entreaty, in which mortification and pride struggled miserably. Mary understood and with a great effort replied to her host's remarks in a natural manner.

A perfect dinner was served in the perfectly appointed dining room, but to Mary Bowen it was the most trying ordeal she had ever passed through. Dick Valentine drank glass after glass of wine, and Mary saw him respond to his wife's frequent look of appeal with a laugh cruelly careless.

"Poor Caroline!" she thought. There was no room in her mind for "poor Mary" now. She looked at her husband. He did look tired, as Caroline said. There were circles under his eyes and his cheeks looked hollow. A lump came into her throat.

He worked every day of his life faithfully and hard, without complaining, while she, because she also had to work, complained constantly of her lot. Who was she that she should expect to lay down her burdens? And how good he was to her, how he always tried to please her, to make her happy!

As she took part in the general talk she longed to cry out to him, "Forgive me, oh, forgive me!"

It was over at last. Mary and Caroline went back to the drawing room and left the men to their cigars.

"How beautiful your house is, Caroline!" said Mary.

"Yes, isn't it? But the credit goes to the architect and the furnishers and decorators. I think I shall feel more at home when I've been here longer. I've thought since I came of the way you and Will furnished your little house, picking out everything together, and how you made your own curtains. Your house looks like you. This is beautiful, but there isn't anything really of us in it."

Then Mary asked about the trip, and Caroline told her about the many places they had seen. But she broke off suddenly to say, in a low tone: "Mary, don't think it's always the way it is tonight. He does try, and I help him, and he will conquer. I'm sorry you've seen, but we all have our burdens to bear."

When at last Mary and Will got away and walked down the street together Mary said: "Let's walk home. The air feels good, and my head aches."

"Poor little woman!" said Will tenderly. "You're tired. But it's true what Caroline said. You look as sweet and pretty as a rose. I looked at you across the table tonight and then at Caroline and thought what a lucky fellow I was to get you, Mary."

He patted the hand that lay on his arm and continued: "And didn't you think the house awfully stiff? It's very fine, of course, but it reminded me of a high priced club more than a home. But I know there are lots of things we need, dear, and we'll have them in time, so don't get discouraged."

"Oh, Will, don't, don't! You are killing me!" said Mary, clinging to his arm, while the tears overflowed and choked her.

"Why, Mary, what is it? Her husband stopped in genuine astonishment and tried to look at her.

"It is just that I want you to forgive me. I've been so hateful and horrid, but I do love you more than all the world. Say you forgive me, Will."

She was sobbing, and Will took her gently in his arms. "I have nothing to forgive, dearest."

Mary did not try to show him all she felt he had to forgive, but she pressed her lips to her husband's in mute pledge. Then, arm in arm, they walked along the silent street toward home.

A Cream Puff Cure.

A young woman teacher in a school in one of the poorer parts of the city was overcome by a sudden attack of illness one day. She dismissed the class, telling the boys she felt too ill to continue, but hoped to be quite well by the next day. The teacher rested her head on her arms and sat at her desk a few minutes waiting for strength to start on the journey homeward. She was only dully conscious of what was going on about her and did not notice a group of the ragged youngsters gathered by the door in deep consultation.

In a little while she heard some one softly say, "Teacher," and looked up. It was the raggedest boy of the lot, and he was holding out a paper bag full of something.

"What is it, Jimmie?" she asked.

"Somethin' t' eat," replied Jimmie.

"But I'm not hungry."

"Yes, you are," insisted the ragged philanthropist, winking at her gravely. "Nobody's sick except when they're hungry. We took up a c'lection an' got these cream puffs fur youse. Eat 'em quick, ma'am, an' you'll feel better."—New York Press.

The Restaurant Bluffer.

"Of all the bluffers one meets socially and in business, and their name is legion," remarked a minor cynic, "none amuses me more than the restaurant bluffer. This brand is numerous. I met one today, and his embarrassment was ludicrous.

"This chap, you know, is a living lie. He lodges in a rather high priced house, but occupies a cheap little room up under the roof, to which he is careful not to invite any acquaintance. He's an undercierk somewhere, but talks familiarly of high finance. He pretends to be on friendly terms with influential men who wouldn't know him from Adam.

"Several evenings ago he was impressing me with the frequency with which he lunches at one or two places famous in the Wall street section. When I met him today bending over coffee and rolls in a place where his check was 10 cents you should have seen his face. It was a study.

"Of course I wasn't surprised, but he was. I enjoyed the encounter, but he didn't."—New York Globe.

In Bacon Ridge.

Mrs. Ryetop—Now, thar's that Judson Tassel. He's a likely looking chap, but he's been calling on Nancy Squires for nine years and he hasn't proposed yet.

Mrs. Hardapple (sarcastically)—Oh, give the boy a chance, Cynthia. Maybe he's afraid he'll break the speed laws.—Chicago News.

HEALTH OF SWINE.

Some Points by a Successful Breeder. A Champion Yorkshire.

A successful swine breeder says of keeping hogs healthy:

A very important consideration is sunshine and exercise, and without both of these I have never been able to have success. I have too often seen hogs cramped into a little, dark, filthy pen for fattening. I find it most profitable to give my hogs good range at all times, whether feeding to fatten or not. It will sometimes happen that cholera will get into the whole neighbodhood, and in such an event I would try to keep my herd as far from the adjoining neighbor as possible and use an abundance of a good disinfectant about the grounds and a little in the water. In fact, this will do no harm in health. But should cholera get started in my herd the first thing I would do would be to kill and burn the sick ones, taking them away from the others for the operation. I have tried to cure a few cases, but always failed and lost money by allowing them to stay on the farm.

The feeding of swine is a great question and can be mastered only by experience. Hogs to be healthy must have a variety of food—grains, roots and forage. The condition of the hog should govern the kind and quantity. Different conditions would suggest different methods, and therefore it is not safe to lay down any iron bound rules.

The question of water is also a very great one, and one that, from my observation, is often neglected. Some think that any kind of hole will do for hogs, and consequently they are left to drink from the hole that they wallow in. This, I think, is one of the main causes of sickness in hogs. The

CHAMPION YOLKSHIRE SOW.

water becomes stagnant and foul and is full of disease germs, and the hog, taking this foul water into its stomach, is bound to sooner or later become diseased. Everything that can be done to keep things in first class order, letting nothing go undone, I find to be far better than any medicine that I have ever tried.

The fine champion Yorkshire sow shown in the illustration has never been beaten in the show ring. The owner says this sow was fed from pighood on a combination of shorts, corn, tankage, slops, etc. He thinks tankage a great food, tending toward great smoothness. She has produced several pigs which won blue ribbons at a number of big fairs.

FEEDING THE FLOCK.

Irregularity In This Work Means Loss In Fat and Flesh.

A good observer of sheep and lambs has made the remark that sheep are excellent timekeepers. They have no alarm clocks of their own, but seem to keep the sense of time very clearly in their minds, so clearly, in fact, that if you are disposed to be somewhat irregular in your hours of doing your farm work it would be best for you to invest in an alarm clock for your own use. In such a case you can safely charge the investment which the clock represents up to the flock.

It will pay you back with interest. In other words, there is perhaps no other animal that is more sensitive about being fed on time each day than is your fattening lamb or sheep. Noise, confusion—anything, in fact, which annoys and distresses the flock means the loss of good money making fat and flesh to you. No one should be allowed to have any part in the handling of the flock who is in the habit of losing his temper or who is rough in manner or speech when working about the flock.

As a matter of fact, so important is this matter of sheep feeding that you cannot so much as show a stranger about the shed where the sheep are being fed without the act costing you in good hard money from the loss of flesh which the distraction of the sensitive animal will produce.

Ventilating the Dairy Barn.

Every barn should have a system of flues or, if they are too expensive, cotton windows. More trouble of garget and udder disease results from sudden drafts than from any other causes. In the outgoing flue the area should be in proportion to the number of cows, about one square foot to a cow, and should be opened at the top of the barn. Inside the barn the opening in summer should be up high and in the winter lower down. The incoming flues should have the same area, but there should be more of them, necessarily making them smaller. The air should come in from the outside near the sills and into the barn from under the eaves.—Professor H. E. Cook, Lewis County, N. Y.

Treatment of the Hog.

No animal of the farm will stand as poor treatment as the hog and thrive as well, says a breeder. It can be said with the same degree of truth that no animal will respond more quickly under good treatment. By treatment I refer to good breeding as well as good care.

The Costly Scrub.

It costs no more to support the well bred animal than the scrub, and a well bred animal, be it either for milk or beef, will render better returns for the food consumed than the scrub.

HOW TO SET THE TABLE.

Good Ideas For the Housewife Who Would Be Up to Date.

There should be two knives, three forks and a soup spoon laid at each plate for the usual dinner, but a selection is necessarily made to meet the requirements of the menu, says Good Housekeeping. On the extreme right is the oyster fork, next the soup spoon, and next to this, alongside the plate, the two knives—a silver fish knife and a steel meat knife. On the left of the plate are placed two large dinner forks and a fish fork. The oyster fork is sometimes placed diagonally across the soup spoon and knives.

Before each plate are little pepper and salt cellars of gold, silver or china. There is no butter chip. At the Bel-

DINNER TABLE SET CORRECTLY.

mont the gold set includes compotiers, two or four of which are used at the corners of the table, and in front of each guest are little double flower vases of gold with saucer shaped bases for salted almonds.

Dishes of bonbons, olives, dried fruits and salted nuts are conveniently distributed, usually between the four candlesticks or at the four sides of the center decoration, while at home the decanters are located nearer the corners of the table. For a home dinner that is not wholly ceremonious crystal dishes for radishes, pickles and celery are placed on the table, but for a thoroughly ceremonious dinner these and the olives are passed by the servants, as are also the mustard, horseradish and vinegar.

LENTEN TIDBITS.

Dainties That Can Be Included In the Penitential Menu.

Try adding chopped figs to a nut and apple salad. The flavor is immensely improved. Not much of the fig is used—just enough to give a suspicion of spicy sweetness.

It was chance that hit on a way to improve the somewhat tasteless celery salad with mayonnaise. One night at dinner a woman cut up small blocks of her cranberry jelly among the celery and was delighted with the results, both in looks and taste.

Parmesan cheese sprinkled thickly over stewed tomatoes that are later browned in a baking dish gives them an added zest.

Charlotte russe is both more appetizing and less sickening if it is flavored with sherry. This should be stirred in carefully or the cream will curdle.

Bread pudding takes on new dignity when it is flavored with chocolate. Make a chocolate custard and put it in a baking dish with alternate layers of bread. This can be eaten either with or without cream.

Chocolate for drinking is much better if a few drops of vanilla are added just before removing from the stove.

If you cannot afford marron sauce for pouring over vanilla ice cream, did you ever try preserved tomatoes? It is as pretty as it is delicious.

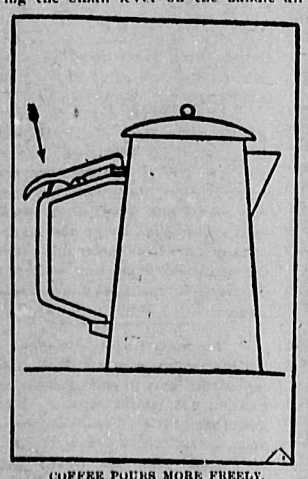
Scalloped oysters are much better if cooked in individual dishes rather than in a pudding dish. Though somewhat troublesome to prepare, they are best of all scalloped in their own shells, a half dozen being served on each plate.

Waffles are much lighter if made with sour cream and the batter kept rather thin. To eat with them try chicken gravy, or cinnamon and sugar mixed, or lumps of maple sugar melted down and served hot.

NOVEL COFFEEPOT.

Fluid Flows Freely by Pressing Button on the Handle.

How many housewives have burned their fingers by opening the hot lid of a coffeepot to permit a freer flow of the liquid! To obviate this fault there has been invented a coffeepot the lid of which remains closed. By pressing the small lever on the handle air



COFFEE POURS MORE FREELY.

is admitted, and it runs out rapidly in a straight stream instead of gurgling out and splashing over the sides of the cup. This is one of those minor inventions which the average person does not appreciate, but which add materially to the comfort and satisfaction of the housekeeper, and should interest all men who are anxious to save their wives as much as the unpleasantness of cooking as possible.

HEAT OF THE SUN.

The Enormous Energy Vested In the Rays of Our Luminary.

We receive warmth and light from the sun, but the most of us think little about the enormous power vested in our luminary. The most satisfactory way of arriving at an idea of its tremendous energy is by measuring the amount of heat which its rays are capable of generating. And, further, by our knowledge of the relation which exists between heat and mechanical work, we are able to estimate the amount of work which the sun is capable of doing and also the quantity of energy it must be losing year by year.

By suitable arrangements we can cause a certain quantity of its radiation to be absorbed by water or other substance and note the rise of temperature which results, and as we know the mechanical equivalent of each degree of temperature in water it is only a matter of calculation to arrive at a knowledge of the sun's total energy. Like everything else connected with this wonderful body, figures give us no adequate conception of its vast energy, and various illustrations have been used by different investigators.

Thus Herschel considered it in relation to the quantity of ice which it would melt in a given time and states that the amount of heat which the earth receives when the sun is overhead would melt an inch thickness of ice in two hours and thirteen minutes.

From this it can be calculated that if the body of the sun were entirely surrounded by a sheet of ice on its surface of more than a mile in thickness the sun's heat would entirely melt this coating of ice in the same time—namely, two hours and thirteen minutes.

Another scientist uses an even more striking illustration. He says: "If we could build up a solid column of ice from the earth to the sun two miles and a quarter in diameter, spanning the inconceivable abyss of 93,000,000 miles, and if then the sun should concentrate its power upon it it would dissolve and melt, not in an hour nor in a minute, but in a single second. One swing of the pendulum and it would be water. Seven more seconds and it would be dissipated in vapor."

Of course of this enormous quantity of heat the earth receives but a small fraction. The rest, except what the other heavenly bodies receive, passes away into space and is lost forever, so far as can be ascertained.

It is by this enormous supply of energy that the whole world is kept alive and active. It keeps us warm and drives our steam engines and water wheels. It circulates our atmosphere and brings us rain and snow. It grows and nourishes our plants and animals and, in a word, is the source of almost every earthly blessing.

Coming Down Easy.

Inquiries after the welfare of Patrick Conroy were answered by his devoted friend, Terence Dolan, who was at the Conroys' in the double capacity of nurse and cook. "No, he's not dangerous hurted at all," was Mr. Dolan's reply to a solemnly whispered question at the door.

"We heard he had a bad fall and was all broke to pieces," whispered the neighbor.

"'Tis a big story you've heard," said Mr. Dolan in his cheerful roar. "Thrue, he fell off'n the roof o' the Brady stables, where he was shinglin', and he broke his lift leg, knocked out a couple o' teeth and broke his collar bone.

"Mind ye, if he'd have fell clear to the ground it might have hurted him bad; but, sure, there was a big pile of shtones and old lumber that broke his fall."

Coquelin's Memory.

"How many parts do you know well enough to play to-night if need be?" somebody once asked Coquelin. He took a sheet of paper and wrote down the names of fifty-three plays of his repertoire. His friends laughed.

"You are boasting surely, mon ami?" said the Viscomte de Lovenjoul.

"You have every one of these plays in your library," said Coquelin quietly. "Get them all out and put them on the table." The viscomte did so.

"Now," said Coquelin, "let anybody select a cue from any one of these plays at haphazard and give it me."

They tried him with sixteen plays out of the fifty-three, and he never missed a single cue or made one mistake.—Fortnightly Review.

Armor Plated Pawnshops.

The inside of a Chinese pawnshop is a terra incognito to most people, Chinese and English. Few are admitted within its mysterious walls except those directly connected with the business. A traveler was recently permitted to inspect one in an inland town and was surprised to find the entire building incased in sheet iron about one-eighth of an inch thick. It must have cost a large sum to build an iron house within the usual lofty brick edifice, yet there it was, even to the roof. It served a twofold purpose—a protection against fire and thieves. Yet even within this iron castle night watchmen armed with heavy revolvers and clad in bullet proof jackets ever keep watch.

A Conscientious Forger.

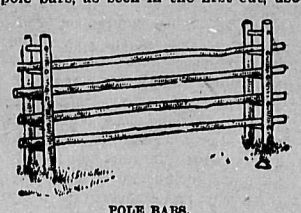
The following incident is told of Austin Bidwell, the notorious forger who many years ago attempted to break the Bank of England: When he was arrested he remembered that being short of money at the time, he had procured lunch on credit at a London restaurant and wrote to an acquaintance whom he had befriended to settle the score. This was duly done, and Bidwell was apprised of the fact. Then the forger recollected that he had forgotten to tip the waiter threepence, as usual, and he forwarded three postage stamps to the restaurant keeper for Robert's benefit. Bidwell's missive to the landlord, framed, was long on view in the bar of the restaurant.

Farm and Garden

BARS ON THE FARM.

Easily Constructed and Serviceable, Attractive and Durable.

It is important to the farmer that his inclosure should be well equipped with substantial bars. There are farmers who go to as much trouble in a year's time in moving a poor gate or bars back and forth, as they drive in and out of fields and in chasing cattle about, as making dozens of such bars as are described in this article. For pole bars, as seen in the first cut, use



POLE BARS.

round poles about two and one-half or three inches in diameter. Cut four pieces the same length to use for the upright bar posts or standards. In these bore four or more holes apiece an equal distance apart. Connect these standard post holes in pairs with five or six inch lengths of small round poles just the right size to fit tightly into the bored holes. If necessary shave off the ends a bit pointed so as to drive them into place firmly. As an additional security nail each one in place. Little blocks of wood can be nailed between the upright poles instead of the five inch lengths of pole. In either case these little bars or blocks hold up the bar poles. Set the two connected upright standards in position and put your bar poles in place and you have a good, tidy set of bars.

A farmer who has several fields opening on the highways has each barway fitted up with bars like those here mentioned.

The bars as seen in the second cut are simply made and very serviceable.

BARS USING HORSESHOE CATCH.

Set two good sized posts one on either side of the barway and to each one, an equal distance apart, nail large horseshoes, allowing the round part to stand out far enough from posts to admit the bar poles easily.

Facts For the Farm Home.

Ohio has a law compelling nurserymen, or those engaged in growing trees, vines or shrubs, to file application with the state agricultural department before July 1 of each year for the inspection of such stock. Disposing of uninspected stock renders the owner subject to fine.

Most farmers who have tried it are becoming to believe that the increased value of food by cooking is not worth the trouble.

The Minnesota experiment station has originated a new variety of winter rye, called Minnesota No. 2. This rye was obtained by selection from the Swedish rye and is an exceptionally high yielder. The average yield upon the station grounds for the last eight years is 40.4 bushels per acre. One field of 1.9 acres yielded forty-eight bushels per acre last fall.

It is estimated that 2,595,597,000 bushels of corn were raised in the United States in 1908, valued at $1,518,424,000.

It has taken nearly thirty-five years of conscientious effort for breeders to get the Poland-China hog down to the splendid, easy feeding, compact, well finished animal that it is today.

There is no better winter breakfast for hens than equal parts of bran, middlings, cornmeal, ground oats and meat scraps by weight, to which add its bulk in cooked clover hay and 5 per cent of linseed meal. Mix the ground grain with the tea made by cooking the clover.

It is estimated that the cost of maintaining a hundred breeding ewes in good condition is a dollar per day, or a cent per head, when kept on corn fodder, beets and oats.

Breeders like to have sheep with plenty of meat on the under part of the body. A thick dock and thick, strong neck are also necessary, by which can be judged the amount of muscle along the back.

A mixture of lime, carbolic acid and copperas is said to make a good wash to prevent rabbits gnawing fruit trees.

It is claimed that a hundred sheep can be fed for what it costs to feed ten cows and that the returns from the sheep will be much greater than from the cows.

A horse trainer says that the average person does not know how to pet a horse. He says they do not pet him in the right place. Rub his eyelids or rub him right up between the ears. In petting horses most people slight those nerve centers. They stroke the horse's nose. While a well behaved horse will accept the nasal caress complacently, he would much prefer that nice, soothing touch applied to the eyelids.

Salt and common tobacco leaves and stems will, it is claimed, keep sheep from having stomach worms.

What She Saw

By ADELIA DURAN.

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Winona glanced out of the window at the crystal avenue and watched the April dusk descend. The streets began to fill with the usual Saturday night traffic, and the whiz and clatter of flying carriages and motor cars mingled with the strident ringing of car bells and the shouts of importune cabmen.

Abruptly a big black automobile like a giant tarantula slid up to the curbing in front of the hotel opposite and stopped. A man jumped out and extended his hand to the young woman who had risen to follow. There was something instantly familiar about the straight, square shoulders under the cape of the long black coat and the way his gray alpine was drawn down over his eyes.

Winona caught her breath and involuntarily stood up. Yes! It was

ORDERED HER TO TAKE THEM DIRECTLY TO THE POSTOFFICE.

Richard Grayson, and he had not even glanced in her direction.

The lights of the street were bright enough for her to see that his companion was a wondrously pretty woman, that they were laughing and talking merrily, apparently oblivious to surroundings, and that she took his arm with a plainly affectionate gesture as they went into the hotel together.

For some minutes afterward Winona stood motionless, a pain at her heart which she dared not define even to herself. There was the brilliant flash of light in the apartment directly opposite. With a little gasp of astonishment she saw young Grayson stoop laughingly and kiss the girl. An older man was standing at a little distance, and she recognized him instantly as Dick's father. He, too, laughed and came up, saluting the girl fondly on either cheek.

It was the bride, she knew, for that was the bridal suit. She had been there herself once to call upon a girl friend who had married and was in Washington on her wedding journey.

With her face on fire Winona turned away and went to her desk in a corner of the room. She took up two letters. The first read:

Dear Nona—May I come tomorrow evening for a few moments? I have something important that I want to tell you. Say, yes, will you not? Sincerely,
DICK.

This, then, was what he had meant to tell her of—his marriage. Her brief dream of happiness collapsed like a house of cards. She choked back a sudden rise of inward bitterness and unfolded the other letter. It ran:

Dearest Winnie—Do run down to Palm Beach and stay with us in our dear little bungalow. Jack has invited a friend, somebody from somewhere, and I am depending upon you, dear girl, to help me out. Let me know by return mail. Beseechingly
CLAUDIA.

Without hesitation Winona sat down and took up her pen, jabbing it viciously into the ink.

My Dear Richard—Sorry, but it will not be possible for me to receive you tomorrow evening, as I am leaving town for some time. Yours in haste,
WINONA PAULDING.

She sealed and directed this and rang for her maid. Then she dashed a hasty acceptance of Claudia Spence's invitation and sat staring through the window at the black vacuum of night.

When the maid came in she thrust the two letters into her hand and ordered her to take them directly to the postoffice. She crossed the room to a cheval glass. The face that looked back at her was youthful and delicately lovely.

She was blond and patrician, with just enough pink in her cheeks to redeem her face from pallor. Her hair was pale gold, but shining. That other girl was pretty, too, but in a rich, dark fashion that belonged to the south.

Dick's mother was from Dixie, and she recalled, with a pang, that he was a worshiper of southern women. A little sob shook her. She turned away, covering her face with her hands. Hot tears sprung through her quivering lashes, but she dashed them away in self contempt and went into the next room to pack her trunk.

She reached Palm Beach eighteen hours later. Her courage had rallied amazingly under the stimulating change of scene, and she felt almost happy again as they drove home through borders of sun kissed palm and palmetto.

An hour afterward Winona emerged on the funny, squat little piazza of the bungalow, radiant in a gauzy gown of pink liberty chiffon. Mrs. Spence caught her by the hand and drew her up to the small coterie already assembled and waiting for her.

"Mr. Grayson, Miss Paulding," she said conventionally.

Winona started, flushed, paled and poised herself admirably. She held out her hand. Dick had risen and was pressing her fingers with elaborate cordiality, but his own were cold with excitement and he subdued his voice to hide its unsteadiness.

The group fell into conversation. Then, two by two, they drifted away, leaving them together, alone. The moon had come up, flooding everything with its magic white light till it was as clear as day.

Young Grayson looked at Winona, and she met his glance with an indignant flash of her eyes.

"What made you run away from me, Nona?" he asked gravely.

"You! Why, I was not even dreaming of you," she retorted, with pink cheeks.

"Evidently. That is why I asked you the question."

"You have forfeited all right to ask me questions of any sort," she flung back unguardedly and bit her lips when it was too late.

"Winona! What do you mean by that?" His eyes held hers dominantly, and she found her lips framing the words despite herself.

"That other woman—that—that—your wife!" She blurted it out in sheer desperation at last.

"Ah!" And, considering the gravity of the situation, her companion did a most remarkable thing—he laughed uproariously. When his mirth had somewhat subsided he bent over and caught her little hands in his big ones and held them. His words fell rapidly.

"The dear old governor took it into his head to marry a second time when down in Richmond last month. An urgent telegram called him back to Washington on business, and he was forced to leave her behind. As luck would have it, the very day he was scheduled to arrive he was taken with the grip. I had to go to the train to meet the lady, while he remained in the apartment to receive her."

He paused a moment for breath. Then he went on: "I found your note in my box about 10 o'clock. It hurt me, and it made me angry too. I put down everything and took the first train south in response to a pressing invitation from Jack."

A swift little sob of relief escaped Winona's lips. She looked up with luminous eyes. The color surged into her face.

"But—but we were never more than friends. There was nothing—I—you—there never was anything between us." She finished with a flash of the old coquetry. Her lips were still parted—scarlet, humid, tremulous. Young Grayson made no effort to resist temptation.

"But there was going to be—there is, and there always will be?" A step sounded on the gravel walk. "Answer me—quick!"

There was.

A Very Secret Drawer.

"A secret drawer is sometimes very hard to locate in a large cabinet," said a dealer in curios. "I had such a piece of furniture in the store one winter and knew the drawer was there from a reference to it in an old inventory, but in spite of all my efforts I couldn't discover just where it was. I concluded that the spring must be concealed somewhere about the very ornate carving which ornamented the sides, but it escaped my scrutiny until one day when I had a bit of inspiration. Such drawers are usually made of sheet steel both for security and on account of its thinness, and I simply passed a small pocket compass up and down before the carving. At one certain point the needle, just as I had anticipated, was deflected, and I knew I had at last hit on the right spot. I located it within a few inches and then pushed and prodded every projection with the point of a darning needle until something gave way and out jumped the drawer. It was very cleverly masked at the edges by the curves of the pattern, and nobody in the world would suspect its existence. I had hoped that I might find something of value in it, but I was disappointed. It was quite empty."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The End of the World.

London suffered from several earthquake shocks in 1761, and prophecies of the total destruction of the city were rife. The London Chronicle says:

"April 5 was the date named for the catastrophe, and for days before the roads from town were thronged with the vehicles of those who were seeking safety in flight in spite of the threat of one of the papers of the day to publish the names of all such cowards. Even the more courageous elected to pass their nights out of doors, Hyde park being the most popular camping ground.

"But nothing ever so got on the nerves of Europe as the coming of the first thousandth year of the Christian era. The churches were thronged, the houses deserted, and all good Christians slept in the open in readiness for that end of the world which was expected to come at the proper date. The end of the world has had many prophecies to its discredit.

"And people who were nervous about Mother Shipton's prophecy—

"And the world to an end shall come
In eighteen hundred and eighty-one—

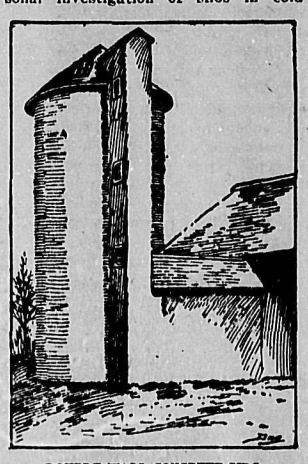
"are still alive and criticising the rhyme and the reason."—Chicago News.

CONCRETE SILOS.

Fireproof and Practically Frost Proof When Properly Constructed.

It is desirable to prevent the freezing of silage in the silo during cold weather as far as possible, and the silo of a construction to prevent freezing to the largest degree is the preferable one, other things being equal, says a bulletin issued by the Iowa experiment station. It is difficult to make a comparison between the merits of the various types of silos in this respect owing to the inability to find them under like conditions. Freezing of silage is due to loss of heat, first, through the silo wall and, second, to the air in contact with the feeding surface. The first loss may be reduced by using a nonconducting wall in the silo and the second by preventing the circulation of air above the silage in the silo.

It may be impartially said that as far as the prevention of freezing of silage is concerned the stave, stone, single wall brick and concrete silos are of equal merit. When properly made, however, the double wall concrete silo is perhaps the most nearly frost proof of all. The conducting material between the walls consists only in small metal ties, and the circulation of air may be cut off by the insertion of horizontal tar paper partitions. When the top of the silo is open and a free circulation of air permitted it is almost impossible to prevent the surface from freezing in severe weather. A personal investigation of silos in cold



DOUBLE WALL CONCRETE SILO.

weather proved conclusively that those provided with a tight roof did not contain nearly as much frozen silage as those left open.

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

In order to secure a first class concrete silo it is necessary that good materials, well mixed in the right proportions, be used in preparing the concrete and that the whole be skillfully handled. If these requirements are fulfilled the writers upon investigation are confident that no better silo can be erected than one constructed of concrete. The investigations, however, would indicate that it is not advisable for the man with no experience with concrete construction to attempt the building of a concrete silo. The expense involved is too great for the individual farmer who has not previously constructed buildings of concrete to experiment. The work should be turned over to the concrete contractor under a guarantee that only a first class silo be built.

Among the desirable features of the concrete silo or any masonry silo may be mentioned that it is essentially fire proof. A silo was found in use in Wisconsin which had withstood a fire that burned all the surrounding buildings.

How Long Are Cows Profitable?

In my opinion, a milk cow remains valuable as long as she breeds and continues to give enough milk and butter fat to pay a reasonable dividend over and above cost of keep. The oldest cow I have is nine years old, and I don't remember having kept any until older. I find my cows after their eighth year begin to taper off in quantity of milk produced, though they would last longer if they had not been "crowded" so hard in former years. My experience and observation of Holstein cows lead me to believe that the decrease is gradual from the high point of efficiency, much as the increase from "heiferhood" on is gradual, but that the period of lactation is not shortened in the slightest.

I believe a good cow, one that has paid good dividends all her life, should be kept until she can no longer pay for her feed. And if she has been an exceptional cow she should be kept as long as she will breed, as calves from such a cow have every chance to become as good as or better than the dam, and great cows are not as yet very common.—R. B. Young in Farmers' Review.

Prevents Frozen Troughs.

When watering stock from a stock well bore a hole in your trough, sharpen a pin and use for stopper. Make a lead from trough back into well. If your stock fails to drink all the water pumped into the trough remove stopper and water will run back into well. Your trough will then never be full of frozen water.

Feeding the Brood Mare.

The brood mare should be liberally fed, but not to excess. She should have the best quality of well cured hay, oats and bran. Never feed hay that has become heated, nor musty oats or bran that has soured.

CUT LEATHER WORK.

A Fascinating Occupation For the Clever, Artistic Girl.

The old saying "There is nothing like leather" certainly holds good today, judging from the important part this durable material plays at present both in the furnishings of the home and the small accessories of the toilet.

The decoration of leather articles is an extremely fascinating occupation and can be carried out in many different ways, the style most in vogue at the moment being cut work, a simple and effective process, by means of which handsome and elaborate creations are produced with a minimum of labor.

There are many standard kinds of skins prepared for fancy leather work

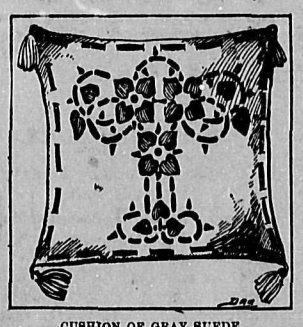
BAG IN TAN LEATHER.

in varying degrees of texture, grain and thickness and in a wide range of beautiful colorings, from thick, pliable, velvety leathers to the softest suede or kid skins. Ooze and bark calf, Brazilian sheep, morocco and kid finished lambskin are generally employed.

Formerly it was possible to purchase whole skins only, this entailing great expense upon the fancy worker, but now owing to the ever increasing demand for this popular form of decorative work many firms are supplying leather in all sizes.

Perforated patterns may be obtained, which only require transferring on to the article to be ornamented. It will be seen at a glance that designs for cut leather work bear a strong resemblance to stencil patterns, many of which may be utilized in this connection, especially when large pieces, such as chair seats, screen panels, etc., are attempted. A tiny pair of sharp embroidery scissors and a small, keen bladed penknife are all the instruments required. When the latter is employed the leather should be firmly fastened to a drawing board. Clear, clean cuts are absolutely essential, as mistakes cannot be rectified. Accuracy and neat finish are the keynotes of the whole.

Under the cut part satin or silk is pasted, usually of some contrasting shade. In the case of bags a separate



CUSHION OF GRAY SUEDE.

lining is made and fitted to the leather. Thus an opera glass bag of tan leather is lined with deep cream satin. The cord, which is the exact color of the leather, is run through slashes cut a few inches below the top. A green cut leather cushion showing an intricate Celtic design has an underlay of satin of a little lighter shade than the cover. In some instances where conventional floral subjects are selected a scrap of gold colored silk may be arranged under the petals and art green beneath the leaves.

FRICTION IN THE HOME.

Ignorance of Cooking Cause of Much Domestic Unhappiness.

"Food is one of the chief sources of friction in married life," says Maud Churton Braby.

If this is true, the pity of it is that through the ignorance of the young homemaker in regard to the everyday homely duties of the kitchen much of this friction comes.

Many young girls know how to make splendid candies, desserts and dainties of many kinds, but of the requirements of a hearty appetite have little knowledge.

Mothers who are fortunate (?) enough to keep a maid do not spend much time teaching their girls how to cook plain foods and how to clear away the necessary dirty dishes, a most needful part of a girl's training. The maid is there—why bother?

And there lies the secret of so much ignorance among newly married girls. It is a great deal of bother to fuss over a girl, awkward and unhandy as she is bound to be. It is so much easier to do it yourself. How many times I have shut my teeth hard when my girls were learning.

It seems to me that the mothers need to go into training and learn the importance of teaching their girls how to do the little everyday things which "seem so easy to mother" and not leave this part of the training of their girls to come after they are settled in their own homes with mothers far away.

It is not the food which causes the friction, but the little details of labor before it appears on the table. The tearful, tired little homemaker gets on her husband's nerves. Impatient words, based on very little when sifted down to the bottom, would not have been uttered if before the little girl was married she had learned her lesson.

MISERIES OF LONDON LIFE.

Nothing Done to Cool Heat of Summer or to Warm Rooms In Winter.

A caustic correspondent of a Swedish newspaper has given his views on the miseries of London life. He says:

"I have heard much of English comfort, but when I came here I failed to discover anything of it. It consists principally of an old armchair, both with the rich and the poor. The Englishman seeks an infinitesimal amount of comfort. Seems indeed to be able to be at ease anywhere, as well on the floor as in an easy chair.

"In the suffocating heat of a London summer nothing is done to cool the streets, and in the bars and restaurants beer and soda water are served warm. The arrangements in an English house in winter are completely incapable of keeping the rooms warm. Double windows, used by the poorest in Sweden, are unknown in England.

"In the very best hotels it is true that one finds comfortable chairs, but they are usually placed where no one would think of sitting. I have never yet succeeded in the best hotels in London in getting a room where the electric light switch was anywhere near the bed.

"English cleanliness is much spoken of. The Englishman must have a great deal of water to wash with. A quantity must be splashed all over the room, and in particular there must be a great pool near the washstand. When an Englishman washes his face in 78 cases out of 100 he simply takes the water in his hands and blows it all over the floor.

"Englishmen are mad over fresh air. The expression may seem ironical to those who know how in London one does not so much breathe the air as swallow it. Tramway car windows stand open the whole year round, and there is no country like England for the prosperity of dealers in cough and cold medicines.

"Hygiene may appear to be perfect in London, but they still say that much remains to be done. Spitting is not allowed in the parks, at least not near the seat. I have found that one of the cheapest and best places for spitting is the British Museum, where it only costs $10. On the Great Eastern Railway it does not cost more the first time, but afterward the price is $25 a time."

Did Not Require an Expert.

A well-known business man in a town not far from London discovered one morning recently on entering his office that his safe was out of order. He immediately telegraphed to the Metropolis for an expert.

When the latter arrived he found that the safe—an old-fashioned affair, locked with a key—could not be opened. After a hasty examination the expert, taking a piece of wire, dug out from the key a mass of dust and lint. He then opened the safe in the twinkling on an eye. The business man wore a sickly smile as he asked, meekly:

"How much?"

"Three pounds."

"Do any of your firm's patrons here know of your visit?"

"Not a soul but yourself."

"Then," added the business man, "here's five pounds. I'll take it as a great favor if you'll go back by the first train. If anyone in this town knew that I had paid a man three pounds to dig dirt out of a key for me I'd never do another shilling's worth of business in the whole town."

Surnames In Bosnia.

Bosnia is a land where a man's surname very often varies according to his religion. In the old days families often divided their members between Christianity and Islam, so as to be certain to have friends on the winning side, much as old Scottish families in some case deliberately divided themselves between Jacobite and Hanoverian. In such Bosnian cases, Sir Charles Eliot explains, all representatives of the original family recognize each other as relatives, but generally they use different names for the two branches, conveying the same meaning in Slavonic and Turkish respectively. For example, there are the names Raikovich and Jennetich ("Rai" and "Jennet" both meaning paradise) and Sokolich and Shahinagich ("Sokol" and "Shahin" both meaning falcon).

Turn About.

Mr. Kipling, while on a visit to Mr. Hardy, went to see a house which the author of "Life's Little Ironies" thought would suit him. When Mr. Kipling moved out of earshot, Mr. Hardy observed to the occupant:

"I may mention to you that this gentleman is no other than Mr. Rudyard Kipling."

"Is that so?" she replied. "I never heard the name before."

Presently Mr. Kipling, in turn, found himself alone with the lady and remarked:

"Possibly you may not be aware that the gentleman who brought me here to-day is Mr. Hardy, the eminent author."

"Oh, indeed," was her reply. "I don't know his name."—London Chronicle.

London, ex-Watering Place.

Time was when London was a watering place, whose wells, if not rivaling Bath or Harrowgate, were widely famed and frequented by people from all quarters. In South London there were quite a number of spas, Lambeth wells, which sold water for a penny a quart and gave it to the poor for nothing, St. George's wells, Sydenharm wells and Dulwich wells being the best known.—The London Graphic.

A Definite Reason.

An English paper tells of a canny Scot whose neighbor met him flitting. Te Scot had wife and children and household furniture piled atop the wagon, and he was solemnly driving his one horse along the street.

"So ye're flittin'?" said the neighbor.

"I am. I want to be near me work."

"And where's yer job?"

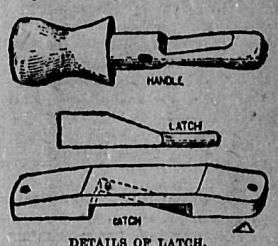
"I haven't got one yet."

Farm and Garden

DOOR LATCH FOR THE HOME.

A Simple Design Which Can Be Economically Constructed.

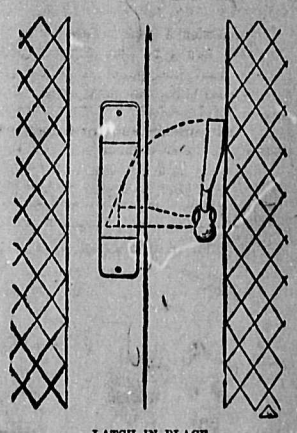
A homemade door latch may be constructed of three pieces of oak or other good hard wood. For the handle use a piece of 8 by 2 by 1 inches. Shape a flattish knob on one end three inches long. Work down the rest so as to pass through a one inch auger hole. Shape a knob on the other end by flattening the sides. The latch



DETAILS OF LATCH.

is made of a piece 5 by 1 by three-eighths inches. The catch is 8 by 2 by three-eighths inches.

Bore a one inch hole for the handle three inches from the edge of the door. Push the handle through the hole and mark on it the thickness of the door. Then bore in the handle a three-eighths inch hole for the latch. Then assemble the parts according to the finished figure, which shows the



LATCH IN PLACE.

latch thrown back. A little peg may be used to keep the latch from falling down when the door is open.

The design is very simple, and, besides being serviceable, such a latch can be made very economically.

Soil For Spring Vegetables.

The manure for the early spring vegetables, such as peas, potatoes, onions, beets, cabbage and corn, should be hauled and put into large, compact heaps. Put ten to twelve two-horse wagon loads in each pile. This quantity when rotted will make six large two horse loads, enough to spread in three and a half foot drills for one acre of ground. This is the usual quantity to spread to the acre when used in the drill. If manure is broadcasted it will take double this quantity. The manure should be mixed as it is piled—that is, spreading horse manure over the cattle manure. Each foot layer of manure should be plastered. The plaster helps to rot the straw in the manure. It will also prevent the loss of ammonia and make compact, square heaps. After the heap is finished cover the sides and tops with six inches of earth. The earth covering will prevent the gases from escaping. It will also prevent the top layer from drying out. This is the method followed by the florists and nurserymen who require fine, rich, well rotted manure.

There is a good demand for manure from the city truck stables, as the horses, being heavily fed on grain and a good quality of hay and well bedded with rye straw, make the best kind of manure, suitable for all crops. The usual price for this manure is $7.20 for all the manure made by each horse when in the stable for one year. Pick-up manure is of doubtful value. The usual price is 75 cents to $1 per load in the winter and about half this during the summer. Practical truckers buy the high priced stable manure, as it contains all the elements needed for the growing of both truck and farm crops.

Success In Co-operation.

What a purely farmers' enterprise in co-operation may accomplish has been exemplified by a canning company in New Jersey. There were put out by the farmers of the canning company in 1908 a hundred acres of tomatoes, of which about eighty-five acres produced a crop, wet weather in the spring having caused the failure of the remaining either through poor cultivation or late planting.

The harvest, however, showed a total yield of 679 tons of tomatoes, for which the company paid $9 a ton, or to the farmers the big sum of $6,011. The average yield to the acre was two and a half tons and the largest yield something over thirteen tons. A fairly good number of acres ran from ten to twelve tons. The wages paid out, not including salaries, was $4,050. Of course this was the company's expense and went for labor in putting up the product; 248,000 cans were filled and 100 persons employed, the majority of whom were women and girls. The company is a stock company, all of the stock being held by farmers. It is also officered by farmers and is controlled by farmers exclusively.

CANADA AND HER NAVY

D. D. MANN OUTLINES PLAN FOR NAVAL DEFENCE.

Railroad Man In National Magazine Argues For a Home Fleet Instead of a Contribution to England—Need Not Necessarily Be Used In Behalf of Britain If Canadians Did Not Will It So.

In the National Review for May D. D. Mann has an article on the question of a Canadian navy, which is a timely and thoroughly capable treatment of the case. Mr. Mann represents Canadian spirit and enterprise at its highest point, and he combines with this a national imagination and a literary ability of rare order. Mr. Mann in his article says, in part:

Those who anticipate a Canadian navy as pre-eminently an engine of Canadian patriotism may have a different point of view from many of those who, in the Imperial city, all the time think of the Empire first and its component parts secondarily. There is no necessary incompatability between the two points of view. The problem of Imperial statesmanship is to converge diversities of approach into confederated action. I wish to indicate the lines upon which, it seems to me, the creation of a Canadian navy might contribute to this end.

If we did not approach Imperial questions from the standpoint of "Canada First," we should be very inferior Imperialists. Under any circumstances, our geographical and climatic distinction plus our nearness to an extraordinary republic of eighty millions of people, would determine our development on somewhat different lines from those which mark the progress of the Old Land. The best children are not always the most exact reproductions of their parents, even in early youth. And, when they marry and are given in marriage, they are bound to be affected by new surroundings and ideas. A young nation, like a young man, should be something more than a chip of the old block.

In Canada there is a remarkable inter-marrying of people and of ideas, which is a revelation to many older fashioned Canadians; and is doubly a revelation to those who come to us with the ideas and sometimes with the prejudices of the British Islands. The immigration returns of this century show that in Canada, and chiefly in Western Canada, there is a new population as varied in speech and racial characteristics as was and can be found in the most cosmopolitan city of the Old World. The Bible Society publishes the Scriptures in eighty different languages for use in the Dominion.

As the Empire is vaster than England, we do not seek merely to help our new population to become loyal to England. We very much desire their loyalty to the Empire, as we ourselves are loyal. But the first thing, the vital thing is to secure their loyalty to Canada, and as one of the most important steps in that evolution, I would place the creation of a Canadian navy.

The navy will be a natural consequence of placing the Canadian militia on an entirely Canadian basis, and controlled altogether from Ottawa There is, of course, this difference between a militia and a navy—that a land force is entirely suitable to a country which has no foreign relations, and does not have to prepare for possible quarrels with states beyond the seas; whereas a navy, by the very fact of its existence, proclaims the country which establishes it to be, in some degree, at least, a world power.

It might be argued that, for a country which has no foreign ministers, to have a navy of its own is an impossibility in international politics; and that there is no halfway between a navy of Canadian origin, subject absolutely to the direction of the British Admiralty, and a navy, the instrument of a totally independent power. If precedents were allowed to govern policies, this argument might have some weight; but, if the Empire had always waited for precedents, it would have ended long ago. This generation is just as capable of creating precedents as its forerunners were. There is no more reason why a Canadian navy should be wholly responsible to the Admiralty in London, than there is reason why the Finance Minister of Canada should be a creature of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

I do not conceive that Canada would propose to contribute to the cost of the Imperial navy, without direct representation on the Admiralty Board, and in the Parliament which reviews the cost and conduct of that body. We are quick to admit the force of the argument that inasmuch as the colonies are advantaged by the Imperial navy, they ought not to be entirely free from financial obligation. The fact that our share in the Empire is so essentially constructive, strengthens, if possible, the position on which great issues have before now been fought, with only one ending—that the people who provide the money shall absolutely control the spending of it. When the House of Lords controls money bills, and the Australian budget is revised in Whitehall, we shall no doubt receive gladly the idea that the Canadian people be taxed for the Imperial navy. We have read enough of English history, and have had enough experience of our own, to know that the lynch-pin of self-government is this absolute control of taxes by the taxed.

Nor is it conceivable that Canada would desire to borrow or purchase vessels that have "obsoleted" from first-class service in the Imdperial squadrons. It has been suggested, and endorsed in The Times, that the Admiralty should lend us two or three obsolete vessels for policing our fisheries, as the first step in the discharge of Canada's duty to the naval development of the Empire. It is unwise to be contemptuous of small beginnings; and much may be said for the scheme of obtaining a few sea policemen that are too small or too slow for active service with, say, the Channel Squadron. But, if we are to deal with the question at all, we had better begin as though we mean business. To make a debut in second-hand clothes is to be too economical of dignity. We must assist our new citizens to understand that we are partners in the Empire, and not merely one of its poor relations. Where would a couple of poacher-catchers belong? Would they be creatures of the Marine Department, or would a little Admiralty be created for their direction?

The first consideration in any attempt to realize the naval possibilities of a country that overlooks the Atlantic and Pacific oceans is that it must wear the appearance of a thoroughly Canadian origin. To allow the impression to spread that, primarily, it is the financial stress of England which impose new burdens on our people would jeopardize the movement. In starting a naval policy of our own there is no risk of establishing the idea that we have notions of a naval independence that will approximate to Holland or Greece. Our neighbors are rapidly emerging from the supposition that we are in a state of vassalage to England. By inaugurating a navy of our own, we should enhance the prestige of the Empire in the Republic; first because it would be such inter-dependence of parts with the complete acquiescence of the original power; and secondly, the establishment of a navy on a thoroughly Canadian basis, but ready to act with and for the Mother Country, would be a standing sign of our contentment within the Empire, and an effectual proof of the futility of supposing that the relation could be broken.

We must develop the naval spirit. We must begin by training our youth within sight of our shores, rather than by looking for poachers on the high seas. For maritime activity there is a natural, healthy craving in all nations. No one is so foolish as to suppose that Canada would ever dream of a navy finally, regardless of Great Britain. Every discerning man would perceive that, whatever Canada did, would by merely an evidence of the strength of decentralization in an Imperial Government, based absolutely on the will of the governed.

Our maritime assets, so to speak, are three—the Atlantic seaboard, the Pacific seaboard, and the Great Lakes. Hitherto, our defensive instincts have been served only by the militia. In view of the distribution of our population, I suspect that we have more drill halls and armories than England has. But it is anomalous that, with our great coast line in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and far Eastern Quebec, our young fellows, to whom sea legs come by nature, should be compelled into the militia, when their choice would be the marines.

The population of the interior should chiefly supply the militia force. But there is enough blood in the country which first came here in sailors to furnish a naval contingent—even if our many rivers and innumerable lakes did not swarm in summer with all kinds of pleasure craft, which promote a love of life afloat.

The pact which keeps armed vessels off the Great Lakes must never be broken. But there must be training stations on the eastern and western coasts. Halifax and Esquimalt are available. Nova Scotia has ideal marine conditions. British Columbia has, potentially, a great part to play in the Pacific. In winter the youngsters who had spent the summer on the lakes would be sent, some to the Atlantic, and some to the Pacific, to become masters of navigation by cruisers to Europe, to the West Indies, to Australia and Japan. When Canadian warships are brought to Canadian coasts they must be equal with the best.

It must not be supposed, though, that Canada beforehand, will unreservedly pledge herself to fight for Britain.

The partnership idea has not yet reached that point of sacrificing every principle on which her national development thus far has been founded. If there are Canadian advocates of such a pledge they are in a hopeless minority. Nobody would dream of Great Britain making a treaty with the United States in reference to Canada, without consulting Canada. Canada has no formal, constitutional locus in negotiations between Great Britain and the United States. But, in practice, she is at Washington all the time; and we have lived to see the British Ambassador to the United States paying a visit to Ottawa and addressing public audiences in Canadian cities.

The question of agreement with, or hostility to the Mother Country in any international quarrel, could never be governed by any hard and fast compulsion to fight in the Mother Country's cause. If the Mother Country could not win the sympathy of her kith and kin in her quarrel that would be a very strong presumption that her quarrel was not worth powder and shot. We are aware that sometimes war has to be risked secretly. But the risk is not so great as it seems, for no European powers will risk a serious war on some matter about which public feeling has not been roused. Wars are not made any more in the back parlors of irresponsible autocrats.

With the recent experience of southeastern Europe before us — an experience which, fifty years ago, would have resulted in war first and discussion afterwards—we are quite willing to take our chances of agreement with the Mother Country without a formal contract being entered into beforehand. And, as we should expect that the commanding officers would be selected because of their capacity to command, we should not be afraid to take our fighting instructions from such chiefs. When the time came it would be seen that the loyalty of the French-Canadian, of the American, of the Galician—of all the one-time aliens—would be transfused into a loyalty to the Empire which is greater than us all.

An Ambidextrous General.

General Baden-Powell is left-handed, but he can use both his hands so well that when sketching, which is one of his favorite recreations, he often draws with two pencils simultaneously, holding one in either hand.

WHEN THE BOOM BUST.

How the Winnipeg Merchant Silenced the Banker.

They tell a story in Winnipeg about one of the largest and wealthiest wholesale houses in the city that illustrates both the state of affairs in the Canadian West just after the collapse of the famous "boom" and also the real solidity and recuperative power of that country.

This pioneer firm had been optimistic during the boom, and when the tide receded it was left with a lot of bad accounts on its hands and little good business. It was struggling along trying to prevent the evil of the day being more than sufficient. The bank manager doubtless had his own troubles, but the firm thought he was worrying and hampering them unnecessarily in a time when every nerve was stretched to pay one hundred cents on the dollar. Ordinary hints were of no avail. The banker's enquiries and instructions and statements of what must be done became daily more unbearable. One morning the junior partner of the wholesale house walked into the bank manager's private office and laid a bunch of keys on his desk.

"What are these?" asked the manager, somewhat surprised.

"Those," said the merchant, "are the keys of our warehouse."

"Why do you bring them here?"

"Well, we have been trying for the last six months to make some money to pay off our creditors. There has been nothing in it for us but hard work and anxiety. If you think, as you seem to do, that you know more about running the business than we do, you are welcome to take the keys and start in."

The banker saw that the merchant meant what he said. He handed back the keys, and the firm had more money and less advice from that banker until the tide turned and business began to come their way again.

The Tibetan Yak.

The recent arrival of the five Tibetan yak in Canada means a great deal to the Dominion, declares Ernest Seton Thompson, the well-known naturalist, who was instrumental in securing them from the Duke of Bedford.

It is hoped in time to effect a conquest of that vast stock-range which lies between the especial domain of the common cattle and the reindeer, and which at present is lying idle. This area is at least equal to all the cattle ranges hitherto utilized in America. It is at present only inhabited by a few trappers and Indians and by lumbermen on the edges. Attempts to utilize it for cattle by crosses between the American buffalo and the long-haired cattle of the Highlands have failed because of the unmanageable character of the buffalo. But the yak, or woolly ox, has been formed by nature for the northern ranges, and has long been domesticated by man. Its native Tibetan haunts on the snowclad, rocky hillsides and mountains extend even up to 20,000 feet, higher than the range of any other animal.

Experiments prove that the yak thrives equally well near sea-level, as at Shanghai, Nice, Paris, Antwerp, and Woburn Park, in England, as well as in the London Zoological Gardens. Its native food is a coarse, wiry grass, but the experiments at Woburn Abbey and the London Zoo show that it thrives on anything that ordinary cattle will eat. The country along the north shore of Lake Superior around Thunder Bay would be a veritable paradise for herds of yaks.

Long-Distance Running.

A very plucky attempt to lower the record for the run between Hamilton and Toronto was made a few days ago by Frank Murphy, a young runner of the West-end Y. M. C. A., Toronto. The boy—for he is nothing more—failed to lower the record, but he came close enough to it to justify high hopes being held for his future performances. He showed all kinds of grit and endurance, plugging along alone through the mud, with no one to rub him down, so that he was afraid to stop lest his legs should stiffen up on him. But it seems too bad that he should have tackled anything so arduous. A run of this sort is almost too much for a full-matured and carefully-trained runner, and for a slight boy like Murphy is nothing short of dangerous. At the same time it does not seem to have had any serious consequences, because he was down to work bright and early next day, and complained of nothing but a little stiffness about the hips.—Toronto Saturday Night.

The Bishop's Amazement

The Bishop of London, preaching a farewell sermon on the occasion of the departure of Rev. H. S. Woollcomb, who is touring the colonies for three years in behalf of the Church of England Missionary Society, said there was nothing so touching as the longing which their country people of the colonies and the United States had for some living link, some living touch, with the mother country, especially the mother church. He was astonished at his own reception in Canada.

Newspapers by Wireless.

The new long-distance Marconi apparatus is being installed in the Allan Line's turbine steamers Victorian and Virginian, and the passengers to and from Canada will thus be kept in touch throughout the voyage with the most important events happening all over the world. At the close of every day the news thus received will be collected and printed in the form of a newspaper, which is to bear the title of the "Allan Line Daily News."

Cost of the Kinrade Case.

Although no official figures are given out it is learned at the Attorney-General's Department that the cost to the province of the Kinrade case has been, so far, about $9,000, and this sum is not by any means the final total.

The expenses of the case have been unusually heavy; the detective agencies' bills alone being a big feature. It will not be known for some time just what the total cost will be.

CANADA'S NEW PRIMATE

ARCHBISHOP MATHESON IS AN ALL-ROUND MAN.

Big Westerner Who Succeeds Archbishop Sweatman as Head of the Anglican Church Is a Man Who Has Accomplished Many Things—Is Scholar, Orator, Teacher and Administrator.

Rarely indeed has a church or any organization more cause to rejoice over the selection of a worthy head as the Church of England in Canada has over the election of Dr. Matheson, Archbishop of Rupert's Land, as Primate. With nearly every man who comes, partly by ability and partly by seniority, into the leadership of a conservative religious body there is some "but" in his qualifications. "He is a good administrator, but he cannot preach." Or "he is a deep scholar, but he has not the faintest idea of business." In the case of Archbishop Matheson, however, there are no such modifications and qualifications.

He is a big man, standing about six feet in height and well filled out. He

ARCHBISHOP MATHESON.

has a resonant and sympathetic voice and immense lung power. In the times when he has preached in railway stations and dining-halls and school houses, and led the singing, this has been of immense advantage to him, as it is now in filling with ease the cathedrals and big churches in which he is often called upon to officiate. Everything about him gives the idea of power. He does not lack power in mind or body or heart. Big calls have been made upon all, and all have been met.

Take him as the scholar, the preacher, the administrator. As a scholar he has the rare quality of being able not only to acquire knowledge but to impart it to others. More than that he has the power to inspire men. As headmaster of St. John's College School, and later warden of St. John's College in Winnipeg, Dr. Matheson had under his training many of the men who are now the young leaders in Western Canada. What he was able to do in those days of small numbers and meagre equipment shows the grip that he can secure on the imagination of men.

As a preacher he has the impelling quality of genuineness. Every listener feels that he never says anything that he does not believe as positively as he believes in his own existence. The listener feels that if he does not believe in a thing he does not say it. He reads his sermons. He preaches them over a dozen times, perhaps twenty times. Yet he preaches them every time and makes every word live. The peculiarity that he possesses is that he is able to read his sermons and at the same time look over his audience, sending his words home with the glance of his eye. Dr. Matheson's penetrating, recognizing, convincing eye would be worth a great deal to any young preacher. It is an eye which for instance, says to the listener: "Yes, I know you, Tom Jones. You were one of my boys at St. John's, and this particular truth is for you." As he preaches he looks over his audience, bringing every hearer into personal touch. He preaches good sound sermons as to matter, delivers them with a magnificent voice, and makes the personal application with his glance.

Brought up on a farm, and a hard worker with hard facts all his life, Dr. Matheson is about the most practical man in Western Canada. The man who should attempt to palm off a poor building or a broken-winded horse or a bad quarter section on the archbishop, because he happens to be a preacher, would be a most astonished individual when he came to himself. For sheer hard-headed common-sense there are few men like him. His skill in making small funds do great work shows that if he had been a merchant he would have been a man among the leaders.

Canadian Railway Earnings.

Mr. I. G. Ogden, fourth vice-president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, says of the commercial situation and the railways that there is plenty of blue sky ahead, and that business conditions are looking promising all over. The earnings of all the large railways are increasing, which is evidence of larger movement of merchandise generally. To meet the demands of its growing business at Montreal the Canadian Pacific has decided to proceed with enlargements that will double its facilities for handling passengers at the Windsor Station. It has also bought property for the extension of its freight yards in the East End.

The English Language.

"Mamma, if I had a hat before I had this one it's all right to say that's the hat I had had, isn't it?"

"Certainly, Johnny."

"And if that hat once had a hole in it and I had it mended I could say it had had a hole in it, couldn't I?"

"Yes, there would be nothing incorrect in that."

"Then it'd be good English to say that the hat I had had had had a hole in it, wouldn't it?"

PROTECTING WOOD BUFFALO.

Effort Is Being Made to Save Last Remaining Species.

Numerous complaints have come in from time to time from the Far North that the wood buffalo, the only wild specimens on the North American continent, are being killed by Indians and by timber wolves. The taking or killing of these animals is prohibited by the Dominion Government, who realizing the depredations likely to be committed by wolves if the latter are allowed to become too numerous in the buffalo country, have offered a bounty of $20 for each timber wolf pelt. Strange to say, this generous amount has not had by any means the result expected of bringing in increased quantities of wolf skins by the Indians, a reason for which is offered by Supt. Routledge in his report. Supt. Routledge was last year sent out from the Mounted Police headquarters with instructions to investigate thoroughly the reports of depletion of the herd, and to take the necessary action to punish the offenders.

He left Fort Saskatchewan on Feb. 2 and reached Smith's Landing on March 1st. He made a careful investigation, but could not find that any buffalo had been slaughtered in the past two years. He visited the grazing grounds, and saw numerous buffalo, besides many tracks. Sergt. Field patrolled the country in a different direction, and found traces of a large herd, which he estimated at 100, but was not able to come up with them. He saw the tracks of many wolves. Sergt. McLeod also patrolled the west side of the grazing grounds, but saw no buffalo, nor could he find that any had been killed. He, as well as Sergt. Field, reported wolves very numerous.

Supt. Routledge's report and recommendations are as follows: "The adequate protection of the remnant of the far northern herds is an important matter. The laws at present on the statute book, and the wolf bounties are steps in that direction, but, when the remoteness of the grazing district is considered, the ravages by timber wolves, and the fact that small native settlements are situated at out of the way places along the waterways surrounding the grazing lands on three sides, miles from principal centres, and that in several instances during the past ten years Indians have been punished by fine for killing buffalo it will be seen that more direct supervision is necessary.

"During my stay at Smith's Landing I was unable to obtain evidence of the Indians at those places having killed buffalo during the past two years and that they have done so during the years immediately preceding that period was a matter of suspicion only. Traders and others who understand the Indian character stated that had such taken place they would likely have heard of it.

"Timber wolves are numerous, as the many tracks observed in the Upper Slave country south of Smith's Landing, and the animals seen by my party west of Salt river, serve to show, and they undoubtedly destroy many calves and young buffalo.

"The Indians stated that it is next to impossible to trap the wolves, the brutes being so wary that it is difficult to get at them with a rifle; and the results following the application of strychnine would be too serious in a game and fur country to permit its use except under very careful supervision.

"The buffalo appear to move about in small bands, and it is therefore impossible to arrive at a correct estimate of the number; but from all I could learn, I would judge there are between 250 and 300 head."

The Coroner's Authority.

In connection with the Kinrade inquest, which has puzzled the public in the courts, it is worth while recalling that the coroner, whose powers are historic and wider than those of a judge, has been a popular subject for criticism for a thousand years. If any one will take the trouble to turn up his Shakespeare he will find at the opening of the graveyard episode, Act V., Scene I., of "Hamlet," when the clowns are digging the grave of Ophelia, that the first questions the right of the unfortunate girl to christian burial, and the second replies:

"I tell thee she is * * * the coroner hath set on her, and finds it christian burial."

And finally after much chop logic between the two about Ophelia's suicide, the second clown winds up with the proverbial jibe against coroners: "Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out of christian burial."

The Pine Tree's Secret.

The pine tree lifted his proud head high,
While the frolicking winds went trooping by—
The boisterous winds that high and low
Had tramped that morning over the snow.
They had climbed to the top of the bleak round hills,
Had loitered to jeer at the captive rills.
"Oh, ho!" they cried to the pine tree old.
"We can guess, we can guess what your great arms hold!
They are empty nests, far away on wing
The nestlings have flown where the south winds sing."
The pine tree sighed—he had grown so wise
From the old white owl with the blinking eyes—
The pine tree sighed, but he whispered low
To the sunbeams merry that danced below
A secret we, who are friends, may know.
The winds went on with rollicking snout.
They scattered the brown little leaves about,
And they never knew, nor do to this day,
What the faithful pine kept hidden away.
But the sunbeams merry, he welcomed them all
They climbed, with never a fear or fall,
Higher and higher, where, lo, on his breast
The brave old pine held a warm, round nest.
The sunbeams smiled as he gave them a peep.
Three small flying squirrels fast asleep!
Round and fuzzy and puffy and gray,
While mamma squirrel had flown away
On her funny flat wings from tree to tree
To bring some nuts to her babies three.
The winds heard only the pine tree's sigh,
But we know him better, you and I.

IN THE WOOLLY DAYS

COL. STEELE TELLS OF EARLY TIMES IN THE WEST.

When Beyond the Great Lakes Was a Wild, Lawless Country and Whites and Reds Were In Constant Conflict — Traders Supplied Indians With Whisky — Mounted Police Finally Ends Traffic In Firewater.

"It is erroneous," said Col. Steele, when addressing the Canadian Club of Winnipeg the other day, "to suppose that Canada never had a wild and woolly West"; and then he proceeded to recount a few facts that showed that there was a time, not so many years ago, when Canada beyond the Great Lakes was largely a lawless land where human life was little valued, and men, both red and white, were ever ready to raise their hands against their fellows. That this reign of anarchy was brought to a close before permanent settlement on anything like a large scale was established on the prairies, stands to the credit of the Government of Canada in a general way, but specially to that worthy band of horsemen, the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, who prepared the way for the coming of the farmer and rancher, and made law a real thing throughout the Canadian West.

Before the coming of the police one of the principal causes of lawlessness on the plains was the presence of rascally whisky-traders who came up from the still more lawless American West, and establishing themselves in substantial log forts, debauched the Indians with liquor, then robbed them, and often murdered them too, as they saw fit.

One of the most notorious of these centres of evil was "Whoop-Up" or Fort Hamilton, situated at the fork of the St. Mary's and the Belly rivers, but a few miles southwest of when the town of Lethbridge now stands in Southern Alberta. This whisky fort was well stockaded, and well supplied with muskets and a cannon. Through a hole in the wall a drink of whisky could be bought for a buffalo robe, and after having made the Indians drunk it was no uncommon thing for the vile garrison to "pot" the reeling savages outside. After a time other traders came up who sold the Indians other things besides whisky, among them being rifles and ammunition. This, of course, the whisky-traders did not like, and so they organized a semi-military force known as the "Spitsee Cavalry," from the Spitsee river in Alberta, and drove out the legitimate traders.

Another centre of crime was the Drunken Lakes, near the site of the present city of Edmonton, where, said Col. Steele, "massacre and bloodshed had once reigned supreme."

Because the Indians now live for the most part peaceably on their reserves it is a mistake to suppose that they showed any similar disposition in the early years of western history. Our western Indians now have a pretty good name, but what they are capable of doing, even after years of contact with some degree of civilization, was shown at the outbreak of the uprising of 1885, when they began operations by the Frog Lake massacre. In the early times the Crees and the Blackfeet were almost continually at war in the neighborhood of Edmonton, and whenever members of the two tribes met there was sure to be bloodshed. Col. Steele related that the first time he went to Edmonton, he slept in a room on whose floor and walls were still the bloodstains of a Blackfeet chief murdered there two years before.

One of the most notorious of the chiefs of that time was Piapot, one of whose blackest deeds was a massacre of old men, women and children of a rival tribe. That bloody day's work was enacted near where Lethbridge now stands.

But in due time Piapot met more than his match in Jerry Potts, a Scotch half-breed, who with his followers, inflicted great loss on Piapot's band, Potts alone, it is said, scalping nineteen Indians. In later life the terrible Potts became a capable and trusted interpreter.

All this time the diabolical whisky-traders were plying their traffic. They often had battles with the Indians, and on one occasion, among the Cypress Hills, they massacred an entire tribe.

When news of this wholesome villany reached the East it roused the Canadian Government and the British authorities too; and the taking over of the country by the former was greatly hastened.

Col. Steele passed on in his address to the formation of the Mounted Police. He went West with the first division, which traveled from Lake Superior by the Dawson road to Manitoba. The second division, under Lt.-Col. French, now Major Gen. Sir George French, arrived by way of the States in 1874. The force then proceeded westward. One division, under Lieut.-Col. Jarvis, left the main body at Roche Percee, and proceeded to Edmonton, reaching there late in the autumn. The main body marched across the prairies to Southern Alberta, and back to Dufferin, where it went into winter quarters. This force, led by Lieut.-Col. French, covered 1,959 miles, the longest march on record of a force carrying its own supplies.

A special force was detached from the main body when in Alberta, and placed in charge of Lieut.-Col. Macleod. With the notorious Jerry Potts as guide it proceeded to the whisky fort, Whoop-Up, which was captured without a fight. The liquor was destroyed, and the buffalo robes found there confiscated.

The Indians turned out in large numbers to welcome the force, and witness the downfall of their ancient enemies, the whisky-traders. At last they knew that the Queen, the great White Mother, would protect her red children.

In England scarlet liveries are the King's exclusive privilege.

Big Clown and Little Clown.

By TEMPLE BAILEY.

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He was big and burly, a figure in his fantastic dress to make all the little boys giggle and the little girls stare, half frightened.

That was when he was in the ring. But when he was clothed in the ordinary garb of a citizen he was simply a fresh faced boy who could stroll along the village streets without attracting unusual attention.

He liked the little villages where the circus stayed for a day or two and then moved on languidly down dusty roads to the next stopping place.

"Some time," he said to the little clown, "I'd just like to stay behind in one of these little towns and turn farmer and stop being funny for awhile."

The little clown was a woman. When she was dressed for the ring she wore infantile clothes, with a blue sash, and carried a big stick of red striped candy, and all the little girls and boys would almost go into convulsions of laughter when she shook her rattle at them.

"I know," said the little clown, "how you feel. Sometimes I think it would be nice to have a little house and make bread and put the week's wash out on the green grass and have a cat and a fireplace"—

Her voice trailed off dreamily.

The big clown looked down at her. "I've been funny all my life," he said. "When I wasn't anything but a baby my father used to take me in the ring with him. He was a clown, too, and I've just grown up to it."

The little clown nodded sympathetically. "Most of us grow up to it," she said, "and then somehow we can't get away."

The big clown stood up. It was time for him to go into the ring. He twirled his pointed hat in his hand and then put it on. "I am going to get away from it," he said. "I want a home and neighbors. I'd like to be a sheriff in some town or mayor or on the school board"— He smiled till the thick white paint on his face was folded into deep creases.

Then he was off to the ring, and the little clown turned her attention to the contortionist, who was in shining iridescent green like a snake.

"I wish you wouldn't pay so much attention to the big clown," the contortionist told her. "I can't ever get a minute with you."

The little clown looked at him with eyes that went beyond him through the door of the tent to where the apple trees were flinging up pink branches to a sapphire sky.

"Did you ever see anything so pretty?" she asked, and pointed to it.

But the contortionist had no eyes for apple trees. "I have never seen anything so pretty as you are," he said, "and if you will stop this clown business and marry me I will put you in an act that will give you a chance to show people how good looking you are. You could wear white and your hair in yellow ringlets down your back and a gold crown. And I'd put on red with horns, and we'd give an angel and devil act."

The little clown leaned forward eagerly. "I have always wanted to do something like that," she said. "I've wanted to have an act that would make people do something besides giggle, and I ought to get pretty good pay."

"Well, I should say," the contortionist bragged. "I get bigger pay now than any one in the show, and you'd just about double it after I had taught you what to do. It would be swell business."

"Yes," said the little clown, "it would."

And when the contortionist had gone the little clown sought the bearded lady.

"Which would you rather do," she demanded, "have a little house in a country town, with a fireplace and a cat and a husband that people looked up to, or would you rather be a headliner in the circus business?"

Now, the bearded lady, in spite of her masculine appearance, was a wise woman and a sympathetic one. "I'd rather be the wife of the man I loved," she told the little clown, "whether he was in a country village or the circus. It isn't the place that makes us happy; it's the man."

The little clown nodded her head. "But I'm not sure," she began, and then the bearded lady said, "Well, be sure before you decide."

"How am I going to know?" questioned the little clown.

"You'll know when the time comes," said the bearded lady sensibly. And after the little clown had gone away the bearded lady sat and thought and thought, and when the performance was over she sent for the big clown.

"So you love the little clown?" she said.

"How did you know?" he demanded.

"Everybody knows," the bearded lady told him. "You can't hide it."

"Well, I do love her," the big clown confessed, "and I want to take her away from all this and live in a little house in a little town and have chickens and a cow"—

"The little clown wants a fireplace and a cat," smiled the bearded lady, "but it all amounts to the same thing."

"Did she tell you?" the big clown asked eagerly.

"Yes," said the bearded lady, "but she is not sure that she loves you, and it's up to you to make her sure."

"But how?" demanded the big clown.

"Leave the show," was the sage advice, "at the next village and see how she takes it."

So the next night when the lights were out in the big tent and the tired performers were packing their belongings into trunks and bags the big clown came to the little clown and said, "Goodby."

"But—but," the little clown stammered, "I don't want you to go!"

"I am going to settle down," the big clown told her, "and have a little house with a fireplace and a cat."

The little clown caught her breath quickly. "And who's going to keep house for you?" she asked wistfully.

"I shall live alone"—the big clown's voice had a note of pathos. "There is only one woman that I should care to have sit in front of that fireplace, and she values fame and fortune more than she values love."

"What makes you think that?" cried the little clown, and just then the contortionist came in. He wore a long fawn ulster and a high hat.

"My automobile is outside," he said to the little clown, "and I have asked the bearded lady to ride with us to the next village. It is much more pleasant than to go in the vans."

"Thank you very much," said the little clown, and held out her hand to the big clown.

"I hope you'll be very happy—all alone in your big house," she said to the big clown, "with your chickens and your cow—and your fireplace and your cat"— Her voice broke, and she ran out of the tent.

The big clown took a step forward, but the bearded lady stopped him.

"Let her alone," she said quietly, "Let her alone."

And presently the big machine whizzed away, and the big clown was left alone beneath the stars of the spring night.

He sat down on his trunk in the middle of the deserted ring and planned how on the morrow he would get his money out of the bank and build a house and begin a new life as a substantial citizen.

But all the joy had gone strangely out of his plans when he could not see the face of the little clown at his table or her slender figure in the big chair in front of the fireplace.

And even while he yearned for her she came to him, running over the sawdust silently, so that he did not know she was there until her arms were about his neck.

"I made him let me out," she sobbed. "Oh, I hate him! He is so sure of himself and of me. And the bearded lady got out, too, and she is coming to play propriety, only she is so much slower than I am. And I want to live in a little house with you and have chickens and a cow"—

"And a fireplace and a cat." The big clown had her in his arms, and there was deep joy in his voice.

"And you shall be the mayor some day," planned the little clown.

"And you shall make bread and hang your clothes on the grass," laughed the big clown.

"And you'll both live happy ever after," prophesied the bearded lady, who just then came up, panting, and gave them her blessing like a very hairy godmother.

The Head of the House.

The baby was ill, and the doctor ordered that he be taken to the sea. This involved the closing of the house until the little one should be well enough to return. After the wife had secured hotel accommodations by the long distance telephone the man of the house went to his room and slowly and thoughtfully spread the entire contents of his wardrobe upon his bed, that they might be convenient for his wife to pack.

He stood surveying them, deep in meditation, when his wife came into the room and began to speak to him.

He raised his hand rebukingly. "Don't talk to me now, Susie, don't talk to me! I have a great deal on my mind. If we are going to the seashore day after tomorrow there are many things to be done, and I must plan."

His wife, who had already telephoned the butcher, milkman, baker, grocer, expressman and ticket office and given the maid a month's vacation and arranged with a relative for the care of the dog, gazed at him in silence.

"A great deal on my mind," he repeated. Then the interrogative nature of his wife's silence forced him to explain.

"You see," he said, "I have got to put a nail in the cellar window and stop the newspaper."—Youth's Companion.

A Painter Who Was a Musician.

Those painters who also have the feeling and some of the proficiency of a musician reveal it in their work. They are usually colorists, with more eye for the colors and tones of nature than her shapes and forms. Such a one was Corot. He had a good tenor voice and played on the violin. He sang at his work, and sang, too, when he was not painting, but wandering through the forest of Fontainebleau or around the village of Ville d'Avray, absorbing the beauty of the scene and storing up impressions for future pictures. In fact, his whole long life of seventy-nine years was to Le Pere Corot, as his friends loved to call him, a song. And one feels it in his pictures, at least in his later ones, by which he is best known. Their coloring is subdued, like a lullaby or waking song, for it was the dawn or twilight that he preferred to paint. It vibrates with the hum of melody, and here and there is an accent of effect that trembles like the string of his violin.

Corot's long life was a remarkable instance of a man being able to continue to the end the springtime of his youth.—Circle Magazine.

WINNIPEG MAN CURED OF RHEUMATISM

Remarkable Case of Cure After Specialists Failed.

Winnipeg, Man.—A prominent resident of this City, who for personal reasons does not wish his name mentioned publicly, but who permits us to show his letter to interested enquirers, writes to say that he was suddenly taken with excruciating pains in the back and side, which were pronounced by his physicians as Rheumatism. Hot applications were at once resorted to, the usual medicines administered, supplemented by electrical treatment, but all to no purpose. In his desperation he took Gin Pills on his own account, and in a few hours after taking the first Pill the pains commenced to subside. He continued taking them and in 48 hours he had not an ache or a pain left.

Gin Pills are sold at 50c a box—6 for $2.50. Send to us if your dealer does not handle them.

Dept. N.U., National Drug & Chemical Co., Limited, Toronto. 116

A BLIND ARTIST.

Sightless Painter's Work Shown at an International Congress.

There used to be a saying among the friends of the blind that "a blind man can do anything but paint a picture," but since Miss Winifred Holt came back from the international congress for the blind, held recently in England, it has fallen into disuse, for a sightless Russian has demonstrated that a blind man can paint a picture, and his work was shown at the international congress.

Miss Holt told of it at the last meeting of the Blind Men's Improvement club in New York city. The blind artist keeps each of his colors in a separate box, and each box is marked with characters which to his touch spell the name of the color the box contains.

As might be expected, he is an impressionist. He knows that trees and grass are green and sky is blue and clouds are white, so he lays on his green and blue and white in generous patches, like any other impressionist, and the result is a picture.

"It wasn't a very good picture," said Miss Holt, who is herself a sculptress and may be supposed to have a critical taste, "but it was neither better nor worse than a great many other pictures that are sold right here in New York."

Another feat which was reported to the congress of the blind was the saving of two lives by a pair of blind English boys last year. Two sighted persons were drowning when the blind lads heard their cries for help, swam to them and got them safe ashore.—New York Sun.

Result of Poor Writing.

The Duke of Wellington, through misreading a badly written letter, made a ludicrous blunder. This letter was written by C. J. London, a botanical author, who wrote to the duke requesting the privilege of seeing his beautiful beeches. The duke misread the signature for that of C. J. Bloomfield, bishop of London, and wrote in reply: "My lord, I shall always be glad to see you at Strattofieldsaye, and my servant shall show you as many pairs of my breeches as you may choose to inspect. But what you want to see them for is quite beyond me."—Exchange.

An Easy One.

"You imagine you know a lot about Biblical things," said the scoffer. "Suppose you tell me who Cain's wife was."

"That's easy," rejoined the old deacon. "She was Adam's daughter-in-law."—Detroit Free Press.

The Nerves Not Understood

By most people and by many doctors—Hence their treatments fail.

The best authorities now agree that restorative treatment such as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is the only rational and successful means of cure.

It is not so very many years since diseases of the nerves were attributed to the presence of evil spirits and more recently sufferers from nervous derangements have been told that they only imagine they are sick.

When Dr. Chase's Nerve Food was first put upon the market as the only natural and effective method of curing derangements arising from exhausted nerves it was considered almost revolutionary, but its success was remarkable from the start, many who used it being cured of such severe forms of nervous trouble as locomotor ataxia and partial paralysis.

Now the very best authorities claim as did Dr. Chase that the only way to cure diseases of the nerves is to make the blood rich, red and nutritious and to build up the wasted nerve cells by such treatment as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Mrs. W. R. Sutherland, St. Andrews, Man., writes: "In 1903 I was stricken with paralysis, fell helplessly to the floor and had to be carried to bed. The doctors pronounced it a bad case as I had no power in my tongue and left leg. For six months I lay in that condition without benefit from the doctors' prescriptions. My husband advised me to try Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and by use of this treatment all the symptoms disappeared. I can now talk plainly, my leg is all right and I can do all my own housework. I am grateful to be cured by so wonderful a remedy."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for $2.50, at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

THE NUMBER THIRTEEN.

Time Was When It Used to Be Considered Lucky.

Abstract science has done much in brushing away the cobwebs of popular superstition, and abstract science establishes the fact that thirteen in ancient times had quite a different meaning from the thirteen of today. Oriental people found in thirteen something divine and hence something good. Thus it is in the folklore of the Persians, the Indians and Hindoos.

Old Testament Jews were of the same opinion, as Biblical students well know. Thirteen cities were especially dedicated to the priestly tribe; thirteen high priests descended from Aaron; thirteen kings sat in the high council of the ancients; on the 13th day of the month Nisan the preparations for Passover began, and the holy incense consisted of thirteen different odors.

It is well known that all the nations of the old world were in more or less intellectual rapport. The ideas of one tribe descended to the other. But it is certainly interesting to learn that the figure 13 had its sacred and divine meaning also in America of yore among the long since extinct tribes of the Incas and the Aztecs. The inhabitants of Peru counted seven days without any particular name in the week. Their year had seven times fifty-two days, or four times thirteen weeks. The father was compelled to support his illegitimate child to the thirteenth year. The Aztecs had weeks of thirteen days, each with a special name. Their century had fifty-two years, or four times thirteen. Their public archives were of circular form, with a sun in the center of each of the thirteen parts, and thirteen were their tribes.

THE HUMAN HAND.

Its Relation to the True Education of the Young.

No animal or bird can endure the extremes of climate like man or is at home in so many different parts of the world. A dog, it is true, will follow man anywhere, but only when food and shelter are provided. Nor can any other creature subsist on such a variety of food as man can digest. He flourishes on roots, herbs, grubs, insects, fruits or fish, on which flesh eating animals would starve, or he is equally pleased with animal and bird flesh on which herbivorous animals would starve. He can pick nuts with the monkey, catch fish with the otter, dig roots with the wild pig, eat ants' eggs with the ant eater and grasshoppers with the snake.

And all this is due to man's hand. Because his hand could grasp a stone or a club man rose on his hind legs and walked and talked. His hand is the most wonderful of all tools. It twists like a monkey wrench, hangs on like a grappling hook, cracks like a nutcracker, picks like tweezers, tears like forceps, grubs like a gopher.

This brings us to the first great lesson of health and common sense. Man owes all to his hand. Train the child's hand, then answer the questions that the brain, which the hand builds, will ask, and you have true education—education at its best. Give children every kind of hand work that their play instincts call for—and their play instincts are the deepest and most useful in their nature—and then brain development will follow as naturally as the night follows day.—San Francisco Chronicle.

It Gets the Criminals.

According to the Chinese method of criminal prosecution, a man is responsible for the crime he may have committed personally, but if he chooses to escape justice by running away from the place where the deed was committed then the remaining members of his immediate family are held and punished in lieu of the real culprit. This may seem a strange way of attracting the real criminal back to the scene of his crime, but it appeals to the religious side of the man's superstitious nature. According to their religion, the man who forsakes his parents when in peril will find his soul sailing around through hades without chart or compass for all eternity. In view of this, compliance with the law is very prompt, for John Chinaman does not care to take the desperate chance.

He Explains.

"Why is it, professor," asked the young man with the bad eye, "that when Christopher Columbus discovered this country he didn't settle down and stay here?"

"Doubtless you are aware, my young friend," answered the professor, "that the Spanish form of his name was Cristoval Colon?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, a colon does not mean a full stop. We will return now, young gentlemen, to the consideration of the lesson."—Exchange.

Make Friends.

There is nothing so healthy as plenty of human nature about one, young, old and middle aged. When we stay at home too much or associate entirely with a very limited circle we lose the proper sense of perspective. The few individuals whom we like assume giant proportions in our thoughts and the rest of the world recedes.

Persona Grata.

The Old Bulldog—They're going to chain us up on Sunday nights now. The Young Bulldog—How's that, governor? The Old Bulldog—The new feller that's started calling on Miss Mamie has got money.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Let Fortune come under what haggard form she may, they hug her in their arms and swear she is a beauty. —Le Sage.

PERFECT FLIERS.

Eagles, Vultures and Similar Birds Are In This Class.

It is a fact that those ingenious and daring minds that devote themselves to the solution of the problem of aviation have given no small part of their preliminary study to considering the manner of flight of birds.

A strange result of this investigation is the conclusion, now generally indorsed, that, as a whole, the bird world is not to be regarded as perfect in its attainment of flight. For instance, it is contended by the best authorities that all birds obliged continually to flap their wings—and in this category may be mentioned sparrows, finches, thrushes, crows, etc.—are still in an imperfect stage of advancement.

In the next class, as being a degree advanced, are put such birds as pigeons, swallows, etc., which are able to dart ahead for a space after they have gained a good start by the vigorous flapping of their pinions.

In the third class the birds that may be said to be perfect fliers are the eagles, vultures, albatrosses and similar big birds possessing the ability to rise and fall and sway and soar in the air indefinitely without a perceptible movement of their wings. It is, of course, known to every person of an observant turn that these big fowl are able to soar into the air gradually until at last they disappear from the eye of the watcher, it being almost impossible to detect any movement beyond a slight occasional motion of the tail.—New York Tribune.

A QUICK CHANGE.

From the Desire For Comfort to the Craze For Speed.

Mr. Newcar (about to start on his first trip in his recently purchased motor car, to his chauffeur)—Now, William, I want it thoroughly understood I will not have fast driving. Always keep well under the legal limit—not as close to it as you can. Ten miles an hour is fast enough for me. What I want is comfort, not excitement. Do you understand?

Three days later. "Er—er—William, I must be back to the house by 7 o'clock. This road seems very straight and wide. Don't you think you might go just a little faster without danger?"

Two days later. "William, this dust is very unpleasant. If you could pass that car ahead—it seems to be going rather slowly."

Next day. "Put on a little more speed, William. There's no use in being a crank. This road is too good to lose the chance."

A week later. "Open her up, William! There are no police within five miles, I'll bet, and if there are who cares? I'm out for fun! Let her zip! Let her zip! This is no steam roller! Let's have some speed!"—Life.

Monkey and Goat.

Monkeys are more renowned for mischief than for kindness, but even monkeys can be benevolent. M. Mouton records the doings of one in Guadeloupe that surely seemed to merit that reputation. This monkey had a friend in a goat that went daily to the pasture. Every night the monkey would pick out the burs and thorns, sometimes to the number of 2,000 or 3,000, from the goat's fleece, in order that the animal might lie down in peace. On coming in from the pasture the goat regularly went in search of his light handed friend and submitted himself to the operation. Strange to say, the tricky instincts of the monkey reasserted themselves after the pricks were removed. He would tease the poor goat unmercifully, plucking his beard, poking him in the eyes and pulling out his hairs. The goat bore it all with patience, perhaps regarding it as only a fair price to be paid for the removal of the thorns.—London Standard.

The Ruling Passion.

His clothes said he was a tramp, but his brow was high and his manner grand. "Madam, may I request the favor of a pair of your husband's castoff trousers? These are somewhat passe." This, with a sweep of a tattered hat, brought results in the shape of a pair of hubby's oldest, which were just about two degrees better than those the tramp was wearing. After a critical survey of his acquisition, instead of the polite words of thanks the good woman was waiting for, the tramp volunteered, with a deep, long drawn sigh of regret, "Madam, I see your husband discards from weakness."—Puck.

Mission of Pain.

Although looked upon as an evil, pain is kind. It tells that the laws of nature have been violated and warns us to correct the cause. If it were not for pain we would go on doing things that would destroy us. Pain is a warning that something is wrong, and instead of trying to hush the pain with some drug we should seek to remove the cause.

In a Different Class.

"I hear, Mike, that your wife has gone into society. Has she become a clubwoman yet?"

"Indade an' she has not got into that class. She still uses a flatiron, sor."—New York Times.

It Would Make a Difference.

Teacher—Now, boys, here's a little example in mental arithmetic. How old would a person be who was born in 1875? Pupil—Please, teacher, was it a man or a woman?—Boston Transcript.

To recall benefits we have bestowed shows want of tact; to forget those bestowed on us shows want of heart.—Richter.

FORTIFIED AT FIFTY

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Bring Health and Strength to Women at a Critical Time.

Few women reach the age of fifty without enduring much suffering and anxiety. Between the years of forty-five and fifty health becomes fickle, and acute weaknesses arise with rheumatic attacks, pains in the back and sides, frequent headaches, nervous ailments and depression of spirits.

The secret of good health between forty-five and fifty depends upon the blood supply. If it is kept rich, red and pure, good health will be the result, and women will pass this critical stage in safety. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills help women of mature years as no other medicine can, for they make the rich, red blood that means good health, and brings relief from suffering. Mrs. C. Donavon Newcastle, N. B., says: "About two years ago I was greatly run down and very miserable. I did not know what was wrong with me. I was hardly able to drag myself about, had severe headaches and no appetite. I felt so wretched that I hardly cared whether I lived or not. I had often read of what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had done for others and I decided to try them, and I can now truthfully say I found them all they are recommended to be. Under their use my health gradually came back: I could eat better, sleep better and felt stronger in every way, and before long I was enjoying as good health as ever I had done."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the trouble in the blood. They actually make new blood. That is why they cure such troubles as rheumatism, neuralgia, indigestion, kidney troubles, headaches, sideaches and backaches, and the ailments of growing girls and women of mature years. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Rights of Man

"Every man has a right to his own opinions," rejoined the demoralizer, with a sigh both broad and long, "and if he is a married man he has a right to keep them under cover."

$100 Reward, $100.

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

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

Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

When a man treats his wife with more consideration than usual she begins to wonder if he isn't trying to square himself.

A Pill that Proves its Value.—Those of weak stomach will find strength in Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, because they serve to maintain the healthful action of the stomach and the liver, irregularities in which are most distressing. Dyspeptics are well acquainted with them and value them at their proper worth. They have afforded relief when other preparations have failed, and have effected cures in ailments of long standing where other medicines were found unavailing.

One Exception

"You must learn to trust your fellowmen," said the professional optimist.

"There's no use in talking that way to me," answered the worried looking citizen. "I'm in the grocery business."

Minard's Liniment, Lumberman's Friend.

Not All Gone

Fred—My dear Dora, let this thought console you for your lover's death. Remember that other and better men than he have gone the same way.

Bereaved One—They haven' all gone, have they?

There Was a Difference

"Who teaches you at school, Nora?"

"Miss Brown."

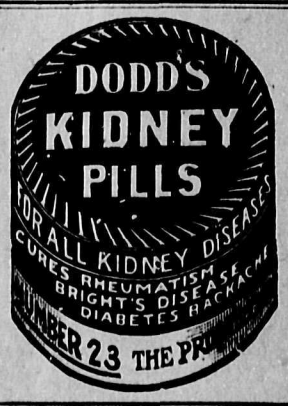
"And who teaches you at Sunday school?"

"Miss Brown—with a hat on."

Time to Leave

Father (who is always trying to teach his son how to act while at the table)—Well, John, you see, when I have finished eating I always leave the table.

John—Yes, sir, and that is about all you do leave.



THE MICHEL REPORTER
NEW MICHEL, B. C.

GEORGE G. MEIKLE, -- MANAGING-EDITOR

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

SUBSCRIPTION TWO DOLLARS A YEAR IN ADVANCE

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION

In and Around Town

Dr. Higgins of Hosmer was a visitor here yesterday.

John Angus Macdonald was in town on Wednesday.

B. F. Lester, of Hosmer, was here on Dominion Day.

The output of British Columbia mines in 1908, amounted to $23,851,277.

Bert Whimster, of Fernie, took in the celebration here on Dominion Day.

The citizens of New Michel are extremely grateful to the C.P.R. for the platform they have put in at Natal.

Some American flags that were flying at Lethbridge on Dominion Day were jerked down by Englishmen there.

We have received several letters relative to the Dominion Day celebration, but owing to lack of time and space have been unable to print them.

The appointment of John S. T. Alexander to be government agent, etc,, for Fernie, and stipendiary magistrate for the county of Kootenay, is announced in last weeks British Columbia Gazette.

Mike Smith has succeeded in growing a chicken with four legs. Just think of it, kids—four drumsticks. If he can only succeed as well with the toothsome turkey, there'll be enough to go around at Christmas.

F. R. Anderson, a popuiar real-estate man from Vancouver, has sold out his interest in the Alcombe Fraction in the south belt, Rossland, for a sum that would make the small boys eat ice cream at Kennedy's all summer.

There was trouble of a kind here on Thursday night. We saw one of the people who think they know things, in a deplorable condition of incapacity. He was trying the "retrograde progressive" movement and got left. Small blame when he had bucked up against Walker, Seagram, Dewar and Elk Valley.

Fernie had another fire on Wednesday that at one time threatened to repeat the calamity of August 1st last year, but fortunately the wind was in the wrong direction, and with the combined efforts of every private citizen along with the fire department, it was finally subdued, It occurred in the vicinity of the Park.

The West is certainly a country of varied resources. For years people have been rushing into the Western provinces to go farming or coal mining, and now we are on the verge of the development of gold and copper mines in Saskatchewan? Who can tell what the future has in store for this wonderful country.—Lethbridge Herald.

Seldom has there been such an opportunity for the people to get out and enjoy themselves as that afforded them on Dominion Day. Say, it was good to see the girls out in their Sunday best, and the boys in the best the world affords, and if we could candidly place the crowd, there wasn't anything that comes up Regent St., or down Broadway, that in appearance could eclipse them.

This is Dominion day, and as there are no celebrations in the Pass, the district will be pretty well depopulated, as a great number of people contemplate taking in the big time at Pincher or some other near by celebration.—Frank Paper.

Of course we may be mistaken, but we thought that here and Fernie were included in the Pass, and these towns gave big celebrations on Dominion Day, but perhaps our Frank cotem does not consider us in the Pass.

One Cent a Word

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

FOR SALE

SMITH-PREMIER TYPEWRITER. VISIBLE. H. F. Weber.

SUNDAY SERVICES

METHODIST CHURCH

MICHEL AND NEW MICHEL
SERVICES EVERY SUNDAY

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

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

Rev. S. Cook, Pastor.

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

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH

MICHEL, B. C.

Services—1st. Sunday in the month, Holy Communion, 11 a. m.
Every Sunday, Evensong, 7.30 p. m.
Sunday School, every Sunday, 2.30 p. m.
A. Briant N. Crowther, M. A., Vicar.

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

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

PHOTOGRAPHS
SOMERTON BROS.
Studio Now Open Over The Store

Sinclair the Tailor
Cleaning and Pressing,
Repairs and Alterations
Gent's and Ladies' Clothes.
No. 90, Over the Creek.

Business Bringers

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

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

ALL Kinds of Musical Instruments sold at Somerton Bro's.

WHO Sells the New Scale William's Piano? Somerton Bro's.

UNION SECRETARIES

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

BADGE OF HONOR
— THE —
TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION LABEL

The Summit

An Ideal Summer Resort
At Crow's Nest

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

Reasonable charges.

Andy Good, Proprietor

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

Rosedale Dairy
Open for business on May 15th.
Fresh Milk, Cream, Butter and Eggs Delivered daily to all parts of both towns.
A. C. MURRAY, : PROPRIETOR

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

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

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY
Excursion Rates

MICHEL TO SEATTLE
$26.40
Corresponding rates from other points.
Tickets on sale daily May 29th to Oct. 14th
Final return limit 15 days, but not later than Oct. 31.
For complete information apply to Agents, or write
J. E. PROCTOR, D. P. A., Calgary

Always to the Front

The only football game of the week in the league series was that between Coleman and Michel at Coleman Saturday, when Michel increased her lead in the race for the championship by defeating the home team 2-1

The game was very closely contested, and Coleman seemed to have the best of the play as the ball was mostly around Michel's goal, but the home team did not seem able to force it through except for the single score in the last half.

Wm. Frazer, a Coleman player had the misfortune to have a leg broken during the game.

Great interest centers in the game between Frank and Michel, to be played in Frank Saturday, and it is looked upon as perhaps the most important of the season, since, if Frank wins, the local team has a chance for the championship, while if Michel wins she will virtually have a cinch. Fernie and Coleman are scheduled to play the same day but owing to the intense interest in the Frank-Michel match it is likely that game will be postponed to enable the Coleman enthusiasts to come to Frank.

Following is the standing of the teams to date:

Teams	Won	Lost	Draw	Points
Michel	6	0	1	13
Fernie	3	1	4	10
Coal Creek	3	0	2	8
Frank	2	1	2	6
Bellevue	2	5	1	5
Coleman	2	4	0	4
Hosmer	0	4	0	0

—Frank Paper

Envelopes, printed, at this office.

Her Ladyship's WAIST

Just in. All New Styles. Fine White Lace.
Trimmed Lawns

Neat Lines. Peter Pans, New Designs

Success Collars for Men 2 for 25c.

WEBER
New Michel

Childrens Straws While they last .25c.

The Newspaper Guy

I see a man pushing his way through the lines
Of the cops where the work of the "fire fiend" shines.
"The chief?" I inquire—but a fireman replies:
"Oh no! Why that's one of those newspaper guys!"

I see a man walk through the door of a show,
Where great crowds are blocked by the sign "S. R. O."
"Is this man the star that no ticket he buys?"
"Star nothin'! He's one of these newspaper guys."

I see a man start on the trail of a crook,
And he scorns the police, but he brings him to book.
"Sherlock Holmes?" I inquire—but somebody cries,
"Sherlock H—! Naw, he's one of dese newspaper guys."

And some day I'll pass by the great "Gates of Gold,"
And see a man pass through unquestioned and bold.
"A saint?" I'll ask, and old Peter'll reply:
"No, he carries a pass—he's a newspaper guy."

The Coon Coon Coons

A troupe of coons occupied the boards at the Opera. House on Monday night. They called themselves the R. H. Douglas Coon Coon Coons, and the Lord help them if they ever stick their ugly mugs into Creston again. The troupe consisted of two he's and a she. We are only surprized that the victims who attended did not demand their money back. The "artistes" were punk, strictly punk. The vocalists had frog in the throat and hay fever, and the buck and wing dancer had one Methodist foot. Nearly every spasm was awarded cat-calls. Br'er editors, if this agregation hits your town, smite 'em before they get away with the dough. The manager asked us to give them a nice write up. Sure Mike! We know we are easy, but we are not quite so easy as all that.—Creston Review.

Greatest Selling Force

The only man whose business does not need advertising is the man who doesn't want to sell anything.

No matter what you are selling or how your business is carried on, or what conditions surround it, the right kind of advertising would be profitable to you. It may be difficult to discover just what kind of advertising you ought to do—but the difficulty of doing a thing right doesn't prove that the thing ought not to be done,

In answer to this, you say; "My business has been established for twenty years. I have have always sold goods without advertising and have made money; and I am selling them now and making money. Why should I advertise?"

Study the population and the growth of the locality see what competitors are doing, then look yourself straight in the face and answer this question: "Am I keeping up with the procession or not?"

Advertising not only creates business, but holds it.

If the world were at a standstill there would be no need of advertising, or much effort of any kind. But the swift current of life keeps moving and you must move with it all the time, or be left far behind.

Advertising is simply NEWS ABOUT YOUR GOODS. This being the case, it is a fair assumption that if your customers do not see any news from you for a long time, they will get into the habit, after a while, of thinking of you as some one they "used to know."

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

Thoroughly overhauled and now in first-class, comfortable shape.

Your patronage solicited.

Harry Ryan

STRIKE IS SETTLED

Many Men Back at Work and More Will be on Monday

The long drawn out strike is settled at last, and Canmore, Royal, Leitch, Hillcrest, Bellevue, Lille, Coleman and Hosmer miners are at work. It is an open shop agreement, and at least half a million dollars have been lost to the miners in the Pass. Frank Sherman's illness came at an opportune time, and as he was responsible for the great bulk of the trouble, the sympathy that ought to go out to him at this time is withheld on account of the prevalent idea that his apparent good intentions were not without selfish arrogance, and private reasons.