

MICHEL REPORTER

VOL. 1.

NEW MICHEL, BRITISH COLUMBIA, SATURDAY, AUG. 14, 1909.

NO. 46

Legacy Library Victoria

Hotel Michel

T. Crahan, Proprietor

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

Michel, - British Columbia

When You Go Hunting
Or on Your Vacation--

Take a Kodak WITH YOU

Our Assortment is Complete

Brownie's \$1 to \$10. Kodak's \$10 to \$50

"If it isn't an Eastman it isn't a Kodak."

Sole Agent for Eastman's Kodaks, Cameras and
Supplies

KENNEDY'S
DRUG AND BOOK STORE
NEW MICHEL

Imperial Bank of Canada

Head Office: TORONTO

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Capital Paid up \$5,000,000. Rest \$5,000,000

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

MICHEL BRANCH, T. B. BAKER, MANAGER.

41 Meat market Ltd 41

High-class Butchers

New Michel

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

The Store Where They Send What You Order

2 Deliveries Daily 2

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.

JUST ARRIVED!

"Cailler's Swiss Milk Chocolates"

Best on Earth.

Ice Cream, Fruit and Candies.

KING'S KITCHEN New Michel...

The Model Bakery NOW OPEN!

Bread, Cakes, Pies, Buns, Etc. Fresh Every Day

Driver will call for orders and deliver

The Model Bakery New Michel

NOW FOR BARGAINS

WE DON'T CARE anything about profit at this time of year,
but just to make a quick clearance of the balance of our Summer Goods
REGARDLESS OF COST

Fall Goods are arriving daily and we must have room for them
Thursday morning the procession begins and everyone may join it.
Come and look over our offerings, you don't have to buy.

Here are a few of the specials--every one a bargain:

500 YARDS

Ginghams, muslins, lawns, chambrays
and wash dress goods. All good pat-
terns and fast colors. Clearance price
.....10 cts. per yard

A SNAP

In Childrens gingham and print wash-
dresses. A wide range of patterns for
all ages, 1 to 12 years. Special age 1 to 3
worth up to \$1.00. Clearing price.....50

Women's Trimmed Hats

Ready-to-wears and sailors at "move-
quick" prices

Children's Straw Sailors

To be cleared at less than cost. Specials
at.....15, .25, .40 and .65

Dressmaking Department

We beg to announce to the ladies of Michel, that we
have arranged with Miss Mason (late designer with
largest manufacturers of Manchester and Belfast) to
open up a dressmaking department in connection with our drygoods section.
Miss Mason will be ready to place her advice and experience at your service
about August 18th.

Men's Summer Furnishings

Clothing, Underwear, Hats and Neckwear at saving prices
COME EARLY. BRING YOUR FRIENDS

The Gold Standard Manufacturing Co. invite the presence of yourself and
friends to a practical demonstration of their Gold Standard Pure Food Pro-
ducts, at the store of the Trites-Wood Co., Ltd., Old Michel, B. C., August
17 to 21.

The Trites-Wood Co. Ltd. Michel, B. C.

SEIGLE & CO.

The People's Store. New Michel

Summer Stock-taking Sale

Saturday 14th, August

In order to make way for Fall Goods now coming in,
we are offering our Summer Stock at extremely low values,
never before seen in the Pass.

The bargains are too many to be enumerated singly, so
we ask you to give us a call and judge for yourselves.

Special Cuts on Furniture

viz. Bedroom Suites, Tables, Pictures, Mirrors Etc.

Those who come earliest will secure the best

Bonus on Babies

The autumn session of the French par-
liament will be asked to legislate in con-
nection with the proposals now being
put forward to increase the population.
The schemes that have attracted the most
attention are those drawn up by Prof.
Richef of the Academy of Medicine, and
by Paul Leroy Beaulieu, the eminent
economist.

M. Richef proposes that the state shall
pay bonuses on every baby except the
first-born. A second child would bring
a payment of \$100, and every succeeding
ones a bonus of \$200. M. Richef believes
that under this system, the number of
births, which is now 750,000 per annum
would be increased to 1,000,000. This
would cost the state about \$60,000,000 a
year. The professor proposes to raise
the money by imposing a heavy death
duty of 50 per cent. an all collateral in-
heritance, and on all estates left by par-
ents to an only child.

M. Beaulieu suggests that no civil ser-
vice or municipal official should be defi-
nitely appointed to his office until he is
the parent of three children. This stip-
ulation would apply to women officials
as well as to men. M. Beaulieu also ad-
vocates an annual reduction of the salar-
ies of bachelors and spinster officials.

There are Others.

We are in receipt of several enquiries
from Fernie as to our absence from the
Board of Trade banquet. Well in the
first place we hadn't the five bucks to
spare, and then--oh, well, we don't see a
rule butt in where we don't get an invi-
tation. It is customary in all other
towns to extend a complimentary to the
press, not as a favor as some imagine,
but as a slight "quid pro quo" for the
expected write-up of the affair, which
costs the press far more than the price
of a ticket. We are informed that the
Solons in charge of the banquet had not
intestines enough to invite their chief
boosters, the editors of their own town,
so we have this consolation, "there are
others."

In and Around Town

Pay Day!

The pay roll here today is \$62,000.

Dutch Charlie has leased the road
house.

The bars are up so they cannot
get away.

A. H. M. Francis of Fernie is
here this week.

Joe Grafton, of Coleman, was
here on Thursday.

A. Potter left on Wednesday for
the A. Y. P. big show.

Bull dog flies up the Elk are as
large as humming-birds.

Lew Smith is running an Arm-
strong binder for Tom Patterson.

G. G. Henderson and wife, of
Fernie, were here on Wednesday.

J. Wade, P. Burns & Co.'s repre-
sentative at Corbin, spent Sunday
with Geo. Doyle.

Otto Meier has entered the stock-
men's list and has bought the fast-
est horse coming to Michel.

Moore, Stedman and Carney re-
turned from their trip up the Elk
on Tuesday evening, and the bars
were down.

Rev. W. Lashley Hall, of Fernie,
was a caller at the Reporter office
on Thursday, along with Rev. G.
T. Chenoweth, of Michel.

Miss Simuline, of Hosmer, was
here Sunday afternoon visiting at
M. O'Neil's, and had a good time.
She returned home on Tuesday.

G. Bigfish Stedman brought back
a brook trout from the Elk which
weighed 2 1/4 pounds dressed. This
is the biggest caught up the Elk this
season.

Great Northern HOTEL

NEW MICHEL, B. C.

EVERYTHING FIRST-CLASS

Cuisine Unsurpassed

Bar Stocked with the Finest

Attendance Unexcelled

McCool & Moore, Proprietors

HOTEL KOOTENAY

New Michel, B. C.

Douglas & Stedman Proprietors

RATES \$2.00 A DAY

Everything First-Class and Comfortable

Nothing but white labor employed

'BUS MEETS ALL TRAINS

"Elk Valley Beer"

Pure and
Pleasing:

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

Elk Valley Brewing Co., Limited

Livery, Feed and Transfer

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

GEO. FISHER, Proprietor

SLICK UP

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

P. M. MacLanders, Prop

Buy Government Inspected

MEATS

The meats you buy from us all bear the Blue Label
which stands for good quality

Give as a trial order, and prove that our meats are the best

P. BURNS & Co. LTD.
NEW MICHEL, B. C.

LUMBER YARD WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

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

Fernie Lumber Co., Ltd. :: New Michel

Fine Art Printing

At the Reporter Office

SUNLIGHT SOAP



DON'T BE AFRAID that Sunlight Soap will spoil your clothes. There are no injurious chemicals in Sunlight Soap to bite holes in even the most delicate fabric.

One Way of Regarding a Tonsure

"Nellie Dingle, of Crick Hill, told me one day how folks say Crick church be got so high. Says she, 'Charlie, my husband, says Crick church bant nothin' to Shield's church, where 'e was fur Christmas; 'cos 'e says up there the passon was so high 'e 'ad a 'ole in 'is 'ead.' 'Never,' says I. 'Yes 'e 'ad,' says 'e; 'a 'ole most so big as the palm o' me 'and, or 'ardly that, but bigger than a dough-boy in a stew.' I says, 'Well, Charley, whatfeeder did 'e 'ave that for?' and Charley say, 'Well, Nellie, they said 'twas a sign of 'oliness.' 'Oliness?' says I, 'a 'ole in yer 'ead ain't to me no sign of 'oliness, but rather loss of 'air.'"

Corns and warts disappear when treated with Holloway's Corn Cure without leaving a scar.

Not the Rule

On the morning of the entertainment his mother suggested that he should take his little sister, about four years old, with him. He hung his head. "Don't you want to take her?" his mother asked. "No, I don't," he answered. "Why not?" "Cause there ain't none of the other fellers has to bring their children," was the reply.

A Long, Long Wait

He—And so you intend to carve your name on the scroll of fame before you marry me? Girl Graduate—Yes. He—But will you care for me when I'm bald and eighty?

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State of Ohio, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

An earnest stage aspirant dramatically announced to the manager that unless she could obtain an engagement she would kill herself. To quiet the lady the manager agreed to hear her recite. He listened for a few minutes. Then he unlocked a drawer in his desk and handed her a revolver.—Lippincott's.

The Poor Man's Friend.—Put up in small bottles that are easily portable and sold for a very small sum, Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil possesses more power in concentrated form than one hundred times the quantity of many unguents. Its cheapness and the varied uses to which it can be put make it the poor man's friend. No dealer's stock is complete without it.

And to think that Annette Kellerman, the woman diver, gets real money for splashing around in the water these hot days.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Mark Twain one day incorporated himself, just for fun—Mark Twain, Inc.—like that. Bet he quits laughing over the joke when the assessor comes around for the 2 per cent. corporation tax.

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

Pretty Good Tip This

The delegate to test Antipodean feeling on the All Red route has returned to Canada with the assurance that ultimate trade expansion between Canada, Australia and New Zealand is certain. In the meantime Canada should look after trade at her doors, Mexico for example.—Ottawa Citizen.

Queen's University and College KINGSTON ONTARIO ARTS EDUCATION THEOLOGY MEDICINE SCIENCE (Including Engineering) Students registering for the first time before October 21st, 1909, may complete the Arts course without attendance. For Calendars, write the Registrar GEO. Y. CHOWN, B.A., Kingston, Ontario.

AN AUTHOR'S CENTENARY.

Francois Xavier Garneau Did a Big Work for Canada.

The present year, 1909, has witnessed the highest honors paid to the memory of many distinguished men of many nations who were born one hundred years ago; and amongst these honored names the British and French inhabitants of the Dominion are proud to commemorate that of Francois Xavier Garneau.

The Canadian historian, of whom we have now to write a brief account, was born at Quebec on June 15, 1809. When he left the Quebec Seminary, at which he had received his youthful education, he studied for the notarial profession. Knowing that as Valence says in "Two Gentlemen of Verona," "home-keeping youths have always homely wits," he made a tour, in 1823, through the New England States, and in 1831 paid a visit to England and France.

While he was in London, preparing to return home, he met with M. D. V. Viger, the delegate from the Assembly of Lower Canada to the Imperial Government, and was retained by him as his secretary. During his residence in London, young Garneau had the opportunity of making the acquaintance of many eminent men, native and foreign, in the great metropolis. He afterwards accompanied M. Viger from London to Paris, where he visited the Academy of Sciences, and met with many of the "savants" of that institution. It was in 1833 that he returned to Canada, full of newly-acquired knowledge, and inspiring experiences.

So late as 1855, he thought it worth while to write for Le Journal de Quebec, an interesting account of his voyage to Europe. There can be no doubt that this voyage, from various causes, but principally owing to the literary society into which he was introduced, exercised a strong influence on the formation of his own literary character. Soon after this, he produced in the Quebec journals a number of poems about the merits of which I translate the French criticism of L'Abbe Casgrain:—"These poems breathe in many instances the feelings that animated him in regard to that nation of which he was soon destined to write the history. Among the most remarkable of these compositions we may name 'Les Oiseaux Blancs,' 'L'Hiver,' and 'Le Dernier Huron.' These poetical efforts, however, which would have been enough to make the reputation of another man, and would have secured him a distinguished position among our 'litterateurs,' were only the first step to the crowning work of his life."

It was in 1840 that M. Garneau began writing the history of his native country—a laborious undertaking which will perpetuate his name in the annals of Canadian literature. As a mere matter of detail, we may record that the first volume appeared at Quebec in 1845; the second in 1846; and the third (which brought the history of Canada down to the establishment of constitutional government in 1792) in 1848. The French Press of both France and Canada was loud in its praise of the successful undertaking, and it was reviewed in the highest terms of approval in the Nouvelle Revue de Fimmin Didot, of Paris. The result of this was that a second edition, which brought the history down to the Union of the Canadas in 1840, was soon published, and was received by the Press and the people with unlimited favor. In 1859 a third edition was published in Quebec, and in 1860 a translation into English by Mr. Bell made its first appearance. We have no space to chronicle the names of all the distinguished writers who have expressed their admiration of M. Garneau's work; but the following names of literary men in the Old and New Worlds, may serve as a sample of the effect that the "History of Canada" produced on the minds of those who "spoke with authority": Henri Martin, Rameau, Bancroft, Parkman, Winthrop, Sargent, Justin Winsor, Paul Leroy-Beaulieu, and Dr. C. W. Colby, of McGill University, may be consulted as to the merits of Garneau's elaborate work, and their good opinion cannot be gainsaid. In 1864 the author contributed the conclusion of his "History" to the Revue Canadienne.

FRANK J. CHENEY, Notary Public. Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1885. A. W. OLEASON, Notary Public. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by all Druggists, 7c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

A Lady's Mistake.

An example of having "greatness thrust upon" one was noticed a few days ago at the Parliament Buildings in Queen's Park, Toronto.

One of the men who show visitors about the official home of Ontario's legislators brought his company of visitors in the course of their trip through the buildings to the outer door of the office of Premier Whitney. "Here's the Premier's office," said the guide. Just then Horace Wallis, secretary to Premier Whitney, came out from the office of his chief on some matter of business. "My," remarked one of the ladies of the party of visitors, "isn't the Premier a young man?"

Population of the West.

It is estimated that the Census Bureau that the population of the prairie provinces, which was only 800,000 in 1906, has increased to 1,100,000 within the past three years. The estimate is as follows: Manitoba, 484,619; Saskatchewan, 349,645; Alberta, 273,412; total, 1,107,625. Of the increase at least 150,000 is estimated to have come from the United States, as only 148,700 of the overseas immigrants have gone west, 233,000 of them having settled in the older provinces.

Cutting Teeth at 78.

Mrs. Warner of Kingston, who is in her 78th year, is cutting her third set of teeth, of which she has six new ones. Mrs. Warner is a remarkable old lady physically. She has not a grey hair in her head, and she has never used glasses.

Edmonton Booming.

The present year is expected to be a record one in Edmonton in the building trade, and the large expenditure of the last two years, each over two million dollars, will be entirely eclipsed, unless something unforeseen occurs.

BABY'S GREAT DANGER DURING HOT WEATHER.

More children die during the hot weather than at any other time of the year. Diarrhoea, dysentery, cholera infantum, and stomach troubles come without warning, and when a medicine is not at hand to give prompt relief, the delay may prove fatal to the child. Baby's Own Tablets should be kept in every home where there are children during the hot weather months. An occasional dose of the Tablets will prevent deadly summer complaints, or cure them if they come unexpectedly. Mrs. O. Moreau, St. Tite, Que., says: "My baby suffered from a severe attack of cholera infantum, but after giving him Baby's Own Tablets the trouble disappeared, and he regained health splendidly." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Dobbin

The family horse, who rejoiced in the eminently proper equine name of Dobbin, had earned a rest by long service, and was accordingly sent away to the country to spend his declining years in the broad pastures of a farmer friend of his owner. The distance being somewhat excessive for his rheumatic legs, he was shipped to his new home by rail.

Little Edna, the family four-year-old, viewed the passing of Dobbin with unfeigned sorrow. She sat for a long time gazing disconsolately out of the window. At last, after a deep sigh, she turned with a more cheerful expression, and said: "Did old Dobbin go on the chee-choo cars, mamma?" "Yes, dear," answered her mother. A broad grin spread over the little girl's face. "I was just thinking," she said, "how funny he must feel sitting up on the plush cushions."

A Pill That Lightens Life.—To the man who is a victim of indigestion the transaction of business becomes an added misery. He cannot concentrate his mind upon his tasks and loss and vexation attend him. To such a man Parmelee's Vegetable Pills offer relief. A course of treatment, according to directions, will convince him of their great excellence. They are confidently recommended because they will do all that is claimed for them.

The larger the peach basket hat the plainer the peach.

She—"Of course, I'm not as old as you think I am." He—"I hope not—I mean you can't be—that is—how old are you?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

A Correct Diagnosis Many a girl thinks she has broken her heart when she has only sprained her imagination.

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

Witty

When Bishop Phillips Brooks sailed from New York on his last trip to Europe, a friend jokingly remarked that while abroad he might discover some new religion to bring home with him. "But be careful of it, Bishop Brooks," remarked a listening friend; "it may be difficult to get your new religion through the customs house." "I guess not," replied the bishop laughingly, "for we may take it for granted that any new religion popular enough to import will have no duties attached to it."—Exchange.

A one-legged Welsh orator named Jones was pretty successful in bawling an Irishman, when the latter asked him: "How did you come to lose your leg?" "Well," said Jones, "on examining my pedigree and looking up my descent, I found there was some Irish blood in me, and, becoming convinced that it was settled in the left leg, I had it cut off at once."

"By the powers," said Pat, "it would have been a very good thing if it had only settled in your head."

Immaterial

A mellow old lawyer who used to live on the banks of the Androscoggin, was famous for his fine distinctions. But often after the shades of night had fallen the squire might have been seen struggling home so boozed that he apparently could not split a shingle, to say nothing of a hair. One night when he was drunker than usual, he staggered completely out of his course and could not find it. Realizing that he was lost and drifting into unfamiliar regions, he called at a house to ask for information. "Madam," he gravely said to the lady who came to the door, candle in hand, "can you tell (hic) me where Squire Blank lives?" "Certainly," she said, and gave him full directions. But as she talked and looked, and as her candle gradually brought out the features of the man before her, a puzzled expression came into her face, and she finally asked: "But, isn't this Squire Blank?" "Madam," replied the old lawyer, assuming a judicial air, "that is entirely (hic) immaterial."

Rejected by Manchester.

Mrs. Asquith is one of the most successful and elegant of London hostesses. Invitations to her luncheon-parties are much sought after, and it was at one of these that Mr. Winston Churchill was seated next Miss Maud Allan. The Cabinet Minister seemed moody and abstracted. Presently the dancer turned to him and said: "Do you know, Mr. Churchill, we have one unique thing in common?" "Indeed!" he exclaimed, with some surprise. "Yes," she went on; "we have both been rejected by Manchester."

THE MONKEY PEOPLE.

Experiences of a Resident of Natal With the Little Animals.

A correspondent of The Natal Witness relates an uncommon experience he had some years ago at Umgeni, a suburb of Durban, at the pretty house, high up among the trees, where Mr. Bradley at that time superintended the manufacture of bricks. He writes: We were most hospitably treated, and rested ourselves in long chairs, while the soda sizzled in the glasses, and one of us persuaded Mrs. Bradley to call the monkeys out of the bush for our entertainment. When all was ready, Mrs. Bradley and her little girl took a basket of fruit and went out to the lawn and sat down. Obedient to instructions, we crouched in cover, and Mrs. Bradley commenced calling.

"Monkeys, monkeys," she called, in a high monotone. The tree to my right rustled, and a big monkey pushed aside a branch to reconnoitre. A moment afterwards, a tiny bold beast galloped out of the undergrowth, and went up to be fed. The example had an instantaneous effect, the bush swarmed with lithe, furry life, and a vanguard drew cautiously out into the open. Mrs. Bradley called again, and the monkeys, satisfied that all was well, trooped out in numbers. They squatted amicably round the lady and the child, and begged, stole and snatched sections of banana. They reminded me irresistibly of the shameless Neapolitan "lazzaroni"—they were such brazen, yet irresistible mendicants.

One was an ancient rogue, of considerable size and inconceivable impudence. He had lost a hand somehow, but managed to purloin more than his share of the fruit with none the less adroitness. With him came a giant and muscular consort, to whose lean belly clung a squealing and turbulent baby. Big monkeys, little ones, fat ones, skinny ones, nice ones, rude ones, jostled each other in a crowd, and took food as of right from the hands of the two humans. The little girl treated with them as with dolls, and the monkeys treated her with startling familiarity. One tapped on the head for another's sins, protested almost humanly, and while reparation was being made the others plundered desperately.

I never saw anything like it in the least. The scene was elemental, primeval. The humans and the beasts treated on common ground, as Mowgli treated with Bagheera and Baloo. It was grossly spectacular, like the pictures of the child leading the lion, or Daniel in the den, and as little real for the time being. The actors in the scene knew one another, understood one another, and had matter in hand that equally belonged to both.

Finally, the bananas were at an end, and Mrs. Bradley rose. "That's all," she said to the congregation. "Go away." "Not much," returned the congregation, as plainly as gestures could speak. Then they saw us, and fled.

Mr. Bradley didn't think very much of it. "They hang around us," he complained; "they behave as if the place belonged to them. If you leave a window open at night, they waltz in and take possession."

Snubbing H.R.H.

It is not often that a prince is snubbed, but this happened once, at least, to H. R. H. the Prince of Wales. During his first visit to the princess to Australia he was out walking one Sunday afternoon with his host, an important official. They happened to pass a Sunday school just as the scholars were coming out, and naturally, the children followed the distinguished pedestrians. At last the host asked them to run away, and all except one little girl did so. This tiny tot continued to gaze with innocent awe at the prince. At last the latter took her hand, walked some little distance, and then said: "Now you have had a walk with me, run away and play."

Immediately came the quaintly-severe retort: "Please, sir, we don't play on Sunday!"

New Wives for Old.

Viscount Wolsley, one of our ten field marshals, completed his 76th year of life recently. During his long military career, Lord Wolsley has met with many experiences, amusing and otherwise. One of the most comical was after Cetewayo, the conquered leader of the Zulus, had been sent by him into exile.

Cetewayo had wives by the hundred, but the British general set most of them at liberty, permitting the native to take only three with him. Again and again Cetewayo pleaded to be allowed to take all; but in vain. The climax came when Lord Wolsley's departure for England was announced. Cetewayo sent a last despairing message to that effect, if the general would not send him more wives, he would at least exchange the three he had for three others!

E. s. d. of a London Season.

In the brief spell of a London season, society spends some \$3,000,000 on theatres and concerts. Ascot week represents \$14,500 per minute of actual racing, and Henley Regatta and the University match cost society \$250,000 a piece. The visitors to a royal garden party spend \$250,000; a drawing room means to those who attend it an extra outlay of \$200,000; the dresses at a state ball represent \$150,000; and a state concert costs \$75,000 to the guests.—Harold Macfarlane, in The Lady's Realm.

Did Not Trouble

Among the patients in the private ward of a Philadelphia hospital there was recently a testy old millionaire of that city, whose case gave his physician considerable difficulty at first. "Well," asked the crusty patient one morning, "how do you find me now, eh?" "You're getting on fine," responded the doctor, rubbing his hands with an air of satisfaction. "Your legs are still swollen; but that doesn't trouble me."

"Of course, it doesn't!" howled the old man. "And let me tell you this: If your legs were swollen, it wouldn't trouble me, either!"

Absorbine on Broken Artery

Under date of Jan. 14, 1909, the following letter was received from John L. Funk, of Butler, Colo.:—"I am writing you to thank you for the kind suggestions and interest you have taken in my case. My mare with the broken artery is entirely cured. The swelling has gone down and the leg is its normal size again. The swelling went down over a month ago and I thought it might cause trouble later on, but it is cured to stay cured. I would not take \$100 for what \$4.00 worth of ABSORBINE did for this mare. I have been recommending your remedy to others in this locality. It is all you claim for it. I wish you great success with your medicines." If you have a similar case, or if you wish information concerning any bloodlet. ABSORBINE at druggists' \$2.00 a bottle, or sent postpaid upon receipt of price. W. F. Young, P.D.F., 238 Temple St., Springfield, Mass. Canadian Agents:—Lyman's Ltd., 380 St. Paul St., Montreal, P. Q.

Bonus

"Mother's compliments," said a youngster to a butcher who keeps a shop in the busy suburban thoroughfare, "an' she's sent me to show you the big bone brought with the piece of meat this morning." "Tell your mother next time I kills a bullock without bones in it I'll make her a present of a joint," said the man of meat, with a grin. "Mother's compliments," continued the boy, "an' she says next time you find a bit of sirloin with a shoulder of mutton bone in it she'd like to buy the whole carcass as a curiosity."

A Domestic Scheme

Mrs. H.—Why are you so fond of Oriental rugs? Mrs. R.—I'll tell you a secret. The dirtier they get the more genuine they look. You've no idea how much sweeping that saves.

More Power To It

President Taft wants the Interstate Commerce commission to have more judicial power. As it is now that proud body can hardly do a thing except draw its salary without stepping on an injunction.

What is a Bohemian

Scott—A Bohemian is a chap who borrows a dollar from you and then invites you to lunch with him. Motl—Wrong. A Bohemian is a fellow who invites himself to lunch with you and borrows a dollar.

"SALADA" TEA Is Delicious Always of High and Uniform Quality. Lead packets only. At all grocers.

When He's "It"

The farmer's life has cares and joys, His work is long and hard and rough; He slaves from dawn till after dark, To raise and grow and own enough. But there's a bright side to his life, His sorrows he can always drown When, with his team, he's hired to haul A busted auto back to town. —Los Angeles Express.

This story would seem to show that colored people have tough heads. Dinah, crying bitterly, was coming down the street with her feet bandaged. "Why, what on earth's the matter?" she was asked. "How did you hurt your feet, Dinah?" "Dat good fo' nothin' nigger (sniff) done hit me on de head wid a club while I was standin' on de hard stone pavement."—Everybody's Magazine.

The Day After

Saw me at the circus? Well, suppose you did! I don't go to shows myself—I went to take the kid! —St. Paul Globe.

The Japanese erect "toothache shrines," to which they tie written prayers that they may be spared the pangs. This is not as effective a method as going to the dentist, but much less distressing.

THERE'S NO USE IN

Being Poor and Looking Poor

Watch for our Exhibit in the North Manufacturers' Building and see how your weather-beaten barn would look with a coat of our

"COLORSTAIN"

The cheapest and most beautiful decorative for old, weather-worn unpainted buildings.

Carbon Oil Works, Limited, WINNIPEG, CANADA.

SCHOOL OF MINING A COLLEGE OF APPLIED SCIENCE Affiliated to Queen's University KINGSTON, ONT. For Calendar apply to the Secretary.

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

Be Wise in Time — You cannot keep well unless the bowels are regular. Neglect of this rule of health invites half the sicknesses from which we suffer. Keep the bowels right; otherwise waste matter and poisons which should pass out of the body, find their way into the blood and sicken the whole system. Don't wait until the bowels are constipated; take

BEECHAM'S PILLS They are the finest natural laxative in the world—gentle, safe, prompt and thorough. They strengthen the stomach muscles, and will not injure the delicate mucous lining of the bowels. Beecham's Pills have a constitutional action. That is, the longer you take them, the less frequently you need them. They help Nature help herself and Keep the Bowels Healthy Bile Active & Stomach Well Prepared only by Thomas Beecham, St. Helens, Lancashire, England. Sold by all Druggists in Canada and U. S. America. In boxes 25 cents.

BOWSER IS NOT A HERO

Wife Concludes That He Can Only Be "Just Bowser."

TELLS OF HIS BRAVE DEED.

Interviewed by Three Representatives of the Press and Treated With Insulting Levity—He Falls Asleep on the Lounge.

(Copyright, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.)

WHEN Mr. Bowser came home to dinner the other evening it was evident that he was on the rush, and he had scarcely got his head inside the door when he called out to Mrs. Bowser:

"If dinner is not on the table, hurry it up as fast as you can."

"You can sit down at once. Have you got to go back to the office or somewhere this evening?"

"No, but I expect half a dozen callers. Some of them may be here within ten minutes."

"I—I hope it isn't politics," said Mrs. Bowser as they got seated at the table.

"I've got nothing to do with politics."

"And the callers you expect are not coming to sell you an auto, a balloon or anything of that sort?"

"Certainly not."

"And you are not going to take boxing lessons again and be knocked clear across the garret and left for dead?"

Mr. Bowser flushed up and glared at her across the table and for a moment



"MR. BOWSER, WERE YOU EVER TAKEN IN ON A CONFIDENCE GAME?"

seemed inclined to explode. Then he caught himself and cooled down and replied:

"I suppose I must explain, though I hate to be talking about myself. The car was crowded this morning, and I rode on the rear platform."

"And some one stepped on your feet?"

"No, ma'am. We had got down to Beach street when the car stopped for a lady to get on. She was in the act when the car started. But for me she would have been dragged under the wheels and crushed."

"You rang two bells for the car to stop, did you?"

"Of course not. I am not ringing bells on a blamed old street car. I reached down and seized the lady and lifted her on to the platform by main strength and thus saved her from certain death."

"That was grand!" exclaimed Mrs. Bowser. "I am proud that you had such presence of mind."

"I always have it. It belongs to the Bowser family—that is, to the male members of it. I shouldn't be rattled even in an earthquake."

"Well, the lady was grateful, of course?"

Called a Hero. "Of course. She called me a hero and all that, took my address and said that she would see that the public learned all about me. In other words, she intended to notify half a dozen of the newspapers and have them send representatives over here this evening to interview me and publish my picture and the full particulars of the heroic rescue."

"Why, dear, it will be another Blinns case."

"The Blinns case won't be in it. All he did was to stay on the Republic with a lot of others and work his wireless apparatus. He simply had to stay. If he had tried to sneak away the captain would have had him in irons. The Blinns case makes me tired."

"You were certainly a hero," said Mrs. Bowser as she glanced at him admiringly. "In reaching down to seize the lady you might have plunged head-first in the yawning abyss. Her weight might have torn your arm off. The hind end of the car might have lifted up at that critical moment and driven your head through the roof. Why didn't you telephone me as soon as you reached the office?"

"Humph! I should think you had lived with me long enough to know that I am not one who blows his own horn. I even hope that no reporters will come. I don't want to be called a hero for a simple act of duty."

"Will they want your picture too?"

"Eh? What? Your picture? What for?"

"Why, I am Mrs. Bowser, the wife of the great hero."

"But what in thunder does the public care about that? You're my wife, of course, but don't you go butting in on this thing. There's a ring at the bell, and I'll go right up."

Strange Queries From Reporter.

It was a reporter from one of the dailies. He introduced himself, made

sure that he had struck the right hero and was then taken into the library. After making ready he began:

"Mr. Bowser, were you ever taken in on a confidence game?"

"W-what do you mean?" was the reply.

"Well, for instance, did you ever bet on three card monte, as it is called?"

"I don't understand your asking such a question, sir!"

"No? Then let me inquire at what age you began to lose your hair and what remedies, if any, you have tried for your baldness?"

"Look here, young man," said Mr. Bowser as he rose up, "if you have come here to insult me you can get right out. What has my hair or my baldness got to do with this interview?"

"Why, a great deal. The lady you assisted on to the car this morning has a sure remedy for baldness, and she wanted me to tip you off before you fell into the hands of any swindler."

"You go out, sir—you go out—and be glad that I don't throw you out! The idea of such talk to me, and in my own house at that!"

"Oh, well," said the young man, "if that is the way you feel about it I'll withdraw. I hoped to make a couple of columns of your story, but there are many disappointments in this profession. Good night to you."

Mrs. Bowser was in the sitting room, and the door being open, she had heard every word. Mr. Bowser knew this, and he hated to face her, but when he finally did he found her deeply interested in a book—so deeply that she simply glanced up and said:

"If there is a call for your photographs I have them right here."

Again Insulted by the Press. Then the bell rang again, and a second young man was admitted. He anxiously asked if Mr. Bowser would submit to an interview, and upon being answered in the affirmative a great load seemed to be lifted from his mind. When pad and pencil had been fished from his pocket he smilingly began:

"Mr. Bowser, did you or did you not on a certain occasion get up in the morning and put your day shirt on over your nightshirt and wear it thus all day?"

"What do you mean, sir?" was demanded.

"Why, it is claimed that all great heroes are absentminded, and I wanted to see how it was with you. We may let that pass, however, and I will ask you if your father had a short and stocky figure the same as you have. The lady whose life you so heroically saved this morning noticed your figure and asked me to be particular about it. She said it seemed to her that you had jumped off the roof of a barn some day and telescoped your legs."

Escorted to the Door. "I will escort you to the door, sir!" said Mr. Bowser in a low, tense voice.

"But this interview is hardly begun."

"This interview is finished, sir! The next interview will take place when we meet on the street!"

"Sorry, very sorry. I was going to give you the whole front page in the morning, and now we must fill it with a condensed milk advertisement. If you change your mind within an hour please telephone us. Good night."

Mr. Bowser expected to see a smile on Mrs. Bowser's face and hear something to humiliate him, but nothing took place. Even the cat seemed to have missed the golden opportunity. When the bell rang for the third time the interview began at the door by Mr. Bowser asking:

"Well, sir, what's wanted?"

"I am from the Daily Star," was the reply of the reporter.

"Well?"

"If you are Mr. Bowser, the hero, I want to ask you if you ever tried keeping a pig in the city?"

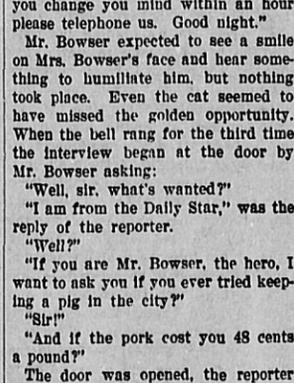
"Sir?"

"And if the pork cost you 48 cents a pound?"

The door was opened, the reporter shoved out on to the steps, and Mr. Bowser limped back into the sitting room and fell on the lounge and stretched out his back. No one spoke. No one moved. The quietness of death prevailed for ten minutes, and then his breathing told that he was asleep. Mrs. Bowser tiptoed over and saw a tear on either cheek and bent down and kissed them away and whispered to herself:

"Poor man, he would be a hero if he could, but he can't be. He can only be just Bowser." M. QUAD.

Missing His Calling.



—Harper's Weekly.

Thinking It Over. "Don't you want to live in history?" "I don't know," answered Senator Sorghum. "I never found any especial posterity in the idea of worrying posterity with book agents trying to sell my biography." —Washington Star

WIND AND WAVES.

A Gale's Action Upon Snow, Desert Sand and Prairie Water.

There are wind waves in the water, sand and snow. The great sea waves are produced at that part of a cyclone where the direction of the wind coincides with the direction of advance of the depression. Along this line of advance the waves in their progress are accompanied by a strong wind blowing across their ridges as long as the atmospheric depression is maintained. So the waves are developed until they become steep. The average height in feet is about half the velocity of the wind in miles.

A wind of fifty-two miles an hour gives waves of an average height of twenty-six feet, although individual waves will attain a height of forty feet. The prevailing wind in all longitudes is westerly, so wherever a westerly wind springs up it finds a long westerly swell, the effect of a previous wind still running, and the principal effect of the newly born wind is to increase the steepness of the already running long swell so as to form majestic storm waves, which sometimes attain a length of 1,200 feet from crest to crest. The longest swells due to wind are almost invisible during storms, for they are masked by the shorter and steeper waves, but they emerge into view after or beyond the storm.

The action of the wind to drift dry sand in a procession of waves is seen in the deserts. As the sand waves cannot travel by gravitation, their movements are entirely controlled by the wind, and they are therefore much simpler and more regular in form and movement than ocean waves. In their greatest heights of several hundred feet the former become more complex owing to the partial consolidation of the lower layers of sand by pressure, but they still have the characteristic wave features.

In the Winnipeg prairies of Canada freshly fallen snow is drifted by wind in a procession of regular waves, progressing with a visible and ghostlike motion. They are similar to desert sand waves, but less than half as steep, the wave length being fifty times as great as the height. The flatness of the wind formed snow waves affords a valuable indication of the great distance to which hills shelter from the wind.—Chicago Tribune.

TOO GOOD TO BE WELL.

A London Hospital Doctor's Hurry Patient From the Outside.

The accident bell at the door of the hospital clangs, and the next moment an agitated parent is seen running down the passage with a child tucked under the arm, its bare legs streaming behind it in the wind of its mother's rapidity.

"What's the matter, miss? Has she swallowed some poison?"

"No, sir; it ain't that," she pants, "but I'm that scared I don't know 'ardly which way to turn."

"Well, but what's happened? Has she hurt herself?"

"No, sir, and 'er father 'e's that upset 'e couldn't do nothink, else I ain't used to running like that, and 'e'd 'ave brought 'er up, but 'e says as 'ow 'e daren't touch 'er, and I've run all the way, and me 'eart!"

"Come, now, miss, just tell me quietly what's the matter with the child."

The patient, a pretty little thing of four, looks inquiringly at her alarmed parent. There seems to be little the matter with her.

"It's all very well yer a-sittin' there and a-tellin' of me to be quiet," cries the mother. "If yer 'ad children of yer own yer wouldn't like ter see 'em die afore yer eyes. Oh, dear, oh, dear, and there ain't only two more and the baby!"

The doctor in despair examines the little girl, but fails to discover anything wrong. "Now, look here," says he firmly, "I can't find anything the matter with your child, so you'll have to go away unless you tell me why you brought her up to the hospital."

"Well, doctor, we was all a-havin' our tea a minute ago as it might be, and 'er father was eatin' a nice bit of tripe as was over from dinner when Susy, this one I 'ave with me, says as 'ow she loved God and was goin' to 'eavin' when he doled. What!" in tones of horror. "Ain't yer going to give 'er no medicine?"

His Lucky Coin.

In one of his Hibbert lectures Max Muller said to the students: "Many of you, I suspect, carry a halfpenny with a hole in it for luck. I am not ashamed to own that I have done so myself for many years." The case was cited by him in his lecture as an illustration of "survivals" from primeval fetishism, but on his own account Max Muller confessed that when sometimes he had left home without this halfpenny talisman he felt "very uncomfortable" until his safe return.

Woman the Waitress.

"A woman," remarked the wise widow, "is always waiting for a husband."

"How do you figure that out?" queried the interested spinster.

"If she isn't married," answered the w. w., "she is waiting to get one, and if she is she's waiting for him to come home."—Chicago News.

His Finish.

"Did you ever complete your education?" "No; my wife did."—Houston Post.

Cruelly Frank.

He—How is it you are always out when I call? She—Just luck.—Life.

GIANT TREES.

The Eucalyptus of Australasia is a Valuable Asset.

When seen for the first time the eucalyptus forest of the Antipodes strikes the stranger as monotonous, its sombre green and peculiar adjustment of foliage appear more strange than beautiful, and no doubt lacks force and freshness, but an acquaintance with the bush soon dispels the notion of monotony. The eucalypti are always the eucalypti; their various moods have a subtle charm all their own. The blue gum (the eucalyptus globulus) and stringy bark (eucalyptus obliqua) are regarded, writes Mrs. Bacon in the Imperial Review, as marvels of the vegetation of the world for their immense size. Their great height would never be imagined from the aspect they present, as they always grow on very steep slopes, and never crowd the summit of the ridges. Their height is lost against the adjacent ranges. It is only when standing against the trunk that one gets an idea of their enormous height and size. Their huge columns seem as though intended to support the sky. The tree is to be seen at its best in the twilight, when the mild, tender tints of the foliage produce sublime effects, when the leaves become a network of graceful tracery.

The giant of the forest is the blue gum. This must not be confounded with some of those similarly named growing in the mainland States. This tree is easily recognized by its erect bearing. Some measure from 350 to 470 feet in height. These colossal trees are not isolated cases, mere curiosities. Trees from 200 to 300 feet are common, their immense length of trunk rising high and clear like the masts of great ships before the first bough is reached. These trees probably take three to four hundred years to attain full dimensions. This valuable tree was discovered by the French botanist, Labillardiere, when in Tasmania in 1792, and received its name from the formation of its seed pods, which is derived from two Greek words signifying "I conceal well," the cup for a long time concealing the stamens. The name "globulus" was taken from the resemblance of the seed to a coat button. Stringy bark, so called, as its name implies, from the fibrous nature of its bark, in height and size is quite equal to its brother, the blue gum, and the wood closely resembles English oak.

The tree has an untidy and ragged air, arising from the bark hanging down from its sides and branches in long strips, and when set in motion by the wind keeps up a constant creaking, filling the forest with the strangest echoes and sounds. The bark is brown in color, the outer layers resembling the husk of the cocoon, and chiefly finds use in the kindling operations of the Bushman as he "slings his billy," or makes a roof for his temporary forest home. An interesting feature connected with the blue gum and stringy bark is that they produce two different kinds of leaves. The commercial value of these hard woods is gaining general appreciation in the English and foreign markets, now their wonderful physical properties are becoming better known. According to statistics, tests carefully made at long intervals show that the blue gum will sustain double the weight of English oak before breaking, and will even regain its elasticity after bearing a weight at which oak breaks. It contains a resinous substance which renders it most suitable for use in salt water, as it resists the sea-worm. There is an oil in the wood which prevents its rotting under exposure to wet, and at the same time acts as a preservative to iron, while as to its longevity under water no limit appears so far to have been reached.

TEACHER OF A PRINCESS.

Australian Girl Gets Position of Royal Musical Instructress.

Miss Elsie Hall, who has just been appointed pianoforte teacher to Princess Mary of Wales, is an Australian by birth. She studied on the continent, winning the Mendelssohn State



MISS ELSIE HALL.

prize for pianoforte playing in Berlin when she was only sixteen, and a year later she played with success at a concert of the Berlin Philharmonic Society. She gave a recital on Tuesday, June 8, under the patronage of the Princess of Wales, H.R.H., the Duchess of Argyll, and many other distinguished people. Miss Hall has given several recitals in London, and has shown that she possesses temperament and technique.

Judge Asserted Himself.

The famous English divorce lawyer, Cresswell, afterward Sir Cresswell Cresswell, was a most pompous man. His manner once so irritated Justice Maule, before whom he was arguing, that the latter at last burst out with: "Mr. Cresswell, I wish you would remember that I am a vertebrate animal. Your manner to me would be insolence from God Almighty to a black beetle."

When the fashionable young ladies of Japan desire to make themselves very attractive, they gild their lips.

ERIK'S RUINS CRUMBLE.

Famous Chapel in Garranboy Village Now Near Decay.

Slowly but steadily the historic landmarks which dot the western and southwestern part of Ireland are disappearing. Time's ravages and man's neglect have done the work of effacement, and places dear to the hearts of Ireland's sons, at home or in exile, are fast crumbling into decay.

In this connection may be mentioned the little Roman Catholic chapel of Garranboy, a quaint hamlet within a few miles of the picturesque town of Killaloe in the County Clare. This little edifice dedicated to the worship of God was built in 1812, when its people taking advantage of the relaxation of the penal laws, moved once more into the open and dared to aspire to the right of public worship.

Close by, but more secluded, stood the old thatched Chapel of Sean Tigh an Alfrinn—the old house of the mass—where the people of the surrounding districts of Clare and Tipperary were wont to assemble during all that long, dreary night of persecution and when the ancient parochial churches of the neighborhood were either appropriated or destroyed, to assist at the great sacrifice and hear the Word of God, while sentinels kept watch from the surrounding hillsides. This no wonder associations so sacred would be treasured deeply in the hearts of a faithful people.

It would be hard to realize the deplorable state of decay in which the present structure is. The walls are seriously out of plumb, the roof is in danger of falling in, and that, all things considered, remodeling is out of the question. An effort is now being made to remedy this sad state of things—to replace this historic ruin by a building, plain and substantial, but somewhat suitable for its sacred purpose. In this work the Very Rev. Canon Flannery, the parish priest of Killaloe, is much interested and has issued an appeal for aid. The people of the locality have been and are, according to their means, contributing generously to the building fund; still, without assistance from their friends at home and abroad and the public, there would be little hope of success.

Canon Flannery believes that an appeal to the sons and daughters of Clare, Limerick and Tipperary in the United States and Canada—an appeal which has the warm approval of the Most Rev. Dr. Fogarty, bishop of Killaloe—would be generously responded to, and Canon Flannery is buoyed up with the hope that many American dollars will be willingly contributed for this absolutely necessary work.

A HONORED CORPS.

Honorable Gentlemen-at-Arms Has Quaint Old Customs.

Last month the Honorable Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms celebrated its 400th anniversary in the banqueting hall of St. James' Palace. Peculiar interest attaches to the "Nearest Guard." It is their pleasing duty to be in constant personal attendance on the Sovereign and his Consort, and they always have a Peer as Captain.



LIEUT.-COL. FLETCHER.

In narrating a story of a naughty girl and an English magistrate in his book, "Old and Odd Memories," Hon. Lionel A. Tollemache supplements it with that famous example of anticlimax, the rebuke of a head master to youthful Etonians for unpunctuality at chapel. "Your conduct is an insult to the Almighty and keeps the canons waiting."

The young girl mentioned was had up before the magistrate by a farmer for killing one of his ducks with a stone. The case against her was quite clear, but it was thought worth while to call witnesses to prove that she was very naughty indeed and in the habit of using bad language.

Then, in solemn accents, the magistrate addressed her:

"Little girl, you have heard the evidence against you, and you see how one thing leads to another. You began by cursing and swearing and blaspheming your Maker, and you have ended by throwing a stone at a duck."

When She Laughed.

A somewhat self-satisfied, vainglorious and grumpy English actor complained that the noted actress Ellen Terry continually laughed in one of his most important scenes. He had not the courage to tell her his objections, so he wrote her a letter of heart-broken complaint, in which he said: "I am extremely sorry to tell you that it is impossible for me to make any effect in such and such a scene if you persist in laughing at me on the stage and so spoiling the situation. May I ask you to change your attitude, as the scene is a most trying one?"

Miss Terry's answer was very direct and to the point, for she wrote: "You are quite mistaken. I never laugh at you on the stage. I wait till I get home."

Only One Day's Sport.

There is only one day in the year on which the inhabitants of Monte Carlo are allowed to gamble at the Casino tables—the Prince of Monaco's birthday.

NO. 10 GOWNING STREET

HOW MRS. ASQUITH'S LITTLE PARTY MADE TROUBLE.

Just Because the Wife of the Prime Minister of Great Britain Gave a Little Tea and Exhibited Parisian Gowns to Her Lady Guests, All England Had to Get Excited—Called a Traitor to Her Nation's Industries and Welfare.

Gowns have made trouble in homes before this, but it is seldom that a few gowns occasion a national rumpus. That, however, is what the dresser shown in the accompanying pictures did in England. They look sufficiently innocent, and in mascu-



MRS. ASQUITH.

line eyes a trifle dowdy. But they started a discussion which has not died out yet. For these are some of the notorious gowns that Mrs. Asquith, wife of the British Premier, displayed to her friends at No. 10 Downing street, with the assistance of their creator, Poirier, the Parisian costumer, and some mannequins. Poor Mrs. Asquith knew not what she did. She probably thought that she had invented a novel and interesting form of entertainment for ladies. But she awoke next day to find herself infamous—in the opposition press. The whole country was informed of this traitorous endeavor to encourage the foreign manufacturer at the expense of those at home, and there was a great deal said about the abuse of positions of influence. Then the comic papers got busy, one was dubbing the Premier's residence "No. 10 Gowning street." And the story has not died yet. The moral which every economical husband would draw from this is the danger of expensive gowns, especially those of Parisian creation.

Ordered Off His Own Grass.

The Duke of Norfolk seems at present to be bent on getting rid of some of his great possessions. Earl Marshal and premier peer of the realm since he was thirteen years old, the duke might reasonably be expected to have developed into something of an autocrat, but he is regarded with admiring devotion by his tenantry. His carelessness in matters of dress and deportment have given rise to many amusing incidents. On one occasion he was ordered off his own grass by an angry member of an excursion party which was being shown the beauties of Arundel. "Come off that, can't yer?" she shouted at the shabby figure crossing one of the lawns. "It's such like as you gets us decent folk into trouble." The duke married his cousin, the Hon. Beatrice Maxwell, and when kneeling at the altar during the wedding ceremony displayed on the soles of his boots the price mark—and the silk that he wore was, as his are invariably, brushed the wrong way. As head of the Howard family, the Duke of Norfolk is, of course, prominent among Roman Catholics in England.

The Sinner's Progress.

In narrating a story of a naughty girl and an English magistrate in his book, "Old and Odd Memories," Hon. Lionel A. Tollemache supplements it with that famous example of anticlimax, the rebuke of a head master to youthful Etonians for unpunctuality at chapel. "Your conduct is an insult to the Almighty and keeps the canons waiting."

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"Little girl, you have heard the evidence against you, and you see how one thing leads to another. You began by cursing and swearing and blaspheming your Maker, and you have ended by throwing a stone at a duck."

Cattle King's Generosity.

Beginning life as a teamster and gradually working his way up until he was the largest horse-dealer and cattle-owner in Australia, Mr. Sidney Kidman, "the Australian Cattle King," owns more of the British Empire than any other man. At the age of fourteen he was earning \$2.50 a week, and now he has 9,216 square miles of land standing in his name, and owns 100,000 cattle and 10,000 horses. While on a visit to London a few months ago he became the friend of the omnibus drivers, and on his return he sent four drivers and their families out to his ranches in Australia, paying their passage, also twenty lads, including two pages from his hotel.

Judge Pays Damages.

A claim for ninespence—balance of wages due—was recently made by a workman at Leicester Court, London. In order to save the time of the court, the presiding magistrate himself paid the sum in dispute.

Satan Sanderson

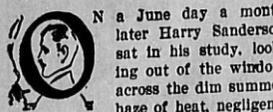
By HALLIE ERMINE RIVES.
Author of "Hearts Courageous," Etc.

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(Continued.)



Chapter 3



On a June day a month later Harry Sanderson sat in his study, looking out of the window across the dim summer haze of heat, negligently smoking. He could see the long white road bending in a broad curve between clover stippled meadows, to skirt the willow green bluff above the river. There, miles away, on the high bank he could distinguish the railroad bridge, a long black skeleton spanning "the hole," a deep, fish haunted pool, the deepest spot in the river for fifty miles.

Since that moonlight evening of the will making Harry had learned that the long lane had had no true turning for Hugh. He had sifted him through and through. At college he had put him down for a weakling—unbalanced, misdeceant. Now he knew him for what he really was—a moral mouluk, a scamp in embryo, a decadent, realizing an ugly propensity to a deplorable finale. A consistent career of loose living had carried Hugh far since those college days when he had been dubbed "Satan's shadow." While to Harry Sanderson the eccentric and agnostical had through been, as it were, the mask through which his temperament looked at life, to Hugh it had spelled shipwreck. Harry Sanderson had done broadly as he pleased. He had entertained whom he listed, had gone "slumming," had once boxed to a finish for a wager a local pugilist whose acquaintance he affected, known as "Gentleman Jim." He had been both the hardest bitter and the hardest drinker in his class, yet withal it's most brilliant student. Native character had enabled him to persist, as the exasperating function of success which dissipation declined to eliminate. But the same natural gravitation which in spite of all aberration had given Harry Sanderson classical honors had brought Hugh Stires to the imminent brink of expulsion. And since that time, without the character which belonged to Harry as a possession, Hugh had continued to drift aimlessly on down the broad lax way of profligacy.

The conditions he found upon his return, however, had opened Hugh's eyes to the perilous strait in which he stood. He was a materialist, and the taste he had had of deprivation had sickened him. In the first revulsion, when the contrast between recent famine and present plenty was strong upon him, he had been at anxious pains to make himself secure with his father—and with Jessica Holme. Harry's mental sight—keen as the hunter's sight on the rifle barrel—was sharpened by his knowledge of the old Hugh an intuitive knowledge gained in a significant formative period. He saw more clearly than the townfolk who in a general way had known Hugh Stires all their lives. Week by week Harry had seen him regain lost ground in his father's esteem. Day by day he had seen him making studious appeal to all that was romantic in Jessica, climbing to the favor of each on the ladder of the other's regard. Hugh was naturally a poseur, with a keen sense of effect. He could be brilliant at will, could play a little on piano, banjo and violin, could sing a little and had himself well in hand. And, feeling the unconscious chord of romance vibrate to his touch, he had played upon it with no unskillful fingers.

Jessica was comparatively free from that coquetry by means of which a woman's instinct experiments in emotion. Although she had been artist enough before the cloistered years of her blindness to know that she was comely, she had never employed that beauty in the ordinary blandishments of girlish fascination. But steadily and unconsciously she had turned in her darkness more and more to the bright and tender air with which Hugh clothed all their intercourse. Her blindness had been of too short duration to have developed that fine sense-perception with which nature seeks to supplement the darkened vision. The ineredible marks which ill governed living had set in Hugh's face, the self indulgence and egotism, she could not see. She mistook impulse for instinct. She read him by the untrustworthy light of a colorful imagination. She deemed him



He began to play

high spirited and debonaire, a Prince Charming, whose prideful rebellion had been atoned for by a touching and

manly surrender. All this Harry had watched with a painful sense of impotence, and this feeling was upon him today as he stared out from the study toward the white porch glistening in the sun. At length, with a little gesture expressive at once of helplessness and puzzle, he turned from the window, took his violin and began to play. He began a barcarole, but the music wandered away through insensible variations into a moving minor, a composition of his own.

It broke off suddenly at a dog's fierce snarl from the yard and the rattle of a thrown pebble. Immediately a knock came at the door, and a man entered.

"Don't stop," said the new comer. "I've dropped in for only a minute. That's an ill tempered little brute of yours. If I were you I'd get rid of him."

Harry Sanderson laid the violin carefully in its case and shut the lid before he answered. "Rummy is impulsive," he said dryly. "How is your father today, Hugh?"

The other tapped the toe of his shining patent leather with his cane as he said with a look of ill humor:

"About as well as usual. He's planning now to put me in business and expects me to become a staid pillar of society—like Sanderson," as he says forty times a week. How do you do it, Harry? There isn't an old lady in town who thinks her parlor carpet half good enough for you to walk on. You're only a month older than I am, yet you can wind the whole vestry and the bishop to boot around your finger."

"I wasn't aware of the idolatry," Harry laughed a little—a distant laugh. "You are observant, Hugh."

"Oh, anybody can see it. I'd like to know how you do it. It was always so with you, even at college. You could do pretty much as you liked and yet be popular too. Why, there was never a jamboree complete without you and your violin at the head of the table."

"That is a long time ago," said Harry.

"More than four years. Four years and a month tomorrow, since that last evening of college. Yet I imagine it will be longer before we forget it."

Harry did not speak. An odd confusion blurred his vision. Perhaps to cover this, he crossed the room to a small private safe which stood open in the corner, in which he kept his tithes and his charities. When Hugh, shrugging his shoulders as if to dismiss the unwelcome picture he had painted, turned again, Harry was putting into it some papers from his pocket. Hugh saw the action. His eyes fastened on the safe avidly.

"I say," he said after a moment's pause as Harry made to shut its door, "can you loan me another fifty? I'm flat on my uppers again, and the old man has been tight as nails with me since I came back. I'm sure to be able to return it with the rest in a week or two."

Harry stretched his hand again toward the safe, then drew it back, with compressed lips. He had met Hugh with persistent courtesy, and the other had found him sufficiently obliging with loans. Hugh's lowered gaze saw the arrested movement, and his cheek flushed.

"Oh, if it's inconvenient I won't trouble you for the accommodation," he said. "I dare say I can raise it."

The attempt at nonchalance cost him a palpable effort. Comparatively small as the amount was, he needed it. He was in sore straits.

"It isn't that it is inconvenient, Hugh," said Harry. "It's that I can't approve your manner of living lately—and I don't know where the fifty is going."

The mark on Hugh's brow reddened. "I wasn't aware that I was expected to render you an accounting," he said sulkily, "if I do borrow a dollar or two now and then. What if I play cards and drink a little when I'm dry? I've got to have a bit of amusement once in awhile between prayers. You liked it yourself well enough before you discovered a sudden talent for preaching."

"Some men hide their talents under a napkin," said Harry. "You drown yours—in a bottle. You have been steadily going downhill. You are deceiving your father—and others—with a pretended reform which isn't skin deep. You have made them believe you are living straight when you are carousing; that you keep respectable company when you have taken up with a besotted and discredited gambler."

"I suppose you mean Dr. Moreau," returned Hugh. "There are plenty of people in town who are worse than he is."

"He is a quack—dropped from the hospital staff for addiction to drugs and expelled from his club for cheating at cards."

"He's down and out," said Hugh sullenly, "and any cur can bite him. He never cheated me, and I find him better company than your sanctimonious, psalm singing sort. I'm not going to give him the cold shoulder because everybody else does. I never went back on a friend yet. I'm not that sort!"

"You never had a friend, Hugh," said Harry steadily. "You never really loved anybody or anything but yourself. You are utterly selfish. You are deliberately lying every hour you live to those who love you. You are playing a part—for your own ends; you were only a good imitation of a good fellow at college. You are a poor imitation of a man of honor now."

Hugh rose to his feet as he answered hotly: "And what are you, I'd like to know? Just because I take my pleasure as I please, while you choose to make a stained glass chernob of yourself, is no reason why I'm not just as good as you! I knew you well enough before you set up for such

a pattern. You didn't go in much then for a 'theological diet. Pshaw!" he went on, snapping his fingers toward the well stocked bookshelves. "I wonder how much of all that you really believe! I imagine your friends don't call you 'Satan' now?"

"No," returned Harry quietly, "they don't call me 'Satan' now."

He went back to the safe. The movement set Hugh instantly to regretting his hasty tongue. If he had only assumed penitence instead of flying into a passion he might have had the money he wanted just as well as not.

"There's no sense in us two quarreling," he said hastily. "We've been friends a long time. I'm sure I didn't intend to when I came in. I suppose you're right about some things, and probably dropping Moreau wouldn't hurt me any. I'm sorry I said all I did. Only—the money seemed such a little thing, and I—I needed it."

Harry stood an instant with his hand on the knob; then instead of closing the door he drew out a little drawer. He lifted a packet of crisp yellow backs and slowly counted out \$100. "I'm trying to believe you mean what you say, Hugh," he said.

Hugh's fingers closed eagerly over the crackling notes. "Now, that's white of you after everything I said. You're a good fellow, Harry, after all, and I'll always say so." He pocketed the money with an air of relief and picked up his hat and cane.

Just then from the dusty street came the sound of carriage wheels and the click of the gate latch.

"It's Bishop Ludlow," he said, glancing through the window. "He's coming in. I think I'll slip out the side way. Thanks for the loan, and—I'll think over what you've said."

Avoiding the bishop, Hugh stepped toward the gate. The money was in his pocket. Well, one of these days he would not have to grovel for a paltry \$50. He would be his own master and could afford to let Harry Sanderson and everybody else think what they liked.

"So I'm playing a part, am I?" he said to himself. "Why should your holiness trouble yourself over it if I am? Not because you're so careful of the governor's feelings, not by a long shot! It's because you choose to think Jessica Holme is too good for me. That's where the shoe pinches. Perhaps you'd like to play at that game yourself, eh?"

He walked jauntily up the street—toward the door with the little barred window.

"The old man is fond of her. He thinks I mean to settle down and let the moss grow over my ears, and he'll do the proper thing. It'll be a good way to put my head above water and keep it there. It must be soon, though."

(To be Continued.)

A REALISTIC ACTOR.

Why Little Malcolm Would Not Obey His Mother's Command.

MALCOLM was three years old. He stood stock still in the middle of the floor, one arm extended horizontally. His mother, looking up from her sewing, saw the door open.

"Shut the door, Malcolm, please," she said.

No response. She repeated her request. Still no response.

"Malcolm," she said more sternly, "I asked you to shut the door."

Still Malcolm stood in the middle of the floor with his arm outstretched and did not move.

"Malcolm," said his mother, "if you don't shut the door at once I shall have to punish you."

Malcolm burst into tears and flung himself on his mother's knees. "Muvver," he cried, "I was bein' a wooden sign, an' wooden signs can't shut doors!"—Woman's Home Companion.

Among the Girls.



"I paid only \$17 for the hat, mamma."

"Dear me! What an awfully extravagant child you are! I've seen the same thing for \$16.98!"—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Swiss Military Training.

Of sovereign states Switzerland gives the best military training to its boys. Although the maintenance of a standing army is not sanctioned by the constitution, every able-bodied male citizen from twenty to fifty is liable for military service, and boys at school begin at the age of eight to be trained as soldiers.

Speeding.

Their autos whizzed at awful paces; scarce part got out of gear. Said one who later saw the place where with a crash was stopped the race, "They found the pieces here."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Before and After.

Howard—Before marriage he said he'd go to the ends of the earth for her. Howard—And after marriage he did it—to get away.—New York Life.

Maud and the Garden.

"Oh, come into the garden, Maud!" She did so. With a shrug. She cried in anguished tones: "Oh, Lawd! There's a potato bug!"—Atlanta Constitution.

HONOR OF THE TENTH

By EILEEN MORETTA.

The honor of the Tenth had been smirched. The rank and file growled it out in barracks, the officers whispered it to each other, and as the colonel sat on the veranda of his bungalow and admitted it to himself he laid much of the blame on his own shoulders.

The robber bands of India, known as dacoits, had been busy around Alilwal, and squads of British cavalry were being sent out every few days to destroy them. Your true dacoit is not only a robber, but a fighter as well. He robs his own race whenever opportunity offers and fights the British whenever and wherever he meets them. He is a good shot, a brave foe, and there are honor and promotion to be had in wiping him off the face of the earth. Young Danforth had lately joined the Tenth. He had family and political influence and a fortune behind him, and he had a personality which made friends. There could be no greater privilege than to be sent out at the head of a detachment to give the dacoits a whirl. When the time came that the colonel could do young Danforth this favor he had a long and quiet talk with him. He posted him as to the characteristics and tactics of the foe and warned him of the pitfalls that even veteran officers might fall into. He was to find the enemy and destroy him, but he was cautioned against impetuosity and useless sacrifice of men. This expedition was to be the young officer's "tryout." He had never been under fire, and he could not claim full kinship with the regiment until he had.

They gave young Danforth a British sergeant and corporal and thirty-eight Sikh troopers. Under an officer in whom he has confidence there is no better soldier than the Sikh. His only weak point is that he must have his foe in front of him. Danforth had the luck to strike a band of robbers within twenty miles of the post. They had captured a village and were pillaging. It was testified to by a dozen Sikhs that he was as cool as an old veteran. He sent scouts forward to ascertain the strength of the enemy and the lay of the land, and at the head of his forty men he charged into the village and routed out the band of 150. He lost two men and killed a dozen, and it was a little affair to be proud of. He held his men well in hand and was on the watch for trickery, and had all the troopers been Europeans all would have gone well. As the robbers retreated over broken ground men were flung off from either flank to create an ambush. They were few in number and only half hearted, but as they opened fire the Sikhs bolted. There were confusion and a rout, and the pursuers became in turn the pursued. When the fight ended the sergeant and corporal were missing.

A court martial was demanded by young Danforth. No sooner had the detachment returned than the remnant of the Sikhs began to whisper about incompetency and cowardice. They praised the officer for his fight at the village, but they declared that his cowardice when he found himself in a tight place had brought about disaster. His defense was straightforward and clear. There was not an officer who doubted one of his statements, and he was honorably acquitted of the charge, but a stain had been left behind. It was felt by men and officers that to be even suspected of cowardice was a smirch on the name of the regiment. It was agreed that the Sikhs had lied to excuse their own cowardice, and there was the verdict of the court martial, yet the cloud was not dissipated.

Young Danforth could not fail to notice the change in the attitude of his brother officers. They did not cut him, but they had to make an effort to be friendly. Pretty soon hints were thrown out that it would be well for him to transfer or leave the service. Then he went to the colonel and said:

"I was charged with cowardice by the Sikhs. Had my sergeant and corporal lived to come back with me I could have had witnesses to prove to the contrary. The court martial took my word, however, and I was honorably acquitted. I realize that I am tainted. There are hints that I ought to transfer or resign. With your permission I shall remain right here and hope for something to happen."

"I believe that the Sikhs perjured themselves," quietly replied the colonel, "and perhaps it will be the wisest thing you can do to stay on."

The words were kind and fair, but no grip of the hand accompanied them. In his heart of hearts the colonel had hoped the subaltern would go away, though at the same time he realized that only an innocent man would have cared to remain. Young Danforth led no more expeditions, and months rolled away before anything happened to put his case in a more favorable light. Then a number of dacoits were captured. Among them were two or three who had fought him that day. They boasted of how they had driven the Sikhs; they praised the courage he had exhibited in seeking to rally them. There was an increase of cordiality after that, but the subaltern gave no sign that he noticed it or was pleased over it.

A few months later there arrived a party of civil officials and their wives who were on a junket. They had several elephants with them for tiger hunting, and within twenty miles of the post was the game they were after. Young Danforth was one of the three officers detailed to arrange and manage the hunt. With the civil commissioner of Nepal and his wife was

Lady Clifton, and the two ladies were by no means novices in the sport of tiger hunting. When the hunt had been fairly entered upon, they occupied a howdah on the back of a big elephant together and would not admit any one else. A tiger had been driven by the beaters into a swamp a mile long by half a mile broad, and into this spot, grown up to reeds and bushes until the eyes could scarcely penetrate, crashed the elephants and horses. The idea was to drive the tiger out upon clearer ground to the west, where he could be reached, and everybody made as much noise as possible. He was a crafty beast, and for two hours he refused to break cover.

The elephant on which the two ladies were mounted had taken the lead and been steady enough, but after awhile something rattled him, and he bolted across the swamp toward the trees. His mahout used every exertion to stop or turn him, but the old fellow was in a panic. To the surprise of everybody, the tiger followed at his heels, though in a furtive way, as if bent only on escape. With the elephant making a mad rush for a low branch tree that he might get rid of the burden on his back, Lady Clifton took swift aim at the tiger and wounded him. The wound provoked his anger, and he sprang forward on the elephant's rear just as the tree was reached and the branches swept the howdah to the ground. A second later and the two ladies lay on the earth among the fragments, both stunned by the fall, and the tiger stood with his paws upon the body of Lady Clifton and growled and snarled at the dozen spectators.

Fortune had given young Danforth his opportunity. As a sort of terror held everybody else helpless, he flung himself from his horse, grabbed a hog spear from the hand of a chattering native and advanced upon the beast. He had to cover sixty feet of clear ground, and those who looked on said that the tiger's eyes blazed fire and every hair on his back stood up as the officer walked steadily forward. A dozen voices called to him to look out, but he made no halt. As he drew nearer the beast crouched for a spring, and when he was within ten feet the spring was made. Down went the man on his knees and up went the spear, and when the onlookers glanced again the man was on his feet and unhurt and the tiger was rolling over and over on the earth with the point of the spear sticking out of his back.

The ladies had not been seriously hurt, but at least one of them had been saved from the tiger's maw. Young Danforth was the hero of the hour. Every officer in the regiment took him by the hand and offered congratulations, and his colonel patted him on the shoulder and said:

"My dear boy, it was the coolest, bravest thing I ever heard of, and it makes us all proud of you."

"But the Sikhs swore that as a leader I got rattled and lost my head," replied the officer. "I was honorably acquitted, but I have been made to feel that I smirched the honor of the Tenth. Until I can wipe that out I am an outcast."

The civil commissioner wanted to show his gratitude, and Lady Clifton had influence she wanted to bring to bear, but the subaltern remained the subaltern. He was biding his time, and he had not long to wait. The dacoits came down from the hills again, and he was given the chance he so longed for. This time his fifty troopers were all Englishmen, and he not only attacked Mooltan, the greatest robber chieftain of them all, in a chosen position, but routed his force and captured the leader. That would have been a deed to boast of, but the subaltern was not satisfied. Leaving part of his force to hold the position and the prisoners, he pressed on into the foothills with the remainder and attacked and captured a camp and brought off the sergeant and corporal who had been made prisoners in the first affair. There was a second court martial at Alilwal on the return of the troop, and when the sergeant and corporal had proved that the Sikhs were liars and cowards the old Tenth held a jubilee and declared that its honor was never so bright. At the dinner they toasted "our comrade and hero."

Fleeing From Death.

In one of our seaport towns lives a mother who determined that, whatever happened, her son should never be drowned. Her father was a sailor and was drowned at sea. She lost her husband and her brother in the same way. The horror of the great deep was upon her. Only those that have lived by the sea know what this terror is. To guard her only son from a watery death became a real passion with her. The thought qualified all her plans for his future and kept her in ceaseless watch of his movements.

As the boy grew he was not allowed to paddle in boats or to learn to swim, and when he was old enough to earn his own living his mother sent him to an inland town in the neighborhood of Boston.

"When you get started," she said, "I will come and live with you. I don't ever want to see the water again."

It was not long before the young man found work as a teamster. His work was satisfactory to him and to his employers, but one day the horses took fright and ran away. The heavy wagon swerved and upset a plank bridge, under which a little stream flowed. The driver was struck and, becoming unconscious, was hurled into the brook. The water barely covered him. He was drowned.

Ebony.

Ebony was esteemed as an article of luxury by the ancients. In India it was employed by kings for scepters and images and, as it was supposed to annul the power of poisons, was often made into drinking cups.

JARRED THE SULTAN.

Advice General Wallace Is Said to Have Given Abdul Hamid II.

When General Lew Wallace was the American plenipotentiary in Constantinople he saw Abdul Hamid II. at close quarters—too close for comfort really—but his involuntary inspection was decidedly convincing as to the sultan's timidity.

It seems that from the day of his presentation to the sultan the general had grown in favor at the court and was frequently "commanded" to attend merely from the personal liking of Abdul Hamid for the American minister and the enjoyment of conversation with him. In those days the sultan was particularly vexed over affairs in Egypt. He felt that Egypt was his personal property, yet England had taken the control of the country out of his hands entirely. She had hardly said "by your leave," but had "advised" him that for the good of Egypt he, Abdul Hamid II., had better let her and then had gone ahead.

He had accepted the advice because he had nothing to say "no" with. Without a fleet what could any one say to England? This forced acquiescence worried the sultan continuously until he could not endure longer without madness. In his distress he summoned General Wallace and described to him in detail his humiliating condition.

The general listened with friendly sympathy, and the sultan, being relieved in thus talking in confidence to a man whom he knew to be sincere and altogether free from selfish interests, asked the minister what he could do under the circumstances. General Wallace said that he appreciated the trust and confidence of the sultan, but that, being the representative officially of the United States of America, he could not advise the ruler of another country as to what steps that ruler should take against a third power, especially when this third power was on friendly terms with his own country.

The sultan acknowledged the correctness of this position, but besought the general to make an exception, saying that there was no other man in the empire to whom he could go for one single word of honest, disinterested advice. But the general repeated that he could not be false to his duty as a minister and envoy from his government.

Then said the sultan, "Tell me as a private individual; tell me as a friend."

This appeal touched General Wallace deeply, and he said, "As a friend, then, and a private citizen, I will say this, that were I in the position you have described to me I should put myself at the head of my troops and fight to the bitter end."

At these words the blood left the sultan's face, and he fell to the floor in a dead faint. He felt their truth, and he knew, furthermore, that he lacked the strength of character, the force, the will power, to carry out such a program.

What would have happened had the sultan's heart been physically weak as well is not easy to conjecture. As it was, General Wallace did not leave the Yildiz kiosk until long after the hour he had intended, and Abdul Hamid II. never again sought a confidential interview with the author of "Ben-Hur."

Painfully Clean.

Amsterdam enjoys an enviable reputation for its cleanliness. Owen Feit-ham, who visited Holland in the seventeenth century, was particularly impressed by the spotlessness of its streets and houses. "Whatever their estates be," he writes, "their houses must be fair." Therefore from Amsterdam they have banished senecole, lest it soyle their buildings. Every door seems studded with diamonds. The nails and hinges hold a constant brightness, as if rust there was not a quality incident to iron. Their houses they keep cleaner than their bodies, their bodies than their souls. Go to one, you shall find the androns shut up in network; at a second, the warming pan muffled in Italian cutwork; at a third, the sconce clad in cambrick."

What Money Can't Buy.

Money can't buy everything. There are no admission tickets to a sunset. You wouldn't trade the look in your boy's eyes when he greets you at night for a million dollars of anybody's money, and if you keep a well furnished mind you can go into it any time you like as you would into a child's playground and amuse yourself watching your thoughts play leapfrog with each other.—Lillian Pascal Day in Success Magazine.

Faithful Girl.

"You know, Miss Blank," said the proprietor of a railroad station restaurant, "there is a great deal in having your sandwiches look attractive."

"Yes, sir, I know it," replied the girl. "I have done everything I could. I have dusted those sandwiches every morning for the last ten days!"

Nautical Learning.

Little Mermaid—I have read of the origin of the papa shad, but can't find bow the mamma shad was created. Mamma Mermaid—She was fashioned from a rib of the papa shad. Little Mermaid—Gee whiz! I'll bet he never missed it!

An Ambidextrous Liar.

Hi—Jim Tagwood says he kin juggle ten eggs 't wunst—keep 'em all in th' air an' never smash a one! Si—Gee! He must be ambidextrous! Hi—By gum! He is! That's Greek fer "blamed liar!"

Man's chief wisdom consists in knowing his follies.—Rochefoucauld.

DOROTHY'S MISSION.

By EMILY S. WINDSOR.

Cyril Moore, lawyer, was not noted for the suavity of his manner nor the mildness of his glance. Both were unusually severe this morning, and he was not inclined to deal gently with his disturber. He had been interrupted in the consideration of an important matter, but Dorothy Dale's brown eyes never flinched before his deep set gray ones.

"Please, may I talk to you a few minutes?" she asked in her soft little voice.

"I am very busy," he returned, "and gave orders that I was not to be disturbed."

"The elevator boy showed me your office, and there was no one in the other room, and so I came in," said Dorothy.

The lawyer made an impatient movement, mentally resolving upon the censure which Wilson should receive for leaving the entrance to the office unguarded.

Two little red spots had crept into Dorothy's face, but she went on bravely.

"You see," she began, "I—"

The lawyer again moved impatiently and frowned, but his small visitor persisted.

"It is so important, you see." There was a keen note of anxiety in her voice, but the brown eyes never wavered. And what was there in their depths which brought to the lawyer's mind a vague memory and made him look at his visitor with a stirring of interest, then hesitate and finally push aside the papers over which he had been absorbed and say shortly:

"What is it? I can give you a few minutes."

"Oh, thank you," said Dorothy politely. "It is about that position in the Hillton school."

Cyril stared in surprise. What could this little, old-fashioned girl have to say about that? It would be interesting to know. He pushed his papers farther away and leaned back in his seat.

"Sit down," he said, pointing to a chair. Dorothy obeyed with a grave "Thank you," settling herself comfortably in the chair, which was so high that her feet were quite a distance from the ground. Her blue felt sailor hat was pushed back on her head, and several soft brown rings of her hair had found their way to her forehead. She lifted her clear eyes to the lawyer, and again their depths vaguely stirred his heart.

"You see, auntie lost all her money in Boston, and so we had to come here to live. Auntie owns a little house here, and she says that is better than nothing. And yesterday Mrs. Pruden told her they wanted a teacher in that school and that auntie must try to get it right away."

"Oh, indeed," ejaculated Cyril.

"You see," she went on in a confidential tone, "auntie knows a lot of things. She belonged to ever so many clubs in Boston. Every one says that she is so clever."

Dorothy paused to see if the lawyer was properly impressed with the importance of her aunt's acquirements.

"Yes," said Cyril politely.

"Mrs. Pruden told auntie that you could let her teach that school, but last evening a letter came from Mr. White in Boston to say auntie must come to see him right off. You see, he attends to all of her business. So she had to go on the early train this morning." Here Dorothy stopped, out of breath.

Cyril uttered an interrogative "Yes?" Dorothy smiled up at him. "And I was afraid she might be too late when she came back, and then it will be such a nice surprise for her when she does come back for me to tell her I came to see you about it."

"Then she doesn't know what you are doing?" queried Cyril.

"Oh, no. I waited till she was gone."

"Where do you live?" questioned Cyril.

"Over on Rose Crescent."

The lawyer did not recognize the locality, but there had been many changes in the old town during those years in which he had been absent from it.

"Auntie will be a splendid teacher. You see, she's so sweet. Won't you please try her?"

In her eagerness Dorothy arose and stood beside Cyril, placing her hand in its woolen mitten on his arm.

The little action thrilled him. A sudden realization of the loneliness of his life smote him, and again the child's brown eyes awoke that memory.

"Please, won't you?" urged Dorothy, with an unconscious pressure of his arm.

Cyril looked down into the eager face with an expression in his own that few had seen there during later years.

"I'll see what I can do. I must know more of her qualifications. I mean," he explained kindly, "if she knows all the things that the person who teaches in that school must know I'll do my best."

"Oh, thank you. I'll go now." Dorothy slipped off the mitten and gravely tendered her hand to the lawyer. He rose and bowed over it with more ceremony than he had for many years shown any other member of her sex.

Dorothy flashed a confiding smile at him and tripped jauntily away through the outer office, much to the surprise of Wilson, who was now at his post. Wilson was still more surprised that afternoon when on going into the lawyer's private room he found him putting his desk in order and was waved away with: "Don't bother me with that now. It's such a fine afternoon I think I'll take a walk and look at that Dorren property."

Wilson went back to his desk. He furtively watched the lawyer as the latter put on overcoat, hat and gloves. It was the first time within his knowledge that Cyril had set aside an important matter. What had happened?

The lawyer walked on with rapid stride. There was in the air a suggestion of the spring which was not yet near.

On the corner an organ grinder was playing popular airs. A little farther on a flower vender was offering bouquets of violets for sale. The scent of the flowers floated up to him, and the memories awakened earlier in the day by a pair of childish eyes were again stirred. Cyril bought one of the fragrant purple clusters, fastening it in the lapel of his coat with a smile.

When had he done such a thing? As he walked along his glance fell upon a lamppost bearing the name "Rose Crescent."

A sudden remembrance came to him of his little visitor of the morning. That was where she had said she lived. He recalled his promise to do what he could for her aunt. Why not call upon her and find out her fitness for the position? He paused to glance up and down the street.

But the child had not told him her aunt's name or their number. Then it was useless to consider it further. Still he would like to please that child.

He was walking on when he heard a flying of small feet behind him and his name called. He turned around to see his little visitor of the morning.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "I was at the window and saw you passing. I thought perhaps you were coming to see us."

"Well," said Cyril, smiling, "you did not tell me your number."

"I forgot," she laughed. "It's in here." They had been walking back, and now she stopped in front of a modest house standing back from the street.

"Come in," she said. "Auntie's just got home. I didn't tell her about it yet."

Cyril followed her up the garden path and into the house. She led him into a room opening off a small hall. A lady seated before an open fire rose at his entrance. She was not very young, but she was very sweet looking, with great brown eyes.

"Madam," began Cyril, "I—"

He broke off abruptly, looked bewildered, then ejaculated, "Rebecca Powers—you?"

"Cyril! Why?"

"You see, auntie, I went to see Mr. Moore about that school. I was afraid you'd be too late, and—"

But neither her aunt nor the lawyer seemed to hear her. The latter was saying, "She has eyes like yours."

"You see, auntie," began Dorothy once more, but stopped as Cyril spoke again. "To find you here! His face was flushed, and his eyes were shining. There was a bright color in the cheeks of Dorothy's aunt too. Dorothy was looking at her in surprise. Why, she knew Mr. Moore. Then she would surely get that school."

"Are you still Rebecca Powers? When I saw you last I thought that you were going to marry!"

Miss Powers interrupted him quietly. "You were mistaken, but I remember you had a bad habit in those days of jumping at conclusions."

"That one has cost me dear—all these lonely years," he said.

He took the bunch of violets from his coat. "I remember you were always fond of violets, Rebecca. Are you still?" He held the fragrant blossoms toward her, and Miss Powers, after a glance into his face, took them from his hand. She held them to her lips a moment, then fastened them carefully in her bosom.

Dorothy was becoming impatient, but to her great amazement just then Cyril stooped down and kissed her aunt.

Then he turned to Dorothy. "I am going to ask your aunt to take charge of one pupil," he said—"one who needs her very much."

"One pupil?" exclaimed Dorothy. "Why, I—"

But again neither her aunt nor the lawyer seemed to hear her.

The Caddy Had the Ball.

A very curious incident occurred in a golf tournament at Shinnecock hills. I was playing the final with Jerome D. Travers. Going to the eighteenth hole his tee shot was slightly pulled a few yards off the fairway. The ball was headed directly for one of the Shinnecock Indian caddies, who was slowly walking away uphill. In its descent it was plainly seen by the gallery to strike the caddy, who perceptibly winced, but continued walking.

Arriving at the spot, comparatively open, a careful and prolonged search was made, but no ball.

Finally some one suggested that the caddy be brought. He stoutly denied that he has seen a ball or had been struck by one.

Passing his hands over him, John M. Ward at length felt something in the Indian's hip pocket, and, lo and behold, there was the ball! And the boy didn't even know it was there. Of that I'm convinced.—Walter J. Travis in American Golfer.

Not His Full Name.

Housekeeper—You say they call you Hungry Higgins. But that isn't your full name? Tramp—No, mum; that's what you might call an empty title.—Boston Transcript.

Just the Candy.

If I were a candy man I'd make the whole world sweet. I'd take away the bitter words. That folks sometimes repeat. No tears would fill the children's eyes. As have since time began. And if every one would smile all day. If I were a candy man.—Thomas Curtis Clark in Indianapolis News.

WEALTHY POETS.

Bardship Does Not Always Mean Starvation.

That poetry is not so badly paid at as it is proved by Mr. Algernon Charles Swinburne's will, the probate of which was recently granted in London. His estate has been valued by the sole executor, Mr. Walter Theodore Watts-Dunton, at \$121,000 gross, including personality of the net value of \$99,500. The whole of the property has been left to Mr. Watts-Dunton.

Tennyson left \$235,000. He appointed his son his literary executor, and bequeathed to him all his manuscripts, literary works, and copyrights, subject to the payment of the income therefrom to Lady Tennyson for her life. Lord Tennyson's estate, the manor of Priors, and the rest of his real estate were put under trustees for Lady Tennyson for her life. The copyrights of the late Poet Laureate's works were valuable, and Tennyson was paid by the publishers handsome sums for his poems.

Robert Browning, of whose will "A. Tennyson" and "F. T. Palgrave" were the attesting witnesses, left personality in England of the value of \$33,300. The will was in Browning's own handwriting, with the initial letters of all the nouns substantive in capitals, after the old style. Victor Hugo, who, like Lord Tennyson, attained the age of eighty-three years, had personal estate in England to the amount of \$460,000. Dr. Charles Mackay's property was valued at \$13,000, and that of Eliza Cook at \$10,000. Matthew Arnold's estate amounted to \$5,000. His will, in his own handwriting, was one of the shortest that have ever come under probate. It was: "I leave everything of which I die possessed to my wife, Frances Lucy." Mr. Frederick Locker-Lampson left \$150,000, Mr. Coventry Patmore \$43,000, and Mr. William Morris, who died in 1896, \$225,000. In the last-named case, however, it is tolerably certain that poetry did not contribute a very large share of the total.

Medical Women in India.

A very strong presentment of a case for reorganization of the Countess of Dufferin's Fund for providing female medical aid to the women of India is contained in a report upon its working published in the journal of the Association of Medical Women in India. The criticisms are directed at the inefficiency of much of the present surgical and nursing service, at the management of women's hospitals by inexperienced local committees, at the misapplication of funds, and many material matters of administration in hospitals supported by the fund. As regards the first of these criticisms, considering the conditions under which medical women are appointed, it would be remarkable if the highest medical talent were attracted. The women doctors are badly paid, they have no chance of promotion, and no pension to look forward to, while even definite rules for leave are not in existence.

As regards the other points, a sufficient explanation is to be found in the fact that the fund is organized and controlled entirely by men, and the women doctors have practically no voice in the hundred and one questions upon which they alone are able to speak with any authority. Naturally, a civil surgeon or political agent cannot be in a position to report on the inner working and efficiency of a purdah or zenana hospital to which his sex prevents him having access, and yet that is the system now in force. What, in fact, is wanted is the appointment of fully qualified medical women to superintend and organize the whole work.

Universal Penny Postage.

"I hope the day may not be far distant when any inhabitant of our planet—white, black, or yellow—may be enabled for the sum of one penny to communicate with any other at the lowest possible rate and the highest attainable speed." Such is the avowed ideal of Mr. John Heniker Heaton, who celebrated his sixty-first birthday recently. Amongst the most notable reforms which Mr. Heaton has brought about might be mentioned the Imperial Penny Postage scheme and the introduction of Anglo-American Penny Postage. He also introduced telegraph money orders in England, as well as parcel post to France. Mr. Heaton is a self-made man who went out to Australia in his teens and took a post as clerk in a country store.

A Man of Many Titles.

The Duke of Abercorn, who, as chairman of the West London Hospital, has made a special appeal for help on behalf of a girl who lost both arms in a tramway accident, is a nobleman who holds the proud distinction of possessing a peerage in each of the three kingdoms, and is further distinguished by being the Duke of Chateaufort in France. In Ireland the duke has a marquessate, a viscountcy, and three baronies, and an earldom, six baronies, and a borough in Scotland. The Duchess of Abercorn, by the way, is in the dairy business. At her Irish home she runs a model dairy on practical lines, supplying several large Belfast firms with butter and cream.

Who Welshed the Archdeacon?

No man has a greater love for animals than Archdeacon Wilberforce, whose wife died a few days ago, and it was while speaking at a meeting of Our Dumb Friends' League that he told an amusing story of the days of his youth. He and a few chums escaped from school, and saw Blink Bonny, whom they each backed for \$5, win the Derby. The horse won at 20 to 1. "It ran as no other horse ran before," said the archdeacon, when telling the story, "but the book-maker who had our money ran a good deal faster."

Manitoba Crop Acreage.

The Manitoba Government Bureau of Statistics estimate the increased crop acreage of 648,370. The estimates are: Wheat, 3,912,497 acres; oats, 2,192,418; barley, 235,563; flax, 378,835.

ARREST AN ARCH FIEND.

How the British Troops Followed and Caught Surajah Dowlah.

The loss of Calcutta and the hideous tragedy of the Black Hole were no sooner reported in Madras than an English expedition was despatched under Colonel Clive to recover the captured fortress and avenge the crime perpetrated on the unfortunate garrison. In the hostilities that followed, Clive defeated the forces of the guilty nabob, Surajah Dowlah, on the plains of Plassy, and regained Calcutta, while the conquered prince fled in trepidation back to his capital of Moorshedabad, being the first to bear to his subjects the news of his own disgrace. The royal fugitive was, however, followed up by the English in conjunction with Meer Jaffer, a native chief, who now became the recognized nabob in place of the fallen ruler of Bengal. The deposed prince held a council with his advisers about midnight after the battle, and there refused all advice to surrender, expressing his determination to proceed further up the river to Patna, where, through the fidelity of the governor, he expected to find safety. Accordingly, he disguised himself in humble garb, and with a favorite wife and one attendant, who carried a casket of his most precious jewels, he boarded a barge and set out. Arriving at Rajmahal, a good distance from the starting-point, his boatmen insisted upon resting for the night after their exertions, and the ex-nabob sought concealment in a deserted garden. In the morning, however, a man of low caste, whose ears the prince, in a fit of rage, had formerly caused to be cut off, discovered him, and in revenge betrayed the presence of the enemy to a brother of Meer Jaffer.

A band of the new nabob's soldiers at once hastened to the vicinity to seize their prey, and surrounded and arrested Surajah Dowlah while still in the garden. The captors then conveyed their prisoner back to the capital, subjecting him during the passage to every species of indignity. Arriving there, the wretched prince was dragged like a felon into the palace he had so lately occupied with all the pomp of eastern royalty, and Meer Jaffer at once gave orders that the captive be withdrawn while the council deliberated on his fate.

Some recommended clemency, others, among them his son Meeran, a mere youth, urged the safe expedient of instant death. The new nabob hesitated, and in the meantime, Meeran persuaded him to retire and leave the care of the prisoner to his hands. With some presentiment of what would follow, the nabob yielded, and Meeran lost no time in sending a band of assassins to the apartments of the captive. The latter met his fate with weak and abject lamentations, and his remains were a little later borne through the streets upon an elephant, an act which served to reduce his servile followers to implicit obedience to Meer Jaffer, behind whom was the might of a power which later established the Indian Empire under British rule.

The Prize Puzzle of the House.

So Sir John Gorst, who recently surrendered a pension of \$6,000, has been described, on account of his independent political views. In fact, it was said, when he cut himself off from the Primrose League, of which he was a trustee, no one but himself could understand them. Be that as it may, Sir John has proved himself a clever and successful politician, and has filled many offices. At one time it appeared as though he would some day be a bishop in New Zealand; he was one of several young Cambridge graduates who enlisted with Bishop Selwyn and went out to New Zealand to help in the evangelization of the Maoris. He edited a paper in the interests of the natives called "The Lone Sparrow on the Housetop," but it only ran for six numbers. The Maoris wanted bullets. They had no lead, so they raided the office, stole the type, and melted it down.

When Bathing Was Rare.

In some old English court memoirs of the eighteenth century it is stated that when George IV. was a baby he was bathed only once a fortnight. That was thought to be plenty often enough in those days for a child to be washed. When one of George's little sisters had measles the royal mother gave most careful instructions that the child's linen was not to be changed too soon, as she feared that some careless attendant would clothe it in garments insufficiently aired and so "drive in the rash." In those days people were much afraid of clean linen and bathing. It was believed the complete bodily abutions were weakening, yet prince, peer and peasant alike called in at every ailment the doctors of the period, who bled them into a state of weakness and sometimes death.

"The Surrey Poet."

At the moment thousands of cricket followers are wishing Mr. Walter Craig, "the Surrey Poet," a speedy recovery from a serious illness. Craig is the man whose rhymes on cricket and football, and the men who play the games, have sold by the million. His witticisms are famous. At Lord's one day, after a short speech to a group of spectators, who were being told of the literary gems he was willing to dispose of for one penny, a coarse-witted listener shouted out "Liar!" "Yes," said Craig, "there are two of us, and the man who lies for nothing is a fool. I make money by it." "Good old Craig!" remarked a listener; "he always gets his own back."

So It Would Seem.

They were talking about silverware down at the general store the other day. Farmer Bellows said he thought this firm turned out more silverware than any other, and some of the rest disagreed with him. It was Farmer Stubbs settled it. "Seems 'teh me," said Farmer Stubbs, "these here Sterling people do a lot of business. Yeh see their name on most everything."

SHAM FIGHT HUMORS.

Annihilation is Frequent, but Painless on Canadian Fields of Battle.

With the opening of Niagara camp and the other assemblages of the militia that take place every June in various parts of the province come the humors of the sham fight. The matter of deciding the victors in such an event and apportioning the slain is a matter of extreme difficulty. But two or three years ago the general officer commanding became so exasperated at the theoretical recklessness of the various colonels who were charging wildly at impregnable positions that he called off the battle ere it was well begun and set the men at the plain business of marching and countermarching. Asked his reasons for the peremptory order, the chief, who had seen some real fighting, replied that had he not done so every man on each side would have been in a short time theoretically dead. In fact most of them did not know they were dead, and merely thought they were taking healthful exercise.

Some years ago a sham fight which was not quite such a fiasco was held at High Park, Toronto. One of the companies of the Highlanders was at that time commanded by Major Currie, M.P., who now resides in Collingwood. The dauntless Jack, as he was then universally known, made a brave sortie on his own account against a heavily fortified ridge which the specifications declared was impregnable to a frontal attack, it being left to the initiative of the officers to devise a flanking operation. The gallant Currie proceeded to lead his men against the guns under a heavy fire of blank cartridges in a venture as reckless as the charge of the six hundred at Sebastopol. Suddenly an aide came riding at break-neck speed and shouted:

"Withdraw your men; the judges order you from the field."

"Why?" said the panting officer who had been rushing up hill at the head of the company.

"Because you are annihilated," was the response. "No force on earth could capture such a position in such a way."

"I refuse to be annihilated," said Currie, and proceeded with his charge.

Thrice Blessed.

That all the nine hundred or so Celestials doing laundry work in Toronto were not coolies in their own land was oddly impressed upon a young teacher in the Metropolitan Sunday School the other afternoon. Trying to demonstrate the meaning of the word "vocation" to her Chinese class she indicated with a nod and glance a bright little lad sitting at the opposite side of the study table and asked:

"Now Lee Ling, for instance, was he a laundryman in China?"

Fine scorn showed itself in the straightened shoulders and indignant tone accompanying the reply of her pupils:

"Lee Ling? No! Lee Ling got three mothers!"

Which being interpreted meant that Lee Ling's father was a man of considerable wealth in China, and could afford the luxury of three wives. The laws of the Japanese Empire are very strict regarding plural marriages, and insist that citizens must show themselves able to stand the additional expense before taking unto themselves more than one wife. Mandarins are allowed thirteen.

W. L. M. King's Quick Jump.

In cleaning out his desk a few days ago an official at the Parliament Buildings in Queen's Park, Toronto, was surprised to come across a paper which proved to be an application made some eleven years ago by Wm. Lyon Mackenzie King for a subordination position under the Ontario Government.

W. L. M. King didn't get the job he was after, but the official who came across his application was struck with the swiftness with which that gentleman has since come to the front. Had Mr. King got the job he was then after he might not have become Minister of Labor in the Laurier Cabinet.

In the meantime many of the officials to whom Mackenzie King would have looked up had he got his job eleven years ago are still merely civil servants on fair salaries under the Provincial Government.

French Flag is Dropped.

The feast of Corpus Christi, the most important of the Roman Catholic Church in Montreal recently was chiefly remarkable for the total absence of the French tri-color flag in the monster procession, which for a hundred years has occupied a very conspicuous place in this splendid religious demonstration of French Canada. Of late years the anti-Catholic attitude of the French Government has been conducive to the abandonment of the old national flag, first, by the church, and secondly, by the people in the cities of the Province of Quebec.

There were a good many of the sacred heart religious flags, and hundreds of school children carried miniature British flags as they marched along.

Finest Peal in Canada.

The congregation of Christ Church at Petrolia has been delighted at a magnificent gift made by J. L. Englehart, chairman of the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway Commission, of the finest peal of bells in Canada, not excepting Toronto and Montreal. The gift includes a home for the bells, which will be added to the present tower, and a new porch and steps for the church. The gift is in memory of the late Mrs. Englehart, who filled a high place in the hearts of the congregation.

Amazing Gratitude.

An amusing story is told by one of the captains of a team of collectors for the Montreal Y.M.C.A. fund. He and a friend called on one of Montreal's wealthiest merchants, who recounted all that the Y.M.C.A. had done for him. He concluded: "Yes, gentlemen, all that I have and all that I am I owe to the Y.M.C.A. Put me down for \$5."

THE QUEEN AT HOME.

Her Majesty is Very Busy Even in Her Vacations.

The Queen shows none of that dislike for Buckingham Palace that was displayed by the late Queen Victoria, and spends many weeks there in the course of the year. She has converted her private suite of apartments in the palace into one of the most comfortable residences it would be possible to imagine. These rooms, which number nine in all, are situated on the first floor of the main building of the palace, and over look the beautiful gardens, just now at their best, with the lake just visible in the distance. These rooms have been entirely refurbished since Her Majesty took up her residence here upon the King's accession, and immediately adjoin the larger suite occupied by the King. The whole of Their Majesties' apartments are entirely cut off from the rest of the palace, so that privacy is assured.

Owing to the heavy and fatiguing duties that Her Majesty is called upon to undertake while in London during the season, and the fact that it is usually past midnight before she is able to retire, she rises considerably later than when she is at Sandringham or in Denmark at the beautiful villa she shares with her sister, the Empress Marie of Russia, on the banks of the Sound, with the gloomy old castle of Elsinore just to be seen across the waters. It is not much before nine that the Queen takes her cup of tea or chocolate—usually the latter—and leaves her rooms for a stroll in the grounds until the light breakfast of which she partakes is ready.

The forenoon is almost entirely devoted by the Queen to her correspondence and other routine duties. Her Majesty's post-bag almost rivals that of the King in its bulk, and it takes her some hours to go through it and deal with the contents.

Lunch, afternoon calls or a host of other duties and then five o'clock tea. These teas are, however, quite unceremonious, but, of course, there are certain little rules that have to be observed. For instance, no one may speak to the Queen without first being addressed.

The King and the Prince of Wales are both particularly fond of dropping in for a cup of tea and a chat with those present; but they are quite on the same footing as any other guest.

Tea is served at Buckingham Palace in which is known as the Tapestry Room, which immediately adjoins the Queen's private boudoir. The guests assemble as near five o'clock as possible, and await the entry of the Queen, when they rise. The Queen has a pleasant smile and a word for all present, and conversation speedily becomes general. Her Majesty singling those out whom she wishes to address more directly. She takes her seat at the table and pours out the tea in person. Twenty minutes is the allotted time for the guests to remain, unless they are directly invited to remain longer by Her Majesty. Anything savouring of "scandal" or unjust criticism of those not present is strictly taboo at these teas, and one very well known society lady now fails to find herself invited to the palace on an afternoon through in an unguarded moment, speaking somewhat slightly of the German Emperor.

Poilticed With Mud.

A noted explorer, recently returned from Central Africa, tells of a unique method employed by his companions and himself to alleviate the dreadful agony of prolonged thirst.

In part of the "Dark" continent there are great stretches of country where no water fit to drink is to be found, although there are here and there pools of thick, stagnant mud.

In such country the party wandered for five days without water, and might have perished but for an idea that occurred to their leader.

Following his advice and example, they collected the stagnant mud, wherever it was to be found, and made it into long poultices, which they fastened round their bodies next the skin. This simple process they found to give great relief; and no doubt the hint will be welcomed by all who are likely at any time to find themselves in a similar predicament.

Rooks' Hatred of Crows.

A curious incident in the history of the Gray's Inn settlement of rooks is mentioned by a London correspondent. It appears that a couple of carrion crows settled in the gardens, and one day it was discovered that the rookery was deserted. The benchers, who are particularly proud of their rooks, gave orders for the carrion crows to be destroyed, and the gardener prepared pigeons' eggs with good doses of arsenic. The crows swallowed them and seemed to grow fatter and healthier. At last strychnine was used, and the pair were seen pecking at the eggs. One of them fell as it flew to the nest; the other reached the branch, reeled and dropped. Then a curious thing happened. Not a rook had been seen for weeks at Gray's Inn, but the next day they were all back as though advised by telegram.—Manchester Guardian.

How to Keep Servants.

Some people might do worse than follow the plan of Archdeacon Sinclair, who, talking about servants recently, said that he had never had any difficulty in keeping servants; if there was any difficulty, it was getting them to go away, for they wished to stay with him all the rest of their lives. He made it a rule never to interfere with the work of a servant. He each morning wrote down on a slate what the servants were to do, and he never imposed any censure. He also liked his servants to go out whenever possible, and enjoy themselves as much as they could.

Caught in Her Own Trap.

"It's real mean!" the young woman exclaimed

OFFICE A, SMITH BLOCK

The Lawyer Used It For More Than His Legal Business.

By LUCY POOLE.

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It had always been reported around town that C. R. Taylor was a wealthy man. When he appeared at the general meeting place, Hinkham's grocery, all the men would shift their wads and straighten their hats out of deference as he seated himself on the best cracker barrel by the stove and planted his feet on the warmest spot.

But the swift, horrible accident had silenced the jovial Croesus, and his estate had been revealed to the public's horrified gaze as absolutely worthless.

Mrs. Taylor had been prostrated completely. Janet had struggled as she could, but after all the funeral expenses had been paid her little store of banknotes had dwindled away to a pathetic few.

"Now, Burt," she explained eagerly to her masculine friend, lawyer and devoted lover, "it is a case of sheer necessity, you see. We will only have \$10 a month from the farm, and that won't even pay mother's doctor bills."

"Janet," began the young man, his voice husky with the emotion he tried to suppress—"Janet, I'm in good business now, and your father had given me his consent, so why won't you let me help you in this time of trouble? You know!"

"Yes, I know, Burt," answered the girl gently, "but it is impossible. Now, my plan is this: At college I took all the four prizes for the best essays and had good success with the college weekly and annual."

Burt could hardly hide a smile. This young slip of womanhood talking of \$30 a month paid for her literary work! Poor child, she did not realize that college weeklies and city daily papers differ strikingly in their demands.

But one simply could not argue with Janet. Her radiant beauty was her strongest weapon, and Burt left her in high spirits.

"Burt, I shall depend on you for the addresses of all the best papers and magazines in the city," she called to



"NEVER LET ANYTHING SEPARATE YOU AND BURT"

him as he strode down the walk. "And don't forget to read every line I publish," came indistinctly to his ears as he turned the corner to the station.

Burton Harold was tied to his office day and night for the next three weeks, scarcely having time to snatch a bit to eat or an hour's rest. Yet the dainty, dark beauty of Janet's charming face floated tantalizingly before the dusty lawbooks or the tiresome documents.

He had not heard a word from her since he had mailed the addresses, and he wondered whether he could have been mistaken and Janet's work was actually making good. On the Saturday of a third week he locked the door of Office A, Smith block, and took the train down to the village to gladden his mother's heart by sight of himself and his eyes by a sight of Janet.

He found the girl pale and quiet, with very little to say. It was not until the end of the call that he had the courage to ask about her literary work. At his first word the unnatural calm gave way and she cried like a child.

"It's no use, Burt," she sobbed. "I've tried and tried, but everything comes back with a polite 'Of no use,' and I know it is just because they don't read my work."

Burt was sorely tempted. Had he followed his own inclination he would have gathered the girl into his strong arms and bidden the senseless editors go wherever they pleased. But this was out of the question. "I'll tell you, Janet," he said soothingly—"give me your work and I'll take it back with me tomorrow and see what I can do."

And so the matter rested, and Burton returned to his office with a roll of classical raptures, such as "The Lushy Marsh Where the Cows Stood Knee Deep in Cowslips" and other totally unmarketable works of his ambitious sweet heart.

He took up another story and read through one long outburst over "a full

blown apple orchard, where the busy bee doth ply his trade." "Awful, awful!" he said to himself. "But what can you expect from a college girl? Why, I can't even doctor these lists of adjectives up. They are only fit for the wastebasket."

The next day brought a brief letter to Janet:

Dear Janney—Inclosed will find a check for \$10. I sold your "Apple Orchard in Full Bloom." Address your work now to Office A, Smith block. It's an agency for short stories, and they will take anything you will send them. Don't know what magazines they use, but their work goes all over the country. Congratulations on your great luck. As ever, BURT.

The next time Burton visited his mother in the village it was several months after the above letter.

Janet was radiant, glowing and, above all, tender. She confided to him that she received from \$5 to \$10 for every article and often \$25 for a story and that she made as high as \$40 a month. Burt only smiled and listened.

Everything was rose colored now and burned to a deeper hue when Janet whispered at the gate. "You can ask me anything you please now, Burt, dear." And he rode back to the city, his cheek tingling under the rosy seal she had set there as a safeguard against all danger.

It was near spring when Mrs. Harold was suddenly taken ill. In her condition she needed loving care, so Janet went down to stay with the gentle old lady, who, she thought, would not live to see the little wedding planned for June.

Burton came home on Saturday, and the feeble old lady watched the couple with tear dimmed eyes and many softly breathed prayers. Toward night her breathing grew more and more labored, and the end was not far away.

"Janet, dear," she whispered piteously—"Janet, promise me now, dear, that you will never let anything separate you and Burt."

The girl kissed her wonderingly and promised softly.

"Doctor," went on the trembling, tired voice, "how much longer have I here with my children?"

"I cannot tell, my dear madam," answered the ancient doctor, with tears in his eyes. "Perhaps a few hours."

"Burton, my darling boy," went on the loving tones, "lean over me, my son. You and Janet must be married now. I cannot go peacefully until I know my boy has a comforter. Here comes Dr. McCloud, and he will marry you now if"—And the voice trailed off into silence.

Without waiting to consult Janet, Burton stepped to her side, and in a few moments the service was over and the dying woman had placed her trembling hands on their bowed heads and passed peacefully to the land where sorrow is never known.

A month or so after his mother's death Burton decided to move his wife to the city, where he could be at home every night. So Janet went to the little home to pack up the dead mother's boxes. It was a sad task, and Janet's eyes overflowed many a time, for she had loved the dear old lady as a daughter.

In going through the ancient desk she found a large package marked in the delicate old fashioned hand. "For my son Burton, to be opened after his marriage with Janet." Janet fingered it curiously, but slipped it into her bag unopened. When in their cozy library that night she brought it to her husband, saying:

"Burt, dear, do open this. I am so curious."

A queer smile passed over her husband's face as he broke the string and out rolled all the well remembered manuscripts of Janet's, "The Apple Orchard in Full Bloom" and others.

"Burton!" she cried in surprise. "Why, Burton, how on earth did your mother ever get these?"

"My dear little wife," he answered, holding her closely in his arms, "my office is Office A, Smith block, and mother and I were the short story company that published all your work."

Went Around the Spot.

Before Bismarck reconstructed the map of Europe and made a united Germany a dozen little principalities used to annoy travelers by stopping them at their frontiers until they had satisfied the custom house demands. A Yankee once had his carriage stopped at the frontier of a petty prince's country. The Herr Ober (controleur at the custom house) came forward and, much to his indignation, was received in a nonchalant way. The Yankee was ungentlemanly enough not to get out of his carriage or even to take off his hat. The Herr Ober sharply demanded the key of the tourist's trunks, which his subordinate began handling roughly.

"Here! Hands off!" shouted the Yankee. "I didn't come from the United States of America to be controlled by you. Put those trunks back. I'll not go through you at all. I'll turn back. I'm in no hurry and don't care for losing a day. You're no country! You're only a spot. I'll go around you!" And he did.—London King.

More in the Family.

Catherine's maternal grandmother died suddenly, and she found it hard from the three-year-old point of view to understand the new order of things. A few days after the funeral she was sent to visit an old family friend that her mother might enjoy a day of uninterrupted quiet. Very seriously she related how they had put her grandma in a deep black hole and nobody could see her any more.

Her hostess was profuse in her expressions of sympathy and tried to impress the little one that she, too, would miss her grandmother very much.

"Oh, don't let it worry you," she exclaimed. "I've got another one."—New York Times.

AN INDIAN SHOOT.

Some of the Glories of the Jhila in the Eastern Empire.

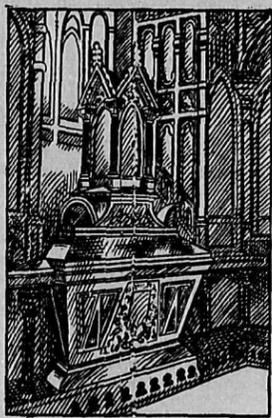
It was the jhila that made the place a paradise. A mile to the north and south of the town, says a writer in The Cornhill, were great expanses of water covered with pink and purple lotus flowers, haunted by innumerable wildfowl, and encompassed by wide stretches of swampy ground that held the snipe all through the season. In the background rose gaunt and splintered hills, a chaos of rose-colored loam and rock that bevelled off into the lemon-green of the plain. Behind them towered the thickly-forested ranges of the Eastern Ghats that extend far west into the central provinces, and whose highest peaks, Deva Giri (4,960 feet) and Mahendra Giri (5,130 feet) overlook Parlakimedi to the north and south. The distinctive charm of the country lies in the blending and compromise of opposites, in the promontory of smooth rock jutting into the rice fields, the swampy inlet of marsh penetrating into the bed-rock of the hills, the harmony of red, grey, and green, barren and fertile, "the desert and the sown," the metallic glitter and soft tropical sheen, each standing as the happy relief and complement of the other in a perpetual eirenicism of sunshine, whatever their old cosmic difference may have been.

There were other jhila beyond the hills, and the shooting belonged to whoever like to take it. I had it all to myself for two seasons. The birds used to lie in the tufted grass beside the water and far out in the surrounding paddy fields, but became thinner as one went farther from the jhila. It took a good half-day for a single gun to go over one of these snipe grounds, and with ordin'ry good sport a hundred cartridges would be fired off before noon. When birds were thick, if one cared to go over the ground twice it was easy to double one's bag. Or there was the alternative of putting out on the jhila for duck. With much calling and hollering I used to gather in a few of the picturesque fishermen who plied their canoes all day among the lotus flowers, setting their wicker traps and leaning over their prows intent on spearing rohi, alert as kingfishers. Two of their dug-outs were roped together and one sat on a connecting thwart with a leg in each. After a few shots other fishermen would come in from distant parts of the jhila and help to beat up the duck or retrieve the wounded. They had a genius for spearing birds as they dived into the weeds and came up for a second to breathe. Shooting alone one had to work hard for six brace; for, thick as the ducks were, there were no islands on the jhila, and no cover to speak of. For a moment or two when they were cornered and turned back overhead one needed a second gun. Then one might wait long for another shot. Still every day brought its peculiar chances, and one was held on the jhila by a subtle fascination till sunset, when all the lotus flowers, pink, white, and purple, took on the same torchlight glow.

AN ARCHBISHOP'S TOMB.

Ottawa Prelate Is Laid in Costly Crypt in the Basilica.

A notable ceremony in Ottawa recently was the interment of the late Archbishop Duhamel, of the Roman Catholic Diocese of Ottawa, in the magnificent crypt in the Basilica. The cathedral church was heavily draped with black and banners of purple and gold, and hundreds of tapers illuminated the gloom of the stately edifice, which was crowded to suffocation dur-



ARCHBISHOP DUHAMEL'S TOMB.

ing the requiem service. The ceremony occupied some three hours, commencing at 9 o'clock with mass which was celebrated by the papal delegate, Mgr. Sbarretti, assisted by Canons Campeau and Bouillon. The English oration was delivered by Archbishop McEvay, of Toronto.

After the final requiem ceremony the remains of the late archbishop were taken from the sanctuary to the basement of the church and were placed in a metal casket and laid in a crypt directly beneath the altar, where the remains of the late Bishop Giguere, also repose. Only the clergy and the members of the late archbishop's family were present at this ceremony. The libera was chanted by Mgr. Lorrain, assisted by Canons Campeau and Richard, and the other canons of the diocese acted as pallbearers. The funeral procession formed by the many clergy was a long one. Arrived at the crypt, after brief prayers the casket was put in place and was surrounded with cement, then the marble slab which closed the opening was again placed in position and hermetically sealed, and the last act in the obsequies of the late reverend prelate was consummated.

The crypt in which the remains of Archbishop Duhamel are deposited was built some 35 years ago and cost \$18,000. There is space in it only for the two ecclesiastics now buried beneath it.

Abolishing Distance.

With a flying-machine capable of traveling 80 miles an hour, practically the whole of Europe would be within a day's journey of Berlin.

GARDNER FEELS SAD.

Limekiln Club President Laments Passing of the Simple Life.

LONGS FOR GOOD OLD DAYS.

Brother Jones, Samuel Shin, Whitewash Johnsing and Waydown Bebes Are Advised to Mend Their Ways Before It Is Too Late.

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"MY frens," began Brother Gardner of the Limekiln club the other evening after the routine business of the meeting had been disposed of, "I do not wish to be critical, but as de days go by I find myself lamentin' mo' and mo' de passin' of de simple life of fo'ty or fifty years ago. I was brung up in de old fashioned way, and



"PIN HEEL SHOES AND HER DRESSES FITTED BY A MAN."

I can't git used to dese newfangled nosubns. Seems like de world had gone on and left me behind. Seems like I had been laid up on de shelf wid old fashioned things to dry out and become dust.

"It makes me powerful sorry to note dat de cull'd people am cuttin' away from de simple life far mo' dan de white folks. Fo'ty years ago arter my day's work was dun I sot down by my cabin doah and played de banjo and was mighty glad to know dat dere was inters and co'n meal in de house fur breakfast. Nine o'clock was my bedtime, and I was up at 6 in de mawnin'. If a white man come along while I was workin' in de garden it wasn't any strain on me to talk wid him. I didn't have to rack my brain fur big words. Sometimes I had hard cider to drink, but most of de time it was only water. If fried oysters and lobster salad had been invented in dese days I had not heard of 'em. If I had gone to de barber shop fur a hair cut Mrs. Gardner would have thought de judgment had come. If I had come in and found her manicurin' her nails my knees would have wobbled.

"In dese good old days we ate off of tin plates. If company drapped in of an evenin' buttermilk was thought good nuff to pass around fur refreshments. We all talked, but nobody lugged in Shakespeare and de dictionary. Nobody axed hisself to git up and sing or recite. De women talked about caliker dresses instead of de opera, and de men didn't have any patent leather shoes to shove into view. And when de company had departed Mrs. Gardner and me didn't sit up de rest of de night pitchin' into 'em and tryin' to make out dat dey was on de way to de poo'house.

A Good Life.

"It was a simple life, but a good life. You could leave your spade and hoe in de garden overnight and dey were right dar in de mawnin'. You could leave de doah of your hencoop unlocked and de hens would be dar next day. If we traded mewis we p'inted out de spavins, and we neber come home at night and found dat de ole woman had skipped out wid some odder man. We didn't know nuffin about politics and we keered less. When we met up wid a strange mau we didn't wonder how much boodle he had got away wid, but took him as an honest passon and gin him a show.

"In dese ole days when Sunday come I took Mrs. Gardner on my arm and walked a mile or mo' to de meetin' house. We all sot down on hard benches. We all jined in de singin'. De preacher didn't squint and peek around befo' beginnin' his sermon to see how many rich sinners was present, but he jest went right at it slambang and hit right and left. He didn't say dat de sinner wath a millyon dollars stood a purty good show of goin' to heaven, while de sinner wid only a dollar in his pocket was gwine straight to de roastin' place, but he put us all in de same pen. It was jine de church or sulphur and brimstun fur rich and poo' alike.

"Dur was newspapers in dese days, and once in a while I got hold of one and spelled de words out. Dey spoke respectfully of de government; dey wasn't full of pictures for de babies; you might read a dozen and not find a society scandal. Husbands and wives 'peared to be satisfied wid each other, and dere wasn't any talk 'bout members of de legislature sellin' deir votes. If de papers differed wid a man's politics dey didn't call him a liar and a boss thief to show dat dey were right.

"My frens, when you realize what was and what is kin you blame an ole man fur lamentin' dat de day has

passed neber to return? No mo' de simple life. It was too slow fur dis generation. It was too old fashioned to last. Today eben de cull'd man libin' in a pole cabin five miles from anywhere am expected to hum de latest operatic airs and drop French words now and den.

Faults of Brother Jones.

"Befo' us yere tonight am Brudder Giveadam Jones. He am one of dese who has put de simple life behind him. To keep pace wid de world he must have luen collars, a red necktie, cuffs and buttons, and dat diamond pin of his neberbost less 'n 75 cents. He uses hair lie; he wears blue suspenders; he pays 15 cents for his socks. At home he has a cane and a plug hat for Sunday use. He hain't happy; he can't be happy. He simply has to do dese things to keep up wid de procession. If he should fall back eber so leetle he would be a goner.

"Befo' us also am Brudder Samuel Shin. I know fur a fact dat he hung to de simple life as long as he could and only gib in when he found de pressure too much for him. Last week I bought some shirts for 48 cents each at a bargain sale. Brudder Shin has to pay a dollar apiece for his. De society in which he moves don't countenance bargain sales. Fur \$2 I kin buy at a secondhand store a coat dat de governor of de state has got tired of and cast aside. I kin put on dat coat and do a heap of swellin' around on Sunday, but Brudder Shin dasn't try it on. If some one recognized him in de governor's secondhand coat he and his wife would take such a tumble in society dat you would feel de jar five miles around.

"Ober by de stove sits Brudder Whitewash Johnsing. I knowed him in de old days, when de simple life was good 'nuff for him. He had no aims or ambishuns to worry him. He jest worked and ate and slept and was happy. If he found a cokernut in de road he had a feelin' of bliss for a month afterward. At length de new way of libin' took hold of his wife. He hung out fur a good while, but he had to gib in at last. His wife wanted a cuckoo clock, a red plush sofa and a rug wid a tiger on it. She wanted to go to de theater, and she wanted lobster salad befo' goin' home. She wanted pin heeled shoes and her dresses fitted by a man. Waal, she's got all dese, but do you reckon Brudder Whitewash am any happier fur it? I saw tears on his cheeks half an hour ago, and I have no doubt dat he was thinkin' of how he would have to go home and drink wine and eat sweetcake befo' retirin'.

"Let us not oberlook Brudder Waydown Bebes. He hung to de simple life until a year ago. He used to come ober to my cabin and talk about it and say he neber would gib in. But he had to at last, as I predicted. His wife and two gals pecked at him till he could stand it no longer. He had a leetle money saved up for old age and was doin' fairly well at whitewashin', but his family insisted dat he go out of de bizness fur deir sakes. He had to go and git his finger nails manicured befo' dey was satisfied, and den folered a cane, a plug hat and patent leather shoes. He gin up his cabin fur a flat, bought a planner fur his gals, and de hull caboodle of 'em go to de theater once a week. When I called at his place de odder evenin' on businness I had to send my card up in advance. When I got inside I found gilt clocks, paintings, statuary and prayer rugs lyin' around loose eberywhere, and Mrs. Bebes and dem gals was so strained up dat I expected to hear sunthin' bust ebery mint.

Bebes an Unhappy Man.

"Make no mistake, my frens, Brudder Bebes am not a happy man. He's got to appear at a soiree some-where one night next week, and he has got to look like de owner of de Union Pacific railroad, but if de case was put to him he'd tell you dat he would a heap rather come down to my cabin, slip off his coat and shoes and sot dere and eat raw turrips wid me and feel dat he had got back to natur'.

"I told you in de beginnin' dat I wasn't goin' to criticize. I haven't. I have simply held up some pictures to your gaze. If you like dis newer way of libin' it hain't fur me to find fault. I reckon de good Lawd put us yere to lib 'bout as we wanted to, and if you want clawhammer coats and lobster salad dat's fur you to say. My old woman has lately taken to wantin' a blue parlor set and a clock wid a Cupid on top, and dere have been reports dat I wah giblin' in to her. I brand 'em as false. De simple life fur me while I lib, and dar will alus be pumpkin pie and a glass of buttermilk fur any member of dis club who draps in of an evenin'. Let us now go our devious ways."

M. QUAD.

A Scot in London.



Indignant Scot (as he reads the notice)—Na, na; I'll gang dirty first—Tattler.

THE MUFFS MEN WORE

They Were Decked With Lace and Bows of Ribbon.

A FASHION OF OTHER DAYS.

Their Use Was Quite Common, Too, and Not Confined to Fops and Dandies—Double Muffs Were Once In Vogue—Extremes of Style in Sizes.

Muffs were invented for the use of a man. At least so the legend goes. It seems a classic shade found the air of the world so beastly cold when he re-ascended to earth after his death that his hands were almost frozen.

Consequently it was decreed that the slayer of the poor young gentleman should kill enough sables—evidently sables were appreciated even in those early days—to make a covering for the frosted fingers. He did it, and that was the origin of the muff.

Even if one is not prepared to accept this account of the first muff as authoritative there is one thing that is certain. It is only in very modern times that muffs have been the exclusive property of women. Up to the third quarter of the eighteenth century men were quite as addicted to them as women were.

In the wardrobe accounts of Henry, prince of Wales, for 1608 the prices of two muffs are set down. The most expensive cost £7, a very big sum in those days, and is described as being made of cloth of silver worked with pearls, plates and Venice twists of silver and gold. The other was a comparatively plain one of black satin embroidered with black silk, and its price was proportionately less, only 60 shillings.

At the time of Charles I and Charles II, there was a curious fashion of double muffs, a small one for each hand, something like a big loose cuff. The single or ordinary muffs carried by the English ladies of Hollar's etchings are of medium size and made entirely of smooth fur, arranged, as a rule, with the hair running round the muff.

At the extreme end of the century, after the advent of William of Orange, men's muffs were still small and were generally suspended from a ribbon round the neck, but in 1708 it seems to have been more usual to loop the muff to a coat button. There is a widely prevalent idea, I think, that masculine muff wearers invariably belonged to the dandy class—the fops, beaux and macaronies—but this was not actually the case, although the fashion was certainly scoffed at by some contemporary writers.

Staid and elderly gentlemen carried muffs habitually. For instance, Dr. Josiah Tucker, dean of Gloucester and a famous political economist, was so attached to his huge fur muff that he carried it even when officiating at the cathedral services. Englishmen, however, do not seem ever to have favored lace frilled muffs such as were affected by Frenchmen during the early part of the eighteenth century, but contented themselves with trimmings of ribbon bows, adornments quite sufficiently effeminate, one would think.

Muffs, both ladies' and gentlemen's, varied much in size at different times from the reign of Queen Anne onward. In 1710 they were very tiny, but grew somewhat larger during the following couple of decades. In 1740, however, they had decreased again, and a little later Horace Walpole writes of sending George Montagu "a decent smallish muff that you may put in your pocket, and it cost but 14 shillings." But by 1760 both sexes were carrying such capacious muffs that pet dogs were often concealed in their warm recesses. About this time, by the way, muffs made of feathers were introduced by reason, it is said, of an unusual scarcity of furs in the market.

In 1780 ladies' muffs—men, except such eccentric fogies as Dean Tucker, had by this time given up wearing such things—were decidedly diminutive. However, at the beginning of the nineteenth century they were again of monster proportions and so continued for about thirty years.

Two muffs of the year 1800 shown in a fashion plate of that year are of long, shaggy fur, and in the print one is colored yellow and has a bow of purple ribbon in the center, while the other is deep brown and has no trimming. Another huge muff of rough, dark fur is shown in a set of fashion plates for 1803.

A few years nearer our own time the modish muff was large, fat and so widely open at the ends that it could have afforded but scanty protection to the wrists. One example was made of ermine, a fur which was in high favor from this time up to the mid-Victorian period.—London Queen.

Buried Treasures in Morocco.

In Morocco it is customary for a man to bury most of his riches in a place known only to himself. This custom is practiced by all Moors, for they cannot trust their own family, who would murder them directly if it were known where the money was. At the death of the head of a family in Morocco digging operations commence at once, but seldom is the money discovered. There must be many fortunes buried away in odd corners of the country. An instance came under the writer's notice at one of the coast towns. During the demolition of a house a considerable sum of money was found built into the wall.—London Graphic.

A person walking at the rate of four miles per hour consumes 2,300 cubic inches of air per minute.

Charging the Enemy

By MARTHA M'C-WILLIAMS.

Old Gib Ezell went swinging and stumping upon his crutches down the street and up the steps of his store. It was the biggest store in town, though not the smartest. Joe Beenam, who had opened up the spring before, just across the street, was running old Gib hard in groceries and hardware and leaving him out of sight when it came to knickknacks or dry goods pure and simple.

A man who half knew looked after old Gib, then across at the sign of his young rival, and murmured half to himself, "What a pity!" Another man who knew also looked, listened to the exclamation and answered it, sticking out his chin as he spoke, "Better say, 'What a shame!'"

"What's a shame, doc?" a third said, coming up behind them. Dr. Waters smiled half grimly. "I'm not quite sure. It seems to be the hitch in the course of a true love," he answered.

Lew Bayne, the man who had spoken first, shook his head energetically. "I meant that poor old fellow's legs," he said. "I suppose, doc, it's certain he'll never walk again."

"Now you've got me," the doctor protested. "I'd risk my professional reputation that fall he got on the sleazy pavement did no worse harm to his shrunken shanks than bark them up pretty generally. There were bruises, of course, and on the shoulder and side as well. I told him he'd be out and about in plenty of time for the Christmas trade, but from the first he stood me up and down that he'd never take another steady step, and so far, I'm bound to admit, he was right. There's nothing on earth the matter with his legs—nothing at least that I or the other doctors can see. Against that there is the fact that the minute he tries to stand on them they do the joint rule act—double under him as though they hadn't strength to bear up a spider. The trouble must lie in the nerves. If that's what you meant, I agree with you that it's a pity. I thought you had reference to the trick he's played on Joe Beenam."

"What is it?" asked Merton, the third of the group. "You know I've been away six months. Tell me all about it."

"Not much to tell," Dr. Waters said. "You know Florrie Ezell?"

"I ought to, considering she sent me away," Merton broke in ruefully. "You don't mean Joe is gone on her like the rest of us? I thought—"

"You've hit it," the doctor said. "Joe did stand out mighty well against the prevailing infection, but a man never knows what's coming to him until it fits him square in the face."

"Lord! To think of Joe, the 'bomb-proof,' we called him!" Merton chuckled. "How did it happen? Tell me all about it."

Merton, a newly evolved drummer, had given what he would have called "a comprehensive order." Dr. Waters also chuckled as he answered, nodding his head by way of emphasizing his points: "Well, you see, it's this way: The hour struck for Joe when he saw Florrie Ezell swirling around, a blue tarlatan angel, in a waltz with Bob Acton at the Patton's party. Florrie's a pretty girl anyway you see her. That night she was particularly fetching. But that wasn't the thing. I insist Joe's time had come. He knew it. Soon as the waltz was over he froze to Florrie—didn't get a yard away from her all the evening."

"It was a freezing time, as I remember," Lew Bayne interrupted, with a laugh—"Indian summer up to dusk, then a cold rain that turned to sleet in short order. Say, didn't old Gib get his fall that very night?"

"I'm coming to that if you'll wait," the doctor ran on. "I tell you that was a sleet to remember. Joe, of course, wouldn't let Florrie walk home, though the Ezell house is only six blocks from the Pattons'. No, sire! He telephoned for the finest rig at the liver stable and bundled all that blue tarlatan in it as snug as you please. I heard Florrie protesting that she ought really to wait for papa, but we all persuaded her papa wouldn't think of risking himself upon pavement like glass. We ought to have known better. Old Gib always does the thing that any other man would let alone."

"Bet a hat he came," Merton said, chuckling more than ever.

"You win—from yourself," Dr. Waters answered. "He came, he didn't see his daughter, he went back swearing like a trooper, though he is a deacon, and he fell right before Master Joe's fine rig, coming back from leaving Miss Florrie safe at the gate. Of course Joe picked him up and carried him home. Equally, of course, old Gib hates him for doing it. By the time I got to him next morning he was fully persuaded Joe was at the bottom of his fall, with Florrie as accessory; said they ran away and left him, hoping he'd break his neck, so Joe could have both his daughter and his store. You know he didn't take overkindly to competition anyway?"

"That he didn't! Why, he even wrote to our credit man to keep a peeled eye on Joe," Merton interrupted.

"That's like him," Dr. Waters said. "I tell you, boys, nature must work along a certain line of compensation. I'm sure she slipped into old Gib all the small menaces due to two generations of Ezells—it may even be three. His father was a fine man, and his daughter is just as good a woman as ever was made."

"About Joe, now?" Merton queried. Dr. Waters frowned.

"Joe courted Florrie with such a rush that in a week they were engaged. Then he went right in to old

Gib and had it out with him; told him all about himself and his business, in and out, up and down, but the substance of it was he wanted Florrie for his wife and would do whatever old Gib said if only he could get her. And then the old crocodile pretended to cry; said Florrie was all he had to live for; he hoped Joe wouldn't press him for an answer then, nor, indeed, talk of an engagement until he was either dead or himself again. You know how soft hearted old Joe is and how he hangs on to his word once he passes it. Of course he promised, never mistrusting the old wretch was playing him. So there you are! Florrie's worrying, and losing color because Joe only speaks when they pass by, but doesn't come to the house. Joe's about desperate, and old Gib is fattening and getting ten years younger—on spits and crutches. What the end is to be nobody can guess."

"Can old Gib be shamming?" Merton asked. Dr. Waters shook his head. "I thought so at first," he said. "But if he is it beats anything in the books. There's certainly nothing wrong with his legs, except that they're a bit flabby. It's equally as certain he can't walk on them. I think sometimes he has hypnotized himself. If it was just deceit and what I call cussedness, I would have been able before this to take him off his guard."

"Well, I can at least go over and condole with Joe," Merton said, stepping across the street. "And maybe sympathy will be worth an order," he called back over his shoulder as he struck the store steps.

Although it was late March it was still nipping cold. A red fire roared in the base burner inside old Gib's store. Old Gib himself sat close beside it, his eye ranging all the miscellaneous merchandise which crowded shelves and floor. His three clerks had been on the jump all morning, but toward noon there came a lull. He was about to send two of them off to dinner when the door opened wide and Merton came through, with Joe Beenam in his wake and Dr. Waters and Lew Bayne marching solemnly behind. Joe's face was white, his eyes brilliant, his figure tense in every line. Indeed, he looked desperate, and his voice rang hard as he said, stopping short three feet away:

"Mr. Ezell, I have come to ask you, here in the presence of these witnesses, to release me from my promise. You know well how it was given—with a total misapprehension of the truth."

"You mean you want to take my daughter as well as my trade and leave me, a cripple, to starve?" old Gib roared.

Joe set his teeth. "I mean nothing of the sort!" he said. "Give me your daughter and our home shall be yours. I will serve and care for you as I would for my own father."

"You won't get the chance," old Gib sneered.

Joe half turned to his friends and whispered sepulchrally: "Go away! Quick!"

"Going to murder me, hey?" old Gib sniffed.

Joe stood very straight. The others had slunk toward the door, with the awed clerks huddling after. They heard Joe shout:

"It is not murder! I shall give my life to free Florrie from your intolerable tyranny!"

Then they saw him fling wide the stove door and dash into it what seemed like several pounds of gunpowder.

Old Gib saw it too. With one wild, whooping yell he leaped from his chair regardless of crutches, of everything but flight, rushed madly for the door, darted through it and did not pause until he came panting and trembling to his own gate. As he clung there the others overtook him, as breathless as himself betwixt running and laughing.

Dr. Waters made a low bow. "If I had thought three pounds of black sand would be so effectual I would have had you well long ago," he said.

Merton dragged Joe forward. "If you want to kick anybody, kick me," he said to old Gib. "I put this lad," patting Joe's shoulder, "up to playing you that trick."

"Humph! I knew he didn't have the brains for it himself," old Gib snorted. But, though he had found his legs, he was none the less old Gib. The fact was proved by his letting Joe and Florrie marry almost out of hand and presenting them with both his store and his blessing.

Water Vapor on Mars.
The much debated question of the existence of water vapor in the atmosphere of Mars appears to have been settled in the affirmative by the observations of V. M. Slipher, corroborated by those of Dr. F. W. V. Very, who estimates that Mars has in its atmosphere about 75 per cent more water vapor than exists in the air over Flagstaff, Ariz., in the month of January. Mr. Slipher concludes that these observations favor the view that the white caps about Mars' poles are composed of snow rather than of hoarfrost. The prevalent conditions on Mars, says Dr. Very, are those of a mild but desert climate, such as Professor Percival Lowell has asserted exists there.

A Simpler Way.
"Of course she'll break his will?"
"No. He didn't make any."
"What?"
"That's right. She got all the stuff away from him before he died."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

But He Did.
Her Mother—I saw him kiss you! I am terribly shocked. I did not for a moment imagine he would dare take such a liberty. Herself—Nor did I, ma. In fact, I bet him a pair of gloves he durst!

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.
Vicar's Wife—There! I knew it would be wet—simply because I arranged to have my garden party today.

Vicar (embarrassed, but constrained to supply a more satisfactory reason)—Well, my dear, you know we had prayer for rain on Sunday week.—Punch.

You Can Defy the SPRING FATIGUE

And nervous exhaustion, if you will make the blood rich and red by using DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD.

Fatigue and weakness tell of weak, watery and impure blood.

Are you going to go through the usual suffering and discomfort of spring this year or take a hand in the matter of your health and build up the system?

It is for you to decide, for you know that Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, by forming new, rich blood, overcomes the fatigue, the weakness, the feelings of depression and discouragement which come with spring.

The nervous system is almost always exhausted in the spring. Your appetite fails because the nerves which control the appetite are exhausted, and so it is with digestion and the working of the other bodily organs.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is the greatest of spring medicine because it is the greatest of nerve restoratives. It forms the new red blood from which vigor, energy, and nerve force are created.

If you would restore the healthful glow to the complexion, sharpen the appetite, improve digestion, strengthen the action of the heart, revitalize the wasted brain and nerve cells and round out the wasted form you must use Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. No imitation is just as good. There is no substitute but will disappoint.

Mrs. John P. Shannon, Whiteside, N. S., writes:—"I used four boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and found it an excellent medicine. It has proved to be a splendid treatment for headache and run-down nervous system."

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

A Needed Shower
Isn't that a lovely shower," exclaimed Mrs. Randall to her friend in the parlor as they gazed out on the sudden downpour.

"Yes, we need it so badly."
"Need it? I should say we did. It's a God-send! Why, our golden-glows, hyacinths and roses out in the backyard are shrinking for the want of rain. The sprinkler can't take the place of rain, you know."

"Oh, I tell you, this is just lovely! Just how it pours! And to think that just when everything threatens to dry up and everyone is praying for rain nature answers these appeals and sends us beautiful—Good heavens!"

"What's the matter?"
"I've left the baby out in the yard!"
—The Circle.

Try Murine Eye Remedy
For Red, Weak, Watery, 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 Sealy Eyelids. Druggists Sell Murine at 50c. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, Will Send You Interesting Eye Books Free.

Uncle Ezra says: "It allus seems foolish to look for a needle in a haystack, but sometimes in doin' it a feller hez run across a nest full uv hen's aigs."

Dysentery corrodes the intestines and speedily eats away the lining, bringing about dangerous conditions that may cause death. Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial clears the intestinal canals of the germs that cause the inflammation, and by protecting the lining from further ravages restores them to healthy condition. Those subject to dysentery should not be without this simple yet powerful remedy.

The Party He Belonged To
A matron of the most determined character was encountered by a young woman reporter on a country paper, who was sent out to interview leading citizens as to their politics.

"May I see Mr. —?" she asked of a stern-looking woman who opened the door at one house.

"No, you can't," answered the matron decisively.

"But I want to know what party he belongs to," pleaded the girl.

The woman drew up her tall figure. "Well, take a good look at me," she said. "I'm the party he belongs to!"
—Universalist Leader.

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

During the election campaign a candidate hired a cab to take him to and from a meeting at which he had to speak. At the hall there was a crowded audience when he began his speech, but it gradually dwindled to one man. Pleased with the attention of the listener, the candidate paused in his speech and remarked—"I trust that I am not trespassing on your kindness, sir? I shall be done in ten minutes."

"Ten minutes," echoed the other, "I don't care if yer talk all night, so long as yer don't forget that the keb's at the door."

The Amiable Peer.
A many-sided man is Earl Grey. He has a command of several languages, is a student of political economy, knows his ancient history like a professional archaeologist, has traveled round the globe several times, is a splendid golfer, an excellent musician, and has composed a dozen ballads in the old English style. His lordship is known as "The Amiable Peer," on account of his almost perpetual smile and charming manner. Although an ardent Imperialist, he is a great advocate of peace.

A GREAT MUSEUM.

The McCord Home Contains a Wealth of Canadian Relics.

On the Cote des Neiges road, out of Montreal, near where the electric leaves the highway for the Priests' Farm, there stands a classic Greek temple—the most interesting house, perhaps, in Canada. For three-score years and more it has been known as Temple Grove. Behind its Doric colonnade one may come into contact with all the great churchmen, statesmen, warriors, nobles, explorers, voyageurs, and martyrs, who have been identified with Canada for the past 250 years.

The Temple is the residence of Mr. David Ross McCord, a man who has worked and toiled for a lifetime on behalf of Canada—his native land.

Charmingly located is that pretty treasure house among the oaks, the alms, the maples, the pines and the fragrant lilacs of Mount Royal. Its pretty Doric colonnade recalls the days of ancient Greece—the days when arches had not been thought of. It is a veritable poem in brick and stone and wood, and its environment of trees and flower and shrub only adds to its beauty and its charm.

That house is full of the most priceless treasures—treasures in oil and water color, in portraits and landscapes, in battlefields and forts, in chateaux, and ruins; in prints and etchings, in memoranda and autographs; in letters and manuscripts; in books and parchments; in guns and arrows in armor and coats-of-arms; in banners and battle flags; in marble and china, in Indian ware and wedge-wood; in relics and mementoes; in furniture and curios, in scientific objects of a by-gone day. These treasures have been literally gathered from the four corners of the world.

The history of Canada for a period of 250 years is there—there in visible and tangible form; there as it exists nowhere else in the world.

The morale of the whole collection is this: That, grand and unrivalled as it is, it is a mere shadow of the knowledge of the man who created it. Without a most intimate knowledge of history, his own pencil and the brush of the chief artist he employed in painting the oils would have been utterly unconscious of the strategic value of the scenes they depicted.

It is still feared in Montreal that this splendid and intensely interesting collection, as well as its collector and owner, be coaxed away to another great educational centre in Canada.

Attempts are indeed being made to get it and him. Mr. McCord is chivalrous enough to sacrifice himself and his family associations in the Province of Quebec (dating back to soon after his ancestors landed with Wolfe in the surf at Louisbourg) in order that he may have the satisfaction of seeing, in a National Museum, teachers accompanied by their classes face to face with scenes and names which are otherwise mere abstractions.

More serious still, if death should carry Mr. McCord away before the assemblage of his work in such a museum has been made by himself, no other mind will ever be able to juxtapose these parts into a united educational whole.—J. M. B., in Montreal Standard.

Co-operation in Canada.
That co-operation in Canada will soon be a power and source of much benefit to the masses of the people can be judged from the progress made by the Montreal Industrial Co-operative Society, which recently completed its first year on May 7. Starting out with a very small capital and only 49 members, it has made such strides that to-day it has a first-class store and delivery system and 137 members, and is steadily increasing. The members comprise principally old country people who have seen and experienced the benefits of co-operation in the mother country, where distributive co-operative societies have been developed to their greatest limits. But lately the Canadian people are beginning to see the benefits of it and it will be but a short time when co-operation will be as much appreciated here as it is now in Great Britain.

Hon. F. D. Monk has done much to promote federal legislation in favor of co-operative societies throughout the Dominion. The member for Jacques Cartier, having made a profound study of the subject, sees the benefits the masses of the people would derive from such legislation and it is to be hoped that his efforts will soon be crowned with success and that laws will be passed similar to those existing in the British Isles.

Wine-growing in Ontario.
Wine growing is a branch of Canadian industry about which not very much is heard, and it might be better for its progress if the makers of wine from Canadian grapes were a little more assertive, and put their products before the public with a greater degree of persistence and vigor. That Canadian wines possess great merit was a fact which was clearly demonstrated at the Franco-British Exhibition in London last year, when several samples of wine from grapes grown in Ontario Province gained diplomas and medals. If a greater measure of publicity were given to Canadian wines, many of the brands of which possess undoubted features of excellence, and more uniformly observed in the process of manufacture, there is no real reason why in the near future Canadian wines should not become of much greater importance than they are now. To some extent Governmental supervision is desirable, and it might be worth while levying a small nominal tax upon the maker in order to secure this supervision.

King Canute's Church.
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We have on our books the names of several hundred servants who have been with their present employers for fifty years or more. A few weeks ago the following advertisement was inserted in The Times by a mistress who evidently knew how to treat a servant properly:

Cook.—On the 19th April, at 8, Hamilton House, Hall Road, Hannah (Jane) Cook, in her ninety-third year, for seventy-five years most faithful friend in the service of the late Mrs. John Abraham, of Clifton, and her daughter, Mrs. Carvalho.

Miss Cook entered the service of Mrs. Carvalho's mother, at Clifton, when she was seventeen years old, afterwards became Mrs. Carvalho's nurse, and subsequently, when her little charge grew up and married, came to London with her as parlor-maid, and remained with her until she died. For many years she had been regarded almost as a member of the family rather than a servant, for her long and devoted service endeared her to those with whom she had lived for so many years.

Miss Cook's record, although one of the best, has been beaten by several others. Miss Caroline Chipp, who has just celebrated her 101st birthday, has been a domestic servant for over eighty years. She was awarded a pension by the institution a year or two ago, but she is probably the oldest domestic servant living.

But even this long term of service is not the record. Susan O'Hagan, of Lisburn, near Belfast, who died in January of this year, was 107 years old, and for ninety-seven years she was in the service of three generations of the Hall family at Lisburn.

Race Wagers in India.
The native of India wagers his money according to the colors worn by the jockeys and takes no heed of the merits of the horses, or he will back a horse ridden by his favorite jockey, no matter whether the animal is a rank outsider or not.

His ideas of gambling, in fact, are distinctly novel. Some of the more wealthy Indians, says Tit-Bits, form rings and back every horse in the race, thus gaining the satisfaction of getting a winner every time. It is really only of late years that the native of India has become an habitual gambler on the turf, and nowadays the bulk of the betting of the various racing centres in India is done by natives. Indeed, the authorities are becoming somewhat concerned about the growth of the betting which takes place among Indian natives, it being asserted that as many as thirty lacs of rupees (about \$1,500,000) is lost and won in the course of a season.

The ignorant masses have not a great deal of actual money to wager, but so badly bitten are many of them with the craze for betting at race meetings that they frequently wager what little property they possess on a horse, and if they lose they simply replace their loss by stealing a neighbor's goods. The consequence is, that when the racing season comes around the police are kept very busy dealing with cases of petty larceny and other crimes involving loss of property.

"Go It, Ye Cripples."
Sir Robert Hart came much into contact with the ill-fated Gen. Gordon, in the days when the hero of Khartoum was attached to the Allied Army in China. On one occasion Sir Robert met Gordon at Quinsan, and the soldier held a review in his honor. "The march-past," says Juliet Breton, "was unforgettable. Though the soldiers were commonplace enough, plain and business-like, the officers, of whom Gordon had about thirty of all ages, sizes, and tastes, usually designed their own uniforms, which were sometimes fantastic, to say the least. On this great occasion you may be sure none had neglected to appear in the fullest of full dress, with highly comical results. Indeed, their efforts amused Gordon so much that all the time they were advancing he kept repeating, as he rubbed his hands gleefully together, 'Go it, ye cripples! Go it, ye cripples!'"

J. M. Barrie's Pipes.
A recently published interview with the famous novelist and dramatist contains the following paragraph, from which it would seem that Mr. Barrie is more attentive than ever to "My Lady Nicotine." "I spent exactly sixty-five minutes with the great dramatist. When I entered he was smoking a calabash pipe of generous proportions. He smoked it out in a purposeful way and laid it on the mantelpiece to cool. Then he felt in his right coat-pocket and produced a handsome briar. This he loaded and lit. When it was done he laid it on the shelf and took out a second briar from another pocket. He smoked it out, and then, assuring himself that the calabash was cool again, went back to it. He smoked three and a half pipes within the hour, and finished up with a cigarette."

Conquest
Knicker—We have achieved the conquest of the air.
Bocker—Except the hot variety.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.
"All men are born equal," quoted the moralizer. "Yes," rejoined the demoralizer, "and the equality stops right there."—Chicago Daily News.

LINGERING WEAKNESS FOLLOWING DISEASE

Can be Banished by the Wonderful Tonic Powers of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

How often it is that the victims of disease—fevers, measles, la grippe or any other contagious troubles are weak and ailing, even after the disease itself has disappeared. They do not pick up strength as they ought; remain listless, tired and discouraged. The reason for this is that the blood has been impoverished by the ravages of the disease through which the victim has passed. Strength will not return until the blood is enriched. The blood can be enriched by no other medicine as quickly and as surely as by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People—to enrich the blood and strengthen the nerves is the whole duty of these pills—thousands have found them beneficial in bringing strength after disease had left them weak and run down. Among those who owe good health to these Pills is Miss Laura Hisco, New Ross, N. B., who says:—"Following an attack of measles I was left greatly run down and suffered from a bad cough. I was advised to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and procured half a dozen boxes. Before they were all gone I had regained my strength; my cough had disappeared and I was once more enjoying perfect health."

The experience of Miss Hisco is that of many others. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make new, rich, red blood. This new blood strengthens the nerves and banishes such ailments as rheumatism, neuralgia, lumbago, dyspepsia, etc., and brings the glow of health to pale cheeks. The Pills are sold by all medicine dealers or at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Two Fits
Dressmaker (standing off and admiring new dress)—What a beautiful fit!
Customer—Yes, and what a beautiful fit my husband will have when he sees the bill!

Mexicans have a nice delicate way of saying even unpleasant things. A young Mexican lady, talking with a prisoner in the penitentiary, politely asked: "How long do you expect to be away from home?"

Peevish, pale, restless, and sickly children owe their condition to worms. Mother Graves' Worm Extirminator will relieve them and restore health.

Nothing makes a girl working at a comfortable salary more tired than to marry a fellow and discover that his wages are less than she had been receiving.

A Safe Pill for Suffering Women.—The secluded life of women which permits of little healthful exercise, is a fruitful cause of derangements of the stomach and liver and is accountable for the pains and lassitude that so many of them experience. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will correct irregularities of the digestive organs and restore health and vigor. The most delicate woman can use them with safety, because their action, while effective, is mild and soothing.

Mysterious
"Oh, dear," sighed her husband's wife. "I can't find a pin anywhere. I wonder where all the pins go to anyway?"
"That's a difficult question to answer," replied his wife's husband, "because they are always pointed in one direction and headed another."

The Canadian Pacific are now running five palatial steamships each week between Fort William, Port Arthur and Owen Sound. The trip by the Lake route is a pleasant one during the hot weather.

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Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.
Vicar's Wife—There! I knew it would be wet—simply because I arranged to have my garden party today.

Vicar (embarrassed, but constrained to supply a more satisfactory reason)—Well, my dear, you know we had prayer for rain on Sunday week.—Punch.

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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

Michel Local celebrates here on Labor Day.

The Board of Trade meets next Tuesday night.

The Hungarian Society celebrate here on Monday.

St. Paul's church is rejoicing in a coat of emerald hue.

M. A. Kastner was married on Tuesday to Miss Brown of Fernie.

Mrs. Gamage, postmistress of Michel, was in Fernie on Thursday.

C. D. Griffin of the Oliver Typewriter Co., Chicago, is here to-day.

We will be in the office tonight until 9 to sign receipts for subscriptions.

The Waterworks Co. hold a meeting in Somerton's hall on Tuesday night.

The Canadian Club give a dance in the new schoolhouse on Friday night.

Rev. M. Wilkinson, of Fernie, will preach in St. Paul's church tomorrow evening.

The Great Northern safe at the Fernie station was burglarized on Wednesday night.

E. H. Campbell, of Lethbridge is relieving Geo. Doyle, of P. Burns & Co., who has gone to Cranbrook for a short while.

Joe Barton, while felling trees on the mountain, about a mile and a half from the tippie on Tuesday, was instantly killed by a tree falling on him.

Chris Maurer, whilst driving down street on Tuesday evening, apparently got scared at the actions of the horse, and jumped. He is laid up with a dislocated ankle.

J. Telfer, C. P. R. roadmaster is here to-day. Owing to an accident to the steam shovel, the grading necessary on the spur track at New Michel, will have to wait a few days.

R. P. Bell, Calgary; W. S. Webster, Seattle; W. A. Montgomery, and J. M. Everett, Vancouver; and E. H. Campbell, Lethbridge, were registered at the Great Northern on Tuesday.

G. G. Moffatt, of Cres & Moffatt, real estate, insurance and financial agents, Fernie, was here on Thursday. Mr. Moffatt was very favorably impressed with the growth of the place, and the outlook for the future.

A large gang of C. F. R. workmen have been engaged this week laying tracks and sidings in the yards of New Michel. It is hoped the new station will make itself visible, and that the regular express trains will stop.

Some of the mail-clerks on the C. P. R. trains passing west require to be prodded up. Last Monday morning the mail bag for the west was left, and the mail for here was not. It is up to the inspector to see that this is reversed in future.

L. W. Kribs, who is having a well dug on his premises, while inspecting the work, stepped too near the edge, when the gravel caved in and he slid to the bottom, some twelve feet. He escaped without any damage, but it is not everyone who can safely ride a landslide.

It is said the Coal Company are asking for tenders to cut timber on the hill opposite New Michel.

Don't forget that you can get the Reporter for a dollar a year if you hand in one of those tags, before September 20th. Do it now?

It is understood that a townsite will be laid out about sixteen miles south of Corbin at the junction of the Milwaukee and Grand Trunk Pacific.

If the baseball boys intend taking advantage of Weber's offer to supply the dancing floor, they had better set a date for their dance and get busy, as the carpenters are closing in the sides of the building and the roof is on.

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



One Cent a Word

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

LOST AND FOUND
LOST—VALUABLE PEARL NECKLACE. Finder please return to Reporter office. Liberal reward.

HELP WANTED—FEMALE

HELP WANTED—MALE

WANTED—MISCELLANEOUS

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS

FOR SALE
LOT FOR SALE. ONE OF THE BEST IN business district. Apply at this office.

TO LET

NOTICE

AT ONCE!

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

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

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

STONE & WELLINGTON

FONTHILL NURSERIES
(Licensed by B. C. Government)

TORONTO - - - ONT.

For First Class INVESTMENTS

Prince Rupert
Saskatoon, and
Lethbridge City Property,
Creston Fruit Lands, and
Farm Lands,

See, or write
MORGAN & MCKAY
BOX 58 - MICHEL, B. C.

Board of Trade Banquet

The recent slur on the local press, cast by those in charge of affairs at the Fernie Board of Trade banquet, may be the means of preventing such an exhibition of ignorance again occurring. Surely there were enough of the old guard left, who were aware of the customary proceedings in similar cases, to have overcome the "fatuous imbecility" of those who were instrumental in cutting out the complimentary to the local press. It is said they had their reasons for doing so, but such an occurrence was not the time to attempt to play even. A friendly write up in the local press, is worth in dollars and cents, far more than all the outside papers could contribute and instead of antagonizing their friends, the proper course, especially at such a time of rejoicing should have been to have had them all there, and used them white as is customary in all civilized communities.

As far as we are personally concerned, we doubt very much if we would have attended, even had we had an invitation, for we lack the glad rags good enough to mingle with the relief fund aristocracy that has sprung into existence since the Fernie fire. It is hoped that all along the Pass, those who take part in public gatherings of every description will profit by this, and if they want to see an account of their proceedings in the local press, they will remember, when issuing their invitations, not to forget their best friends, the local editors.

Boorishness on the part of the committee, ignorance of the armpit of journalism may account for the past, but

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

SUNDAY SERVICES

METHODIST CHURCH

MICHEL AND NEW MICHEL SERVICES EVERY SUNDAY
NEW MICHEL, 10.45 a. m., in room over Somerton Bro's store.
MICHEL, Sunday School, 2.30 p. m. Evening service, at 7.30. Band of Hope every Monday at 7.30 p. m.
Rev. S. T. Chenoweth, Pastor.
The pastor and officials extend a cordial invitation to you to attend these services.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH

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

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH

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

L. P. ECKSTEIN D. E. McTAGGART

ECKSTEIN & McTAGGART
Barristers, Solicitors Etc.

ECKSTEIN BUILDING, FERNIE, B. C.

Union Bakery

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

Coffins

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

J. J. SCOTT,

GENERAL BLACKSMITH,
Horseshoeing a Specialty
NEW MICHEL

Business Bringers

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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 all countries. A year, postage prepaid. Sold by all newsdealers.
MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 45 F St., Washington, D. C.

Pay Day Specials

10 Men's Suits. Regular 10, 12, \$14. Special price \$8.00
A pair of Good Braces into the Bargain.

40 Pairs Men's Trousers. Regular 2.50, 3., 3.50
Special Price 2.00

50 Dozen Men's Fleece Lined Shirts and Drawers
Special Price, each .50

100 Men's All Silk Ties. Regular .50c and 75c.
Special Price, 3 for 1.00

The largest Stock of Shoes for Men, Women and Children,
at Prices that Cannot be Duplicated

Remember We Are Moving

Weber, New Michel

From now on, the course of one of the Fernie papers should be rigidly enforced—no complimentary tickets—no write-up.

Chief Makes a Capture

Arthur Sampson, Chief of Provincial Police for the District of South East Kootenay, was married to Mrs. N. E. Mackenzie at Coeur d'Alene City, Idaho, on Tuesday last. Rev. Father Purcell performed the ceremony.—Fernie Free Press.

Girl's Can't Ride Astride

In future women will not be permitted to ride astride in Georgia, if a bill introduced by Senator Wright of Stewart county becomes a law.

The bill provides that no girl over 12 years of age shall be permitted to ride astride upon the public highway or in any other public place, upon any horse, mule, ass, or any other animal.

It does not prohibit female circus riders from riding astride in any inclosed show ground or under a circus tent.

Violation is punishable by fine and imprisonment. Wright is a physician, and says the bill is indorsed by the doctors of Georgia, who claim that riding astride is injurious to women

Might Have Been Serious

Owing to a bolt dropping out and a broken whiffletree, Dr. McSorley had the nearest approach to a runaway he ever experienced. Fortunately he succeeded in turning the team into the bushes alongside the road, and averted a catastrophe. Mrs. McSorley, who was in the rig at the time was thrown out, but escaped with a few slight bruises. The accident occurred a short distance below the Reporter office, on Government road.

Japanese National Hymn

It has been discovered that the Japanese national hymn can be sung to the tune of "God Save the King" or "My Country 'Tis of Thee." The words in English spelling are: "O, wah-tah, nah-sy yam, O, wah-tah, nah-sy yam, Ah, nah-sy yam." Try singing it and notice the tremendous effect upon the hearers.

The Sparwood Lumber Co. has bought section of land from the Coal Co., at the junction of Michel Creek and Elk River. They intend putting in a camp this winter and cutting off the timber.

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

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

THE MEN'S OUTFITTING STORE

Will Open in a Few Days with an Up-to-date Stock of
Clothing, Furnishings, Boots & Shoes

We Carry Everything in Men's Wear

Watch for Our Opening Announcement

BOYD & MUIR
GREAT NORTHERN HOTEL BLOCK
NEW MICHEL

Saskatoons are ripe. G. B. Stedman was in Fernie yesterday. W. P. Rogers, of Cowley is now employed by Wright Bros. A. McL. Fletcher of Hosmer has bought out D. E. Hughes at Crow's Nest. The E. V. Holding Co. has completed a residence for Geo. Kometz, and it certainly is one of the best finished in town. Jules Hurel, Louis Lanthier and Al. Forthier of Hosmer, are here on a fishing trip. Joe Kuminski, late of Hosmer, is running the road house at Round Prairie. Geo. Pushee received a handsome present from one of his many lady friends yesterday.